Days of Game

ARCHIVE

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ABOUT THIS ARCHIVE

An archive of the blog **Days of Game**, as held by TheRedArchive: 271 posts published between September 2014 and January 2023.

About Days of Game. A seduction and "game" blog written by an author known as "Nash." It focuses on the practical craft of meeting and attracting women, featuring field reports and lay reports and detailed breakdowns of concepts such as rapport, push-pull, and demonstrating value.

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Best regards,

/u/dream-hunter

Founder of TheRedArchive
July 28, 2026

200 Days of Game

Nash · 3 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

When I first started day game, I heard one of the Londoners said something like, “get your first 100 to 200 approaches done.” This was like the over-under for newbie status. If you could make it to 200, in my interpretation, that meant two things. 1.) You had 200 girls of experience more than where you started, which is a fair sample. And 2.) You don’t quit easily. Game is a marathon, 200 initial approaches shows you’re ready with the first steps.

Welcome to many Days of Game.

So today (this was written on Aug13, 2014), I think I metaphorically hit 200 day game approaches. I’m not sure of the exact count, but I feel over that initiation. This is a good day. I’ve been in love with day game for a while, but now it’s starting to love me back.

Here’s today’s field report: 2 hour session, w/ my wing, crowded shopping district. We met up, had coffee, and ran game, chatting a lot.

1.) First girl was an Asian girl, I guessed a tourist, young, great style, wealthy, walking super slow. I offered her to my wing. I then saw a second girl, glowing, even from a distance, short, big booty Latin girl, I liked her better. I asked him to take his pick… he picked the bigger booty girl, I started toward the Asian girl, he changed his mind and didn’t want the Latin girl, I peeled off and went after her. I had taken a week off, and I really missed day game. I jumped into my first set, feeling pretty good, excited to be there. No approach anxiety, no problem getting my words out, and I was quickly pretty deep into really concentrating on her, present. I was pretty slow. I made a comment on her facial expression. I opened with “Can I say something to you?”.. she stopped, popped open, chatted with me for a minute, I liked her even more in person, I felt her shifting down the sidewalk slightly, she said she had to go, I rolled out. Perfectly fine first set. Felt very good to be back.

2.) So the Asian girl I originally saw had crossed the street twice and ended up on the same corner as me, so I opened her. Now it occurs to me she could possibly have seen me open the Latin girl. Same line, I approached from the side, kind of leaning back, “Can I say something to you?” She calmly glanced over, waved me off casually and kept walking. I said, “okay,” and smiled, and veered off toward my wing. She drifted down the sidewalk, same slow pace as before. She was cold, and seemed kind of royal in her slowness. I still liked her.

* A really hot Asian girl in ridiculous shoes rolled by. Ahhh, so lovely. I said to my wing, “Hmmm, I bet she’s married, I can’t see that hand but I bet she is.” The shoes were so crazy, she had to walk so slow, I had so much time to work it over and I was like, I don’t care, I want to see if I’m right. So I walked after her, she turned down a very small street and I didn’t love the timing, I passed this big dude, I was around her side, about to open, but I saw the monster wedding ring… so I pulled back. I knew it! But at that moment, I was about to open… so I pulled back about 3 ft from her, and the big dude was a little creeped out. So was I. I don’t know how much the girl felt it, but it was a very awkward moment. I like the definition of creepy as “wanting to say hi and not saying it.” This was creepy for that reason, in that I’d kind of committed to opening her, I was already into her, and then, out of respect for the wedding ring, I bailed, and all that failed intent, on a dark side street… creepy! Ha! :]

3.) My wing and I are chatting about books and TV shows on the corner, and a very little White girl w/ great hair is across the intersection. Very cute skirt. Some line about her skirt looking like “Alice in Wonderland” jumped into my head. She walked by, and I avoided eye contact. As she made it past me, I checked her out, very cute… I went after her. She had a bunch of people around her, so I followed for about 7 shops. There was a break in the crowd, just one woman behind her, I opened from the side, “Can I say something to you?” She had headphones in (I didn’t notice, that never bothers me in day game, for some reason). She stopped, pulled out her phone, paused her music, pulled her headphones out… and I kept going. She popped open. I made the Alice in Wonderland comment. She was 5 foot, but she says she’s 5’2″. Nothing super magical, conversation was usual checking to see if she’s a tourist

or local. Went well. I liked her. Inspired by Paul Jenka, I cut it short, went for the close. “Sure.” I think she liked being closed. She has perfect skin, beautiful straight hair, probably a little short and roundish… and adorable. Simple girl. I pulled out my phone and she entered the number. I said one or two random things, fine, fine, and sent her on her way. I said I’d call her. I’ll text her. I already did.

4.) Tall. And platinum blonde, long, thick hair, nearly to her waist, which on a tall girl, is a long way. Nice, feminine, but slightly kooky style, and boyish walk, sneakers. Tall, not super thin, but very feminine, very attractive, the walk was in contrast to the rest of her. I really thought she might be good for my wing, I said so, but her hadn’t seen her face, so I chased her down. “Can I say something to you?” She stopped. And she was… wow, very interesting and beautiful. Ahhh! No accent, surprisingly. I thought Russian, she says she gets that all the time. Serbian. She is Uma Therman hot, and she stopped to chat me up, and it’s going… pretty good. And… for the only time all day, I get nervous. So… I shake my head, drink in how amazing day game is, tell her once more how interesting she is. She says something like “Wow, yeah, okay, cool… I really appreciate that.” And I walk away. Ha. She got me. I love day game.

5.) I already had a number, and the Serbian girl fried my circuits she was so amazing on so many levels, I was getting emotionally worn out. But then… an adorable Asian girl, conservatively dressed, maybe her hair was in a bun, young… I see her across the street. She is like “break my heart” cute, and I feel vulnerable, but convince myself to stay in the game. I stay out of eye contact. She passes by, I give her some space and then roll after her. She stops. We seem like we’re doing well. I like her, she’s adding to the conversation, she’s interesting. She says she has to go, I say I do to. I go for the close. She flinches, and I call it out, tell her I can see the look on her face, I’m not sure I want it now. I lean back, we’re both smiling, we’re still in it. Very real set. She says something slightly positive. I say that I have sisters, and I’m not into making girls uncomfortable, so I’ll leave it to her… but I also know I should lead. So I let a moment hang… and then I say, okay, I’ll take your number and I’ll text you, don’t respond if you don’t want to. She smiled and nodded. As I looked in the phone, the Alice in Wonderland girls number was on the screen, I barely know how to take a contact number under pressure. I tell her I know this is unusual to meet on the street, and she says no, it’s just that she just got out of work… qualifying a little bit. Solid set, we’ll see if it goes anywhere. I loved the calling out the discomfort part of it. I take her number and she runs off, and I’m wiped out. Whew. I already texted her.

First time I’ve ever gotten two numbers in the same day… I used to be very picky about even thinking about asking. I used to hate to “pop the bubble.” It was a real problem w/ my game. Day game got me over that. Easily, somehow. 2 numbers in 5 sets. Felt like another turning point.

Aug15 – Another in the Days of Game

Nash · 4 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Hmmm, another really great day of game today.

Coming off of a good date last night, my wing and I are planning on some night game tonight (something I do less now…) and we thought we'd warm up w/ some more day game. I am sexually frustrated right now, and had a lot of intent. We chatted, drank some tea/coffee, but eventually I got a little bit busy.

1.) Cute Haircut and Knee Highs girl. Standing a corner and a cute Latin girl walks by… short, "fancy" hair cut, great style in a skirt, and knee high stalkings. I think she made brief eye contact, which I usually don't like, but this time it felt good. She's not my usually type, but I went after her. I opened w/ the usual "Can I say something to you?" I was trying to be slow today, that was one my goals… talk/move slowly. And I opened really well, pacing, my words, and slowly got out, the… "I was standing on the corner and saw you walk by, and, you're cute, and have great style, so, I wanted, to say… hi." And I was looking her up/down wolfishly (which I do all the time), so much so that she looked herself up/down! I then made a comment about the style, and how "one stalking is a little higher than the other… but that just adds to the cuteness." She hooked hard. Offered me her hand, right away. We rapped for a bit, I was slow, dominant, good sexy vibe. I told her I should let her go… but I hoped to see her around, and I let her be. Didn't try to close, but it would have happened, I'm quite sure. Great, fun, very man/woman vibe. Good set. In retrospect, I was a fool not to close that one… she was very sexy.

2.) Suspicious Big Eyed Girl… she walked by, little, dressed well, maybe 27-30 yrs old. I saw her as she crossed the intersection. No eye contact, that I was aware of. I was on the fence. My wing asked me if she was cute (he told me tonight, he was about to open her… which is interesting… sometimes you comment on a girl to show your wing that he seemed to really notice her, and other times, because you are interested. In this case, I had no idea he was interested.), I said "Yes" and I turned and chased her down. What was interesting about her was, she knew she was being pursued — she sped up (in my perception), and she walked pinned to the wall, almost shoulder touching. Maybe that's bad on me? She "heard footsteps," or so I thought. As I approached, I walked up giving her lots of space, maybe too much caution in my approach? I opened in my usual way, and she stopped, nervous, back away and up the street, but stopped. Talking to me, almost in a whisper, from about 7 ft away. So I did my usual, "you want to stop and talk to me?" (which to be clear, is about consent more than is about "good game." I only say it here, as she's walking away, and I find a lot of success in not being aggressive in these moments.) She didn't close the space so I advanced, gently. As I got closer I changed my body angle so I opened up away from her… all trying to make her take the edge off. Her eyes were huge, and clearly interested, despite the healthy distrust. She asked where I was from. I told her I was local. I asked if she was Chinese, she was. I asked for her number, she asked for my card. Nervous, but happy/excited looks on her face. I said, you're pretty protective of your phone number, huh? And laughed. She laughed too. I told her I don't have a card… but I didn't want to make her uncomfortable. She said, "How about my email?" I laughed, and took it. Email is a terrible close. Paul Janka might have said something like, "We already know each other face to face and now we're going to go to email???" with a big smile… uh… email usual sucks, although I have had success when I was younger in getting dates by giving a woman my email or card. Cute big eyes, and she did a good job handling me, I have some respect for her, for sure. I've emailed her a couple times at this point, had one reply (asking me to send her pics of this party I went to). I asked her out, no reply. I'll try again.

3.) Meta Confrontational Girl… we were crossing the street. One great thing about day game is that is teaches you to look, and once you look, you start to see. And this girl I saw from a while a way, I told my wing I'd meet him at the coffee place, and I rolled off after her. I paced her onto a block, away from the intersection, and I opened, "Can I say something to you?" She stopped, serious, confident Asian woman. She took out her headphones, and I dropped my "I saw you walk by, I thought you were cute, I liked your style," and she hooked. She was stopped, interested, "attracted," I would say, but challenging. She is the kind of girl that would have left if she wasn't

interested, and the challenging was literally a test after she was already sold on the initial presentation. [I know her a little better now, and she is 100% challenge.] I slowly offered her my hand, hers was little, and I introduced myself. I had said I was with a friend and she asked where he was… and I said the coffee place, which was true. She said something like, "Wow. You are really bold to come up to me like this." I blushed a little, she got me. I told her so. I was even more interested at that point. I recovered, and said, "To be honest with you, this isn't my first time walking up to a cute girl on the street." She said, "I bet not." This set was heating up. Good chemistry. We went back and forth and at one point I said, "You're impressed!" And she managed to find a way to say she wasn't, but she smiled, and it was on. Amazing set, total firecracker of a girl. She asked immediately where I was from (the last girl did too). I told her local. She asked me how old I was… and to be honest, I have so many fun, bullshit stories for how to deal w/ that question, but In this case, I rocked back and told her the truth… it turns out I'm 10+ yrs older than her. I didn't know her age yet, but she didn't flinch. I talked with her about her birth order (good psychology), asking her if she was a "first born," I was right. She volunteered her age, I already knew she was in an attractive age group for me. I got to the point where I said I should let her go, and I put my hand on my pocket and pointed to it with the other hand, and said, "You know what I'm going to do, right?" And she laughed. And I took her number. I asked if I'd asked for her name previously, I hadn't, so I took that too.

And I started to walk away, and she called me back… "Can I ask you something?" I was like, sure. I'm not married, I said, cocky w/ a smile (I'm not). She said, "I would never ask you that." I said, well, you could. More cocky smiles. She asked, "What's your close rate? Like, for every girl you talk to, how many do you go farther with." She is going meta on me, calling me out. And I smiled, and gave her a relative honest answer. And she walked off as tough as any other part of the set. I already texted, she replied… looking good. I've been out w/ her once at this point… she is still quite the toothy one. More later on her… we're still texting and I think I have a solid date for next week.

Viva el Day Game!

Aug21 – Another in the Days of Game

Nash · 4 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

It's been a week since I day gamed. I had a rough day yesterday with girls, and it's been a week since I've been laid, so I hit the streets a little frustrated. Out with my wing… we planned a long-ish session (3.5 hours). I had another friend I wanted to join us, but he weaseled… I know he'll love day game, if he can commit. 'Tis not for everyone.

Here's today's story:

Hit the street, talking, hitting our usually corners. I like corners, as you can see traffic coming from two directions. More to see, more to get excited about, more to approach.

1.) Tall, edgy Asian girl. About 5'10". That's as tall as I am. She was dressed in all black, gauge in her ears, very interesting "double braid" going down her back. She looked "difficult," and that's part of why I went after her. Trying to grow here. Opened w/ the usual, "Can I say something to you?" She stopped, leaned back, took out her headphones… (I remember when headphones were an unbeatable barrier to me, now, I never think twice about headphones… if she's going to stop, she will have no problem taking them out). She was leaning back, but I stepped up and shook her hand, and she hooked. I told her I liked her look, "all black" clothes, and told her it was the double braid that hooked me. She was cool. We chatted. She was amused, a bit, but the chemistry was low. She said she had to go, and I wasn't really warmed up, and I was a bit intimidated (although the set was smooth), so I said okay, and let her go. Great warm up.

2.) Best set of the day… 1/2 Asian girl. Small, very tiny, freckles, very cute. Dressed in workout clothes. I followed her for a bit, opened as usual. I have been working on slowing down… delivering my opening lines, very, slowly, with lots, of, pauses… the more I do this, the better they hook. It's not the pauses, it the composure that comes with effectively talking slowly that hooks them. I tell her I thought she was cute and I wanted to meet her. And she… exploded w/ joy. Fuck yes. After glowing for a moment, she let me know she was engaged. I congratulated her, told her she was beautiful. She said I made her day (classic day game response), and we walked off in different directions. She was… adorable. She made me blush… that's always a sign to me that I really like the girl. I saw her later in the day w/ a guy… I'm cooler than he is. Just saying. :]

3.) Quiet Asian Girl. Opened her, figured out right away she was she, barely spoke English. She hooked, but she was a little too "simple" and sexually neutral. She was very cute, but no "heat." I told her again I thought she was cute, and I let her go.

4.) and 5.) Pretty quick blow outs. First one had really pretty hair, purple pants. She stopped, smiled a huge smile, waved me off, and I let her go. The second also smiled, but never stopped moving. Fair. Fair. I can handle it. Rejection is my bread and butter. Ha.

6.) Little Asian Girl. Chased her around the corner, opened her, she said "yes" I could say something to her, but at that point, I always plant my feet… she kept walking, and I was already turned off. Too "business-y" and serious. I told her, "you look busy, I'll let you go" and went back to my wing. No fun.

7.) Very sexy Asian Girl. She looked "straight from Asia." She had stopped in front of me and asked a random for directions… I followed her for a bit, and opened. She stopped. An interesting mix of confused, a bit scared, and a bit interested. I planted my feet, she slowed, but kept going. I was going to leave, but she looked back… a mix of interest and confusion. I started toward her again, then stopped, asked her if she wanted to say hi, and pointed near me. Same mix of confusion and interest. She looked back like 4 more times, and I let her go. Interesting one. Never had one like that before.

8.) Cute Little Asian Girl in workout pants. She just made it across the intersection, and I ran to catch her. On the other side, she stopped to mess w/ her phone. I started to open her, she was moving slightly. I don't know if she could tell I was trying to talk to her, but she seemed oblivious or like she was ignoring me. I pushed it a tiny bit,

tried again, I was opening from the side (did that all day today, that's my favorite way to open), and she looked over a bit. I opened for the 3rd time. She took out her headphones. Stopped her phone. Took off her sunglasses… and then… I saw the wedding ring. Ahh! Now that she could finally hear me, she said "what?," was smiling, and I said… "Well, to be honest, I came over here to hit on you, but I see the wedding ring." She smiled, and lit up, and laughed. I said, "Okay, it's time for me to go." And she laughed again, very comfortable. I said, "You're beautiful." And she said thanks for stopping her… and I rolled back to my wing. I'm usually better at spotting rings, but she really didn't look "married", if you know what I mean.

9.) (this tied my record for most sets in a day) Serious little Asian girl. She was rocking big headphones, walking serious, moving fast. I chased her down. She slid off the headphones and I opened. She lit up like a Christmas tree. She loved it. As soon as I had the opening lines out, she said, "Okay, wow, but… I have a boyfriend." I believed her. And I made a comment about her edgy jewelry and her great style, and leaned back. And she said I made her day, and grinned like a 3 yr old. Done and done.

10.) (NEW RECORD!) Very little Asian girl. I thought I made eye contact as I walked by, so I doubled back to check her out. She looked like an art student. I opened her, and she liked it… a little nervous. However, she was holding a binder, and it had a very "childish" sticker on it, so I immediately asked… "You are very lovely, but… you're not in highschool, are you?" She immediately qualified with, "I'm 18… but yes, I'm in highschool." I said I was quite a bit older than her, but she was cute, and I should go. She smiled. Very interesting how she wanted to qualify herself. She was really too young for me (braces and all), but I was tempted to see if she wanted to flirt some more.

10 sets. New record for a session. I was proud of that. I probably weaseled on 4 other sets I wanted to open, and I did three approaches where I pulled back once I got a better look at her face — I really like the fact that I only open girls I'm actually attracted to, and those 3 weren't quite what I wanted. Could have been 17 sets… which would have been a monster day.

Other than good experience, not very productive… no numbers. I could have tried to number close the the first girl, although there was not really chemistry. I only really liked the 2nd girl, the engaged one… she/I were on. Hmmm. That's all Baby Jesus had in store for me today. Good hunting! Thank you, Baby Jesus.

Sep02 – Another in the Days of Game

Nash · 4 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I was traveling and haven't done much day game in the last 10 days or so… ahh, how I missed it! One, pretty boring night game session since I've been back, but today was all about some solid time on the street w/ my wing The Hurricane.

(Actually, I did one day approach the day after I got back… I just couldn't help myself. That set was a little awkward, but I liked it. It was one of just a few "random" daytime approaches I've done outside of time I've specifically set aside for game. That's what I want, though… "fire at will" capabilities where I open whenever I'm interested. I'm getting there.)

For now… here's today's report:

3 hours, downtown, with my wing. 8 sets. I think I weaseled maybe 1-2 times. And I had several "head snaps" where I was already after one girl and another caught my attention. I also had one girl I chased down, but when I got a better look at her face I couldn't open her. Overall, I opened almost every girl I wanted to, leaving a few choice girls for my wing to consider (above and beyond any he noticed himself). Good day, committed. Very little wussing out. That's what Daddy wants.

1.) I could see this girl's silhouette, almost glowing, as she came down the street. Just my type – lovely Asian girl. I thought Filipina (dark skin, and the kind of narrow eyes some Filipina girls have), but I was wrong. J-girl. I guess, she had a very Japanese name. I opened, she stopped. I was pretty slow through the opener. Not a lot of real chemistry. Her English wasn't prefect, but we were doing okay. After a minute or so I liked her enough to try to close… "no," she said. She was relaxed, she delivered the "no" with easy confidence and a smile. I smiled too. Not bad.

2.) The rare White Girl I'll approach. I offered her to my wing (he likes white girls more than I do), but he wasn't feeling it. I went after her. I opened really well, by my standards. She hooked, was laughing and comfortable right away. I assumed she was a tourist, and yes, she was. About a minute/two into it, she mentioned that her BF was back at the hotel. I was pretty unfazed, but I dropped my intent, chilled out. I switched into "helpful" mode… offered her a bar/restaurant recommendation for her last night in town. We wrapped it up and I went back to my wing. Best part was… at some point I said, "so, how do you like SF? With *strange boys* coming up to you on the street?" and I smiled. Just trying to be cocky and call out the Elephant. And she said, "actually, this has happened to me before?" Really, I said?! "Yes, in English speaking countries… I think the last time was in London [ahahahaha!!! Of course!] This guy came up and said, 'Excuse me, I don't mean to bother you but…" Haha. I'm very thankful for the leadership from the LDGers, but I'm very glad I'm not around that kind of competition. Right now, I feel like I have the streets all to myself.

3.) Little Asian girl w/ a dog and a sketch pad. Very little, very cute. Opened her, she smiled, but it wasn't very genuine. She barely stopped, drifting up the street. I planted my feet. We exchanged a few comments, still drifting away. It was awkward. End of set.

4.) Ahhh, this one got me. Taller Asian girl, maybe Chinese? I am rarely into tall girls, she was like 5'7″, maybe? She had some great lipstick on. A slow walk, very slow… that's the energy that hooked me. I opened. Real smile, but she was drifting. I planted my feet. I asked her if she wanted to stop and say hello. She shook her head and smiled, and rolled off. I was a little rattled… I was into her. Probably my favorite girl of the day.

5.) Very tiny, fancy Asian girl. Great clothes, great makeup, fast walk. I chased her down, opened from the side, she gave me a great smile, shook her head, and kept going. End of set. Ahhh, she also got me. Very attractive girl… wow.

6.) Older Asian girl w/ lots of freckles. Wow do I love freckles on Asian women. So Lucy Liu! She had a petite

little body, cool style, not super girly… I chased her a bit and opened. When I said "Can say something to you?" she said "Yes," but didn't stop. So I planted my feet. She took 2 steps and I said, "Do you want to stop and say hello… I have a rule I don't chase girls down the street." Which is true. She stopped. Kind of folded her arms. She had a somewhat "masculine" reaction, and that's not what I'm looking for. I continued my game. She was totally there w/ me, but all one-word answers. Even her freckles were becoming less adorable to me… not the kind of reaction that charms me. I said, okay, well, nice to meet you. And I let her go. I bet she was a little disappointed, or surprised. We had hit the hook point, but I ejected as she was no fun. Oh well.

7.) Saw this Asian Girl come up the escalator of a store I was standing outside of… she looked great. I got distracted, and I lost her for a second, as she went out the door on the other side of the store from me. I cruised around the building and saw her moving up the street… I gave chase. Took me a full block to catch her, running pretty fast. I stopped about 10 ft back, trying to get my breathing under control before I opened her. I said, "Can I say something to you?" But… at that range I notice I didn't like her skin (I like really nice skin), and I think I flinched a bit. I know I did on the inside, but I don't know if I did on the outside. Could she tell? Anyway, she said "no" and I said okay, and I let her go. That was a long way to run to hear "no." Ha.

8.) Last set of the day… lovely Asian girl, curvy, beautiful face and again… freckles! She passed my wing/I, and I think there was some eye contact (I rarely want eye contact in day game, doesn't help, in my experience). This was the good kind of eye contact, not the great kind, but not the "yuck" kind either. I stopped. I offered her to my wing, he declined. I gave chase. She popped open. Lovely, matter of fact, but lovely. From Taiwan, really pretty girl. Communication wasn't perfect, but we did okay. I went for the close Janka style — pretty quick into the set. "Sure," she said," what do I need to do?" and she had her phone out. We tried to call me, but the call never hit my phone? So I tried to call her, and yep, we got it. I let her go. I've since pinged her and got a nice response. She lives 30 minutes out of town, but that's good, as my weeks are starting to fill up and I'd like to have a "once every two weeks" out of town girl, and she might fit that profile. We'll see… such a pretty girl. Trying to get a date going for next week.

*) Honorable mention goes out to a tall white girl that stopped next to my wing/I. I offered him to her, but he turned her down on a count of her pixie haircut. She was stuck next to us for a full light-change, so I had a chance to check her out a couple times… she was too tall for me, but beeea-utiful. I asked my wing again if he wanted her, and he declined… I didn't go after her, but I should have. Wow… very pretty girl. That was weaseling on my part… ahhh, next time. Damn, it hurts to think of her now. But frustration… is wonderful motivation to do better next time.

Great day out there… taking tomorrow off, but will do another long session the day after. My wing seemed to be warming up a bit as well… I swear we have the "waves" all to ourselves out there. I love me some daygame!

Wow...

Nash · 10 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

…that was a bad date.

Back to the drawing board. Tomorrow I shall avenge myself on the streets!

Viva el Day Game.

Baby Jesus and 14 Girls

Nash · 12 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

So, a few weeks ago, I felt pretty much on top of the world. I have a special girl I've been seeing for a while, she is awesome. I was dating a very young cute girl that I was excited about. I had a few other leads in the pipeline. Girls from my "constellation" were pinging me. I had a hot random bar kiss. And… I was having a roaringly good time at daygame, with decent closes. I am ~~old~~ wise enough to know that that kind of bliss can't last.

I said at the time, "This too shall pass." Just like every terrible streak of bleakness and rejection has an end, so too does every bubble of glossy-haired, sexy-walking awesomeness.

This week… the bubble burst. My streak has ended. The little one I was excited about moved away, and didn't bother to say goodbye on her last days here. One of the leads I was working turned into a second date, but a miserably boring dinner-only date, w/ a 2nd round of LJBF via text the next day. Totally fine w/ me, but stings a little. I've daygamed twice this week, and both days were all work, no love.

Here's a brief recap of the day game.

Yesterday: Coming off of the state-killing bad date the night before, too much chatting with my wing, but 5 approaches in the session. I think it was an equal mix of girls that were married, and girls that barely stopped, if at all. Not fun. I was really ready for a beer this time yesterday. I had two. They were delicious!

Today: In order… 1.) Very cute Asian girl, good set, she was charming, married… not wearing her ring. Okay. 2.) Somewhat ugly white girl I thought I'd try for laughs (she had some attractive qualities), she made a few puke faces, punctuated w/ "what?!!!" and on her way, didn't really stop… so much for trying. 3.) Such a bad set I can't even remember it, which is probably a good thing. Tea and cookie break (arguably the best part of the day). 4.) After tea, great body, flakey man face… that's what I get for approaching without seeing her face (I do not recommend that). 5.) Awesome white girl, actually fun set. She was testing me a bit, but I was comfortable, I liked her… wouldn't let me have her number. Fine. Fair. 6.) Girl I've opened before… she's still very pretty, and I'm a consistent bastard, and thankfully, she let me know I've talked to her before (I knew this would happen eventually, and tried to pass her to my wing, as I had a feeling I've talked w/ her before). 7.) Blonde Asian girl that *both* had to go *and* was engaged. Babe, one rejection is plenty. You're working to hard. That's overkill. Told her I liked her hair as she ran off… I bet the blonde comes from her mom's side. 8.) Gorgeous little short one… was not into it, ran for her train. 9.) Super beautiful little art girl, so personable, would not give me the number, but was charming. Tempted to think she might be into girls… that is likely my ego trying it's damned best to protect me. Thank you, ego. 10.) Girl that wouldn't really stop… "you're in a hurry," she smiled, agreed, and ran off.

whew

Upside… I opened girls 8.) and 9.) within a minute of each other… never done that before. I also opened girls in a part of town I've never worked before… which is good, as I am potentially over-saturating my favorite corners a bit.

Troubleshooting… hmm. I don't do frontal approaches, I only approach from the side. -1 point for me there, but I still like side approaches. I was pretty calm, pretty "slow," but not as "present" as I'd like to be. My two best sets (ironically the white girls), gave me lots to work with, I missed those cues… I was moving a little too quick in those sets. I don't think my intent and raw desire were that "on" – I'm in post bubble blues a bit. I didn't do much challenging. I was a little mechanical today, but not terrible.

Bigger picture… Baby Jesus just ain't havin' it right now. You feel me? If the Baby Jesus just doesn't want you to win… there is no arguing w/ the Son of God.

(* No diss to anyone's religious believes. I'm using "Baby Jesus" in the "that big spiritual force" sense. Insert your own spiritual equivalent here.)

Yesterday the sweet Baby Jesus could find nothing better to do than to put very attractive married women in my path. Today, lots of approaches, most of them brief, and/or awkward, and/or rejected on the close. I thought this kind of wrath was saved for Roman Soldiers?

I had my glossy bubble for a couple of weeks. Now… it's back to raw work and paying dues. It's just how the Baby Jesus rolls. I accept. I will work through the next plague of locusts or whatever… I, am a very persistent and committed daygamer.

Asking Permission, Honor and Milk and Cookies Girl

Nash · 25 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I've been trying to drag a good friend of mine — call him DJ — into daygame. I think he'd love it. I know he would. He has a very specific type — blonde, relatively thin, great ass. He's not finding that type often enough in bars or in his social circle — surprise, surprise! But daygamers know… these girls are on the sidewalk everyday. My favorite girl of the day yesterday, was exactly his type. And she was adorable.

But DJ is hung up on the "isn't it creepy to talk to girls you don't know on the street?" He's looking for permission. So many of us are. It'll never happen, and it's bad game. I remember that feeling. But I'm over it now.

Meanwhile, I have a lot of hippie friends. Hippies and new agers think game is creepy, or inauthentic, or abusive to girls. That's a very "mainstream" POV about game in general. And hippies talk about "consent" quite a bit, which is getting at DJ's question. Consent is another term for "permission."

If you pay attention to social justice folks (which you should avoid), they talk a lot about consent. It's in the news a lot lately as well, as college campuses are changing laws regarding rape in terms of the level of consent ("only yes means yes'). This all ties back into suggesting that men "need permission" to interact w/ women. No we don't. If you interact w/ women with any skill, you know how much they love good game.

But feminists, social justice warriors, white knights, college administrators, even your AFC buddies, will try to convince you that you need to ask permission. In fact, these folks will often demand that you get specific, verbal "yes" at each and every step, to do anything w/ a women. That's crazy talk.

And as a newbie to daygame, you already have enough friction without accepting any of that garbage. If you don't intuitively know that that is terrible advice, or know this from your own experiences w/ women, you'll figure this out as you keep going.

I'll touch two examples here.

1.) Bigger picture, girls have disgust for men that ask — in a verbal way. Talk to guys w/ real experience and they'll tell you that by the time you get a verbal yes you've already had many non-verbal yes's that you either missed, or were too timid to capitalize on. That will annoy a girl, or kill most of the sexual tension as you look like a junior high kid. Asking, when you could have read the signals on her body, or taken some masculine initiative, is super lame. "Uhhh, can I kiss you?" is one of the least seductive moves in history — girls talk about this all the time. It's a subtle thing, but no, you don't need "verbal" consent. The fact is, that teaching men to communicate non-verbally — especially to read a woman's non-verbal cues — is much tougher than just demanding that men "ask for verbal permission." Let the white knights go the verbal route, you should learn to read women, and (mostly) never seek verbal permission.

Men should always proceed w/ honor — when in doubt, proceed w/ honor. But verbal consent is ridiculous.

2.) As daygamers… we can't ask for permission without already initiating, right? Asking if you can talk to a girl you don't know means you're already talking to her. I often open by saying, "Can I say something to you," but by then I've already given myself permission to approach. Even if she looks busy or serious, experience tells me there's good chance she'll love the interaction. I mean it when I give girls the option to *continue* talking w/ me, and they often say no… but then again, they often say yes, and I'm glad I didn't wait for consent to open. The closest thing you'll get to consent in daygame is eye contact, and even that is totally unnecessary.

So yes, you're allowed to approach. And yes, you should be working on your skills at reading a woman's reactions. And yes, when in doubt, treat her — and yourself – honorably, and you'll be on the right path.

—

To that last point, I would bring up Chocolate Milk Girl. Wow.

She was little, and I like little. She was Indian, maybe? Short, tiny, punkie Converse shoes, maybe a nose ring, youthful hop to her step, with sexy hips to keep me focused. I swear, she was carrying a jug of chocolate milk in one hand, and a box of cookies in the other. Really, she was. It was precious and perverted all at once… I loved it.

I roll up w/ "Can I say something to you" and she flinches. Happens all the time. I didn't have permission, and I'm this nasty-bad monster coming up to her on the sidewalk. She snarls a little bit, and clenches her cookies to her to small, but probably amazing, little boobs. I plant my feet and smile — which is an honorable approach IMHO. She says, "No," with an exclamation mark behind it, drifting a little down the sidewalk, still snarling like a tigress protecting her cubs. I say, "Okay," laugh a bit at her fierceness, lean back, and hold my place on the sidewalk… still checking her out. And then… and then she burst into an amazing smile.

It was a big, beautiful smile. One of the best I'd seen all day, and it started w/ a snarl! I didn't ask for consent to open that pretty little girl. But I did ask for consent to continue once I started. And when she said no, my planted feet told her I would certainly accept that. Honorable. And then, she felt "safe," and she got what was going on, with no defenses up, and she lit up as she drifted away from me.

That's not a braggy-success story. I'm still in the early stages of my game and I bet I'll be able to reel in girls like this as I get better. However, this story does a great job (at least for me) of showing 1.) You don't need permission to open, and even if honoring some kind of consent is important to you, 2.) You can test for consent throughout the entire interaction, and 3.) Verbal reactions are not your only feedback.

Back to DJ — I think if he could see what happened with Milk and Cookies girl, he'd open up to daygame a little more. There it is, the "worst case scenario," no permission, cold approach, rejection, and… she still smiled and that was a positive experience for that girl. For me to. It actually pumped my state a little… and I clapped and laughed as I loped back to my wing.

Viva Day Game.

Notes from Tuesday Street Game

Nash · 28 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

There were 8 today, but 3 I remember.

The rest where "late" for someplace, or married, or just slipped past me like drop of water down a shop window… you can see it moving, but you can't stop it. You can't force things in this game, and "gravity" wins more times than not.

Speaking of not stopping… there was this white girl. And she's not really my type, but really beautiful all the same. She was tempting me, and then ducked into a store. My weasel is in charge when ever a girl is in a store (have yet to follow a girl in and open), but I have a good track record of picking up girls that come back out while I'm still around… this one did. She lit up right away. I planted my feet. She felt "the blow" of the approach, but wouldn't surrender. She was tempted, but kept flowing. I had gravity too, but not enough. Like a drop of water, she was a glimmering smile… and then she was gone.

Okay.

I have been trying to move from the "shoppy" part of town to the "worker bee" part of town — even as my wing mocked me because the two are about 3 blocks apart. As I move into "afterwork" game, I'm hearing more "I'm late," with busy and tired girls running for the trains. I know that's something I can get past at least 50% of the time — of course she can stop for a minute or two. But that test is new to me and I still let those girls go too easily. Today, about 1/2 my sets "where late" and wouldn't stop. Part of that is because I open from the side, I think. I don't like the frontal stop (aka, "The Yad stop."), but that could very well be a limiting belief. Not all of the girls had to go, however.

1.) 1st really good one of the day was a lovely Asian girl, maybe late twenties. She had her arms folded… and to be honest, I was looking for the ring, she had that look to her a bit (it's odd how you can kind tell the married ones). So she stopped, and smiled, and was even more beautiful, all the way up until she showed me the ring. Even then, lovely. I told her so. And we both smiled and I slipped away. Maybe someday I'll give married girls more of a chance to play with me, but for now, I'm happy to let them go. She was super charming though… great state pumper.

2.) We were further downtown now. Worker bees dumping out of the hives. I saw a cute Asian girl, showing a fair amount of skin and carrying two bags, I figured she was going to the gym. I opened, she stopped, hooked, was into it. Was giving me lots to work with right away, totally helping the pickup. I started to feel like I was running out of things to say… but I stayed in. She was still into it. Then I realized I didn't really want to see her again. She was cute, but… forgetting what the girl thinks for a minute, I know what it's like when *I* hook, and this wasn't it. I told her I needed to get back to my friend and told her again that I thought she was cute. She smiled, but the "that's it???" look was definitely in there. I just didn't want to date her… but she's still hot and that was a fun set, just low on "real" chemistry.

(I've been listening to an old Jon Sinn daygame program called "Sinn's A to Z Day Game Mastery Program." It's an old program, and it's fun to compare his comments on day game to the "modern" London guys, etc. Jon is a very smart guy. Anyway, he is talking about "direct" approach and how even though you are opening w/ a compliment, it's important to retain a "screening" frame. That set above was very much that for me. Yes, she was hot. Yes, she liked the pickup. But this is my pickup, and part of the realness of daygame is meaning it. I didn't close her, and she was closeable, because I didn't feel it. This is a nice milestone for me. I'm doing what I should be doing here, meeting, and screening girls.)

3.) My wing bailed and I had some time to run a couple sets on my own – which I'm trying to do more of. The first of those solo sets was the best of the day… and with a white girl at that. She was little, maybe even actually a natural blonde (believe me, blonde white girls are not my thing, but this one was playing it all so well… lovely). I

chased her across an intersection and opened. She was the 7th girl of the day, was checking her phone over and over as I approached, and I felt very comfortable. She popped open, and when she did, that smile, could crack a safe. Ahhh, hurts to remember her. I have hooked harder in my life, but she got me. I put my hand to my chest and told her that now that she was smiling she was breaking my heart… I was being playfully dramatic, but slow, and we both liked it. Ummm, adorable. Hot set. She also had to go, and she had a better excuse than most… still checking her phone she smiled once more and told me she had 1 minute to make it to some event she was going to. I believed her… but hate myself for not taking her number anyway. Ahhh, frustration is a good teacher.

Good day out there… not a lot of results to show, but another solid in the series of Days of Game.

1st Date with the Painter

Nash · 30 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Ahhh, this blog is new to me. I posted once before about a date… *shiver*… it was terrible. Here, is a slightly better story.

I didn't meet her via daygame… I met her at a party.

(And fucking-a do I want to tell a great date story from a girl I met at daygame… but I'm not there yet. I've dated a couple girls from daygame so far, but no magic… it'll happen. I'm new. We'll see.)

The party gathers outside, and doesn't let you in until the show starts. I was outside, alone, grabbing a snack before I went in to drink and dance and explore the night. She, was (is) a real human being, but that night, was triggering so many fantasies. Wow. It was the way she was dressed. It was her delicious little body. It was because she was Asian. But it was mostly because of her eye contact. Which was… perfectly done. Mine, was intense and unyielding. Hers, was interested, and just soft enough to make me want to eat her w/ a spoon.

This year has had a few themes. One has been the "naughty" nature of women and girls in general. And by that I mean, perhaps what Heartiste would call "hypergamy," but what I would call "fucking around."

The guy she was with seemed cool. No big attitude, no obvious weakness. Cool guy, I kinda liked him. And I could tell he had some "aims" on this one. He didn't mate guard much, but he was interested in her, maybe "with" her. Meanwhile, she and I had chemistry that I couldn't avoid. I never saw them kiss… which was all the excuse I needed to know I would try to find her later.

At one point, she and he are dancing together. I am maybe 5 feet from the DJ, and she is somehow in between the DJ and me. She manages to get part way between my legs as I'm seated, and… she stumbles… and lands in my lap. I was already having a hard time understanding that she wasn't a dream or a porn fantasy. She's not perfect, but she's the kind of not-perfect I dream about. And she was in my lap. Wearing… not much. As she got on her feet, I smiled and nodded my head at her, and then at the guy. They nodded back in turn, both smiled. I bet 1$ that whole "in my lap" thing was more than on purpose. See… girls, fucking around. So red pill.

So they dance together a bit. He's grinding on her, she's open to all of his attention, and yet… she's still all up in my eye contact. Laser eyes from this one through the crowd. Excellent chemistry. I am a party veteran. And there are very few parties I'm more comfortable than this one… so I just stayed cool. But I was grinding my teeth a little for this girl. I still am.

At one point, she sits next to me, and introduces herself. No where else in my life is this normal for me, but at this party, girls introduce themselves to me every time. I have some great stories from this party. We say hello. It's just not the night to make a move on her. I tough it out. Fun party. Dreams all night of that one… I can't forget her.

Next day, I mine Facebook. She had RSVP'd to that party, was easy to find, so I pinged her:

Me: Hello, Miss [teasing her about her name.] Interesting to meet you last night. Happy Friday.

I got nothing for about 24 hours, and then… a friend request. I was just in from some night game, so I ignored it. Next morning… a msg.

Her: Hi Nash, Thanks for finding me to say hi. – Painter

There was a little playful tease in there from her that doesn't translate as I'm not using our real names. Anyway, I accept the request and msg back:

Me: Ha. [acknowledging the tease] :]

Me: Yeah… there was something about you that made me a little curious.

Me: Maybe it was your hair… (and then sent a picture of a cat w/ hair like hers)

I'd never used the "curious" line before, but I like it, and it seemed effective.

Her: What else do you find curious about me besides my hair?

Me: Hmmmm… Well… I was just kidding about your hair. Its very nice, but… it was your eye contact last Thursday that I noticed.

Her: What about the eye contact?

Her: Do you draw and paint too? Want to have coffee and chat?

Not great game on my part, but I put my foot in the ring and this time, that was enough. By this point she had crawled around my FB page, and is asking me out, based in part on mutual interest in art. Hmmm. I don't think for a second this is "normal." I was pinging her, and expecting a "hee hee hee" kind of giggle and I was going to ask her out. But… she beat me too it. Okay.

I think part of this might be that I was right — we did have good chemistry and sexy eye contact at that party. Part of this is also a function of the personality mix of she/I … but in case it isn't obvious, she likes to lead.

We go back and forth a bit, as she suggests a "morning date." I have two issues w/ that… 1.) Fuck morning dates. 2.) She's leading. I don't want girls to lead… that's no way to start a relationship.

When a girl is leading, especially through logistics, you want to balance the idea that yes, you want the date to happen, but no, you don't want her to dictate the terms or her attraction will flail. So I just stole the thread, pointed out that she/I were busy that weekend, suggested a proper night date for a different day, and she agreed. Good. Back on track.

So tonight we meet up. I don't want to be early, so I swing by the Whiskey Store and buy a bottle of Leopold Bro's American Whiskey… which I didn't even show her, but I am drinking right now as I type this. Damn.

We met a bar/gallery. She was dressed in this very "from Asia" kinda way — boots, and shorts, and tights — all that inevitably makes my pants tighter. She was a little "less perfect" than I remember from that night, but very cute.

I hug her. The vibe feels good, right from the beginning. I feel confident. She is a real artist, but I have a strong enough background to play with her as we look at the work. She's sipping coffee.

I bounce her to another bar and buy us a round. She likes the bar. She's so little she can barely handle half a glass of wine. Conversation is great. We're talking about relationships. She brings up the guy she was with at the party, and mentions him in a dismissive way… she's seeing him, but purposely doesn't tell me that. I'm not touching her enough. She's showing lots of emotion, and I'm calling her on it. I like her.

She's barely through that glass of wine, red-faced, and she announces she's hungry and is going home for dinner. I could have pushed for us to eat together, but I didn't. I am usually the "very long date" kind of guy, and I wanted to let this one be fun, but short.

We walk out together. I hugged her – she has a great little body. She made a comment about seeing me again, and I said "I dunno, maybe…", teasing her. She laughed. I walked away.

Tonight, via Facebook:

Her: What do you want from me? :]

Hmmm… we'll see.

Since then I messaged a little Korean girl I met day gaming last week to see about a date for tomorrow night. The Korean girl is travelling but wants to meet me next week and thanked me for inviting her out. A Banker I met 10

minutes after the Korean also got back to me.

The thing about “abundance” is… you can’t fake it. But I am beginning to feel some abundance like I’ve never felt. As for the painter… we’ll pick that one up tomorrow. I want to play with her… that chemistry rages on.

Viva game.

Daygame, Reticular Activation System and Defensiveness

Nash · 2 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

One thing my wing and I talk about a lot when we're running daygame is the Reticular Activation System (RAS).

I first learned about the RAS when I was studying biopsychology in college. The RAS has several functions, but I'm mostly interest in how it helps to **focus attention**.

The world has endless potential for "things you might notice." If you were to pay attention to everything — every crack in the sidewalk, every conversation on the train — you'd be constantly distracted. The RAS (as I understand it), helps you focus, helps you regulate what you pay attention to in the environment, and what goes unnoticed.

> Our RAS serves as a gating mechanism to **screen out most incoming sensory information**. Well, to partially screen it out. If something important (relevant, dangerous, interesting) presents itself, the RAS "gate" allows the sensory information (tactile, auditory, visual) on through to the higher cortical areas for actual processing.
> — Dr Nowell

> In general, as long as what is happening around you is pretty much what is expected, you don't need to pay attention to anything. If what is coming in fits with what has come in before, the RAS more or less says, "Been there, done that" and ignores it. You can just relax, or you can focus your attention at whatever you choose. When the incoming sensory data is familiar, the RAS ignores it. It is when something unexpected is present – in the incoming sensory data – that the RAS goes into action, telling us to pay attention to that.
> — SOAR

The sources of those quotes above aren't related to game, but they do a good job of showing how RAS might be relevant to game.

I want to talk about eye contact, in particular, but before I do, here's another relevant example of RAS in game — what kind of girls do you like? As my friends know, I'm not into blondes, but I know many guys are. When you're walking down the street, thinking about your job or your favorite sport team, whatever, you're on "autopilot." Your RAS is mostly ignoring the sensory input around you, mostly screening out input, and you can focus on whatever you're doing.

But then… this blonde walks out of a shop, and *SNAP*, you're completely focused on her, and are now ignoring almost everything else. You've been "alerted." As a man — and this is important – the alert causes you to focus and your desire kicks in. For guys without game, that focus probably just causes them to be nervous. For guys w/ game, it's a signal to start thinking about approaching. You probably passed dozens of girls, but they were "ordinary" for you, so your RAS left you alone, but as the hottie blonde comes into view, you're on alert, and hopefully jogging over to make her day.

Okay, now on to eye contact and RAS.

I know it's common knowledge that strong or flirty eye contact is a standard indication of interest (IOI). In bars, etc, I certainly agree, and I like to get this kind of IOI. Preferably, solid eye contact, and then, she breaks firsts, looks down in a feminine way (<-- very good "game" from a girl, BTW). That's a scenario I love, and usually is so appealing I'm very likely to approach. Bars are typically a social environment, and eye contact means something specific in those situations. However, on the street, for daygame, I don't like eye contact. Here's why... MY THEORY: **Eye contact will trigger the RAS in a girl, and that will start her off in a "flight" or "defensive" mode, that will not help the approach.**

One of the most wonderful things about daygame is the surprise element. When someone is surprised, they're open, and you can lead them. If a girl is "on alert" because you caught her eye, you're likely to "show up on her radar,"

and she may very possibly raise her guard and start defensive, avoidance-type behavior. Not always, but often enough I think it's worth consideration.

I love eye contact, and it's very normal for me to stare a girl down. When I do this, she'll often go from a neutral state (doing her own thing), to noticing me (on alert), and then will do a little frown (defense), or "shake me off," look away, something like that. This has happened thousands of times w/ me… usually makes me laugh. I get very positive responses too, but this one is common.

Women get many more offers than they can ever say yes to, so the default answer to a man's offer is "no," and this is one kind of no. As guys in game, it's our job to get past the "default no" and see if there's any potential for us in particular, even if she does in fact have to say "no" to most offers. Basic evolutionary psychology. She's done this thousands of times. And while as men when we're "alerted" we know to approach (even if we're a little nervy), if she's on alert, you're often in an uphill battle against her defenses, right from the start.

My theory is that if you make eye contact and flip that "switch" before you've approached, her mind will be primed for "defense" before you've even said a word. She's in defense *and* you've lost the surprise element. She may still open fine, but you've given that anti-social part of her time to dig into "no" before you've had a chance to charm her into "yes."

My recommendation: Scan for girls, but don't make eye contact. If she's walking by you, relax (so you don't trigger her in other ways), maybe focus on something else until you're ready to approach, and then get in there. In general, don't "alert" her to your presence until you're ready to open her and get the job done.

Happy to hear comments on this one, and perhaps my mind will change as I have more experience. But this feels right to me so far.

One last comment… if you're working with a wing, his eye contact can blow out your sets as well. Especially if both of you are staring down some innocent little beauty as she rolls down the street… this little bunny and these two hungry wolves… you're going to crank up her defenses. I will actually ask my wing *not* to look at a certain girl that I know I'm going to open… I want that element of surprise and low-to-no defense as I begin the dance.

“Red Pill” (Vin DiCarlo) and Approach Anxiety

Nash · 3 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

From Vin DiCarlo’s program **Red Pill**, which has a lot of content on Daygame. He and one of his partners, Brian, discuss AA. Great stuff… Brian is definitely legit.

> **Brian**: Approach anxiety isn’t a signal saying, “don’t approach.” Approach anxiety is a signal saying “do!”
>
> **Brian**: I only approach women that make my heart beat faster.
>
> **Brian**: I love women and I want to meet them. I’ll see a woman that is beautiful and just inherently I want to go for it. I’ll feel that, and my heart beating, and be like, “yeah, this is good.”
>
> **Brian**: A girl that turns me on gets me a little nervous and gets my heart beating. And that’s like the biological signal saying, “Yeah, you have to go for it.”
>
> **Vin**: If you’re not feeling anxiety, she’s not worth approaching.
>
> **Brian**: It’s like a red alarm in your head. Like, “go for it.” You gotta do it.

Note sure this program exists anymore, here’s a link to one of his products (<-- spammy marketing site).

Waning Daylight and 17 Girls

Nash · 5 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

It's stupid hot here in this normally cool and foggy metropolis. This is somewhat normal for October in San Francisco… we're known for cold, fog-socked summers, but we often get this burst of off-shore warmth this time of year. This week, it been hot. The daygame, however, was only luke warm.

I was busy this week, so I stacked my daygame into the end of the week. 17 girls over Thu and Fri.

Here are some notes:

First, though… big propers to my wing the Hurricane for rising up this week. He was killing it. Really opening much more than he has in the last month, getting numbers, and even had a date from a girl he met in daygame, with some makeouts. We're both veteran guys in game, but new to daygame, and his makeout is the first real ROI either of us have seen (I've been on dates, but haven't kissed any day girls yet). Go Hurricane. I'm inspired!

Thursday:

1.) Punky Asian girl in combat boots, didn't stop, gave me the "you're weird look." *Smh* You know when you open a girl you think is lower than you on the SMV scale, and then she shoots you down in some nasty way like you're lower than she is, and you're like, "no no! I'm hotter than *you!*" It was one of those. Ego bruise, ha!

2.) Indian girl. Great body, but I didn't see her face… but, ahh, the "tug" from that body. I gave chase. "Blind" open. She stopped, and that's when I noticed her… beard. Not like "artismal coffeeshop barrista in an indi band" beard, but even a 1% beard is too much, in my humble opinion. You know, I've never yet had any luck with Indian girls… I like them, but they don't like me. Not yet. I really want to see an Indian girl naked and "well glazed." That will happen. And… blind stops are always gross. I gotta stop that… if I don't get a good look at her face, I shouldn't open.

3.) Super short girl. I love short, but she was pushing the bottom end of short… 4'10"? I chase her down, and she slows at the bus stop. It's fucking hot — did I mention that? — and I'm in the blaring sun. It's like God is a 13 yr old with a magnifying glass and I'm an ant. My pale blue eyes are melting as I try to open, squinting as I approached. She likes the open, and then… the bus shows up 3 seconds into the approach. I let her go just before and I burst into a puff of smoke and the 13 yr God snickered and moved on to another ant. I liked her.

4.) Asian girl with two bags. Stopped her at the intersection (which I try not to do). She was clearly on her way somewhere. She didn't really hook at all, so I let her go.

5.) Asian nurse with blond hair. Cute, but not that hot. You never can tell what a girl is like until you "flip the stone," so I did. No connection. I let her go… she looked tired. She made me tired too.

6.) Russian Girl… moving slow, constantly checking her phone, likely looking at the map feature. Beautiful, dark hair, great body… late for class. I could tell she meant it, so I let her go.

7.) Super hottie perfect Asian girl, with headphones in and running her fingers through her hair. So perfect by my standards… wouldn't STP. Gave me a low energy blow off.

8.) Business-y looking, taller Asian girl. Cute, but not beautiful. A little too serious, but elegant… I like her. Opened her – accusing her of looking serious – and she popped open, very happy to talk. Thanked me several times for stopping her and for the opening compliment. Some chit-chat, and I mentioned that we should probably both be going as I aimed for the close. She asked me if I had a card (which is funny, as she was business-y, but I was jeans and t-shirt), and I laughed at her. She had her phone in her hand so I told her to text me… she did. Then she said that this was her "work phone, so…" "So… nothing too explicit, huh?," I said. She laughed. "No naked pictures? Not right away??!" She laughed again. We live close to each other. We're texting now… and I had some specific dreams about her and some things I'd like to do to her that are illegal in some states. I'll try to date her this week.

9.) I often offer a given girl to my wing first, and he declined this pretty Asian girl in a nice short dress that matched the weather. She didn't really stop, had a serious face as she drifted away. I had my feet glued to the sidewalk, as usual, and she smiled as she moved away, figuring it out, knowing she was safe… but too late.

10.) Little Asian girl from Taiwan. I opened her, she popped open, and was all giggles no matter what I said. Terrible teeth. We chatted, and I let her go… I wasn't interested.

*) As I was talking to the Taiwanese girl, someone touched my back… I was trying to stay focused so I didn't turn around, but I took a moment to notice my wallet was still in my pocket. As I left the giggler, this 4′ tall, odd looking Asian woman was looking at me… and in broken English she said, "I like you. What your name?" with the kind of look a hooker would give you. Hmmm??? I waved her off and went back to my wing. Funny how I occassionally blow of girls in the exact same way they sometimes blow me off. I saw her again on Friday and sped up to keep her away.

11.) Young girl, wouldn't stop. Don't even remember her.

11 sets… that was a personal record. I could have opened 20+ that day… I'm building up my strength here. One number, felt solid… fine w/ me.

Drank w/ my wing on Thursday night. Hit a very fun club, where I mostly just danced… even though a little dream girl from Burning Man was there… I have terrible club game.

Was hungover on Friday, but had promised my wing we'd go out. Was even hotter on Friday… uggh.

Friday:

12.) Little Asian girl, funny walk, barely stopped.

13.) Super beautiful Asian girl, in a fancy dress. I chased her down, she wouldn't stop, but smiled a little as she pulled away. I'm not in game to make girls that don't like me happy, but… I liked that smile, even as it comes after the set and she's running off. She liked the approach, a little, even if she wouldn't let me open.

14.) Best set of the week… I loved this little Girl. I could see her "outline" from about a 1/2 block away, and I stepped back so I could see her better as she passed… I was thinking about going after this thicker Asian girl, but wanted to see this one before I chose… this one was the winner. She popped open, and was one of those girls that was even prettier face-to-face. I told her she was "interesting" looking and asked her ethnicity. She told me to guess, and had the sweetest, most delicious smile surrounded by brown skin w/ adorable orange freckles. I guessed Indian, but I really didn't know. Wrong. I guessed Peruvian (you know that almost-Asian, almost-Latin look?), but I was wrong again. 1/2 black, 1/2 Filipino. Devastating combination. I loved her. Tried to close and she flinched, said she had a BF, but kept smiling. Asked me if I wanted it for "friends," and I said, "Oh no…" with a big smile, "I am interested in you as a woman." I don't know if that's the best come back, but it's good for my inner state to own my intent. She mumbled something about FB, I declined and let her go. Lovely.

15.) Asian girl that was putting her hair up in a bun as she walked down the street. That position – a woman with her arms over her head, playing w/ her hair – is classically beautiful. I decided to tell her so. I opened her, she wasn't that into it, but stopped. I told her about how I think that position she was just in is classic attractive. It was a little weird, but very real. I blushed a bit, which happens all the time, and is I sign I like the girl. It was awkward, she wasn't moving, but seemed distracted, I let her go. Maybe I could have closed her?

16.) Goofy little Asian girl in a simple, light, pretty white dress. I actually flipped a coin w/ my wing for the honor of opening her — ha! She stopped, was kinda plain. We chatted for a minute, and she interrupted me to announce she had a BF. Fine, fine.

17.) Simple, skinny Asian girl. I opened, and when I got to the compliment she figured out what was going on, bloomed into a beautiful smile, and said, "No thank you!" Hey, I didn't even make an offer yet! :]

That's the news. 17 girls, and 1 number. Damn. I like that I set a PR on Thursday w/ 11 girls… I know I can do

more. Friday I was hungover, but still had a decent day out there. More experience.

I still want to focus on slowing down, and using what she says in a more spontaneous way. I could feel that in some sets, as I intentionally avoided cutting threads and staying with something she was saying. I want to push/challenge a bit more… I did some of that.

And meanwhile… I'm loving the after-work streets, but the days are getting shorter as we head into Fall. What will daygame bring as the daylight wanes? Stay tuned…!

“What do you want from me?”

Nash · 10 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Second date w/ a girl on Monday night. Met her during night game. First date was fun, flirty, good comfort, but very quick.

For the 2nd date I had this plan… have her meet me, go to dinner/drinks together (maybe just “drink”, she’s tiny and very susceptible to the alcohols), and then… since I live on her way home from the bar I was thinking of… we share a cab, and I invited her in for “desert” on her way home. That was the plan. Look at me, trying to set up logistics!

She confirmed, and was into it, right up until about 1.5 hrs before the date. Then, she started fucking w/ logistics, saying she was tired, had a long day, and wanted to meet “in the middle” between her place and mine, and she picks a restaurant and a time. Uhh! She’s stealing the control here (and fucked my shared-cab plan), and I don’t like that (and this comes up w/ me a lot, as I tend to attract “strong” women… and have work to do on my own game). We had the same pattern w/ the first date, but I got it on track that time. Time to take control back, again.

I am a firm believer that “how it starts is how it goes,” you get it right in the beginning or it’s broken forever. And I don’t want her leading.

I tell her “OMG, you’re ruining everything” to tease her about messing with the plan. I tell her I don’t want the food she was suggesting, and that I have a reservation for us in a part of town that’s closer to her, and to meet me at a nearby bar.

Her: Sure! See you there. :]

Okay, done.

I am reading Tom Torero‘s “**Daygame**” (which is an excellent read for a novice like myself), and he is emphasizing “attraction is in the push,” so I worked on that all night. Working on that in general. Love that line.

I teased her, challenged her, disqualified myself… all night. I was effectively leaning back, leading the conversation, I did alright.

At one point, she mentions “play parties.” For those of you that don’t know what that means, that’s code for “sex parties.” Hmmm. She, at least “3-4 times”, has been to a sex party, and participated at some level. I know many guys in the community are all about strippers, etc, but that kind of sexuality intimidates me… not because I’m afraid I can’t please a woman, but just in a general physical safety level of girls in the scene.

Hmmm. It was a big “test” for me to hear that, from a girl I liked, and to hold my frame and remain comfortable. Again, I think I did alright. Maybe B+. I didn’t react much (not toward the sex, or away from the sex), and used her stories as a way of getting to know her.

(Side note… she told one story of how she and an ex BF went to one of these parties together. They were broken up, but still having sex. She/he had decided they would find him a girl, he would fuck the new girl, and she would watch. She seduced the new girl, and it worked. So she ends up watching her ex fuck that girl, and how it made her emotional, made her cry, and how she never had sex w/ that ex BF again. I asked her why, and she said she couldn’t get that picture out of her head… watching her ex fuck the new girl in the same way he had once fucked her. Hmmm, very interesting story. Lance Mason says girls can take a lot of “ambiguity,” but once they *see* something, they can’t go back. I believe that.)

She’s wearing perfume, which I love. At dinner I smelled it, and tried to get more as I moved in to smell her neck. She denies wearing perfume then, resisting me and my game a bit.

We bounce to a bar near her house so she can ditch her car. In the bar, I smell the perfume again, and I move in,

touching her, trying to see if it's on her neck, I get in close, I'm confident. She pushes me back, and I accuse her, with a smile, of not being comfortable being that close to me. She says, she's not going to get that close to me "on a Monday night," and smiles. It's flirty.

Drinks went well, good vibe, I genuinely wanted to kiss her.

Not much physical escalation, but good sexual talk — I know how she likes to come, etc. Lively date. Women's sex stories are so fascinating.

As the drinks wrap up, I say something about her needing to go. I stand up, get close to her, and grab her by the coat and pull her in… not really going for it. She squirms. I push her away. She goes to leave, and I sit back down, no hurry to leave, owning my new territory. I felt good, dominant, calm. She's surprised, and Yes, I say, I'm staying here. I ordered another drink. She leaves, a little flustered, struggles w/ the big wooden door on her way out.

I can smell her perfume on me after she leaves… I know it was on her right wrist, as I can I smell it on my left hand (where I had been grabbing her). I text her, after a bit, from the bar:

ME: I can smell that pretty perfume on my hands… You're an odd, funny, intense little girl… but you *do* smell good.

HER: (immediately) Thanks for dinner/drinks. I had a great time.
HER: I can usually read people pretty well, but I still couldn't read you… It's getting very interesting.

That's a pretty good review.

We banter more this week via Facebook msgs. I set a date at my house for next Wed. She accepts.

She accuses me of being "only Facebook," so I switch the thread over to text and say…

ME: When you're thinking about me… and want to tell me you miss me…
ME: Text is fine, too. :]

HER: (a couple hours later) What do you want from me?

We'll see. I think I'm 90% on for dinner at my place. I will escalate to the best of my ability, as I know if I get her in my place and don't at least try to close her, I'm cooked.

We'll see. I'm a little intimidated… but excited, and genuinely turned on by this little one. She's interesting.

22 and from Korea

Nash · 10 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I met “Monica” during daygame. Somewhere in my first 300 girls or so. She is 22 (about 1/2 my age), here studying English for a year. So far, so good.

She was cute by my standards, but not “gorgeous.” And then I opened her — I did fine, no big deal, nothing beyond novice game — and she really popped open. She was that girl. Cute, with a raspy voice. And she had a soft-confidence, and a familiarity about her. She was Korean, small, lovely.

We chatted for a bit. I don’t think I wrote about this approach, but as I remember it now, I said, “Some other time, I’d, like to ask you out.” And her English is good, but it’s not perfect, and she thought I meant right then. So she says, no, she can’t, she has to go the baseball game tonight. And I say, Noooooooo, not tonight — and push away teasing her. And she gets it and laughs. And I say, some other tiiiiiiiiiimme. And she laughs, and we exchange numbers. Fun approach.

I just looked at my text game, and it was pretty terrible. I played my part, I lead, and I was persistent enough, and so far it worked, but my actual text game this time is a bit of an embarrassment, to be real. I was a little too “expressive.” I don’t agree that we need to avoid showing any effort at all in text, I’m okay w/ proper spelling/punctuation, but I think I used too many “!”s etc, too playful, not “mature,” certainly not “dominant.” Anyway.

My initial ping had no response… it was boring, but it wasn’t terrible.

A few days later I try again, and try to set the date, time and place. She response this time, but is out of town, in “LA,” but suggests next week. Very warm text. I tease her about being in “LA,” and say I’ll try again this week. I follow up this week with a set time and place, and then something funny happens…

(To protect the bar where this meet up when down…) lets call the bar “Room.” Okay… that’s the name of the bar, “Room Bar.”

ME: Meet me at “Room,” (and gave her the address and the cross streets)

HER: “What is this? And if it is your room, maybe I can’t go, sorry.”

ME: Haha.. you’re funny.

ME: It’s a bar, young lady… called “Room.”

ME: 4 stars on yelp. :]

ME: I don’t know you well enough to invite you to my house… you might scare my cat!

(And then I sent a really cute picture of my cat)

HER: Hahahahaahhaah oh my goodness, really?? I’m so sorry to misunderstand it…

She shows up for the date.

Again, she’s cute, but not beautiful, not perfectly my type, but a solid “maybe,” and certainly a “yes” in her own moments. That’s fair. And she was on time, and in a dress, and with hair wet from the shower, with some tasteful makeup. And she was familiar, again, immediately. Very comfortable, right away. Very likable and charming.

This is my 3rd girl I’ve dated from daygame. The first two were also young Asian girls, but those dates (3 dates total), were not great at all. This one was different.

She was affectionate and graceful right away. The bar I had her meet me at was overrun by sports fans that night (fucking Giants), so we slipped around the corner to a mostly-gay bar (very nice, and comfortable, but I wouldn’t

recommend it to straight man looking for single girls). The place was full, but we sat near the pool table, kind of sharing an area w/ a couple of gay men who were obviously having a good date. I buy us a round of drinks. She loved that we were in a gay bar.

As we sit down, she apologizes again for thinking that I wanted her to meet at my house. And I did standard teasing about that, telling her it's too early for her to be thinking of going back to my place. She laughs, game on.

We talked about her favorite part of her body. We talked about when she first had sex. She's unsure if she's had an orgasm yet… which means she hasn't… 3 partners, at least one was very brief. She's a young girl. She likes older guys, guessed I was 25-30 (off by more than 10 years), I dodged the question of how old I am, telling her I'm 17. She laughed. Ahhh… I love this set up.

She has great English, to start with. She's quite smart. At 22 she's in the US, and has already spent over a year in Japan, studying language there as well. She's so energic. I like to assess female/masculine tendencies, and I was getting a very bounce-y feminine vibe. Yes, on all accounts.

We talked about kissing. And if she thinks she's a good kisser. And how well designed her mouth is for kissing — it's kinda of small, and I disqualify her a bit about that, and she agrees.. And we talked about how nice her hair was. And I pulled her hair, and got in close testing the kiss. And we kissed a bit. Light kissing. And we talked about her nipples. And about her ass. And we touched often and held hands a bit.

She can barely handle alcohol at all, drinks about 3/4 of her beer, and is feeling a bit drunk…

I had plans to see her, and then go directly out to a club by myself. We leave the bar together, and get on the train. Sit close, more touching her, and a nice wet kiss as we reach her stop.

She is the first girl I've kissed from daygame… I'm on my way.

HER: Nash~! Thank you so much today~! Haha

Ahhh, I love that energy. Adorable, and terribly delicious. I want to eat her.

This was Tuesday night, the night after a "second date" I'd had the night before. The "climate" of each date was so different. I ran very similar game, but this one was so much more pliable, more feminine, followed my lead better, no challenges.

I can't say which of the two girls I like better — but I love that Game is giving me a chance to explore both of them. And back/back dates, never done that before. I would have had 3 this week, but "DC girl" had plans w/ her sister. This is not including me seeing my regular girl, whom I am very into.

I'd like to get this one out again soon, not let this chemistry fade. I want to sex her, and I'm confident here.

I pinged her last night to see if I could get her out next Monday. She has an "appointment" she says, isn't free until "Friday, maybe." Today is Friday, so I tease her:

ME: Tonight?!!
ME: OMG, you miss me!!!

(And send her this goofy dog picture for some added "chick crack" — I love send girls pictures instead of words.)

I was intentionally misunderstanding her suggestion of next Friday, and I have plans tonight, but would have tried to work her in if I could… I'm crazy turned on as I haven't seen my regular girl in a few days. I want to sex this little one.

HER: Haha no~!! I mean next week~! Haha

I confirmed, and I think we're on. Will have to ping her a bit to keep us both excited. Will probably try to make a bigger night of it next time.

Viva Daygame. She’s my best lead so far… I like her. Let’s see what I can make happen here.

14 Girls on the Street (new PR)

Nash · 12 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Busy week this week — daygamed 3 days, had a few dates, went out almost every night (not necessarily to run game) and still managed to keep my clients happy and get to the gym a couple times. This is the man I want to be.

14 girls yesterday, in one session (probably about 30 for the week). That is a personal record for the day (and the week). Not great game, no super magical sets, but some good experiences for me an my fearless wing, Mr Hurricane.

Before I go on… Hurricane and I started daygame together. I have done more approaches, dated more girls, but he got the first kiss last week and his first lay from the same girl this week on his second date. Yes to that! We've both been in game for years, but he "proved the model" by meeting, dating and sexing a girl he met on the pavement via cold, direct, daygame approach. I hope to do the same in the next week or so (several dates scheduled), and I love seeing "a plan come together." Yes!

Here's a run-down on yesterday's girls and game. 14 girls, mostly in a 2.5 hour session. I could have easily hit 20. I have never, ever, come close to 20 girls in night game, and certainly not of the caliber I talked to yesterday. Viva daygame, here goes:

1.) Vietnamese Solo Traveler at the mall. I thought she was Japanese, very short, adorable. I was working from the mall on my laptop — which I love to do, as the view is amazing, just teeming w/ lovelies. I was not trying to run game, but I saw her, left my laptop for a minute, and opened. It was C- game, I was cold, no magic, but I am beginning to run game more automatically, even when I'm not officially on the prowl. This set wasn't magic, but Tom Torero's stories of "the single girl traveling alone w/ just one night left in the city" have me inspired for some SDL game. That's on my list of accomplishments I intend to check off.

2.) Asian worker bee. I was nervous on the approach, stiff, wanted to weasel, but I approached anyway. She was 2x more beautiful after I opened her — which I find common. Give a girl a good experience and she will bloom for you, and she'll go from a "maybe" to a "yes" as you bring out her feminine. This one wouldn't really stop, but smiled beautifully and helped warm me up.

3.) Searching for inspiration I catch myself saying "YES" and I go direct on a beautiful married Asian woman. She wasn't wearing her ring, we joked about that, she gave me a genuine "you made my day, thank you!" And I was warmed up.

4.) Met my wing on a favorite corner, and immediately opened a short one. Great lips! She was into it, but had already made up her mind to leave, and I said "You look like you're about to leave me already" and she said, "I am, as I'm on my way to see my BF, ha!" She loved the approached. I wanted to kiss her. Damn.

5.) Tall, lovely Asian girl. She was shy about the approach, and I called her out for being a bit nervous. She said she was okay, just really had to go. Wow, , beautiful hazel eyes on that one.

6.) Token white girl (ha!). Blonde, perfect body, amazing walk, wouldn't stop but gave me a huge smile over her shoulder.

*Meanwhile… my wing and I are opening sooo many girls. Coming back to our corner, saying 1/2 a sentence, and then — bang — off after another one. We were on fire.

7.) Lovely white girl. Late for her plane, thought she was a tourist. Super beautiful. A bit of magic, but no time to work it.

My wing and I are good to each other about sharing the girls that float down the concrete stream towards us. We have been doing a coin toss when we both want a given one. We tossed again, I won (I always win!), and she was mine. Great state-booster. Always makes me laugh.

8.) Korean art girl, complete robot, wouldn't acknowledge me. Ouch. I'm not front-stopping, but I rarely get this kind of response. Oh well.

9.) Two seconds after the "robot," I see a very cute one and I want to do a comeback, redemption set to share off the ice from the last one. She's a skinny Chinese girl, gave me "yeah, what's up?" (which is masculine), drifted. I pointed down at the sidewalk, told her to stop and that I wouldn't chase her. She gave me a weird look, bailed. Yuck. No redemption. Uhh.

10.) New corner. Tall Filipina girl. She loved it, had to go.

11.) Tall, elegant Korean woman. One of the fanciest ones I've ever opened, hot, sophisticated woman, dressed very nice. She had a slow, sexy, upscale walk. I opened, and she mostly sucked, but I tried. Here for another month, she hates SF, bored and "blah," this one. I tried to close her, just for fun, and she rolled her eyes and shook it off. I bounced. Next!

12.) Super short girl, lovely. Smiled, looked me right in the eyes and said, "I'm not interested." I actually love that rejection, as I know she's comfortable. She was super confident. Good for her.

13.) Short girl in pink… Thanked me, but mentioned the BF right away, more confident than she looked.

14.) I was a bit exhausted, had set a personal record, but no magic sets, no numbers to show for all that work. Saw a very cute young one, carrying two drinks. I was expecting the "BF" line, but I opened anyway. She was cute and friendly, from China, art student. English was rough. Was taking some food home after school. Number closed her, and she loved it, wanted to make sure I called her ASAP so she had my number too. We made soft plans for a drink next week. Texted her, no response. Hmmm. I bet she responds on the date request… I'm seeing that pattern a lot. We'll see.

The Baby Jesus gave me a ton of girls yesterday — thank you, Sweet Baby Jesus — but not a lot of flavor. The little Chinese girl is a beautiful, we'll see if she comes out. However, despite a lack of ROI for that work, I'm feeling more and more like a proper daygamer. My wing is really turning it on, and I'm loving this game.

Last night some odd night game sets with girls that aren't 1/2 as hot as the girls we're meeting during the day – but the whiskey kept me warm! Tonight, date with my regular girl, she's wonderful… and time for some sex. Tomorrow a big fun social party, with drinks/dancing and plenty of girls to play with. Date on Monday w/ DC girl. More street girls next week. Yes, yes, yes. This is the lifestyle.

Viva Daygame.

Serious and Business-y (1st Date)

Nash · 14 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Serious and Business-y. That's what I told her when I first met her. Tonight was our first date. She was kind of the same.

Daygame puts you together with such a wide variety of women, a range of girls you'd never meet in social circle/night game. The 21 yr old Taiwanese student was my first date from daygame. We were very different. Miss Serious is the forth girl I've dated from daygame, and she is the older, professional, opposite end of the spectrum from the student. It's no wonder I was out of my element w/ this one… daygame expands the possibilities so much, and it's very early in my daygame career, I'm still expanding my vocabulary.

The day I met her, she came across the intersection… long legged and confident. Hair up. Serious look on her face, but with some real grace and beauty in her walk. I guessed around 30 yrs old. I pounced… the t-shirt and black jeans daygamer vs the beautiful professional girl. We hooked, both of us, in a mild way. Her seriousness was followed by a beautiful openness, she liked the approach, full smile, lovely. I took her number… her "work" phone. We joked about how I wouldn't send naked selfies – "not right away."

After some back/forth, I booked her for a Monday evening date. I took her to the same gay bar I took the little Korean last Tues.

I was there a bit before her, and I posted up, mid room, and looked at the paintings. She walked in… wow. Jesus. Tall, well dressed, hair down tonight. To be honest… gorgeous, definitely one of the most beautiful girls I've ever dated, but a little more polished than I would expect to for myself. She's no model, but has those proportions, and definitely has some "trophy" qualities. She smelled fantastic. I told her so.

She hugged me right away, confident, medium-warm, comfortable. We ordered a round, and I walked her over to a table, told her I wanted to sit next to her, no resistance (I've been getting push-back on that from some girls this year).

She smart, very smart. Conversation turned to work right away… she's a career girl. "Wealth management." Uhh. You ever read Roissy's piece on what a girl's job tells you? Great post, he's really on the right track there. He doesn't cover "wealth management" girls, but I'm guessing he'd rate them up there w/ attorneys, and/or CEOs. Not the most feminine job… hardly "pink collar." Has her masters (I like to say I've dated "a million dollars in advanced degrees," but I bet it's far more than that – I always find this type), she wanted to go into pharma sales, and got drafted into finance. She uses words like "impeccable." Hmm.

So, she's a grown up girl, but seriously beautiful. By my standards, stunning. I don't get the feeling she gets hit on a lot – in part because she went out w/ me, and I don't know that we're a great match. Not selling myself short here, just being real. I'm t-shirt, she's heels. I'm taxis, she's BMW (I bet). I'm tea, she's coffee. I'm a later sleeper and I bet dollars-to-doughnuts she's a morning person. I go to Burning Man… she… doesn't. She's been in this area for 10 months, and I can tell it's not easy for her. I'd guess she's a bit lonely. I could see a little "ache" behind the beauty.

I love the concept of gender – masculine and feminine. I get the feeling she's super fem outside, and "mixed gender" on the inside. I wouldn't call her a ball buster, I bet she cries, but she's not a nurturer. She was basically an only child most of her life. I bet she does a mean "icey" when she wants to.

I talked too much, probably (I talk a lot, it's who I am). I talked a little fast. I was definitely more expressive than her… maybe she needs that? I didn't touch her much, but we sat close. Not a lot of sexuality on the date. Eye contact was great, though — when I wasn't talking up a storm I would read her face, stare into her eyes and say "hmmmmmmm." Not a bad date, but not a lot of chemistry.

As we finished our drinks, I hit the bathroom. When I got back, I pointed to our drinks and said, "another round?"

She said no, but didn't even hint at getting up. I said, "should we get out of here?" and she was surprised, which I read quickly, and I motioned for her to stay still. She wasn't acting super into me, and she didn't want another drink, but she didn't want to go home either. I told her I wanted to spend some more time w/ her. I sat back down and we chatted a bit longer. I scanned her face as she talked and commented on her expressions. More eye contact. After a bit I said, "Okay, let's go." We got up.

I did a good job leading tonight.

As we stood I was reminded again of how tall she is… in heels, my height. Seated, she looks little… which means, long legs. I got right up next to her as she rose, purposely invading her space, very little reaction, but my favorite part of the date. I talked about her "Barbie" proportions, and accused her of being "long legged," and she agreed. I talk about how that added to the sexy walk I first noticed… she smiled, took the comment well, but no real spike. I grabbed her arm around the bicep as we walked toward door, she felt delicious. She was pliant, but again, low reaction.

Outside we talked for a bit more. Eye to eye, she was as cool/comfortable as the rest of the date. Hugged goodbye, and she kissed my check. She likes me, despite the mismatch in our personalities. I bet she'll see me again.

As she walked away, her body and walk were incredible. She's hot… but I'm trying to imagine making a move on her? It's that lack of real femininity. I once dated this sexy little Latin attorney (I call her "Fuck me hard, fuck me fast" Girl), and they remind me of each other, a bit. I bet she's the type that, if she likes me, will invite me to dinner or ask me to come up… that mixed gender, sharing control type. I bet that's why I'm having a hard time imagining her as one of the "little girls" I want in my world. I love "little girls." Could I bring out the "little girl" in this one?

And yet… since the first time I met her, I have a very specific sexual fantasy about her. And it's dirty, and thinking that thought now I feel like the man I want to be. As I saw her walk away tonight, that fantasy went thru my head again. That ass, ahhh! If I could get the gender-/sexual-energy mix right, I think she might be delicious in bed. I'd like to see her come. The Latin attorney was red hot, but we were the worst sexual combination at the time. That was early in my education as a proper seducer. I've done a lot of work on myself since then. Maybe this one is different? I'm different now, not at my core, but in my training, my desires and my experience.

I predict she'll follow up. So I'll let her do that, let her invest. As we parted, she asked if I'm downtown – where we met – much, and said, "ahh, so you're around me a lot!" with some emphasis. She's seeing us getting together again. It really wasn't a hot date, but she likes me. I think next date needs to be happy hour. And a couple drinks, maybe. And I need to turn up the sex.

I have 2 more dates this week, and I'm in no hurry to chase her. I barely have time for any other girls right now.

Maybe she just wants sex?? We'll see. She's the latest in a serious of "experiments." Tomorrow, I'm back in the "lab," and on the streets.

Viva Daygame.

BadBoyPUA vs “Asking Permission”

Nash · 15 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I was listening to some video product from Badboy.

He’s talking at a seminar of some kind, and he brings a guy up from the audience. The guy plays “the girl,” and Badboy demonstrates what happens when you “ask permission:”

> BadBoy: Hey, hey, would you like to go there and sit down?
> Girl: Ahh, no.
>
> BadBoy: Can I kiss you?
> Girl: Eh, no.
>
> BadBoy: Can I ask for dance?
> Girl: Ehh, not now.
>
> BadBoy: Can we go there?
> Girl: Uh uh.
>
> BadBoy: Can we go there?
> Girl: No.
>
> BadBoy: Can I… *pfffft*… take you home???
> Girl: No.

And then he breaks out of the role play and his conclusion is:

> BadBoy: It’s always a “no.” So why do you ask??! *laughs* It’s useless. Stop asking for it. Always lead. Get used to it, so you stop asking for something.

We know this is right. But why?

I am very into the concept that 1.) Girls get a lot of sexual attention and various “offers” from men, 2.) If they said “Yes” to the offers, even to simple things like a smile, we know men with any game would quickly escalate to sex, and 3.) She’d be pregnant all the time.

With that said, a girls default has to be “no.” Right? She has to say no, out of sheer “womb management,” if not personal choice. And if she says no by default, she has the classic screen/test, which will weed out the offers w/ the weakest intent behind them. Which is good for her in term of “quality of suitor.” Only the strongest offers get past the default “no.”

So if you don’t want to end up in the default “no” slag pile, don’t ask, just lead. The blue pill world is pushing men to get explicit verbal consent, but players know that is the lamest game. Women roll there eyes at that game, all the time. You lead, as honorably as you can, but don’t ask. This isn’t a “verbal” game, when it comes to leading.

I still struggle a bit here, personally… from face-to-face to text messages, I still “ask” more than I should.

It’s the difference between “9 oclock?” and “9 oclock.” Simple. Don’t ask. He’s right.

I am thinking about how I often open during daygame…

ME: “Can I say something to you?”

To be honest, I rarely hear “no,” most girls stop… but this needs to go. Don’t ask, just lead. I’m going to focus on fixing this next time I’m in the field.

Sick Dating / Highlights Date #3

Nash · 18 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I was rather sick this week, but still went on 2 of 3 dates I had scheduled… 3rd one, may still happen, standing by for tonight w/ the Little Korean.

Before I drop some notes on Date #3 w/ the painter, I'll comment about the idea of dating when you're sick…

Baby Jesus, sweet, wonderful Baby Jesus that he is… likes to fuck w/ me. And getting me nice and sick when I'm on a roll w/ girl is one way the Son of God likes to shit test me. This has happened to me before. I ran no daygame this week at all, as I'm crushed w/ new clients and have been nursing this cold.

So you're sick? So what. Date anyway. Why? Because… if you cancel it fucks up the momentum. Momentum is everything, and cancelling/postponing will kill the vibe. And… many girls don't seem to care, in my experience. The little Japanese girl I dated last summer was sick on 2 of the early dates, I was glad she didn't cancel, as I would have wondered if she was actually sick, or if she was flaking. If you show up, she can keep her distance, but you're in her life.

This week was my turn – pretty sure I got sick making out w/ random girls at a festival I was at on Sunday (I think I kissed at least two, but I was bedrunken – ha!). Got sick on Monday, dated the Super Gorgeous one anyway… went okay. And then this Wednesday night, had the Painter over for dinner for my place, as planned. No fever, no horribly drippy nose, but a nagging cough that made it clear I was sick… worked out pretty good anyway.

Now, here are the highlights:

*) Since the 2nd date, she pinged me twice via text to make plans. I was busy once, and wanted to be free the second time, so I stuck to my plan. That was probably good "push", and certainly non-needy. I actually had lots of other girl-game happening, so I was being genuine. Often she'd ask for plans, I'd decline, and she'd go silent for a few days. I'd wait her out. Really trying to act like the "hot girl" would these days. Silence is my friend.

*) I set the date up via Facebook msg. Dinner at my place, I was hoping for the sexxx! Told her I'd cook her a "raw onion salad," which was a bit of callback humor (and a decent push) as I know she won't eat raw onions. She said that sounds "horrible," and she agreed. I asked her if she remembered "my request," and reminded her to "wear perfume" (she did, investing). She asked what to bring, and I remember she talked about brewing ginger tea, so I suggested she bring that, and she did that as well.

*) I knew I need to escalate tonight… 3rd date, still hadn't kissed her. As she walked in the door, I teased her, grabbed her by the wrist (which I love to do) to set a little dominant/sexy vibe. She was cold at some point, so I got her some ugly socks, and put them on myself to get a little more physicality – saying I just wanted an excuse to check out her feet and stare up her dress. At one point I told her I wanted to "confess" that when I first met her, I had the instinct to pull her hair (which was true), and I demo'd on her a bit before dinner. After dinner, she suggested a movie (which isn't really my move). I went for the kiss as we settled in, rejected, she said that's "very intimate," but that we should snuggle. Mid-snuggle, I tried again, and she said she didn't want to kiss me as I was sick! Ha, fine, I can live w/ that… but I was well out of "gay best friend" territory, which was the objective. I sucked her ear a bit as we watched the movie… she has juicy ears, I told her so, she laughed. As we snuggled, I went in super close, brushed my lips to hers, just teased her and stopped, she smiled and pushed her ass into me, and as I was very hard… intentions were more than known! Touched every part of her, over her clothes, played with her belly ring, hand on her throat, etc, as the movie played. Not bad.

*) She liked my house, my paintings, my cat, my cooking… a little worried about looking like boyfriend material. My world is pretty comfortable. I'm not super "sport fuck" type, but don't want anything too seriously either. I hope the sexuality put me somewhere in the middle, which is where I want to be.

*) I'm meditating heavily on Tom Torero's favorite line about how "attraction is in the push." I pushed her endlessly

over the date. Called her crazy. Made fun of her, including imitating how she gesticulates when she talks. Did some anti-future projections about how “we’ll probably never see each other again, but…” comments. Responded with “I don’t care” to some of her suggestions to me. As she left, she kissed my cheek and I said, “Get out of here” (which is a line I use in daygame sets all the time, and feels great to say). Definitely think I avoided looking needy.

*) She texted that night, soon after she left:

HER: I like your paintings and your temperature… :)

ME: Good night… Miss Juicy Ear

HER: I know all you want is my perfume and my ear

Okay.

Now… I was reading Riv’s Diary, and he is talking about the “Purity Fantasy.” This is in the same lines as the Virgin/Whore polemics (his thread is beyond that, but anyway…).

So it’s definitely not that I want the Virgin (even though I LOVE young, inexperienced girls). But this one has been to several sex parties, and to be straightforward here… I’m intimidated. I know the community has a lot of guys that think the ultimate pull is a stripper, etc., but that’s not me. Strippers are gross, IMHO. This girl is no stripper, but she’s dabbled in the fetish scene (I mentioned that in the notes on our 1st date). She’s also likely seeing other guys. I think she’s “moderate risk.” I’m not afraid of her experience, and I’m confident I’ll sex her properly… I just don’t want herpes. There, I said it. Herpes… fuck that. Sweet Baby Jesus, keep the herpes away!

So… been thinking about it all week. I think I’ll have sex with her despite my fears. My first legit comment on this blog is from Mr BodiPUA (thanks man!), and he accused me of pussyfooting around (with this same girl, actually). I did okay escalating on her on this date, well on track for sex next date, but he’s right… I pussyfoot.

I would have had 3X the lays I have by now (girls I’ve had in my bed, but didn’t fuck), but I am slow to close sometimes… even when she’s mine for the taking. My friend The Professor thinks my sexual non-neediness is “genius,” but it’s not a tactic for me… I’m just not that maniacal about closing unless I really feel like it. I know that doesn’t sound cool, but I don’t care. But… I want to test those boundaries more. I want to push my comfort. Plenty of girls right now…. good time to experiment. I’m not trying to just entertain girls w/ all this work. There’s sex to be had.

She texted me again today, asking me out for next weekend to go dancing. I think I’ll preempt her date, and try to see her this week instead – steal her frame again. I may be a little intimidated, but I want this girl in a dirty way, and I bet it happens soon. She’s not a daygame girl… but she’s great experience all the same. I’m running decent game here.

Gifts and Inner Game: Tourists vs Girls

Nash · 21 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I'm a daygamer, and I love it. Proud, proud, proud. Sober, direct, during the day, with nothing to cling to but the grip of your shoes on the pavement, takes some balls. Takes some inner game, as well.

Much like the rest of learning "structured game," I have a hard time convincing people what a great idea this is. I'm not here to be the Daygame Evangelist, but I do have a couple of close personal friends I'm trying to convert, and… and they can't wrap their "blue pill" heads around how this is more than "acceptable" behavior. Fuck "acceptable" when it comes to societal standards, but "acceptable" in the sense that it works, that women like it, they love it, that they "accept" this so well, you may very well end up in bed with them, as they accept your cock between their legs. The ultimate acceptance. YMMV.

When I started, I needed some rationale as to why I should risk the "heart attack" of my first 100+ approaches just to "annoy" girls?? <-- That, is an inner game issue (on many levels). Of course that's not what this feels like to me now, but that's a stage all of us go through. This one friend of mine, who flinches every time I try to nudge him into daygame, he can't get over the internal hurdles of the reasonableness of it all. That's what this piece is about... some examples of how this works out so well, how it's more than reasonable, about how proper daygame is about giving your gift (that's one way to think about it, anyway). As you internalize this, your inner game will improve, and your outer representation will show it. ("Giving your gift," by the way, is a classic ~~hippie mentality~~ inner game stance that helps explain how becoming a player can be an honorable tradition and pastime, a net positive for everyone. Inner, as in, non-tactical. Honorable, as in spending years of your life in the game and knowing you've done much more than just "take" from those around you. I'll post about that some other time…)

And, to take the edge off the wonderfully dirty, filthy-sexual reality of street romance, I'll show the same street approach psychology works out mutually with helping tourists — in a decidedly non-sexual context.

Here's a common approach scenario:
— Guy sees girl out on the street
— Guy approaches girl, and she's not expecting it
— Girl is a little suspicious/guarded… at first
— Guy begins to give value (showing charisma, begins banter)
— Girl rejects the interaction initially, starts to leave…
— Guy confidently continues to deliver value
— Girl hooks… it's on
— Girl verbalizes how much she liked the interaction

HER: "OMG, you totally made my day!"

The interaction wasn't the girls idea, she even resisted it at one point, but she totally accepts it in the end. Happens to me, exactly like that, every time I go out. Sometimes better, sometimes worse, but that's not far off of average. This is classic guy/girl mating ritual, as old as time. It's also exactly like what it's like to approach a tourist… and offer ~~value~~ help.

— Guy sees confused tourists in crowded daygame territory
— Guy approaches tourist (often in 2 or 3 sets), they are not expecting it
— Tourists are a little suspicious/guarded… at first
— Guy begins to give value (showing charisma, offers directions/suggestions)
— Tourist reject offer of help at some level, assume protective stance…
— Guy confidently continues to offer to help ("Are you sure? Where are you going?")
— Tourists hook… it's on
— Tourists verbalize how much they liked the interaction

THEM: “Thank you so much, you’re so nice!”

Notice the resistance stage here as well.

In both examples, it’s in there, completely normal-healthy reaction for the “target” of your gift. And notice how even in a completely non-sexual context, when you are *not* trying to *get* anything from the Tourists, there is still that resistance stage. And you overcome it, exactly the same way, but having good intentions, some balls, and some determination. And the results, are beautiful. Gift offered, gift received. Just another man out doing is job. Proud as fuck.

Try it. Feel that resistance melting into a shared experience. Memorize what that feels like. And take that into your sets w/ hotties.

I don’t go out looking for tourists, but this happens to me, every time I go out number farming… as it’s really common for me to help tourists while I’m out. In part, as it’s fun, and feels good, and is just cool behavior. It also serves as a great check on how “reasonable” this whole process is… and it’s a perfect warmup and social lubrication exercise.

Understanding how *cold approaching* tourists is structurally identical to the first stages of daygame takes you further down the road to being a “Natural” – or making this natural, default behavior for you.

This is a man giving his gift. He does it by default, for everyone, as that’s who he is. People love him, as he is out, giving his gift, giving value, everywhere he goes.

As you extend your “gift” to more than just seducing lovelies, you actually become a part of our community — which is one of the best things I’ve gotten out of daygame. “The streets are my playground,” and I am a part of a real community. I have a greater sense of connection and belonging (even if this is a huge city, full of people I’ll likely never see again). I know people “from the street,” as I see them all the time, and we say “hello” as I’m out running around doing my thing. Confidently exercising my role in my community is part of the man I am.

Experienced guys, I’m sure you know all this.

For newbies, this is an ideal mental frame, a great warm up exercise, and I’d argue, a habit worth developing. Proper men have great intentions, and that “goodness” is internal, and comes out naturally, and smoothly, with each gift. Running a little non-sexual tourist game, calibrates to this kind of honor, and I find… helps me dial in the vibe in set w/ lovely girls as well.

Go meet some girls, and make a few tourists happy along the way — there’s just so, so much of you to go around, big guy.

Viva Daygame.

Tyler Durden, Unstifled... a letter to Mark

Nash · 9 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Hey Mr Mark,

>> –>Exactly! All I would add is you have to embrace the uncomfortableness, maybe even seek it out. When you are comfortable being uncomfortable that is when I think you start gaining mastery. At that point wherever the river/ocean spits you out you know you will be fine and embrace the waiting adventures.
– Mark

Uh huh.

I just watched this 20 hour talk – Blueprint Decoded – by one of the original pickup guys. He's in The Game, "Tyler Durden." That guy… is amazing, and I've never been so impressed as after the Blueprint. His talk was barely about girls. It was about "being centered", my words not his, but something like that.

And he really nails a lot of "Buddhist" ideas. In super practical ways.

To your point above, yes, first you embrace uncomfortableness. Yes, seek it out. Then you get so centered, you're not uncomfortable anymore. You are gonna suck at first, so Tyler would push you to "not care about the outcome," get out there, and start sucking, and scoring a few "reference experiences" as you work thru your suckiness.

Above all that, Tyler talks about "self esteem." He talks about how when you were little, and you (or some kid you can probably remember), would walk up to you and say, "Hi, you wanna be my friend?" And that is "self esteem," a default feeling of belonging. Not embracing the uncomfortableness, because there is no uncomfortableness for that kid in that moment.

Aka, Flow. Aka, State.

We all know what that's like. When I was more socially crippled (ha), I could still boldly get after people about art or business, because I was so into "the content," I had no self-consciousness. Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance talks about in really perfect ways. This conversation makes me miss that book, it's amazing.

Tyler contrasts that kind of self esteem w/ the ego… which does it's damned best to separate you. The ego is the opposite of belonging. He quotes Eckhart Tolle on that point, and I've read Tolle and he is shocking on those topics.

And I'd heard all that before, and I love it, but it was rather esoteric. So then Tyler goes further.

He says you can take a shortcut to "self esteem" (which I would call "atonement," but I use that word in an uncommon way), by becoming "unstifled."

Hmmm, okay. And he shows you, in real time, how to do that.

The example he uses is "yeeeeeehhaaawwwww!!!!!"

"Yeeeeehhaaswwwwww, motherfucker, YEEEHAWW!!!!!!!!!!"

!!!! <-- Feel that? :] It's in how you do it. If you can really drop a solid "yehaw," let it rip, let it wake the neighbors - but more importantly, let is WAKE YOURSELF! Let it shake the fucking rust off!!!! He brings some guy on stage, and he makes him do it, and the yehaw is "stifled," and everyone in the room can feel it. So he works him up until the yehaw is ripe and amazing... and for a brief second, he brings that guy past "uncomfortable." The Buddhists talk about this, "being present." That's the gentle eastern version of YEEHAWWWW MOTHERFUCKER!!!!!!!!!! :] And Buddhists like Jack Kornfield say it's like training a puppy... you don't get mad at the puppy. That will fuck the puppy up - and we like the puppy! You just "bring the puppy back to the newspaper," over and over. It's an ongoing thing... that becomes easier to spot, but still might take some effort to return to each time. Mastery is the "not trying." It's pre- or post-ego, whatever. It's not about skills or confidence - both help you get reference experiences that make you more comfortable, and allow you to drop into belonging, but

it's beyond that stuff. It's not about a "sense" of belonging, it's so much belonging you it doesn't occur to you at all. Atonement (aka "at-one-ment"). Default ease. For me, on the street w/ girls... I am trying to "shake off the stifled-ness" every few minutes. I don't yehaw, but I have my own way of "shaking off the rust." Reminds me of something Alan Watts says about "geese," I think. About how they fight, and then when the fight is over, they shake their feathers, and *poof* the fight is gone. Just like that, they go back to being at ease. Un-stifling is doing this in a proactive way. Before I approach, I like to "shake my feathers" a bit. Even as I survey my environment, and look for beauties, I like "shake the rust off" so my most at-ease self is doing the looking. As I can get that "!!!!!" direct feeling of fluidity, and then walk into the set, with that "hi, do you want to be my friend" sense of openness, I'm going to be at my best. And I'll be comfortable as she chooses to engage or not engage. And I'll be at ease as I turn back to the sandbox to play or find my next friend. Hmmm... loving this right now. Happy Sunday! /Nash

Street Harassment vs Vulnerability

Nash · 9 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Wow, what a fucked up couple weeks in the media for proud, proud "street harassers" like myself.

I have been sick lately. Baby Jesus served up not one, but two colds, back to back. Right in the middle of what felt like some real growth in terms of game… I was on a fucking roll. Baby Jesus laid me out flat, mean-spirited Baby Jesus that he is.

Cough, cough. Sniff, sniff. Ahhh, finally feeling better!

Meanwhile on the internet… shitstorm of anti "guys talking to girls they don't know" coverage.

As a proud daygamer, I have no shame. And I let my hippie friends know it. A voice of reason in a sea of "how dare you" bullshit and anti-social garbage over the last few days. I met some other reasonable folks – men and women – that don't feel the fear of knowing each other.

Harassment… hmmm.

Cat calls… personally, not a fan. Most guys that cat call are running some shit game, IMHO. A lot of real cat calls are weak mockeries of real game.

"Dayyymm, girl" isn't really an approach, although I can appreciate that feeling.

"Nice ass, baby," is just lame. Yes, her ass is a fucking miracle, but still… you can do better.

"Ah, God Bless You," – well, that one, I like. Beautiful sentiment, but not good game.

However, most of the examples in the media this week were not "harassment," which happens, yes, but is defined by >>repeated<yelling shit at girls from moving cars, or from a pack of guys, by going vulgar as a way of not taking themselves seriously. That's all bullshit, will create zero results, and freaks girls out… it's not seduction, so it comes off as scary, gross, value-taking or whatever.

But when I suggest that as a man I am walking into real vulnerability, the hippies cool out on there "that's abusive" routine.

And on the street, girls can see that kind of realness. That's part of what blows them way – it's rare. Direct game really showcases the realness, in the way the over-gamed pickup artist is also avoiding (no diss to pickup, I am a proud member of this community). Real vulnerability also separates you from the "scripted" daygamers, who by their adherence to the script aren't really taking their own experience, or the girls, seriously.

But… it was weird to go from the hysteria of "harassment-gate" to the streets. From Hollerback to "how you doing?" My wing and I would literally be talking about it, and then… run off to open a girl. I was expecting to get called out, but of course, no one did… business as usual on the streets.

As I was sick, I've barely been approaching. 4 girls last week, in between colds. A little action at Halloween parties. 5 girls this week. But here's my highlight set from Friday.

I was chasing after this lovely, high-end, Asian woman with sexy wedges and blond hair. I lagged w/ my wing just long enough that I kinda of lost her in the crowd… eventually spotting her in a car, someone had picked her up.

As I walk back to my wing, I see this quirky Filipina girl in athletic gear. Approach her, not too bad, given that I was a bit rusty. She hooks. I'm just warming up, and don't really feel the chemistry w/ her. I cut the set short, tell her she's charming and that it was nice to meet her, and as I turn to leave…

"Yeah, thank you! And hey… you have pretty eyes."

Ha! Why, thank you! Counter-complimented. I love it. That's never happened to me before. As I was leaving, she

shows a little more investment. No “harassment” for that girl. And another social justice myth shows some nuance, right there on the pavement.

Another girl later that day turned out to be married, but thanked me 3-4 times for the compliment as I cut that set short as well. I’m walking away, smiling, she’s thanking me over and over. She loved it. So did I.

Yes, the stunning little 5′ Japanese girl (girl #4 of the day) rolled her eyes and brushed me off. Good for her. But I hooked 4 of 5 that day, still fuzzy-headed from my cold. No objective. Just making friends and trying to shake the rust off.

Weak-ass cat calls, no thank you. But real, vulnerable, gift-giving daygame… that’s the man I want to be.

Viva daygame.

88 Lines About 44 women

Nash · 4 January 2015 · Archived copy · Original

It had been rainy in the Big City this Fall. Lots of rain, and lots of excuses why I couldn't game like I did before the long days went away.

I'll skip the excuses, but I *have* been running some daygame. I've been forcing myself to find some time, and keep at it, no matter what. Not as much as I want, but dammit… I'm committed to holding on to this skill. It's not women in my life — I have a lot of women in my life — it's about this skill, and this lifestyle. Both are important to me. I'm trying to keep that at the top of my list.

So with that said, here are 88 lines about 44 women.* I'll work backwards from tonight thru the Fall.

The Tokyo Queen. I picked her up at the gym in late 2013. I wouldn't call it "daygame", which to me is "street game," but I guess she counts. In February of 2014, when I got back from traveling, my wing was asking me if I was coming back as his "single wing," or as the "boyfriend of Tokyo Queen." I said I was convinced I was still single, even as I was into her — I wanted both. It's been almost a year since then. She… has been a high-quality kind of wonderful in my life. I have been gaming all the same. I dated more this year than probably any year of my life. Proper daygame took off for me in summer of 2014, but she has been at the center of my year in terms of women, certainly. I haven't told her I'm seeing other women (I'm convinced "don't ask, don't tell" is the best option), but I have been, and I think she knows. I've pushed myself to continue to learn about mating/dating. I've definitely had some sex outside of her… but she's been a mainstay, and I'm grateful and appreciative. And yet, I'm especially grateful for continuing my passion and my education with girls and having other relationships on the side. I don't want to "guess" about this, I want to know. This has been a real goal of mine — experiential knowing — and this year I had the richest taste of it yet. She is wonderful… but regular sex w/ a girl you really like can impede your work ethic a bit. She's a blessing to my day to day, and a curse to my education. A delicious curse.

Dr NYU. She will graduate from her PhD program in a few months. She's an ex, back here visiting for winter break, and she and I had drinks tonight. I met her in a coffee place. The first time we met, I was playfully hitting on her mom and her at the same time (which was for show, and something I used to do, is tons of fun, but something I don't do as much anymore). She was the 2nd relationship I had after I had really internalized game. In fact, our relationship began as I laid out the concept of game to her, verbally, explicitly, literally demonstrating bits I was sure of for her… and she hooked. We ended our relationship as she left to begin this doctoral program a few years ago. She was sweet tonight, leaning into my arms, nuzzling under my chin, as we had drinks and talked about relationships. Her lips were very close to mine. I sent her home in a cab, and had a beer by myself to close the night.

New Year's Daygame. As I get ready to travel again this January, I am committed to cementing this daygame skillset. I don't know that I'll run that many daygame sets in Japan — will the language barrier make that impossible?? We'll see. Until then, I want to grind out some sets to make sure I have this in my "longterm memory" before I leave. I ran a few sets w/ my wing today, 3 total… felt very natural. Best set of the day was a young beauty. Probably Russian?? Fast walker. I watched her go, and gave chase. She crossed against the light, and I was caught waiting for traffic before I could continue after her. My inner weasel wanted to give up, but I caught her almost a full block from where I'd seen her, her ponytail bouncing like a beacon. I opened w/ "hi" – which is my new favorite opener. She looked over, tightened up, and looked away. I was still breathing hard from the run. I started my opening lines, and her head snapped away from me to shut me out. I laughed, and leaned back, and said, "Are you okay? Do you not want to say hi???" I smiled and felt relaxed. He icy exterior cracked a little. She gave me a big "Hi" and smiled w/ a mix of interest and distrust. I ran my pre-opener, no compliment beyond saying that I'd chased her for a block and that she was walking soooo fast, *smile*, where was she off to??? She lit up, and just then the light at the intersection changed… "to work!" and she was in full bloom now, and I smiled and watched her ponytail bounce across the street. She was amazing… but yes, intersections aren't the most ideal places to stop girls.

Ahhhh, loved melting her ice a little bit.

Gale Force Winds Game. The Big City is dry this week, but it has been windy. Tuesday was so windy, trash and tree branches were blowing sideways thru the air. Ahhh, what a terrible day to run game. But, I did my first daygame sets ever in the Mall months ago, and that was still an option, and I am COMMITTED to owning this skillset, even though I'm not working at it enough. I went to the Mall. I bought a cup of tea, and sat in busy crossway, listening to an audio book, and surveying the scene. This lovely Asian woman was in the Microsoft store. She was clearly lighting up the room… not perfect, but quite shiny by my standards. I watched, sipped my tea. As she left w/ her purchase, I chased her down. First set of the day, and the first set in the Mall in months. She hooked. She gave this wonderful mix of healthy fear and wide-eyed attraction. Just when I thought I'd lost her, she'd add value and tease me. Great set, I blushed, and liked her more when it was over than before I'd opened her. I told her I'll be traveling, but took her number. We've exchanged a few texts… hers was long and invested, mine was sexy and teasing. I'll try to get her out when I'm back.

Best Kisser Ever. This one is an old flame of mine. I used to be her boss, back when I had a normal day job (and was just barely introduced to Game), although I didn't hire her, she was assigned to me, and we didn't work together long. She had a huge crush on me back then, but I wasn't into her and gave her the straight-arm. We've hooked up several times since then, including a bunch of sex. I like her more each time… she opened up, gives me more and more of her. She's like a book I've been working on for years that keeps surprising me. The sex just gets better too, even though I only sleep w/ her a couple times a year. As of today, I think she might be the best kisser in the entire Universe. We had drinks last week. She smelled wonderful and showed me her bra a few times, and it's true, it was unusual and sexy. We made out in the bar and I pulled her hair. It was ecstatic. Kissing this girl almost hurts me, it's so amazing. I'm nostalgic when I kiss her, but what for?? I have no idea. Her mouth makes me emotional. Uhhhh. Sweet Baby Jesus. I could have gone back to her place, but I've been well sexed lately, and kissed her once more in the cold and walked to my favorite beer bar and knocked down the love-drunk feelings before I went home to smoke and sleep.

Tiny Dancer. This girl I picked up during the day in August 2013. It was a direct approach, but before I was really calling myself a daygamer. We dated 4 times that year. She is an epic flighty pain in the ass, and a masterful shit-tester (without knowing it), and she got the better of me emotionally (= I failed the tests). After two nights in my bed I couldn't sex her. I fucking tried. I dug in, she was all about this other BF, we had a standoff, and we didn't speak for a year. Fine. I was defeated by her, but oh well. This Holiday I got a very "mass text" kind of "Happy Holidays" msg from her. I bet you dollars to doughnuts it was a mass text to her entire phone – that's retarded, but I bet she did that. I responded (testing the water), but teased her about "spamming her entire phone." She responded with "huh?" — which I ignored. A few minutes later, she sent me something more invested. We pinged a few times, and she was very receptive. I teased her. This girl already beat me, but… a man should always lead. I told her I was leaving in a few days, but if she had time we should meet for a drink. She said she was busy. I said "okay." Oh well. When in doubt, hang some bait out. Done and done. I tried.

Vampire Painter. The painter I picked up this Fall. And we had a few dates, and I wrote about them. We did end up having sex (I didn't write about that), and it was not great, but I really like her. She's great… In fact, she's one of my current stories about why I like Game so much… so, many, interesting, girls!!!!!!! Wow. Who knew?! That's why I'm in game… to learn about me and to learn about girls. So, she and I met up for dinner. She wants a solid BF, she knows that's not me, but she likes me anyway. We had a great dinner. She was dead-sexy and so richly amazing. I touched her over/over. I kissed her playfully all over her face and neck. We finished dinner and I kissed her goodbye, and told her I was off for a beer. She smiled, and drifted away down the sidewalk. I don't know that I really need to have sex w/ her (mostly because the Tokyo Queen has me rather satisfied), but I love that girl. She's fascinating. She's traveling too, and I know we'll meet up again next Spring.

Daygame Grind. A few day before Christmas… it was rainy, and dark, and a crazy pre-Christmas shopping frenzy downtown. My wing was away, and I had something to prove to myself. I ground out 6 sets. Most, were pretty terrible… but I MUST stick w/ my training here. 3rd set was good… cute white girl, had to run, but she liked it,

and so did I. Last set of the day was a really little, cute Asian girl. She was cool w/ my rap, but rejected the idea of seeing each other again. Oh well. Commitment. Grind on toward mastery.

Taiwanese Lolita. Mid Dec daygame. I was just warming up, and had been blown off by a girl that I thought was into me (fuck eye contact, during daygame, I swear it's not your friend). I stopped a girl that was easily 20 yrs younger than me, she hooked. Ahhh, painfully erotic situation… me, this big, ugly, older beast. Her, lovely, little, young. She was an art student, and looked the part. When I asked her what kind of art, she said fashion, and when I pressed the point, she said "Lolita." So I'm this much older man, and she's this pretty young thing, and she brings up the topic of "Lolita," and I ask her if she knows the story, and she does. And I say "young girl" and point to her, and then "older guy" and self point… and she smiles. Fake contact lens, knee high socks… I can't believe this is my "hobby." And she's amazing, but like a child… a child w/ bad teeth, unfortunately. I know I won't want to date her. But I can feel how hot the whole thing is… and it's fucking hot… and I tell she's adorable and exit. And as I back away she was stunned, and in a trance, rooted in place, and just watched me and I laughed… oh my god. She just stood there, sexy and confused and happy. As far as I know… she's still standing there. Wow. Jesus.

Nepalese girl. Like the Russian Beauty above, I opened this one at a crosswalk. That's a bad idea, as the change of lights tends to signal her to run off. This one, I walked with, running my opening lines as we crossed the intersection. She was attentive, but screening me. As we hit the other sidewalk, I got to the point where I told her I thought she was cute and she hooked hard. This was my 3rd set of the day (right after Lolita above), and I haven't been running much game, but I slowed down, took my time, nailed my pacing… it was getting sexy/cozy. I felt awesome. And she tells me she's from Nepal, and that explains the curious Indian-but-Asian looking features. Wow… she is fucking beautiful! And I am quizzing her about how long she's been here, and she says a year, and I say but why… and she says she moved her w/ her husband. Oh! She's not at all incongruent with telling me this – still very into the pickup. And I remind her that I've already told her how cute I think she is, over and over, and that I don't mean to be rude, and I started to excuse myself. (I've never had sex w/ a married women, that I know of, but I bet you 1$ American that that happens in 2015 — I know it will, it's about time to see that side of coin.) She then kind of exploded w/ joy on me. It was amazing, and I wish I could show her face to newbies to daygame. She LOVED being picked up. And as she felt me moving away from her, she jumped forward, and shook my hand w/ both hands, and passionately thanked me over and over. And I felt like a million bucks. And goddamn she was beautiful. Ugggg.

Random White Girl. In case you haven't noticed… I really like Asian women. So when this pretty, short, blondie walked by (I also love short girls), I pounced, kind of for fun. She was coolish, but hooked. She was actually a "travelling salesman." Ha, that still makes me laugh. She lives in Arizona, but comes to the Big City as part of her territory, once a month. Hmmmm. I randomly told her to take out her phone, gave her my number, and told her that I would be traveling, but that I would take her out in February when she was here. Lame of me to give her my number, I know better. But… she sent me a text me later that night. Hmmm. investing. It was dry, but that's real interest. She might be a little simple/boring… but with skin like ice cream. And a "once a month" visit is a perfect scenario of sex and adventure for both of us. I told her not to lose her job, and that I'd connect with her in February when I get back. My plan is to ping her again in January when she's here (even though I'll be several timezones away), to surprise her and warm up the interaction. I bet another 1$ that if she responds to that text, that we'll meet up when I'm back. I will confess I have fantasized many times about having sex w/ that little blonde thing. We'll see.

Nanjing 20 Something. After I said goodnight to my wing one night, I saw one more girl walking across the intersection. I gave chase. She popped open. 20 years younger than me, very cute, fobby, but fun and I liked her. Great style. I took her number. Pinged her, she pinged back. More texts, but she was leaving for China, as her school would be closed for Winter break. I told her I was traveling, but would connect w/ her I when I was back. (If you're following this story, I have three semi-warm dates for when I get home… we'll see. I give all that about 30% chance of sex with at least one of them.) We talked about connecting via Facebook, she gave me a different name for that, but hasn't responded to my messages via FB — her FB pictures are beautiful. I'll try to keep her warm via

text when I'm in Japan and she's back here.

Personal Banker. A few months ago I opened a really, A+ beautiful Asian girl. Wow. Daygame has exposed me to a level of real beauty I've rarely seen in bars, let alone talked to. This one was a long shot, but I went for it. I did okay, my performance was something like a 7 out of 10. I hadn't even asked for her number yet, but she game me her card – ha! Lame. I didn't argue. I followed up via email and she said she had a BF. Fine. So… this one night this Fall, I'm out w/ my wing, and this lovely-lovely girl goes by, and I think we maybe made eyes… and she's a little more interested than most random girls are, so I'm surprised. Maybe she's not looking at me?? I give chase. She's on the phone, but I don't care. She lights up, super big smile, and so beautiful… gets off the phone… I spit my game… it's going a little too well. "We've met before," I say, interrupting myself. She say, yeah, and mentioned the bank where she works. I says, "Yeah!" And I remember her name starts w/ an "S," she confirms her name. I say, "If I remember, we left off w/ you having a BF? Still?" She confirms, but she is like a diamond, shining from within in the evening blackness. I say, "Want to have a drink w/ me anyway?" She gets kind of real, and serious, and says, "Next time you stop me… we're going to have a drink." And she meant it. She likes me. I tease her that she's kind of begging me to stalk her, as I know where she works. We both laugh. I tell her she's my type, and I'm sure I'll stop her again… and we part ways. Fucking A. She's gorgeous. And she's feeling me. Stopping her twice is wearing her down. It'll be at least a month before I find her on the street again… viva Daygame. She is amazing. And she likes my dance.

Gets It Girl. I am a big fan of the London Daygame Model. I owe those gents so much, for the education and inspiration. They, and Paul Janka, brought me into this stage of my game. Guys like Tom Torero and John Matrix will talk about the "cheeky smile," and how the girl should know what that approach is about before you say anything because of that "bad" smile you give her. I get that. But I know that something about my approach makes them wait until I tell them they are cute, or whatever, before they fully get it. That's a pattern in my game. This girl… she got it straight away. I was very warmed up one day, and I chased her down, and as soon as she saw me, she lit up and started shaking her head "no, no, no" in a very playful, adorable, knowing way. I was like "Uh huh!" w/ an even more obnoxious smile as I took her hand. I can't remember how she got rid of me… probably let me know she had a BF… but that knowing smile was unforgettable. Beatuiful non-verbal flirting. And it was a milestone as I catch up to my daygame heroes. And it was another wonderful reference point in game for me… 2015 is going to be glorious. Ahhh, I almost feel bad for the delicious little morsels I'll gobble up this year!

Okay… so there it is. I could have done more, but that's some of the highlights from the Fall. I had some distractions — including making more clients than I've ever had before — but Game, she is precious to me, and I tried to pay some dues despite being the captain of the great ship "SS Excuses and Distractions."

I'm still in this game. I'm still in this game. I'm still in this game.

And with that, I close with the inspiration for the title of this post….

"88 Lines About 44 Women"

Viva Daygame. And a beautiful 2015 to all the CHAMPIONS that walk this path.

Tokyo Daygame

Nash · 23 January 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I'm here. And I'm this novice daygamer. A big white monster in a strange but wonderful land.

I put in about 400-500 sets at home last year, starting in July. I'm barely competent at home, but it's working. I'm approaching. I'm closing.

And if you believe in daygame, and I most certainly do… and if you've studied "the lads" that came before my generation… you know this works anywhere. You should focus on hometurf and be really excellent there, but if you're away, no reason to not to enjoy some foreign fruit. And if you know all that… you know what comes next, right?

You have to do it. I know it's intimidating. But you have to. You know better.

And if it works… you might improve your game still a little more, you might have some adventures, and some sex, but more than that, you'll nail this lifestyle to your chest, like a badge. You'll bolt it down, even more. And it'll be yours forever. You'll find freedom in that. Men love freedom. I want all that. I'm willing to work for it.

The golden goose of daygame has landed in Tokyo… it's time to for some gold eggs.

And so… I ran my first set outside of the US yesterday.

I'm still nervous about this — about my whole experience here. And I'm by myself. But the first set went fine.

Yesterday it was pouring rain, and I was moving thru one of those spaces that to me is so uniquely Tokyo… a long stretch of covered space that is part mall, part train station, that spans thoroughfares, goes on for blocks in one form or another. I wasn't trying to game, just going to grab some lunch and… ouuu, look at her!

Typical stop for me, approaching from the side, waiting for her to notice, eye contact, saying "Hi", and then asking her if she speaks English. Nobody in Tokyo will admit they speak English, so I encouraged her when she said no. And then I started my compliment bit, going direct as always. And… the rest was just like home. She smiled, and she said she was working, and walked off.

And just like that, I realized it's going to be identical to home. Ouuu… as I say that, that makes me smile. Because I *like* daygame at home. And daygame is the same everywhere. And I'm going to like it here. Yes to that.

Last year in Tokyo, same time… I ran a lot of game. Most of it mild, unstructured, happenstance game… with bits of actual expertise dropped in based on years of study and lots of experience with girls. I did some online game, which was amusing but a waste of time… had some flakey "yeses," but couldn't get anyone out. I did some flirting in coffee places while I worked. Lots of intense eye contact and missed opportunities at train stations. I went home w/ a girl from a club, she was trying to get me into bed, but I didn't sex her — something was very weird about that situation so I left (never did figure that one out). I made out a few times, which was fun. I picked another girl up in a club, got her out on a day two and had sex w/ her in my apartment… she was 18 yrs younger than me. Terrible sex, but a wonderful sexual *experience*, if you can imagine that. It was a great time.

So this year… can you guess what I'm going to do? Some of what I did last year — true, true. I've already done some game in coffee places, some club game, and have LINE-closed a girl I want to take out. But there with definitely, definitely be some daygame, my brothers!

And… at home I have a girl I see often. And the regular sex keeps me a little too satisfied. I still approached, closed, dated and sexed other girls last year… my entire daygame education was born within that relationship — but I had good, quality sex I could count on, and I was never that hungry last year. Not for more than a few days at a time.

But… it's been 4 days since I had sex. And I don't masturbate. And that combination is the stuff that wars are made

of. In about 1-2 days this fever will start to really burn. And the beast will be born. I'll game with or without the "beast," but that fire makes for an entirely different fight, much more intense game. Umm, bring it on.

Viva Daygame. Time to go meet some girls. Let's get to it.

Shibuya Daygame — 11 Sets

Nash · 27 January 2015 · Archived copy · Original

After my first Tokyo daytime approach, I had done another 10 sets in the last few days, but scattered, not a proper daygame session. I picked up my first number close (LINE, actually), and felt good about my prospects. Yesterday, I wanted to give it a more concentrated effort. The weather was good, I wasn't hung over from club games, so I tried to put in a solid day.

I got in 11+ sets over a couple of hours, before and after lunch. Nothing too exciting. I don't think I was ever "on," but I am comfortable w/ simple, direct approaches so the game was okay. Notes on those sets are below.

After my first solid day of approaching in a foreign space, and Tokyo in particular, here's my conclusion so far:

Almost exactly like game at home — game is game.

I posted some notes on the Roosh forum (I'm looking for a Tokyo daygame wing), and I said the same. Daygame in Japan is "+1 because the girls are hotter, and -1 because they don't speak English." And as I hit on mostly Asian girls at home in California, I have nearly the same problems w/ English there as well.

This is a good thing, as I know it's do-able. And I am picking up numbers via daygame and they're converting to msg'ing, just like at home. The model is the same, I just need to work it.

Going out again today for another 10 or so… although, here I seem more comfortable dropping sets here/there throughout my day, so I may sneak some in tonight as well.

Here are the notes from yesterday:

1. Little One, 4'10"? Dressed beautifully, pulling a suitcase across the bridge about 2 mins from where I live. She barely spoke English, but liked the compliment and hooked. Leaving town right then… so we gushed at each other a bit and smiled and I bounced. She was adorable.

2. Tall girl on my way to lunch. She stopped, took out her headphones, loved the pickup, but was late for cooking class. I plowed a little bit, but she really had to go. She was cute, totally approachable.

3. Short hair girl on the bridge. She tightened up as I approached and speed off. Blow out.

4. Made eye contact as we passed, so I chased her through the crowd. Good chance to practice approaching in a fast moving dense crowd. She loved the pickup, spoke English well, but wasn't that cute up close. Here eyes were popping, thou, and she was quick to tell me she lived very close by. I let her go without trying to close her… cute, but I don't want to date that girl.

5. Little hottie in boots. Her heels made that mean little chopping sound as she marched across the street. Determined, fiery. I chased her down… she smiled but shook me off quickly. She was hot.

5. Shibuya Shopping Princess. Quite a look on this sexy, little girl. Insane platform boots that made it almost impossible for her to walk. Fake cat-like contact lens. Fancy to the max, carrying all her shopping booty. She was happy to be talking to this big, white beast… but she had almost no English and her skin, buried under an inch of makeup, didn't look that great to me. I thanked her and rolled off.

7. Serious little one. I thought she might be just getting off work, but she turned out to be a college girl. Checked her out at the intersection, I think she noticed. Let her cross the scramble, and then I opened in front of the station. Her English is better than her teeth… uh, okay. She was still cute and the vibe was good. I offered to insta-date her for a pancake — that was actually my 1st attempted at an insta-date from daygame — but she squirmed. I LINE closed her and we're chatting. Logistics are good… she studies near me and lives alone nearby… but claims to be "busy this month." We'll see. Lots of msgs from her.

8. Fine one w/ extra ear piercings. Tom Torero is always talking about how piercings, colored hair, etc., are a go

sign. I would have opened her anyway, she was a very high-quality looking girl, with an extra pierce or so. I think she was a little confused, but eventually got my vibe and smiled… even though she really couldn't understand a word I was saying. I wasn't rushing, but I think I still need… to… slow… down.

9. Very cute, said she didn't speak English and I just gave up for some reason?? They all say they don't speak English, and many of them do… I just didn't try hard enough here. She was cute and her eyes popped when I opened her.

10. Cute but business-y. I think we had a bit of eye contact, and I turned to go after her. She was turning into a store. I tried, twice to get her attention, but I wasn't committed to following her in… the store swallowed her and she was gone. I think she knew I was there, but gave me the classic test of making me prove it… I failed.

11. Little one, w/ Union Jack t-shirt. Again, taking a cue from some other daygamer, I understand that girls w/ US or British flags on their clothes or bags *may* be warmer to white wolves walking the streets?? She was probably about 80 lbs, but with cool style and beautiful eyes. She was so shy and nervous, terrible teeth when she smiled, I gave up right away.

There were a couple more, and a few weaseling-out moments. I'm mostly not fighting in my weight-class, and I need to step up to a higher quality of girls… all pretty much exactly like at home. Same strengths, same weaknesses.

Viva Daygame.

Daygame: Shibuya Girls 15 / White Beast 0

Nash · 28 January 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Ahhh, Daygame… she can be brutal sometimes. All work, no fruit.

After my first 20 or so approaches in Tokyo I had pulled a couple of numbers for girls I liked, and had some real interactions and hooked some girls. My conclusion was: it was just like home.

And then yesterday, I set a personal record for approaches… at least 15 girls on the streets of Shibuya, and almost no hooks, certainly no numbers, just a wall of rejection and a language barrier that seemed insurmountable.

My notes on the approaches are below.

So, yes, while I also have a language barrier to get over with the Asian girls at home, I do get a lot more English-friendly sets there. To go nearly 15 straight with no good interactions was brutal. In some ways, the hardest day I've ever had as a "sophomore" daygamer.

One interesting note from the perspective of yesterday: When I have real interactions at home — 30 secs to 10 mins of actual communication with a girl — it's a vulnerable process. I think it should be, the vulnerability means you actual care. I'm rarely that emotionally invested in the approach itself anymore, but when the set takes, I burn emotional fuel being vulnerable and connecting with the girl. Not so yesterday. I was beat up at the end of the day, but it was more like a tired message delivery guy — I dropped off "messages" to girls I had no connection with, it was like a job. Work, but not the kind of work I'm looking for. This says something to me about the real "work" of daygame… getting "wide open" with the girl in set. That didn't happen yesterday at all.

One other reference point… Tokyo has SO MANY girls I am physically attracted to, that I could do 15 sets an hour. I did my 15 yesterday in two hours, but I *could* have done more easily. That kind of *volume* of girls gives you so much opportunity to calibrate… I ran some solid approaches, as I could iterate so much between, I had girl after girl to get my act together. Yesterday gave me good practice in making little adjustments set after set — even if the lack of English, holes in my game, and plain bad luck meant I came up empty each time.

As I "shut off" my game and went to the pool that afternoon, the contrast of super-friendly interactions w/ the Japanese was so refreshing. Daygame means really putting it out there, facing rejection, getting to the see the "no" side of Japan, over and over. As I relaxed my game, became "another fish in the school," it was all joy and community again with the lovely people here… what a difference vs the battle in the streets that afternoon.

That's 25 sets in two days, I'm proud of the work ethic going on here. Good start to the year for a dedicated daygamer.

— Notes are below

Viva Daygame.

———————————

1. Young girl by the station on my way to lunch. Tightened up when she felt the approach, looked down and kept going. This reaction is more common for me here than at home… but I'm a strange white beast here, and I think that's a bit much for some girls.

2. I was in a mall and spotted a really lush, beautiful one. I approached, and she was a lovely, feminine girl, super polite, wouldn't speak English. She was just gushing sweetness and beauty as she smiled, shaking her head "no," and backing away as I stood there with my feet planted, simply loving her show. As I approached here I told myself to "slow down, open up for this girl," and I did. I gave myself that advice over and over yesterday. That was a good frame for me.

3. Starbucks Hottie. This wasn't a street approach, I just loved this girl, so I went direct. She passed me and took a

table, no eye contact. I got up, approached, asked if she spoke English. She smiled and was stunning my standards, but said no. As I was in the middle of a fairly serious, non-tourist Starbucks, very high-profile, I didn't push her for more. She had a great smile and seemed very open. After that, however, as she passed my table once/twice, she was cold. If I had gotten any more eye contact, I would have reopened, but that moment had passed.

4. Young girl on the bridge. She stopped, never got what was going on as she could not understand me. I thanked her and bowed.

5. I was wondering if some of my "blowouts" were just as these girls were so young? I like older Asian women too, so I was aiming for some early 30's women yesterday to mix it up. Tried one, she was beautiful, but in a rush, smiled, waved me off.

6. Spotted a cute, short, curvy one on the Hikarie bridge. She stopped, took out her headphones and smiled at me w/ a mouth full of braces. I saw the wedding ring at that point, repeated the compliment and left.

7. Going thru the station, chasing one girl, I dropped her to upgrade to hotter girl in tights, a skirt, and a coat trimmed w/ cheetah fur. Okay, she was gorgeous. This is the kind of girl I want to be hitting on. But… she could not understand me. She got the vibe a bit, but couldn't understand a word I said. I smiled and left, her a little confused, smiling back, staring after me.

8. Trolling the shopping areas, I saw a very fine quality girl, crispy style, smooth beautiful features. Came in from the side got a cold blow out. Ouch.

9. I was going to take a break and get some calories in me to keep me energized (Paul Janka trick). I was in a bakery near Food Show and saw an older, very pretty girl, with great style, and beautiful flowing curly hair. Checked for a ring, didn't see it, although she was buying a lot of bread items… more than a single girl, maybe a family in that? No eye contact, but she might have felt my vibe… best "chemistry" of the day with that one. I chased her up the stairs on onto the street. She ignored my first attempt to get her attention, but I kept at it. I asked if she spoke English and my intent was clear… she lit up, but was smiling and shaking me off. I planted my feet and tried some more, but she sped off, giving me girlish looks over her shoulder, beautiful curls trailing behind her. Wow. Best set of the day… but as fruitless as the others.

10. At the Scramble, very hot and well put together, I stepped up the quality here. Might have had brief eye contact, and then some space as we waited for the light to change. I had done a lot of sets already, so I was paying attention, and I wanted to nail this one. I was grounded, plenty of space, good eye contact as I stepped in and I dropped a very confident approached. Brief flash of recognition, no smile, and… another cold blow out. Okay! Rough day.

11. Again, well put together, confident girl. She had a nice slow walk. Brief eye contact as we passed, she opened (barely), took out her headphones, neutral expression, heard my opening line, said no about English and wandered off disinterested and slow.

12. Blonde Asian.. why not? Opened, she looked up, tightened up her shoulders, locked down, kept going. And that… is a no. Brrrrrrr! Fair enough.

13. One I'm forgetting… probably repressing the rejection at this point. But I know it was in there.

14. So pretty, lovely face, very young. She was stopped looking at her phone, said no to English. I pushed a bit, leaning back to give her space. She understood the compliment but shut down a little as she got the vibe – young, intimidated. I smiled and let her go.

15. I was done for the day at 14, this is post swim, but when I saw her, I had to open… she was very cute, soft features, puffy kiss-able lips. She stopped, tried to understand what I was saying, and couldn't get it. She smiled, giggled at the vibe and I bowed and split — personal record accomplished.

Tokyo Daygame: Revenge of the Beast

Nash · 29 January 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Ahhh, another day, another story of game in Japan.

My last post was about having my ass handed to me on the streets of Shibuya. Ugg, I so got my ass kicked that day.

But that night… I got laid. I'll post on that tomorrow.

So yesterday, with no sleep, I struggled to have fun, and ran almost no game — Roppongi is always a bummer for me. That place creeps me out (even as I go back again tonight).

So today… much better results.

— 6 girls, light session
— 6 for 6 opened
— 6 for 6 spoke enough English to understand me
— Took LINE contact from two
* The first one already responded to a msg (even though that wasn't a strong set)
* Second one really loved the approach, and seems on for date next week

Okay. That's better. My fragile ego is restored as the pendulum of life swings back into friendly territory.

This is another way that daygame here is "just like home" — from day to day, your mileage will vary in a big way. Today was so rewarding. 2 days ago was a lesson in humility. Thank god for the good days… or none of us could do this.

My last set of the day was the one where I had the really good LINE close – Arika. You should have seen her eyes sparkle, wow. When I told her that, she gushed beautifulness all over the bridge. Best set yet.

Viva Daygame!

Oh — before I forget, a quick shout to Halfbreed and thanks for his post about tokyo daygame.

A Tokyo Affair With a Married Woman

Nash · 30 January 2015 · Archived copy · Original

This is the story of my same-day lay in Tokyo. It's cheesy. It's "immoral." It's not prettied up in any way. This is my story.

Let me begin by saying… there will be no bragging about how hot this woman was. She was cute, but that's not the part that is worth sharing. There are some elements of good game that went down that night. I am proud of that. It was a proper seduction.

I also think this is another chance "to get to know women," how they roll, to study life. I am a committed student of game, in part… because I love being around women, touching them, smelling them, burying my cock deep inside them, exploding together, sexually. Yes. But I am also in this place to explore women intellectually and psychologically. I am in game to know women, and to know myself. This lay was another rich chapter for both of those aims.

I had had a rough daygame session in Shibuya that day. I'd gone to the pool, and then to a coffee place to get some work done for my clients. At least a couple times a week while I'm here, I try a new restaurant, preferably one that is open late. I was trying Frames on this occasion, about 22:30 on a Tuesday, a cold Tokyo night.

This Japanese woman came in. Like I said, cute. I was sitting in a big section of the restaurant, by myself. She was directed to my section (maybe we made eye contact?) and she took a table close to mine — that's proximity game, a tool in a woman's game a man should learn to spot. To quote Bright Eyes, "And it isn't no coincidence, where you fina-lly, choo-se, to-stand." I don't think it was a coincidence here either. She took off her coat and scarf and put them in a little box below the table — that's how they like to do it in Tokyo. That was how it started.

It started to rain, and there was a thin, noisy roof above us, and it made that wonderful noise that rain can make, and I stopped what I was doing to listen, and she did too, and she looked over, and I pointed up, and we exchanged smiles. I wanted to ask if she spoke English — which is my standard opening line in Japan. I wanted to invite her to sit with me. She had her phone out, and seemed a little too interested in it — I think she could feel my presence. Her glow made me think she was into our vibe. She never looked over again, and the meal finished as I choked down a little bit of regret at not making that offer. Men make offers. It's our job.

She stood up to pay her bill, and as she walked over she glanced at me and said "goodnight" and flashed me a smile. I jumped up, leaving my stuff at the table, and chased her, down the stairs and out onto the sidewalk.

"Excuse me, do you speak English? I liked our eye contact in the restaurant, I think you're cute. Cute? You know, pretty? Beautiful?"

Ahhh, she got it. And she sort of sobered up, and got a little serious. Maybe she knew it was going to happen at this stage? Maybe she could see it even before I could. Maybe she'd done all this before??

I invited her for a drink. She accepted, and we went back inside together.

We sat and had a drink, chatting. She was a simple woman, nothing too exciting. She was younger than me, probably by 5-10 years, but she was convinced she was older — my baby face and I get that all the time, even with the grey hair blended with my blonde. I asked if she lived in Tokyo — beginning the logistics work — and she told me she was just in town for a seminar, and lived to the south in Nagoya, but had lived in Tokyo when she was younger. I asked why she moved and she said… because her husband took a job there so they left.

Ahhh, she's married. And yet… having a drink with me.

3 weeks ago in my post about 88 lines and 44 women, I said I'd never been w/ a married woman before, but that I bet that would happen this year. Took me about 3 weeks to live out that prediction. I'm not proud of having sex w/ a married woman, but I'm not ashamed either. We know this is true. Affairs are as much a part of marriages as doing

the laundry. I just played my role. And there is pride in that.

Okay. A married woman, not wearing a ring, and away from the nest for the night for a seminar, having a drink w/ a strange, bad man. This is life. Seeing it play out in front of me is huge part of why I'm so grateful to be in the game. Real. I don't want to guess about men and women, I want to know, and this is knowing. And I have a lot of respect for couples that try marriage, I really do. But it's stories like this one that make me think I'll never make that choice.

The logistics were screaming "yes" to me at this point. She's here for one night, staying at a hotel, her train leaves the next morning at 6. I could see it. She was going to come to my place, we were going to have sex, stay up all night, and she was going to leave, dead-tired on her train as the sun rose. I would have to play my part, but it was a ripe scenario. And it turned out that's exactly what happened.

I'm very interested in "birth order effects" and she's a "first born." I guessed that, later, in bed, and I was right, but I could tell what type of a girl was she before I asked if she had any siblings. She really wasn't that much fun, just not a fun girl. After the initial sparks of attraction faded from her glassy black eyes, her practical, pragmatic side became clear. She's simple, serious, works hard, wants more out of life than she's getting. Her seminar was about how to make more money, and she really lit up when she talked about it. I'm happy for her, but these are not the qualities I'm looking for in a woman. Yes, for a night, but I wouldn't date a woman like this.

I know that talking about money and jobs wasn't going to be magical for either of us. I reset the frame, told her to "dream" with me, that we were going to pretend that she had plenty of money, no responsibilities, and that tomorrow she was going to wake up and do anything she wanted — what was she going to do?? I had to jumpstart that frame a couple times before she got it, but she did. She — was going to travel! I'd done a great job here of getting her into a conversation that excited her. Of changing the mood. And she was prettier in this light, the grey of her life pushed to the side, the spark alive in her eyes again.

The drinks finished and the place was closing. I paid the bill and we walked outside — the waiter giving me a confused look, trying to figure out what he'd just seen happen. He asked if we were friends. I said no, and smiled. As we left, one of his eyebrows was arched up higher than the other.

Outside, I asked if she'd have another drink with me, telling her I knew she had an early train, but that I knew of a bar that was still open near my apartment. She declined. It still felt on. I said I'd walk her to her hotel, which was nearby. She knew she was with a wolf at this point and I was enjoying letting her feel that kind of pressure. We got close to her hotel, I could tell she was a little uneasy, so I said I was going to go, and asked if she wanted to be kissed goodnight.

"It is not Japanese custom for woman with husband to kiss goodbye," she told me, nun-like and serious. Okay, I smiled. She took my Facebook, and I left. I went to that other bar after all.

About 00:00 AM, I logged into Facebook from my phone and msg'd her as I walked to my apartment, saying it was great to meet her, and to "share our dreams" over dinner — the first of many very cheesy things I was to say in the next couple of hours.

In my opinion, cheesiness is more normal with girls that don't speak your language very well. Somehow it goes over smoother than it would with a girl from your own culture. 10 years ago I could never have spit out that sentence. I would have been too self-conscious, it would have seemed too contrived. Now I know that the words are just a conduit for the seduction… it really doesn't matter if they're cheesy, just that the timing is there and the connection gets thru.

She wrote back saying, "let keep in touch," but I pushed forward. I said I had another dream, and asked if she wanted to hear it. "Can I?," she said. "It's dangerous," I said. She said, "adventure?" — echoing our "dream" conversation about travel from earlier.

I started to lay it out…

ME: Life is an adventure… If you are brave.
ME: Do you know what cuddling is?
(00:20 AM)

HER: Hug?
(00:28 AM)

ME: Yes… it's just like hugging.
ME: So, I know you have to leave early tomorrow…
ME: And you have full life in Nagoya.
ME: But my dream is that you have an adventure.
ME: Tonight.
ME: That you pack your suitcase…
ME: And get in a taxi.
ME: And we cuddle tonight.
ME: And tomorrow… you get on your train at 6.
ME: And tonight… was just a dream.
(00:36)

HER: I'm not kind of woman who spend a night with a man I've just met few hours before. That dream is far beyond my capacity.
(01:00)

At this point she's denied me twice – first for the offer of the kiss and now for the affair. She did have the drink, but other than that, she did what a "good girl" would do… except it's 1 AM, and the logistics are perfect, and I know it's going to happen.

I would also add that a lot of the game I did in this piece was influenced by Captain Jack, a famous player from Texas that Sinn is always talking about, and one I've studied. Captain Jack doesn't sound like much when I listen to his talks, but here and there I can clearly see what an absolute genius he is — I'm barely smart enough to get how smart he is, that's why his magic seems so subtle to me sometimes. He is all about setting frames, "sexual framing." And that's what I did all night with this girl. I've seen the examples since my first days in pickup ("Are you adventurous? Are you open-minded??"), but I've never really gotten them until now. Again, I thought those questions were so cheesy and obvious. I studied CJ heavily in Dec, and I could feel him in my game that night, like Yoda — "important, frames are" — influencing my game. The work flowed easily that night.

I'm just realizing as I type this that the name of the restaurant we met in is literally called "Frames." Logically, that's just a coincidence, but sometimes the universe is a sledgehammer when it wants to make a point. Life is amazing.

Back to the pickup… so, she'd rejected my explicit offer to come over, saying she was a "good girl."

ME: I know.
ME: I can tell you're a very good woman.
ME: I also know that we have "both sides."
ME: And tomorrow you go back to Nagoya, and live your life.
ME: And this adventure will be gone.
ME: This is a very special night for both of us… that will never happen again.
ME: Just a dream, no one knows about it but you and I.
ME: It's a chance for an adventure… but I understand if you'd rather sleep.
(01:02)

Cheesy, terrible, I know. On every level. This is just part of seduction. The "two sides" line was something I had seeded in the conversation over drinks, I'll use that frame again. I was setting it up even then, building a place

where she could be proper, but also indulge, not forcing herself to be one or the other.

At this point I took a shower, getting ready.

HER: OK thanks.
HER: Good night and enjoy the rest of your stay in Japan.
(01:05)

I knew the offer would be burning on her end. Most times, I think things would have died here. Despite decent game, that would have been normal. This is the 3rd rejection for me in an hour as I tried to light this fire. But I knew it was still on.

I was lying in bed, watching a movie, horny, and I knew she was thinking about the offer. I wanted to let that pressure build, let it feel like it was lost, and then I reopened. When she responded quickly I knew it was just about done.

ME: Are you still awake?
(01:29)

HER: Not, in bed now
HER: About the dream I cannot text, just talk with you next time we see
(01:30)

There's rejection number 4. She's pushing me away. Last ditch effort to put the fire out, but it's too late.

But what do you think that means, that she can't "text?" We'd been msg'ing for a while, and then that??

My interpretation was that she didn't want this in her Facebook account. She doesn't want to get caught if this goes down. She's on record saying "no" at this point. She's not committed yet, but she's already covering her tracks. A woman's mind in action here. What a precious education I got that night. I love seeing this side of women. They're so interesting. Oblique, and cunning.

I assumed she wanted some channel that her husband wouldn't discover, so I offered LINE, and then Skype. She said she'd never Skype'd before, but I gave her my ID, she set up an account, and I saw her ping online a few minutes later.

Of course it's on now, she's so invested, helping me pull it off at this point. Finally helping me.

The rest of this is on Skype.

ME: Hello, Pretty Girl.
(01:39)

HER: So you're a bad guy
HER: You don't let me go to sleep :)
(01:40)

ME: You're bad… I'm laying here, thinking about cuddling with you.
ME: I had a really special time with you tonight.
ME: You surprised me.
(01:40)

HER: Did I?
(0:1:42)

More back and forth, more comfort, and then I went back to logistics.

ME: I wish we could lay together and talk… one night, both of us traveling, in Tokyo for a short time, an amazing memory, for only you and me to know about.

ME: If you put this [my address] in Google Maps, you can see how close we are to each other right now.
(01:52)

I wanted her to visualize it. It was almost done.

I was also implementing the discretion element that Lance Mason emphasizes, by repeating “no one will know.” I’ve been listening to the old Pickup101 talks, and even all these years later, I think he’s the smartest guy in pickup. I know that’s a big claim, but I’ve studied so much, and he’s a stand out for me. So much of my game came from him. Every time I hear one of his talks I understand points I couldn’t previously… I have the references points to follow his lead as I get better myself.

ME: You shouldn’t come… I want to talk, but I know I would kiss you.
ME: We would stay up… talking. And I’d kiss you.
ME: At dinner tonight…
ME: we stopped talking for a one moment…
ME: and I looked at you, and I wanted to kiss you then.
ME: That’s when I knew… I was looking at your lips. And I wanted that.
(01.54)

Here I disqualify a bit with the “you shouldn’t come” line. A little push so the line doesn’t snap.

And it’s true, at dinner we did spike during a pregnant pause where I just stared at her and we both felt the temperature rise. It was a hot moment.

I’ll stop here to say that I think my heroes would advise against that kind of line. That I should have kept it to “talking and cuddling” maybe?? I always go explicit in these situations, and I think it works… it does for me.

Last time I was in Tokyo I got laid as well, with a little princess visiting from Korea. And when I — both of us completely sober — offered to take that girl back to my apartment after dinner, and she said “And what would we do there?”, 18 years younger than me and clearly testing my nerve, I said we’d listen to music, and… she’d definitely get kissed. And she was in. And we fucked that night, I think I was her 2nd lay. She’s actually here in Tokyo again right now… I may get another go at her this week. I really can’t believe this is where I’m at in game. I can’t believe this is my life.

I think I’m asking both girls to “take some responsibility” by verbalizing that sexual intent, but I think the SOI is a strong attraction spike and makes up for the loss of plausible deniability. Hmmm, that’s what I think.

Anyway…

ME: I was just having dinner.
ME: But we had a very good connection.
ME: It IS like a dream… neither of us live here. We met so randomly at dinner.
ME: I chased you outside because I liked the look in your eyes.
ME: And then we had a special night… I don’t want to let it go.
ME: I am thinking about one night, of cuddling.
(01:59)

HER: … OK, the battle is in your hands tonight
HER: I’ll check out the hotel
HER: You come to [her hotel] to pick me up
(01:59)

And it was done. Wow.

2 hours of coaxing and reeling her in. I was a little surprised, but, like I said, I’d already showered, I’d orchestrated the whole thing… not *that* surprised. Game is real. This can be learned. I am no natural. I got here the hard way,

and on purpose.

20 minutes later I walked her into my tiny, rented apartment, her packed bags in my hands. She was surprisingly comfortable. Not “cool,” just comfortable. Maybe she has done this before — I should have asked her that. I put on some music, and just started undressing her. There was no resistance at this point.

We laid in bed, and I escalated slowly. The apartment was still warming up, and my hands were icey from being outside on the trip to pick her up in the cab.

The sex was pretty bad in terms of connection, awkward like most first-sex is, but still felt very good at the physical level to be inside her, tiny and tight as she was. I’d been telling myself all day I wanted to get laid… and I made it happen this time.

I had prep’d the room by putting two condoms between the bed sheet and the mattress for easy access. I used them both. When she left, they were on the floor. Seedy.

The first moves were good actually, as she would shiver and moan when I kissed her neck and sucked her ears. Her mouth was tiny, and tiny mouths don’t make for the best kissing. Her hair was too thin to properly pull. Her nipples were dark purple, and hard as pebbles as I sucked them. Her body was tiny, and felt great as I dragged her around the bed. She had long, uncut pubic hair, typical of Japan, which I happen to like. I love eating pussy, and ass (for that matter), but didn’t like her enough to want to go there with her — which is a little sad for me. I finished by coming all over her chest and face — it had been a week or so since I’d been laid and I was pent up — and she said “Ouuu! Ouuu! Wild!,” and laughed, as blast after blast coated her face and lips. It was good, but not at all delicious.

We showered.

Through the night I asked her lots of questions, wanting the part where I learn about how women think, and their lives, as much as I wanted the sex and the notch. She lost her virginity when she was 19, in a “love hotel.” The bed was “very big,” and porn was on the TV when she and her BF checked in. Her first boyfriend was a selfish lover, he would “insert” whenever he felt like it and come very quickly. She’s never had anal (“You know, like a hard cock in your ass?”), but is curious, and her face lit up when I questioned her. She’s never kissed a girl, and I told her about 1/2 the girls I’ve been with had at least kissed another girl, 1/2 like her, had not. She hadn’t gotten off in two weeks. She likes to fuck slow and likes it best when she comes “together” with her partner — as far as I know, she didn’t have an orgasm with me. She has a vibrator, a “rabbit,” it’s blue, and she laughed when she told me that part. She usually masturbates on Saturdays, in bed, when her husband is out. She wants to have kids someday.

It was awkward after sex as we lay in the dirty bed. I put her back under the sheets, pulled her in, and fed her chocolate almond Pocky, which she liked, jumping back into talking and touching her to clear the stale air between us. She relaxed again for a moment.

Her type-A, first born behavior kicked in again at 05:10, she was anxious about her train. I was planning on sending her to the station in a cab, but I live so close to the station she was going to walk, and I didn’t want her to walk alone.

I put on my clothes and walked her to the train in the freezing darkness. More stories and what Tom Torero would call “bambooziling” along the way to kill any tension. She was extra anxious about her train as we hit the station, and gave me an awkward hug and I turned and left and she sped back to Nagoya on the Shinkansen– she had to be at work at 09:00. What a day she’d just had! I wondered what all this would mean to her? I wondered if it would affect her marriage? I doubt it will.

And I walked back home, as the snow fell, crawled back into the bed, her smell, and the smell of come, and the slight ickiness of the whole thing wrapped around me, and I slept, knowing I would write this soon.

In the morning, I washed my sheets, cleaning up the puddles that had leaked out of her body as I’d fucked her. That’s real. There was a stain on the mattress beneath the sheet. It was like a dream, but in fact, it was very, very real. The stain is still there.

Today, 2 days later, she sent me a happy face on Facebook. I sent her back a picture of goat, with its tongue out.

Another 15 Daytime Approaches in Tokyo

Nash · 2 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Week 3 of daygame in The Land of the Rising Sun, running down a range of Shibuya girls, from office workers to shopping princesses. I'll be out at least once more before I head back to my foggy city across the Pacific.

> "Trying to do a daygame jaunt to a far off land is the biggest test of your state control and inner reserves."
> — Tom Torero, **Torero Travels**

I've been reading Tom's book for inspiration while I'm in Japan, and finding some similar sensations as I work on my craft, one set at a time.

I think I'm at about 50+ approaches for the trip, will easily hit 60+ before I leave. Lot of good experience on this trip… adding about 10+% to my lifetime daygame experience while I'm here, plus another 20-some girls from coffee shop game and clubs. I haven't been laid in a week and the BEAST is working hard to change that. Just closed the 22 yr old sitting next to me at the coffee place… frustration is wonderful motivation.

OVERALL STATS FOR TODAY:
— 15 girls (tied my personal record, which I set last week)
— 2 before lunch, a few in a row, a break, a few more
— Hooked 4
— I really liked at least 2
— Contact info with 2
— Notes for each girl are below

It was actually a fun day today, I was excited to get to work. After my humiliating defeat last week, I had said that I was beaten up, but not in the emotionally exhausting way I am back home after a long day — where my interactions go longer and are more intense, as I don't have as much of a language barrier and get deeper w/ the girls. Today was different, as *I* was hooked by some of the girls more than the previous days out.

You get that difference? Her hooking, and me hooking (where I'm into her, usually for more than her looks), are different metrics. I hook the girl all the time where I'm not really that into her, and she just likes the approach. Today I was into some of these girls.

The other day when I basically got blown out 15 times, it was emotionally easy for me. Nothing gained, nothing lost. But today I really liked 2 of the girls, and had nice semi-intense interactions with at least 2 more. And it wore me out. Maybe I'll grow out of this "emotional exhaustion" bit… but I hope not. To me, the emotional expenditure happens when the interactions means something to me. And I hope I retain that quality to the sets as I get better. Intense, sober, daytime interactions with girls is a wonderful part of daygame.

The one that got me the most (set #12 in the notes below), didn't really hook. But I left her knowing I was close to what I want, in terms of chemistry with a girl. And while a good set is always fun, that kind of chemistry was rare. She got me. I really liked her… at a surface level, but even more once I opened her. She was sparkly.

Another note: The same "chaos" that ruins sets in the US, is alive and well in Shibuya. The "noise" that blocks the "signal" of the pickup. Sometimes that's actual noise, the suitcase rattling down the sidewalk that muddied up #13. Or the guys handing out "napkins" (whatever those are), which are basically doing weak approaches on every girl that walks by, so my approach looks like just another hassle. Or the guys that are approaching only girls for some business that I can't figure out (one of them has really good game, though, I've told him so… we're street friends now, even though we can't really understand each other).

That's why, after a few days in the neighborhood trying different spots, I've been working outside of the main shopping frenzy a little more. That means fewer girls, but a better atmosphere for the pickup. The approaches

closer to my apartment, or back in the neighborhood at this place I like to eat… are much more solid than the ones by the Scramble — which is a masterpiece of chaos and distractions. I like the bridges that lead away from the station at least as much as the busy sidewalks. I've been trying lots of spots, and that's what I see.

I've also been opening more "randomly" in Tokyo than I do at home – outside of structured time set aside for daygame — and I like that. I'd like to bring that habit back home.

I'll do at least another 10+ sets before I leave next week, hopefully 20. We'll see. Great experience. I know my daygame skills are growing on this trip (which isn't just about game, but has been a great chance to hit on girls I'm really attracted to), and I'm stoked to kick off 2015 with good learning and dedication.

Here are the girls of the day:

1. Pretty one on my way to lunch. Not sure if she spoke English, was running late, but smiled.

2. Little one before lunch. She was cute, and the kind of girl I figured would look +1 better if she liked me. And she did, she was suddenly very cute as she bloomed with the approach. Good English. Guessed I was Canadian. Was really shocked when I asked her to meet me for a drink "tonight." Couldn't believe it. LINE closed her. We'll see… she seemed pretty shy, but was a very fun pickup.

3. Post lunch, she gave me killer eye contact, but was kind serious. I chased her down. She said hi, but had to go, and sped off.

4. High-end, fancy Shibuya girl, walking slow and sexy in ridiculous thigh-high boots. Approach was okay, but maybe not enough front stop? She nodded that she spoke English, but never broke stride and slowly walked away. I laughed. I have gotten nowhere w/ the fancy ones, for the most part.

5. Cute little one, double take eye contact with me amidst the shops. I usually avoid eye contact during daygame, but today I was eating it up. She could feel me coming after and I think she made a little effort to ditch me in the crowd as we weaved between people. I got her attention and a smile exploded across her face, and she nervously waved me off, signaling "no, no" and grinning.

6. Another fancy highend Shibuya girl. Serious/brief eye conact. I wanted a very solid approach, so I looped around and got well in front of her, and she still blew right past me, headphones in her ears. Brrrrrr, frosty one. It was also a very public pickup, and public blowout, and I laughed at that one. Ha! Good for her. I can take it.

7. Beautiful young thing. Said no to English, but I pushed. Really couldn't understand me, but got the compliment and she hooked hard. Very sexy, very beautiful. She was gushing and blushed. Standing there, not understanding me. I wanted to hug her, she was so precious… but the pickup was defeated by the language issue. Sometimes, you can still communicate, even without the words. This time, she wanted to, we just didn't have that kind of connection. I walked off shaking my head.

8. Working a mall area, I spotted a beautiful little girl on an escalator — she was going down, I was going up. Tiny, beautiful, young. I got up to the top, spun around chased her back down, and then down a second escalator. She had her headphones in, looked at me briefly as I had my hand out to stop her, blew right by.

9. Same escalator, 30 seconds later, great eye contact from tall girl with amazing black eyes. Full stare from her, and I mouthed "hi" and she spazzed a little. Again, her going down, me going up. Same thing, chased her down two escalators, opened from the escalator, me one step below her so we were eye to eye. English wasn't good. I planted my feet as we hit the bottom. She drifted, but then stayed, hooking it seemed. I felt no spark and the language was tough, so I dismissed her and split.

10. Finally made it to the top of that escalator, and 1 minute later, a tiny cuddly one on the covered bridge heading into the station. Wouldn't stop. She was so cute. 4'10"??

11. Exiting a mall area, a very cute office girl. I opened, her English wasn't great, but she really hooked. On an afternoon break. Compliment went well. When I repeated it, she turned the reddest I've ever made any girl. We

talked about her job and working late and I accused her of being the President, and I bowed over and over and she laughed hysterically. Tried to close… doesn't have a smart phone so no LINE. Gave her my email address and a sticker… She loved the pickup. We got it across that if she can email me, we'll have a drink. We'll see… doubt it, but it was the best set I think I've had in Japan. That girl loved it, a little more than set #2 today.

12.). Ouuuu, this one. Ummmm, I loved her. Great style, skinny… nice gap between her thighs as she had wide hips but skinny legs, in crazy french-blue jeans and sneakers. I gave chase. She tried to step around me – I'm not sure she knew I was going to open her — then she popped open with an "ooooo!" as she squared up with me. I fell a little bit in love, right then. Top 3 girls of the whole trip, day or night game, and that is saying a lot (the other two were girls of my dreams, one in a coffee place, the other a waitress I will never forget). There was a real spark, she took the compliment, but denied she could speak English. She understood what was up, though. We debated her English skills but she won the debate and sped off… Favorite girl of the day.

13. Funny pants, cute girl. Worst logistics for an approach yet, busy sidewalk, competing hustle going on around us, "napkin" guys had just done their bit on her, noisy suitcase girl fucking things up, total chaos. Smiled sweetly with interest, but kept going.

And… I hit a wall. I was exhausted at this point and needed to get to the coffee place and put in some work for my clients.

14. Saw one and pushed myself to try. Thought she looked Hawaiian, was hoping to get that line out. I felt a surge of energy as I did a pretty solid front stop… she dropped her eyes and squirmed around me. Boom.

15. Beautiful one by the Scramble. Brief eye contact. I mustered the last of the gas in my tank, opened strong, well out in front of her, brief look and… blowout! Goodnight, Shibuya… I'm done.

Viva Daygame.

Day3 and Wednesday Packed With Game

Nash · 6 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Wednesday began with Tuesday night actually, and ties into a Tuesday night from a year ago, from my first trip to Tokyo.

In 2014, I fucked a Korean girl, also just visiting Tokyo, 18 years younger than myself, that I picked up at a club. We were supposed to meet up same night, but she got too drunk. Facebooked me in the AM, I arranged a dinner date, we were completely sober as I marched her back to my apartment for some sex. She was a terrible lover, but I loved giving her a good experience… she was very into it, changing her plans to sleep over with me before we both flew home to separate countries. Imagine her… visiting Japan, having sex w/ a *much* older white guy. Watching her relax and really enjoy the experience was a proud moment for me as a man, and as a seducer. When I came she asked, “Was it good??!,” with a big, excited smile. Yeah, it was pretty good.

So this year, she’s been here for the last week, definitely in part to see me, but has been a Princess all year as I worked longgame, punishing her several times for being a high-maintenance jerk. I was kind of avoiding her, as I wanted to build some better options. So we’re trying to arrange a meet, and I’m working on “desert at my place,” she gets very close to coming over late night on Tuesday, but won’t. Okay, I go to bed.

Next morning I get up and set a plan to meet her for lunch. I try to get her to come back to my apartment “for a movie,”… she won’t. Doing a good job of derailing the lay. We split up so she can go shopping, and plan to meet for dinner/drinks later.

I was supposed to work… but I went daygaming instead!

And my fucking state was awesome. I was sure I was going to get laid the night before, and was up until 2 trying to get her over. I woke up so horny, thinking I’d get laid that afternoon maybe. No! Okay, fine. I took that energy to the streets… good day out there! Very fun day.

— 11 sets that day
— Notes are below
— Got a number of a girl I’ve already had a day2 with… (I’ll write about that later)
— I have a day3 scheduled w/ that girl for tomorrow

I was a monster that day. Eye-fucking every girl I saw, and I saw a million girls. When I was at Shinjuku waiting for the Korean Princess, I felt like a horny-psychopath… so turned on and alive and loving the women around me, forcing IOIs left and right. Amazing feeling.

So that night, we had a drink at the Tokyo Park Hyatt (where the scene from Lost in Translation was shot), and it was cheesy, but a great experience, and something we both wanted to do. Then a fun dinner/drinks at my favorite chill late night place — her texting her BF back in Korea, off and on the whole night, saying he was mad she was out with me. We debated the “desert” bit again. Didn’t happen. I kissed her mildly, her blushing, as we’d kind of had a tug-of-war when we had to either go to my apartment, or put her on the train. She was still texting me at 2 AM, saying she wanted to come over… and in the morning said she really regretted not doing it. Oh well.

I went to a bar, and it was super on. Set after set, fun girls. Number closed a little Punk Rock Shibuya girl, reopening her in a 4 set w/ 3 guys. The Frenchy was a prick, but I ran great game. Other guys were cool, took her number, tried to msg her to leave with me… wouldn’t do it. We’re texting today about a date for Sunday, my last night. We’ll see.

Went to another bar, did 4 more sets. Fun!

Went to club, and had a fucking great night. 99% all Japanese, shitty music, but nice club. Everyone was so nice to me. Hugs, handshakes. Looks from girls, but not much else. Another 4 sets maybe. Just fun.

Went home with nothing but leads, but what an amazing day for game, loving Tokyo.

Here are the daygame sets:

1. Right by my apartment, working on my front stop… She was a little freaked out, waved me off.

2. In Tokyu dept store, lovely girl, heels and torn jeans. Didn't speak English, but was very into the pickup, eyes popping… 2 mins later, I met my Korean Princess outside. Felt amazing picking up in the minutes before a girl was coming to meet me.

NOTE: Getting very comfortable with having other folks around, or watching, or listening, while I run game. I don't care. Paul Janka says something like, "They are there now, but won't be when you're having sex," and I'm feeling that logic now.

4. Simple, big eyes… followed her down escalator, tried to open her twice as we approached the Scramble, lowered her eyes and quickly walked past. Don't know if she spoke English.

5. In line for a table at Starbucks, super cute one gave me some eyecontact. I came back and opened. "Cute? Beautiful?," she didn't speak English but eventually got the point. She was clearly feeling attraction, but we couldn't communicate, and I had her trapped in line, so I let her go.

5. 1 minute after the set above… tall, curveier, mature. Brief eye contact, chased her down an escalator, did my new "rolling backward approach"… Huge smile, she got it, but bailed. She was hot. It was kind of on. Felt married to me, but i didn't notice a ring. I could see set #5 above, in the background, as I did this one.

6. Tall, sharp daggers for nails, opened her… Big blushing smile, shook me off saying no English.

7. Little, slow sexy walk… Stopped took the compliment, lit up, waved me off.

8. Tall, maybe brief eye, followed her into a store. As she waited for the escalator, I tried to open, she kind of ignored me. I pressed a bit, trying again, hand out, "Excuse me, do you speak English?" She looked at me, kinda serious, shake of her head for "no." I said okay, and backed off, and she relaxed… I left.

9. Tall, very interesting face, floppy wrists, no makeup, very attractive. Rolled up, she glanced over, straight face. Blew by me. Felt very public… blowout! I laughed.

10. Good looking girl, nicely dressed, fancy coat w/ fur around the collar, and a bag w/ bright pink stripes. Stopped her, pretty solid front stop. She was 10% alarmed, then a bit confused, then got it. She hooked. Started asking me questions. Was on her way to dance. No LINE. Okay. No Facebook. Dammit. Email? Yes. She took my email, me punching it in w/o a proper keyboard, "1,2,3" hits to each key to get to the proper letter… got it done. She added me. We talked about a date. She emailed me then, her name, with kitten emojis on either side. She was busy "tomorrow" but was available for Saturday. She said lunch. I said drinks. She said dinner. I said, okay. I emailed her since. She replied — she was taking a pole dancing class that day… cool. A couple more emails back/forth since then… she's into Burlesque. Trying to get her out tomorrow night. We'll see.

11. Short, long pretty hair, funky leggings. A little eye contact IOI. I stopped her, great English, and… nice teeth. Homerun! She hooked well. I kept spiking her. Calling myself the strong man, her the pretty girl. She loved it. Laughing constantly. Very real, totally connected set. Long talk. Closed her to LINE. Set a dinner for Thu — it happened (more on that later). I like this girl. Have a day3 for Saturday afternoon.

Defeated by the Shibuya Heartbreaker

Nash · 9 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

This is a story about a very fucking cool Japanese girl I picked up on the streets of Shibuya. One of the coolest girls I've ever dated. Tokyo daygame did yield a little bit of fruit for me. This is one of my stories.

I met her less than a week ago, the day that I did daygame before my date w/ the Korean Princess. She was the 11th girl of the day, a funky, lovely girl, with long beautiful hair and a great sense of style. She is a hair/makeup stylist, and does professional gigs at studios and on photo shoots. She's bubbly, confident, girly, and a smooth operator. I became more and more impressed with her as this story progressed. She one of the highest quality girls I've ever dated.

She had flashed me some eye contact as I prowled Shibuya that day, and I popped her open. We'd had a great interaction, and I'd set up the idea for a date at the time. I took her LINE, and she was fun, cute and flirty as we messaged. I had found a type of "Yes" girl.

I think I have a flaw in my game where I go for the date too quickly once I have a girls contact info… when I have tons of leads I don't do this as much, but when I don't have much to work with, I don't like to take the chance of letting the lead go stale. I think I'm missing some meet-ups because I don't follow the ping-ping-date pace of the initial msgs. This time, I joked and exchanged "cute" pictures with her for a round or two and then:

NASH: Tonight…
NASH: You are having dinner with me! :]

HER: OK!

Cool.

I had her meet me at the Hachico statute. She was on time and lovely. A very extraverted and friendly girl, but a little bit wide-eyed and cautious as she walked with this White Beast to a shabu-shabu place I'd eaten at last time I was in Tokyo. Nice, private little "rooms" with screens between them set up an intimate atmosphere. I directed her into a seat and then sat beside her, leaning back and starting my game for the night.

I was touching her immediately. Food and drinks. Her, red wine that made her lips a lickable purple and me, whiskey "rocku," as they say in Japan. Her English wasn't perfect, but conversation flowed nicely. I like to talk to girls about how I picked them up, how hot they were on the street and how fun it was to walk up and meet them. I did that with this girl, spiking the interaction as I played out the pickup, giving her what Krauser would call the

“mesmer.” She was smooth, like I said, but I could see her spike here/there. We talked about sex. She lost her virginity when she was 17. I asked her what her favorite part of her body was, and she said her hips. I leaned back and looked her up and down. Hot moments. I told her about the gay neighborhood I live in back home, and showed her some crazy photos on the internet of gay street parties and she spiked hard. We talked about how she likes to kiss girls, but hasn’t in a long time.

As I started working out the logistics, I asked if she lived alone and she said no.

— That’s when I learned that she lives with her… boyfriend.

Ahhh. Okay. Surprise, surprise. My lay last week was with a married woman, and now I’m on an explicitly “man-woman” date with a girl with a live-in boyfriend. Hmmmmmm. Women, very interesting.

I was slightly bugged by the boyfriend bit as she’d seemed so “green light,” but I had plans to go clubbing later, no need to be attached here, so I shrugged off my reservations and ploughed on.

I touched her more. I had asked her to wear perfume for me, and she did, so I was smelling her — wrists, neck, and her long beautiful hair. Lots of deep eye contact as dinner dragged out and the drinks flowed. I took her hands a bit.

I don’t speak Japanese, not really, but I studied via Pimsleur and got some basics down. On all my dates in Japan, the girls really liked the way I interacted with the wait staff. I am really good about being polite, fun, friendly and grateful with people, and with a little bit of Japanese, I was able to get great reactions on these dates. And I watched every girl I dated on this trip kind of go into a trance and stare at me while I did this kind of stuff. I do it because I love people, and rich interactions, but… yes, girls can see “value” when I’m in my flow. Some of this is my personality, but 7 years of game and self improvement have given me really good skills here.

I read/heard one description of alpha that goes “Alpha behavior is in how you treat others and how they treat you.” If you’re weak and the bad kind of “nice,” people will see the supplication and reject you, and your value will be low. Doormat game. If you’re the good kind of “nice” — friendly, confident, willing to take chances, generous and genuine — you’ll get incredible treatment in return. I like that definition of alpha. Real alpha, no caveman bullshit. Tokyo, in a general way, responds well to my game. I made a million friends on this trip.

Okay… I asked if she liked cheesecake and she said yes. I asked her to come back to my place… for cheesecake and to see my art… and she said, “no!,” reminding me she had a boyfriend and acting shocked and laughing. I laughed with her, and nodded my head, and told her “I know, I know…” and gave her a cocky grin.

I went to the bathroom and when I came back I said, “let’s get out of here.” Before we left I told her I wanted to see if she was a good kisser, and I went for it, and she pushed me away, laughing and saying no.

When we stood up I helped her put on her coat, and then took her hands and said, “one of the things I like most about being single is that I get to meet interesting girls and ask them all kinds of funny questions.” She smiled. She likes me, and my boldness. So I asked her, “When you’re having sex… you know, sex? Uh huh… how do you, you, like to come? You understand? Orgasm? How do you like to like to orgasm?” And then I half spoke, half mimed out “fingers, mouth, or cock?” Her eyes popped a little, but she’s a confident, experienced girl, and she replied, “Uhhhhh, maybe… mouth?” And gave me a little nod. I looked her up and down slowly, and then more intense eye contact.

We talked about another date for Sunday, but she said it was her boyfriend’s day off. Okay. I figured this was it. Close now or it wasn’t going to happen.

I dragged her out of our private room, and just before we took the stairs to the where you pay the bill, I grabbed her hand, pushed her against the wall, and kissed her. Her mouth was open, juicy bottom lip to suck, and a little bit of tongue… but she laughed through the kiss, pushed me away, and took off toward the door.

As we climbed the stairs… she lifted up her long sweater and flashed her ass to me. She was wearing leggings… but she was starting to give me what I wanted. Yes to that.

— That's when I thought her boyfriend wasn't a cool guy, and wasn't going to be a problem.

In the elevator, another kiss. Her still laughing.

Ground floor. Some debate about desert at my house. Another kiss, she wasn't really going for it.

At this point I went explicit with her. Working through the language barrier, I got her to understand that I have a "cock" and she has a "pussy." Uh huh, she nodded, eyes big. And then I took her hands, and pulled her in. And told her I wanted to take her back to my house… put on some music… lay her down on my bed… spread her legs… and eat her pussy. All of this super slow, intense eye contact. When I made the "spread your legs" gesture, my cock got hard. Fucking sexy moment right there. She stared at me, and then… shook herself out of the trance, and made her break for the station. Looking back over her shoulder and smiling as she walked away. Me rooted in place, staring her down, nodding my head slowly saying, yep, that's right.

Okay. Huh.

I stood there at the Scramble and laughed. I was bummed I wasn't going to eat that girls pussy, but it was a great experience.

Fuck yeah, daygame… best date yet, I thought to myself. I'm working through the model and I'll get my first fucking lay from daygame soon, I can feel it. I think I've had some bad luck up until now, but I'm getting closer. And of course my game needs improvement. But I'm putting in the time, opening the girls, escalating. I'll get it done. It'll happen soon.

So then I went to Roppongi, got wasted and ran a bunch of ridiculous night game.

An amazing day!

Part II

My Defeat, Part II

Nash · 9 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Part II of the story of how I was defeated by a Shibuya Heartbreaker, and yet… in many ways she was the highlight of my trip.

We'd left off at the end of the first date, on the sidewalk, me offering this sweet girl cheesecake and oral pleasure back at my apartment. Both of which were rejected.

I was working all my Tokyo leads at this point — LINE/Faceback — pretty ruthlessly firing offers at girls. I maybe had 17 leads from 3 weeks of game, many were stale or none responsive, but I was pounding away… offering plans and trying to get one of these girls out. I had just a few nights left, and I really wanted to get some time, and some sex, from at least one of the amazing women I'd met on my trip. I pinged this one again, and she was funny and flirty as always.

NASH: If you can find a few hours… come play with me before I leave.

HER: OK

That was on Friday. She and I pinged some more that day, sending each other "cute animal pics" and dumb stuff like that.

Then on Saturday…

HER: Nash, I'm sorry, Sunday is shooting. Shall we go to my friend's live on Saturday@near the station? 6:30pm-8:30pm

Hmmmmm. <-- That's what I wrote back, actually. I told her I was thinking about it. I wanted to see her again, and I figured since I had been so sexually explicit with her last time that she would know I was going to try to have sex with her. I had another date scheduled for that night, so her timing was perfect, done by 8:30. But I didn't like her plan. I was imagining some bar w/ a rock band playing and sharing her w/ her friends. That's not what I wanted to do. That would be a dumb date if I wanted to get her in my bed. I know enough to avoid dumb dates. I asked if it was rock, and she confirmed. And I said: NASH: I think a COOL GUY and FUNNY GIRL need some place they can talk... Then I started talking about the concept of Chemistry and describing that to her. NASH: I think we have "good chemistry." That's why I am thinking of you today... and why YOU are thinking of me! Cheesy, but very true. She's funny and loves to laugh, so I was trying that route. I'm trying not to be too eager for the date. More cutesy pictures back and forth, she and I, getting around the language barrier by speaking to each using photographs and cartoons. And this will all help me back at home, as I meet a lot of Asian girls that also barely speak English. Then I went for the date... NASH: How about a drink w/ me. 4:30. NASH: And then you go to ROCK at 6:30. She accepted, sending me a cartoon of a flight attendant giving the thumbs up sign. She then proposed a neighborhood I didn't know, which would mean I was out of my element, wouldn't know where to take her, and wouldn't be close to my apartment, making "cheesecake" time much more difficult. But I accepted. She wasn't trying to be difficult, she was just being fun and wanted to take me to a cool part of town. Fine. I'd try it. I managed the logistics saying she should take me to a cool bar where I could sit next to her. That she should pick the meeting place, and we'd meet there at 4:30. Another "OK" from her. I told her to wear perfume again. She messaged me about 40 minutes before the date saying she was going to be late... more like 5 PM. I pretended to be mad, and she got the joke, more laughing and sending me feminine cartoons of a cute girls saying "sorry." She was respectful and feminine and fun. I was looking fwd to this. And we met up in front of the Apple Store and... it was a great date. Best date I've had in a long time. She was so cute, super cool style, rocking fancy Adidas hightops that came 1/2 way up to her knees, with big girly laces. I spun her to check her out (I've never done that before, but it was fun). She was excited and effervescent. It looked on. I had some tea in my hand, and she reminded me that I also had tea in my hand when I picked her up. HER: Ahhhh! You like tea! She laughed and pointed at me. Adorable girl. She walked me into some big mall and we walked around and told stories. I had figured out how cool the Google Translate app was, and we

were using that to bring up topics that were too advanced for her simple English. I guessed her height in feet/inches, and she was impressed when we converted that to centimeters for her and I was right. At one point I was telling a story about a couple I know that met online dating -- I had had her talking about how she does like to kiss girls, but hasn't in a long time. That story lead to a story I have about a girl I know that has kissed me, one of my closest friends, and that friend's little sister. And how that same girl once leaned over to me at a bar where the four of us were hanging out and said, "I've kissed all of you!" I like that story. She liked it to. The girl from my kissing story is getting married to a guy she met via online dating. My Shibuya cute one said she didn't really know what that was?? She asked if it was fun? I explained to her that online dating was great for finding commonalities, that lots of people all over the world do it, but that it's not great at finding real "chemistry" - and I did some pointing back/forth between she and I as I did that. I told her that cool guys don't need online dating, that they can meet girls the way I met her. I gave her a cocky smile and I self-pointed. I told her that street approaches are hot, saying that a bit more romantically than I just did here. And I was acting out the pickup again, talking about chemistry between couples that really like each other, and it got really hot, me staring into her eyes and holding her hands. Red hot. I really liked this girl, wow. The date was at a full boil right now, maybe 15 minutes in, standing by an escalator in an enormous Tokyo mall. I mimed out how strong the sexual tension was between us and told her I needed a drink. She took me outside. We toured all the street art as we walked. Tokyo has a great "sticker" culture -- unique, graffiti-related stickers everywhere, and I'm into sticker culture, and had given her a custom sticker of my own on our first date. She was really into it as I collected a couple of nice specimens for my collection, putting them in my wallet to take home. She told me she loved the sticker I gave her, and that it was special to her. Cool, cool, cool. Bring her into my world. We went down the street to a cool French place, and we got stuck in chairs facing each other, which is something I would have avoided if I was in control of the logistics. We talked more about sex. She wears mostly pink and purple underwear. She thinks her are nipples are "general" (she means "normal") and not too big or small. I figured she could probably be a little late to her rock thing, but I'd have to act fast if I was going to sex her that afternoon. Drinks and some snacks. Oishi-desu. And then... I brought up the cheesecake plan again, trying to set up the sex without being too explicit. I assumed at this point it was pretty much on, the second date was her idea, and she knows I want to set her, so I figured the boyfriend wasn't going to get in the way. And she didn't bite. Pretty even, cool expression on her face. Despite loving this girl, I was ready to bail, and see if my other date was going to happen, and/or head out for another night in the clubs. If this was a "friend date," I wanted out. She asked about the rock thing. I pushed back, saying that it would be loud, and I wasn't into that, but if she needed to go, we could split a cab and I'd jump out at Shibuya. She leaned in and encouraged me, telling me it's not loud, that it was a "special" thing, and that she wanted to go with me. She said it wasn't really a "friends" thing, but an invitation she'd received from a client of hers. I asked her what time she had to be home that night, she said midnight, so I had plenty of time to get her back to my house after her "live" event. Hmmm, okay, I thought... why not. She was showing me a side of Tokyo I'd never seen, she was a wonderful girl, I'd go check this thing out with her. It turned out to be amazing. Super small "art party," maybe 100 hip people seated in chairs and pressed up against the walls, all in a photography studio. Experimental music and a live photo shoot -- electric "standup" bass from a guy with long hair and top hat, atmospheric sounds and random samples, a percussionist playing this drum-box thing he played while sitting on it, and a tattooed Asian guy, in a white robe, doing this wild dance around the studio. The photographers were circling around this scene, flashes popping. She lead me to a spot with a good view, we were up against a table, her 5'1" body backed up against me, red wine staining her lips and on her breath. I played with her hair, touching her ears, and I put my hands in her backpocket, getting a little bit of her ass and sipping a beer. Then they presented the photos they'd just taken, projecting them on a screen in front of the crowd, and the performer told jokes about each one, and she laughed and translated for me. Beautiful night. We walked outside, it's lightly raining, I take her hands, kiss her... but still no full commitment from her. She let me kiss her, and touch her, but wasn't really getting into it. She said, "no, you and I, just friends" sheepishly. I gave her a confident look over, and slowly shook my head and smiled. "Nooooo," wagging my finger at her. And I looked her up and down some more. -- This is when I knew her boyfriend was, in fact, a cool guy. Here's what I think was going on here: I don't know anything about her boyfriend, I avoided that topic, but I bet he's not some guy with money that she doesn't like, but serves as her provider. Not that. I doubt it. I was trying to piece together why she

was dating me while she has a boyfriend, but still wouldn't let the sex happen, despite obviously great chemistry between us. I was escalating well, but she wouldn't let herself be fully seduced. She doesn't strike me as hung up, sexually. I doubt that too. She's a very confident girl, and seems experienced to me. She went out w/ me because I ran great game on her. That's why. Not perfect game, but good enough game at the pickup, and then on the day2, that she definitely liked me. I'd shown a ton of value, even as a guy that was just visiting and didn't know the town. She wouldn't let me eat that pussy because she's loyal to her guy. I think that's it. Yes, someone could have gotten this girl into bed, but it wasn't me, and I'm not faulting my game much in this particular situation. She likes me, I'm fucking cool, but her boyfriend is cooler, at least given that I was going to be gone in 2 days. She wasn't going to fuck me "just once," not at the risk of messing with her relationship. She'd fool around, and had some fun, but would not cross the line w/ me. I actually respect her for all this. Not that I wouldn't have respected her after I ate her little ass and fucked her from behind. But I like her loyalty here. Good on her. And I like that she was adventurous enough to take some chances w/ me. Well played, Pretty Girl. I tried to get her back to my place right after we left the party, but I could feel her disconnect as I pushed that plan on her. We had another drink at a very cool, local soba place, and I took her outside. At the time, I hadn't put together the analysis of her behavior I laid out above, so I was still trying. I wanted this to happen. I had nothing to lose. I took her outside, took her hands and said: NASH: "Okay, it's time. Let's go." And she laughed, and pulled back... pulling away from me. She walked me to the station, walking very quickly, and I knew it was over. I could feel my hair flopping around in the breeze, as I had cut my hair before my trip but that was 4 weeks ago. And I felt kind of dorky, coming down from the afternoon of drinks, and realizing that real intimacy with this girl was not going to happen. Fuck. When we got to the station I tried one last hail marry, going explicit, saying I wanted to take her to my place, for one hour, kiss her, and do things to her, and I looked her up and down. She laughed. Gave me a nice, but mild kiss, and we parted ways. -- That's when I realized her boyfriend was a problem, after all. Hmmm. Okay. I brought my A-game with this girl, from the moment I'd met her. I was a good mix of vulnerable and bold. I genuinely liked her. I'd escalated well. But I'd been beaten. Game over. And I crawled back home, shaking my head, a little bit bummed that it didn't happen. It was only 11 PM, my last Saturday in Tokyo. I was defeated, but I had a full night of bullshit ahead of me in the clubs, and I knew it. I gave myself a double-dose of Redbull, washed my face, and went out to hit on girls, pound whiskey, and dance a bit. Fun night. I ended up kissing some drunk girl in the club. The Tokyo guy next to me giving me the thumbs up and saying I had good skills. But that girl wasn't what I wanted and the makeout was just drunk fooling around. That was, the first time I've ever kissed two girls in one day (I think?). Lots of "first" on this Tokyo trip. I woke up the next day, a little humbled. It had been an amazing week, but that girl worked me over. I was hungover from the club, and little exhausted from my emotional adventures. I took a shower, then back to the coffee place for some work, and I started pounding my leads again. The week wasn't over yet.

Daygame-Pickup, Day2 with the Singer

Nash · 11 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

In my last post I told the story of my defeat with the "best girl ever" from my daygame pickups. She was great. This story is about another girl I picked up on the same day, in Shibuya. She was actually the set I did right before I picked up "Shibuya Heartbreaker," the 10th set of that day. Cute girl.

This girl has a slow, burning kind of energy. I can feel her burn even now. Very fucking sexy girl, and I saw a lot of that on our date. When I picked her up, it was because of that slowness, showing up in her walk. Just, dri-pping down the sidewalk as I gave chase that afternoon.

She opened, cautious, but hooked after a couple of comments from me. Her English wasn't great at all, but she got what I was up to, took the compliment, nice smile. Good feminine/masculine vibe going on between she and I. She said she was on her way to go dance. It was mid-afternoon, and she was going to a dance class. Ballet, I said? "No, not, ballet… jazz dancring? You know?"

I tried to get her LINE. No LINE. I tried Facebook… nope. Okay… email?? Yes. She kind of lit up, opened her phone, and I typed in my address. All this is in my notes from that day's game. Felt pretty on.

We pinged a few times via email, and she said she was actually doing burlesque. Okay. I sent her some drawings I'd done at a live burlesque event back home. This was Saturday, and she went quiet, and I had my "defeat" date that afternoon, and club game that night. I was working other leads as well. I felt good about this pickup, though, and was thinking I had about 50% chance of getting her out… but I was out of time.

After my lesson in humility from Miss Heartbreaker, I went back to hustling my leads, trying to score a final date for my trip. A few girls had surprised me by coming back to life, including a fun girl named Arika that felt very warm and was a sparkly pickup (never got her out). I had a day-date set up w/ a girl I met last year, and had casually maintained… but she canceled, which was fine with me, as I was hungover once again.

When I got back from the pool, I had a response from Burlesque on my computer. I had told her it was my last night, and she responded with "What?!" And after a couple of pings, I started in with a dinner invite… all of this is via email, and I don't do email on my phone, so I kicked this lead along as I sipped tea and got some client work done in a cafe.

4 o clock and it started to look on, but then…

HER: What do you like dinner?
HER: Grill?or Japanese Food?
HER: hight cost Ok?

Hmmm, was she pimping me for a big dinner? "High cost ok?" WTF. I'd already sent her a link to the funky place I wanted to go (which is close to my house), and she was trying to move this in another direction.

I resent the link to my choice, ignoring her comments above.

HER: What Tokyo Garage?

ME: Food! Looks like a cool place.

She sent me a link to a super expensive place, $100/person kind of place.

ME: No. :]
ME Too fancy.
ME: (link to another restaurant, very nice, but not that pricey and close to my place)
ME: Let's do this ^… excellent food.

It's fun to say no to girls. As I have more abundance, I'm have the chance to do this more and more… and I like it.

HER: (link to yet another restaurant)
HER: there is derishass!

“Derishass.” Ha. That’s funny. And knowing how much I love ass, I was hoping this was omen for the night to come. Delish-ass, indeed. I was working so hard to get some more Japanese tail before I left. Sweet Little 8 Lb 9 Ounce Baby Jesus… pls throw me a bone.

But here she’s trying to control the frame, and I don’t like that. Very bad sign — 9 times out of 10. But her English is terrible and it’s hard to negotiate like this, slowly, over email. And this is my last night. And I had no other leads coming at me… literally hours before I leave. Hmmm. I really don’t like girls fucking with the plan. It’s a strong test, and agreeing to their terms isn’t smart. This place was 1/2 the price of the first place, but she’s still jocking me for pricey meal.

Fuck it. It was going to be a cool experience, a Japanese BBQ place where the food is cooked at the table. And these are places that are hard to find as a gaijin.

I researched the location, seeing that it was easy to get to, just off a train station, and one stop from my place. Would be easy to cab back for “cheesecake” later. I cleaned up, still hungover from the clubs and long drinking session the night before (and the night before, and the night before), sucked down a Redbull (I never drink that shit, but I binged my last week in Tokyo as I was dating and partying a lot and it was wearing me down) and walked into the chilly Tokyo night, condoms in my pocket, a solider, ready for a firefight.

Hit the neighborhood of the restaurant a little early, name of the place safely in my Google Maps app, steering me a long. I didn’t want to hang around out front, looking like a dork, so I made sure I knew where it was and then hit a different place for a whiskey and read some game on my phone to get my mindset together.

I was thinking of Tom Torero, as I had been reading Torero travels on this trip, and this is what he would have done before a date if he was early. Tom’s books are really great reading, as he shares his internal psychology on his own seductions and they help condition me and are encouraging me to rise up toward his level of game. I like his first book better, but Travels was a perfect read for this trip of mine.

I show up at the restaurant a minute after 9 PM, and the guys there can’t understand me at all. I don’t see her — and to be honest, I barely remember what she looks like, as no Facebook or LINE. They don’t want me to wait inside, they kind of want to get rid of me. I walk outside, and send her an email from my webmail account… I made sure I had this covered before I left my apartment, forwarding her email address from my normal email to this account as a backup communication plan. I purposely keep my work email off of my phone, so my work doesn’t follow me around when I’m out socializing. (I recommend that. Work stays on my computer. My phone is for girls and friends only.) I was smart to have this backup plan, as I needed it.

She pings me immediately saying she’s inside… I go back in and deal w/ the guys in the aprons. They bring out a 4th guy and he pulls me around the corner and I see her. Ummm, she’s cute. The squad of waiters relaxes a bit. She’s a little serious looking, but dressed in a long knit dress, little gold shoes and matching glittery nails. Sexy. And she put in some effort. She checked me out, looking me up/down, like she was in a barn buying a horse. Ha. The warm-up whiskey was helping me keep my chest out, and I wasn’t nervous, I was ready for the dance. Go ahead, check me out… all ‘dis here. Ha.

We’re seating opposite each other (again, I didn’t pick the spot or the table), and she really doesn’t speak much English at all, but I had the Google Translate app bit down at this point. We started chatting, mostly via the app, but some by voice. I told a joke when she asked about my job and she didn’t like it, said it was a mean joke. It wasn’t, I just wasn’t taking her work-talk seriously, and I laughed. She’s a tough one. Little bit of a rough start, but I still felt confident. I know what I’m doing here. Daygame teaches you to roll through tough moments… no big deal.

I made her order for us, as the menu was 100% Japanese. I leaned back, flicking the back of my hand at her, saying “C’mon, do it, order” — encouraging her and being cocky and smiling. She ordered food for us both and a ginger

ale. She said she does drink, but that she wasn't drinking tonight. Okay. Her eyes popped open when I ordered my whiskey rocks.

I started my charm with the waiters, being super polite and thanking them and giving them long doses of direct eye contact each time they came to the table … they were quickly starting to like me. She liked this as much as every other girl I dated in Japan. Social proofing myself, in her restaurant, in her language.

The waiters delivered our drinks, and lit the grill at our table. Really nice place, excellent. With a flexible, wide-mouthed hose thing that hung down from the ceiling, and sucking all the smoke up so it's not in your face. I reached over the table and touched her glittery fingertips. She was warming up a little bit.

She is a singer. She lives in a "girls maison," which I am guessing is a kind of dorm (interesting how much French culture is in Japan). She's not super young, but a solid 10+ years younger than me (she looked about 26, that was my guess), and I was definitely attracted to her. She asked my age and I joked with her, never told her. She gave up, and smiled. Okay, good. She lost her virginity at 21. She doesn't have a boyfriend and hasn't for a while. She says her dad is "over protective." She works on her singing career pretty much full time. At one point she was a professional dancer of some kind. I never did figure out how she pays her bills, as I don't think she's making any money from singing, not much anyway. And she was mysterious about that, and the dancing. Maybe she has been a stripper?

That was an interesting thing about her… I know she wasn't really telling me the whole story. I kind of liked it.

I think I asked her how long it's been since she had sex, I can't remember what she said. It's so easy for me to talk to girls about sex these days, and, in my opinion, as you confidently ask those questions you're moving the seduction along nicely.

I can type on my phone faster than she can type on hers (maybe it's the sexy nails), so I could dominate the discussion, firing comments at her via the app. She would smile and give me that sexy gaze over the grill, and then slowly blink her eyes and drag out a response in English or via her phone's translator. Good date.

She went on and on about work in the first part of the date, and I definitely felt like she was trying to get some networking or something out of me as she knows I'm from California. She was doggedly fishing around to see if I could somehow "introduce her to producer of famous singers." I laughed. I accused her of wanting to be famous, and I folded my arms as I told her everyone in LA was like her… moving to LA to become a star. This backed her up a bit. I told her I wasn't going to make her famous, kind of pushing her away, and she chilled out. I think I had the frame at this point. She was tough with me, so I gave her some of that back.

Hmmmm. Taking the frame in terms of the picking the eating spot. Rejected my opening joke with a bit of a sneer. Hustling me for connections. This date would have sucked if "the old me" was out with this kind of girl. But I'm not the old me.

I told her she talks about work too much, that tonight was about fun, and that's when I got into the sex talk. I accused her of being "fancy" and disqualified myself by saying I was simple… to which she immediately re-qualified, saying she was simple too. Good, good. She was coming around. I was pulling out her best side. I did my usual thing, talking about masculine/feminine energy. I told her I thought she was very feminine, and I liked that about her when I stopped her. She bloomed with those lines.

I think this is a really important aspect of game and of being a man. The same girl can blossom or come off like a bitch depending on your skills and your masculine edge (or lack of it). Charm her, lead, and if she is worthy, you'll see some sunshine. She was starting to shine for me.

I made her cook the food for us when the waiter wasn't doing it. And she served me, and she did so sweetly. And the waiter was interested in me, and asking me questions. I slugged back some whiskey to go with this delicious food – and it was excellent. Japanese beef, I think we ate some intestine, ridiculous sauces. I gave her one of my custom stickers, mid-dinner. She loved it. I was enjoying this night. Thank you, Daygame. Thank you, Game.

Dinner wound down, and… time for the cheesecake plan. Yes, she does like cheesecake. I told her we'd go to my place in Shibuya, I would play her some music, show her some art, and we'd have desert, send her home in a cab later. It was about 11 PM.

She gave me a nice feminine smile and said yes. Okay, game on.

Caught a cab in a second (cabs are expensive in Tokyo, but they are everywhere, and that really helps logistics). Right to my door. Cabbie was loving me and she/he were laughing. She was impressed by my building… this girl is all about status. We walked up the stairs and we were inside. She immediately turned on some more lights. She's a little bit forceful this one. Strong.

I had a fresh slice of cheesecake from a fancy bakery, but first put on a very sexy modern R&B mix, bumped some Ty Dolla Sign ("Got a long legged bitch in my bed right now…"). She liked it. Cheesecake. We fed each other. It was getting hot, very hot. I went in for the kiss… slight hesitation and… yes. Very nice kiss. Better than my other date, actually, better lips, and her serious/dark side made things passionate. I'd hover over her lips and we'd share breath, beats grinding in the background. Hot. I wanted to get this girl naked.

Interesting moment as we looked at photos of my art on Facebook and I was telling her she's crazy for not having Facebook account if she wants to be famous — and she does want that. So she tells me she had to shut it down, as her ex boyfriend would find her if she was on social media. She was very serious as she talked about him. Ouu. She explained that he was "dangerous" and a "bad man." I asked "Yakuza?" She said yes. Mafia, with political connections. She was hiding from him. Wow. I didn't push that further. It's an amazing world.

She wouldn't take off her coat. I tried several times. I tried some other tactics… pulling her hair out of her coat, running my ringers thru her hair. She responded well to the hair bit. I kissed her neck. More sexy, teasing kissing. I'd back off and release every moment or so. Going back to looking at art. I showed her all the Tokyo street stickers I'd collected. I figured this was going to happen, but she was resisting. I was calm and comfortable.

It was almost midnight, and she was saying she had to go. I got her scarf off, but it was work. She said she had to go again. More kissing. I told her I was paying for her cab home, so there was no rush and she could leave whenever she wanted. We danced a bit together. I kissed her neck. She'd smack my hands away whenever I touched her hips — and actually sort of playfully slapped my cock at one point, which she thought was funny. She sang a bit for me, nice voice, singing over my mix.

And then… she cut the date off. Fuck. I smiled, and leaned back, and said "I know, know," but she was beginning to get suspicious of me and I could feel her eyeing the door and tightening up. I made she I never got between her and the door… trying to make sure she felt safe. She told me she doesn't want "one night sex," and picked up her purse to go.

It was over. I let it go, got my wallet as she put her scarf back on. Walked her to the street, kissed her again. She had made up her mind. It was done. She jumped in the cab.

She's serious about moving to LA to help her career. She emailed me this morning thanking me and showing me the sticker I gave her, she'd stuck it on something. Maybe I'll see her in California some time? Long game for now.

That was a great date, but I was amazed that for the 4th time this week, with the 3rd girl, I was stopped just before I could make it happen. Daygame had given me two dates with native girls, and some kissing, but no lay (my one lay coming from the girl I pulled at dinner a week earlier).

Again, I'm sure my game could be better, but this wasn't bad. This girl would have had sex with me, on day3, or day4, I bet. She took my directness and escalation well, but she's not a super wild girl, focused on her singing career, and wouldn't do fast sex with me. Okay.

I went back to my apartment, got my stuff together, and went out for a few final hours of club game. It was a Sunday, but I had found a club that goes off every night, and they had an "all mix" party that night. All locals, millions of very cute girls, super cool guys.

I hit a pub first, gamed two sets of girls, and I looked like I owned the place. I gave this 27 year old a kiss on the cheek as I left, was getting crazy attraction from her friend with jet black eyes. Wasn't that into either of them, and they had to work in the morning.

Club… was fucking amazing. No real action for me (no makeouts), but I don't run aggressive club game. Several folks bought me drinks/shots and the bar tender was super cool and was killing me with big whiskeys and I was tipping him out. Last thing I remember was hanging out w/ two Danish guys… they were super cool, coolest white faces I'd met in all of Japan.

I woke up as the housekeeper came into my room at 9:40 AM, me coming out of a deep sleep, naked under the comforter. I know I was still up at 5AM, as I had a receipt from 7-11 in my pocket from when I went to get some cash I was supposed to leave in the room from the previous weeks house-cleaning. I'd done that chore somehow, shitfaced, on my way home, before I passed out.

I think I set my alarm, but I might have shut it off. The housekeeper backed out, apologizing, me saying "I'm sorry," over and over in Japanese. I was clearly still drunk. I jumped up, quickly showered and threw my stuff in my bags, forgetting a shirt I like and all my chargers. Ha. Oh well.

I left another mark on Tokyo this year. And Tokyo left another mark on me. What a great trip. And what an amazing run of game. 79 sets of daygame (at least) in the three weeks were I got busy.

I'm on the plane right now, somewhere over the blue Pacific. I think I have a cold, but I kissed 5 girls this week and beat myself to death with partying. Tonight I sleep in my own bed, with a smoke on my couch before I pass out.

I bet I'm sick for a few days when I get home, but that's fine. I need to work after I fucked off so much this last week. Next week, I'll be better, and I'll get to bring my new reference experience to game in my hometown. I'm looking fwd to it, but will miss the parade of gorgeous Japanese girls as I trade Tokyo game for the wider range of Asian girls on my home territory.

Man, I love Asian women. The Japanese, perhaps, most of all.

Yes to Tokyo. Yes to home. And yes to daygame.

Sayonara, Nippon.

Work vs Being a Man: Red Pill Essay

Nash · 16 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Reading **Fire in the Belly**, by Sam Keen. Great read.

I'm about 25% through this book (and I will read every page), and here he's talking about the role of work in a man's life. Not of service, or of developing his craft, or how he spends his time… but about his paycheck. And all that means to us as men in the modern age.

> "As the "bottom line" became our ultimate concern, and the Dow Jones the index of reality, man's world shrank. Men no longer found their place under the dome of stars, within the brotherhood of animals, by the fire of the hearth, or in the company of its citizens."

A mans world doesn't have to shrink, but I know what he means here. I've been there.

I will get to my agenda right away and say — daygamers know something beyond the paycheck version of "the bottom line." I have to pay my bills like anyone else, but the "bottom line" I worship is packed into a skirt. As a man, I have greater concerns than women. But as a daygamer, women are my great pastime.

And women provide a measure of manhood that work never will.

Daygame, as I know from my adventures of the last few months, reverses the trend Sam is pointing out above. Daygame, specifically, connects me to my community. I run street approaches during the light of day, not "under the dome of stars," but my questing as a daygamer brings me back into touch with the natural world around me — even if I live in a concrete jungle, and natural is horn-honkings and congested streets.

The point is… I'm in it. I'm a witness, and more importantly, an actor. A "player," so to speak, on the stage of my world… and sometimes, I'm the romantic hero. And others, the dastardly villain. And the leading ladies… they know my presence. I'm not locked in a cube. I'm here. In my playground. "Within the brotherhood of animals." And I make my presence known. A real, living, breathing, and somewhat free member of my community.

> "Like primitive rites, work requires certain sacrifices and offers certain insignia of manhood. In return for agreeing to put aside childish dalliance and assuming the responsibility for showing up nine to five at some place of work, the initiate receives the power object – money – that allows him to participate in the adult life of the community."

Hmmm, so true. I remember, as a young 20-something, willingly walking into this trap. Like a young kid signing up for the military, naïve to the horrors that awaited, and the lies that brought me to that decision. Life is wonderful. Literally, full of wonder (and joy), but this is not the path.

> "The implicit message is that manhood can be purchased. And the expense of the luxury items we own marks our progress along the path of the good life as it is defined by consumer society."

Right? I thought this, also… in my late 20s, as I assumed I was on-track to pleated pants, some success in golf, and my first membership in the country club. Wow… that was a long time ago. Since then, I most certainly could have had those things, but have made other choices.

Since then I know that when I bought my first house, all I got was the first deep line on my forehead. Real joy, real freedom, has nothing to do with a paycheck, however large. In fact, some of my most dear and beloved friends, are serious earners. I make good money, and they make 2X or 3X what I make. Big dollars. And they are not any bit happier than I am. Their money grows, but their world shrinks. In many ways, I see their slavery, and they see my freedom. It's uncomfortable.

I want us ALL to come out of the darkness!!!!!! But I know this path is just for some of us.

> "Schools are designed to teach you to take life sitting down. They prepare you to work in office buildings, to sit in rows or cubicles, to be on time, not to talk back, and to let someone else grade you."

I thank my punk-rock psychology for always making the "sit down" path hard for me to follow — there's too much "fuck you" in me for all that. I am a high achiever, but a bit restless. And I don't care about anyone else's "grade" as it is applied to me.

But here's an exception: I like being "graded" by women on the street. How honest! Women's tests… the great equalizer that strips away the fog of a plastic, consumer-corporate world.

It's not that I need constant approval (which of course I like), but when I generate compliance through game, I know I have skills that really matter. That's a little different than a "wallet measuring" competition, isn't it? And we know that, because there are many, many guys w/ big wallets, and very few that pass the tests of women with real value in the sexual market place.

In fact, the ultimate currency for men with money in not money… it's women. Women happen to be the ultimate currency for men without means as well. Work was a means to money, money was a proxy for power, power got you women. But men with lots of money still can't get women, not really. There's the illusion. Game destroys the illusion, as guys with game — with or without money — can get, over and over, what money can't buy. Not just women. But their compliance, their loyalty, their love.

And that's an important point — as much of our wage-slavery is a joke. Existentially, certainly. But money is *not*, in fact, a proxy for women, but men work themselves to death under that illusion. Such a waste of the masculine spirit. All that work, for a new shirt and fresh haircut, but what they really want is a solid makeout. I think we do this, in part, because endless work and pretty lies are preferable to facing our fears around women. That's certainly true for so many of us.

Krauser wrote this essay I think about all the time. Here's a sample:

> "Modern society has been crafted to allow people to live in bubbles of non-compliance. When they want something they pay for it, demand it from the government, or guilt-trip someone into giving it up. This is unlike traditional society which always had exams to pass, extended families to manage, neighbours to befriend, a neighbourhood to work with. We now live isolated lives where entire support systems exist to feed our delusions. We live in worlds where compliance is absent. A world where we don't need people to freely associate with us because they like us and want to."
> Nick Krauser

I love Krauser's concept of "compliance" as a principle in this piece. That's a kickass essay and it, in retrospect, had a big impact on the way I think about game, and rejection, in particular. While painful, being rejected on the street (even 15 times in a row) is non-lethal, which means you can practice, and pickup is a "live" discipline. Immediate feedback helps you test, but it also proves you're right in certain areas, like right now. You're proving it beyond theory, so you gain competency and trust in your methods, as you can produce results with girls, on the fly, anytime you want – based on nothing else but how fucking charming you are.

Your success at work, to be frank, can be faked to some degree. An impressive title, a pedigree, a fat salary, are still micro achievements, at least in terms of satisfaction. Tenure, or a strong network, or nepotism, or something like that, can afford you great "success" in work, and in particular in "dead" jobs where real feedback from reality isn't an issue in the day to day. Betas can thrive in that atmosphere, and often do. I once did.

> When you step up to a girl and hit on her she will give you a comprehensive and accurate reality check. Daygame is your masculine mirror. When you are doing life right, the girls' responses improve. There is no

> quicker way to rebase yourself than trying to get compliance from a girl you are trying to fuck. In daygame you can't bully her with your seniority at work, you can't buy her, you can't out-maneouvre her in office politics. The only way you'll get her to come on that idate with you is if she wants to. Free association
> — More from Krauser

On the street, with real girls, no hiding. You try to half-ass a day on the street and you'll stop no one. Real "power" yields real results, in real-time. Artificial (non-game) "status" in life gets you the intro, and may score you a gold digger, but won't help you with real "live" girls. The corporate warrior and his fancy watch are so much "bullshido" (to quote Krauser again) on the streets.

Back to Sam Keen:

> "Part of the problem is that work, community, and family are getting mixed up and lumped together. Increasingly, Americans live in placed where they are anonymous, and seek to find their community at a work."

Here in the Big City, I think of the Google employees, and their daily trip in the corporate "minivan" down to Mountain View, with their in-office gyms, dry cleaning facilities, and cafeterias. You don't need the "real world" as long as Corporate Daddy approves of you… everything is provided. A safe place to hide.

How much do you want to bet that those boys are meeting their girls at work — of course they are. That's their life. I was like that too.

The trap is that is that "community" is not under your control. You're a guest in someone else's world. A change in profit margin, or the HR policy, or some new MBA prick that's hired into your department, controls your membership in **your** "community. "

Fuck that.

That's not how the real world community works. Your place in a real-life community is of degrees… one relationship at a time, more in, more out, that's normal. And it's based on you, for the most part, not the CEO's relationship with Wall Street or anything else. But in the corporate world, when the business is sold or you get a new boss, and your "community" melts around you'll know you've been living in a blue-pill sitcom. Burn that dream to the ground. Being a man is so much more than one's occupation.

There's still time left.

You can take corporate dollars, and I most certainly do. But I don't have any misconceptions about what that world is all about. I work to live, not the other way around. I am here to give my gifts, and I will always make a real effort to contribute in my work. I'm not a "team player," however, willing to go the "extra mile," my nights and weekends (and afternoons, for that matter) forever on-call for some board meeting or doucey client, for a fake community. All that boss-talk is propaganda. I'll date girls that live in that world, but I don't live in it.

Krauser's right — to induce real, painless (for everyone involved) compliance is the sign of mastery of your domain. As I become more of a red-pill man, I'm still a producer. I love to work, in the sense of projects I find fulfilling, and filling my time, and giving my gifts. But I want a place in a real community. Community that is truly mine, because I built it. I'm the product… not a startup with some me-too business model and dreams of an IPO or a rich buyout package. I know there's no "exit strategy" for the street seducer.

In life, death is the only exit strategy. Until then, this beautiful game, or something like it, goes on forever. That's real. I can live with that. And I plan to live well, while I'm here.

> "Companies, with the help of organizational development consultants, are trying to make the workplace the new home, the new family."

Filthy lies.

Take your paycheck — earning a living is no crime against your manhood — but start to learn to unshackle yourself. How can you get more free time? How can you control your day? How do you get time to get out on the streets and really test yourself in the way that paychecks never will?

Those are question worth asking.

> "Men abandoned the power to define happiness for themselves, and having once abandoned that power, do not attempt to regain it."

It's been 7 years since I started studying game. When I read about some guy becoming a consultant and getting out of his corporate slavehood, I remember thinking… that sounds righteous. 7 years later, I've been a consultant for almost 6 of them. I didn't even notice it happening, I was just bad at being a slave, so I "killed my boss" and earned my freedom.

I just did a month in Japan, running daygame 2 – 3 days a week, and loving it. Real-time feedback. A world with a pulse. I get 2-3 sessions per week (weekdays) to run game on girls on the streets here at home. And I happen to make more money than I ever have in my life, but that's a side effect of me waking up. I know that.

And I know what it's like to be tested, and even to fail, to get my teeth knocked in with rejection… even recently… but I love it. Real-time feedback let's me know I'm alive – no hiding behind my business card, or my fake-as-fuck parking spot. I'm "under the stars" when I comb the sidewalk. As free as any other man — if not a little more dedicated and well trained. I'm in the "company of the citizens," out making friends — and new lovers — in the streets. I feel like a man. And that feels good.

This book, A Fire in the Belly, was something I first heard about from David Deangelo, one of the first men I learned from as I studied game, years ago. Game helped me realize the fire in my belly. And it has nothing to do with a paycheck, much more to do with me growing into a man.

Game helped me reverse a shrinking that began in my life when I first started living "the right way." Game has expanded my world, my territory, and my rewards.

Viva daygame… and here's to being the men we were born to be.

Day2, Dating One of My Clients

Nash · 18 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Had a good “Day2” with one of my clients. Interesting date.

I have a clearly documented thing for Asian girls. I love them, oh so much. If you don’t like Asian girls, good! Leave them alone, I say, they’re mine! But in this case, this girl has something to her. First white girl I’ve dated in a while.

Someone that trusts me referred me to her CEO. I did my consulting thing, but it didn’t work. I did excellent work, they did everything I asked of them, we were all super pro, but we couldn’t get their product to sell. It happens. I was sorry I couldn’t do more (I really fucking tried), but every visit to the office I would get a little more into the women that was overseeing my efforts. I started wishing I would get fired.

So at last, it finally happened – I got fired. Ha, great! Not really fired. We just agreed we shouldn’t spend any more money on the marketing, and I wrapped up our final aspects of the deal. Very amicable. I bet I get referral business from the CEO, he was great to me. We trust each other.

As for the girl, as soon as I’d done the last bits of my work, this is how it went:

(via email)

HER: Thank you, Nash! It’s been great working with you.

ME: Definitely.
ME: And, I have to confess… I had a “secret motive” for wanting to get “fired” on this account.
ME: On that note… would you care to share a non-work email with me??

I didn’t really know how she was going to take this, but I didn’t entirely care. The deal was over. I wasn’t crossing the line in the email above. I was giving her a chance to confirm/deny my approach, by asking to move it to personal email. If she didn’t reply, I was going to drop it.

We had chatted a tiny bit in/around our meetings. And we had one email exchange before the new year that went back/forth several times, all personal stuff, but light and fluffy. I knew I was attracted to her, and I knew she was impressed with me, very feminine, and maybe interested. I wasn’t sure, but I’m so used to making offers at this point in my life, she was definitely on my list, so I worked the lead. It was fun. I haven’t hit on anyone in a work context in years.

A smart girl would get where I was going with my request above, certainly. A simple, but compliant girl, would give me the personal email, even if she didn’t know what was up. I was looking for either type of girl.

4 hours later, via email:

HER: [girls email]@gmail.com :)

Ahh… game on. When I was in Japan, I was fantasizing about having sex with this girl. We’ll see. Sure looks on, at this point.

This was all over Valentines weekend, on the 13th of February. V-day is such a tool of day, I’ll have nothing to do w/ that day, and I didn’t want anything about this escalation connected to it. Not day before, certainly not day of, and the day after seemed like V-day hangover, beggar stuff, so I was just sitting on her email… I figured I’d ask her out on Monday, the 16th.

But then, Sunday night:

HER: Just wondering… What did you want to ask me?
HER: [her name]

HER: [Her phone number]

Okay. I wasn't expecting that. On the one hand, I can tell she's super into it. Which is good. And maybe me waiting showed I wasn't desperate… which was true. I had a V-Day date w/ the Tokyo Queen, and was getting laid all weekend.

On the other hand, I thought this was a little sub-professional on her part, in terms of game. I'm such a jaded dick, so deep in the "seduction theory," that I'm judging her a bit for following up before I had a chance to ask her out. Hmmm. I'm guessing she's either very into me, or doesn't have much else going on. That's my read.

Anyway… I like that she gave me a phone number, making it more personal, so.

(Switching to text/phone)

ME: Miss Girly… this is Mr Nash.
ME: Happy Monday. :]

HER: Happy Monday, Nash! :)

ME: You, Girl, were very "professional" to work with on our recent gig.
ME: But also… a little bit charming.

HER: You're quite charming yourself ;)

I waited a couple pings, and now it's time to go for it.

ME: I want to have a very non-business drink with you this week, Miss Girl.
ME: Tomorrow. 8:30.

HER: Sounds great.:) How about somewhere in [this neighborhood I didn't want to go to]?

I took the frame back, and suggested a place in a neighborhood I like better:

ME: Hey, looking fwd to seeing you tonight, Lady. First drink at XYZ, on Geary. You know it?

HER: I've never been, but looking fwd to it. See you tonight at 8:30.

ME: Okay, great.
ME: May I make a request?

HER: Sure

ME: If you have some perfume, pls wear some… I love perfume.

HER: Sure I can do that. :)

So, there it was. And she was 20+ minutes late, as I stood outside the bar, learning against the wall, reading Mark Manson's "Models" on my phone (great book).

She bounced out of the cab, water bottle in one hand, handbag in the other, blonde curls bobbing behind her, and gave me a big girly hug. Nice start. We chatted a bit, and I walked her inside. I grabbed her wrist and pulled her over to the bar. We ordered, I paid. With a drink and a water each, I pushed her into a booth, opposite another couple (I like splitting tables w/ other couples, something kind of hot about that). I sipped my expensive bourbon and we got into it.

A little chit chat, and I started talking about sex. "How old were you when you lost your virginity, 13?", I teased, with a smile. She was 15, a freshman, lost it to a guy on the football team. Classic. They did it in the backseat of his vintage car. Ha, extra classic. Good for him. They dated for 9 months, went to prom together, and they broke up when he went off to college. She said the sex was terrible that first night, "but isn't it supposed to be?" And we talked about what kind of outfit makes her feel sexy — and her trip to the nude beach this week (ahh, okay!). She's kissed some girls, but isn't that into it, and has never "been below the belt" with a girl. I believe her. We talked

about how, last summer with a boyfriend at the time, she'd had drunk-sex in the bushes one night, by a famous landmark here in the city. And how she likes to come — which is my favorite question. She said that the "cock orgasm" is still a myth in her world… and that she likes to receive oral pleasure. Ummmm, I bet she does.

I asked her if she asks guys to do that to her, and her eyes popped and she got serious and said "No!" That's interesting. She's very clear how she likes to come, but has never asked a guy to go down on her. "If he's not into it on his own, I don't ask." Okay. Learning about how girls think… I love this kind of stuff.

I touched her a bit. Pulled her tight curls into my fist at one point. She didn't touch me back, but seemed receptive, maybe leaning into my arms here/there a little. She looked 10% "cold" at times, but was mostly pliant, and easy to talk to. Very fem. We had some long silences. She's very smart. Went to the "most famous" school, I'd say, here in the US. Dramatically feminine gestures from her, to go w/ her tight dress, and knee-high boots. I like that. I was enjoying her, trying not to assume anything about who she really was… another great date w/ an interesting woman. At some point I warned her (classic SOI) that I was thinking about kissing her, and then I looked away.

At the end of the date, I said, "okay, and now?" I don't even know what I meant. I was just ready for the energy to change. And she was like, "what do you mean?!," but she was spiking a little, sitting up. And I'd already felt like kissing her several times, but hadn't seen her eyes go all "doggy dinner bowl." So I started in with some typical "pacing and leading" stuff I do, just slowly describing what was going on between she/I, looking her up/down… and then I said, "Okay." And turned to face her. And I went in for the kiss.

And she was totally compliant.

I had a hand on her back. Her hands were folded, across her crossed legs. I put my other hand on her chest, just below her neck… and really teased her w/ the kiss. Kept it light. I was thinking of the kiss w/ the gangsters girlfriend from my last night in Tokyo. It wasn't as good as that kiss… which was really fucking hot… but it was a good little teasing session. I'd hesitate just over her face, and she'd open her eyes a bit, and I'd stare and nod my head slowly, and kiss her a bit more. Dominant. Slow. Intimate. Soft. At one point I broke off, leaned back, and clapped slowly, tell her I thought she was hot. She sat there quietly and stared at me.

So then I cut the date short. "Okay, time to go." And I got us both up. And we walked out. And I asked if she lived my herself, and she does. Studio, nearby. I had condoms in my pocket (just in case), but no reason to rush this. We'll eat that pussy next time. I can wait for day3. We'll see.

I put her in a cab and went for a beer to cool off, a little love-drunk from the date-buzz, wanting to "get back to the masculine nothing." The beer helped. I slept.

Good date. She doesn't give me the burn Asian girls give me, but I like how feminine she is. I'd like to see her come, I really would. She tells me she can multiple-orgasm, if the guys does it right. Ummm, I'm that kind of man.

I haven't sent any "validation" texts, nor received any. I think I'm playing this about as cool as I have ever played any girl… were she little and Asian, I'm sure I'd be running a little hotter. I'll ping her later today, and ask her out again next week. I already have a tease in mind already.

This is going to be a great year.

Off to do some daygame today… wish me luck!

Daygame Stats from Tokyo

Nash · 21 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I've been back home for a little over a week. Ran daygame the last two days here at home. It's good to be back. Before I get to writing about new local girls, I want to wrap up Japan by going thru my stats.

First, a few general comments about running daygame in Tokyo. Stats are below.

— 80 sets, and not a single girl told me she had a boyfriend or was married. Weird. I wonder if anyone else has noticed that. Back at home, I would have gotten at least 20 "BFs" (I got 4 "BFs" just today, from 11 girls here in my city). Some of the blowouts could have been BFs, but I stopped a lot of girls, and never heard that. I know one of the girls I dated has a BF, but she didn't tell me until we were mid-dinner and my hands were all over her.

— Language barrier was manageable. The Japanese really don't speak that much English, but this is doable. And girls that like you will work hard to help you get it done once they hook. Google Translate or similar apps on your phone, worked excellent. And you can be very seductive with a combination of eye contact and a translator. I still lost some girls that were very into me, because we just couldn't communicate at all… but not speaking Japanese didn't stop me from having a great time.

— Game is about volume. I love my city, it's very solid, but Tokyo's greater numbers and high level of girls I'm super attracted to meant I could open many more girls per day. And since a lot of the sets were quick because of the language problems, you can run a million sets in a proper day. I did a few days of around 15, but 20+ would be easily doable. And if you sprinkle them in, then break for a tea, or a snack, you can keep your energy up and go for long sessions. I did all of this solo… having a fun wing would make this even easier.

— Get your number farming in early in your trip. You're likely to be tired, and/or nervous if you're not too experienced, but you have to start early, as it takes time to work thru the leads and escalation. I think 2-3 more girls would have dated me if I had more time. I was here for 5 weeks, but having the girl from home with me and work for the first 2 weeks means I didn't get into this right away. I also warmed up as the trip went on, and I would have been a monster if I started a week earlier. I wish I was more aggressive about approaching with volume, earlier in the trip… that's my only regret.

— Eye contact and body language are huge. This is true everywhere, but most definitely in Japan. In part, as you have to compensate for lower verbals, and in part because there is a lot of femininity out there and strong masculine non-verbals get a lot of attention. My night game is just okay, but I was getting massive IOIs in the clubs at night. One more bit here, I did a lot of theatricals, hamming up the points I was trying to communicate and the emotions I was trying express. For instance, I did a lot of clapping — which is a good state boost, and everyone gets that, very effective. Fun, and effective. In fact, I'm sure the time in Japan has made my non-verbals better, and I can use those skills at home.

Here are my stats:

DAYGAME SETS:
— 10 sets before I started taking notes
— Jan23, first proper day, 9 sets (maybe one more that night, LINE close??)
— Jan26: 7 sets
— Jan27: 15 sets
— Feb02: 13+ sets
— Feb04: 11 sets (dated two girls I met on this day)
— Feb06: 15 sets

80 sets. Yeah. My goal was 40, but I really pushed myself. And there are a million girls in Tokyo that I'm into. And… I was loving it, running so much game I almost couldn't stop. My last few days (desperately horny), I was on

fire.

20% increase in my daygame career total stops in this trip alone… putting me around 500+ now, I think. Tons of new reference points. My game is definitely better now, I felt it on the street today.

CONTACTS: Including night game and coffee shop pickups
— 11 LINE contacts (not counting guys I met, obviously)
— 1 email
— 3 Facebooks
— and I gave my contacts to 4 girls and none of them looked me up

DATES:
— 1 with a girl I picked up at a club last year (long game)
— 2 dates with the heartbreaker I picked up during daygame
— 1 with the singer from daygame

MAKEOUTS: 4 or 5??, including nightgame and dates, but not my lay.

LAY:
— 1, not counting her in the “dates”
— Picked her up at dinner… not really “street game” so I don’t count her as a daygame lay

FIRSTS:
— First time daygaming girls in a foreign country
— First stop inside a store (she was so charming)
— First time following a girl into a store (different girl)
— First time I had sex with a married woman
— First time I kissed two girls in one day
— First time I’ve “spun” a girl

Fucking excellent trip. Been trying to keep my momentum up since I’ve been back. I’m doing okay, but not quite the daygame-fool I was in “paradise.” I approached 17+ girls in the last two days on the street. All solo. Tokyo definitely bumped up my skills and my courage.

Viva daygame!

Daygame Back At Home, Day2 with a New Girl

Nash · 26 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I'm back from my trip to Japan. Running daygame back at home — feels good. This story is about how I picked up a new J-girl this week, here, back at home.

I did three days of daygame in the last week – 28 sets total. Had some great sets, but unlike Japan, lots of "boyfriends."

On Monday of this week, I did 9 approaches, took 2 numbers. I meant to do more, and I was very *on* that day (9 for 9 stopped), but I ran into a friend on the sidewalk and he derailed my work.

Of the two numbers that day: First number close, was a cute girl, maybe Filipina, a little curvy, but sexy. Total "Sunshine" girl. Unfortunately, she lives outside the city, and… she didn't return my initial text. I'll follow up w/ her on Sunday, try again. A man has to work his leads. We'll see.

The second number close, was a warmer lead… at least somewhat.

She was little, young, but felt a bit "powerful" to me. Asian (of course), badass shades hiding her eyes, some kind of shopping bag. I don't normally fully front-stop, but when I think the girl might have some moxie to her, I do more of a proper front stop. This one popped open nicely. When she said her name, I knew she was Japanese, so I dumped a little "I just spent a month in Shibuya" on her, and she hooked. Good talk. She's a language student, here for 7 months so far. I took her LINE contact.

I suggested I take her for a drink "next week," but she's going back to Tokyo, so she was suggesting something before that. Okay, cool. We set plans for Wednesday. Drink, I said? She flinched a bit. Dinner? She got excited. Okay, fine, dinner. This part is almost point-for-point like the singer I dated in Tokyo (also a confident girl). I made her take off her shades before I left… ummm, yes. I liked the compliance… and she was very cute by my standards.

I pinged her that night, she got right back to me. I traded some pics of Japan, trying not to lunge for the date. Ping-ping. All good. Went for the date.

ME: Dinner on Wednesday. 8 o clock.

HER: OK:))
HER: Downtown is convenient for me:)

Let's stop here.

I am a big fan of the theory that "how it starts is how it goes." First impressions are everything, in many ways. So… here, she's already kind of leading a bit. You see that? I don't like that. Notice how this is a consistent theme through the date.

(And in case you're not following me… if you date a girl and it's like "this," and you end up "marrying" her, "this" is how it will be for the rest of your sad life… or until she divorces you. Lesson here: Be very fucking careful with how you start a relationship. Ten "!!!!" on that point. On w/ the show…)

We talk about "where" for dinner a bit more, but I hadn't really made up my mind yet, so I told her I'd tell her later. She says she's looking fwd to it. Okay, good.

I had a very similar situation w/ yet another language student from Japan last year… very cute, I had a lot of fun w/ her, I really did, we made out a few times, but she kicked my ass and the sex never happened. I was really defeated there. I can see shades of that in this girl, even as they are very different girls.

Here's more from the texting on LINE:

ME: Hi… blah blah.

HER: Did you decide which restaurant?

ME: I did. I will give you two choices – and you can pick.

HER: Ok

ME: Let's meet by Union Square. By Macy's, the side that faces Union Square.

HER: Tell me which restaurant.
HER: I'll decide, then please make a reservation.
HER: I don't want to wait.

Okay… so, guys with experience already know a lot about this girl, just from that exchange. Bossy. Yuck.

She's a Princess, with a capital P. Fuck. Not ideal, from my POV.

I tell her "Thai or Burmese," she picked Thai, which is great… but a really cool girl would have been less… particular?? She would have stopped at "ok." This one is not "following." There are shades of a "struggle" in this pickup already. Not ideal. Not at all.

I met her near where I picked her up. She's dressed conservative, but cute. Neck-high sweater shirt thing, paid skirt, tights, hair down. She's even cuter than I remember, actually. I put her in a cab, and head off to the restaurant.

It's interesting, how you spend 2 minutes on the sidewalk, and then, on the date, you start to piece together who this girl actually is. So different than most guys' lives… who know the girl very well before they ever ask her out. I knew just about nothing about this girl. Daygame dates are like that. Even more so than nightgame pickups that turn into dates. Expect randomness from daygame dates… this is all a glitch in the matrix. Nothing normal about it.

In the cab she says she's "not a typical Japanese girl." I tell her that I love how small she is, and that I think she's cute, and feminine, but… I can see this "confident" side of her. She quickly agrees.

Dinner was good. Lots of eye contact. I bring up the "princess" issue, and she (her English is very good, but not 100%) suggests the word "pampered." And I counter w/ "spoiled." And she says that if she has a BF, she thinks he should pamper her. And I tell her that that is great and all, but a good man knows how to say "no" as much as he knows how to say "yes." And she gets onboard w/ that, and says, "always 'yes' is boring." We agree. Okay. Trying to squash the struggle. This is all framing. I think I did okay in the framing department tonight. How it starts is how it goes, boys.

She has really fucking great lips, BTW. And a super expressive face… she's emotional, I tell her so, she agrees. I do want to sex this girl.

We finish dinner, and she suggests we go to this bar where her friends are. And I say no. You see how this is going?? She asks why. I say because I want to spend time her, not her friends. She accept this. Okay, good.

She does want to walk… I make her walk anyway. On the way she says she thinks I'm testing her. I confirm. She asks how she's doing. I say "so so, 60%." She laughs.

I take her to a great bar, same place I took my client last week… and she's been there before, says she doesn't like it, it's too loud. Ugg. So there's a bar right across the street, just as loud, but I take her there instead. I don't want any more debate, so I stuff her in a booth, and she's texting like a teenager as I go get us drinks.

She's being kind of stand-offish. I bring up the usual questions.

She's only had 1 BF. They met when she was 18, and they were together 5 years (just broke up recently). Sex with him was "good." She says she's passionate about everything, including sex. I asked how many boys she's kissed… I suggested "100," she corrected me and said, maybe 10. I laughed. She's never kissed a girl, and wasn't into talking about that, made a face when I asked. I asked if she gets herself off, and she said no. That she can't satisfy herself.

No shame, very confident about all this. I didn't bother asking if she had any toys. I asked how she likes to come… she likes the cock. I would expect that from her. Ball-busting princesses always want the cock as a means to orgasm. She is wearing pink underwear as we speak, with a floral pattern. She's wearing a thong, which she calls a "T-back." I told her most American boys love thongs, but I like regular, cotton, full ass panties. That's true. I do.

At this point I tried kissing her. Rejected. No big deal. She said something like, "don't rush." She was rock-solid confident. I laughed.

I went to take a leak.

So I had told her to wear perfume on the date (I always do), and I usually save any talk about perfume for later… and it's later at this point. So I ask. I really can't smell it. And she signals it's on her neck, so I grab her hair and go in. She smells amazing. I love it. She puts more on, and I smell her again. Fuck yes. I love perfume. I'm pulling her hair and smelling her. I love this part.

We talk about masculine/feminine. I say I think she and I are both "mixed types" (which I think is true). She asked me what my feminine qualities are. I talk about empathy/emotion/crying. She loves it. Holds my hand the whole time. And then… she kisses me. Light, but it was her, not me, that time. Okay, cool.

More chatter. I go in for another kiss… teasing her a bit. We kiss, lightly, but she's not really going for it.

She's in her phone, and she's yawning, and I'm not sure where this is going, so I cut the date off. She's going to that same bar she wanted to go to hours ago. Okay, fine.

She calls an Uber, I share it with her. 1 block from when we get out, I go in for another kiss. I get a light, lips-only kiss, but I pry her lips apart with mine, and get a slightly more action-packed moment. Okay, done. Goddamn, she has great lips.

I hop out, she does too. I give her a hug, head for the train, she goes to meet her girlfriend.

Ehh.

That was about a 6, on the scale of 1 – 10, in my book. I'm disappointed. Maybe in my own game, if not the little 24 year old herself. Maybe this date was a 7.5, but only because I think she's hot and I do want to sex her. If she was more giggle-y, and cool, she would have been a 8.5 by my standards. But… not really a great date, as it was.

It is — however — a WONDERFUL FUCKING THING about game, that you have enough dates to be discerning. Most men have no idea what I'm talking about. I… have never dated this many new girls in my life, and I know a good date from a date where I was lame. And I wasn't lame tonight.

The white girl I went out w/ last week… older, not as much my type, but still a better date, more compliant, much better kiss. I have a day3 with her on Friday. The two girls I dated my last week in Japan… both 20%+ better than this one. All of these "better" girls were older, BTW. I… love younger girls… I do… true true… and yet… older girls are more fun to date. Just sayin'.

She's young. She's a Princess. She was kind of a pain in the ass. I still want to suck those lips off her face.

I think I've decided I will invite her over for dinner at my place before she goes back to Japan next week (just a vacation, she's here for a few months, at least). I will do the dinner thing, and I will be aggressive. I will be like Ozzi from RSD. I will run the fucking train.

It's fucked up… but Princesses bring out the dick in me. That's not what I want. I want to be cool, and I want her to be adorable. But if she's going to bust balls — which she did a bit of that on this date, I think I passed — I'm going to just escalate like a beast, and blow her out if she doesn't like it. Savage. That could be cool. And yet… I would like the "takedown" to be a little more civilized. I really would. Why the fucking struggle??

Uhhh.

You see how I'm not that excited. "All struggle, no snuggle" © Nash.

We'll see.

And… I still haven't been laid from daygame. However… it's amazing that I met this girl 48 hours ago, and we're already well into the negotiations and makeouts. That… I love.

Go out on the street. Meet girls. Get a date/makeout. Japan or here… doesn't matter. With skill and little luck… your next GF is fucking literally… right "around the corner."

Viva Daygame, baby. I will prove this model yet.

Day 4 w/ The Client

Nash · 12 March 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Uhhhhh… She just, this moment, left. And I can still smell her on me.

I wrote about my Day 2 w/ this same girl, a former client of mine. Now… she's in the "lover" category. Unconsummated, but lover all the same. The term "lover" is great like that.

I didn't write about Day 3… it kind of sucked. It was a week ago tonight, and I didn't think I would see her again. And I didn't anticipate the great night I would have tonight at that time.

Last week, Day 3, she showed up, late, as usual, carrying a yoga mat, dressed from knee to cleavage in Lululemon. At the time I was like, "what kind of girl shows up to a 2nd date straight from fucking yoga?!"

My plan that night was this: drink (to settle down), dinner (cause I gots to eat), and then another drink (makeout time). But it didn't go like that.

First drink was stiff. I talked too much. Then, dinner was delicious, and I charmed the pants off our server, but she was lack-luster and conversation was boring… and I was bringing my "A game" conversation skills, she was giving me almost nothing. At some point I asked, "How are you doing?" I was trying connect. She said, self-consciously, "I'm a little tired." That was factual. No connection. Yuck.

After dinner I offered her that last drink, not bold enough, but not bad, and she opted to go home. Fine. But as she said that, her eyes popped open, and she stepped forward… she wanted to be kissed. It was such a lame date, why she wanted a sidewalk-kiss was beyond me. I get it, but I wasn't feeling it.

Her car showed up way too fast, I walked her across the street to where it stopped. She still wanted a kiss. Arms behind her back, eyes big, standing close to me. It wasn't a consolation prize, she genuinely wanted it… but it was so AFC, "Joe Normal," I wasn't having it. No thanks. I kissed her cheek, put her in the car, and was a bit bitter, disappointed in myself (for not running that date better) and in her (for not being that cool).

However… I did notice something in her, and thought about it a lot since then: She responds really well to being touched. Remarkably well. On our first date, every time I touched her, it felt super natural. I have decent skills there, but this was about her personality. And even on our drink on the stiff 2nd date, when I'd rest my hand on hers, it felt "musical." It felt right.

After that date, I was thinking I wouldn't follow up, and I assumed she wouldn't either, and I figured we were done. Fine. She's not even Asian… which is clearly my thing. Done and done.

But then… the next day, I was like, "Is this the man you want to be? Bitter? Final? Cold?" No. I can do better. Even if I never see her again, I don't need any ice between me and this pretty girl. I can leave things better than that.

So I sent her a text, an "inside joke," some call-back humor. No response. Fine. I felt better. I figured it was over, but I was glad I didn't sulk and stay quiet. I'm fine being rejected, I'm just glad I made my effort to be gracious. She deserves that. I deserve that.

So then, 2 days later, she picks up on the joke via text. Sends me two messages. She's investing. I knew I'd ask her out again.

Isn't it amazing how you can change your mind as the wind changes? So much of this journey is about watching myself go through the ups/downs.

So I asked her out, and she was very positive. And did a great job joking w/ me as I set up the circumstances. I was planning on getting back to touching this girl ASAP.

When she met me tonight, she looked great… inside and out. Short black dress, huge glowing smile, pretty red coat. I was rocked by her as she bounced down the sidewalk toward me. Her tight curls, in full "blonde," draping her

shoulders. My original plan was a bust, so I put her in a cab, and took her to one of the divest bars I know… a place I love.

I was thinking about how she seems to respond so well to touch. It was the 3rd date… that's a make/break moment for most adults… something serious happens by "Day 4," or it'll never happen. So my plan was to escalate in a real way.

We had barely ordered drinks, and my hands were all over her. I would just randomly grab her hand… and she was lovely about it, as I expected. And at the bar (maybe it was the 2nd round), I was really holding her, feeling the waistband of her panties thru her dress, and I told her I had this theory about how she likes to be touched. It was really on at this point. She was interested in that comment. I was pouring on the kino.

We made out in a vinyl booth of a dive bar — and goddamn it, that is my version of romance. I'm serious. Divey bars, old vinyl booths, preferably curved, like tonight… chemistry is born in such situations. When I'm dead and gone, I want to be known for being the Bandit of the Vinyl Booth.

I kissed her a bunch. I have now (post-date) kissed her about "100 times." We still haven't really had a solid "kiss" yet, but I would say we've had some very hot makeouts — if that's possible. It's like our mouths don't really fit together, but I'm just nibbling at her, sucking her lips, a bit of tongue here/there, sucking her ears, hands on her neck, hands in her soft hair. It's great actually, the makeout I mean, but not the kissing itself. I've never had that experience before. Like a great dinner where the food is just okay, but you can't wait to come back all the same.

So it was really on, right. And I asked if she liked chocolate, and she does. So I basically told her I'm taking her to my house for desert, and she was into it. We sipped our drinks for a few more minutes. I touched her some more. No rush. We jumped into a car and we at my place 10 minutes later.

Inside. Chocolate cake (which I bought this morning, in prep for just such a moment). Water. Her coat was still on, but her shoes were off. I kissed her some more. I put on some music. I told her I need "better access" to her, we both laughed, and I lead her down the hall to my bedroom.

I showed her some of my art — taking my time, backing off of the sexuality for a minute. I had the light on, but then I shut it off. And I led her over to my bed, and I leaned back onto the sheets. And she took off her coat, the light from the street bouncing off the bare skin of her shoulders, and I pulled her on top of me. And then I rolled her over, and I was on top of her. And she was purring.

Ahhh, such delicious little noises this girl was making. More of that great-but-ill-fitting kissing. I had her arms above her head, I would pin her down, forcefully, and then back off. Running my hands from her hips to her hair. She would purr. Great contrast of dominance, and then space for her to breathe.

And then she starts talking about having to go. And I would agree, and then grab her wrist. We sort of wrestled, symbolically, kissing and making gestures like it was time to go.

I know she likes oral — I asked about all that on our first date. We talked about it some more tonight. And how she gets herself off a lot. Mostly in the mornings, before she gets out of bed. Usually with her hand, sometimes w/ a toy. As she would purr for me, that's all I could think about. Pulling up that black dress. And eating that pussy.

I love to eat pussy.

And we "danced" on my bed w/ the lights off, that dance of so-close-to-sex and so-close-to-leaving. At one point, she turned to go, and was on her knees, and I got behind her, and held her in place, her back against my chest, both of us on our knees, facing the door, and the puddle of her coat on the floor. And I reached around her, and pulled her skirt up to her waist. And she tensed up as she was bare-thighed, panties facing God. And I laughed and said I knew she was exposed… but from where I was, I couldn't see anything, even as I had my hands on her soft thighs. Very hot moment. Vulgar-intimate, and private, at the same time.

So she stood, and put her coat on. And I imagined, instead, that she was taking that black dress off. And I told her

that. And it was tense. She called a car, smiling.

I walked her down the stairs, her accusing me of teasing her, me saying we were teasing each other.

On the bottom stair, her one higher than me, I kissed her again. And I reach behind her, and pulled up her dress so I could get my hands on her ass. She purred and gasped. I felt the lace at the edge of her panties. And I told her she was safe… for now. And I growled a bit. And she smiled. But next time… that little black dress is coming off. We both know it.

And I clapped, slowly, as she walked down my steps and disappeared into the car, and down the street, into the night.

Hmmm. A week ago, I figured I'd never see her again. I was bitter. And now I'm turned on. I know next time I see her, I'll have my head between her thighs, and her come all over my lips.

Great date.

Performers, Critics, and Fans

Nash · 17 March 2015 · Archived copy · Original

This is a concept I've been kicking around my head (and in conversation) for a while now: Performers, Critics, and Fans

This is about game, and the roles we play, and how they interact. I'm going to lay it out here, so I can refer to it easily.

As a guy, you're a PERFORMER. You see a girl you like, and you start to perform. Maybe you are just radiating your masculinity, and that's its own kind of performance. However, as you direct that performance to a girl, or a group of girls, the "dance" really begins. Imagine the girl at the bar, and the guy walks up, big smile, spits his game. He performs, and she… by definition… becomes the critic for his performance.

(Yes, women perform. But it's passive. She rarely forces a conclusion. She is just advertising her existence, and then we step up and the dance begins.)

You can see the CRITIC, and you know her, by her body posture and (temporary) power in the "dance." She leans back. If you've ever seen what the London guys would call the "Russian Minute," she can take a full minute (and often will) just looking at you, not saying anything, as if you were on TV… that's what a serious critic looks like. She's evaluating. It's built into the role you set up as you came over to perform. As you made your offer, she gets to evaluate it… she's sort of forced to. In daygame, the "hook point" is the junction where her role as critic starts to mellow out, but until then… she is judging you, which is completely normal. Some "critics" won't even check out your "dance." They take a 1/2 look, spit you out, judged, found wanting, dismissed. That's how it goes sometimes.

However, if you play well, you might convert the critic into the FAN. Imagine a jaded critic that sees a performance, and despite all odds, is actually interested in what she sees. She starts off leaning back, cynical, but begins to pay serious attention. She laughs at his jokes. She starts to lean forward. She blushes. She gets that tingle. She wants more… she's even willing to pay for it. Even if the performer gets bored and wanders off, she'll chase him around to get another dose of his dance. She's hooked. She's a FAN.

And just like that… they switch roles. And she begins to perform. And he begins to critique her. He was the performer, she slides into the position of being a fan, and he get's to be the critic in the end. That's a healthy role-reversal for a guy w/ game.

> "Men advance, women retreat.
> Men go to leave, woman blocks his path."
> — Tom

I don't know where that quote originally came from, but I got it from Tom Torero. And that jives with my performer/critic/fan model perfectly. He performs, and as the critic she "retreats." As she is captivated, if he tries to leave, she jumps forward to block his path, ready for that – *eh hem* — "autograph."

This also describes the paradox of chasing/leading pretty well. To "force a conclusion," a man has to lead, often to a critic that is showing no investment. However, as his offer "hooks" her, she will switch roles and start to "do most of the work" as she becomes a fan-girl. It's at that point that she chases him, but chronologically… it's starts with him, in his role, as performer.

I once read this book (I think it was The Mating Mind) that talks about conversation in couples in evolutionary terms. Men, talk more (perform) in the beginning, as they are trying to get some skin. Women, talk more (perform) in the longrun, as they're hooked, and/or are trying to keep a provider around. Just like that, from critic to fan. Makes sense to me.

I have a lot more to say about this dynamic, but I'll stop here for now. Dudes… get to work! Go perform. Critics… part of the game. But "dance" well and get ready for fans. Get your performance down – quality and quantity – and fans, are, inevitable.

Attempting to Milk the Abundance of Life.

Nash · 19 March 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I want to talk about “leads.” And working your leads, as part of your job as a man. And what that “grind” feels like.

A “lead,” in case this isn’t obvious, is a term borrowed from sales. So much of game is a close parallel to the process of being a salesman… which I am not, but it’s a process I understand. I know some guys get all nervy at the association of “love/sex” and “business/sales.” Instead of leads, call them “numbers,” if that makes you feel better. Or “Facebook” contacts. Whatever. A man works his leads as part of this process of attempting to milk the abundance of life. I want abundance. I am willing to do the work.

The abundance is out there, and I’m really beginning to feel it, but you gotta milk it, squeeze the juice out of those grapes, grind your leads. Choose your metaphor… but get to it.

I’m in the stage of my game where “working my leads” is a part of my routine around women. If you’re a beginner, don’t pretend you know what I’m talking about… I didn’t, when I was a beginner. Most single guys are still hung-up on “that one girl.” Not only is she not interested in you, but you have no leads (including her). As you get deeper into success with game, you get “a lead” here/there. And you’re not so much working your leads, as you’re leaning on the only active number in your phone, trying to get a response, that in many case is never going to come. Leads are like that. You have your foot in the door-of-life, but you’re still needy. That’s not fun, but it’s normal.

However, as you get your volume of approaches up, as you start to “live this lifestyle full time,” you start to get a lot of leads. That’s where I’m at. I’m not satisfied, but I have a new problem… lots of leads, that need work, and not enough nights to set up dates. Sort of.

And it’s more complicated than that… or at least for a guy in my position. As it’s not just a lack of nights, it’s the anticipation of girls going quiet on you, or cancelling dates, and how you have to “place your bet” for a given girl on a given night, or start double-booking, which I have yet to do. It’s like air traffic control… at least it was this week… even as girl after girl ignored air control direction and flew right on past my airport.

> “The purpose of life is to be defeated by greater and greater things.”
> — Rainer Maria Rilke

I love this ^ quote. It goes well with “desire makes the world go round.” First you desire, so you move fwd, then you get defeated. If you’re a dedicated daygamer, you start to win some battles. You progress to the next stage… and get defeated there. Desire pushes you fwd. Such is the way.

My evolution from no leads, to some leads, to many leads, to “air traffic control” of leads and dates, is an example of that progression, and the defeats along the way.

Last AUGUST I was a on a roll. I had just started really daygaming, was loving it. I was dating the Tokyo Queen on the regular, I had picked up and was dating a younger Japanese girl, and I had my first dates from daygame. Multiple dates per week. That was probably my first real “wave” of abundance in my life (in terms of a plurality of women).

In OCTOBER, I hit another big wave. I had a week where I dated 4 women – the Queen, two girls I picked up from daygame (one, is to this day, the most beautiful girl I’ve ever been out with), and a 4th that I met at a party. An old flame of mine was in the picture and I sexed her too. I was working my leads, they were panning out, I was dating and sexing multiple girls. It was a real hint at the beginning of “functional mastery.”

After a number of challenges in the Fall, I hit Japan in JANUARY, built a new “local rolodex” of leads, and was working them hard. I was meeting, making out, closing, dating and sexing some there. There were days when I would make 10+ date offers in a row, working thru LINE and Facebook, grinding away. Totally new for me. That

was actually the gnariest “grind” I’d ever done in terms of lead volume and attempts at dates. As I said, I was able to get some girls out, thru the grind. All those new girls (LINE, Facebook, and email), pls trying to keep some leads alive back home, including 3 girls I’d met right before I left.

So I got back mid-February, and that brings us to MARCH and this week. I’m going to Mexico tomorrow, so I didn’t do any daygame this week, but I did push hard on my existing leads. Seemed like a good week for some heaving dating. Starting out the week, I had more girls that I wanted to date than I had days in the week… Baby Jesus is still testing and cursing me, but this is how it went:

— New Girl. I picked her up last week, and it was hot pickup… very great moment on the street. Number close, good texting. Tried to get her out last Sunday, but she told me she was out of town. I was pushing for one of the days this week before I go on my trip. She said, “Maybe Thursday…” Hmmm. I don’t like “maybes” from girl. “Maybe” is a soft “no.” I penciled her in, and kept going…

— Korean Art Girl. Picked her up two weeks ago. She’s been pretty responsive via text. Tried to get her out for a Sunday night date. She sent me a msg Sunday AM saying that she had just gotten into a relationship with a new guy, but that she loved how I picked her up. I’ll ping her again in a month or two. #grindingleads

— Client. I have been up/down with this girl, but at this point I like her. I booked her for a Tuesday dinner at my house (this was to be the first sex date). Tuesday AM, she texts to say she has to cancel… had previously made St Patricks Day plans that she forgot about, invited me to come with, I declined. Good back/forth via text, so I didn’t feel dissed, but… suddenly I had an open night. Double-ugg. A.) I was really looking fwd to seeing her… and taking her clothes off. And B.), I could have tried to book other girls for that night, but thought it was taken. Okay. Onward and upward.

— Princess Japanese Girl. I had picked her up locally, and dated her, right after I got back from Japan. Very cute, but a Princess-type. She went back to Japan for a visit, so I haven’t seen her in 2 weeks. I pinged her for Tuesday, she had plans, but was responsive, she said maybe Thursday. Thursday, I had “penciled in” plans with New Girl, so I told her maybe…

— Dead Leads. The Korean from last Fall goes on/off with me, but I’m still working her… tried to get her out Tuesday as a “replacement” date. Also pinged the Chinese Art Girl from last Dec, she’s been cold for the last few pings. Nothing from either of them. Oh well. I think they’re basically dead… but, this is what “grinding on some leads” looks like.

— Pinged New Girl… I wasn’t happy about the “maybe” from the previous week, but I pinged her, looking to confirm that date. No response (it’s Thu as I write this, so maybe she’ll turn up later today, but I doubt it). I can still work this lead, but I won’t ping her again until I’m back from Mexico. So now, I think Thursday is open… trying to book that night.

— Club on Tuesday. As my Client had flaked, and I couldn’t hustle a fresh date, I went out. Turned out to be a great night. My game is better and better, but not in clubs. I like to dance, and when I go out, I non-verbally posture w/ girls, but I don’t hustle, I don’t work, I just drink, dance, fuck around… because I run my own version of “hot girl game” I get chased a bit, but nothing ever happens outside of a few makeouts. I know it’s a hole in my game. That night, great fucking time, I approached the best dancer in the club (other than myself!)… she was pushing all my buttons. I think I was too non-verbal, didn’t try enough, lost sight of her. She was on the invite for the club that night, so I FB’d her. We’ll see if she responds. Very cute (for a white girl), great fucking dancer… I’d like to see her again. Trying to turn her into a lead.

— Tokyo Queen. She is what hippies would call my “primary” girl, or what a pimp might colorfully call my “bottom bitch.” I really like this girl, she is great, I have been seeing her for a long time at this point. If I wasn’t so into game and my new “red pill” identity, she’d be my “girlfriend.” As it is, I give her consistent quality time (as I feel she does the same for me). Booked her for Wed, definitely wanted to see her before my trip. She came through, of course. I saw her last night. Great date. Left her in my bed this AM as I split for a morning full of

meetings before I leave.

— Back to Princess. Last night, as I was waiting for the Queen to show up, I pinged Princess to see if she was still available for Thu. New Girl was quiet, so I figured I open up Thursday for the Princess. I make that offer (dinner/drinks), she says, “Yes!” Nice enthusiastic response. After I sexed the delicious Queen last night, I lay in bed wondering if I’d have the Princess in my bed tonight? I didn’t know it, but the Princess had already pinged me around mid-night, saying she too, had forgotten previous plans and couldn’t make it out afterall, but that I should look her up after I got back from Mexico. What-thee-fuck. Two cancelled dates in 3 days. This is why I know it’s the Baby Jesus and not just chance. Baby Jesus is a mean-spirited son-of-God sometimes, and is clearly testing me. Oh, you little 8 lb, 9 ounce bastard. (Baby Jesus likes it when I kid.) Throw a humble sinner a bone, would you please! More back/forth with her this AM… I told her she owes me chocolate. She agreed. I think she’s genuinely interested in me, and will see me when I’m back. I’ll try to keep that one warm w/ some good pics while I’m away. In general, I’m into the theory now of “no assumptions, crush your leads, see what happens.” We shall see.

— Taiwanese MILF. I picked her up in December, in the mall. It came out when I picked her up that she has a son (turns out she has 2 sons), not married. Very cute. Say what you want, but I’m loving me some Asian women in their 30s right now. She and I have traded maybe 30 msgs since then, from Happy New Year, to msgs from me when I was in Japan, to msgs from her when she was in China, up to this week when she is on/off about actually dating me. We were supposed to be on for last week… she went cold, but hit me yesterday AM at 6:30. I am curious about her, would like to at least date her, if not find a way to become the sex she needs in her adult/mature life as a busy mom. We’ll see. Working, those, fucking, leads.

— Best Kisser Ever. Old friend/lover of mine. She was trying to set up a double date with me, the Queen, and her current BF, but I’m not having that. This girl is the best-kisser-ever, I don’t want a platonic relationship with her. So I basically told her, if she’s around, I’m kissing her, and she freaked out and told me maybe we shouldn’t be friends. She does this all the time, so I didn’t respond. She pinged me yesterday asking if I was mad. I didn’t respond. She’ll be around when I get back, and I don’t really want to see her while she’s sexing the other guy. I don’t know why… I just don’t. I’m a cold lead for her… maybe she did something to piss off Baby Jesus also??!

— Client… is pinging me this AM, on her own, wishing me well on my trip. Okay, cool. Right on the back of the Princess saying the same thing. Hmm, I like that. She’s interested, and we’ll get back to her when I get home. Nice validation for my fragile ego on a week when most of my date plans were busted.

So when I get back from my trip, I’ll have 3 girls that actively expect dates (Queen, Princess, Client), the New Girl (I hope she comes back to life), and the MILF (which I think I’m wearing down). That’s *before* I run a single set of fresh daygame… which would lead to more leads, of course. And I’ll be back to juggling girls vs days of the week.

This is more evidence for how crucial volume is to this whole “game.” No volume = no leads = no backups = no abundance = neediness. I had way more girls than days this week, and still only ended up on 1 date. Amazing. I think this was a “bad week” (statistically), and the same scenario repeated on another week would have lead to more dates and sex. Volume… makes any of this possible.

The only good thing about having 2 dates cancel on me this week… was I didn’t have to change my sheets 10 times, or sweep the collection of multi-colored girl-hair off my floor everyday.

File this entire post under “player problems.”

To be honest, working the leads feels good. I recognize this kind of hustling (the post-approach hustle) is a new challenge for me, one most men will never face. This will be a big year for me and game. I will graduate to the “next level,” and find more defeat there as well. Such is life.

Viva Game. Viva the struggle. Good men get tested.

Curvy Asian Girl

Nash · 9 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Had a date tonight with a daygame girl.

I will say this… I love daygame. This girl… I don't love, but I like.

And one of the reasons I love daygame, is because you can meet girls on the street, and get them to go out with you, and that is fucking awesome. I told my buddy this girl suddenly jumped on the date, and he was like, "you met a girl on the street, and now she is going out w/ you!" Yeah. I did. That's how it works.

I haven't been running much daygame lately. Mostly… to be honest… is I have too many girls in my life. It's true. Sort of. I have some solid girls in my life, and some not-so-solid leads… and those leads have me thinking I have abundance, even though I don't quite have that. So… I've had more girls (that actually respond to my messages) than I have days in the week… so I haven't been doing much approaching. That's still true.

This week… I will date maybe 5 girls over 7 days. That is a lot of girls. Let's say they are all "2s" (which they are not), it's still a relatively impressive feat to be spinning 5 plates in a calendar week. I've never done this before.

This girl tonight, was technically, the last girl I opened — and that was a solid 3 plus weeks ago. I'm surprised this date came together. I have this theory (which I'm going to try to test), that when we meet girls on the street… we should get them out ASAP. I think "staleness" in daygame is the enemy. I think that we should meet girls, and try to date them same day, or within 2-3 days. Avoiding looking needy, but closing the date ASAP. Staleness = death spiral. Staleness = what is commonly called "flakes" (but what I call disinterest).

So… this girl was a very "hot" approach, in my book. I wasn't running game. I was walking across town. I saw her. Felt the tug. Circled back, opened, it was "hot." I blushed like crazy w/ her — which shouldn't be the standard for most fellas, but for me… is becoming the "gold" standard. If I blush… she's "important." If I don't, that's cool, I'll be "in control," but the "blush girls" are becoming the ones I like most. I don't get AA w/ girls in daygame anymore… but I get this "delayed AA," where she makes me nervous (in a good way), but only after I approach. It's adrenaline. But to me, it's a sign I "care" about the set. Yes to "blush" girls.

When I opened her, I blushed hard… and so did she. It was raw. And we were into it. Good set.

I get thru the set, and I go to close her, and she goes to give me her card — which I rejected. "You're going to try to give me your card, aren't you?" She confirmed. And I told her I didn't want it. And she smiled, and we were in the bubble, and it was hot. And I said, "Do you know why?" And she said, "because it's too… transactional." Exactly. And I'll steal that wording from her, as she's right, and I'll never take another girl's card again, and I'll always use that line as to why. "Too transactional." I like that.

So then… 3 weeks of chasing her around via text. First she was out of town. Then I was. Then she was. Then… back/forth via text last night, and I started to close her for next Tuesday. Thread died. This AM, at 6:45 AM, she responds again. Around 1 PM I get back to her. She asks me if I am trying to get her out "tonight?" I say, "I am still working on the Tuesday plan, but if you're asking me out…" And she laughs, and we set up plans for tonight.

I met her in a neighborhood I know, because I used to live there, and I hang out there a lot still. And… it's >1 mile from my 'hood. So… I have her meet me at a bar in that 'hood, and she knows it, and we're on.

She's on time… which I like. She's bigger than I remember… "curvy" and "soft." But very cute. Nice, sociable hug on the meet. We go inside. She's not drinking (she's on a "cleanse"), so she gets a water, and I get a whiskey rocks. I move her toward a side-by-side bench seat, she suggests seats by the window, which I agreed to… -1 point for me. Bad decision. I knew what I was doing, but I let her get us into "chairs" instead of the couch, and that was my bad. Oh well.

She… is a mix of judge-y and cute. I told her so, at one point. She's calling me out on various things about me…

that I “have a lot of energy” for instance. That is 1/2 insult, 1/2 test. I had suggested that she wear perfume via text (something I’ve been doing to set up some investment), and she brought that up, saying that she asked her roommate if that was “creepy,” and he said that I sound “gay” for asking for that. Hmmm. Okay. More insult/tests. She’s not being a jerk, but she’s tough, and certainly not being flattering. To be honest, I think I get b+ on all her tests. A few times, I saw her light up as I surprised her w/ my responses.

We had out moments. When she mentioned her big lips… I told her she has a “medium” mouth, but nice lips, and I bet she’s a good kisser. And soon after… she puts on chapstick, and puts in some gum. I’m taking all that as good framing on my part, and her thinking about the kiss. We had several other moments where she was animated, leaning fwd, she took her jacket off — and she was all soft, curvy, boob-y, brown, delicious — which I took as “b-” interest in me. Not bad.

If a friend asked her how it went… I would expect her to downplay the date (which is partly just her personality), but leave some skeptical room for more. That’s my guess.

But… the chair situation made touching her very hard. She was a bit “princess-y” and “cold” and “tough” so… not a lot of magic. Almost no kino. Certainly no kiss. I almost always kiss girls on first dates. Not this time. I also wasn’t as aggressive in the things I asked her… I was less sexual than I normally am.

I finished my drink, and said, “You’re ready to go?” And she was surprised, but then agreed, and we walked out. Hug goodbye was actually a little worse than the hug at the beginning of the date. More “b-” stuff.

If I was hyper-abundant, with no quality issues, I would probably not ask her out again. Since I’m marginally abundant, and I think she’s sexy, and I want to kiss her, and I think she’s ready to kiss me too (under better circumstances), I think I’ll ask her out again. I think she’d be a bit sloppy in bed, but maybe good sloppy? Ha.

Brunch. That’s what I think she/I need. She’s a party girl. I’ll ping her tomorrow, and be “honest” about how this date went. I’ll give her some props, and some “you’re a tough girl” stuff too. And then… I’ll suggest she/I set up brunch. Tell her she’ll be out, partying. And so will I. And we’ll make a plan to be “hungover” together the next day… brunch, more drinks… and then… sex and a nap at my place. I think could be delicious under those circumstances.

It’s really not that a girl is “good or bad,” it’s is she good/bad for a particular situation.

I like that plan.

We’ll see how it goes.

And for now… I STILL HAVE NOT BEEN LAID BY DAYGAME. But I think it’ll happen soon. I’m getting laid, but not from proper daygame… not yet.

Fuck! I can’t wait to “break the seal” on daygame. All the signs are clear — opens, numbers, dates, makeouts… — this is real. But I’m still a fucking “street virgin,” and I can’t wait to announce that that is no longer true.

Ahhh… I love girls. I love daygame. Tonight was another good experience.

We’ll see.

Back from the Dead (first 50+ sets)

Nash · 15 April 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I'm back. Grrrrr!!!

I wouldn't let myself post until I'd put in some real time on the street. I still suck, but we're moving in the right direction. I hit the 50+ set mark this week, and it's time to get my blog back online. Here we are.

I was a zombie for most of the last year… complete, sad, walking dead. It was partly blue-pill disease of being semi-serious and monogamous with the Tokyo Queen. But mostly nervous breakdown. Truth. Oh well… it's over. I survived the mental plague and I get another chance at life and ladies. I am, sofa king, happy, to be, back, to life, to myself, and to girls and game.

(It was a serious booster-shot to red pill commitment, too. If I'm gonna live, I'm gonna live on this side of the matrix, my brothers.)

Funny thing is… I think I'm as good as I've ever been on the street. I'm more intense. More direct. More sure of myself. My game is still warming up, but my instincts are coming alive.

Now's a good time to confess that I STILL haven't been laid from daygame. Super honest… I think I'm at near 900 sets. Wow. Wow!… those stats suck! I know, but I'm not going to fucking lie or pretty it up. That's where I'm at.

I know daygame has bumped up my game in a real way. Pre-meltdown, I was getting laid more than ever, with more girls than ever, faster than ever, but not from daygame girls (which I was dating, lots of, and making out with, but still, have never sexed). This is me being honest.

Now… the funnel is happening. I'm approaching (see below). I'm getting numbers (6 sets of contact info, most in the last week). I had my first date from this new crop of girls last week (and it was pretty good). I have 4 open threads with new girls for dates in the next few days (mostly weak leads, but it's in motion). The sex will happen. This is how I learn everything… it's not daygame's fault. Just like skateboarding… it took 1 billion bails for me to find my flow, but then… shroup-shroup. It'll happen here too.

Notes from the first 50+ sets are below.

Damn it feels good to be back to these Days of Game.

bow

———————————

(In reverse order…)

Apr14. Wasn't a game day… I was working on my laptop at the Mall though, drinking tea, enjoying the view… thin, very young, long red hair. I said if she walked past me again I'd leave my computer and go after her. I did. She was wonderful. E, from Finland. Here visiting her brother. I went to work on logistics, ASAP. Here for 4 more days. Tonight, theatre w/ her brother (shit, I was free). Fri/Sat, going to some cabin w/ the bro. Leaving Monday. I told her I wanted to take her out… but it didn't look like we had time. We soul-gazed a bit. She wandered off to find her brother… but lingered. I went back in, "How about Sunday?" She smiled, but no… She said I was sweet. I said I was not, I was greedy, she was beautiful, I wanted to spend time w/ her. She smiled (she was a pretty cool-head for being face to face w/ a wolf). I said, "I tried… twice!" She said, "Twice." We stared. I bet I'm 20+ years older than her. Compare this to C (girl #1 below)… almost in the same spot, 1 month ago. I'm heating up. It's gonna be a good summer.

Apr13. 1. Sun, from Nepal. I had seen her in the mall and we had EC several times on Sunday, but I was working and never approached. I saw her again today, no EC, but I approached. Curvy, big lips, delicious. She was nervous. She had to get back to work, I asked for the number, and she suggested FB. She helped me spell her name, I went

back to FB, and there was no way to add her. I msg'd her. I doubt anything will come of it. 2. Young Chinese art student, Chelsey. I spotted the bag from the fabric shop and knew she was a fashion student. Nice set. Her English wasn't great. She added me to FB and I took her number. Not bad. 3. Short white girl, very cute. Stopped fine, had a BF. 4. Small Ukrainian girl, K. Lovely, nice style. I followed 2 blocks before I approached. She opened well. Good conversation. I liked her. Took her number with plans to get tea. 5.) Cute Chinese girl… she stopped, smiled, took the compliment and said, "Yes… but…" and was struggling w/ English, I let her go. 6. ??? 7. High-end Chinese Girl. Stopped well, but I didn't like her face up close. I let her go. 8. Cute Asian girl, A. Nice thin ass/legs. Opened, she took it well. Good conversation. I went for number close and she thought about it and said, "Yeah… let's hang out."

Apr11. 1. Almost a blind stop, J. Business-y, laptop backpack, really great calves. Followed her into a hotel, hoping she was here on business trip… still wasn't sure I'd open, but I saw her face and I walked over. She was very open, chatted me up, she's local and… we've met before, at the gym (she's a swimmer), 10 yrs ago. I blushed like crazy. Good set. Went for the number. BF. Damn. She had this lost/shocked/happy look on her face as I rolled away. It was emotional for both of us. 2. Adorable, carrying bags, moving fast, didn't really stop but lit up, smiling. 3. Beautiful high-end business girl. Took the stop, chatted, but I could see the moment when she'd had enough. I let her go. Beautiful girl. 4. Spicy, hot one w/ piercings. Said she had to go, didn't really stop. 5. Chased a girl into the subway, but upgraded to a different girl (ha!), O. Almost ejected when I saw a big ring, but it was the wrong hand.. She saw me turn away, and turn back, but she opened anyway. Gave me a lot to work with… She liked it. BF… very reluctantly to tell me that. FML. 6. Asian, slow walk, glasses, wouldn't stop, had to go. 7.?? Can't remember. 8. I'm guessing she was Korean, Z. Stopped well, hooked, she blushed (I called that out), she loved it. Did the crossed legs thing. We stood very close. Hot set. Went for the number, she made a face and said… BF. I was shocked. We stared at each other. Her eyes spazzed again. I was broken, devastated. I let her go. Damn it, damn it, damn it all to hell. Rough day… great sets, no leads. Grrrrr.

Apr08. 1. Very strong stop after an IOI. She was nervous, said she had to catch her ferry. She felt the sexual threat, it was real. 2. Cute Asian on a bike. Opened well, and I had nothing to say. I bailed 3. N, freckles, so beautiful. Jesuz god, beautiful. Good stop, but I had no flow. We both blushed. She said she had BF, so I let her go. I think she was a "no" girl, but was just being polite. 4. Thought she was Japanese, but I think Chinese now. A little awkward, but confident stop. I was too mechanical, but did alright. Great EC and she was eye spazzing, she loved it. Tried to number close, but she said BF.

Apr01. Felt great as I started the day, but fell apart. 1st girl (after a fucking hour, weasel-fest that day) , looked at me like I was on fire. I barely got my opener out. Blah. She was so hot, bejezuz. 2. Tall cute white girl. Asked if I could say something, and she said, "No." Okay. I was soulless that day… 3.). Sweet Asian girl, made myself open her — pure will power, I had no mojo. My game was C- grade put she took it all very well. She was surprised when I didn't try to close. I could see it in her eyes. Uhhh, I blew it with her. 4. Chinese, short hair, glasses. I was w/ "BD," a wing (my only set w/ a wing in the first 50+ sets). Took the opener but had to go. Game over.

Mar29. 1. S, 30+ studying dentistry at UCSF, took her number. 2. Tall, blue dress, on her way to a presentation, offered to walk with her… let her go. Shit. 3. Conservative Asian girl, she drifted and I didn't follow… Bad work on my part. 4. J, very cute, great smile, one town away girl, took her number. 5. Said "no!" 6. Tall beautiful, asked if I was selling something. She was hot, was basically blowing me out, because my game was so bad… but all of those moments could have been great if I was on. Very awkward set., let her go… bad on my part. 7. Short Russian girl, hot, IOI as she walked by, friend got in the way as I wanted to approach so I kept going. I saw her on the street 5 min later. Reopened. She rolled her eyes — I'd missed my chance. 8. A, white girl, super sexy, BF. Wow, she got me. (Ha… as I reread this, I can't even remember her… so, many, girls!).

Mar24-28, 1. Lovely Asian girl, curvy, great hair, opened, no energy, let her go. 2. Chinese, white face, on phone, I let her go. 3. J, off of work, not bad, not on, I let her go. 4. Ninja/criminal, sexy girl. Stopped, thanked me and walked off, ha! 5. Curvy, married, very flattered. 6. Nose ring, BF, not into it. 7. Chinese, didn't stop. 8. Fancy, Chinese, A… She liked it, I let her go. 9. C, Chinese, into it, bad teeth, boring, I let her go. 10. Tall gypsy girl,

waved me off. 11. First 2-set ever. Target was short, curvy Asian, very cute, she loved it. Her friend hated it (I called her on that), and she dragged her away. Ha! 12. G, at intersection, awk, she drifted. 13. Short white girl, very cute. BF. Wished me happy Easter. 14. Chinese retail girl, boring, I walked away.

Mar22. 1. Short hair, great legs, didn't stop. 2. German girl, confused, sent her to RadioShack to get something she needed. 3. L, small, beautiful, good stop, her perfect smile made me blush, she drifted off, door guy saw me roll up on her and gave me props! Ha. Cool. 4. Fancy purse, she stopped easy, thought she was a tourist, studying art, going back to China soon, took her number. 5. Tall, white girl. London, "S." She loved it. 21 yrs. Only here for a few more days, plans and friends every day/night… I let her go (this was a near miss w/ some adventure sex… I will make this happen this summer). 6. Asian, huge boobs, great walk. Nice stop, had to go to class.

Mar20. Beautiful brown girl, maybe Indian??? Little. Coming off the train. I loved her, she got me. She didn't really stop… but I could feel her start my motor, turning me from stone back to flesh.

Mar19. Mall girl, "feminine," flat set, talking too fast, let her go. Embarrassing.

Mar18. My first girl in over a year… C, shy Chinese girl, braces, I had nothing to say. Let her go.

Daygame Will Provide, Said the Disciple. (Frustrated)

Nash · 20 April 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Here are some notes from this week… if I sound a little frustrated, it's because I am.

Did 3 days of work since I last posted. Basically, nothing to show for it. I'm liking it, actually, just getting nowhere… for now.

I'm at about 70+ approaches since my reincarnation… that's in 1 month exactly.

The set that stands out the most for me (from the notes below), is the one today that hooked, but oh-so-simply denied the idea of hanging out together. It is true, that just because a girl hooks doesn't mean she "fancies" me (as the Brits would say). And she was a great example of that. It was a good set, not a great one. It was sound, and I got to display a lot of character, told some stories, DHV'd a bit, but there really wasn't any magic. She was a strong yes for me, but in a shallow way — I liked her, I would have dated her, she was cute and charming, but it wasn't on, not even for me.

Why was I so rocked/shocked by her saying she didn't want to see me again when I asked? I shouldn't be. This is not my first rodeo. I think most girls would have given me a number, and just not replied to my texts. Maybe that's what I expected. This one, with no malice whatsoever, sweet as pie, just said no. I don't think I've seen one quite like that before. Good for her, but it still knocked the wind out me a little bit. I need a snack and a tea after that one before I got back to work.

Mark Manson talks about "friction" — any element that makes connecting w/ a girl "harder" is friction. If she younger, a different race, a different religion, doesn't know you, etc., all that will increase friction, makes things harder. I pretty much only hit on girls 10-20 years younger than me, all Asian vs my whiteness. I know this is high-friction approaching… but it was a rough week. Definitely not getting any pennies from heaven. Baby Jesus can be a stingy fuck sometimes. 8.5 ou. stingy fuck baby Jesus. (Ha! That makes me feel a little better.)

I've also lately been supplementing approaches by scouting good spots for insta-dates, etc. I've never actually done an insta-date before as a daygamer (I've done one in my life, when I first got into game, years ago). I'm getting to know the public spots that are hidden on rooftops of office buildings and the like. That should be good for tourist game. I have a new, nice tea place picked out. I have a cool bar, that I want to try.

It's all investment at this point. Investing in myself. Gaining little bits of reference experience. Definitely feeling very comfortable approaching. Feels pretty natural.

If I think back to Japan, there was a day I did 15 sets and got blown out on every one. That was a rough day. And soon after that, I started getting good results there. I know I'll get better over time, but sometimes… there's no pattern to it. Just brick to face. Over and over. On purpose. What an insane way to spend my time. Ha.

I'm also not getting any traction on dates… which is where the real frustration is coming in. Working the leads at this point… and they're starting to pile up… but not getting a lot of love on the dating front.

So… Still thirsty. That's where I'm at.

Daygame will provide, said the disciple.

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Apr15: I got rejected 4 times, no one stopped. Honestly, didn't bother me a bit. I still had a nice day out the street, enjoying the street more and more, just for itself. Went out that night, great dance party. Lots of attractions from girls… which I still don't know how to capitalize on.

Apr18: 1. Asian girl… didn't really like her hair, but loved her face and her body. She's 30+? She opened cautiously, but chatted well for a bit… gave me stuff to work with. She was off to a workout class, went for the

number, she asked for my card, I rejected that. She offered me her card. I teased her and took it. Stalked her on LinkedIn, she's a PHD in finance. 2. Curvy Asian girl w/ great lips. Stopped, took out her headphones, heard the line, and laughed and walked off. 3. Chinese art student. Asked me if we were being video taped (and we were not). Decent chat. Put my number in her phone, and she even double checked the name for the contact, but I don't think I got her to call me… so I lost that lead. 4. Short, smiley, curvy, great energy… wouldn't stop. 5. G, Asian girl, stopped well, decent chat, had to run off for drinks… it wasn't on, I let her go. 6. Girl in Orange, sort of responded to my comment but wouldn't stop, was so beautiful. 7. ???… I know she stopped, but it wasn't magical, I assume, as I can't remember this set. 8. Well dressed Asian girl, wouldn't stop. Might have been a 9th… can't remember.

Apr19. 1. First girl was an interesting white girl. Not my usual type, but sexy. She walked passed me, not interested, said she had to go to work. 2. Little Korean on vacation. Attractive by my standards, but not a "fine beauty." Tiny. We chatted, but her English was really not good at all… couldn't really communicate. 3. ???, I know she stopped. 4. Very cute Taiwanese girl. Good chat, lots of rapport. I said I wanted to see her again and she very simply, very femininely, with no baggage at all, said "no," with a smile. Okay, I said, and left. That one stung a little bit. 5. Post snack, girl w/ a cool outfit and a bag from the fabric store… I guessed she was a fashion student, and yes, she was. Okay conversation. Took her number. 6. Strong attraction to a J-girl (I think). Followed her. Gave her an unusually sincere "I'm very attracted to you," and she said she was on the phone w/ her boyfriend. I said, Well, I should probably leave you two alone then, and laughed. She thanked me.

2nd Date After My Reincarnation

Nash · 23 April 2016 · Archived copy · Original

This date… was my 2nd date since I've been back at it, but my first date w/ this particular girl. Here's what I got:

I picked her up about 2 weeks ago, last set of the day. Asian girl. Maybe 25 (15+ years younger than me). She kinda walked past me as I opened, but I got back close to her, good chat, took her number, admired her long legs and ass as she walked away. Asian girls, don't always have long legs, but this one does.

Messaged her about how to spell her name… it's unusual, so I tried 3 different spellings and said, "How do I spell this name?" She came with "haha" and the correct spelling. Next day I made some comment about how we both have short names, and she started teasing me, using some callback humor from when we met.

She's a very funny girl. It's coming out in her texts, and that's a sign she's smart, and I like all that.

I tried to get her out, but she was busy on the proposed night, and suggested the following week. Got some good encouragement from her, I like that. I offered her two different nights. She just said "okay," which wasn't clear for me. She's being ambiguous, I assumed on purpose, as she was still deciding if she wanted to see me.

I followed up the next day, trying to nail it down. She was still kind of sidestepping committing to coming out w/ me, but she gave me more to work with, so I backed off logistics, and started "guessing" some things about her based on what she was saying… I was guessing mostly right, and that helped keep things going. She would contradict me, I'd come over the top and win the frame, she's reward me. More text banter. It was fun, but I couldn't get a date nailed down.

I try again to get some kind of commitment…

> NASH: [bar name] tomorrow for a drink… 6:30
> HER: You love [bar name], don't you

No commitment. I joke a bit, slight challenge… no response.

So now it's day of the date… I still don't have a commitment, but she's been very fun to text with… she's invested a bit. I'm not sure how to press for a confirmation. I think this one is possible, but it's not going perfect. I don't want to harangue her. I want this to be fun, not needy. So I did this:

> NASH: Are you more of a "girly drink" type… or the tequila shot type?
>
> NASH: ^ My guess

I liked this, because it wasn't just me asking, again, for the date. Another chance for me to demonstrating value, more putting her in a box, more assumption… no neediness or clinginess. I waited for a reply… it getting much closer to date time, and I had no idea if she was actually going to come out or not.

And, I was at home… and I have less than 30 min to the time I'd suggested. So I grabbed my bag, with my book and gym stuff, and decided I'd head to the bar, and if she shows up…. great. If not, gym/dinner, which was fine w/ me.

I get downtown, and… surprise! My little game about the drinks worked. I'll use that again sometime.

> HER: Those do look good
> NASH: I knew it. :]
> HER: Is that what they serve at the bar?
> NASH: We'll have to see
> NASH: How late are you going to be?
> HER: I'm on the way, a couple blocks away

Ta-dah. Okay, she was going to show up. I think the text game made this happen. This is a "maybe" girl. She's still in "maybe" mode.

I did a quick approach on a different girl as I walked to the bar… a super beautiful girl, brown skin, great calves, very fem. She stopped, but was late for a date. I let her go. Felt great opening girls on the way to a date… I know that's the man I want to be.

Bar was cool. I discovered it out daygaming one day, while walking the streets. I'll use this bar for dates/i-dates… it's perfect. That, in itself, was a score. I'm nailing down my territory.

She was even better looking than I remember. She gave me a hug. We ordered and sat upstairs — she tried to move us back downstairs but I overrode her suggestion. Good drink. Easy conversation — I love Asian girls of all kinds, but the ones that speak English are nice sometimes, just makes the chat easier. I was touching her as much as I could, non-sexual, but arms and thighs. She took it very well, but never touched me back. We started talking about food (I was seeding future dates) and I took that segue to get us to dinner. Dinner was smooth, I made sure to sit side-by-side. More touching.

I asked her if she was a good kisser, and that was a great few moments of she/I talking about kissing etc. I can do that conversation pretty well. It ended with me telling her I wanted to kiss her while leaning back away from her. Truth was, I had some really strong tugs at actually needing-wanting to kiss that girl in a real way. She's got my attention, this one. I so "would."

As dinner wound down, I confirmed she'd be getting a car home and I angled for another drink (and that kiss) at a nearby bar. She said she needed to get home, and called her car. Nice hug and she was off. Not a bad night.

I teased her via text about her comment that she was a good kisser. Got a very brief, but affirmative reply. Had a beer, went to bed, and woke up w/ a raging hard on and thinking about her climbing on top of me.

I'll try to get her out next week.

I actually asked her later in the date if she knew she was going to show up or not, and she confirmed, she wasn't sure… but the pic of the drinks actually got her over the top. It was fun to ask her that, and interesting to see into her mind. Hmmmm. I think I read her pretty well. My game wasn't so good that she jumped on this date, but it was good enough to drag her into it.

And the model moves along… I'm approaching (about 70+ sets now since I'm back from the dead), I'm getting leads (maybe 7 or 8?), I've had two dates from this batch of girls, but no makeouts yet. And still never sexed a daygame girl… but I know it's inevitable.

Daygame will provide.

Role Models || Text Game || Volume

Nash · 24 April 2016 · Archived copy · Original

As I wake up the sleeping daygame beast inside me, I'm thinking back to the streak I was on in early 2015 (before I turned my own ship over and spent a year barely treading water).

I was in Japan in early 2015 (where the women of my dreams are from), a bit obsessed with game and the opportunities there, approaching like crazy and just in general expanding what I knew to be possible. I was also reading Torero's Travels, which was perfect for my one-month stay in the Land of the Rising Sun. Reading about Tom doing Int'l exploits made my life seem more normal and success more feasible. Great book, BTW.

I was presented over and over with an inconsistency in my understanding text game: I would get numbers, and of course, it was up to me to make them go somewhere. I would ping these Japanese lovelies, and often get nothing in response. Sometimes I would immediately ask for the date, just get to it. I had mixed success.

As for working the leads and texting, my "problem" was that that was not how my role models we're doing it. Krauser and Torero are still my go-to heroes for daygame. And they present text examples where they tease-tease, flirt, chat, joke, etc., all before asking her out. Lots of back and forth – great vibing. I get how that would be desirable. I get that if I had stronger leads, that would probably be more likely. But most of my experience was little-to-no help from these girls, and often dead silence in return. How could I get that non-needy, take-my-time run-up to asking her out… if she wouldn't play w/ me via text or give me anything to work with?

Part of this is better game. Full stop. Part of this, however, was that I just needed more leads to work. That's true. Volume is everything in this game. Especially for relative newcomers like myself.

I am feeling some of these same things as I get back into it here in 2016. I've done enough sets to have some leads, and now I'm working my leads. Many of which are dead from the start, or give me nothing to work with.

But I think the real point to get here is, 1.) Krauser and Torero aren't writing about their dead sets. Of course they have dead leads, but writing about those would be a boring read, indeed. And 2.) It's the yes/maybe girls that will give the space to have that kind of game via text.

I had a good date w/ Chinese girl last Thursday. Unfortunately, on Friday I went to the dermatologist for this ugly patch of skin on my shoulder, and the doc ended up burning it off, along w/ several other patches of skin on my nose, face and ears. Nothing like open wounds on your face to fuck w/ your confidence. I have that kind of pink-white skin that is super fertile for skin cancer and its precursors. I also happen to be a surfer, which means I get a fair amount of sun, and I need to get bits of me burned off from time to time as I get older. Not a big deal, but it leaves me looking like leper for a week. I want to see this girl again (and I want to go farm new numbers, dammit!), but not while I'm leper face.

So, tonight, I'm trying to keep this 25 year old "warm" until I look normal-ish again.

On our date, she teased me about taking her to a bar with leopard wallpaper. I wouldn't even have noticed, but she did. And she asked if I like leopard print, and I don't really — it's cougar-y — and before I could verbally hang myself, she flashed the liner of her leather coat to show me the leopard print. Okay. That's fodder for call back humor.

On my way to dinner, I think I must have seen someone in leopard (I honestly don't remember what the inspiration was), I was thinking of her and the leopard thing as I sat. While my food cooled down, I browsed the web on my phone for leopard-print covered women. I started out searching for "cougar" images (as in cougar = "older single women"), but wanted to be careful I wasn't too harsh — she young enough she would never be considered a cougar, but even so.

> NASH: Just saw a girl on the street… reminds me of someone I know.

I was hoping she'd jump in w/ the leopard reference… but that didn't happen.

> HER: Who's that?
> NASH: ^ you.
> NASH: Leopard Girl.
> HER: Ha ha you're funny

Okay… that's what I wanted. Just a chance to check in, to keep the vibe rolling, as I don't think I'll be "face-ready" for 4 or 5 more days. We haven't had any contact since the night of our date. I want her to get used to having me in her world — or her being in mine. I also want to do what my heroes do, which is keep up some value in between dates. "Long game," even if she's a local girl.

I wanted to go a bit further to cement things….

> NASH: You know, you have to be careful…
> NASH: The leopard thing can be kinda "cougar"
> HER: FYI I don't wear that much leopard

> NASH: ^ You in a few years :]

> NASH: Ahaha

Now that we've established this is fun and flirting, I felt fine pushing her into the cougar box. I loved watching her try to get out of it.

> HER: Lol why are you sending me before and after photos of a random lady ;p
> NASH: "before/after" — haha :]

Okay, and that's it.

(To be honest as I reread this post, I think this is barely "good" game. I feel her challenging my vibe a bit in her last comment, but the "lol" and the smiley are enough playing along to make me feel okay about this. It still does what I want it to do, but certainly have room to improve here.)

Not brilliant game, but it's doing what I want it to do, I believe. Giving us some juice to keep this thing going until I can date her again, and giving me some time w/ her where I'm not pouncing on the date. When I go in for the date next week, it won't be so "transactional." I think, this is B- version of what guys that are good at this would do.

And, as a point of reference… she's going back/forth with me. I have enough volume now to have a lead that is playful, she's the best example I have so far in this round of girls. Volume! I have room to play these kinds of games, in part because my "game" is okay w/ her, and in part because I had enough volume to find a maybe-to-yes girl (I think, time will tell). Not all leads will give you any room to ping and play, but this one will. And I have some examples that show I'm on the path good men before me have been on. Yes to that.

It's a boring Saturday night at home with leper-face, but I'm doing what I can with what I've got.

Viva daygame.

Dedicated to Jenny // More Stats

Nash · 27 April 2016 · Archived copy · Original

These notes are little old now… but I'll post them to share.

This batch of hustle was motivated by this girl I met on the street recently. I dated her once. I couldn't get her out again quickly, and I think I ended up over-gaming her via text, trying to keep some momentum between she/I until I could see her again. She was never a strong lead, but I liked her, and the date. I blew it with gamey text stuff. Especially ironic as I was bragging about some text stuff I'd done w/ her… which I think was fine. But when I went at it again, it was too much. Oh well, she's done. Back to the drawing board.

So that week, I hit the streets to drum up some more leads, and I did it "in her honor." This was me playing with the disappointment and lack of results, and trying to channel that disappointment in a positive way into the next round of approaches, leads and dates. My life situation is certainly no girls fault.

Her name wasn't Jenny, but let's say I hit the streets with the idea that the days grind was "Dedicated to Jenny." It felt good, actually. "Jenny, this one is for you!"

It's interesting how we make sense out of all the failure and frustration. This is me doing just that. Onward and upward.

Apr28: 1. Was on my way to lunch, saw her — Taiwanese girl taking touristy pictures. Language student. She was timid, but it was a good set. I have been focused on getting physically closer in my sets, and I did that several times w/ her. Including once, when I said that I wanted to visit Taiwan, because "Taiwanese girls were cute" and stepped into her space as I said it. Her eyes popped, she giggled, stepped back, and we went back into rapport. Took her number, she was texting back/forth right away. 2. Oddly dressed little Asian girl. Long dress, flight jacket, boots, super-cropped bangs. I opened her and she stopped nicely. I guessed she was an art student, and she is — film. At one point she had me guess where she's from, and I guessed Taiwan, and… I was right again, she couldn't believe it (mostly luck on my part, and the influence of the other Taiwanese girl earlier that day). Took her FB. She/I are chatting. 3. Asian girl w/ yoga mat, and great legs. Fucking great legs… I can still see them in my head. Good talk. Her — timid, backing up, but liking it. Her English was really bad… I could have number closed, but it looked like too much work to talk to her. 4. Really, really attractive little one, dressed up. Whitegirl, turned out to be Russian. She was pulling her coat over her little shoulders, and I told her she looked like she was hiding herself, "like a secret." Her English wasn't great. I asked where she was off to and she said, "To cinema wiss my husband." Oh! I let her go. 5. Asian girl, nice eyes. Opened her. Flat conversation. I let her go.

So two very good sets that day w/ the two Taiwanese girls. Made me feel better about my other leads drying up and going nowhere. I dated the first one already… might have something with her again soon, very responsive via text. I had a date set up w/ the 2nd one, but she cancelled, said she was sick. Uhhh. More disappointment — and celibacy! Fuck the celibacy part.

As an aside, I've been trying "do we know each other?" sometimes in set. I live in a big city, but I clearly have a certain type of girl I like (Asian girls), I hunt in the same area mostly, and I have opened the same girl more than once before in the past (which I'm vaguely proud of — I know what I like!). Based on the look in the girls eyes, and some kind of feeling in my gut, I have been throwing out "do we know each other?" or "have we met before?" in some sets as a way to cover for when I have, in fact, opened that girl before. It flows pretty nice in set, and I can stack to how talking to her "feels like" we already know each other when I'm wrong. Sometimes it does feel like I know the girl, even when I don't.

Apr29. Had my date with #1 from Apr28. Day date, tea in the afternoon. Went well, I think. I liked her. Tried to kiss her twice, she wasn't having it, but I'm glad I made that attempt — most of all, because I genuinely wanted to kiss that girl. She's kissable. I felt hungover or sick or something (I didn't know which, at the time), but ran two more sets after the date, to keep the routine alive. 1. Lovely little Asian girl, w/ a camera and a shopping bag —

thought she was a tourist, she was not. Chatted her up, pretty flat, so I let her go. 2. Very good looking Asian girl… I weaseled at first, then double-taked on her, and we caught eyes, I walked a bit further away and went back in. She opened pretty well. Pretty flat until I mentioned dancing. Okay for a minute… but not much there. I let it go.

That's seven sets total for that week… not enough! I was sick that week, and the beginning of this week, but still. I know I need to get my volume up. Having my face fucked up from a dermatology appointment, and then being sick again, is fucking with available days to grind the streets. Baby Jesus needs to give me a fucking break over here. Maybe this week! C'mon Baby Jesus, let's do this!

Viva Daygame.

Girls Be Huggin' Me

Nash · 9 May 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I was just about over my cold last week as I headed to another doctors appointment. I'm excited to be back to game, with nothing holding me back (no cold, no fucked up face from the dermo). As the doc and I start to talk, she wants to make yet another pass on my face to get rid of some troublesome patches of skin (precancer, normal for super-white guys like me). I was pissed. That'll means another week of leper-face. I'm not so badass as to think I can run good game w/ blisters on my face.

I talk about this shit… because this is part of life. This is the kind of stuff that does, actually, stop you from making progress — week long delays, over and over. It's also "ugly" stuff, and I like to share the ugly parts of my life, as it makes other people feel "normal" about their ugly stuff. That's a big part of this blog, sharing the hard parts and failures, so the next guy knows this is just part of the journey. Keep going.

Anyway, pissed me off. I put the doc off for a few weeks, which will give me some time to make some progress and maybe get some love before I am forced to take another week off from daygame and dating.

So, next day, Friday… yes, I was ready.

And my wing was back from some adventure in South America, so he was going to join me. I've done almost all my game in the last year solo — which is good. I like running game alone, without a wing, it makes me more flexible, not dependent on a wing to give me courage to approach. But I was looking fwd to seeing him.

I did six sets that day (not enough). No numbers… but the interesting trend of the day was I got hugged, not by one girl, but by two, in one day. I did nothing special to encourage those hugs, I certainly didn't ask for them. The sets were pretty good, but not closable.

Girl #1 was a cute white girl. Natural blonde, so I assumed she might be from Europe? I'm trying to keep an open mind so I'm opening up white girls (instead of just Asian girls), when I'm particularly interested, when she's super short (which I love), or something else that makes me curious. If I get the "tug," yes, I go after her… and this one inspired me. She was the 2nd approach of the day.

She went into this big hotel. I don't usually follow girls inside, but I did this time. I actually had one of my favorite sets ever in this hotel about 4 weeks ago, so this feels like friendly territory. I thought she might duck into the bar (and I probably wouldn't have followed), but she didn't. So I opened, and she loved it.

She said right away, "This has never happened to me before," which made me feel extra great to give her that experience. We were in a hotel, so I asked if she was a tourist. Yes she said, from Montana, here for work. Perfect. I teased her about having guns and riding horses, and it all went well. I went into logistics. It was her last night — fine, I was ready to be her "last night adventure." But no, she was hanging w/ her mom that night, until late, it wasn't going to happen. Leaving the next day, early. It was a pretty sexual set, I was in close, talking slow, it felt good. As I ran out of options to get intimate w/ her before she goes home, I said, "Well, I guess this is goodbye," and I lingered with all the energy of what I wanted to do with her hanging in the air… and she jumps forward to hug me.

Wow. That's never happened to me before. I'm at about 700-900 girls in daygame, and I've never had a girl try to hug me after the set.

As I met up w/ my wing, I told him the story. He'd never been hugged either.

Girl #2. So we're back to approaching, and I open this lovely Asian woman. Mature, maybe 30? 32? Very attractive. She opens well, but she's so comfortable, I'm not sure she really gets what's going on. Not much sexual tension, even as I was pretty on about it. So I ask what she's doing, and she said, "I'm going out to dinner w/ my husband." Oh! Right at the minute, I notice her ring, which I hadn't seen. I tell her, "Okay, well, I'm definitely hitting on you, and I just noticed your ring, so I should let you go." It's nice and easy and happy for both of us. And

she gets even more into the pickup, and thanks me, and says I have to hug her. So I did. And it was a really nice, warm, long hug. Beautiful. I told her she was charming, and she thanked me 2 or 3 more times, and I walked off.

Hmmm. Interesting. 2 in one day, and none in the 800+ sets before that. Some of this is that I'm getting better. Some of this… is meaningless. Just chance.

I texted my other wing, he's active and good at daygame, and he said he's never had a girl offer the hug either. He said he sees patterns in himself, little clusters, which are probably about your state. I agree. Something was going on w/ my state, and girls be huggin' me.

It's likely a "nothing" pattern, meaningless, but I'm certainly not scaring these girls off. Good. Another reference experience for how much women can love a good approach.

Okay… going back out there now. Viva daygame.

Out Hunting || 22 Girls

Nash · 15 May 2016 · Archived copy · Original

A few more notes from the street from this week.

First off… I have been using language like “grinding out a few sets,” etc. I’m trying to stop that kind of self-talk. I have some tough moments (Monday was pretty brutal), but I mostly like this work. This “hunting” that we do. Fuck yeah. I want to call it like I see it… and I see this as a chance to live a big life, to take chances, to follow my curiosity, and to meet and romp with some beautiful and interesting women. Yes to all that. To hunting, my brothers!

So with that… here are some notes from this week. Here are 22 girls, over 4 days:

May09. 1. White girl, big butt, cool aviators. Not really my type, but opened her as an experiment. She opened well. It was the first set of the day for me, I was talking too fast in set, but she was loving it. Crossed her legs like we like. She was into it, but I wasn’t into her, so I let her go. I thought it was going to be a great day… 2. Tall white girl, big ass. She opened, and then was in a rush, so she had me walk with her. I don’t like walking with a girl… and this one was a flat interaction. I wasn’t into it. I let her go. State dropped a little. 3. Very cute, tiny Asian girl, great smile. I was excited about her. She’s opens okay and I said, confidently, “…and I wanted to meet you,” and she smiled, very nice and confident herself, and said, “no.” Oh?! I was surprised, agreed, told her to have a nice day. That one stung a bit. The relaxed, confident rejections, with deep eye contact like she gave me, seem to hurt the most. Like that Taiwanese girl 3 weeks ago, did the same thing with me. This one kind of collapsed my state… killed my state, actually. 4. Very tall Chinese girl. Opened her as an “experiment,” as well. I’m not into super tall girls, but I’m trying to challenge my assumptions. Stopped and talked, but a very awkward set. Went on for a while, but was hard work. Her face kept showing surprise mixed with some elements of distaste… like semi-shocked, slightly irritated “what the fuck” moments. At one point I said, “I don’t usually like tall girls but you’re cute.” More irritable shock on her face, and she took a step back. I let her go, happy it was over, even as I remembered the guidance “if she’s still standing there, keep going.” Maybe I could have, she was a very attractive girl, but that felt like an inorganic set. My state flattened out even more. Took a snack/tea break. Couldn’t get myself to reopen for a while, disheartened. So much for a good day, I thought. 5. Then this skinny, punky Asian girl came into view… delicious. I had to open… uh, more awkwardness. We chatted a bit and it wasn’t going anywhere so I let her go. Ugggg. I was going to call it a night, but then… 6. In the mall now, getting another tea before I took a call… She was another very tall Asian girl, skinny legs, great style. She bought a banana and had just stuffed the last of into her mouth when I opened. Ha. I told her I knew she was eating the banana, and that her mouth was full, and that I wanted to meet her. She was smiling and chewing. Charming girl. I told her this was a very funny way to meet someone, “you, with you cheeks all full of banana.” More smiling from both of us. She finished the bite and we started the chat. She was Asian, but turns out she’s Russian. Very hot for me. She was lovely. I took her number. I did a good job in that set, and I like her, but she might be “out of my league.” High quality girl, here studying English. Hmm, we’ll see. But she definitely made me feel better about the day. Never give up. A good set is right around the corner.

Update: Hot Asian-Russian girl isn’t answering any texts. I’ve tried twice. I’ll try a couple more times.

The only other thing I’d say about this day was that I’m surprised about how #3 rocked me. Again, just like that little Taiwanese one a few weeks ago did. If they blow me out, no problem. If they don’t want to give me their number, or whatever, I’m usually more than fine with all that. There was something about how they were both so calm and relaxed, looked me in the eyes and then denied me. Both times caught be off guard, maybe that’s why they stung so much. All this rejection, but somehow those sets stand out. Maybe I’m getting immune to that particular vulnerability at this point??

May10. 1. Cute Asian girl, great body, in yoga pants. As I was chasing her down to open her, I notice she had a little dog in a bag hanging off her shoulder. She opened skeptical at first, I could see her not really comfortable with the stop. I plowed a bit, feeling fine myself, watching her face. As we talked, she got more comfortable. We talked

about travel, she loves Iceland, and she was very real and sincere about that. I got into her at that point, I liked her, it felt real. She's leaving this city in a month. I tried to number closer her, and she said "what's the point?" And I said, fun and adventure, and she gave me the number. Good. She took my phone and made sure I had her name spelled right. Ummm, felt like a good one. 2. Bitchy looking Asian girl. Thick body, very sexy. Tried to open her as an experiment… she blew me out, which was what I expected. To be honest, my initial read about a girl being warm/cold is about 50% correct, if that. This time, I was right, felt like it was going to be a blowout and it was. I can still see how sexy she is in my mind as I write this… ummm. 3. Slightly older Asian girl, maybe 32? She stopped and I could already tell we had nothing going on. Firm handshake. Blah. I let her go. 4. Very tall white girl in a dress that looked like a tutu. Not my type, but I was experimenting again. I opened her, saying I loved her look. She liked it, took everything well. Fashion student… wasn't going anywhere for me, so I let her go. Then, I ran into #1 again, randomly, now in a different part of downtown. Another nice chat with her… but she seemed a little more crazy than earlier in the day. I told her I was off to tea, which I was, then I went back to hunting. 5. Shy, but very cute fobby Asian girl. She was a bit scared at the open, she figured out what it was about, lit up with excitement and a big smile, and drifted off nervously. Ha. 6. Busy/stern looking Asian girl. She was surprised and cautious and serious about the open. She couldn't figure out what was going on, barking questions at me. I eventually said, "I'm hitting on you," and she smiled, liked it, laughed, turned and walked off. Okay.

In generally, I find it's pretty fun to tell girls directly that you're hitting on them. I usually only do it in really awkward sets… she shouldn't need to be told I'm hitting on her, but when it's awkward, saying that clears the air. I always get a smile. I don't know that that has ever helped me hook a set, but it melts all the irritation, in my experience.

Asian girl with the dog also isn't responding to texts. That really surprises me. That set felt deep/on. I'll keep throwing offers at her… I want to sex her before she leaves.

May11. Not actually running daygame that day, just out and about. Wasn't in a good mood or state, but… 1. Hot, curvy Asian girl w/ a lip pierce. As soon as she figured out what was going on, she bailed. She was fucking hot. Wow. 2. Super hot, well done Asian girl in my neighborhood. Rare to see hot straight girls in my neighborhood. I wasn't running game but wanted to hit on her anyway… one word answers and awkwardness. I bailed quickly.

These girls were hot or I wouldn't have opened. Both these girls rejected me, and my state sucked, but I like that I'm opening randomly now. That's where I want to get to… where I open every time I see a girl I want to meet.

May13. Wanted to make more of a day of it, so I did some work that morning from a coffee place in a busy worker-bee neighborhood. Then, before lunch… 1. Brunette, white girl, lovely, great smile… opened well. BF. Ummm, too bad. She was great. Then after lunch… 2. Fobby, nervous Asian girl. Opened… she liked it. There was nothing there for me so I let her go. Then… I felt something hit my hair and new is was bird shit. Fuck. Gross. Before I could clean it up… 3. Asian girl. She was awkward to open. I asked if she was okay, and she said, yes, just a bit surprised. She was boring… not that into her, no spark. Let her go. I love that I opened her, even with bird shit in my hair. Ha. She couldn't see it, but I like that I approached, even with that extra friction. I stopped by my gym, cleaned up my hair, and did some more work. Then went out for a proper session… met up w/ my wing. 4. Asian, nice talk. Chinese, student, loves Asian food. Not the best skin, but I still liked her. I took her number. 5. Little, gorgeous Asian one, with thigh-high boots… In a hurry, but nice open. She was warm, and very hot little girl. 6. Little Asian girl with a pony tail. Big smile as I opened her, in a hurry. 7. Tall, thin, very attractive girl from China. Good set. Tried to get her # but she was on her way to fix her phone and get a new number. Gave her my card, felt pretty good. 1 in 20 chance she'll follow up. 8. Can't remember this one… it was a busy day. 9. Tall Asian girl, walking fast. great style, made a face when I opened and I knew it wasn't on… In a hurry. I let her go. 10. Big IOI from a little Asian girl. She opened very enthusiastic. From Thailand, here for the last 6 months. She loved me, best reaction I've had in while, but was too messy. Bad teeth, bad skin, bad English. I let her go.

I weaseled on about 4-5 girls, aborted 3-4 approaches as I wasn't committed, gave a great one to my wing, and could have easily done 15+ on Friday. I should do that before/after lunch, + proper session thing again. That's the plan for

next Friday.

Fucking A… lots of work, and no results at all. While these sets were going on, I was texting all my leads all week, couldn't get anyone out this week. Doesn't matter, I'll be back to it next week… another 3 days, minimum. Something will shake loose. Meanwhile… I'm getting a lot of experience. 22 girls this week from daygame alone. Another 5+ out and about. That's about on pace for success. It's a matter of time.

I am a man. I hunt. That's what I do. Doesn't matter if I catch anything, I still have to hunt if I want to eat. More soon.

Viva daygame!

Asked Me to Drinks || Reference Experience

Nash · 16 May 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Catching up on some notes from the street.

I did a lot of work this week… have nothing to show for it… except (and this is real for me) I did score a ton of reference experiences. I'm (eh-hem) penetrating this daygame thing more and more every day. Going out again in a minute, but before I do, here are the notes from Monday.

The raw notes are below, but this was the set of the day, and I have more to say about her:

She was a sexy Asian girl, wearing torn jeans and heels, pulling a suitcase w/ baggage stickers on it… tourist, I thought, I hoped. I particularly want some tourist sex this summer. It's a goal: 3 lays from tourists before Oct. I think it can be done.

So I let her get some space, the light changed, and I chased her down. I was just about to get in front of her when she turned to go down a tight alley. I was behind her, so I opened from behind before I had to follow down the alley with "excuse me," pretty loud, no response, once more, "excuse me" and she turned and I opened.

I was pretty well composed on the open, felt solid, despite opening from behind. I said something about noticing her, and she looked me up and down and then gave a very interesting and meaningful "ah-hahahaha", rather slow, and then seemed to have hooked. This was somehow very meaningful for me. This was my big reference experience for the week. I think this was her way of saying she was a "yes" girl. I know it's hard to read that over this report, but that's what I think about it having been there.

There was intent and communication in the laugh as I opened her… I can see that now, but didn't quite read it fast enough in the set. That was a special moment for me… I got another peak at the matrix, as I'm still learning to read it. I think she was saying "yes" in the way she laughed and looked at me.

I asked about her suitcase — "did you just get here?" — and she said she's a hairdresser and that was all "her shit." "Oh, you're local?," I said. And then she says, yes, and that she is on her way to meet some friends for drinks and I could join her. Oh?! I… was surprised. It was this offer to join her for drinks — all in the first minute of the set — that makes her opening laugh/look mean something to me.

To be honest, all the years of game kicked in and I knew I didn't want to drinks w/ the friends… never a good way to get to know a girl — her terms, her friends, you the guy she met 5 seconds earlier on the street. But… I was also very surprised to be asked, and combined w/ the friends being there, I flinched. I really didn't want to go into that particular situation, but my flinch was enough that she felt it before I could say anything and she turned to go. Some other time she said, and turned. She knew I wasn't speaking her language. I know I am beginning to get it.

She leaned forward… I leaned back. Classic, how that works.

That one could have been same day sex, I bet. Something like that. A hot lead, but I threw it away. I'm not used to dating girls like her, but she was ready for the style of game I was running. I'm getting closer. My game is dragging me with it. As I got close, her skin was not what I'm into, even buried under a thick layer of makeup, so I had backed off in my interest even before she invited me, that was part of the context of the set, but… but I'm still weaseling the way I'm telling this story. I was intimated. Afraid to succeed.

That's never happened to me before — the drink invite AND/OR the intent behind it. If I could do it over, I'd go for it, just for the adventure. (This is actually very close to the vibe from my first/only 3some, which was also an invite for drinks from a girl I'd just met, that turned into a 3some that night.) Hmmm, very good, rich reference experience. I bet the friends would have made it hard to make anything happen, but I think that girl was sex-ready, I'm was just too lightweight to take advantage of it.

Great reference moment. Had several this week.

Here are the rest of the sets.

…

May16. 5 today.

1. Asian girl, made eye contact, but she kept moving, kinda said some stuff, “in a hurry,” blah. Okay, first one, worst one.

2. Really beautiful, young Chinese girl. Walked right past me as I tried to open. Gave me a brief, beautiful look. Damn, she was ripe. One of the rare girls that is much prettier as you get closer… she had perfect skin. I love good skin… but it’s rare.

3. I was on a call when a very well put together Asian girl in thigh-high boots walked by. Baby Jesus knows I have the weakness for thigh-high anything (boots, stockings, tube socks… grrrr). My call ended and I headed in that directions, and… there she was, standing around, on her phone. I walked by, not sure I could open her. Came back, posted up in front of her, she looked up, game ensued. She wasn’t sure of me, but there were several moments when she was being real/expressive and getting into the set, or at least that moment. I stayed in for 2-3 minutes, and then bailed. I really don’t know about that one… maybe I could have closed. I really wished I had insta-dated her, or tried. I was in the mood to try that, but didn’t. Didn’t feel like there was any magic, but it went okay overall. I’m getting used to talking to hot, sexy girls, that’s for sure.

4. This is the one above… that invited me for the drink.

5. Very good looking Asian girl, about 5’5″, with long legs and a very nice ass (for anyone, but especially an Asian girl). Opened, and she was not good with English at all, but liked it, but really had to go. Damn, she was delicious.

Viva daygame!

More Sets || Faux-IOI

Nash · 17 May 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I have been reading Steve Jabba's Primal Seduction. I'm not sure he's the best teacher, but I like Steve, I bet he is very good w/ women, and I like his take on game. A year+ ago I saw his video product Secret Society, which was also very raw, but good stuff.

One of Steve's central points is the IOI (indicator of interest). He's all about it. He thinks IOIs are everywhere, and that men just don't notice them (that might be true). He advocates forcing IOIs, in nightclubs, but also on the street. I was in Japan when I first saw his videos, and I tried warming up to the idea for my Tokyo daygame sessions. As I'm coming back to life and working on my game, his book has me trying to take the IOI opportunity seriously.

I think one of the first posts I ever did for this blog as about eye contact in daygame, and how I mostly don't like it. What I mean is, when I make eye contact, I think the set is likely to go worse than when I don't. In the rest of game (in clubs and bars, or eating, maybe on the train, etc.), I am into eye contact and IOIs of that sort, they often get me to approach, but for street hunting, my experience was that making eye contact would get her defenses warmed up, whereas if she doesn't see me until I open, I would fair better. This could have just been my experience as a newbie — theorizing to cover my bad game — but I still believe in that theory somewhat.

Anyway, I'm trying to test it.

So this week, I'm out on the street, and had just walked away from not-so-successful approach on #2 (see below). I was thinking of what I could have said better in that set, and I had a big smile on my face, and was happy and lit up to be out hitting on girls. I do love it and it was on my face at that moment. As I rounded the corner, I made eye contact with a quite attractive girl.

Ouuuu, an IOI. "This one's for Steve," I thought.

She was a white girl, beautiful hazel eyes, rather tall, maybe 5'9″. As I followed her a bit to catch up to her, I was thinking she was a little conservative, maybe. I was guessing about 28 years old. Great ass.

I was expecting a warm open, based on the IOI, but as I said "you caught my eye," her face deflated. Here I was expecting some sexual common-ground, and she looked like I just asked to borrow money or something. It wasn't going well.

I could see this pickup was not fun for her. I finished my opening lines, saw that look on her face, and said, "Ummm, okay, you just made a face… are you okay?" and dialed my energy back. She looked at me, heavily, took a breath, and said, "I get hit on in the street often." "Umm, okay," I said. The mood was like a serious therapy session all of a sudden. I asked her what that was like for her. She said it's tiring. She said she liked my energy, that I wasn't aggressive, and that she had a "partner." I said okay, wished her a nice day, and ejected, dejected, creeping up the street away from her.

Fuck, that was a heavy set. Her, after the two previous sets that didn't hook, knocked my state down. I'm fine w/ rejection and blowouts, it's part of the game, but the look in her eyes, after I thought I was walking into a warm set, was rough. It felt like a bait and switch, and I wasn't ready for it.

My state was a bit rattled after that one — which was really no fault of my own, I don't think. There were sets everywhere just after her, but I was psychologically limping a bit, and could only watch them go by.

I headed deeper into the downtown mix, soaking up all that familiar territory, trying to get my vibe back on. I helped out a few tourists to help increase my state — works great for me, highly recommend it. I was shaking off that heavy set, and soon, opened a cute girl that warmed me back up again (#5 below). She was adorable… even now she's fun to think about, she was great.

Anyway… I've talked about my faux-IOI girl w/ a few friends. This is what I think actually happened:

I was glowing from set #2, even though it didn't go well. And my glow caught her eye, that's what the eye contact was about. I was on fire, she noticed, but it wasn't attraction.

Or… maybe she makes eye contact with folks and doesn't know it. That would explain why she gets hit on all the time. I am a bit surprised that she said that. She's very attractive, but in plain pants, not the classically sexy dressed girl. And she's likely too tall for a lot of men to approach, I would guess. This is all speculation. But if she happens to be the type of girl that makes a lot of eye contact for no particular reason, I might not be the only guy that gets faux-IOIs and then approaches.

Okay… there's another reference experience. I'm toughening up. Still learning the thousands of combinations out there, between me, my vibe, my approaches, and the various girls out there on the street.

…….

Here are the rest of the sets:

1. Cute girl, Chinese, big lips. I opened, she drifted, big smile. I asked her to stay and talk a bit, she said no, still smiling like it was her birthday. Okay, cool.

2. Very good looking Asian girl, with beautiful face and freckles. She wasn't into me, said she was busy, I said okay. I never mentioned the freckles. I wonder what would have happened if I'd dropped that bit after she said she had to go. I never do the "before you go" thing, I just don't like it. But adding more detail at that moment, who knows.

3. This is the girl that faux-IOI'd me in the story above.

4. White girl, small, great shape to her. I opened, she was delicious. She said she had to go. I didn't push that set enough, I think there was more there, but I left it on the table. My vibe, however, was very slow, sexual. I liked it. This is more and more common for me. I'm learning.

5. I was eyeing another Asian girl, when a bouncy white girl rolled by. I opened, and she turned, very close to me. She was lovely. I deliver my opener, and she laughs… small pause, and then she says, "I'm 18." I calmly said, "What does that mean to you?," blowing off the fact that I'm more than 2X her age. She looked me up and down and changed the topic. We chatted a bit more, and she said she had to go and I let it be. I also think there was more in this set… I'm not playing as hard as I should be. But, I like that I was fine w/ her comment about being 18 — I definitely didn't panic, nice and calm. I liked her. I think that youngest girl I've opened in daygame. I didn't know she was that young (she looked young/mid 20s). I would. Hmmm.

6. Small, dark hair, dark skin. Opened, she took it okay. She is here, visiting, from Brazil. She was on/off several times as we chatted. She is travelling alone. Perfect adventure sex potential. I asked for her number, she said she would take mine. We went back and forth, and I gave her my card — I know that sucks, but the debate about me taking her number wasn't going anywhere. She made a point of saying she'd connect via WhatsApp. Ummm, doubt it. That was my second card in 2 weeks… less than 1 in 20 chance, I think, that those girls will contact me. Oh well. Damn close to an ideal opportunity for adventure sex. We'll see.

Viva daygame.

Almost Insta-Date with the Womb-Guarder

Nash · 19 May 2016 · Archived copy · Original

(I love that title… womb-guarder! © Nash. Ha! I'll use that term again.)

I did 4 days of daygame this week. Because… I'm thirsty, dammit. (I love calling myself thirsty, it's so honest.) And because I know I need to put in the time if I want to get good at this (and I do). And, because I love it (yes to that). Gonna do a little night game tonight with my wing, and hoping to work in some "gutter sets" if I can remember to try… never done night-time daygame before.

The story for this batch of girls was about a near insta-date.

I was standing around near the ritzy shops, listening to this Mexican guy belt out songs in Spanish. He is probably about 50, rugged dude, ill-fitting clothes, very blue-collar. I had just dropped a dollar into his shaggy cardboard box, I think I am the only guy that gives this guy money. His guitar playing sucks, but I love his voice. Super raw and lo-fi. When he stops playing, and goes to hit the high notes, you don't think he's going to get there, but he does. He's good. Rich, beautiful voice. He looks like does construction work during the day, and stops to belt out a few tunes on his way home… I imagine because he loves the music, and to hustle some beer money. He's so out of place next to Louis Vuitton. Why he picks this spot, I have no idea… but I love it when he's there. He is one of the side-benefits of the street hustle.

So this girl is next to me on the corner as I listen, she's waiting for the light to change. She's a tall, white girl. Not super fine, but attractive.

She has a name tag on her back, high up, by her shoulder – almost as out of place as the Mexican guy. I'm not actually trying to hit on her. I'm just warmed up, in the flow, and don't hesitate to get mixed up w/ her a bit. I point out the name tag, and she smiles, blaming her pesky co-workers. I tell her, "It almost matches your hair, but not quite." Her hair, and the tag, are orange. She's funny and friendly, with a great smile.

She asks me if I'm listening to the guy sing. I tell her I think he's great. She is surprised, and says, "well, I guess, if that's your thing." And I say it's not my thing, but I like it very much anyway. It's all real smooth. We're close, great eye contact, she's got a very pretty face. Hmmm, I like her. It's not a proper approach, but it's definitely street game.

The light changes and she crosses and walks off. Hmmm, I can't let that go.

I chase her across to the other side of the street and fall into step next to her. I don't say anything for a few steps, just relax, entitled, and wait for her to recognize what's going on… she smiles knowingly.

I say, "Are you busy?" She's like, "yeah… gotta get home and buy some stuff at the store before it closes." Then we basically haggle over an insta-date (which I still have never done). It's pretty on between us. I give up on the insta, and try to number close for another time. She is resisting, test after test with this one… cause she does like me. Offers to take my card. I say "no" (I've given out two cards recently, and it's no surprise I never heard from those girls). She tells me she's not "in the market" right now. I point out she's still standing there. Huge smile from this girl. She loves all this. She says, "I should say no, this sounds like trouble." I agree, "yeah, the good kind of trouble." It's still very on. Long negotiation. She commits to leaving without giving me her number, and we give each other a long, hot, sex-ful stare… she wins, womb successfully guarded, once again.

Girls gots to guard that womb. If they don't… they'd be pregos all the time.

This girl liked me, but did a very good job of guarding her womb. Uhhh, if I had 5% better game, she and I would have insta-dated. I'm getting there. That was a fun one.

Here are the rest of the notes from the day.

…

May19: 7 today.

1. She was on the train w/ me. We ended up getting off at the same stop. Short, lovely Asian girl. Turned out to be Vietnamese. I get a few lines out, she likes it, and announces that she's married. She doesn't wear a ring because she's a dentist and rings aren't sanitary. I congratulated her on her marriage, we laughed, and off I went. Good start.

2. Serious Asian girl, walking fast. I loved her face. She opened… but was drifting… looked very much to actually be in hurry, she said so, I told her to "get out of here!" I love saying that to girls.

3. Asian girl, obviously just done w/ work, thought I had an IOI… chased her down, I could tell by the look on her face that her English wasn't great. She was smiling, but nervous… and too old for me. I let her go.

4. Very good looking white girl w/ backpack… I was hoping for Euro-tourist. The approach was terrible, everyone was in the way, couldn't really get in front of her. She was like "what?" in this half paying attention, half irritated way. I got out "I noticed you…" and she was already walking away. That was a pretty solid blowout… bad approach, plus a "no" girl. Uggg.

5. This is the near insta-date, womb-guarder from above. Lovely girl, fun interaction.

6. Asian girl w/ great legs… I can't tell if she's on the phone. I post up next to her, ask if she's on the phone, she lies and says she is. I say, okay, not into her skin, pedal off.

7. "Searching for Melanie" (I'll explain what that means some other time), I see a middle-of-the-road white girl, w/ big boobs and nice legs. I think, yes, I would. So I open… she drifts quickly, huge smile on her face, loving it, and I can tell that doesn't happen to her often. She mentions something about a BF, thanks me, and disappears into the train system.

Viva Daygame.

Are You Alright? || Elephant in the Room

Nash · 20 May 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I like the “in the moment” opportunities to react to a girl on an approach (and on dates, for that matter). Specifically, I like to read her face, checking out what emotions are going on for her, commenting that back to her, and using that as what to talk about.

Let’s say you approach, and she’s making a face of some kind. Sometimes, I just move fwd with the structure of the approach, waiting for her to hook and for things to seem more “normal” to her. I don’t expect a girl to be 100% into it immediately. Other times… I like to stop my rap pretty early on, and ask her how she’s doing, or point out what I see. Just drop the structure, and go “real-time” with what is going on between she and I.

I approach, tell her I think she’s interesting, or whatever, as my opener, and then point out the look on her face. Maybe she’s a shy Chinese language student, and I’ll say, “You’re making a serious face, are you alright?” Her response could lead to instant rapport, I’m showing sensitivity in those moments. I remember a girl downtown about 2 months ago, where I got the line out, could see a funny look on her face, and asked, “Are you nervous?” I particularly like that one, in terms of the power dynamic. Or the girl two weeks ago that deflated when I was expecting an IOI, I was quick to point out the look on her face, and while that was a failed seduction, the set “made sense” once I read her and we got on the same page. Another time, in a bar, I could see she was into me, and I was like “you like me, I can see it on your face.” And she loved it.

These are the moments I’m talking about. When you can see real-time, what is going on for her, and you feed it back to her.

I don’t think the point is follow her mood. I want to lead here, as elsewhere in the process. But there is some social mastery in reading folks, and being able to talk about it, it’s congruent with the situation.

This is also a good example of “pacing” — “pacing and leading” which was an interesting part of “2005” pickup. I’m pacing her, by accurately pointing out where she’s at, or at least trying to find common ground around the expression on her face. I know I feel comfortable when folks can tell where I’m at, when they “pace” me. Hippies call this “feeling seen.”

In #4 below… she was definitely standing there, not drifting, but she was making a “screwed up” face, she wasn’t that comfortable. I wish I had pointed it out, calling out the elephant in the room, and seeing if that was healthy for the set or connection. “Are you comfortable, you’re making a funny face.” Something like that.

I have a lot of things to work on, but I’d like to keep this in mind, and play with talking about her emotions in real-time.

The notes from the rest of the sets are below.

May 20: 6 Girls.

1. Chinese girl, bad skin and a cold sore. Hard to be into a girl when you’re staring at that. Awkward set.

2. White girl, pulling a suitcase, nice legs. Not my usual type, but sexy. I opened, it was very awkward. I think I may have been over caffeinated, and she was also talking very fast, and all business. Leaving for NY for a new job in two weeks… I didn’t push it, wasn’t a fun set.

3. Really good looking white girl, walking slow down the sidewalk. Great ass. I got full in front of her. She gave me a partially interested, but very serious look from head to toe — like she was inspected a camel — and almost walked right over me as she continued down the street. Proper blowout. Not a word.

4. 10 seconds after the camel buyer (see #3), this tiny Asian girl walked by… she had to be 4’10”. I love tiny. She didn’t love me, ha! She leaned back away from me the whole time, but stood there, answering my questions and

talking a bit. She looked mostly uncomfortable, it wasn't fun. I think if I had to do that one over, I'd ask her how she felt talking to me. I think I'm going to do more of that in set… it's kinda like calling out the elephant in the room, mixed with social savvy and genuine interest in women and their minds. I think moments can be created that way. And I think the average guy can't/won't do that, and I can. Hmmm, I'm going to try to work that into my sets.

5. Very good looking Asian girl, great body, yoga pants. I opened, she drifted, but smiled and liked it. At some point she said, "Thank you, but I'm engaged." Showed me the ring (which I think I might have noticed as I moved into open, but I was committed to the set either way). She was gorgeous.

6. Walking with my wing, she walked by… brown hair, nice energy. I gave my wing 1 second to decide if he wanted her, he hesitated so I went in. Opened her right at the intersection, but she opened well and easily. Did the crossed legs thing. She loved it. She's here from Mexico City, lives here, has been here 6 months. Set was very quick, but pretty good. I asked about her weekend plans and she said she didn't have any and gave me a big smile. I took her number and she looked excited. Felt a little quick, but solid. Best set of the day.

5 More || Talking to Hot Girls is Normal

Nash · 24 May 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Some quick notes here, just to remind me I did a short sessions with 4 more set this day, and 1 the day before.

I did not want to run game. I had my last appointment with the dermo the next day, and I knew my face was going to be messed up, and approaching felt pointless. I thought I'd have a dead week while my face healed yup – turned out the doctor didn't do much damage, but I didn't know that at the time. Mostly, I was just feeling sorry for myself.

Rough day… I think 4 for 4 blew me out, or were super-brief. I was still proud of myself for doing a few more sets. I can own my dedication. Yes to that.

The one the day before was also a blow out… I wasn't on a session, nor was I in the mood, but she was my type so I forced myself to approach. I'm trying to make approaching "a part of my life," where I approach mid-day, whenever, and not just during proper daygame sessions.

Putting this note here, to help me keep count of my approaches… eventually, I'll count them all up.

Here is my usual disclaimer: I still have not been laid from daygame. Ha. I'm keeping count, as I want to know how many approaches is takes me to get my first sex from a street approach. I think I'm at about 100 since I "came back to life." Maybe 700 daygame approaches lifetime? 800?

Last week, a told a friend I was lonely. I put in a lot of work in May, and had almost nothing to show for it. I did get another date w/ a Japanese girl I picked up 2 months ago (it was meh), and a bunch of numbers/Facebook closes, but not much more than that. About 1/2 the numbers have no response at all, the others… not much better.

As I thought about it, though… I'm not lonely. I'm not. I'm disappointed. That's what it is.

But… and this was clear to me on this day with the blowouts and all… talking to hot girls, is becoming very normal for me. I have very little approach anxiety, and standing in front of a hot girl on the street during a cold approach, is almost standard for me now.

That… is something.

Fucking A, I'm tempted to try online dating. Stupid fucking online dating. Fuck you, online dating. Ha.

For now, I think I'll soak up all the glory of another month on the street. Yes to that. Maybe stingy Baby Jesus will kick down some lovin' this month. Prudish, contrarian, nun-like Baby Jesus… loosen up, dude! Somewhere, a nice, deserving girl is praying to your 8.5 oz omnipotent Son-of-Godness, wanting a white beast to ravish her with some oral sex and a good pounding. Hook her up, man. Not for me… no, no… do it for her, Baby Jesus. Do it, for her.

Viva Daygame.

4 More || “I’m Young”

Nash · 30 May 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Four more yesterday – I’ll talk about my favorite of the day.

It was later in the day, I was with my wing, and she walked by – cute Asian girl, walking kind of fast. I ran after her, my tea, still hot, burning my hands a bit as I chased after her. Wind, fucking my hair up. She opened with big eyes, not certain what was going on. Ummm.

I tried my “are you okay?” thing with her. It worked, flowed naturally. It’s not really a technique, it’s just good social skills, but I like doing it in set. She responded, says she was fine, just surprised. I think that got us on the same page. I like this. This is something that is very “me,” and becoming part of my personal “stack.”

So then she says, “I’m young.” And stares at me.

Hmmm. Interesting. Why announce that? What is a little girl trying to say — to me, and herself — when she says something like that?

3 weeks ago, I opened an 18 year old. I wasn’t aiming for 18 year olds, I was just following what I was attracted to, so I opened her. Within 30 secs, she spit out, “I’m 18.” And then stared at me. Hmmm, there it is again.

I think both of those girls are basically saying “you’re old,” but in a cooler way. This isn’t rejection, they’re just perceptive enough to notice that there is a decade+ age difference going on. And the look on their faces, in both sets… they were into the pickup. That comment was definitely not a blow out. They’re just calibrating to the idea that a man much older than they are, is taking them serious in a sexual way.

The one yesterday, I hit her back with the same line I did w/ the 18 year old — “So, what does that mean to you?” And then vacuum. She just stared, interesting smile on her face. Damn, very interesting smile.

I think what is going on here, is that she is “tasting the hook.” She’s not rejecting me, but she’s not hooked. She knows what’s going on, and she’s calling it out, so everyone’s clear. She’s making sure **I’m** not confused, and that’s hysterical to me. Uhh, yes, I know you’re young and hot and tight. I get it. No, I’m not freaking out about your age.

I didn’t qualify myself in either set – which would be a big mistake. I think she is kind of handing me some rope here. A lot of guys would use that opportunity to hang themselves, by trying to defend their age or explain how it doesn’t matter. I could talk for a couple hours about how I think the age difference is ideal, perhaps over a drink in a dark lounge, and use that material to turn a young girl on, but in this case, no need to qualify. It’s not the time or the place.

When I say, “What does that mean to you?,” I’m stealing the frame. Her line “Don’t you know I’m a young girl” isn’t really much of a test, unless I freak out. With both girls, I returned the line with “What does that mean to you?” I was calm and unfazed, in both sets. And well, to be honest, they’re young girls, and these 2 were both at least a little into the pickup, so they don’t have much to say to that question. Which is perfect. Test passed. We just move on from there.

So, this particular girl invites me to walk w/ her a bit. She refers to me as “older” at least a couple times (which I never hear to be honest). We get down to the train, and I stop, telling her this is where I’m going to leave her. I tell her I want her number. She’s not sure. We read her face some more, and talk about how she looks a little uncertain about all this. Her eyes are enormous. She says, this has never happened to her before. I like her. She’s cute.

So I took her number.

She made some comment about setting me up w/ her older sister, which I blew off. I go back to talking about her phone number, asking her if she knows what I’m going to do with it? She plays dumb. I tell her, “I’m gonna text you

and ask you out." She smiles, eyes popping. And I will.

Okay… that was the big set of the day. A ton of great reference experiences. Another number close.

I did 3 more that day, including an approach before lunch.

Baby Jesus, you can't deny me forever, can you, big guy. That's right. Any day now, my 8.5 oz brother. Any day now, a cute girl is going to fall out of your pocket, and I'm gonna be there, to literally and figuratively "pick her up."

Viva daygame.

Perfected Himself Through Loneliness

Nash · 2 June 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Read this today:

> Classical literature was full of heroes—the vast majority of them were men—who were heroic because they were alone. The quest narrative was one in which a man whittled away from himself all societal bonds and then, having perfected himself through loneliness, returned triumphant to society. Society was still there waiting for him because it had been tended by women, who were never alone.

I like this, as it pertains to where I am in daygame… which is Newbie Hell.

When I started daygaming, I usually went with my wing. When I went to Japan, I had to learn to run game on my own, and I loved it. But there I was, out on the streets, alone. I run almost all my sets alone now.

And then the sets start to kick your ass. It's not like I don't enjoy them, I do, yesterday was fucking cool (unproductive, but great), talking to girls is cool. But the sets can be rough. And then numbers that lead to silence, that's even rougher. All that work for a number that is nothing more than dead-air. Worse than dead-air… dead-air with expectations.

Going back to the quote, I'm getting "whittled" down. The discipline is cleaning me up, in that I show up, and deliver, over and over, even when I'm not getting "paid." Set after set, pounding me into something better, something more useful, to myself and women. I have me. And I know I'm solid. When that is very fucking clear in my eyes… my sets will get better. This is how it goes.

Please, Baby Jesus, let this transformation happen soon!

This is all classic mythology… you hear the call (maybe in your balls), but you don't want to go. It sounds hard — and it will be. That's most guys, they ignore the call, play video games and jerk off instead. But some men begin the quest. And they leave comfort to find something bigger, to become bigger men, better men. Helpers appear, but it's mostly him. Alone, set after set. Leaving behind "societal bonds," alone on the street, working his craft. No one holds your hand on the sidewalk.

Newbie Hell, is that space somewhere after you've accepted the quest, but before you've found the grail. That's where I am. 100+ sets into this particular quest. (I'm not going to bother counting them until I get laid… damn, it's gonna be a lot of sets!).

I'm trying to make some sense out of where I am right now… and this frame is helping.

Here are the sets.

1. Out on Memorial Day. I don't like weekends… far fewer single girls, in my experience. This was a holiday Monday, so it was like a weekend. I did 1 set in a bit over an hour. She was a slightly better than average looking Asian girl. Blew me out. Fine.

Spotted a guy out running sets, and watched him for a bit. After he was done, I introduced myself… nice guy. I almost never see anyone else out. I think most guys run weekend game, and I don't see them, as I'm out during the week.

Next day was a Tuesday… I was excited, and sets where everywhere.

2. Little Asian girl, was confused as to what was going on, but stood there. I eventually told her I was hitting on her, to make it explicit. Huge smile, but she was mostly just confused by the whole thing. Some girls do feel naïve to me. I let her go.

3. Beautiful, fancy Asian girl. She was in the middle of about 10 people, moving down the sidewalk in one big worker-bee blob of strangers. I threaded my way in there, almost just for practice in forcing my way into a group like that. Had to side stop, as I couldn't get in front of her. She was precious… so beautiful. Wow. Great smile, but couldn't stop her. Beautiful.

4. 30 secs after #3, I met an Iraqi programmer girl. Ha… daygame, so random! Stopped her, nice chat. Wasn't really that into her, but tried to close, asked her if she wanted a drink w/ me sometime. "No thank you," she said. Fine and fine.

5. Tiny, sunglasses… those are the notes I took down. I'm guessing she's Asian, but I can't remember this one. Damn, I love Asian girls.

6. Beautiful Asian girl, blue coat, great smile. She barely stopped, but her smile bloomed across her face as I opened her. She was going to dinner. Tried to get her to talk, but it didn't really happen. She was my favorite of the day. I want to date that girl.

7. Sets were coming super fast at this point… and now a little Asian girl, with big headphones, arms crossed, great legs and a skirt. Big smile, but said she had a BF right away.

8. Lovely little white girl, with a proud pony tail and great confident walk. Turned out to be Russian — she didn't tell me that, but it was the accent, and even more so, that calm, strong vibe Russian girls have. She didn't understand what was going on, and wasn't completely stopped. Then she got it, and "I'm not interested," and calmly walked away. Wow… really beautiful one. She was right… I'm not ready for her. Not yet.

9. This girl… wow! I opened her, in part, just because she was so hot, so put together, I was challenging myself. She was tiny, brown skin, beautiful. I'm guessing Latin? Stopped well… and I had nothing to say. I think that was just me freaking out that she was so hot. I remember thinking she didn't like what was going on when I was in set… but as I think back, I think she was a "maybe" the whole time and I just panicked, ejected too early. Not quite ready for her either.

I got a text and realized I was late for a call. Shit. Took the call, but it lasted an hour… prime daygame time, wasted. I was cold when the call was done.

10. Beautiful Asian girl in the mall. I didn't open well and she didn't understand me. When she did, said she wasn't interested. I don't blame her, weak set. She thanked me, I split.

Fuck… if I hadn't done that call, I bet it would have been a 15+ set day… and I was really warming up. Oh, well… more tomorrow.

Viva daygame.

14 more || Miss Set Destroyer

Nash · 9 June 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Hmmm, the last week… was rough. I'm chalking it all up to Newbie Hell, and trying to work thru it.

Last Thursday, I was all fired up. Had a great day the previous Tues that was cut short by an appointment, I was ready to really go at it hard on Thu and Fri. I really want this to work.

I hit the street on Thu and… fuck. Very few sets. And even fewer that I could open. My state hit a near record low — I'm a thirsty man right now and super outcome dependent, I know it. I opened one girl. And she mostly blew me out. It was demoralizing. I've had a few days like this one, but it hurt. I went to the pool for a workout, and my ex the Tokyo Queen was there… I just grabbed my stuff and split.

Only a beer could fix that day, and it did. Thank you, Baby Jesus, for alcohol.

Thu surprised me. And the lack of results in general has also surprised me. It's like flipping a coin and get "tails" every time. I may be kidding myself… but I don't think I'm as bad as my stats would indicate.

Friday… it was all about getting back on the horse. Hit the street, pretty nervous, shaken from Thu. Did 5 sets. Nothing magical, but some nice, "pleasant" sets. (Fuck "pleasant," thou… that's not "living big," which is what I'm after.) But it put me back on my feet.

Did a tiny bit of nightgame on Sat… including a somewhat sloppy, somewhat sexy Latin girl at the bar, where I opened w/ talking about her lips. A sexy few moments. She was waaaaay kissable. Okay.

So then this week, Monday was okay. The set of the week was awkward, but memorable:

She… was a young, fresh faced Asian girl, walking and trying to text at the same time (#6 below). I opened and she was surprised. She's much younger than me, but she stopped. Nervous, but she stood there. As the set started to get rolling, a friend of hers, a girl, comes over. We can call her Miss Set Destroyer.

They greet each other, but even that is weird as I'm standing there and we can all feel it. Friend finished saying hello, and then backs off about 3-4 feet. I say hi. She sort of says hi back. There's a shitstorm of eye coding going on. I step forward and shake her hand, trying to treat her like I would a guy at a bar that knows the girl I like.

She's not blowing me out, she's not really in the set, but she's not leaving us alone either — fucking go away, girl. I tell the interloping Set Destroyer that I am trying to hit on the target. Blank stare from her. Damn. I think we might have been at the bus stop… maybe that's why all this went down like it did.

I try to get back to the cute girl, she has such a pretty face. I ask if she's Korean… and she is. I say I'm not good at guessing (which I'm not), but that kind of white skin is very Korean to me. I ask the friend if she thinks the cute one looks Korean — trying to involve her, so she's not a GD spectator to my set — she sort of nods vacantly. The set drags on a bit, I'm embarrassed at this point, and I blush, Korean girl blushes, and I point out all the blushing going on, and the cute girl laughs a bit.

After a while, I tell them both this whole set is too awkward, and I bail. Such a train wreck, that one.

As I leave, Ms Destroyer is standing where the set happened, the cutie is walking up the street, and another one gets away.

Baby Jesus, always testing a player. One, awkward, reference experience at a time. We march on.

Here are the sets from Monday.

1. Wow, super beautiful "put together" Asian girl. I open, telling her that. She's playing along, tells me she's going home for a run — makes sense, she has sexy calves. We go back/forth a bit. I think it was a good set, but I wasn't warmed up, and I didn't try to close her. She might have been dateable, that one… and so lovely. Okay.

2. Curvy Asian, beautiful black curls. Opened well. Meeting BF for dinner. I said some stupid shit after she said she had a BF… trying to joke. Oh well.

3. Bright-eyed skinny young Asian girl, didn't really understand me, I let her go.

4. Turkish girl. I was going to open with some push/pull about how she was cute and feminine, but had an edgy look in her eyes. She stopped well, claimed to not speak much English, but seemed to hook anyway. She was not as cute up close, I let her go.

5. Was following a really cute Asian girl, upgraded to a little Euro girl… I was hoping for another Russian. She reacted on high alert and sorted waved me off and picked up her pace. Okay.

6. This is the story from above about the Cute Korean.

7. Short, Asian woman. Very cute. She stopped well. I could tell when I shook her hand that she was a bit older than I thought… it was the quality of her skin. Maybe early 30s? After I opened, I asked if she was 5 ft tall. She confirmed. Adorable. She was late and said she had to keep walking. I offer to walk w/ her, she declined… okay, cool.

8. One more.. can't remember.

Keeping count here… viva Daygame.

I number closed Yad || 7 More

Nash · 13 June 2016 · Archived copy · Original

So on Monday there was more in the “days of game.” Out the street, talking to girls. That’s how we do it.

It was a ~~good~~ fun day. Eh, pretty fun.

When I’m out, I try to get some sets in right away, and this day, Baby Jesus was kicking down the opportunities straight outta the gates.

There were two Chinese girls, to start. First one was smiley, but drifted away. Second one, I can’t remember… only that she was Chinese and very cute.

Then, there was the little white girl. She turned out to be a student, originally from Scotland, getting her degree in Washington state, and here on vacation. She… was not that cute up close. I… would have dated her anyway. Thirsty, thirst man, I am. Set was pretty good. I cold-read her to be an artist, and I was right. She was very hard to close (because she probably didn’t want to be closed), as she claimed her phone had no reception, etc., etc. I ended up putting my name in her phone on FB, but… no connection. I told her I was going out dancing the next night, and she should look me up later if she wanted to join. Did not happen. I know I’m gonna have sex with a tourist this summer… it’s my destiny. She was not the one.

After that, there was a girl w/ very dark skin, lovely face. I think we made eye contact, that’s what got my attention. As I turned back to check her out… it was her rather generous portion of ass that made me commit to the set. I chased her down into the subway, and she was in line to go swipe her pass and get into the train system when I opened her. She laughed. I said, “This makes you laugh?” — calling out her face and emotions. She said, “It’s just that this has never happened to me before.” It turns out all that dark skin was Ethiopian. Meanwhile, she’s just about to the point where she swipes her card, I’m keeping time w/ her in line as she waits. I say, “Okay, this is the point where I take your number.” People were stacked up behind her… she said, “I’ll take yours.” Terrible. I handed her my card… we know how that goes.

Then another Asian girl I can’t really remember.

And then a Chinese girl. Opened great. Long friendly chat, maybe too friendly. College girl. Lots of freckles, that’s cute. As I went for the close, we started joking about her age. I asked if she was old enough to join me for a drink. She had me guess her age. I guessed 22 (old enough for a drink, but still college-aged). She said, much older. I said 27… she said that was close. Okay. Told her I wanted to see her again, and would she like that? No thank you, she said. Okay.

So theeeeeeeeeennnnnnnn… I’m following an Asian girl, about to open. I upgrade to a very attractive white girl that is just going into the mall. As I turn to chase the white girl, in the corner of my eye I think I recognize a face that should be familiar to everyone that’s studied daygame… could it be?… yes it was.

Yad, himself.

I gave up on the white girl, walked over, stuck my hand out, and he looked me up and down, and he said, “Oh, you recognize me.” Yes, I did. He was cool and friendly. His student was on an insta-date. I asked if he had time for more students while he was here, and he gave me his number.

That, is how I number closed Yad. It was cool for me, but this isn’t exactly what my goal is for daygame… hysterical how you get into pickup to meet girls, and in fact, you do, but you also meet a lot of guys. Some of them famous. Heroes of game.

I did one more set, it was terrible… Chinese girl, blew me out.

Off to the bar to watch game 5 of the NBA series. Warriors! Ahh, they lost. But the crowd at my favorite bar was

cool, as always. I love that place, even thou it was super packed.

As it became clear our local team was going to lose… I was texting the “God Father of Day Game,” setting up a lesson.

And then… on a trip across the bar, I see this girl across the crowded room… she was looking pretty cute. I texted her, “Going with straight hair these days, huh Client Girl.” She hit me back w/ “Yeah, trying something new :).”

That thing w/ her ended in frustration for me, as she seemed interested at the time, I’d had her in on my bed making out the previous date, hands on her tender ass as I walked her down the stairs, but she was very tough to get out again (would have been date #4), cancelling for this reason and that… so I gave up on her. I had a lot of options at the time. I am a thirsty bear, right now, but… I’d rather start over than chase down that old ghost.

Viva daygame.

Yad's Feedback on My Sets

Nash · 16 June 2016 · Archived copy · Original

My story about my day with Yad I'll post separately, but I want to really meditate on this feedback he gave me. These notes are mostly here for me.

Here are the main points we talked about that I need to focus on:

> "The first 10 seconds cannot be fucked with. That's one thing that you can actually like, preplan for, to do it absolutely perfect."
> — Yad

THE APPROACH: Yad coached me to not make eye contact until after I have gotten out in front of her, completely turned, and am coming back in towards her. He didn't say this, but basically, he wants me to get out to her 12 o'clock before I "turn my head," lock eyes and start talking. "Not turning your head too soon, when you approach." Felt very good today, some of my best stops. I practiced the next day, I'm stopping much better when I keep this in mind. At one point, he said "Daygame is about the surprise," and I happen to believe that — thus, don't telegraph the approach. This is another way of saying what I was trying to say in my first post on eye contact in daygame.

MORE ON EYE CONTACT: "You should always keep eye contact. First 30 seconds and the last 30 seconds you don't break eye contact." He said all this when he was having me practice my opening lines with him. "Laser eyes."

DOUBLE APPROACH/REOPEN: One of the early sets I did that day was an awkward approach, I couldn't get in front of her. She smiled, didn't stop, and I walked back to Yad. Yad was watching her, and said she looked back at me and flipped her hair and was smiling — she liked it. I believe that, I think this happens a lot. He told me to go back in (I didn't). He said something like, "Say, 'I have to tell you this one thing…'" and reopen. He says, "it's even more romantic." He mentioned it's like "The Notebook" (Gosling movie), where a man has to show persistence. He says he almost likes it better when he has to reapproach. For me, this is gold, as I have so many sets where the girl does smile and lingers, but "drifts" (as I like to say) and I lose her. Reopening here could revive a few sets that would be dead otherwise. I will also say, in everything I've studied, I've never heard anyone else recommend this. He made me do it with this little 5' ft cutie, and she was hard to reopen, but she was more engaging the 2nd time, gave me a chance to get my story out, she blushed. It was fun. I need to try this more. I promised Yad I'd do at least 10 of these before I make up my mind about this.

TALK LOUDER: A great friend of mine, "The Fat Italian," says I have a voice only dogs can hear. On the phone, I'm sometimes mistaken for a girl. Sucks, but I've had this voice my whole life, so I'm used to hearing stuff like this. My voice is quiet and a bit high-pitched. I haven't gone as far as voice lessons, but I'm thinking about it. Anyway, Yad kept telling me I need to be louder on the open. "The loudest you've got to be is the first 15 seconds. You can't have a girl have a bigger voice than you."

MORE ENTHUSIASM. Yad wanted me to be a bit more enthusiastic when I open. He kept saying I need to be "congruent" with my open (which confused me a bit). We talked about it, and he said you need to have the same vibe as if you had just run into a good friend of yours. I think that's what he wants me to be congruent with, that "hey, look it's my old friend" vibe. He talked about how this is how friends greet each other, and this is how you kickstart a warm response from her, by leading with this enthusiastic vibe. He's right. Good coaching.

I GIVE UP TOO EASY: He's totally right. So many of my street notes say "I let her go." This is true. Part of this is when I'm not warmed up, or when I want to be "nice to girls," but other times… I just fucking give up too easily, even in sets that are going well. He's right. I did this for years in game, where I wouldn't number close, even on fun/good sets in bars. I want to drill this into myself.

HOW TO DEAL WITH 2-SETS. “Just focus entirely on the girl you like.” Okay. I have only done 1 2-set in daygame, ever. And I have a style I think I like… but I will try Yad’s advice. I trust him… and I’m a fucking beginner. He tried to demo this for me, but the set he opened turned out be young, teenage girls, “both had colorful braces on their teeth,” so he laughed and ejected.

I DON’T TEASE ENOUGH. “You don’t tease enough. You go for the nice safe option… which is okay w/ the FOBs, but not with the American Asians. They need you to tease a little bit, to show you get their sense of humor. Don’t risk it too much… with Asian’s especially, I find one or two is more than enough. ‘I love how bossy you look, does that mean you are a bossy girl and I should be careful?’ You’re not going for teasing and challenging enough. You don’t even do a sexual compliment at any point.” He’s right.

RECORD YOUR SETS “If I were you, I’d constantly be recording myself. Recording and analysis is a big big part of any field in life you want to truly master. Like in sports, after every game the coach goes thru each play with every player.” I confessed that I had been avoiding recording my sets, as I assumed they were terrible. We recorded some that day, and they were better than I thought. I’m going to start doing this.

> “The end, I would practice to death. Lazer eye beams. ‘Another time, I’d love to invite you out.'”
> — Yad

He was fucking great for me. We did 15+ sets in 3 hours, and he gave me a ton of great feedback. And very easy to work with, he’s a super comfortable guy to be around.

I just happen to meet him on the street here in the US, but you can book a coaching session with Yad at Daygame.com. He’s been spending more time in CA, he says, so this might be a more practical thing for US daygamers than it used to be.

Viva daygame.

My Day out with Yad

Nash · 16 June 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Here's my story about what it was like to be out running daygame for the afternoon w/ Yad, the God Father of modern daygame and the LDM.

I have had very few coaches of any kind in my life. I took one bootcamp, years ago w/ Dj Fuji (arguably, one of the most made-fun-of guys in game). I think I learned from Fuji, but he was kind of a dick. Yad is a cool guy. And as a student, it makes a real difference. Fuji's technique seemed to be to try to scare everyone into doing what he wanted. Yad is so chill, so comfortable and so confident, he was contagious and I relaxed quickly. Great coach, with real skills to teach a guy like me.

I started out at my gym, which is my typical "homebase" on game days. I did a set before Yad and I met up. She was a cute girl in sunglasses, a flannel (buttoned down so I could see some milky skin on her chest), jeans and sneakers. Thought she was a tourist… she wasn't, worker bee. She liked it. And I'm grateful for that, as it was a warm start for a long day. I did not try to close her, but I should have. As Yad would say, I give up too easy.

We met at the Mall. He was wrapping things up w/ two students. I shook hands with them. I remember the typical exaggerated displays of "alphaness" that game guys tend to display when they meet each other. Ha. That shit is boring, but they seemed cool enough. Yad and I walk into the Mall, he's telling me a story about the previous coaching session… I'm still hot and sweating from walking up from the gym. He shoves me into a set almost immediately. Here goes!

"That one, the blonde, go. Tell her she looks like she's from Sweden." I hadn't even seen her face, so I was very reluctant. I caught a glimpse, okay… I can open her. "Open her on the escalator." Okay, fine. Opened her. She was a flight attendant. She was cute and flirty, perfect… for someone else. I just didn't like her. But we were off and running.

Here's a tip for anyone taking any kind of bootcamp or coaching for game… if you have a coach, they need to get you into sets, so they'll spot them and send you in. If you don't want to be pushed into sets where you may/maynot like the girl… open on your own sets, do it right away, and for the whole session. I don't really have a problem opening girls, but I had a little trouble with Yad in that he would push me into sets that I wasn't always into… at least at first. This is important, as I can't run my best game when I'm not into the girl. So having someone else pick out my sets doesn't really work for me. This is direct game, and if I'm going to be congruent with going direct, I have to actually be inspired by the girl, or it starts to sound like a routine — which is the exact opposite of what I'm trying to do in daygame.

We managed to work this out, in part as I started spotting and running down my own sets. And also, as Yad understood I want to see the girls face first, or I won't approach. He was cool about that. In some cases, he made me anyway… like when he just wanted me to practice being louder, or to test the mic and recording equipment. Or one time, he was like "trust me, trust me," and sent me after a little Chinese girl. He was right, she was my type. Beautiful. I think he figured out my type pretty quick, and then helped spot sets for me and would send me in. I probably did 1/2 of "my sets" and 1/2 sets he sent me after.

Another thing to say about Yad, is that he probably has the best radar of anyone I've ever seen. If there's a cute girl around, he knows it. I think I did about 15+ girls that afternoon, which is at or above my personal total for here in the US. If I went after every set he told me to, it probably would have been 25 sets. He's got great eyes.

One thing I think I'm learning from Krauser, is this idea of the mythology or "the story" you use when you stack w/ a girl. I'm getting better and better at coming up w/ a story I'm going to run with, based on the unique qualities of the girl. And doing all this in real-time, on the fly. This is like the classic "you look French, baguette, cigarette, blah blah," but personalized to each girl. This was hard to do when Yad would see the girl and send me after her… but I was still able to do it sometimes. I believe this is very much a crucial skill in the version of LDM that I'm learning

from (mostly) Krauser's teachings.

EX: One set that Yad and I recorded, actually started with him spotting her, and sending me in when I hadn't seen her face. "Go, go," says Yad. I can see the body/look are my type, but I hadn't seen her face. I often talk about the look on the girl's face as "meat" for the story of the pickup. Or her walk. In this case, it was her 4 in', aggressive high heels. They looked "mean," and that was all I needed. I ran up to her, opened her, and said, "I love that you're smiling. You have this really sweet smile, and it's nice, and then these really mean shoes, and I love the contrast." And she was laughing and hooking, and that's part of how to use the story.

Side note here… Yad said I don't seem to have any problem with talking, and he's mostly right. I'm usually pretty good at coming up w/ something to say, and I'm getting better, as my story-telling skills sharpen up.

EX: Yad grabbed a bite to eat in the middle of our session, but was still flagging girls from his seat and sending me on missions. He spotted this cute, young Asian girl and sent me after her. She had "young, cute girl style," but this hat that seemed to belong to an older woman. So that was my story: "Hi… I noticed you, and you're a young cute girl, and I like that, but this hat… it's a little too 'mature' for you, and doesn't really match the rest of your look." Turned out… she had just bought it for her mom, and was on her way to meet her. So, in addition to being good "meat" for the story, it was a good cold read. I don't care about being accurate w/ the story (that's not the point at all), the point is to have this "mythology" to spin to give the set some fun and momentum.

Another skill I've been trying to learn (and articulate) is about reading girls faces – I talked about this in my Elephant in the Room post a few weeks back. I'm not saying I'm very good at this, but I have a lot of experience in sets where it seems to be a good technique. What I mean here, is when she makes a face, and you use the face she's making as content for the stack. Commwnt on her expression (=emotion)can serve to build attraction or rapport.

EX: Yad sent me after this really beautiful, tall, fancy Chinese girl. She was a tiny bit startled from the approach — and I really think this was more about her personality than about me. So she's making this "WTF"/semi-scared face, and leaning back. It was like a slow-mo reaction as if a dog was going to bite her. She's listening, but her lips are curled back in this uncomfortable way. So… I called it out. "Are you okay? Am I making you nervous?" Full rapport and emotional intelligence moment. And that caused she and I to connect. I did this 2 or 3 more times in the set. "Okay, hey I'm still looking at you face, and you seem more comfortable but still a little alarmed. How we doing?" And she would relax even more, talk about her state. This is a type of demonstrated calibration. You're not just adjusting to her, but you're telling her that you can see what is happening, and if you're right, that's a type of proof that you're "normal" (or better than normal).

(I think this is actually a special/advanced skill, way beyond "normal," but the point is… it's the opposite of "weird" if done correctly.)

Yad really wanted me to insta-date. In fact, he told me to go back in and try to i-date the Chinese girl from the example above. She/I were not a "love connection," so I didn't want to, but I see how he was doing a good job trying to help me get that skill into my experience. He pushed me to insta-date several girls, I never tried. I have almost no experience with this, but I appreciate his point.

Another thing Yad likes about i-dates, is that, if she says no, it makes the number close easier. You're going from a big ask ("date me right now"), to a smaller ask ("date me some other time"), and doing those asks in that order (from big, down to small) makes the latter easier to say yes to. I don't know what Krauser would say about that, but this whole topic reminds me of his really excellent posts on Cialdini's Influence.

Another set: She was a very good looking Asian girl, and she opened pretty well. She had just finished a job interview, and I said that was surprising, as she looked so relaxed. She said, "Well, I have lots of options, so I'm not that nervous about it." I went a little too "rapport" in telling her I thought that was cool of her. Yad was listening (he had me mic'd up), and he said, "you should have teased her, mate." Something like, "You've got a big ego on you, don't you!" Which would have been good. He also wanted me to i-date this girl, and I think he was right.

I'm not sold on i-dates, but maybe I should be. My numbers are mostly coming up empty, few replies and even fewer dates. Maybe I should try some i-dates to see if I can make the number more solid? I know Tom/Krauser are mostly only doing i-dates when they think a SDL is possible (i-dates can waste a lot of farming time), but I have other reasons to use that technique as a beginner. Gonna keep this in mind.

I think I took two numbers while I was out with Yad.

1 was from a very cute Chinese girl. Set was pretty good, she warmed up and relaxed as the set went on. I think that's a sign I'm okay w/ rapport and comfort… but since my numbers are mostly dead, I think Yad's right that I don't tease/challenge enough. I number closed her, she returned one text, but I don't think that one is going anywhere. Too bad, I want to eat that girl w/ a spoon! As I think about this, I'm doubling-down on the idea I need to tease more.

The next number was from a girl that I didn't want to approach. She was okay… here on business. I wasn't into her, and Yad had me open her at the intersection, all of which felt weird. I ran C/C- game. Funny thing is, when I looked at the number later, she put 6 digits in my phone. Ha! That, my friends, is not a phone number. Whatever.

As part of my coaching, I pre-paid Yad for a Skype call here in the next 30 days. I'm looking fwd to that. I can compile some questions and pain-points, and get some of his help w/ those after I've had some time to practice what I've learned. He told me to record my sets in the meantime, and he/I will review those over Skype. Sounds good.

Okay.

So then… I said goodbye to Yad, and did the march back to my gym to get my computer.

Opened a really beautiful, young white girl on the way back. She is "bigger" and curvier than I normal open, but I so would with this one. Hair, face and skin were all nearly perfect. She was very charming. Took her number.

And then, very close to the gym, another Chinese girl. She didn't open easy, and was making a face, but relaxed more/more as I went on with the set. I did the thing about calling out her face as well, and again, that's a good rapport technique as I use it. Took her number also.

Lots of great experience, and 4 numbers that day. Good experience for a coaching session.

I'll say again, Yad is a very cool guy. Very comfortable to be with. Other than pushing me into sets, he felt very natural to be with the whole time.

I was reading some comments on Krauser's blog where some discussion is going on about Yad and they mention Yosha. And there is some debate about if folks think Yad can pull YHT girls. I dunno, man. Maybe he can't. Can Yad get laid from cold approach? With "respectable" girls? I believe that 100%. Is Yad one of the best in the world at daygame… yes, yes. I'd bet 1$. Yosha, on the other hand, is the one that I feel sketchy about… I would never take a lesson from Yosha, and I'd pay for more of Yad's time, for sure. And I think it's Yad's comfort with himself that a part of why he is good at game, and why he's a good coach. He feels so solid to be around.

Sinn said that "daygame is test of how normal you are." And Yad "feels" normal. Better than normal, it's almost relaxing to be around him. He's not boring, he's just got great social skills and it shows. Totally credible, IMHO.

Viva daygame. And my thanks to Yad.

Back out Hunting || 8 More

Nash · 19 June 2016 · Archived copy · Original

It was the day after my day out with Yad, and I wanted to get some practice done. Focusing on the specific coaching Yad gave me about my game… and… let's not forget what this is all about… I want some girls in my life.

Let's run down the girls for the day:

1. Slow start, couldn't find anyone to open for a bit, and then a Chinese girl… okay. Opened her, painting her as a tourist. She's semi-local, and was going to the local art museum. Pretty boring girl, meh, I let her go. I'm supposed to be pushing my sets a little more, closing more, but this one… I honest don't want to date her. No weaseling here.

2. This was one of my favorite sets. She was a cute girl, not Asian, Euro girl? Turned out to be from Venezuela. She popped open, was a very engaging, fun girl. I told her I was initially attracted to her style and her cute thigh-high socks, but it was her great eye contact that had my interest as we talked. She had just graduated film school, and when I said congratulations, she high-fived me. She was fun. I was slow and sexy with her, and it felt great. I tried to take her for a drink, but she had to meet a friend. I number closed her, it was a good deal. As we wrapped up the interaction, she came forward with a "euro kiss" on my cheek. Okay, cool.

3. Very pretty Asian girl. She didn't really get it, didn't stop, smiled. I should have reopened. This would have been a good one to practice that with.

4. Ummm, short girl, glassy black hair, big butt. Uhhh, it was that ass… Sweet Jesus. I got out in front of her, but she didn't stop, hot girl.

5. I stopped her using my "contrast" type of story to say that she looked like a yoga girl in a hurry. I read all that right… she was late for a class. She also wasn't into it. I let her go.

6. Short girl, amazingly straight, black hair, all black clothes. I thought she might be from Peru (she had that "native" look to her), but she turned out to be Mexican. Maybe less than 5′. So cute. She barely got what was going on, but eventually started to smile. It was awk, she wasn't really hooking, so I let her go.

7. She was a short Asian girl, maybe close to 30, big butt and a slow walk. I opened, and she stared at me for a while… I wasn't sure she could speak English, and I said so. Yes, she understood, she was just checking me out. Then, she seemed to love it. Big smiles. I tried to close her, and she said she only had her Chinese phone w/ her. In retrospect, I think that sounds like BS. She asked me for my card several times, so eventually I gave it to her. She's business-y. She's already added me to LinkedIn, which is weird. We've had a few email exchanges, and if anything comes of that, I'll share that story… she's complicated… we'll see.

8. This is a more involved story… I usually reward myself after 3-6 approaches w/ a tea and a cookie. I go to this one café every time. One day I was there, and this interesting mixed-race girl was working. Kinda cute. I chatted her up… she was very young, but fun and charming. I came back in last week, and she recognized me. Very friendly, even mentioned wanting to hug me at some point. Hmmm, okay. So this week, I was thinking she might be there, and she was. And she gets excited when she sees me, but her coworker jumped in front of her to help me. I get my order, and the girl goes on break. She walks over near me, we make eye contact, say hello, and I ask if she wants some company. So I have something like a little i-date with this girl. I think she's 18. She was a happy little girl, sitting there with me. She's messy, hyper, very young. Lipstick on her teeth. Chipped nail polish. Dropped her phone 3 times as we talked… fidgeting the whole time. Sounds like her life is a little rough. I'm not really interested in this girl, I think she would be a mess to get involved with… but the thirsty part of me kept trying to get me interested. It was exhausting to talk w/ her, to try to lead and manage her young wildness. As we got up, I could tell she wanted a hug, so I hugged her. All of this felt vaguely lecherous, as her co-workers (who see me all the time) could watch us sit together. I don't want anything from that girl… too young. I don't care about her age… it's the lack of anything resembling maturity that makes this a deal breaker. Damn… I'm thirsty, but she's not the one.

Viva daygame.

A good “reopen” || 11 more sets

Nash · 22 June 2016 · Archived copy · Original

It was another in the days of game. Pretty good day, in some ways, 11 sets, which is the 2nd most in a day this year. I could have easily done 15-20, but I weaseled on several girls.

It was also my second day out since my coaching with Yad… trying to focus on Yad’s recommendations.

I was trying to concentrate on these points:
— Not “turning my head” until I was at her 12 o’clock on the approach
— Talking louder
— Not “scanning her” up/down on the open

I’m particularly interested in this idea that I might be “looking girls up/down” on the open and the close. I think I do this naturally, and also as some kind of wolfy sexuality… and I think it’s a mistake. Maybe just because I am breaking eye contact at important moments in the set. And maybe as it might come off as creepy? I could be overthinking it… but I think “laser eyes” in these moments is probably better than what I have been doing.

I likely have many things holding me back at this point — keeping me in a state of famine, for now — but these are things I can focus on, while I gain experience, grow my confidence, and wait for something to “break loose” and get me out of this pattern of 0.0 results (despite a lot of work in the field).

I’ll go over the notes below, but here was the set of the day:

She was the last of 11 sets… one last girl before I picked up my stuff from the gym. She was a young, white girl. Short-ish hair, almost mommy-cut, which made her look a bit conservative, as it didn’t match her age. She was smiling. Dreamy. Walking slow. Great ass, in powder blue pants.

I approached, she was cautious, slipped around me, and with a big smile, drifted down the sidewalk.

This was a good setup for when I should consider “reopening,” as Yad suggested. This wasn’t something I was focused on for the day, but it was a perfect opportunity. It was not an ice-cold blow off, nor a sneer, nor disinterest. She had a juicy smile, and just didn’t really stop for me on the initial approach.

I ran around her again, “I just have to tell you this one thing…” She stopped this time. Amazing, girly smile.

She blushed right away. The intensity was contagious, and I blushed. I love to blush in set, and I called us both out. The only other double-open I did also blushed. Hmmm. Yad said opening a second time is extra “romantic,” he might be right. That’s a lot of blushing going on.

I delivered a line about how feminine she seemed. She took it, bashfully. We talked about how shy she is. “Are you an introvert?” Yes, she said. Uhh… it’s a day later as I write this out, but she was dripping with a quiet, snowy deliciousness. She really got me. I have a full crush on that girl.

At the end, I tried to close. She said she had a BF… and I really don’t know if I believe her. Maybe. But that was a very intense and special set for me. Great experience.

I think Yad might be right about the potential to reopen on girls like this… and I think that “she’s smiling like crazy” is the sign of when to try this.

Here are the rest of the sets:

1. Uhhhh… very good looking young, Asian girl, with a petite upper body, but nice full ass. Amazing body. I followed her across the street and opened before she walked into a coffee place – not a great open, I had to hurry before she got to the shop. She was alarmed by the pickup. I called out her face, and she said she was surprised. She took the compliment… still looking like she could spit me out at any time. She kind of slid around me, and went into the coffee place. Okay.

2. Pretty Asian girl. Opened okay, not great. A tourist, and seemed to be trying get rid of me by letting me know she wouldn't be around long. Okay.

3. Short haired Asian girl, with great legs, in a short skirt. I had to follow her for quite a while before I could find the space to open her — she was right behind this crowd for a long time. I finally got most of the way in front of her, no reaction. I tried "excuse me," she gave me a little tiny nod and kept going. Not interested.

4. First good set of the day was a Asian girl in neon. I have an mostly canned story about neon, I talk about "that 80s look." She opened well, took out her headphones, and played w/ my 80s thing. She's from China. I asked what she was doing here, and she said she came because her husband was here. Oh. I asked about a ring, joking with her, and she said she took it off to do laundry. She was a friendly, cute girl, and a good state booster. Thanks, cute girl.

5. This girl was a beautiful, thin, young Chinese girl. She was also rather surprised/cautious on the stop… kinda listened, never stopped, and walked off without a word. Uhhh, she was delicious.

6. I opened this little white girl. I was going to spin a story about how she looked like "a little sister"… At the first break in my flow, she announced she had a BF. I think I have opened that girl before. Something tells me I'm going to open her again too… ha.

That was 6 girls in… and only one positive set. Not a great start, but I was trying to be persistent. A happy soldier, out doing his job. Sets were coming fast, and I love it when that happens.

7. She was a short Asian girl, in a grey skirt, and made me think "school girl." As I followed her, I wasn't sure how cute I thought she was, but when I opened her, wow. Very cute. She listened to my line, smiled a bit, but quickly switched to a bit irritated and in a hurry. I let her go.

8. On my way to a snack and regroup, and I spotted what looked like a Russian girl to me. I'm not really into white girls, nor Russians, but I find them fun to practice on, as I think of them as tough. This one was bouncing down the sidewalk, a little thick in the thighs, with a big blonde ponytail swaying around. I opened, she was a little surprised, but stopped, keeping her body at 45 degrees to me. I called out her face, and she said she just wasn't used to talking to strangers on the sidewalk. She turned out to be from the Ukraine. I forgot her name immediately, and asked her 1 question twice, which likely didn't help the set. I did try to close, and she gave me her number. Okay. Did not feel like a strong close… but all my recent "strong closes" have gone nowhere, so I dunno.

9. For this one, I curse Steve Jabba. She was a tall Chinese girl, but I wouldn't have normally opened her, as she wasn't really that cute to me. However, we made eye contact as we walked toward each other. And then she looked down. And back up again… more eye contact. That felt like an IOI. I don't like eye contact in daygame, but I was thinking about Steve Jabba's insistence on all this IOI stuff, and opened just for him. I start my rap and she interrupts with, "No, just no, sorry." She was looking at me a bit like a bitchy fat girl that is getting too much attention in the bar and is being a rude little princess. Not full on that, but shades of that. See? This is why I don't like eye contact for daygame sets (unless she totally lights up). Who knows what the fuck the eye contact meant to her, but it had the effect of priming her defense before I even said a word, and she was all locked/loaded to blow me out before I could get my line out. See, Steve Jabba… told you IOIs during daygame aren't a good idea. Yad told me daygame is about the surprise of it all… and I fully agree. I'll keep testing this.

Took a break, had a tea. 9 sets, not bad.

10. Post tea, ran into this lovely Asian. She saw something gross on the street right before I opened and made a face, and I opened soon after, saying I loved the contrast between that nasty face and how cute she is otherwise. She was very cute and really lit up on the approach. I was very comfortable, almost oddly so. She was late, and gave me nice eye contact as she pedaled off.

11. This is the "reopen" story from above.

So, 11 girls, 1 number, and one really great set w/ a girl that had a BF. Okay, not bad. I'm fucking trying.

And then I had a date with my ex-girlfriend, the Tokyo Queen. It was her birthday, and we hadn't seen each (other outside of the gym) since we broke up. I had already decided I was not interested in trying to hook up w/ her. I took her to dinner, in part, to try to make her feel special and cared-for on her birthday. I love her, and do care for her, very much. I was looking forward to it, but it was mostly sad. I wish I was gawd, and could just magically give that girl everything she wants by snapping my fingers. As it is… I'm not attracted to her, and can't help her. I'm not sure the dinner was even a good idea. Hmmm.

I'm very glad I broke up, even with the famine I'm going thru in terms of dating and sex. In some ways, seeing her again inspires me to keep going w/ daygame… I have some ambition around my life with girls. I will keep going.

Soldier on, daygamer. Viva daygame.

My daygame route is 5 miles per day

Nash · 23 June 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Just for fun, I used some online tool to measure the route I like to prowl when I'm out daygaming.

I did two routes. First one came out to about 6 miles. The second one, closer to 4 miles. We'll average that out to 5 miles per day.

Since I am a student of the London Daygame Model (LDM), I'll translate that for any Brits out there… 8 km per day.

I'm doing about 3 days a week, so let's say I do 15 miles a week of hunting. Not bad.

Viva daygame.

Yohami is always right || 12 More

Nash · 24 June 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Out again yesterday, putting in time on my craft. It was a fun day… with zero results… but I'm still smiling.

I write this post, haunted by the voice of Yohami, who thinks I'm wasting my time. That I'm just practicing being a chaser. That I should "stop the nonsense" and that I need to "understand what the girls would have said 'yes' to, and become that."

(My thanks to Rivelino, and his excellent blog on game, daygame and more.)

I think Yohami… is right. He is anti-daygame. I am still radically pro-daygame, but I am trying to hear what he is saying.

I think his points are correct, but don't rule out daygame as a practice. I can't prove that daygame is valid, as I'm not that good (that's my fault, not the model).

I think Yohami's contribution is certain, at the level of attitudes. I like the post on Riv's Alpha blog, about how "girls can see you coming miles away." There, he is absolutely right. That is certainly true in daygame, as in the rest of life. Can Yohami Game be applied to daygame, I think so.

…

I only asked for one number yesterday, and it was too quick, and she wasn't going for it. My favorite ones of the day were #8 and #12… details below.

Here are the sets:

1. Conservative looking Asian girl, just out of work. Opened, great smile, was drifting, and told me she was married as she scurried off. Huge smile on the married girl.

2. A bigger, curvier, Philippina girl. She was sexy, but kinda of rough around the edges as I got closer. I chatted for a minute and let her go. No thanks.

3. Another Asian girl, juicy ass, office pants, blew me out.

4. Tiny little Asian girl, so cute. Nice stop. Great little handshake, but was running late. I tried for a quick number close, she wouldn't give it up.

5. Tall, thin, very lovely Asian girl. Short hair, skinny legs, freckles. Ummm. Not a great stop… but big smile, said she was in a hurry. And she split. I have a "freckles" story I want to try, but didn't have time w/ her.

6. Beautiful Mediterranean girl. Amazing hazel eyes, like a cat. Such a slow, lovely walk. Opened, she stopped. She wasn't loving it. I commented that I loved the slow walk, and she said "sorry," that she was "pondering." Then said she was in a rush. Which made me laugh… that comment doesn't make sense, given that slow, ponderous walk. "A slow rush," I said, "with that walk." I smiled, amused. She was tight jawed. I ejected.

7. Short hair, Japanese girl? I went in, and she steered around me, avoiding the open, and gave me a little nod of acknowledgment. I was a bit persistent, she gave me another nod and kept rolling. I will say this… that's a great way to deal w/ an interloping daygamer like myself. That little nod lets me know "message received." If she keeps going, I know it's not because she didn't get it… she's not buying today. Nope.

8. She was a white girl, with long hair, black dress, boots. Very charming. She was eating a sandwich as she walked. I once had a hysterical set w/ a Russian girl that I opened as she was wolfing down a banana, and I thought this would be similar. It was. So funny to open as she eats. You get all this time to mess with her, and make fun of her, and all she can do is try to chew while smiling. So fun. When she (*eh-hem*) swallowed, we chatted for about a min, before she said she was off to meet her BF for happy hour. I believe her. Very cute girl, nice to meet her. I

hope her BF gets hit by a bus… nothing personal, man.

9. White girl, big hips, bangs and a nose pierce. I thought she might be a Lesbian (it's fucking Pride weekend here). Slight smile but never stopped.

10. Asian girl, tourist. Korean, but living in Canada right now. Stopped to check her phone. Not that cute up close. I tried the rap, I wasn't into her… I bailed.

11. Skinny Asian girl, in tight pants. Barely stopped. I opened her just to get to "10," because I'd forgotten the about the Korean #9.

12. Tall Asian girl. All black clothes, with a very nice body and sexy/energized walk. I opened. Great to see her face go from surprise/suspicious to social and a little interested. As the "WTF" came off her face, she looked me up and down and bloomed into a beautiful smile. She liked it. She shook that off and took off for her train. I probably should have reopened her… she was lovely, and we had a hot vibe between us in that 30 seconds on the sidewalk. And that ass as she walked away… ummm.

24 sets this week so far, in 2 days. 1 weak number that won't go anywhere. 3-4 girls I really liked, but nothing to show. Maybe Yohami's right…

I'm not going to slow down until I get laid from this. That's a guarantee. And I will learn a lot from this work, I already am. But… maybe my ladder is on the wrong wall? Thanks Yohami… for extra doubt!

(Still, still!…) viva daygame.

My Experience with Non-Sexual Social Proof (State Booster)

Nash · 25 June 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Going back to 2006, when I read The Game, this concept of Social Proof was very interesting. After many years, I have a different take than I originally had on that concept, and how it relates to game.

I won't reference my copy of that book, but as I remember it, there was this idea, that "people do what other people do." That means that 1.) Girls like guys that already have hot girls in their life. I'm calling this SEXUAL social proof. And 2.) As you developed relationships with folks in environments where you game, the recognition those people give you would be "social proof" and girls would notice that… and they would think you were high value, etc. This I'll call NON-SEXUAL social proof.

As for point 1.), Yes. Girls do like guys that other girls have "pre-selected." Jealousy plot lines, all that. Okay, true. Sexual social proof is real, but hard to manifest for most guys. It's "alpha" game, and many players do well without this particular flavor of alpha game (sigma game, per Krauser).

It's point 2.) that I've been thinking about. NON-SEXUAL social proof.

> "Once girls are seeing you lounging around and talking with staff and other patrons like a fixture of the place, they'll come to view you as "connected," and thus (in that environment, at least… and social proof is all environmental, rather than absolute) higher status and more desirable."
> — GirlChase

This concept was something that appealed to me when I got into game, maybe because I thought I had potential to be successful here. And I have been very successful here. And I have noticed almost nobody does this. Not my wings, not my friends. And I get a lot back from my work to be "social proofed" in terms of staff in places where I am being social.

But… I don't think it's ever helped me get a girl.

I just don't think most people notice social proof, in the same way that most of my wings never bothered with this, or notice the perks I get by being heavily socially proofed in my communities.

I think the "girls like guys that already have hot girls" thing works — because SEX is something everyone notices. Girls notice guys in sexy situations, guys notice, everyone notices. But just "high value" friendliness, is under most people's radar… because mostly people can't even see that level of social skill.

I mention "high value," in that I don't think I'm kiss ass, not at all. That's not what it feels like, and I don't see that in the reactions I get. (I have some examples below.)

My formula for this "social proof" with the community (not the "hot girls" kind), is this: 1.) Go places regularly. 2.) Look folks in the eyes. 3.) Ask how they're doing, and care. 4.) Tip (if that's relevant). 5.) Say "hi", even when you're not getting a drink, etc. 6.) Repeat.

In my experience, this gets you seriously social proofed. People are great to me everywhere I go. I don't think it helps me get laid, not directly. But I think it does help, indirectly… I'll get to that in a minute.

First, some examples:

*.) I went to pick up my food at this place I go a lot, and I didn't have to say anything, the guy at the counter knows me, spotted me in the back of the crowd, gave me a nod, and called me to the front to pick up my food, shook my hand, smiled. That guy is super cool to me.

*.) Same night, bouncer doesn't check my ID, shakes my hand, pats me on the back as I walk into the bar.

*.) Same night, I order a beer from this bar tender that likes me… for no reason, other than we're cool. I always pay with a $20, as he often gives me free drinks (almost every time), and I want to tip him heavy, so I pay with the $20 (as I don't know what my bill will be), and tip him hard from the change he gives me… which is often $20 change (he just breaks my $20, and hands it back to me, in part so the other patrons don't see he's giving me free drinks). In this case, I'm so social proofed, he doesn't even want my money. This is not a "transaction." We just exchange cool vibes… and I get free drinks as a side bonus.

*.) Same night, I go to a club. I always test out different bar tenders in a club/bar, and when I find a cool one, I stick with that person, and invest in that relationship over that night or multiple nights. In this case, this lovely Russian girl at my favorite club, loves me. I order the same thing each time, so when I show up… she'll notice me in the crowd, nod, and start pouring my drinks while she pouring someone else a drink, but I'm always "next" with her, no matter how many people are at her bar. More than that… I can't order many drinks with her, as she pours me a full glass of whiskey each time (all my drinks are at least "doubles" with her), and I get hammered when I'm at her bar, even if I just have "a couple." (She is an interesting example, as she's hot, popular, smiles at me and says hello, in a high-end club… still never gets me any attentions from girls).

*.) Next day… at lunch with a friend. We order food, and sit to eat… owner comes over and shakes my hand. My friend doesn't notice, which is typical. No one notices this stuff.

*.) My friend and I go to a café I work at a lot, both baristas light up when they see me, say hello, chat and smile, ask me if I want "my usual."

*.) Later that day, I'm out running daygame… the bouncer from the previous story spots me on the street, walks over to say hi, shakes my hand.

*.) I go to get a tea at the mall I go to a lot, baristas there know me, know "my usual" order, pull me out of line, have my order ready, don't charge me, big smile, tell me to have a nice day. They don't even take tips at this place… so this isn't about a "transaction" either.

*.) When I was gaming in Japan, this prostitute would try to get me to be a customer, but I'm not into paying for sex. We became "friends," sort of, as her English was good, and we'd chat for a few minutes each night when I was out in that part of Shibuya. One year later I came back, was crossing the street, and she stopped me to say hi. She remembered me, a year later, and I had enough "value" for her to be social with me, even though I've never been a customer. Ha, this example makes me laugh.

*.) I was out at a different club recently, went to my favorite bar tender (I only see this woman, 2X per year, and I'm sure she's a lesbian), I ordered a nice whiskey and a bottle of water. She charged me $4. I looked at her, and she said, "your first one is on me." She hasn't seen me in 6 months, I didn't even have a chance to tip her. Pro-active love from her, all social proof.

I have 1000 examples like this, over and over, every day. Sometimes, in places I'm at for the first time, where I get radical service, because I'm cool with people. No one notices.

I took a girl on a date recently, did my usual social stuff, we got treated royally. We end up at a beer bar where I know a lot of folks… I get hugs/high fives from everyone behind the bar… we get special tastings, etc. She doesn't notice or care. I'm not surprised.

No one has ever commented on this stuff to me. Not ever.

So yes, the SEXUAL proof with hot girl stuff… having a pile of hot girls around you, and how that attracts other girls… yes, that works. Fuck I wish that was my reality. I'm working on it. But for most of us, that will never happen. Not consistently.

But that other NON-SEXUAL social proof? That "staff" and others in your social places noticing you, giving you obvious, special treatment… no one cares. I'm great at this, I'm not guessing, no one cares but me and those people.

So why bother to look at that kind of social proof? Because it's a state booster.

When the bouncer gives you love on your way into the club, and the bar tender pours you a double, your night has momentum, before you start in with strangers. That's worth the effort.

This is what my conclusion is, after years of this kind of social proofing myself. No one gives a shit, but I do. And those people do. And the social bond makes us feel good. It's value. And I take those "feel goods" into other socialness in those places… into the pickup. The girls don't notice the proof, but they can feel my improved state, and that helps.

SEXUAL social proof, where girls are obviously sending out "pro-you" sexual signals, everyone can see that, so it works. NON-SEXUAL social proof, is just very good social skills, and most people don't have very good social skills, so they can't even see it. But you will. And it will make you feel good, boost your state, and help you approach or work your game with more confidence.

There you have it.

When I'm out daygaming… I work my social status, not that girls notice, but so that I'm socially-juiced, and I can perform better. This is true with my constant giving to tourists, also works as a state booster.

Okay…. let's go talk to girls.

Overgaming the Yes Girl || Janka's Comments

Nash · 3 July 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I had a date last night… with a woman. Yes to that.

It's been a while since I had a date to talk about. It's been a thirsty season. I've been putting in my sets, with little to show. One of the most recent sets, was a charming white girl from daygame earlier this week.

I am usually hell bent on finding time w/ Asian girls, but when this particular white girl was bouncing down the sidewalk, I popped her open.

She was… lovely. Short girl. Straight, pretty blonde hair. Nice style, with a pink sweater, jeans, and tan lace-up boots. I'm guessing 27-30?

I am into "the story" part of my stack right now – really working on that skill. The story with this one, was "Hey… you caught my eye… you have this girly pink sweater.. and these army boots… I love the contrast." She loved it. Nice, easy chat. I told her I wanted to see her again, and she gave me the classic "maybe" in response.

What I did differently here, if anything, was I did the number close in a series of commands (once I got the "maybe"). "Okay, get out your phone." She did. I gave her my number, told her to call it. She did. I told her I'd msg her, and she bounced off.

That was a good set, I liked it… but I'm getting a lot of sets that *feel* that good, and go nowhere. I could tell this one was different, as soon as the texting started…

> NASH: Hey Girl. Fun to meet you today. Are you 5 ft tall?
> HER: Well hey there. Fun meeting you too. And that's the last time I wear that outfit, stealin inches from me, 5'2″ :) And u, hmmm… 5'7″??

I assume she's teasing me back there… I'm over 5'10." I ignored that.

> NASH: 5'2″, ha! All the 5'0″ girls say that.
> NASH: It's cool, Lady. Tiny is cute.
> HER: teehee, alright cool :)

Those were the opening shots. The thing that I noticed… nice, long, jokey response from her. That, is investment, something I'm not getting from most girls. This is her showing she's a Yes girl. Thank you, Baby Jesus.

She went on to give me multiple msgs on that thread. I stayed quiet, and then I asked her out a day or so later. She said she might have plans of some kind… but was quick to tell me she was free and my plan worked for her. "Cool," I said. "Cool, see you there," she said.

It was now Friday night, 7:30, at this gallery/bar (which is a great place for dates). I was strolling around, looking at the art and she was a few minutes late. She looked… fantastic. Cuter than on the street. We got drinks. We talked art… some of which is a DHV for me, as I am an artist and know a lot about art/painting.

I teased her. A lot. Not all of it was "teases," a lot was just breaking rapport. I broke rapport 100 times. It started when I suggested she might be from South Dakota (not an especially "cool" state, here in the US). We talked about her ex-BFs, and I kept suggesting she had "less than 100," which would always make her eyes bug out. She started to keep track of how many "deal breaker" things I was saying. She said when I get to "3," she was going to leave. I laughed. I told her I wanted to hit at least 7 before the date was over. I pushed her buttons. "P in the V" always got a rise out of her. Ha.

We talked about sex. I got to ask my favorite date question, "How do you like to cum?" She said, "Oh, we're going

there?", and then told me. She likes to be on top. She's not into "fingers" (one of the choices I gave her), unless they are her own, and then (I confirmed) just to rub her clit until she cums. (I'm guessing, as she likes to be on top, that is also about being able to stimulate her clit… she's a clit girl, I bet.) She says she's only come from oral a couple of times, but that most guys have no idea what they are doing when they go down. I told her going down was a personal favorite of mine. I didn't ask if she was multi-orgasmic, but I thought about it.

It's a big space, the gallery, and I got to move her around 100 times. She bought the 2nd round of drinks. Suddenly, it was 10 o clock.

I was planning on ending it there, but she throws out "unless we're going someplace else," so I played thru. Took her to a dive bar I know.

On the way to the dive bar, there was a series of funny moments.

She spat at one point, and I didn't notice, but she confessed she spits a lot. That's gross to me, and I told her so, light heartedly. I compared her to the old Chinese guys that smoke cigarettes and spit on the street. I asked her why, and she said she has too much saliva. And I said, "Oh, you're literally the kind of girl that 'spits it out, doesn't swallow.'" And she got the reference, went real/sexy on me, told me she LOVES to swallow, it makes it better. And then told me… "I love sucking cock." Okay. No comment.

And then, I was still teasing her, so I say, "Okay, so on the one hand, you're moderately attractive, and on the other… you're a spitter." And this really got her. It was the "moderately attractive" part. She got a little emotional about that one. And this is where she started saying that she really wasn't sure that I liked her.

(I have to say… I love the "moderately attractive" bit. I will use that again. I've never heard another player use that, and it amazes me how we teach ourselves lines, just but running game and "red lining" it a bit… the lines just come out.)

Did I overgame this girl? Was this perfect? I have no idea. There's more.

I have lost two girls recently (out of 5-6 girls that would/did date me), by overgaming them. I think I am a bit uncalibrated right now. Not enough game/teasing in the pickup (that was Yad's comment to me) and then maybe too much via text.

I lost an online date last week because she said she was "on the taller side" and I went for a tease, saying "Are you trying to tell me you have big feet? Like how big? Like beach volleyball player big??" That killed that conversation. Dead. I think that is hysterical, but maybe I need to tone it down? It is a fine line, my friends.

Anyway… in the dive bar… it's been a pretty long date, 4 hours in, I'm getting tired. We have tons to talk about, we've very close, cheek to cheek, touching each other. She is doing some very femmy things and I'm starting to get turned on. At one point, I'm about to tell her one of my personal favorite "femmy poses" a girl can do, and she tells me not to tell her, as if I do, she'll never do it, just to be stubborn. We're touching each other a lot, her hands on my knee. And one point, she leans into me, and I could feel her nipple thru her shirt. Hot.

So… I don't remember what the comment was, but she got fired up again, told me she didn't want to be insulted all night, and she couldn't tell if I liked her, and that maybe she should go. I don't think she was serious about leaving, but the rest seemed sincere.

I dropped the gaming for a minute, looked her in the eyes, told her that I knew she could tell that I liked her. That it was obvious we liked each other. That we shouldn't have to "overtalk" this stuff.

Soon after, I went in for kiss. She barely avoided it. I just moved on with the conversation. I tried again. Holding her little head in my hands, light kiss.

I think we were both tired at this point. And probably sexually frustrated. There was a lot of struggle going on… like a 2 yr old right before it takes a nap.

We stood up. More fight/love talk between us. Another kiss. I was physically teasing her, getting really close, hands on her chest/neck, but not kissing her. I told her "go slow," which is a command I like. I got very hot. I got breathy. I told her so.

We left the bar. I walked her toward her apartment for a few blocks. More serious talk. She doesn't like games. I told her she knew I liked her. We'd kiss again… light kissing.

Regarding overgaming and what to do about it, check this out:

> "As you get more bold, you'll cross the line many times, and it'll cost you the girl.

> "However… the more girls you're pissing off, the more girls you're fucking…

> "However, I don't want you to shoot yourself in the foot, so I'm going to share a tip that took me literally years to master. Why? Because it requires a lot of discipline. And, this discipline applies beyond text game – it applies to all the interactions with a girl.

> "And the key is this: NEVER backpedal. Even if you say something too suggestive, aggressive or presumptuous, don't ever retract it. Throughout the entire courtship process, no matter how short or long it may be, the women will be testing you and watching for the slightest sense of hypocrisy, incongruence, hesitation, falseness. Confirm her worst fears – that you're a fraud – and you'll lose her.

> "And, keep in mind, you're responsible for how she perceives you. The image she constructs of you is the sum total of all the information you reveal… And the surest way to quickly bring down the house is to reverse course on what you said – or hesitate on an action. She'll quickly realize you're not the man she thought you were, and her sexual interest in you will plummet. There's no recovery from such a situation."
> — Paul Janka, from his TextGame PDF

Janka is talking about sexiness in texts here, but I think this applies (like he says) "to all the interactions with a girl."

For my part… I am crossing the line, and burning opportunities. I know that. Too much theory, not enough practice. I don't know that I did any damage last night, and I'm sure the rapport breaking was part of why it was a good date. But I like Janka's point about not retracting what I said. I did go "real" with her when she started to freakout, but I didn't backpedal. Hmmm.

I feel pretty confident that a better player would have pushed a little harder, and would have sexed her last night. I think that was very possible, sex was very much on the table. I wasn't trying to close her last night (which might be a problem, on it's own), but I definitely wasn't pushing for it, and I think sex was available.

As we ended the date, I walked away, and then came back, told her I wanted "another taste." Kissed her again, all very light. As I held her, I told her, "still not a proper kiss." She said, "maybe next time, when it's not so weird." I smiled and walked away.

I was buzzing with hormones when I got home. Another beer and a smoke and I passed out.

This morning, I hit her up:

NASH: Good Morning, Girl.
NASH: I have you and your accent in my head today…
NASH: You are a charming girl
HER: Afternoon to ya :)
HER: And that is all very sweet. Thanks for taking me out. It was… interesting :)

HER: But definitely a good time :)
NASH: See… we're both so sweet.

Here, I was trying to go a little more rapport/chill. The accent thing is actually a small tease (she does have an accent, but for a weird reason). We went back/forth a little more, I wanted to cement things with a little comfort, and avoid any more "tussle" between us.

I am still buzzing about this one. She's tiny. Grabbing her by her little wrists last night totally got my chemicals going.

I'll try to get her out Tuesday/Thursday. I'm kind of assuming the close… or at least some serious fooling around. My place. We'll see. She got me, that one. I like her.

And I'm very thankful for the practice… and to have something fun to show from all the fucking sets!!!!

A date with a cute girl. A makeout. We move the model forward.

Viva daygame.

4 days || 27 Girls || Working on “Stories”

Nash · 8 July 2016 · Archived copy · Original

It has been a mostly unproductive week – if results matter, and they do. Only 2 new leads, but I am working on a skill set and I can feel it coming together. I’m getting better at spitting stories on the fly… and this is worth the time. I know I’ll be a rare man when I master this skill.

A part of the LDM that I think Krauser is particularly gifted with, is the idea of the “mythology” or story that you might use in the stack.

> “Every opener is different and should be tailored to the girl. My rule is to think “what is it that made me notice and approach her, rather than any other attractive girl”. That’s harder than you think because there are so many barriers in your mind between you and your sincerity… The best openers are spontanteous because she isn’t hearing the words, she’s feeling the fresh playful vibe.”

— Krauser, from this post.

Crafting stories on the fly is a remarkable skill. We know we’re supposed to “give value,” especially upfront. No interview questions. We stack w/ statements and assumptions. The “mythology” of the particular girl, why you noticed her, this inane backstory you construct to generate some attraction and fill the first minute or so with charm and content, does just that – it delivers value. Hopefully it’s self amusing as well, frees you up via your own creativity, where you game yourself into running better game for you, for the set.

I have been thinking about Lance Mason (the most underrated PUA in history… that guy is a genius, and no one ever mentions him):

> “How many girls are ‘right for you?’ Maybe one a month? If you miss your chance with her, you have to wait another month before another ‘right one’ comes along. So we practice and play with lots of girls, and then, when that one girl comes along, we’re ready for her.”

— The world’s worst paraphrase of something Lance Mason might say

I feel like that is kind of what I’m doing. Maybe some of these girls are the ‘right one’ for me, and I just don’t have the skills/confidence to crack them open. Doesn’t matter, what is happening now is that I working out my story-telling muscles, and I will be well trained for a future round of “right girls.”

Here are 4 days worth of girls, with extra emphasis on the stories that came up as I approached:

Jun28.

1. Chinese girl. She was standoffish and awkward on the stop. She sort of hooked, but had this “stink face” on for most of the set. I eventually cut the set off, but noticed she sort of lit up as I walked away. Even after all this experience, I’m not certain I can tell when the girl is a little confused or shy vs when she doesn’t like me.

2. Ouuuu, love this one… she was a short, cute, white girl. The story was “**what I noticed about you was this pretty blonde hair, this pink sweater, all so girly… and then… these army boots. I love the contrast**.” I like using “contrast” as something to open with, I’ve been doing that a lot. She was very fun. Number closed her, had a great date w/ her last week, and have another set up this upcoming week. She’s the best lead I’ve had in forever… I genuinely like her.

3. Can’t remember…

4. Can’t remember…

5. Little blonde white girl, with a long neck. I was going to compare her to a greyhound (no reference to Krauser's "greyhounds"), this one literally had a neck like the dog. She was not into the set. She was polite, but it was over quickly. I see her all the time now… she must get out of work during my normal daygame hours.

6. Yet another white girl, in all green. I caught her just before she headed down into the subway. I stopped her, told her I noticed her, and then said, "**it was this all green outfit. You're a pretty girl, but this outfit made me think of the military. If there is ever an all girl army, this is how they'll dress!**" She liked the opener. She was busy, but came back toward me to shake my hand, thanked me, and volunteered her name. Cute girl.

Jun30.

7. Short girl, maybe Latina. She was wearing a full winter parka in mid-summer. The story was going to be about that parka, and how cute she looked all buddle up in the middle of summer… but she didnt really stop. Smiled, flitted off.

8. Short, duck footed, Asian girl. Didn't stop.

9. Wow, this girl… sweet Baby Jesus. She was a super beautiful redhead. The kind of girl that makes you "present," because she of such overwhelmingly fine quality she sucks you into the moment. I have some dumb thing I've been meaning to try with redheads, but I dropped that as we locked eyes, and I asked if we'd met before. I really wasn't sure… it was her reaction and my shock at being with her. I wasn't nervous, I was enchanted. Anyway, she quickly let me know she had a BF. Uhh. I've thought about her several times since. Remarkable girl.

10. This was a fun one… Asian, chewing gum. I stopped her well, then, "**you really caught my eye. You're dressed… I don't know… 'mature' [we both laughed, as that came out funny]… and I get it, you're a 'grown up' [she is smiling like crazy now, wondering where this is going]… but then, you're chewing your gum [I mimicked her], like a teenager. I imagined you in the back of the car, like a minivan, on vacation with your family, you, being a brat, chomping away!**" She loved it. She commented that she liked that story. Ha. So we hook nicely, and chat for a bit. I go to close, and there is this long debate as to whether she is "allowed" to date me… I asked if she needed her mom's permission or something, and she eventually said she's seeing someone else. I bet 1$ he's an online date. I blew it here… I could have gotten this girl out if I was more dominant and just told her what to do… anyway, I lost the debate, we both had a great time, and she went back to chomping her gum.

11. Tall Chinese girl.. awk open, blow out.

12. White girl, with a ponytail. I opened her, but then noticed some kind of unattractive scar near her mouth, which took a lot of my power and interest out of the set. I went on anyway, "**Yeah, so I noticed this ponytail of yours, as you bounced down the street. I think ponytails usually make girls look plain, but on you, looks nice. That's hard to do.**" Blah, whatever. Some chit chat, but neither of us were into it. We ejected.

13. She was a very cute, tiny Asian girl. She was walking quickly, and I stop with her "**Hey, I saw you walk by… and you have this very serious walk [and I'm clowning a serious face] and then this cute/girly hair… you look like an angry 2 year old.**" She popped open. Then I guessed that she was 5′ tall, and I was right. "Ouu, I love that, tiny is cute." We had a brief chat, and she had to go. I tried to close but she wouldn't give me the number. Maybe the set was too quick? Anyway, fun set.

Jul05.

14. Tall Asian girl that walks on the balls of her feet a bit. I was planning on saying "**rushing around, and walking on your toes… you're like a serious ballerina.**" Didn't get that far… she blew me out.

15. Short Asian girl in platform shoes. I had a canned line about how she looks like she was "dreaming about what's for dinner." Didn't get that far, blew me out.

16. She was a tall Indian woman (one of the first times I've approached an Indian girl). I think I just said I liked her look… I didn't have a story for her, in part as I followed her for a while so I didn't have to open at an intersection.

My stories suck if they "sit" for too long… they're much better when I open quickly and they flow out without much forethought. She stopped, though, liked the attention. She's an intern, in an MBA program. She was fun to flirt with, disagreeing w/ me a lot (ahh, cute girls breaking rapport… what are the chances?!!), and I said, "ha, you just argue with anything I say." She was on her way to get her hair cut, and I teased her about getting that "side part of her head shaved" — she's definitely not that kind of girl, and she got the joke. I was too far away from her, physically, and I could hear Krauser in my head saying the set sucked because of that… yep, that was one of my problems in that set. I tried to close, and she declined. Fun set, but my vibe wasn't really there… just need to get better.

17. A bouncy little Asian girl with freckles. I have this canned story I have been thinking of for girls with freckles (I love freckles). I spit it out, "**Did you know that this city had native Americans living here, before the techies and hippies and gold miners? Yeah, they were called the Miwok. And the Miwok thought freckles were a sign of good luck… and LOTS OF BABIES.**" Uggg. She chuckled a bit, but the story sounded canned. I always want to go all "full rapport" and just tell girls I love their freckles, but I'm trying to do that in a way that serves the pickup. This didn't really work. Maybe I can just shorten it a bit? In general, I know spontaneous stories are better… but a little story vocab will help. Weak set, we split.

*. And then these two rougher black girls are next to me at the intersection. Both have neck tattoos, stuff like that. I'm guessing they were lesbians. (Side note… black girl lesbians, the "hip hop" kind, are fucking cool to me. Gangster lesbian chicks. Rad. Tarantino should make a movie about girls like that). And one of them opens me, saying, "Hey, I seen you walking around for a while, what you up to?" So I look at them, smile, and say I'm out hitting on girls. The girl that opened me liked that, gave me a big smile, asked how I was doing? Not great, I said, but I'm practicing, having fun. She liked it. "I'm peepin' you," she said, smiled, and I rolled off.

Jul07.

18. This wasn't a street stop, but it was a good set, and decent game on my part, I think. This very cute white girl sits next to me in the mall, as I'm hanging out doing some work on my laptop. She smells fantastic. After a few moments I take out my headphones in a big way that I think she'll notice and look at her. She looks over, smiling. I ask if she's wearing perfume. She doesn't speak that much English. I repeat what I said about perfume, and she gets it, and says "vanilla?" Yes, "like cookies" I say. She's into it. I ask where she's from, and she's Swiss, here for 1 month. We chat a bit, and I go back to work. After a bit, I ask if she has headphones? She does. I pull a headphone splitter out of my bag, and offer to share what I'm listening to with her… I've done this before with random girls in cafes and on airplanes. She's into it, and I go back to work, and she and I sharing my RnB. I finish up, and make a "it's over" gesture and she takes out her headphones and smiles. I ask if the person she is staying with a guy… "no, no, no," she says, "my friend is a girl." I take her Facebook, and she's since accepted. I'll try to her her out next week. She is… 19 years younger than me, and lovely. I mostly don't care about YHT, I just care what I like… but this girl would make most guys radar, for sure. Ummm.

19. Oh man… so I start proper street game and go after this girl that is not my usual type as my first girl of the day. I circle around her, make eye contact, and she lights up in this way that makes me slow my roll a bit… she recognizes me. Uhh, it's the girl from my faux-IOI story. That girl was bummed when I picked her up the first time, and she killed my state that day, but this time, acted like we were old friends. I immediately stopped the pickup, which I think was smart, but maybe I should have engaged her more? As it was, I was like, "Oh, ha, I was going to hit on you again… hi Carrie." I remembered her name from 2 months ago. She responds, "Yeah, hey Nash," remembering my name as well, with a big friendly smile. I rolled away… laughing. This town is pretty small. I'm going to burn out downtown at some point, I bet. I already see girls I recognize on the street everyday.

20. Tall beautiful tourist-looking white girl. I open about her outfit, she kinda stops, smiles, then tunes out, breaks eye contact and walks off.

21. Mature looking Indian woman… I was going in mostly for practice, and then at the last minute I saw the wedding ring… I 1/2-way said hi, she sort of said hi back, but it was super awkward at that point and I bailed.

22. I followed this little Asian girl, awkward stop, and blow out.

23. Not exactly my type, but very pretty face, big butt, white girl. I open. She looks shy and flinches a little, but stops and listens. “I’m not interested,” nice, femmy, but rejected. I saw her again on the same street an hour later and waved at her, gave her a big smile, and she lit up w/ a cute smile in return. Cool.

*. Then I stop for tea and a cookie and see the 19 year cafe girl (she’s #8 in that post). She’s a messy one, but clearly likes me. Another girl takes my order, but she helps get me what I want. I have heavy social proof in this café, everyone knows me and are cool to me. So then she and her other friend there are openly talking about me, and the 19 year old says, “the Silver Fox,” and then looks at me and says, “that’s what we call you.” Uggg. Not really how I want to be known, even though that’s a compliment. Sort of. I guess I should embrace that. I often wonder if girls know how old I am, but Silver Fox is pretty clear… that’s a grey hair reference. I am about 60% blonde, 40% grey. I blushed at all the attention, and that reference in particular. I nod at her and turn to leave and she says, “where you going?” “Outside, for tea,” and I stare at her. She looks deflated, wanting to chat with me. This girl would date me, but is so messy, I don’t want anything to do with her other than the flirting at the café. It’s nice to not be needy, for a change. I like her, she hugs me when she’s not behind the counter, but I don’t need to close this girl in any way… no thanks.

24. Curvy white girl, with a big butt and a funny outfit. I opened her, and she slides past me, but stopped, took the pre-opener, and liked it. She immediately said she had to go, but she came back to me to shake my hand and say a few words. The story was going to be “**I love these fancy shorts and sandals, you look like you’re going to a Hawaiian wedding.**” I could have worked w/ that story, but I didn’t get that far. She ran off.

25. Indian girl, little, very cute. Somewhat weak opener, but she stopped. Very quickly said she had to go, and I believed her… she had a very kissable mouth, that girl.

(Side note, 3 indian girls in one week… that’s more than all my other Indian girls sets combined. I’m trying to hit on any girl I like, and break out of my Asian’s only thing. I’m getting there.)

26. White girl, cute, slow walk. She opened, gave me a big, knowing smile. I mention the walk and that I’m surprised she’s not a tourist. She tells me she recovering from surgery, on her face… and I don’t know what to do w/ that, it kind of threw off my vibe. Set fell apart. I put her down in my notes as “surgery face.” Ha.

27. Short cute, Asian girl, with big, beautiful hair. She stopped. My story was a little forced and I was tired, but she liked it. She was late for a Soul Cycle class. I could see she was interested, and she blushed, and thanked me. I didn’t have the energy or the vibe to do anything in that short time frame, so I bailed.

Okay… there are bunch more reference experiences. I think 1 number and 1 Facebook in 27 sets. The number turned into a solid date, so yes to that, but my stats suck. Anyway… putting in my time, and enjoying it. I really am. It was nice to be out on the street this week… I’m going out again… right now.

Viva daygame.

One Million Analogies for the Struggle || 5 more

Nash · 16 July 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Here's where I am today… via One Million Metaphors and Analogies.

I was trying to set up a 2nd date w/ the Bouncy White Girl I dated earlier this month. It wasn't going well. That initial investment from her first texts was done. Short answers now from her, and some dead threads.

We had a date set up for Tuesday night. The last dead-text thread was the night before. I messaged her Tuesday around lunch. Chatting online, I told a buddy I was betting she'd cancel. She cancelled… saying she needed to work late.

I was disappointed. This whole season has been mostly disappointment. I'm not that horny. I'm not that lonely. It's all disappointment. I think ~~something should be happening~~ I should be making something happen, and ~~it's not~~ I'm not.

I responded to her text by saying she had to give me her CEO's number, I was going to call him, get this all straightened out. I said I'd probably be able to get her a raise as well. I had already processed a lot of the disappointment, so I was genuinely light in those messages. She said she was sorry, and wished me a good night.

That night I drank beer, smoked some grass, listened to some heavy bass and worked on my painting. I felt better, and I texted her around 11, saying she owes me a drink next week, and that we're going to be drinking "Grandma's whiskey" (callback humor from our date). I was fucking around. It was light and assumed friendliness between us. I was trying to be causal, and with the beers in me, I was. No response from her. That's telling.

Should I follow up w/ her? Maybe the timing was just off this week? I don't think so. I think this one's done. I will follow up. Some time in the next few days, when I'm feeling cocky, I'll ping her once more. That'll be for fun. That'll be for thoroughness. But that lead is stale. It's so stale it's decomposing. She was mine to lose, and I lost her. Oh well. I think part of this was the over-gaming.

And I think part of this is that I'm a frustrated man, and it's coming across in so much of what I do. Even outside of game… I'm sure my lack of sex/intimacy is showing. "That guy needs to get laid." They're talking about me.

I will bet 1$, that as soon as I can get across the threshold with a girl, in a situation that is good/fun for me, everything will open up. I think girls won't "loan me any money" because they know I can't pay it back right now. They'll "lend me money" when they can smell other money on me… that's when they'll know I'm a man of money. I've been that man before. But this can't be faked. I have all kinds of potential, a nice resume, but my bank account is empty… no one wants to be the first one to test if I'm ready. I get it. They get it. Next steps are clearly mine… and I think I'm on the path.

I think the best thing I can do in this miserable purgatory of gaming with no results… is to be calm and have as much fun as I can, but keep the-fuck going. I'm mid-stream, I'm not turning back, drowning isn't an option, so I'll keep going until I hit the other side. Bearing down will just make me look even thirstier. Doing nothing won't help me broker my way back into "the club." Keep going, brave daygamer. Game on.

I'm also fucking around trying to ~~online~~ app date… trying whatever I can to catch a break, get some gas in the truck (even if I have to steal it) and get this beast back on the road. As someone in his early 40s, trying to date 15-10 years younger, online isn't ideal as age is the only thing she can see besides my pictures (which aren't bad, thanks to some artsy friends). A woman guessed my age just yesterday as 29… but I won't lie on my profile, so that's a little bit of friction there there that I don't have "IRL," as my baby face makes my age less of an issue.

So… with my date cancelled, feeling disappointed, I didn't run much daygame last week. Was planning on taking the whole week off, which wasn't a proud feeling. As Friday came around, I was in a bad mood, and didn't think I'd be interested in game.

I wrapped up a call with a client, and I told myself, “just go for a walk, Nash.” Just get out there, have a cup of tea and walk around. If you see a girl you want to talk to, great.

And I did. I spent a lot of time trying to get my grumpy, disappointed self out of my head. I walked slowly. I focused on “noticing” everything around me. The green of the sycamores against the blue sky. The clip-clop of some worker bee’s heels as she goes down the sidewalk. The feel my new Van’s on my feet. The damp smell of the fog as it pushed in thru the skyscrapers from the sea. The warm, bitter taste of green tea in my mouth. Maybe 30 minutes of this?

And then… then I was ready to hit on girls again.

Jul15.

1. Chinese girl, great style… I opened her in broad sunlight (I rarely do that), and I don’t think I ever took my sunglasses off. She wasn’t alarmed at all, and stood so close to me, but couldn’t understand what I was saying. I tried several times, she couldn’t get it… no English. Okay.

2. She was “okay” looking, tallish white girl. “Bookish” popped into my mind for the story, so I went in. She openned nicely, as I spun my story a bit. She was French, and I resisted the urge to tell her that that was funny for me, as I’m supposed to accuse every girl of being French if I want to keep my Daygame Zombie status. The set went on, as I explained that “bookish” means she looks like she reads a lot. She smiled and chatted suspiciously, but with some interest. She said she had to go, but was very enthusiastic about the stop, looking back at me as I walked off. Coincidentally, I saw this same girl’s profile on Tinder this morning… I swiped right.

3. Ou, she was lovely. Maybe 5’6,” shoulder length curly hair, beautiful yellow eyes. She was twisting one of her locks as she came across the intersection, and I turned and followed her. I opened with a comment about that twisting of her hair, saying there was something shy and thoughtful about it that I liked. She stopped, sliding past me, but she stopped. Her body wasn’t turned toward me, just her head. I mirrored her a bit, clowning her, asked if she was okay, and she relaxed some. I want to use Tyler’s “just be normal” statement in situations like this, but I haven’t tried that yet. She is Tahitian/French/Chinese. Super beautiful. I noticed the distance between us and tried to close it, and felt her pull back a little. She said she was off to meet her BF… hmmm, I don’t totally believe that, but maybe. I said “okay.” She relaxed some more and also went out of her way to thank me for stopping her. This happens to me a lot, where the girl lights up as I’m walking away… there is something to notice here, but I’m not sure what it is. I have a lot to learn.

4. Chinese girl, blew me out.

*. I was buying some gum at Walgreens, and the woman behind the counter looked generically-familiar, as she rang me up I guessed that she might be Eritrean. Her eyes popped open, she loved it. Couldn’t believe I could guess that. I told her there are a lot of Eritreans here in the City. Nice little cold read and state booster.

*. I finally met the rollerskater lady… one of many familiar characters in my hunting ground. She’s 40+, skates downtown all the time, she’s good at it, she’s been there since I started daygame. I had seen her 30 minutes earlier, and had some question I wanted to ask. When I saw her again, I approached her and she loved it. She talked-talked to me forever. I was not picking her up, but this also pumped my state some. I couldn’t get away from her, actually. She guessed my age to be 27-29… even with all this grey hair, that’s a pretty typical guess. She asked what I was doing downtown, and I told her I was hitting on girls. I was trying to figure out how to bring the chat-chat to a close, when #5 below walked by. I told the Roller Queen that I needed to go hit on that girl and she wished me luck.

5. As I was chatting with Roller Queen, this young, pretty girl and I made eye contact. She looked away, and then snapped back to me for round 2. I tell the Roller Lady I’m going after her, and chase her down. She opens easy, charming, feminine girl. She’s visiting from Colombia. I mention the eye contact that inspired me to come after her, and she apologizes, saying she didn’t notice. Hmmm. Fucking faux-IOIs. I think girls do notice, but don’t notice they notice. That girl specifically double-taked on me, but then denied it. She’s either lying or doesn’t know

she's making eye contact. Anyway… great girl, nice talk. I tried to get her on a insta-date — not a 100% effort on my part, but about as close as I've been to an idate (haven't done one in daygame yet) — she was in a rush to get back to where she's staying. She's only here for another day or so, and very busy. I took her name for FB. We talked about some times she might be free before she leaves. I couldn't find her on FB when I got home. Oh well. My goal of 3 tourists before Fall seems less/less likely, but… tomorrow is always a surprise, una sorpresa.

A current sticky spot for me is that I feel like I can't approach unless I have a unique opener, some good "story" that gives me something to say as I approach. Part of me thinks that's actually a good filter — do I genuinely like her, or am I just opening and flipping stones? Part of me knows that's just another way to weasel — I hide behind my lack of stories so I don't have to face the unknown. I know that if I just open, and play with the girl that is there, in that moment, in front of me, magic can happen.

And today… I feel good again. I watch my moods change — from day to day, and within the day — like a grandmother watches the children.

I'm looking fwd to getting back on the street again next week. I feel renewed. I'm going to some hippie festival on Friday, and will likely party it up, and blow some rust out of my exhaust. A very attractive, but older Japanese girl I know will be there — she messaged me out of the blue this week, telling me she might see me on the dancefloor. On Saturday, if all goes well, I will have a painting in a group show at a fun party here in the City… that, is in part to angle toward Yohami's alpha/niche game. I bet one of these online girls will materialize… I have several in conversation. And I will run more street game next week.

I will broker my way out of this hole. It will happen. Through my effort… and eventually, through my ease.

I'm still going. Yesterday was fun. Another beautiful night on the streets.

Viva daygame.

Drunk Date with My Ex's New Boobs

Nash · 18 July 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I was asking an ex for some advice on a topic she knows a lot about. She offered to help me last week, and I ended up cancelling on her. I don't like to cancel, especially when she was trying to help. I offered to take her for a drink for the time she spent trying to help me out… that's how we ended up out on a date last night.

I was looking forward to spending some time with this girl. I was looking fwd to the drinks. I wasn't really on the make… I'm friends with almost all my former lovers, but wasn't try to sex her. Taking an ex out for a drink/two is no big deal to me. I do this all the time. I had a different ex over for dinner last week, she cooked for me and another friend, it was delicious.

This one and I met 5 years ago. She was 25. She and I locked eyes in a restaurant. I approached her and her friend, and I took her FB. We dated for a while, then stopped. Then dated again, more long term the 2nd time. In the end, she lived with me… for a couple of months. That was over 3 years ago.

Last night I took her to a dive bar. I said, "it's a dirty bar, so I know you'll like it," and she gave me that slightly devilish laugh — she does appreciate a bit of "dirty," this one.

We were both a little early. I sat still and watched her stroll across the bar. I stood up to give her a hug, and I noticed how tall she seemed, in her 4″ wedges. The bar was empty, which was perfect. We sat at the corner of the bar itself, at 90 degrees to each other, chairs close.

As the date started, my inner analyst noticed that I was leaning on the bar, toward her. She was sitting back, looking straight ahead. That was a little check-in for me.

We drank a bunch… more than I've had in a while. She's a drinker. That's fun, for nights like this, but wasn't fun as we dated. A little too much booze for me, even though I drink every day, we weren't compatible there.

As the drinks flowed, conversation was easy and friendly. It was good to be with her.

She has a boyfriend now. I'm not sure how serious, but they have talked about living together. At one point I asked how she felt about polyamory. I asked if, if… if she was going to "go outside of her relationship," would she do that explicitly, or on the covert. She said, "when I have done that…" She and I agreed that doing that "undercover" is the more honorable way to go. It's your "mess," keep it to yourself, I said. I believe that.

At one point, she wants me to check out her boobs, asking me if I noticed that she "had them done" since she/I were together. She knows I'm an ass man, and told me so. I told her I didn't notice, which I didn't. It's an interesting moment as a man, when you're randomly immune to some feminine trait, and they have to point it out to you, as they're not getting the usual reaction. Some girl I dated years ago had fake boobs… I didn't notice or care. As we got naked the first time, that girl brought it up… I didn't care then either.

My date made some interesting comments about the type of men she attracts now — "boob guys." She says they're super weird, and she likes ass men better. Ironic to me that she spent all the money, had her body changed, ending up attracting men she's not into. This is very human, this is very "girl."

She found several occasions to say how much her family likes me. I know they did, I liked them too.

I found a few occasions to talk about how she has a big heart. She said it, actually, and she's right, she does have a big heart. She's an imperfect girl, but she is a warm, nurturing person. I told her several times… felt good.

And she's a smoker – another thing I wasn't into when we dated. This might have been the thing I liked least about her. I wouldn't date a smoker now, in fact, I don't approach girls that smoke. In this context, I didn't care. I'd go outside with her and she'd smoke, and we'd come back in and drink.

Despite the smoking, I started to notice that I wanted to kiss her. It was a fun date, I was drunk, I wanted to kiss this

girl.

I noticed our body language had changed too. I was now learning back. I could feel her knees squeezed in between mine. I know I was starting to grab her wrists… that's a bit of dominance and physical escalation I'm very comfortable with. It was a sign I knew where things were going.

So then, we're outside on a smoke break, and I kissed her. I don't remember it being a big deal, I just went for it. I was drunk, so was she. It was easy. And it was hot.

And then she wanted feedback on her boobs. She made me touch them, to test the "squishiness." Girls with fake boobs always want you to touch them. I was more interested in her nipples. I'm thinking how we must of have looked, outside, me tracing her nipples thru her dress as I had her pushed up against the wall. Making out and chatting as she pulled on a Marlboro Light. Drunk stuff, right there.

And it was getting late… 4 hours into this date, maybe? And we decided to leave, and she asked me to come back to her place… "to meet her dog." See? Girls do that "plausibility" thing so well. We can learn from that. I said yes, remembering I'm a bachelor and bachelors are supposed to do "unwise" things.

Her place. Her upstairs neighbors. And the dogs. The dogs loved me, including the one that bit her current boyfriend in the face and doesn't like him. Left a big scar, I hear, on the boyfriend, but the nasty little beast liked me just fine. Why not? I passed the "dog test." I always do. I speak dog, fluently. Dogs can tell.

We rolled around on her bed. She wanted me to see her boobs, so she broke them out. They were… boobs. As I said, I don't really care. I played w/ them. We made out. I don't think she was wearing anything under that thin, stretchy dress. That dress, 1/2 way down so I could see her boobs, I gathered it up and squeezed it into my fist at her hips, with nothing but skin above and below. She used to give me hickies when we dated, and we joked about that, and she gave me a nice bruise near my hip as a souvenir. Grape colored in the mirror this morning… I laughed.

I wasn't feeling particularly sexy. Maybe this is just me, but I was just drunk, fucking around. I haven't had sex in FOREVER… but I wasn't feeling like it was going to happen with her. I kept my clothes on. This was a drunk "teenage makeout," which was fine with me. It was never my intention to end up in bed with her.

I noticed some light stubble on her legs as we tossed around. I haven't been in bed w/ a white girl for so long, years, I had forgotten about stubble. If I date another white girl, I'll be back to stubble. Hairless Asian girls… love them.

And then… I was looking into her eyes, staring a bit… and she started to cry. And said this was too much for her, that I'm her "special relationship" and it hurt to do this together. Some of that was definitely the alcohol. I smiled and said it was a great night. That I had a good time, it was great to kiss her and fool around. And I slid back into my new Vans, and left, taking a very drunk Uber home that night.

When she/I were together, it was a complicated time. But one thing that was clear, back then, was every time I gave her an inch, she took a mile. She was doing very little, at the time, to be charming, and was increasing her demands every day. And then picking fights with me. Eventually, it was obvious to me that neither of us were happy, so I broke it off.

Seeing her last night reminded me of the relationship she and I had, and how so many relationships follow that pattern. My last relationship w/ the Tokyo Queen was very similar.

> "She finds a "good catch" – that rare man who meets her almost impossibly high standards."

> "Rather than do whatever it takes to help him live the life of his dreams, she does whatever it takes to have him submit to her."

— Danger & Play

That “encroachment” from women. Once a girl is on the inside, instead of supporting you, she wants to change you and demands more and more, gives less and less. I don’t date bitches. I’ve never been more masculine… but I am “nice” to girls that are on the inside with me… and that, will throw fire on a woman’s instinct to encroach, fix, and dominate a man. I think a man can craft a different experience than that, but it takes some ruthless leadership on his part, and a lot of effort.

She reminded me of all this. This is why I’ll rent for now, but won’t buy. The occasional lease, but won’t buy.

I have a lot to learn about women. I think game will give me ample time to practice, to see women in action.

I’m warmed up a bit by how passionate she was about me, and about what I meant to her. It felt good, for what it was worth. I know she/I shouldn’t date… last night was a rare thing, I’m not trying to make it regular. It was great for me to get some love/affection, I needed that. She’s a great kisser.

I saw my ex the Tokyo Queen twice last month. This one yesterday. I need to get some leads in my life… revisiting ex girlfriends isn’t going to do it. But it was an interesting night.

Bring on the daygame.

Vampire Theory

Nash · 19 July 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Vampire Theory…

I love the vampire analogy for older men and younger women.

(I wrote this as a comment on TheAntiFeminist.com… but liked it enough I'll post here as well.)

The classic "vampiric exchange," is the ancient vampire, consuming the virgin… But she kinda wants it to happen. He needs her naivete and the tonic of her innocence (its the main thing he's lost) and she is intrigued by his wisdom. That's a hot exchange. And one, I believe, that the myth of vampires is based on.

Older women don't need or value my wisdom, in part, as she's seen it/done it (or she thinks she has), and then, because she is old, laden w/ baggage, and is bitter about the 2nd act of her life. No disrespect… that's what I see.

An interesting frame for an older man that likes younger women (=all men), is to play with the kink of the vampiric exchange. She will be repulsed by your age, by the smell of decay on you, and yet… drawn into the dark alley of your world, because some part of her knows that you have dark secrets to share. Disgust/love are each a side of the coin… she's drawn to both.

I like this as a mental frame… And also as "content" to spit at girls in set. I would tell this kind of story mid-date, assuming she was attracted, and I'd do it in part as a way to disqualify myself, and also as a means to bait her into seeing she/I this way. Our "shadows" toast to this kind of seduction. Even telling this kind of story to "mature" girls can have an affect I like, assuming I never apologize for my appreciation of myself as a vampire or this kind of exchange.

I can feel the change in my status as I get older… Some club girl called me "Sir," earlier this year… She was interested, but could feel the vampiric potential. I can stoke this with, "Ouu, I love it when you call me "Sir," say that again." (Credit: Alan Roger Currie) And lure her down the dark alley of my gifts.

Ha… #creepyhot. I love it.

PS… if you like this line of thought, you might check out the intro to The Libertine Reader. Do NOT buy that book. It is the ultimate in long-winded boringness. But the intro essay is brilliant red pill stuff.

Leaning Back, Listening, A few More

Nash · 16 August 2016 · Archived copy · Original

My man Riv messaged me the other day, “what’s up with you? you haven’t updated your blog recently.” He’s right, I took a big break. I think I’m about ready to come back to the game.

After my resurrection, I had high expectations. After a year off from game and some time in a long term relationship, I figured I’d bounce back to where I was when I left off. I jumped in, and worked hard. Had a date here and there… but my stats were miserable, and seemed to be getting worse. I was going thru about 100 approaches a month, minimum, with maybe 1 date a month to show for it. Basically no repeats. A sea of phone numbers to no where. I was doing it wrong.

I am going to write more about what I think was (is?) going on soon, but for now, let’s just say that I decided I need to “lean back” at every level. Tactically and internally… lean back, daygamer, lean back. I think that time helped. Things feel a little better now, like I’m starting to loosen up. Thank you, Baby Jesus.

I do NOT want to lose this skillset, so I did do some sets in the last few weeks… mostly out of principal that I wasn’t hiding and that I expect this to be a part of my lifestyle going fwd. 16 sets in a months… vs 100 in previous months. I had other stuff going on w/ girls, but this was my daygame effort this last month.

Here is my favorite interaction of the bunch below… a recent one.

I was trying to get a couple of sets in before I had a tea. She walked by and was my type. I follow her up the street a bit and open. She’s a young Asian girl, cute, girly style. She’s a bit alarmed, defensive. She slows down, and does stop, but her body is turned away from me, almost w/ her back to me, she’s cautiously looking back at me over her shoulder. As I started the chat, she, slowly, turned, toward me, until, we, were, facing each other… like normal grownups. It was funny. Kind of like talking to a 3 year old (which I do a lot, little kids are great training). I could tell I was doing well as she relaxed.

She was from Taiwan, here in the US for about 6 weeks. As she settled down, we had a good chat about SF vs Asian. She made this great point about China… saying she loves that place because it’s growing so fast, it’s different every time she goes. She likes that. I liked her. It has been a chilly/foggy summer here, and she had goosebumps on her neck as she shivered a bit in the evening breeze. I wanted to bite her, she looks soft and tasty. I tried to get her to insta-date, but she had stuff to do. I took her number and then grabbed a tea by myself.

I waited 3 days to text her, which is unlike me. I don’t know that that matters, but I’m training myself to lean back… so I took my time. My sister was visiting, I have been doing some online dating. I’ve been busy with new clients, it wasn’t hard to lean back. I pinged her for a date to the art museum. She replied a few hours later, affirmative, telling me when she was free.

The date happened. More on that later. Another date happened too. She’s cute, smart, attractive girl. We are having fun together. Good daygame score.

For the record, here are the rest of the sets..

Aug04.

1. Older girl, sassy walk, big eyes ran off.

2. Middle Eastern office girl. Opened her, she drifted past me, but then she came back and shook my hand. I remember that she was tempted. I got real with her pretty quick. I watched her think about it, the gears in her mind turning, but ran off. Smiling as she went.

3. 5 ft tall. Crocodile Dundee hat. Married. Cool.

4. Asian girl. My notes say “flapped my arms… why didn’t that work??? Ha.” I remember that one… I didn’t stop her well, trying to get her attention from the side. That’s what the “flapping my arms” thing means. I bet I was like “Hey, hey…” She wasn’t having it.

5. Asian girl near the Apple store on her phone. I accused her of playing pokemon go. She was flat, but chatted for a bit. Boring. She was no fun, not into it. I bailed.

6. Fancy Asian girl. As I opened saying she caught my eye, she apologized, which made no sense. It was awkward. I bailed.

———————————

Aug11.

1. Chinese girl, she started out concerned, then warmed up a bit, loved it, but had to go. I wrote “no attachment!” in my notes. I think this was me trying to get the “leaning back” bit.

2. Lovely, ran away. I don’t remember this girl… but this note makes me laugh. That’s the story of so many men/women, right there.

3. Chinese girl, wild orange dress, wasn’t into it. She couldn’t understand a word I said, but I could see her “get it,” and smile as she peddled off.

4. Short girl, ponytail, very social, long talk, had BF. Don’t remember her either. These notes are old. Sounds like I had a good time w/ this one, though.

———————————

Aug16.

1. I love this one… As I opened her, I said “Hey, you caught my eye…” and she cut me off, arguing “no I didn’t!” I laughed. I’ve never had a girl argue about whether she caught my eye. I tried again, I told her, “yeah, you caught me eye and…,” she was backing up, mildly alarmed, still telling me “No I didn’t!” I’m glued to the sidewalk, she’s still walking off, looking back at me. Ha. Whatever. I think she thought I meant that we had eye contact, and she’s right, we did not, but that’s not what I said. Ha. 1000 girls… never had a girl argue with me on the open before.

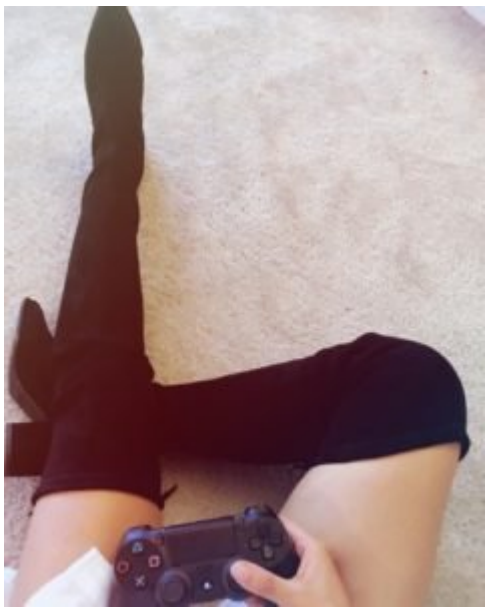
2. She was a tall, white girl, nice full ass, probably Russian/Ukrainian?? She had amazing sapphire eyes… that’s why I went after her, I wanted another drink of those eyes. She smiled right away, liked it, but never slowed down. I planted my feet and she walked off.

3 Asian girl, didn’t stop, wasn’t into it. I vaguely remember her…

4. Big headphones on her head, Eastern European, powerful walk. I was planning on teasing her about the walk. As I jumped in front of her, she acted like I was crazy and sped up. Ha.

5. This is my favorite set from ABOVE… cute Taiwanese girl.

6 This one… very little Chinese girl. 5 footer, so cute. For some reason I assumed she’d panic, but I opened her and she was a pile of fun — goes to show you never can tell. , Paris, cute, FB… No time to date.



^ Here’s a shot #6 from China posted to FB… ahh, 5 ft tall in thigh-high boots. Makes me crazy. Love that.

Viva daygame.

Day3 with Taiwanese Girl

Nash · 29 August 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Here is a day3 with a Taiwanese girl I picked up 2 weeks ago. We had a day2, which I'll post later… this one had a little more action, and she/I are further along.

So… good first date. She was cute, we had a good time. No msg from her after that date. I wanted to "lean back," but I wanted to set up the next date, as I was leaving town soon for a week to go to Burning Man.

> NASH: Hey cute girl… I had a nice time with you yesterday. If you some free time this weekend, I'd like to take you out again before I go to Burning man.
>
> HER: Yep. I am ok for Saturday or Sunday.

I msg back, brief, all logistics, Sunday, the spot, 5 PM. She confirmed, brief "yep, see you there."

I got my place cleaned up on the off chance I'd bring her back… and headed out to meet her. I was on time. She was late, again, 20 mins. Hmmm.

I felt like I wanted to check her out about the being late thing. Two dates in a row… I wasn't pissed, but I wanted to check that out. So when she showed, I said, "You're late," and smiled. She started to apologize, told me that her hair was wet (which I like, she cleaned up for the date, and she did look good). I was still smiling, felt good, but kept going, "Hey, I don't know much about you, just getting to know you, but I know one thing… you're late a lot." She did some more qualifying, I smiled, no bitterness, touched her affectionately, happy to challenge her a bit. That was mostly for her, so she'd know that I noticed, and that I am the kind of man that isn't afraid to call out the elephant in the room. She qualified a bit more and we moved on… it was an experiment, didn't hurt me, I'm glad I did it.

She was very cute, much more friendly, smiley, joking, right from the beginning. No question where we were going, so I told her, dragged her onto her first bus ride in this city, and she stood close to me, touching her was easy, she smelled great (I told her so), I leaned up against her as the bus rocked, already enjoying her.

I thought I saw an eye spazz in there early on… I think I was right. It was pretty on. I could feel the urge to kiss her in the first 10 minutes… genuine desire. Those big, dark eyes, drawing me in.

(She is an interesting looking girl… she's from Taiwan, but her look reminds me of South American natives a bit. That Mayan look. South American natives and Asian can look similar… I once dated a girl from Peru I thought was Asian.)

I took her on an errand, but a cool one, to a old school Chinese tea store I know. I knew what I wanted there… some special tea I always bring to Burning Man. We sat at the marble table, on those little drum-like bamboo seats, and they gave us a couple tastings… fucking cool experience every time. She loved it, talked about how she recognized some of the teas from Taipei. I bought a couple of flavors, and ask her to carry them so I didn't have them in my hands all night.

Took her to a delicious Burmese place afterwards. I love the food. She was good company. She reached for her purse as the check came, but I am happy to take this girl to dinner… nice gesture on her part. I appreciate that.

We went to this cool Asian market afterwards, for some egg puffs – delicious. As we sat on a bench outside, I cut a conversational thread and grabbed her shoulders, and told her, "You have really great lips." Her eyes spazzed a bit again. I told her I was distracted by her lips a few times in the museum on our first date. She slowed down, and said, "That is a really great compliment." She does have amazingly kissable lips. Small mouth, but big, puffy lips, both top/bottom. Grrrrr. I pushed her away, laughed and looked off into the distance. Back to talking about normal stuff. Kiss was seeded at that point.

My plan was to get her back toward my place, so I asked if she had time for a drink, put us in a car, and we were

off.

She was a little tense in the bar… and when I asked what she wanted to drink, she said water, I said cool, ordered a whiskey for me, and sat us down in a nice booth seat. She doesn't really drink. Sunday, empty bar, pretty quiet, nice and close, dark, good set up.

Mostly normal conversation about her parents, her business, then relationships.

I leaned back into the seat, put my arm behind her, and she slowly leaned back into me. She is great at following my lead. When I was younger, I would have had a less-hot, less-fun date, and it would have been all my fault. This girl is very pliable… if you know how to lead. I know how to lead.

I wanted to kiss her, and it was time. It was not a romantic moment, not really. She's dead sober. But she's taking my touches very well. She's not in love, but something like "floppy." I would grab her shoulders to break the flow, and get a moment to kiss her. Over and over, she would launch into some comment as I would do that. I'm sure that was her feeling something coming… probably at a subconscious level. I don't think the kiss was obvious.

Eventually I kind of squeeze her shoulders again, she looks at me, and I jumped in… nice, simple kiss. Those full, plump puffy lips. She was ready, nice kiss, she was into it. I told her I wanted to kiss her on the bus earlier in the night, and she spazzed a bit more.

Good date, but not really "hot." She's feminine, beautiful by my standards, but "practical" in that Chinese way. I got a nice rush from the kiss, but I wasn't ready for sex… so I didn't try. Next time. We're on the right path.

I had so much to do before Burning Man, I had to wrap it up.

I told her I needed to go, and had her call herself a car. We waited a bit together, and I took that opportunity to taste her a little more. Stuffed her in the car w/ our leftovers from dinner, and headed home to work on Burning Man gear.

I got a very interesting education tonight.

One the one hand, she is an excellent advocate for China, which she seems to love, having spent a lot of time there, and she's thinking about moving there where her mom has a business. She has a great POV on China, about the people, the culture, how it's changing, what that means to her, how Asian people are cool with change. At one point she and I agreed that the Chinese are not "sentimental" about what is going on in China right now… not from her POV. Hearing about that, and her life in Taiwan, very interesting to a simple man like me.

On the other hand… I got another slice of experience, moving a woman through a shared evening, leading, escalating, making her comfortable, soaking up her nuances, tasting her mouth.

As I walked back to my place… I was kind of amazed at the whole thing. I met this girl on the street two weeks ago. She happens to be here, by herself, for a few weeks. I've dated her twice, and it's going well. I would bet 1$ I'll see her again. As a daygamer, this shouldn't surprise me. I've done all this before. But this was what was missing from my summer.

Maybe things are finally shaking loose? Maybe I'm finally shaking loose?

Only don't know.

I'm looking fwd to seeing her again when I'm back from the desert. I'm looking fwd to seeing myself, as good or better than I knew before, as I continue to come back to life. To be a better man. To know more about women, to know more women, to know them deeper.

We'll see.

Lust in the Dust || Burning Man Gutter Game

Nash · 4 September 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I got a tiny bit of action at Burning Man. No big deal, but it was another "barrier" that I've stepped through. And it was from skills I've learn from daygame. Several of the barriers I've come through have been built on daygame skills. Since it was after midnight when I picked her up, I'll get onboard with Krauser and Tom's use of "gutter game." It was something like that.

7 times. 7 times I've been to Burning Man, and I've never hooked up. Not really. I don't game at Burning Man. Partly because I don't want to treat Burning Man like a frat party, and also because my style of parting at Burning Man is different than a night at the bars. I'm high as fuck 1/2 the time I'm there, to be honest, looking to see god and dance with the devil. I always do a bit of both. That's most of what I'm there for… at least at night. I've had some offers, but nothing that appealed to me – wasted chicks making me offers. I have hooked up there before, but from within my social circle. This girl was a proper cold approach, and I know it wouldn't have happened without the daygame work I've done since I was there last.

Before I get into the details, I will say that every October here in this city, we have a post-Burning Man party called Decompression. There are several de-comps around the world, but ours is a big fucking party. I've been many times… and I always have a great time. Made out several times there with girls I've met stumbling around. But I party like a normal person at Decomp. I'm social. I buy the "Burning Man" vibe, I'm extra friendly, I fuck with people, they're friendly back, I share my flask with strangers, it's easy. And I always notice the difference between how I am at that party vs how I am at the actual Burning Man thing itself. I told myself this year I was going to do at least one night like I do Decomp. And… ta-daw… it worked.

I was camping with these great European guys I met there 2 years ago. They are "drinking" burners – very social, very drunk, fun guys. They were out almost every night until sunrise. I watched them grind themselves into the dust over several days — I got there after them and left early, because I can't take that much abuse. But on this particular Thursday of Burning Man week, I took a night off of being a creepy, back-alley, Satan-worshiping psychonaut, and joined them for some Euro-style drinking and fucking around.

I didn't last long… I met her right away.

We were at Slut Garden — a big theme camp right on the main drag. Ha. If that sounds like a Vegas strip club… that's basically what it seemed like to me, that's the vibe that camp puts off. There are big screens on either side of the deejay, with girls behind them dancing, and light projecting their shadowy silhouettes on the transparencies as they dance. To be honest, that shit is not sexy to me. Neither are strip clubs, for that matter. This camp had almost no appeal to me, but this is where I met her.

We were spending a few minutes there, one of my Euro buddies, in tuxedo underwear with neon, light-up suspenders, loving the house music, so we stayed a bit. I was watching this tall, skinny girl, with big glasses, thinking about approaching her… and then this little tiny girl catches my eye.

I love tiny. I think I associate "little" with "feminine," but it's a real turn on. Short girls make me hungry. I once dated a girl that was 4'10" — Tiny Dancer. I couldn't get enough of that girl and her body. I was all needy and expectant with that one, and never had sex with her, but my short girl fetish lives on.

I am standing around with the Euros when she skips thru the Slut Garden. My daygame muscles tingled. Ummm, she's short and cute. She's bounce-y. That'll be my "story."

As she passes me, I run over to my bike, grab my flask of Fireball, and chase her down — just, like, daygame. I pop in front of her, "street stop" her, and say, "Hey! Are you 5 feet tall? Wait… you're like 4'9″ aren't you?" And she smiles, "4'11" she says. Ummm. She is dead sober when we meet, but I offer her some of that sticky-whiskey, and she accepts. We both drink a bit. It's on.

I am still thinking I'm going to hang w/ the Euros all night, so I assume this is just a bit of fun. She lives about 2 hours from my city, she's wearing a "The City" t-shirt, and shows it to me — she's qualifying herself. I want to get back to my buddies, we have bars to go to, so I start going for a kiss. For fun. Because the little girl is kissable. It's Burning Man. Let's party.

I get a little closer and ask if she's kissable. Long eye contact. She says she's not ready for that, but her smile is charming and she's showing lots of interest. She tells me she's not sure if she wants me to be her first playa kiss, but that smiles says otherwise. I playfully step on her little foot, pinning her to the dust, and I step into her space, my mohawk looming 2 ft over her head. She shows some mock outraged at me stepping on her. She's resisting, but we're both loving it.

She wants to show me her camp — again, I think she's qualifying to me. I think she's into me and wants to show me her cool stuff. Her camp is ridiculous, fully-professionally run, tight and orderly like a military operation, but very nice, massive full kitchen, mega generators, funded by some wealthy patron… she tells me. I decide to fool around with her, and we tell the Euros I'm going to stay with her for a bit so they're not waiting around for me.

She asked me how old I am, and I tell her I'm much older than her. She argues with me, because I look much younger than I am. I tell her I'm right, because people always guess my age wrong. They have been doing it all week. I bet her that I'm older, and tell her that if I'm right… well… she knows what I want. We exchange ages… I am, in fact, much older than her. She's surprised. She still won't give up her wet mouth.

We spend the next few hours fooling around together. I grab her tiny body, pull her in, get her close, but she won't agree to the kiss. I tell her I'm watching her, that she's close to ready, I can see. We joke as I read how turned on she is… going from "70%" to "Oh, my god, you're so ready, you're at like 97%." She loves the dominance. We joke that's she nervous, but she's having fun. It's genuinely hot. She's milking it. I want to kiss her, but I'm liking this dance as well. She's making my cock hard, and I think for a minute how much more on/sexual this is versus my date with the Taiwanese girl (whom I like very much). I pin her arms behind her back and get up close, sucking her breath into my lungs. I tell her to surrender, but she won't. I tell her she needs to give it to me, or it's not going to happen.

We tour her fancy camp. We hang out on a trampoline, and she pours her nice Woodford Reserve in my mouth. I run my hands up her tiny, perfectly proportioned legs, to her garter belt. She sits on top of me, tells me she can feel my cock. She climbs on my back and I carry her soft 90 lbs down the street. We link up with some crazy, butch Lesbians that are using Burning Man as a "divorce party." They fuck with people at the porta potties – purposely opening the door on anyone that fails to lock it. They're laughing hysterically, and my tiny one is loving it. They are teaching my tiny one how to do their porta pottie prank. They are giving me, the straight guy, a bit of the cold shoulder, but they warm up, and one of the butch ones helps me kill the last of Fireball. We hug the lesbians and head back to her camp… to be alone.

I haven't kissed her yet… I've sucked the dust off her ears, I've bitten her neck, I've grabbed her ass, held her hips, but she won't open her mouth for me. I told her over and over she has to give it to me… I will pin her down, but I won't take it from her. I pin her down a lot, but she always turns her head.

Eventually I'm ready to cut it off. I say… "Okay…" and she says, "You're going to leave, aren't you? You're getting tired of this." I agree.

I know what she said, but I wonder what she was thinking at that moment. I know we were both getting tired. I wonder what else.

I tell her she's been great, that I had a totally fun night w/ her, but yeah. And… I finally see her surrender. And I step forward. I've been telling her all night we need 3 kisses — because it might take at least 1 or 2 to get the rhythm right (sometimes that's true). She is ready and leans in and… great kiss. Not a big deal, I know, but it was a great kiss. Almost worth the wait.

It's getting cold. I tell her to take me back to her tent (my camp is blocks away and she doesn't have a bike). We lay down and make out and trade stories. It was great.

Why didn't I try to fuck her, Yohami would ask? Well… for lots of reasons, the main one being, Burning Man is disgusting. She turned me on, and this was the kind of situation where — by my own standards — I could fast-sex. The vibe between she/I got me hard right away… which doesn't happen to me with every girl. But I hadn't had a shower in 3 days. Who knows what condition her pussy was in?? It's a filthy place. I know a lot of people have sex at Burning Man… but these are some of the reasons I have avoided that so far.

As I rode back to my camp – cutting across the playa – I watched the sun rise. I was exhausted, and would sleep a few hours and get up and drive home, ready for the comforts of civilization again.

Small victory. I loved it. That was the first time I've ever tried to run any kind of game out there. Felt good. I was a little love-drunk the next day. A barrier broken — gaming where I have not before. I'm integrating game into my "hippy" experience. Maybe I will finally learn how to capitalize on the attraction I get on the dancefloor?

Bigger picture… I feel the "curse" of the summer continuing to lift. Fall is going to be better. I'm getting there.

And… I can't fucking wait for Decomp next month. A mix of Burning Man friendliness and daygame will give me more opportunities there as well.

And I have another date set up w/ the Taiwanese girl. And I'm fucking horny, and that energy feels good too.

It's gonna be a great season. We shall see.

Viva daygame.

1,000 Approaches... I Finally Got Laid from Daygame

Nash · 7 September 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Wow. 1000 approaches. I smile when I say that, but I think that's about right. I swore I was going to count them, but I know now that I'm not going to. Most of the stats are buried in this blog. At about 5 miles per session, I have the worn out shoes to prove them.

5 hundred before Japan. 80 daygame sets in Shibuya. Another 100+ when I got back. A year of mental instability and a LTR that took me offline for a time. My slow recovery. Then 100 more girls in April, 100 in June, 100 in July. Slowing down, retooling, and a few dozen in August… but that's when I met her. Last night… sex with a girl I met on the street. Cold-approach love. She was 17 years younger than me, and very cute by my standards.

I would feel more hang-dog than I do now about those stats… except the good man Nick Krauser is very candid about his stats. And I read his book Balls Deep (along with everything else he's ever written), and I think he was 1200 girls "deep" after his divorce before a Thai girl popped his street game cherry. Or was it the black girl on NYE?? His daygame results opened up quite a bit after that, as we know. I am hoping mine will as well.

For now… a long, deep, respectful bow to the master Nick Krauser and his many thoughtful lessons and examples. Thank you, man. For all of us. But mostly for me. What a thing to teach.

And thank you Yohami. A more recent teacher. And a relentless one. I'm not sure you'll like this story — I know sex with a girl doesn't prove I'm on the path — but I appreciate your tutelage. Your lessons have been a part of anything I've done lately, this one included.

Anyway, can you imagine telling a newbie he might need 1000 cold approaches before he scored his first street-game lay? And the first 100 will all be pure heart attack, every time? Ready to sign up for that? With Yohami in his ear telling him he was wasting his time (and Yohami is right about so much). The poor bastard. Of course he wouldn't want on that ride. It was much more fun than it sounds, though. Almost everyday out there was a good day, made me feel proud. Brought me in contact with… literally 1000 women I was attracted to. It only took my wing maybe 100 girls to get laid, twice (Go Hurricane!)… not everyone has to do it "the hard way."

I got a lot of action from the skills I learned in daygame before I ever got laid. I had been in game for years… but couldn't really number close effectively, I sucked at it. The sheer volume of daygame got me over that quick (with many more opportunities than I was getting at night game or hustling girls in cafes), and I ported that skill to other game, and that got me dates, makeouts, and lays in the rest of my life.

The girl I followed down the stairs out of a restaurant in Japan was not what I'd call daygame, but it started by chasing a girl down, direct approach, and ended w/ a SDL a few hours later. The girl I made out with at Burning Man last week was basically a daygame approach… but it was after midnight and I was slightly drunk. I don't think I ever blogged about the sex I had with the painter, which wasn't good, but was still fun, and was fueled by confidence from daygame. My swagger with the Tokyo Queen was fueled, in part, by the dates and makeouts I was getting from daygame when I started dating her. My stats have not been impressive, but I still racked up dates w/ a dozen girls, practicing logistics, making out and escalating. Those skills are noticeably better now. I know my city better now. I own all that.

So this is how the night went… it was our 3rd date:

> NASH: Hey Taiwanese Girl. For tonight, come meet me in my neighborhood. Maybe take the train to my station. I live two blocks from there.
> HER: Ok

She is the master of super brief text game. Over 1/2 her texts are just "Yep." I could learn from her in that way.

She looked cute. Sneakers, every time I see her, she's in sneakers. No socks, and creamy skin up to a leather skirt. Black shirt, a bit open in the back. Fancy Adidas (All-Day-I-Dream-About-Sex) track jacket. And those big, dark eyes. Very wide-set, deep, lovely eyes.

I had her meet me at my place… to get her comfortable with my house so it would be easier to get her back there later… one of the first logistical lessons that game taught me, so long ago. We all know that one. I also knew she liked cats… and mine are an adorable tag-team, and I figured they would add to the comfort and fun. They were charming and on point, and she loved them. She is very into animals. So am I.

Before we left, I said, "Oh, I want something from you," and pulled her in for a kiss. She was pliable and lovely.

From my house we took a car to a restaurant I love. I slipped a hand into hers as we waited. I had them seat us side by side, like I always do on dates. The place was funky and stylish. The food was delicious.

At one point during dinner I asked what part of her body she liked best, she said her eyes… that's kind of cheating, but she does have nice eyes. I took it further, asked what color her nipples were – pink or purple? She acted a little shocked and argued with me that they were neither. I told her most girls had either pink or purple. She said, maybe purple, if she was cold? I then asked my trademark question about how she likes to come. And the shock was not an act this time. She stared at me. I held her gaze, comfortably. Full vacuum. She refused to answer and blushed. I teased her, and then changed the subject. I ask that question all the time. Usually on first dates, not on the 3rd. She's the only girl that has not given me an answer.

I took her next door to this place that was supposed to have classical music… but we were there early, and it was Afro-Caribbean music, loud and frenetic. I liked it, and lead her to a place where we could stand. It was too much for her. 1 song later she tugged on my hand and we left. She said she was tired. I asked if she wanted to come back to my house for some of the tea she and I bought on our last date. She liked that idea.

Cats. Tea. I kissed her. She asked if I wanted to sit down. I am not particularly slick about transitioning from my kitchen (where I hang out in my house) to my bedroom. In this case, her comment got me to take her to the couch. She cuddled in this blanket I hate, that I inherited from my ex (the one who's boobs I made out with last month). That blanket is lame, but all girls love it. I have a blanket I like much better, "the love blanket," which all girls hate. Girls make no sense.

At one point she asked suddenly how old I was. "Much older than you," I said, "at least 10 years." She asked if I was in my forties? "Yes. And you?" 26, she said. That's what I thought. There was a part of me that thought she'd freeze up when she knew how old I was. There was acknowledgment, but she didn't seem to flinch at all.

We made out. I was pinning her arms back, and she was telling me I was going too fast, and she just wanted to cuddle. She would kiss me, but was mostly silent. I could get occasional moans out of her… she likes having her neck bitten.

She was very floppy, but gave me little feedback. Those little moans were an occasional trail of breadcrumbs… I tried to follow them. Hands on her neck… on her ass… looking for what she responds to.

I asked my question again, about how she likes to come. And she said "maybe, cock," she seemed excited for a minute, and pulled me in as she said it. Not fingers, she said. Mouth sometimes…

I told her I wanted to take her clothes off. She told me, "just cuddle," in her adorable accent, while she smiled. I told her I was going to get her naked, but not yet. Eventually I told her I was taking her to my bedroom. And off we went.

Making out, clothes on. Then, her bra was unsnapped. Then that shirt. Her nipples were surprisingly big, and delicious… and purple indeed. Big eyes, white skin, purple nipples, and black hair against the white sheets. Red glow from the colored bulbs that frame my windows to the street.

I asked if her skirt had a zipper, and she said it did. I found it, that skirt came off. Buttery skin and a surprisingly

nice, full little ass.

And then… she fell asleep. Like I said, she was relatively passive, and quiet, and I could just explore her, but she didn't participate much. Not full "starfish," but a curled up version of that. She would go along with just about anything I wanted to do, but I had to physically move her body into position each time. She was comfortable, not scared like I thought she might be, but she was quiet a lot as a I escalated. As she passed out, I was surprised. I changed my clothes. I laid there for a while thinking my game truly sucked. I wasn't that horny, but I was disappointed. I thought I had missed the window and that she'd think I was a child for not making it happen and I wouldn't get a second chance. It was still a good experience, but I wanted more from it.

She woke up in the middle of the night, and seemed wide awake for a time. We made out some more. I took her panties off, finally. It was momentarily hot between us again, maybe more than before, but still not what I'd call passionate. I pushed things along a bit more, hand working between her legs, and it felt forced and no moans. More quiet from her. Stillness. She went a-sexual on me, curled up again, and we slept some more.

It was morning. We had slept maybe 10 hours, which is remarkable for a first time sleep over. I never really sleep in situations like that… but with her, we did. Maybe she was genuinely tired. She told me later she only slept 3 hours the night before.

I got up, got some water, and crawled up against her ass. She stirred some more. I sucked her ear, and she rolled closer to me, and onto her belly, head facing away, hip against my stomach. I climbed on top of her, spread her legs, scissored a leg in-between her thighs and got a good look at her ass in the morning light. I got up on her, started to get myself going, little moans… I was turned on. I stood up, grabbed a condom. Made a show of putting it on so it was clear what I was up to. I almost had to force it in… she was so ridiculously tight. More little moans.

The sex… was brief and selfish. No pride in that. But she felt amazing. I came and held her, and kissed her after, and curled up with her, me still inside her. Her lips were puffy and full and pouty, purple, like those nipples. Her big eyes were shiny. She was smiling and happy. Coy. She was milking the cuteness. I told her so. She was having a good morning.

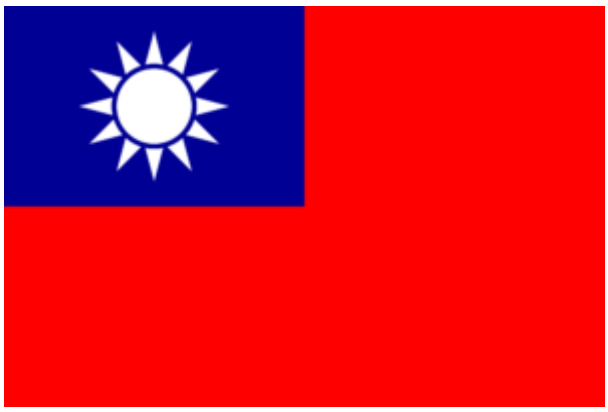
One of the many great things about my house is that there is a coffee place about 75 yards from my front door. I brought back a double latte in a medium cup and a large genmaicha for myself. She was curled up, dark locks spilling on the pillows, peeking at me over the covers.

We sipped in bed, ate strawberries and played with my cats. She loves them.

Conversation was easy, but a bit boring. She's a wonderful girl, and an excellent experience for this old, white beast, but I know I wouldn't see her often if she was staying in the US… which she is not. She would be very fun to date along with some other women, but this won't last long.

As it is… she has less than two weeks left. I have no doubt we'll see each other again before she goes. I'll set up the next date some time today.

There it is. It's not glamorous or dressed up, but it's real. The notch hyena gets another bite. I get, as the Brit's from RSG would say… another flag.



To celebrate… I am going to go through my phone and delete dozens of dead numbers. A purge of junk to celebrate losing my virginity (again).

I think of all the times I met a girl on the street, thinking she might be the one that I'd sleep with. The Japanese dentist visiting for the year. The tall Russian-Asian girl eating the banana as I opened her. The little Taiwanese girl I took for tea. The intern from Mexico City. Of course, the girl I overgamed in July. The Venezuelan girl that kissed my cheek as we ended the set. The Brazilian woman that was here, travelling alone. Ha. Nope. It was this one.

To you, you beautiful young thing… thank you for your tender inspiration, your mouth, your clever perspective, and your soft flesh. You are another "first" for an old vampire and you were delicious. I look forward to tasting you again.

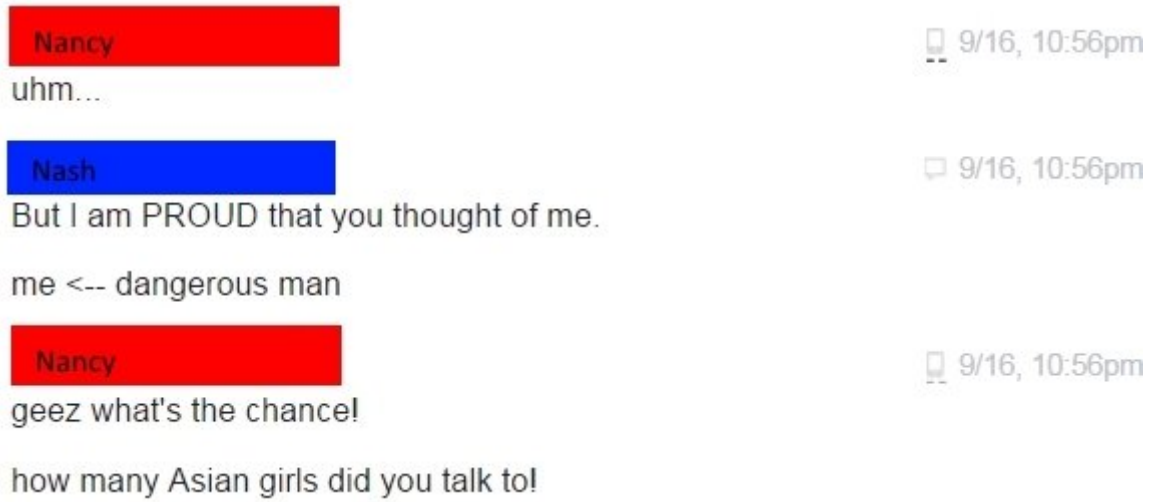
Viva daygame. You finally provide. And you are definitely making me a better man. And the curse of the summer is broken… at last.

I Get Around || Unfinished Business

Nash · 18 September 2016 · Archived copy · Original

For context, this is a story about a girl I picked up a long time ago, talking to me about a girl I picked up a few weeks ago. Apparently, via the magic of Facebook, they have discovered they both know me.

It's true. I haven't run daygame in a couple of weeks… first it was Burning Man, then clients, I'm excited to get back to it this week, but I have taken a big break. I assumed this was mistaken identity, but I like this girl "Nancy," so I was happy to chat w/ her about spicy things like hitting on her friends.



How many Asian girls do I talk to? A fucking lot, that's how many. If Nancy had read this blog, she'd get it. But she already knows I date mostly Asian girls.

Nancy… is also Asian. Let's talk about her for a second:

It was 3 or 4 years ago. She walked into a cafe I was a regular at at the time. I was not in top form at that stage of my life, but she was my type. Something about her hips… I'll never forget. She got me. I was tempted to get up and go find some contrived reason to talk to her… she was really ringing my bell as she walked to the counter. Turns out, she comes over and sits next to me.

There is a song I like to quote that says:

> I noticed how you waste no time making your way
> Across the room. You leave a wake of tongues
> Still waving after you. **And it isn't no coincidence**
> **Where you finally choose to stand.** I guess soon
> You will be leaving your man.

> — Bright Eyes

Yeah, it's no coincidence, I figure. I open her. She's very talkable, it goes well.

Turns out she lives nearby, and I see her all the time. She is married. That didn't come out for a while. When Nancy and I see each other, we always take our time about it… but this one time, she was with her husband, and it was kind of dark, and we pretended like we didn't know each other…

The pics of this girl on Facebook… for me… are like softcore porn. Maybe the next guy would just see a skinny Chinese girl with big 70s glasses… but I see the sass and she triggers something primal in me. I want this girl. I have for years.

That's how I know, Nancy.

Nancy is into art, and she know I am too. So we have hung out a bit.

First time was a breakfast date. Rainy day. She wore thigh-high boots. DEAD SEXY. Simple date, but I liked her.

Then this one time… she and I went to lunch, then… back to my place to draw. Mid-day, weekend, but it was a date. She wore shorts that were barely bigger than a belt. Smooth, skinny legs, leading to her tiny, but inspiring little ass.

Anyway… I touched her a bunch, smelled her hair, had a moment where I felt like the kiss was in the air… but I didn't do it. And that, was one of the biggest mistakes I can think of in recent years with girls. I'm not saying anyone should hook up w/ hot, married Chinese girls… but I wanted to, and I failed to make my move. You usually don't get a second chance in situations like that.

We saw each other a week later, and the vibe was gone. I tried some weak shit that night, but she wasn't haven't it. I remember me sending some lame, frustrated texts later that night… nothing too explicit, but basically me failing to get intimate with her.

We have seen each other since… never in a romantic context.

Although… I did get a late night text last year from her, asking if I could join her for a drink. I asked about it, and she made it sound like nothing.

I have been actively thinking about trying to get something going w/ her… like I said, she rings my bell.

Nancy 9/16, 10:57pm
my friend asked me do I know a guy called Nash

I said yes...

Nash 9/16, 10:58pm
Maybe I hit on her online...

that could be me

but not on the street

Not today

Who's your friend?

Nancy 9/16, 10:58pm
I know not today

[a nickname for the Taiwanese Girl, that I don't know of...]

let me check on Facebook

she said she just found out that Nash and she has me as common friend

Again, I haven't run game on the street in a few weeks, so I'm still assuming this is mistaken identity. The name she gave above ("nicename"), didn't mean anything to me. So I was curious, but didn't see any connection.

Nash 9/16, 11:00pm
What's her last name?

Nancy 9/16, 11:00pm
I think [last name]

Nash 9/16, 11:00pm
Oh.

Well.

Yeah.

Nancy 9/16, 11:00pm
ha!!!!

Nash 9/16, 11:01pm
She told me her name is Taiwanese Girl?

Nancy 9/16, 11:01pm
yeah

Chinese name

Nash 9/16, 11:01pm
yeah... yes. Guilty.

That was me.

Nancy 9/16, 11:01pm
ha!!!!!

damn!

Ahhhhh – ha! It is me, afterall.

She is talking about the Taiwanese Girl. Taiwanese Girl is actually from Taiwan, just visiting, she's never lived her. Nancy is from China, lives here, and is a few years older… what are the chances? Turns out they met here, a few years ago, and have been friends ever since.

Of course… I'm proud as fuck. Daygamer. Networking thru life… one beautiful Asian girl after another.

Nash 9/16, 11:01pm
I like her, a lot.

What did she say???

:]

Nancy 9/16, 11:01pm
she's my friend! like good friend

Nash 9/16, 11:01pm
That I'm super cool and...

Nancy 9/16, 11:01pm
didn't say anything yet...

dude!

Nash 9/16, 11:02pm
Uh huh.

Nancy 9/16, 11:02pm
I have to roll my eyeballs. let me have this moment

Nash 9/16, 11:02pm
haha

I saw her pass me one day, 3 weeks ago... and she caught my eye.

I said hello... she was nervous, wasn't sure of me at all.

Nancy 9/16, 11:03pm
did you ask her out?

Of course I did ask her out. We had had 3 dates by the time of this conversation…

I don't know how much I've told Nancy about my relationship with girls. She has known me a long time. I never hide that I like to meet/date/sex girls… but I certainly haven't told her about this blog. She does know that I was in a relationship last year, with the Tokyo Queen, and that before that, I was seeing the Queen along w/ as many other girls as I could work into the rotation.

Nash 9/16, 11:03pm
We had a great talk about China... she told me so much about China,
it's been great to learn.

I got her number.

So I took her to Moma.

It was great. She was smart. And cute.

Nancy 9/16, 11:03pm
you guys went out for a date!

Nash 9/16, 11:04pm
More than one.

Nancy 9/16, 11:04pm
oh geez!

Nash 9/16, 11:04pm
But I guess I should stop talking now.

Nancy 9/16, 11:04pm
this is hilarious!!!

I was hangout with her last week

Ha. Okay. So Nancy and I both know Taiwanese girl.

At the time this conversation was going on, I was actively trying to get my next date w/ Miss Taiwan… I wasn't sure this was going to help or hurt me… and I was curious what it was doing to my chances of ever hooking up w/ Nancy? Personally, I assumed this might help increase my chance of getting Nancy out of those little shorts some day.

Nash 9/16, 11:05pm
Wait... you went to Napa with her??

Nancy 9/16, 11:05pm
not me

we only dine and shopping

vain stuff

Nash 9/16, 11:05pm
haha

You're deeper than that.

Nancy 9/16, 11:05pm
nope I'm not

Nash 9/16, 11:06pm
ha

Nancy 9/16, 11:06pm
and I'm very happy that I'm shallow

Nash 9/16, 11:06pm
If it makes you feel good to think of yourself that way... fine w/ me.

Nancy 9/16, 11:07pm
I'm gonna see her next week

Interesting to me to see Nancy disqualify herself here. At least that's what I think was happening. All that stuff about her being "shallow." I don't think of her as shallow, at all. She's a little harsh. A little "all business." But not shallow. I wouldn't say that.

Nash 9/16, 11:07pm
Yeah... and I've never seen her FB... but now that I'm looking at her...
have you seen her lips??

Right?

Look at her.

Nancy 9/16, 11:07pm
what?!

I don't know...you should have a male friend to judge

Nash 9/16, 11:08pm
You're shallow... you can appreciate kissable lips.

Nancy 9/16, 11:08pm
I know she's easy to talk to, and we both love handbags and shoes

Nash 9/16, 11:08pm
Oh... maybe I know her better than you do.

:]

Nancy 9/16, 11:08pm
that's enough to make a good friend of mine

so are you guys still going out?

Nash 9/16, 11:09pm
We have plans for tomorrow night.

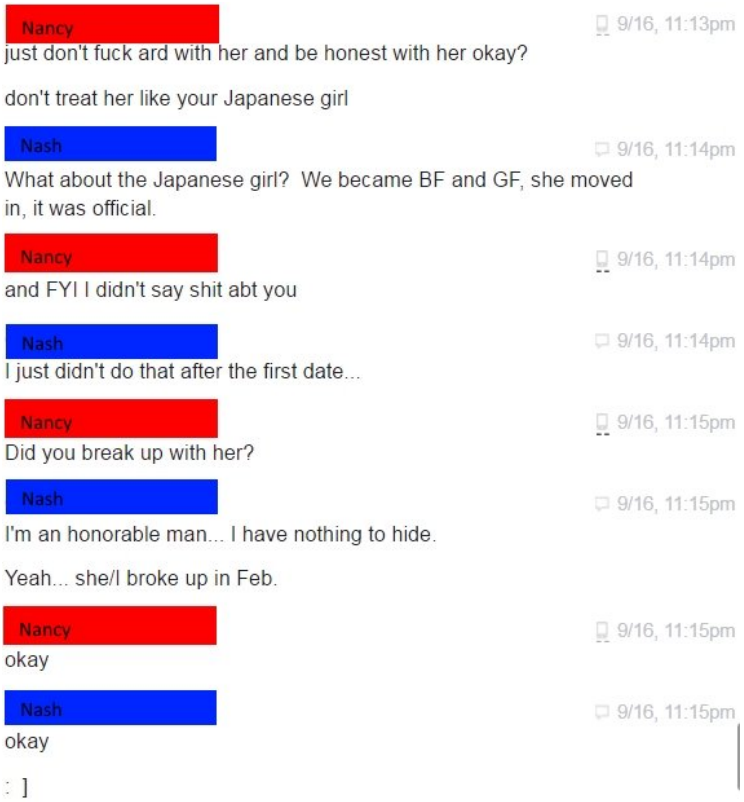
I am looking fwd to seeing her.

She's great.

Here, I take it a little sexual, talking about Miss Taiwan's lips.

To be honest, I'd never seen Miss Taiwan's Facebook profile… and her profile pic… is delicious. She looks amazing… I was getting turned on looking at her, thinking I was about to see her again.

I also took the opportunity to pound on Nancy's frame about being shallow, kind of forcing her to agree with me about Taiwan's lips, and to gain some momentum after that particular frame battle.



Here… the conversation seems to have taken a surprising turn. She is doubling down on the idea that I'm a bastard, all of a sudden, which is not how she typically reacts to me. Maybe I had successfully fired up a jealousy plotline? Maybe talking about Taiwan's lips was a bad idea? I don't know.

As for the "Japanese girl," she's talking about Tokyo Queen. And while I would be happy to be the bastard, if in fact I was…. it's true, she and I became exclusive, she did move in. That was the LTR of last year. And I did break up w/ her in February. Ehhh.

And that was it.

I don't know about how that ended. Didn't feel right. I don't know that the mutual "friend" and my reputation as a street seducer has made it more/less likely I will ever see the wet side of Nancy's thighs?

Meanwhile, Taiwanese girl did come over last night. She was on her period, so no P in the V, but I took her to dinner, lots of fooling around, she slept over. I really enjoyed her. Again.

I did ask her about Nancy, and the conversation was brief and uneventful. I asked if she see's Nancy when Nancy goes to Taiwan (which she does somewhat often), and yes, they do see each other there.

Taiwanese Girl is only here for another week. She was really ramping up the sexuality this morning, really teasing me, there was a blow job in the mix. Best vibe between she/I yet. I think she's relaxing a bit.

Nancy and Miss Taiwan will likely see each other this week. I have no idea what they will say… either of them. I would love to be a fly on the wall for that hangout.

And after Miss Taiwan goes home… I think I will let things cool off… and I will invite Nancy over for a daytime date. She and I had talked about it less than a month ago… I had said evening… she countered with "daytime." I think she's trying to see me when her husband is at work. If I get her over, I think I will have to try to kiss her… but I have also thought about telling her I want to draw her… nude… and seeing how that goes. Something about Nancy tells me she might be up for that.

We'll see.

Viva daygame.

Drunk and Rattled

Nash · 24 September 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I think that's it. My Taiwanese lover, and our little love affair, is over. As it wrapped up 15 minutes ago, I feel like I have some fresh ideas I want to think on…

It wasn't a surprise. She was here temporarily. A five week trip, I picked her up right after she got here, and this weekend she goes back to Taiwan. She's here for a few more days, but my Dad is visiting. I am meeting him in a few minutes, we're going on a road trip, and I'm stoked for that. So last night was our last night together. She leaves Sunday.

Right now… I feel like I overdosed on her a little. Today was a little too much, as she clung to our last moments. I didn't cling, but I did try to soak her up. She was a good thing, but I didn't stick to my plan today. That makes me thoughtful.

Under what conditions is it okay to compromise our own standards?

Right now… I feel… drunk. Love drunk. It feels good, but also a little queasy. I know it's the chemicals of being with her. The culmination of the last few weeks of spending time w/ her. I saw her 3 times this last week, which is more than I would see a girl normally (1-2 times a week, max). But I knew she was short term, so I was willing to break the rules.

But the rules are important… how it starts is how it goes. I cannot forget that. You start with discipline, or you live out the rest of that relationships with no discipline. Anything you give up, in the game of a woman's encroachment, you never get back. If you feel weak as you fail to have discipline, you should. You blew it, and you blew it early. If she lived here, if this relationship was open ended, I would have done things differently… I "pigged out" over these last few days. I was indulgent. "Binge drinking" is fine w/ me, but I know that trying to make a lifestyle of it would not take me where I want to go.

Today I flirted with a lifestyle I don't want. Like doing a bump of heroine. It felt good, but these kinds of things get out of hand quickly. I want to make sure I get this.

And… I'm off purpose today. And that's part of my point. Purpose, purpose, purpose. I'm not always that hung up on purpose, but when it comes to girls… pay some fucking attention to this, Nash! Am I letting girls pull me off of what I know I should be doing? As I say yes to her in those moments, does she get what she wants? Does she get the man she wants?

A women will try to take you off your purpose. Say that again.

A women will try to take you off your purpose.

It's one of the most classic "tests" a woman can do. I let her do it, somewhat, today. That is negative points for the relationship, and for me as a man. Can I, while love drunk, look her in the eyes and tell her to "go!" I did. I will do that more, if I want to be the man I want to be.

It's these moments where she and my indulgent side collude and prove to every one that my castle is not as strong as I think it is. That my castle walls might not be worthy of respect.

My plan was to wake up, get us out to a nice goodbye breakfast, after a great night last night, of sex and dinner.

But I let us come back from that breakfast, and we fucked again. It was our last time. And then my afternoon was gone. I should have been working. Not for the work. Not for those clients. But for me. As a man. For my relationship with discipline. For my relationship with myself. The work can wait. But my integrity can not.

I am seeing this moment in the context of my last few long term relationships. How, today when I let things go on longer than I wanted, I didn't feel good about it. How then, in the final months of those relationships, my desire to

"be good," to make her happy, brought me to say "yes" when I should have been firm. Or changed the topic. There are moments when a man can be artful, and dodge a woman instead of fight or surrender. Distract her, if you will. Lead her someplace where the spells of double-binds aren't as easy for her to cast. This is what I'm talking about. I did okay today, but when it counts, I want to do better.

I'm not disappointed in myself. I get it. But I want to take this time to reflect. Now is the time to learn. Not as the next one heats up, but now, as this one cools off.

I watched her flex her feminine power with me, several times. I watched her, as I would get ready to kick her out, say, "Are you sure?" And pull me in. Watched her play coy. Watched her bat her amazing eyes and use her neck and shoulders to tie me up, like a web. She'd turn up the sex, to see if I'd bend. And I mostly didn't. I did okay. I get it. I'd give myself a B-. I can do better. I want to fucking see this right now.

She was practice. Temporary. Like a training module. The next one… might be "real."

I'm reading this incredible book right now… which I will write about soon. It's about female psychology. And being w/ this new girl, watching her/I shape each other, as I read the book, was a fascinating mix of theory and practice. To watch her employ the tactics I'm reading about… while they were on my mind… while she was in my hands… was insightful.

Women… have a pretty predictable psychology. Knowing what is coming doesn't always make it easier – just like advance knowledge of a blizzard that is coming doesn't mean you won't freeze to death. Knowledge is where it begins. Experience is the path.

My bed is a mess of sweat and cum. And her hair. She really started turning on the sexuality in the last couple of days we've been together (I think we've been together about 6 days, total, in bed for 4 of those days). In the last romp together, she was telling me to tell her what her pussy felt like. She was telling me to spank her. And to finger her. This girl was dead silent our first time in bed, but she really opened up as we got to know each other.

As a point of reference and honesty… I don't think I ever made her come. Maybe, but I wouldn't bet on it. I didn't ask (something about asking isn't cool). And while I would have loved to make her come, I'm at a stage of my life where that's not what I think sex with her was all about it. If she never came, I'm cool with that.

And then, in our last time in bed, after all the condoms we had used, after she was very specific about wanting me to use one, watching her try to stuff me inside herself unprotected… this is how girls are. I've seen that before… I actually see that almost every single time I'm with a woman. In a terribly unsafe way, it's a form of approval. It was also a type of test, a dangerous one. And a type of gift, a very dangerous one.

Dangerous.

Watching her bloom, to open up to me, was a great experience. Watching my own understanding of her, wondering how sophisticated she might be at 26, finding out, seeing her kink come out, watching her try to work me with her wiles and her tests, realizing that despite her "sweetness" and her imperfect English, she was dangerous, an assassin, with a deadly trap between her legs… all girls are the same, in their potential. This was great practice.

Practice helps me see.

And going a little easier… watching her become more affectionate over the days, has also been an education. I am thinking of you, Riv. She was "tight" energetically, rigid, at first. Our first hug was garbage — she almost grimaced as she touched me. Our last hug, 20 minutes ago, was deep, and rich, and creamy. I told her so. I told her that if our first hug had been like that, I would have taken her home that night. In the middle of this time where she bloomed for me, trusted me, opened up to me, gave herself to me… I was a man, we had sex, I gave her a great experience… of being with me. And then the affection came unrestrained. In, that, order. I fucked the girl, and she opened up and became affectionate with me later.

Jason Savage is right: Sex > affection.

It’s not about her, or me, or what I want… it’s about the order of things.

And… I gave her commands. I ordered her around. I made us pancakes one morning and brought her fruit in bed, but I did other things to preserve some balance. I did some push/pull, even today… when she said she wasn’t retarded and I said, “not *too* retarded,” and grabbed her ass, and kissed her, and she loved it. Keep her on her toes… and she can’t come forward to take more territory. To make me smaller when I have the chance to be big. She won’t respect that man, even as she works to shape me into something smaller than the beast that originally impressed her. I won’t respect that man, so I work to keep it from happening. To lead us both into a space where we’re our best. That’s up to me.

Great practice. I am in game for the experience. I had a great experience. That little girl had a great experience.

Viva daygame.

United Nations of Daygame || And Deception!

Nash · 2 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I fully expected to run a lot of game this last month. But I didn't. 1 day of daygame in all of September… and that was mostly so I could say "I did at least one day."

I didn't run much game for 3 reasons: I had 3 new clients, on-top of an already full load. I was trying to get that business sorted. That was smart. Staking some paper. Cool. And the 2nd reason… lots of visits in September. Friends and family staying with me, for much of the month. Road trip with my Dad. And lastly, the Taiwanese girl. I was dating her all month, and that took away a lot of the incentive to go comb the streets.

I almost went out last week… but the Taiwanese girl is basically a professional shopper, and she is out downtown, all the time. He apartment is there too… right in my hunting ground. I didn't want her to see me chatting up other girls before our last weekend together. Thought I'd wait out our last night together, which was a week ago. Now… I shake my head at that kind of thought. More on that below.

So… I hit the street yesterday, and it was a mostly uneventful, but a fun experience. Only 4 sets, all of them had something worth noting, but not that much magic. However, each girl was new to the US and from a different part of the world. United Nations of daygame yesterday – nice sample of girls for practice.

First, I'll walk thru the sets. Then, I'll get to the deception!!!

Sep30.

#1. First set all month. She was blonde, little, tiny feet. Okay, I jumped in. She made this amazing "yuck" face when I approached her, acting on high alert. I backed off, laughed. Asked if she was okay? Was she "comfortable?" She is asking if I'm talking about her cellphone? She's confused. She was from Brazil, and her English was miserable. I got her to figure out what I was up to, by basically straight out telling her I thought she was cute. She got it. She can't understand much of what I'm saying, and she's acting like a teenager, constantly looking at her phone. She asks me to walk with her. She is trying to go shoe shopping, tells me where she is going, and I tell her she's going the wrong direction. She's reluctant to follow the strange, older, white beast — even though I'm pointing her where she wants to go and we're on the biggest boulevard in the city. Most of our conversation is in Spanish at this point – and my Spanish is pretty bad, but we're communicating. She's acting so flaky, I think she's going to ignore me, or just walk off… but she's also flashing her eyes at me, seems to hook, and is asking me questions. I'm leading her down the street. She guesses I'm 30, which is >10 years off. Then 35, still off. I guess she's 26, and she thinks I read it off her passport, but I just guessed right. Anyway… I eventually dumped her. She was too much of a spaz. Ha, I've never walked away from a girl before. I told her I was going to leave, and she was shocked. Asking me why? I pointed her in the right direction one more time and bailed. That was one of the weirdest street interactions I've ever had. Welcome to daygame!

#2. Chinese. Language student. Her skin wasn't that great, but she was very cute, even with the makeup. Long, straight, silky hair to her ass. After the initial open, she bowed to me. Ha. She's been here 1 month. Talk was okay, and I was fishing for a close at one point… curious to see what she'd be like on a date. She was very standoff-ish. I told her "you have to want it!" She was too much of a wet rag, so I smiled, told her to have a nice day and I moved on.

#3. I'm walking by a fancy hotel, and this tall, leggy girl gives me a quick bit of eye contact. I figure she's Russian. I hesitate, briefly, and then decide to give it a shot. I'm really not into Russian girls (or the FSU types), the UK guys can have them, but I like to hit on Russian girls just to check my game. They are not easy. So, she's at the intersection waiting for the light, but I go for it anyway. Slide around in front of her, calm, slow, hold my hands out for her to stop… and she fucking loves it. Right away, she's so into it, eyes popping, very feminine. I am seeing "flashes" from her fingers. I am pretty sure I'm going to see a ring if I look down, but since I didn't check in advance, I'm just going for it. We get thru the first 30 seconds, and she says, "My husband, my husband, my

husband…," just like that, with the most amazing smile you've ever seen. It's a confession. She blushes. I blush. Beautiful moment. I tell her I'm going to go. She looks like the princess in a Disney movie. Radiant, happy girl. She says, "This has never happened to me before!" I tell her, "I would hit on you any time." She looks like she's in love. I split. You never know.

#4. Little, Asian, cute. Dressed a little funny, but I like it. She pops open, bright eyed. From Taiwan (not *the* Taiwanese, this is a new girl). She pretty cute, very different looking vs "my" Taiwanese girl. Nice chat. She has to go. I tell her I'd like to take he for a coffee sometime. She says she has plans and… I say, "Not now, some other time." Okay, she says. I tell her to take out her phone, and have her call me. I watch the call light up. I think it's cool. We split. I check my phone later and I never got the call. Okay. No big deal. But then… later that night, she texts me, telling me it was good to meet me. Okay, cool. I hit her back this AM, but no response yet. We'll see if we can get her out this next week.

…

2+ hours. 100% hook rate… but that just means I didn't talk to enough girls.

4 girls is not a lot of girls for that much time. I weaseled on a few… but in general, I never really have a good, high-volume day out on Fridays. I swear there are fewer targets on Friday. Superstition, but… whatever.

So I'm cruising thru one of my favorite blocks, and a girl catches my eye… she's cute… but wait… it's *the* Taiwanese girl. WTF? She was supposed to be in Taiwan. She was supposed to have left last Sunday. I told her to add me to Line App, which she did. We have been messaging. Her initiating often. She has told me, unprompted, that she misses me. I was getting increasingly sexual. She was baiting me along. I have been talking about her ass. And her nipples.

I'm a bit shocked to see her. Wow.

On the morning of this day, I told her to send me a picture of her face, with Taipai in the background, so I could see her and get a peek at her city. I could see that she read the msg, but she hadn't responded. I didn't think much of it… but now! I had asked her about the typhoon in Taiwan earlier in the week, and she didn't answer that either… but again, I didn't think anything of it.

So as she walks by… her nice legs leading to her ass in some little, white shorts… looking great… chatting w/ some girl… I get a shot of "girls are deceptive!" I shake my head. I'm not mad. I'm surprised. I feel something like betrayal? Dishonesty?

I feel like a stupid kid. That's how I feel.

Each time I dig into a woman, a little more of my naivitee is gone. Good. This is redpill. I want to see. No more pretty lies. Show it to me. The truth will set me free.

Why lie to me about leaving? What's the point? Some other guy?? Yeah, maybe.

She was very actively wanting more on our last few days. Very happy to meet. Very happy for more sex. Baiting me to spend more time w/ her, so I could have more of her body. I could barely get rid of her the last day. She initiated the Line Chat… she didn't have to do that. But… she was keeping this a secret? Why???

Hmmm.

So I texted her via Line App:

> NASH: Your legs… look great today.

A couple hours later, she got back to me:

> HER: My legs?

I will leave this one be. I assume she knows that I know that she's still here. I don't need to have any "closure" about it. I certainly don't need to yell at her, or accuse her of anything.

Because of the app, she can tell I have read her last message, but I won't reply. Maybe she'll ask again? Maybe she'll confess she never left. Maybe she'll stay quiet until she's actually home. Maybe she's not even from Taiwan???! Jesus. Who knows.

Ha. Oh well.

I said I wanted experiences, and here I am. Girls… fucking tricky!

It doesn't take anything away from how much fun it was to spend some time w/ her and to roll around in my bed together. She is still my first daygame lay.

But it does leave a bad taste in my mouth from an otherwise "romantic" experience.

There, is no, such thing, as a "naïve" girl. Damn… they is all complicated! See this, Nash. This is the truth. Look at it.

Ahhh… viva Daygame.

12 More || On the Road to 200 before 2017

Nash · 4 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I had a great call with Riv the other day. I mentioned I was going to jump back into daygame, and that I had a goal of 200 approaches before Christmas. (Maybe I said by the end of November?) It seems I am on my way.

> "We have a right to our labor, but not to the fruits of our labor."
> — Krishna

I love this quote. Of course it reminds me of daygame. So many things are out of our control. What we can do… is go talk to girls. What comes of it, is certainly partly skill. But like poker, we don't control "the cards." And even the best players can put in the hands, but not necessarily have the right to "the fruits" of that labor.

Meanwhile… The Krauser has put out some new episodes (Season 2) of The Womanizer's Bible. I'm particularly fond of the 2nd installment of the season, "Womanizer's Bible #2 – First Day Back."

He is talking about coming back after some time off. That is where I was at (although this week, I've gotten a lot of work done on the streets).

As you start back, Big K is recommending you consider one of three approaches:

* Pick outcome… I want XYZ out of today
* Pick process… I am going to focus on this part of the structure
* Pick vibe… I'm going to focus on my vibe, not worry about anything else

I like that.

As I headed out this week, working on getting my approaches going for this next round of experience… I was focused only on vibe. "Go out, enjoy the street, approach, have a good time." It was great.

Set of the day… was… my first lesbian.

Ha. I assume I have approached lesbians before. I assume, they are some of the blow outs. Or maybe, some of the femmy ones… are just super awkward, or have convenient "boyfriend." This one… was a little different.

To be honest, she reminded me of one of my first real loves. Actually, the girl I am thinking of was the girl that "turned" me, from being an innocent little kid to the beginnings of the ~~jaded~~ wise man I am today.

The girl from my past and I dated started when I was 17, I broke her heart when I pushed her away to date my GF in my senior year of high school. She would have many chances to return the favor, and she did, putting bullet-sized holes in my chest on multiple occasions.

I once went down on that girl, super high on hashish for the first time, and she came so hard she couldn't talk for a 1/2 hour. That was after she kissed me and I had to ask if I imagined it… we were very fucking high. I did acid with this girl too, and it was our first time, and we did way too much and lost our minds. Lots of history with that one. Lots of me being the 3rd wheel to some other guy she as dating. She used me to tool those guys… of course I was tooled as well. Damn, I wish I had an education back then. Probably would have done a thing or two differently.

This daygame girl from today, and that girl from my past, have a lot in common. I bet that's why I was attracted to her.

She was wearing jeans and a long sleeve button down shirt – kind of a butch look, now that I think of it. Backpack, and a binder pinned against her chest. I saw the resemblance to the girl from my childhood, and that got me, and I went in.

She opened easily. We started chatting, and she turned out to be Mexican. No makeup. Smart, interesting, right away. Art student…. but so new to art she hadn't picked her emphasis yet. She wasn't that young… 25? I moved us to the edge of the sidewalk closest to the buildings. I locked in. We chatted. It felt great. At one point, she said, "This feels like an interview," and I know that isn't ideal, but the comment didn't bother me at all. We went deeper.

I talked about my art. I gave her one of my stickers – a drawing of a girl, nude, from the waist up – she loved it, and put it on her brand new binder.

I opened her by telling her that she reminded me of that girl from my past… and how talking to someone that is very similar to someone you've know before can bring up feelings and make you feel like you know the new person better than you do.

She got it. I have said this kind of thing to girls before, always authentically, and it always lands. She asked where she is now. I told her I don't know. She asked about social media. I confessed I have checked, but she's not on Facebook, not under any name I know. I could track her down. I know her family. I'm not interested. I didn't tell this girl that I intentionally blew her off about 8 years ago. That girl and I were all baggage. I was becoming a new man. I didn't need that old baggage around anymore. I was harsh as I blew my old lover off back then. But it was the right move.

So I go to close this one… and she asks "in what context" do I want her number. I say, "There are no obligations, of course, but very 'man to woman.'" I gave her a knowing look. And she says, "Okay, well, I have a girlfriend." And I say… cool. And I believe her. And I asked her, "Well, you knew this was man to woman, right?" And she says, no, that this is a strange town, and she has met guys when it wasn't like that. That… was bullshit on her part. Of course she knew. But either way, it's cool.

Funny thing is… that girl from my past… dated lots of girls as well. I told you they had a lot in common.

Here are the rest of the approaches:

Oct04.

1. Indian woman, conservative, but pretty, worker bee outfit. She stopped, listened, looked me up and down, but as I complimented her, her uncertainty turned to a frown, and she bailed. Ha. Cool. First one… worst one. And it was the worst one.

2. This is the Lesbian Mexican art student story from above. Interesting girl.

3. Chinese. She was standoffish, and I called it out, and she mentioned that she was a bit scared, but laughed as she said it. Calling girls out in this way can be a very socially slick thing to do, and it usually gets them to relax. Julien would say it's "realness." I agree. I know I can be a little too intense, and I take this as evidence I need to smile more. I need to remember that. Cool. Right about then I noticed a tiny wedding ring, asked if she was married, she was, we smiled, and I bailed.

4. Asian girl, headphones, green streaks in her hair, wearing all black, great style. She opened well. Her top had this cross-cross lacing over the cleavage of her delicious looking little boobs. I think my eyes wandered a little too much (it was a bit of a theme that day… I'm not even a boob guy, but this day I was). She said she had to go and she took off. Fucking sexy girl.

5. Little Asian girl, from Hong Kong. She had these blue circular sunglasses that made her look edgy, but she was tiny and cute. Maybe 5′? I loved the contrast and told her so. Good, long chat, but she never felt solid. I told her I wasn't going to take her number and I split. Hmmm.

6. Indian girl, great size/shape, wearing these black shiny pants. I opened her, told her I love the pants, that they sparkled like metal. She said she was a on her way to yoga, but that she is a sucker for pants compliments. Ha, in retrospect, I wonder if she was teasing me about that? At one point she asked if I was trying to sell her something, I said, this is just about you/I. Again, me staring past the buttons of her shirt to her brown cleavage. Delicious little

boobs, on this one too. She was charming, but rejected the close… told me she hoped to run into me again. That was fun, great little interaction. I still have a crush on her. Ummmm.

7. Shy white girl. As I approached she bloomed into a huge smile, but wouldn't stop. I felt like she knew I was going to approach her before I did. Maybe I should have reopened? Hmmm. She was cute… I can still "feel" her as I write this.

8. Short, sexy, fiery Asian. 4'10? Damn, I love that. She was a bit older, ass like two kittens fighting in a sack. Her body was stacked. I get in front of her, huge smile, she liked it, but she wouldn't stop. I ran around again and reopened, again she liked it, but it wasn't hooking. She was a mix of turned on and nervous… walking together, her staring straight ahead, smiling, her face a little tight… I was right on the edge of being creepy… so I bailed. That's only the second time I've reopened… which was something Yad was pushing me to do. Felt good.

9. Elegant Asian woman. She stopped, but drifted away… like an inch at a time. She would look uncomfortable, then smile/bloom, then uncomfortable again, then more smiling. Said she had to go. Cool.

10. Korean tourist. Fun/cute girl, teeth were kind of a mess. English was terrible, but I liked her. Her phone was offline, but she took my name for Facebook, with the idea that she and her friends and I might go for drinks on Thu. Never heard from her, of course. For some reason I thought I might… felt like a good interaction.

11. Short, artsy Asian girl with a very cool, bag and combat boots. I saw her in one part of town, and then again, 10 minutes later, so I approached. She was young, nervous, shy, but took the conversation pretty well. She's Cantonese… which I am learning about as I spend so much time with Asian girls. Apparently, Canton is sad story. She seemed kind of sad about it too. She was very nervous about the #. Gave her my name, told her to add me to FB. Never heard from her.

12. Great body, but face was ehhh as I got close. From Taiwan. Fun, she loved it. Cute wrinkles in her nose when she smiles. After 5 min I find out she had a BF (she was too busy loving it to tell me) so I bailed.

Good start toward my goal of 200 before the New Year. Viva Daygame.

The Super Day, 5 Leads || 13 More

Nash · 6 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

These notes are from months ago, but I never posted them (I'm backdating them to the day I picked these girls up). I thought I'd lost them, but they were on my old phone… it's odd I never posted these notes, as I ended up dating 3 of these girls.

I dated #9. I really liked her. She was one of the girls I dated this Fall that let me stop her, loved it, let me take her number, went out with me… and she had a BF. She wouldn't kiss me, and never responded to another text… but it was good date, by my standards.

I have dated #8 several times. In my notes I said she didn't have good skin, but her skin turned out to be fine… the problem is, I can get her clothes off (mostly, down to the panties), had this girl in my bed 5 times at least… but she won't fuck me. She has had my cock in her mouth, on three separate occasions, but won't let me take her panties off. I think I'm done with her… we'll see how horny I am when I get back from Japan. I want to get so busy I don't have time for her. Too bad… I'd really like to fuck this girl. Super skinny, but such an interesting body. I'm not sure this girl is ever turned on… I've never seen it. I don't understand her… huh.

And finally, there is #13… who turned out be Firecracker, my 2nd daygame lay. I love the notes I took about her. She is very much like that comment where she said "maybe I am more dangerous than you?!" I love that she said that. We've had sex several times, despite the BF in China. She is with him now, I believe. We'll see if she and I still connect when we are back at our home city in February. She is an interesting girl. I like her. But what a strange little lover she is, what a strange relationship we have… ha.

Here are the notes.

Oct06.

1. Yellow shirt, passing out flyers, bad skin, awk, I bailed.

2. Korean student, big lips, curvy, freckles, had BF.

3. Asian girl, in a dress, with boots, taking pictures of a piano, took #. [That girl never responded to my texts… it was a weak approach, but even though it was over 3 months ago, I still remember her.]

4. White girl, in town for a business conference, bad open, she barely stopped.

5. Chinese, all black clothes, sexy girl… had to go.

6. 2 set… which I never do. [I think this was the only one I've ever done], from Taiwan… didn't go anywhere.

7. I nick-named this girl "Hip Hop." Cute Korean girl, called me "mister," made me remember her # – which I did – and she ran off. We texted once/twice but she dropped off.

8. Thai Girl, not great skin, eyes really lit up, #close. She called it to be sure she had it.

9. Chinese girl, super fem, great walk… I think she was ovulating. Tried to idate. # close.

10. Korean at Saks. Bitchface. I ejected.

11. Calm, Chinese… shook me off.

12. Nurse, wouldn't stop.

13. Little Chinese girl, great skin, big eyes behind nerdy glasses, little hands… she was perfect for me. Goes to fashion school. Has a BF in China. At one point I made a comment that I am "dangerous, and she said, "maybe I'm more dangerous than you?" Ummm.

Viva daygame.

Thai Girl In My Apartment, Sweet Jesus

Nash · 9 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Uhhh… she just left. I'm drunk on love-chemicals. No sex tonight, but when I say I am in daygame for experiences, this is what I'm talking about.

I picked her up on Thursday (I haven't posted about that day, but it was a good one). I got 5 numbers that day. She was one of them.

She is… 23? 24? 25? I don't know. I didn't ask, she didn't ask my age either. They never do… I love that. I don't know what she'd do if I told her I'm 43.

She's here studying English. She's about 5'5″. She has… braces. I think that would probably cost her a point for most guys, but for me… is like an extra point. And she's Thai, so she already has an extra point for being Asian… so with both those extra points… she's a "9." Tonight, my cock thinks she's a "13."

I haven't had an orgasm in over a week, and I'm dangerously horny… doing this on purpose to make myself more aggressive, and it is working.

I texted her yesterday. I said it was nice to meet her. And that is was a beautiful day. She replied saying she was going to a birthday party. I asked if she had plans for Saturday (tonight), and she said, no plans. I told her we should meet for a drink, and if we were having fun, I would take her to dinner.

We trade texts… she responds every 3-4 hours. This morning she confirmed for 8. I have been cancelled on a lot over the last year (including for a sex date for last night), and each text from her today I was half-thinking she'd cancel. At one point, she changed the plan to 9. Cool, I said. Just don't fucking cancel. That's too late for dinner, I said, so eat first, and meet me at the bar at 9. Ok, she said.

She shows up… and she is skinny, creamy legs for days. Her looks is near pornographic, by my standards. She's not that tall, but she's so thin, that her proportions are out of this world. She's wearing what looks like a very short skirt, but is actually this shorts-top-combo thing. I'm sure there is a name for it, but as I am a proud man, I have no idea what you call it. But when she bent over to pet my cats tonight… I could see a tiny bit of underwear between her legs… and so much skin. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

I know nothing about this girl. I picked her up, and she was near the bottom of my list for girls I met that day. In classic daygame style, she shows up to the date much more attractive than she was on Thu when we met. She was 20 mins late. I took her to a bar that is 1/2 gay, 1/2 straight. Not fancy, but not divey, and one of the only bars in the city with no TVs. Great date bar. I've taken 1/2 my daygame dates here.

Drinks, we sit side by side. She is easy to touch. Her skin is so buttery. Cool, moist, and buttery. Almost translucent. Thin hands. She's spunky, and is touching me a lot too. Laughing and touching me a lot. She's not trying to milk the sexuality, but I am talking sex almost the whole time.

She had her first BF at university at 19. She had sex with the next BF, also at university. She wouldn't tell me if the sex was good or bad. No, she has never kissed a girl (I believe her, very straight, this one). She also wouldn't tell me how she likes to come. She kept telling me that in Thailand, they don't talk about sex. And that she's a conservative girl. And that I probably don't like conservative girls. And I keep telling her, that people are the same all over the world… that of course, some Thai folks have sex quickly. We talk about how a "lover" is different than a BF. I explain "discretion" to her. Of course she knows, but I'll play the game anyway.

I ask if she's a good kisser. She says she doesn't know. She's not shy, but she's playing "good girl" all night. She says maybe she isn't a good kisser, because of the braces.

I am role playing what the morning will be like after she sleeps over and we have sex for the first time. About how the sex will be great and how I'll do her again in the morning. She's laughing, fine with this whole frame. How she'll

wake up in my bed, with the cats. How I'll get us coffee — she likes iced lattes, I'll have to remember that. All of this is almost exactly what I actually did w/ the Taiwanese girl, two weeks ago. I tell her she'll be naked, but I'll give her a tshirt to wear when I take her to the kitchen. How I'll make her chop strawberries while I get the batter ready for pancakes. About how she'll love breakfast… and how I'll take her back to bed again for more sex afterwards. More laughter.

I tell her, "kiss me"… but I look toward the bar, and she gives me warm peck on the cheek. I tell her, "not bad." She laughs. She says she can't kiss me in front of the whole bar. I tell her that next time I see her, I'll kiss her for sure, and probably will tonight. She's basically accepting that frame.

So… I have 2 drinks, she has one. It's after midnight. I say I'm going home. I tell her I'm happy to take her back to my house to have sex with her… and she laughs again. I tell her to call herself an Uber, and she gets a little more serious. I think she might be game? I can tell she doesn't want the date to be over.

I ask if she likes cheesecake? She says yes. I ask if she wants to meet my cats, and she very much does. I tell her she can come back to my place, and that I promise I won't try to have sex with her, but she will definitely get kissed. She says, "just kissing?" I say, "I promise I won't put my cock inside you unless you ask for it." She laughs. I call an Uber and we're off.

Watching her climb into the car, I am getting a view of her body I couldn't see as I sat next to her in the bar. She is so fucking hot. I am caught in a tsunami of horniness.

Cats meet us at the door. She's in love. She takes off her highheels, pets the cats, and they follow us up the stairs.

She is… an immature goofball for the next 20 minutes. Running around, squealing, playing w/ the cats. They are not 100% sure of her, but they are doing a good job of winging me all the same. Thank you, cats.

Periodically, she pauses to admire my place… which is clean and ready for sex, as this daygamer likes to be prepared. She likes the place, and is impressed. It will be… fucking easy to get her back here next time. She's ready.

Kitchen. She's looking at the view. I kiss her. She is… a fantastic kisser. Best kiss I've had all year. Passionate, lots of tongue. No, I don't notice the braces at all. She's delicious. Wow.

More spazy teenager shit from her. I feed her some cheesecake. She thanks me after every bite. We kiss some more. She sucks on my neck.

It's about 1 AM now. I'm tired, and I really don't think sex is on the table. I tell her I'm going to bed, and she is welcome to stay over. I tell her I will take her clothes off, and touch her everywhere, but — again — I won't put my cock in her unless she begs for it. She thinks about it, and declines. She wants to go home and shower. She tells me she is spending the night next time. I believe her.

I kiss her again… and kick her out.

Viva daygame. Wooo. Viva fucking daygame.

(Another) Date with a Girl with a Boyfriend

Nash · 11 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I often say that about 1/2 of the time when I am on a date I find out the girl has a boyfriend or is married. This, is yet another one of those stories.

I met her last Thursday, the same magical day I met the Thai girl… And several others. I don't know why, but I was very on that day. She was one of 5 numbers I took– She, the Thai girl, this girl I will call "HipHop," (who has stopped texting me already), this other girl (that I texted yesterday, but didn't respond), and "Hong Kong" (she and I have a date for Thu). So, for that day, 5 numbers, I've already dated 2 of them, with a yet another date scheduled. I like those stats. It was a good day.

I am so glad the fucking summer is over… this feels normal. Maybe a little better than normal. Maybe I'm on my way to really "breaking through" with my game… let's see what the Fall brings.

This one, had an incredible walk. Uhh, I can still feel it. Grabbed my attention. I stopped her and told her so. She's very feminine – I told her that as well – but not especially beautiful. However, she is in that stage of her life where she is at or near her peak – that combination of youth and maturity. She totally turns me on. Very interesting girl. It was a frustrating, but good date.

My goal, was the kiss. I failed.

She is Chinese. From Hunan province. I'd guess she's 25-26? She is about 5'5″, and deliciously thin, with shoulder length hair. She has some kind of scar near her eye, that is noticeable, but doesn't phase me one bit in terms of my desire. She's been here a few years, got her masters in architecture, has a job in the city, but lives across the bay. Thick accent, but great English.

She loved being picked up, and said she had never been approached like that before. I really liked her, and she was at the top my list for girls that day.

I wanted to get her out and see if that walk was as remarkable on a second encounter.

> Nash: Miss [Nickname.] You were so refreshing on the sidewalk tonight.
> Nash: Great to meet you.
> Her: You are brave…
> Her: But Good to meet you too.

As we texted, I kept referring to her "unforgettable" walk, and called her "Cute Girl" as I set up the date wanting to make sure she knew the frame.

And I will stop and say… Girls always get it. When they say they just thought you wanted to be friends, or whatever, they are deliberately misinterpreting it, because they don't like you, or want plausible deniability, or whatever. But I am increasingly convinced… There is no such thing as a naive girl. This girl was another lesson from that book.

We meet downtown, near where I picked her up. I take us for tea, a great spot, and we jump on the train toward where she lives. We get off just across the bay, and I take her to a great ramen spot I know. It's going well. I feel cool. She is being girly and agreeable, and is clearly enjoying herself.

I get after the usual questions. I start w/ simple stuff – her friends, what she likes to cook — and she won't answer much. She says she doesn't like to talk about herself, but knowing what I know now, I think she was just checking me out for the first half of the date.

I move to talk about kissing, she'll give me basic info. Her first kiss was in high school. She won't tell me when her

first sex was… And when I ask about that, and call her out for being mysterious, she says, “You don’t know me. I could have a story. Maybe I’m married? Maybe I have kids?” And she laughs, and then immediately says she is not married, but she liked playing with that moment.

Dinner ends. I plan to take her to a great bar I know, but she says she wants to walk. We do that a bit. We get to this little park, and I move in, touch her a bit, stand a little too close, and ask if she’s kissable. I wanted to kiss her, that was real. Very real. Announcing it this like was a way to transition in that direction, as she is very careful about how much she’ll let me touch her (not much at all), and she’s not giving me the eyes either. I move us toward the kiss because I want to see things go that way, not because I think we’re especially ready.

And… she says, “I won’t kiss you, and… I have a boyfriend.” And she smiles. She seemed to enjoy revealing that card.

Hmmm, I’m surprised.

This girl was super game, loved the pickup, was easy to text with, and gave me very little resistance to setting up the date. All this, with a boyfriend.

Interesting, now, about that comment at dinner when she mentioned how I didn’t know her and that she might be married. At that point, she knew she had a BF, and hadn’t told me, but was fucking w/ that idea between she and I. I pointed all this out to her, later in the night after she loosened up. Girls and their mischief.

I’m not freaked out by the boyfriend comment. They met online, some app. He’s white, like me. She tells me that he had sex with some girl at a festival recently, and that he told her, and it’s still an issue between them. I can’t remember what made her say that, but I assume now that her coming out w/ me is some kind of payback for him doing that. She says she wanted to come out with me for the adventure. She tells me, “I’m brave too!”

I’m interested in all this as I try to understand women. This is what girls are like.

We stroll around a bit more, I’m back to talking about sex, and she agrees to come to the bar after all. She is tired, but doesn’t want the date to end. We sit down with some drinks, and she transforms into a much spicier girl.

I wonder if I will ever get it that these “good girls,” these sweet “innocent” Asian girls, aren’t the slightest bit innocent. There is no such thing as a “good girl.” That’s an illusion for guys that don’t have the experience to know better. I tell her all this.

And we talk about all things sexual – somehow, between dinner and now, everything has opened up. She has never kissed a girl, nor does the want to. She thinks she is kinky, and when I ask what that means to her, she tells me she has been to a BDSM club with her boyfriend. We talk about 3-somes, and yes, she would like to have two cocks in her at the same time. The answer to my favorite question, as to how she likes to come… cock. And it’s hard to get her off. She often tells guys not to even try, as she doesn’t want them to be frustrated. She can make herself come, no toys, still takes a bit, working her clit. She doesn’t like it when guys try to put fingers in her. If I had to guess… I’d say she’s been with 8-15 guys. This innocent, young, Chinese girl. That’s my guess.

You would never know any of this, by looking at her. You’d think conservative. You’d never think “two cocks at once.”

For the record… she was on her period the day her walk caught my eye. I know this, as I was talking about ovulation, and how maybe that was why I was so interested in her, and she said, no, that it was a period day. Okay. Her walk was just as hot tonight. She moves beautifully.

I tell her over and over that it is killing me that I can’t kiss her, and I mean it. And I point out how well she is responding to me, and how fem she’s being, and she agrees. It’s hot. She likes me. I look her dead in the eyes and tell her she’s turning me on… but it’s going nowhere.

We sit together for a while as we wait for our trains to comes… her, out to the burbs. Me, back to the city.

She won't kiss me. I give her a hug and walk off to my train. I tell her, "Maybe… I'll see you again," and I shrug. She knows I want to.

I'm split about the potential with her. Some guy, with the same start I had tonight, could get this girl into his bed. I think I might be able to also… maybe. Sounds like a lot of work.

I have a date tomorrow with a girl I've known a long time, that wants me more than I want her. We have so many friends in common, I don't know that I want to go there with her. I have a date on Thu with the last of the daygame girls from last Thu. I think I'll hit the streets tomorrow to hunt a bit. Pancake contacted me, and maybe he'll come out as well. It'd be fun to have a wing.

As for this one… I think I'll roll off for a couple of days… starve her a little. I gave that girl a rich night, and she might miss it.

We'll see. Viva daygame.

Slow, No Magic – 6 More

Nash · 11 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Uhhh. Slow day out there. 6 approaches, and no magic at all.

My expectations were pretty high… After last Thu and the dates this week.

I weaseled on at least 2-3 girls. 2 more I liked disappeared into stores just as I approached. Here are the 6 I did talk to:

Oct 11.

1. Tiny Taiwanese. Girly, 5′ tall, giggled constantly. I think she would have talked to me all day, but she wasn't that into me. I tried to number close, but it was pretty forced. I had her call me, and she did, but she stopped the call mid-way, saying something was wrong w/ her phone. Okay. I let her go.

2. Very cute Asian girl, maybe Japanese? Big smile but waved me off, wouldn't stop.

3. Tall girl, with very long, skinny legs and a great ass. She stopped, but looked a bit tired from the start. She says hello, starts to tell me what she's up to, and I can see the "but…" on her face, so I call it out. I go, "Yeah, buttttt…." and smile. She smiles back, and says, "but… I'm on my lunch break and… you know…" And I smile, and say I get it, "Okay, Maria, it was a pleasure, have a great day." And she really lights up as she realizes this isn't going to be painful for her, and she says, "Okay Nash!," almost in bloom now, and we walk off. Cool.

4. I'm kind of starving for opportunities, it was a lean day out there, and I approach this attractive girl, I can tell she's Chinese by her accent. Its pretty forced. I drag it out for a minute and then let her go.

5. Ouuu,not that great a face, but a really great body, w/ long bare legs and shopping bags. She stops, but there's no magic so I cut it short as well… the whole day was like this.

6. I was after one girl, looked local and business-y, and I "upgraded" to a more feminine girl with great hips. I love doing that… switching girls, mid-approach. This one just moved here from Hawaii. Nice chat, but also a bit forced, so I cut it off after a bit.

That's it. I put in my quarter, played for a bit, and that's what I got. No high score… But more practice.

Viva daygame.

14 More || 3 Numbers

Nash · 12 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I woke up today, terribly, terribly horny.

My masturbation "starvation diet" continues, and I haven't had an orgasm in over 2 weeks. It's working — I'm going a bit crazy and it's really motivating me. I was not planning on running game, but my cock was scheming away, trying to figure out how to get laid today. If you're not working as hard as you want, if you're not as aggressive as you want… try going a few days without a wank. Very effective, in my experience.

So today, I tried messaging the girl with the boyfriend (Monday's date), and I got… exactly nothing in response. Hmmm, maybe that is over. In any case, having sex w/ her tonight was not an option.

I decided to hit the streets again. I wanted an insta-date, SDL… I've never even i-dated, but that was the goal. If nothing else, I could maybe drum up another round of leads, as I'm working thru all my leads from last Thursday. I only did 6 approaches yesterday, and I'm not planning on going out again this week, as I'm out of town early Friday to camp and surf with my college buddies.

I was getting a lot of eye contact as I walked thru the first 1/2 of my day. I was keyed-up and I think folks could tell. It was hard not to approach the first few cute girls I saw. I did a bit of client work (not enough), saw my daygame window was shrinking, and I hit the street.

The first approaches were rough. My lustiness had turned to something like being over-eager. Or maybe I was over caffeinated? I know I was talking a bit too fast. I probably wasn't smiling enough. I was repeating myself in my first interactions. I was a bit stiff and awkward. There was nothing of the slow and sexy vibe I like to feel when things were going well.

But, there were many, many opportunities today. Baby Jesus was feeling generous, throwing me bone after bone. Even as I weaseled out of a couple of situations, I was still opening quickly, any direction I went. But the vibe wasn't there. First 8-9 girls (which is close to a full day for me), no solid sets, no numbers, nothing.

And then… something shifted. I could feel myself loosen up.

> Ask any man experienced at picking up girls and he'll tell you, the difference between a good night and a bad night can be talking to just one more girl.
> — LaidNYC

Love this quote (Riv, I think I know that name from something you posted…).

All of a sudden, I felt more grounded. Maybe some of the caffeine had worn off? Maybe I'd just warmed up? The air started to smell better. I felt… at home, and ready to hunt. I was enjoying being out. And the sets suddenly got better as well.

Set of the day? Well, I guess it was the last one.

I was done… I had gone to the gym, picked up my bag, and was headed off to meet a friend for dinner. I was literally typing up these notes, and this girl gets on the train with me. It's pretty crowded. She ends up facing me, as I lean against the wall. I look up from taking the notes below, and smile at her a bit. I think she smiles back. And then this big, clumbsy dude and his buddy get on the train. And they wedge themselves between me and the girl, kind of stepping on my feet, and fucking up my view of her. In between typing my notes and smiling about the day, I am a bit irritated about these guys.

Doors open and she gets off the train. I was planning on going one more stop, but we're close to where I am meeting my friend… so I go after her.

While I liked this girl's face and hair, very much, I hadn't really seen her body as she and I were too close, I could only see her from chest up. Now, getting a look at her body, I was less certain. She was fine, but not fantastic. But knowing how fucking crazy-horny I have been lately, I know I would sex this girl if I could, so I decided to go for it.

I follow her up the stairs, and out onto the street. She's with a wave of people going home from work, and gets stuck at the intersection. I linger 10 feet back, not wanting to open her up at the light, in front of all those folks. I follow her as the light changes… wondering if this is going to feel creepy for me, let alone her. It's dark, but there's a well-lit area up ahead and I open. Goes well.

She's a white girl. Nice, simple, conservative-length red hair, and nice smooth skin, tinted a similar color red. I've always liked red-heads when their skin/hair sort of match. I stop her, and she smiles. I think she did recognize me from the train, but I'm still a little surprised she's not concerned that it's been 3-4 minutes since she got off the train, and I'm just now talking to her. You never know.

She feels Russian to me, and I'm surprised when she has no accent. She says she's gets that a lot. We chat a little. It's easy. She lives nearby, probably 2 miles from my house, which is also nearby. When know a few of the same folks from a nearby café. I say I have to go to dinner, tell her we should get a drink next week, and she agrees. Number close.

She's no beauty queen. But some rainy night this Fall, it could be fun have a couple of drinks and give her some cock. Her, or a girl like her, I'm working on it. Some cock needs to be given out. That's my kind of generous.

Simple approach, but I liked it because I've never done a stop quite like this before. Post-session, jumped off the train to get after her, followed her a couple minutes until the time was right.

And I liked it… because after a hard bunch of approaches, she becomes my 3rd number of the day as I wrap things up. I go off to dinner a proud, happy daygamer. I didn't get laid, but I'm working the funnel for next week. Yes to that.

Here are the rest of the sets:

Oct12:

(I accidentally deleted all my notes, but here's what I am able to reconstruct.)

1. I hadn't really started my session, I was on my way, but was ready to get started. Followed this girl out of the mall and onto the sidewalk. She stopped, said hello, but said she was in a hurry to get back to work. Cool. The day had begun.

2. She was a tall Chinese girl, walking fast. I caught her just before she got into some big office building. She looked at me very suspicious, kind of listened, didn't really stop.

3. She was a little Asian girl, out running errands for work, with a serious look on her face, but kinda cute. I told her all that. No magic. I let her go.

4. This one had such an unusual face, I was very interested. She's pretty tiny, with short pixie-length hair, a flat chest and a pretty face. Maybe 30? She opens okay. Stands there, chats with me. She used to live here, but moved to NYC. She's an attorney, and recently passed the bar. Visiting friends, here for a couple more days, has plans… Her interesting face is because she's a mix of European and Japanese. Ummm, yes, love it. It's really not on, which is too bad, as I was totally attracted to her. I let her go.

5. Can't remember this one…

6. This girl was crazy beautiful. I post up near her, waiting for her to cross the street. She does, I jump in front of her, trying to get properly around, I end up very close to her, but she is dead calm, never looks at me, breezes right past me. Okay, fine. Blowout.

7. This girl I wasn't sure of, but I went after her. Asian, weaving thru the touristy area. She heads out to the bus platform. I normally don't approach there, but I did this time. She's really not that cute, has an enormous set of teeth. She's reasonably chatty, from Japan, been her 10 years. Probably a little too old for me. Her bus comes and we say goodbye. Cool with me… I wouldn't want to date this girl.

8. Super lovely Chinese girl, kinda fancy, huge dark contact lens making her pupils bigger than they would be otherwise. I approach her. Her English is not great, she kind of gets it, but isn't interested. Waves me off and leaves. Fine. The day is feeling kind of rough at this point.

9. Can't remember… I know it was nothing special, as I was feeling almost burnt out. I had the LaidNYC quote in mind as I carried on.

10. Cute Chinese girl, walking kind of fast, on the opposite side of the street. I hustle along to get in front of her. I know I can approach from behind (not advised), or head on (which I've never really done), but I still like the LDM style where you let her pass and then circle round to open. That's what I did. She's a little alarmed, but gets it, her pretty dark eyes popping a bit as she feels the vibe. She blurts out that she's married. Fine. I ask if she had been singing… because that's what it looked like as I paced her down the street. She says she was practicing a speech. Cool. One more compliment, she smiles, we split. But… this felt like a turning point. Vibe had turned around. 10 sets. 10 sets… and it started to work.

11. Cute, simple Asian girl with a backpack and headphones. She takes them out, and smiles, and says she has a BF right away. We both smile, vibe is great, and I head off. Feeling much better.

12. This girl was with a guy, so I wasn't going to talk to her. Then I look up, and I can see him coming toward me, but she's gone… walking away from us. I approach. She's very cute, young and Chinese. From Xi'an (I am learning a lot about China these days). Been here 3 years. Just finished design school. Looking for a job. I run some "sticker game" on her, she likes it. I try to i-date her, but she's on the way to meet some friends. I try for the number, she's unsure. I tell her we'll have tea. We haggle. She softens, and I take the number. She makes sure it's in her phone (good sign). We've exchanged a couple texts already… not a great lead, but she's lovely. We'll see what I can do.

13. I'm done, I think, when I make eye contact w/ a dark skinned girl as we pass each other in the intersection. Solid eye contact. I double back, and open her. She's Indian… I have never gotten anywhere with an Indian girl before… no number, no date, nothing. This one and I lock eyes. She's very calm, and we're pretty close to each other. It's the kind of thing where it's intense, and I ask if we know each other. We don't. We're in the bubble pretty quick. Chat, feels good. We talk about my art, and more sticker game with this one too. I tell her I have to go, but, "Drink next week?" Yeah, she says. Number, she enters it into my phone including her name. I hit save… and my phone dies immediately after. But I got it. Cool. She's not gorgeous, but we'll see where this goes… first Indian close. Another first.

14. At this point I'm done, on the way home… and then the story from above. Another number.

14 girls. That's good work. That ties my record for this city (I have done more in Tokyo, but Tokyo is fantastically target-rich, and the sets are quick, as many of those girls don't speak English).

And I got through 9 love-less sets, and then had a good day and took home 3 more leads. Yes to that.

I did not get laid today… but I am on the path. Hard-working, proud daygamer.

Viva daygame.

2nd Daygame Lay, 25, BF || Thanks Yohami

Nash · 14 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

What a long interesting day… she just left and I am taking it all in. 2 new lays in the last month. Both from cold approach daygame. I was fucking trying to get laid this week, like really fucking trying. And… it worked.

She was the 3rd girl I dated of the 5 numbers I got last Thursday (what an amazing day that was). Last Saturday was the Thai girl. Monday, was the Chinese architect that told me she had a boyfriend when I tried to kiss her after dinner. Today… was a tea date with a little girl we'll call Miss Hong Kong.

And Hong Kong told me she had a boyfriend the day I picked her up and I tried to take her number, but I pressed the point and she gave it to me anyway, and we did have tea… and then, sex at my place tonight. Hmmm.

Let's stop here and just look at these girls with boyfriends. He is remote, it's long distance, but still. I will say again, at least 1/2 of the girls I date are in relationships (married or boyfriends), and I usually don't know until mid-date. I had forgotten this one had a BF, and only remembered as I reviewed my notes as I had time to kill because she was late.

She is 25 years old, 18 years younger than me, born the year I graduated high school.

She's barely over 5 feet… 95 pounds of fresh-faced little girl. Nerdy-cute. Great English. Perfect skin. Super healthy hair. Very smart and quick. She's finishing up her fashion degree. She's totally fun, and very easy to like.

As I dive into this story, I need to pay some proper respects to my sensei, Yohami. He has been very generous with his time and wisdom, as usual, and has been schooling me this week thru the comments on this blog.

Yohami… thank you, man. You know I don't always agree with you, but I know you live the truth. A truth. A rare and clear truth. And I would not have gotten laid tonight without that coaching. Thanks again, man. I mean it, and I recognize what you're doing for me and other guys that will listen.

Let's start here…

Yohami was giving me ~~a hard time~~ some coaching after Monday's date. I wanted to kiss that girl, but felt no vibe, didn't think I could. I talked about sex w/ her, as a way of moving in that direction. Yohami hates this.

As of tonight… I am seeing more and more of Yohami's truth. Go ahead and smile, dude, you're right. But, tonight was loads and loads of sex talk anyway, and it did exactly what I wanted it to. More on that later.

I met her at the tea place, and she and I were instantly comfortable. Hong Kong style milk tea and great conversation. I took her to the same spot I took one of the Taiwanese girls from earlier this summer, this great rooftop spot that's only open during the day and has a great view. Feels special. Good date spot.

Her boyfriend comes up in conversation once, but briefly.

We got into sex talk a bit as we had our milk tea, but more indirect. I didn't ask her how she likes to come… not yet. Ha. I do love that question.

> >> You only have one technique and one frame and you use it and sometimes it works. Now get other frames and other techniques and compare and pick the most powerful one.
> — Yohami

As we get up to leave the view… we're waiting for the elevator, and I go for the kiss. No announcement, just go for it. She pushes me back. She is smiling, and just like almost every other girl, the kiss attempt only helps move us forward. She mentions her BF again. We ride down, worker bees get on/off the elevator, when they're gone, I try again, she won't do it, but she laughs, it's cool.

I ask if she has time for a quick drink and she agrees. We walk to a great spot I know near where I "hunt." It's my go-to insta-date bar… even though I've never insta-dated. I tease her about wanting a shot of tequila, but surprisingly she likes the idea, asks me how I know that's what she likes? I order 2 shots, a beer to split (so we can sip/sit for a while after the shots) and a couple of waters. Take her upstairs to a dark, lounge-y spot. It's perfect.

We sit, chat… and I do the sex talk thing again. I try to kiss her several more times, always pushed away, but she and I are really enjoying each other. First sex at 21, sex was not great as she didn't really like the guy. She doesn't date Asian men, first sex was a Latin guy (friend of her roommate) and current BF is a white guy. She's never kissed a girl. She can come from fingers, tongue, cock… she likes it all (knew I'd get my question in!). She has tried anal, and didn't like it at all. No anal. Okay… fine.

One thing that comes up is that she likes oral, but knows she needs to be clean for that to be ideal. Smart girl. I agree and tell her I love to eat pussy and will lick her everywhere once I know her body is ready for that. This comes in handy later. I said this to Yohami in the comments on another post… sex talk is a type of comfort, it gets you comfortable, in advance, for the sex that will happen later. Tonight was another great example of this for me.

I tried kissing her more at the bar, nope, it's not happening, but we're both having a great time. I try to kiss her neck and she squirms away each time. But she'll take a hand on her leg, high up on her thigh, or me grabbing her wrists… no problem. We're getting comfortable together, sexually, regardless of the kiss.

> >> This is a girl with a boyfriend going out with you and talking raunchy. There's nothing innocent about it. She was there for sex, and sex is on the table. That means you could have taken her. So take her. If you want it.
> — Yohami

Yohami is talking about Monday night here, but ^ this kind of comment applies to Miss Hong Kong as well, and is in my head as I had just reread Yohami's coaching an hour before this date.

So, I ask if she wants to meet my cats. She gets it, and says no, and I think I just asked again, and she says yes. Something like that. Token resistance? I know that we'll have sex now… I just have to connect the dots.

> > She's there because she wants to fuck you already.
> –Yohami

Of course, Yohami is right. After all that sex talk (which may be bullshit on my part, or just my personal style.. but anyway), her coming over is all the proof I need that I can have sex with her. And again, as I said yesterday… I am desperately horny, as it's been weeks since I had an orgasm of any kind. So I am very ready to see this happen.

We're at my place (she loves it), but she still won't kiss me. I try 5 more times, at least. Each time, I back up, and chat her up, or tell her how I like putting pressure on her, but if she says no and means it, I'll respect that. And she's fine. It's all great.

> > Now. This is a special scenario where the girl is trying to determine how good of a chess player you are. To evaluate you, she'll offer little puzzles, little problems, and expect you to do checkmate or take valuable pieces and not fall in the traps.
> — Yohami

This is some of my favorite stuff Yohami has ever said to me. Yes, checkmate is there but not kissing me is the puzzle. Alright.

She's flipping thru my art journal, looking at my drawings, and I'm standing behind her, and everything I do seems to be cool with her. I can't kiss her, but I am playing with her hair. Then I get my lips on her neck, and she's fine with it at this point. I am behind her, with her little 95 pounds up against my cock. I'm not hard, but I'm loving her

body. I start to suck her ear… and that's when she really softens. That got her. She loves that.

She asks herself, out loud, if this is cheating? And I tell her again that I think it's great she has a boyfriend and I am not going to get between them. She's almost absentmindedly looking at the art now, as I paw her.

I know at this point, I am, in fact, getting laid. I almost can't believe it. This is the best example I think I have of "try to get sex, and get sex." Game is real.

> >> With the THAI girl – when she was sucking your neck you could have unbuttoned her shirt (she would have helped you), massage / finger her pussy, tell her to undress, fuck her in the kitchen.
> — Yohami

And then I think of ^ this bit of advice. I realize now that I could have fucked the Thai girl, if I had done what Yohami is telling me here. Right again, dude. I see it. So… I do what Yohami is trying to get me to do. I *don't* assume that it will work out "next time." I start putting my hands in her back pockets and grabbing her ass. Her shirt is still on, but I undo her bra and start playing with her nipples.

I'm still sucking her ear… and she tells me she's getting wet. I unzip her pants, reach around, and rub her pussy thru her panties.

I take her by her tiny wrist and pull her toward my room. She says, okay, but no kissing. This reminds me of Pretty Woman… some arbitrary line in the sand she's not going to cross. She tells me, jokingly, that she's just going to lay there. She says she'll be a "dead fish," and laughs. I haven't actually said I'm going to fuck her, she just knows what's up, and is volunteering all this. She tells me again how wet she is.

She knows I love to eat pussy and she is complaining that she's not clean enough. I know she wants a shower (because of the sex talk earlier), so I tell her that's what we're doing. No resistance. Naked, hot water, she's a gorgeous little girl. As her glasses comes off, her face goes from simple-nerdy-cute to very pretty and elegant. Wow. The glasses and simple clothes come off, and she is suddenly beautiful as she stands there naked on the rug. She faces away from me in the shower, and I pull her hand around to grab my cock. I ask if she likes to suck cock, and she says, "not yours." Ha.

So we're clean, she's in my bed, and the rules are: No kissing, she won't suck my cock, and I can't fuck her ass. I can so, totally live with that.

She and I warm up under the sheets for maybe a minute, I go back to sucking her ear. Then flip her over, and start to play with her ass. Then her soaking wet pussy. She's telling me she likes it. Went down on her, fingers, I'm not sure if she came or not, but she definitely enjoyed herself.

Maybe she didn't come? Maybe she came 3-4 times? I don't know her well enough to know, and I don't ask that question anymore at this stage of my life. I spent some time pleasuring her, as I was having a great time playing w/ her body and she was delicious and responsive. I loved it.

When she slows down, it's my turn. A grab one of my favorite condoms (she wants to be certain I'm wearing one, and even checks a couple different times), fuck her in few different positions, all amazing, pull out, and come all over her while she plays with my balls. 2 weeks of come all over her 25 year old body. It's glorious.

2nd daygame lay. THANK YOU, DAYGAME. I needed that sex, it was great, she was delicious, and this is the Fall I want to be having. I want experience. Here, is another one.

> >> The reason you're in this crux is that you're doing daygame BECAUSE you're the man women say NO to.
> >> So that's your starting frame, you got this one doing numbers game after hitting hundreds of girls, you are experienced with the NO instead of with the YES.
> — Yohami

And now the student will fuck with the teacher, for just a second, and say… yes, it took me 1000 girls to get my first daygame lay (for a host of reasons). But let's not confuse that with "the next 1000 girls." You know how long it's been since my last daygame lay (less than one month), and since then, I have run maybe 40 approaches? I'm not saying that meets an alpha standard (which I respect, man), but this is not "1000 girls = 1 lay." The learning curve is steep in the beginning, and I think I'm on the path to make this fruitful indeed.

Full, proper, deep bow to Yohami. But… daygame is real. It is not all about rejection. And we want to be careful when we look at new guys (like me) and question the model just because I don't get laid enough. New guys are… new guys. But the model is proven. That's my religion. My painfully slow start is not the model's fault. If I keep this up, I will be just another example of the LDG model's potential. And… as so many daygamers know, it can feel really good. Yesterday was tough, but also, really good.

> >> This is a girl who went out with you because there's sexual tension already.
> — Yohami

I debriefed with her, as she laid in my bed, covered in come. I asked when she knew we might have sex, and she said "boys don't come up to you on the street unless they want something." I asked if she thought that she and I might have sex today, and she just smiled.

BTW, I also asked how many lovers she's had. She told me I'm #4. Very wise, hip girl, for 4 lovers. I believe her.

> >> And now you embrace the frame and take it along with you to every new girl you want.
> — Yohami

Right on, Yohami. And I'm very lucky to have a chance to get that coaching, and have 3 dates in one week to practice. The combination of Yohami's truth, MY FUCKING HARD WORK, and the radical opportunities that daygame will offer as you get better… is an amazing chance to learn, to enjoy women, to come all over their young bodies, and have the kind of experiences that make this ridiculous life worth it.

Thanks again, Yohami, my brother. Thank you, Miss Hong Kong, you delicious thing. And once again… viva Daygame.

Bogus # and Heartbreak || 11 more

Nash · 18 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

It was another good one in the Days of Game. 11 interactions with young, cute girls. 4 numbers. I am here for spicy, novel experiences. Today was a such a day.

I am in the middle of another one of those periods of progress that feels like I'm in a "girl tornado." I have a stack of leads (some of them good), and fresh leads week over week (not as many as I want). I'm dating a lot. Maybe as much as I ever have. I feel like I am on the edge of "breaking thru" again. And I had some fun and delicious sex with a girl 18 years younger than me last Friday. Yes to all this.

And all this courtesy of daygame. Some effort and skill on my part, but it's the London Daygame Model that is the structure that is fueling my growth with women right now. I am on the edge of having some abundance. Thank you, daygame. Let's keep this going. I have a lot to learn.

This morning I woke up, deadly-horny again, as I'm doing another "masturbation starvation diet" since my lay last week. I was just starting to feel the pent-up-ness, and then I had my 2nd date with the Thai girl last night – no sex, but some time in my bed. Hands all over her. I put her hand on my cock several times. She is a lot of fun, but won't let me take her clothes off… yet. She is a fascinating young one, and she gave my testosterone another kick in the ass. I could feel it all day.

Today, all I wanted to do was game. I pinged a bunch of leads, and set up another date with Miss Hong Kong for Friday — goddamn she is so fucking funny. Funny and smart are often the same thing. What a firecracker. She is getting to me a little. Her BF may derail our affair… but Sweet Baby Jesus, I hope not. She's awesome.

Meanwhile, I met up with some of my college buddies this weekend, and we surfed some big Northern California waves. Then, and again today, I noticed the similarities between daygame and surfing.

My sensei Yohami hates daygame. He says girls want cool guys, and cool guys don't waste hour after hour "chasing girls that don't like them." I heard that again here (from an interesting MGTOW guy). In some ways, I get that. In other ways… daygame is how I like to spend my time. It's my preference. Which is to say, I like spending my time talking to hot girls (which Yohami *does* approve of, it's the only thing he likes about daygame).

If girls ever start lining up in front of my apartment, I will run game from home. Until then, I got love for the streets. Great to be out there, right now.

So I was out surfing Saturday on a nice, heavy day. A big swell coming from Japan. And I heard the voice in my head counting the waves I got up on… just like approaches. And like surfing, the girls aren't there to stoke your ego. Just like the waves, you make it happen or you do not. It's up to you. Proper "marketplace" with real-time feedback. Keeps you sharp. This is what I want. This is good for me(n).

Ummm, there's one. Pursue, work into position, hop on, whew – fun! Yes. Scan the horizon for the next one, move into position… here comes… nope, can't get it. "She walked on by." A moment of disappointment. Wait, here's another. Whoa, I'm intimidated. Go for it anyway. Rough start, but it's on… wow! Nice ride. That's two. Where is number three? There she is…. go get her…. wipeout. Anther wipeout. Then number three is smooth and easy. And so on… 6 nice waves that day.

So similar, actually.

And some guys might say that surfing is a waste of a quality man's time. Or fishing for that matter. Or whatever you're into. But that's just about preference. My preference, right now, is girls. I wish I could do all this full-time. It's certainly something like a part-time job, as it is. I'm enjoying my work, very much.

Okay… so, set of the day… turns out to be a "sad story."

She was, Asian. No surprise there. Simple approach, she opened easily. Perfect skin, short hair framing her beautiful face. Beautiful. Neiman Marcus bag in her hand, she's a little on the fancy side. Stop, hook, vibe… uhhh, she's lovely. We have nice rapport. She's Chinese, from Shanghai. Moved here from Boston. I take her number and say we'll see each other again. I don't really want to run game anymore after her, she was #11 of 11 that day, and I liked her a lot. Full crush on her, for sure. Who knows why? I start trying to figure out how I can make room in my schedule to see her…

And I text her number after I hit the gym. Feeling like she was a solid lead and eager to start playing with her. And… it's a landline. I get an error message back from that text. Oh? Okay.

So I call her… something I haven't done with a girl I'm not already dating in probably 10 years. I'm ready to leave her a voicemail. Let's do it… I want to see her.

The number is… disconnected! Shitballs. Ha. The number is from Boston, where she used to live. I bet it was her old number. I doubt she did that on accident. As my smart little cousin would say, "I got curved." They look so sweet on the outside. Ha.

What a heartbreaker. I think she liked me… liked the experience… but wasn't going to give this beast a chance to get after her. Grrrrr.

And I was surprised how much that stung. 3 more numbers from that day, dates lined up… but she got to me a little, and it stung.

Ahhhh… I'm a simple man. The "next one," will make this one a distant memory. I know that. But she got me. A bit of one-itis there. Damn, we're simple creatures.

Sheri… you were adorable. And you got me. Good for you, pretty girl.

Good for me for caring. Another experience.

Here are the rest of the sets.

Oct 18

1. Little Asian girl, pink shirt, going to Dr appt. I was slow and sexy with her, my horniness flowing into the approach. I let her go.

2. Asian girl, hair up, great neck, sleeveless. Sexy fucking walk, hips shifting back and forth like a heavy boat in the tide. Magical. As she passed me, I could see the tats down the back of her arms. Ummm, edgy. Turns out she is a psychologist, confident, going to see a patient. I let her go. Hot girl. Wow.

3. Tiny, serious Chinese, on her way to class. Wouldn't really stop.

None of these girls were very warm with me… I could tell my vibe needed work. I probably need to smile more. Show more energy, maybe? Perhaps… just needed to warm up more.

4. White girl, European, with thick, dark curls, and skinny legs, a white bell-like dress, she looked like a lollipop. I told her so. She warmed up a bit, but quickly told me she had a BF. Cool. Bye, Lollipop.

5. Tall Euro tourist. Hot by most guys standards, but not really my type. I opened her up, just to push myself a bit, try something new. She stopped, but split soon after.

6. This girl's name was something like Summer. She was fucking beautiful, dark skinned Asian girl, great walk. In a hurry. I said, "you've got 1 minute," and she lingered with me for a time, but was so distracted we didn't hook. I let her go. Wow. Very hot girl.

7. This girl made solid eye contact with me, so I turned around and went after her. Tall Filipina girl, with a long torso, tiny shoulders, but a thick ass and nice hips. She stopped. # closed her, but didn't feel that solid. I'd love to see that girl naked. I have texted her already and no response. My schedule is completely packed, so I think I'll blow

that lead off… don't think it's going anywhere.

8. Super beautiful Korean tourist. She responded to my stop, as she was looking at her phone, but kept backing away from me as I'd lean toward her. Like she was concerned for her physical safety. Ha. I would calibrate quick each time, clown around that I wasn't dangerous, giving her a "cute" vibe. She'd laugh. We'd repeat that dance. But I calmed her down, and she hooked. She took phone calls as we talked, trying to meet up w/ friend, but I hung in there. She didn't have cell service, or a local number, so I gave her my Line App ID, but of course… that went nowhere. I got to stop doing that. She was beautiful. Oh well.

9. Little Beijing Girl. Software developer. I had a very awkward opening with her, I stuttered a bit – and I called myself out for that. But she hooked anyway. Nice girl, but nothing too special. # close. Texted her once, but no response. I'm not that interested.

10. Tall Korean girl, with short funky hair, colored at the tips. She was very "nervous-cute" the whole time… partially turned away from me (20 degrees?), and hugging her bag across her chest, in a protective stance. I liked her, and suggested the close. She was very hesitant, but I handed her my phone and she put her number in it. We're texting. She is asking me "if I'm dangerous." I am, but don't want to push it. We'll see. Trying to get her out for next week.

11. This was the heat-breaker from my story above. Uhhh, I something like "miss" this girl. Damn… she got me.

Fun day… horny daygamer out number farming and having a great time. Viva daygame.

First Date with Miss Xi'an || Seeing Beyond the Cover

Nash · 21 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

If you've ever read this blog, you're either very into daygame stories, or/and you're… a very patient person. I'm long winded. Gift of gab, as they say. Helps me in context of game… play to your strengths. I'll try to make this one short.

We went out for the first time today, but I met her last week (she was #12). Shy (ha… see what I'm doing here… this is part of my point), Chinese, from Xi'an. Text was simple, but fun. No fireworks, but moved along nicely. We had talked about boba tea, which I know very little about. Tried to get her out, and she moved it toward a lunch-break date for today. Fine, I'm super busy so this worked out perfect.

Lance Mason* used to go on several dates a day, sometimes. But they were quick. 30-60 minutes. That was his typical first date. Coffee, near his house. Back to his place to hear him "play a song." Kiss in his room. Send her off. Go meet the next one. Later dates were for girls that were closer to skin-time. Player's lifestyle. I've been studying him for years. He's a fucking genius. Yohami likes him too.

Today, reminded me of Lance's stories. Quick date, all comfort, so she's ready to meet this beast in a more serious way later. Boba, which was delicious. She was on her lunch break, and I had a presentation to do w/ a CMO, so we were together for only 20 mins… middle of the day. No kiss, but was a good comfort exercise for she and I. I touched her a bunch. She took it all well. Good follow up on text.

My dad (who is a great fucking guy) likes to say:

> "Buy 'em books, and buy 'em books, and all they do is read the covers."
> — Dad

He means you're not looking deep enough, you shallow fool. He's right.

Part of being "red pill", as I see it, is to learn to see. To drop what "should" be there, what "should" be true, and see what is actually there.

She is a cute, young, innocent, "conservative" girl from a conservative culture. She is likely 18-20 years younger than me. But is she innocent? Is she naïve? Is she?

Have I seen the "real" side of these girls enough lately to begin to drop my illusions? Am I still blue-pillin' it, girl after girl, learning nothing? Am I still putting the "Madonna" on a pedestal? Is there such a thing as a "good girl?"

Or do I realize they have BFs… but still want to play? Do I see that they're "shy, conservative girls," but I can still eat their precious little ass on the first date? Am I still just "reading the cover," or have I started to look at the actual content of who these girls are? Beneath the cultural blanket. Beneath the nerdy glasses. Beneath the well-breed civility of wealthy Asian girls studying in the US.

Speaking of what is beyond the cover the book… I stumbled into this porn a while ago. This is not the J-idol porn that I've been into for some time — I love that stuff, but it's not surprising. These are "nice" girls from China. If you look long enough… you'll see what is perhaps my favorite POV in the whole world right now.

As weird as it might be… that porn, kick-started my desire, and opened me up to Chinese girls (I have been into Japanese and Korean girls for years). Beneath their clothes and my expectations… they look like this. The barrier is not their clothes, or the cultural differences, or my age… it's my own inability to see. Look, Nash. Look what there is to see… when you're ready. Are you ready?

At this volume, my illusions stand no chance. At this volume, with a heavy-foot on the accelerator, and a lot of curiosity, I am going places I've never been… sometimes, up on two wheels, about to flip the car. Red-lining my

comfort zone (does anyone know one of the Krauser posts where he talks about “red lining” the car?? Pls comment and I’ll link to it here.).

Yes, I want to see Miss Xi’an again. Yes… I know she is likely not as rated-G innocent as I am sometimes tempted to believe. Under her clothes, and her carefulness, there is something smoldering and hot. I want to put my mouth on it.

I want that experience. I want her to have that experience. Game, for me, is about experiences. I want to taste this one… and if not this one, the next one, seeing as clearly as I can each time. Seeing is truth.

We’ll see. Viva daygame.

* Lance Mason: From Pickup 101, game “1.0” central figure, known as “Sensei” in The Game, looks like spammy shite on this website, but his video products are solid gold. Start with “No Drama Dating.” That whole thing. Unbelievable wisdom.

(Under 800 words… not bad for a long winded daygamer!)

2nd Date with Firecracker || The Tussle

Nash · 22 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I like Firecracker.

She is the daygame girl formerly known as Miss Hong Kong. I renamed her this week, based on some obvious characteristics. Here's a sample:

> NASH: Good morning, FIRECRACKER. :]
> HER: Am i the fire? You are the "cracker" ?
> NASH: Omg… You're so racist!

See what I mean? She is 95 lbs of Hong Kong girl, calling me a cracker over text. Damn it, I laughed so hard when she said that. That, is a great example of why I am increasingly into this girl.

She is so fucking smart. Whip-smart. She's super funny, and quick, which are both footprints of smart. I happen to find her delicious physically … but it's this funny-smart business that puts her near the top of all the daygame girls I've ever dated. I would date and fuck other daygame girls like Miss Xi'an… but I could spend some real time with this one. The Tokyo Queen was super funny too, and that made her the best LTR I've ever had. Apparently… I have a thing for funny girls.

Firecracker is the girl I had sex with on the first date, a week ago tonight. The sex… was really good, actually. Best "first night" sex I think I've had. She has a long-distance BF, and wouldn't kiss me, but I loved the experience.

Over text since then…

> HER: But I won't spend nights with you. Anymore ~
> HER: I only enjoy talking to you.
> HER: No kidnapping cute girl to your place. XP

This came up earlier in the week as I was trying to set up today's date. I hadn't said anything about sex or my place at all. I teased her a bit, she responded, and I started again the next day with the "Firecracker" comments above. Banter, banter, and then I restated the plan to take her to the modern art museum and said:

> NASH: It's a nice art museum, so you can't put your hands all over me, okay.
> NASH: Be on your best behavior.
> NASH: Just look at art… And try to act normal.
> HER: Okay.
> HER: I am always normal and be a well behave lady.
> NASH: (sent her a pic of a firecracker)
> HER: Someone gonna get burn ?

Hmmm. Her last line was foreboding. But as we say in Burning Man culture… "safety third!" She's right, though. It'll end in tears. But I'm not trying to play it safe. I want experiences.

So she meets me today, and she's not wearing glasses, she's dressed nice, and she looks more edible than a chocolate doughnut. But she's kinda stiff. And right away she says she's going to dinner with friends after our date… and if you're following along, that means no sex tonight. Fuck that.

I am Jack's inflamed disappointment.*

But I try not to let it show. Uggg. The house was totally ready. I had set the "cheese cake trap" (I need to write

about this). Fresh white sheets on the bed, so I could see her black hair spilled across them when I spread her legs… if things went well. But it wasn't looking ideal. Whatever. I'm a solider. I'll play the cards I'm dealt. And I'll play them well.

Game is turning "maybes" into "yeses."

I am a "member" of the modern art museum. So for a little over $100 a year, I can go as often as I want, and bring "a little friend" each time. I took the Taiwanese Girl here on our first date. Firecracker is the 2nd girl I've brought. I have a feeling I'll get my money's worth this year. And I know modern art well, so this is a place I am already "high on the ladder." Playing to my strengths.

The date goes great, actually. I really don't know if she and I will ever end up naked again, but I will give her a couple more dates before I give up on her. I really like her… so if sex isn't happening, I will cut her off… for my sake. I'll make sure she gets it.

So this date, I touch her a lot. I want the frame caddish and sexual. Her initial grumpiness fades quickly. I touch her constantly. I lead her around. We joke. The museum is world-class and inspiring. We roam from piece to piece, sharing our thoughts on the art and flirting. She's compliant and lovely… and funny as always.

At one point we talked about how she was a little rattled on caffeine. She does have a bit of stale coffee-face. So at the right moment, I tell her I want tell her a secret, and I pull her in close (I've been whispering in her ear all afternoon), and I say, "You, do, in fact, have… coffee breath." And I quickly kiss her neck before she can get away. And then push her away as she squirms and smiles.

Pull, push, pull, push. It was like that.

At another point, we're walking up the stairs, and I have her by the wrist, and with my other hand, I cup her little ass. And she freaks out, and I get mock-serious, and raise my eyebrows and go, "What? What? Act normal! Get going!!" And she smiles.

One other time, there is this abstract-ish piece, like a male body, almost a mummy, but with an obvious cock. And I stop her in front of it. And tell her I know which part is her favorite. And she acts indignant and denies it. And I ask her if she wants to stay a while so she can really check it out. And she laughs. And I accuse of her only wanting one thing.

You see? I don't know if I'll get to fuck this little girl again. She straight up told me I won't (although she didn't mention it once today). But I am setting the frame as if it's on. I will give her the opportunity. I'll be as smooth as I can about it. We'll see.

So the museum closes, and her dinner plans with friends aren't for another 2 hours… she is a long way from home… so now is my chance to put some pressure on her. So I tell her I'm ditching her. And she says, "good" – because she's a goddamn 95 lb firecracker, of course she says shit like that. And I tell her she can walk me to my train… but she's just following me at this point. I know she has no place to go for the next two hours. I could take her for a drink, but I'm not going to. I want to tool her for making plans on the night of our date.

And we get to the train station, and she gives me a cold goodbye (which is partly just the non-affectionate, overly-practical, Chinese thing… I've seen it before, I'm learning), and I call her back, and make her hug me. And she does. 1/2-ass hug. She has not surrendered to me yet and she's not sweet and adoring. And she says, "okay, go." And I say, "No, you go, I want to watch your ass as you walk away." And she smiles and shakes her head and I do… her little ass in a skirt. I want to eat that ass again.

I'm a little hooked on her. I know it's obvious. Man, she got me fast.

So I do leave. I know she is stuck with nothing to do for 2 hours. Good! I'm not going to entertain her if we're not spending the evening together.

Right away, I get this from her:

> HER: What do you have to do before 7?

I ignore that. I want her to ache a little. This is war… until she surrenders.

I don't get on the train. I jump back into the "girl tornado," get on my phone, and start trying to work my leads for another date.

I have been giving girls "options" lately. Like "Let's get a drink… Monday or Thursday?" So I try this with several girls, trying to get one of them out tonight, and/or setting up dates for later.

Thai girl is first. I was trying to get her out for Sunday, so I try that again, but give her the option of "or Tuesday? Or tonight???!" She gets back quickly, confirms she and I are on for Tuesday. Okay, cool. I then ping this online girl… she has been receptive, looks cute, but giving me short/boring responses so far. I say, "Hey, I know this is short notice, but any chance you're free tonight? Or Sunday???" She hits me up an hour or so later, and confirms for Sunday. Okay, good. That's two more dates set up. Girl tornado.

But I'm still in a non-sex-able position for tonight. I know she is at dinner now, hopefully drinking, so I ping her again, and I say:

> NASH: Are you a cheesecake friend?
> HER: Yup… huge friend.

That is call-back humor to something she said to me as we had post-sex Thai food the night I put my cock in her, and she asked me in "Hong Kong style," if I am a "shrimp friend?" I'm throwing that back at her… because I'm smart too and I pay attention. I know she knows I know she knows I know. It's like that between she and I.

> NASH: Come by tonight for desert.

I go to the gym, put in a big swim, "sharpen the saw**," as I'm not getting her back to my bedroom as fast as I had hoped and I'm not going to pout about it. When I get out of the pool, I have this in response:

> HER: Nah.

Fucking punk. I love her, but… the struggle is strong with this one.

> NASH: Okay.
> NASH: If you decide you're a *real* cheese cake friend… text me.
> NASH: If I'm still up, maybe I'll share???

I like that, as I am not asking for a response, and she has the booty call in her hand, if she's ready. She declines… but again, I don't need to respond. So I don't. I ice her out.

So that's where I'm at.

It was a great date, actually. We both had fun, I could see it in her eyes. But I am frustrated, as I've already had my cock in her and that is not happening tonight. But we had a really good time together. My body was dying to kiss her. To find a broom closet and molest her. We're just not there yet. Not tonight.

As I sit here typing this… it's 10:30 PM. She just texted me again, saying that her friends like the sticker I gave her. I am not going to respond to that. I haven't responded to the last few messages she's sent tonight. She knows the offer. If she doesn't want to come inside the castle walls, she can ache out there beyond the moat. These are my terms. I'm sure she gets it.

I'll get high in a bit and will shut off my phone. Have a whiskey. Maybe she'll text me after all and come by??? I really don't know.

I am calling tonight a "draw" in the tussle between she and I. We both scored some points. We both live to fight another day. We'll reel her in in… or cut the line. I like her very much, but… discipline.

Ahhh. I want her in my bed again! I have dates scheduled for Sunday (online girl from NYC), Monday (Korean I picked up on Tues) and Tuesday (3rd date w/ the Thai girl). I have other plans Wednesday, so that means Thu is the soonest I can see her again…

I'll lay off and hit her up on Monday or Tuesday.

Ummm… I like her. Smart, sexy, fun, little girl. She's got me, a little… I am paying that price a bit tonight.

> "Every one of these girls will have a cost. Invest wisely. What's your worth?"
> — Yohami

Fucking A… "Yohami is always right." Again.

We'll see. Viva daygame.

* Fight Club reference.
** Seven Habits of Highly Effective People reference.

3rd Date with Firecracker, More Sex

Nash · 25 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

She was my second lay from daygame (I week ago). I saw her Friday, but I think I fucked that opportunity up. Much discussion about that date here.

> "The tussle sabotaged you, and this girl is probably gone. Unless you un-tussle it."
> — Yohami

First off… Yohami, you were awesome about that date and your comments there. Super generous, and totally educational. You served me, and I know at least Johnny Caustic also got something out of your comments. Thank you, man.

As we left off, I had invited her over for cheesecake after her dinner with her friends. She didn't come. I didn't think I had an open night for her again until Thursday… I'm a busy daygamer right now, dating almost every night.

Then it was Saturday. I had set up a date with a girl from online, and she was mucking up the plan. She was saying she would have to confirm later, and I was a little drunk from this great day party I was at, so I went on the offensive, and said, "Hey, let's do this later in the week instead." I didn't even wait for a reply, and I message Firecracker, saying:

> NASH: I want to take you for a drink at my favorite beer bar? Sunday or Thursday?
> HER: Sunday.

Ahhh, I was drunk, and loving it. Online girl confirms for Thu, and I have Firecracker back in the mix… only one night away.

> >> Maybe it's because "you really like her", from the same guy who was heartbroken because one girl gave you a bad phone number.
> — Yohami

Here Yohami is sort of heckling me for Bogus # Girl. That's fair, Yohami. He's right. I'm not ashamed of it. Bogus # did "break my heart" a tiny bit. That's me being real. Of course I can barely remember Miss Bogus now… but it was real at the time.

And I say this, because it was very interesting for me when I meet up with Firecracker this night. I have been thinking of her a lot. And when I see her, I smile at myself, maybe how Yohami might smile at me… she is a 95 lb, kind of nerdy girl from Hong Kong. But damn, I do like her. Looking at her, I'm surprised, but the truth is, my body is all "worked up" when I think of her. And it is kind of hysterical, as I look at her, that *that girl* is having such a big impact on me. That girl? Really? Are you sure??

Hmmm.

But yeah… I like her.

We meet for a beer. I know the bartender well, and I wonder what he is thinking as he sees me with this one. We're an odd couple.

Then dinner. And at dinner, she and I are talking about her girlfriend in Hong Kong, that is in a relationship, but is considering fooling around on the side. And of course this is a parallel that matches Firecracker and I (she has a long distance BF). And I make the comparison explicit. And say that I am "interested" in her. And she says she is interested in me too. That she is going to keep her BF, but that she wants to spend time with me too. That I am an

interesting guy to spend time with.

Then back to my place, zero resistance.

BTW… I was kind of proud that I had set it up so she could come over for desert after her dinner with friends on Friday. But she did not. From what I know about game, I thought this was a perfect way for her to come get some time/sex with me, and her friends would never know. And I asked her, as we're starting to make out, why she didn't come over for cheesecake on Friday… and she says, because her friend sent her home and she didn't want her to know. That makes sense. I could feel her (she was texting me that night) showing interest, we had already hooked up… why didn't she come? Anti-slut stuff with her friends. I get it.

Anyway… I don't waste much time getting her into my room. She wants another shower before I get after her. Good idea.

And sex was… fucking great. She is so physically sensitive. She starts cooing and moaning at the slightest touch. She is more wet than a waterfall, and that pussy tastes fantastic. And I devour her with my mouth. And my fingers. And eventually my cock. I fuck her in fits and starts, trying not to come, and then I do. And it was great. She is a fantastic lover. My favorite in a long time.

That "nerdy" girl… you should see her, wrapped in white sheets. With her lips bright red, against her white skin, black hair curling into the covers. Amazing. Enchanting.

Speaking of her lips… she still will not kiss me. And wouldn't suck my cock… only laughed as I climbed up her body to put in in her mouth, and she just rubbed it all over her face but wouldn't suck it. Sexy little weirdo.

It is nearly impossible for me not to kiss her. So hard. I did try, several times. She would push me away. I bet we break that barrier… if she spend more time together. It'll happen.

Firecracker.

And I fed her a bite of cheesecake in bed… and send her home at 1 AM. I think she wanted to stay.

I texted her today, and she didn't respond. I don't know what that means. But I think I got the "surrender" I wanted last night. I am not nervous about her. I assume I will see her again.

And I don't know why… but having sex with her a second time made it all more real. It isn't a mistake if it happens twice.

I really hope I see her again. If I don't… what a great experience.

Thanks, Yohami, for all the coaching on her. For her… but for the next one, at least as much. I'm grateful.

And thank you, Firecracker. Delicious, sassy thing.

Viva daygame.

First Date w/ Miss Sincere || Asian Girls, White Guys

Nash · 25 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

She is a young Korean girl. I picked her up last week, on Tuesday. She was #10 that day.

First text, another affirmative compliment from me, she said “thanks.” Okay. I was thinking this would go no place… that wasn’t a very enthusiastic response.

Second text, was an invite to dinner. She said she wasn’t sure if she was “into this or not.” I told her I liked her honesty, repeated the offer.

Third round, she responded the next morning, saying “As long as you’re not dangerous.” I said I am a little dangerous, but not for girls with her job (a reference to something she said about her work). She wanted more details about dinner. I played with it. She agreed. I wished her a nice weekend, and she returned the comment… was very sweet about it. It made me like her.

Today, forth round, I pump some enthusiasm into the date confirmation. She says she’s not feeling well, and that she looks terrible today, that she’s not wearing makeup. That’s a lot of candidness and detail for a girl that knows nothing about me. Something about that I liked as well… she was sincere. She’s been sincere the whole time. Honest. A little vulnerable. I like all that.

I tell her that if I am going to like her, it won’t be because of her makeup. We laugh, and she agrees to come out after all. I’m having a good week and I feel confident.

She shows up. She’s tall, almost my height (maybe she is 5’9″?). I think she is about 27. If she’s not wearing makeup, I can’t tell. She has great skin. She is simple, but very pretty. She’s dressed in all black, with a big sweatshirt, jeans, and black combat boots… and her short haircut with the pink tips. No jewelry, except the black ring she was wearing when I met her. She looks like she has some hips… she’s not tiny… maybe a “full stack” in the ass department. I’m into her… just the way she is.

She walks in, a little ahead of me, kind of cold. We sit. She’s the coldest girl I’ve dated this year. I feel myself having to work a bit, to get things going. I turn on my personal brand of conversational magic… I think I could talk to anyone (any girl) for a full night, almost no matter where she is coming from.

There are moments when I just let us go silent. And other times, when I talk in a very low volume voice… don’t know why, just felt right, like I was matching her low-energy.

She warms up. It feels like a normal date before it’s over. We finished some noodles and I ask how she’s doing? If she’s interested in another drink? She smiles and says yes.

A bar. Drinks. Sitting side by side in a booth… watching this lesbian couple makeout. I’m talking about it.

I am touching her a bunch.

At one point, we’re talking about guys/girls… and she says that once, when she was new to town, all these guys were hitting on her, but they were holding back, trying to decide if “she was good enough.” I tell her I know guys better than that. That they were nervous, and didn’t want to be rejected. That most guys can’t handle rejection. And to demonstrate… I try to kiss her, and she pushes me away (ha, I’m learning to love that part), and I say “See… that is me, completely comfortable with rejection.” And I smile, and lean back. And she smiles too.

And she talks to me about white guys that are into Asian women. And she says, in a very cute Korean accent, that she and her girlfriends think that white guys like “an Asian,” because she’s Asian, and that they will date “any Asian.”

And I say, oh, I love that, and that this is an easy one for me, as I am a guy that does like Asian women (which is massively true for me)… and I say, “You’re submissive, right?” And I expect her to say no, and that will help me

prove my point that not all Asian girls are the same… but she says, “Yes.” Oh. And I’m not certain if she knew what I was saying or not? She kind of took it back, after my reaction. But I think she is, in fact, submissive… which is great, but not what I necessarily like about Asian women (I like them all for different reason, Jesus, but yeah I have a thing for that look, and submissive is great too, but that’s not my point… I say all this). She’s indirectly kicking my tires. I’m sure I passed that particular test.

We have an interesting moment when I am making some comments about how I picked her up, and she tells me that I am very good at conversation. That she was, in fact, trying to tell me that she was not interested, but that I was too good at talking, and I was so comfortable, that she didn’t leave. And that she never gives her number to guys, never, never ever, on the street. And that she is surprised she gave it to me. Hmmm. Okay.

And I will say I have been thinking about the concept of “trance words.” One definition is:

> “The words she puts particular emphasis on or repeats frequently are her so-called trance words.”

This girl… “lonely.” And “the one.” Those came up a bit. So I would say she is a little on the sad side (the emphasis on lonely) and into a classic vision of relationships (emphasis on “the one”). I told her I think she’s a romantic.

And I tried to kiss her, in one form or another, several more times. And I incorporated that into the conversation. Saying that it’s my job to show her I like her in that way, and that, as she noticed, I will pay attention if she’s not ready, and all that is a sign of communication.

I was thinking of the conversation with Yohami in the comments about comfort and what a girl wants. I was saying that yes, girls want to be comfortable, but that a lot of times a girl wants excitement… and that that won’t be comfortable. I am thinking of this with Miss Sincere, and I sort of fake a kiss attempt again, and pull on her short, pink-tipped hair. And I say, “See, you’re a bit uncomfortable, but you like it. And I like watching you be a bit uncomfortable.” And I do. And she likes all of this. And I keep leaning way back, almost out of the booth after each of these “demonstations,” to make sure she feels the full release, as much as the tension. I can tell she feels both.

I had a good time with it.

And we talked about sex a bit… less than I normally would, as she is no race car. Lost her virginity at 21, smiled and said she didn’t want to talk more about it. She has pink nipples — I guessed, she confirmed. She has never kissed a girl, nor does she want to. I believe her. She said she is not that into receiving oral sex. I guessed that that was at least in part because she is just nervous about it. She agreed. I told her I lost my train of thought, that going down on her was all I could think about… which was true. She smiled.

I have thought a lot about this… and especially with this girl, I think a little sex talk will go a long way to making her comfortable with sex. And since Yohami/Riv/I have been talking about timing and comfort… she explicitly said that she doesn’t like to kiss on the first date, that it takes some time to develop feelings. It’s not entirely up to her… but there is some feedback on that topic from a real live girl.

Hmmmm. I am attracted to her. Not wildly so, but certainly. I think she is likely a little sad, but maybe in an alluring way. I would like to see her again, but won’t lose a lot of sleep if I don’t. I wonder what she looks like under that sweatshirt??

Women are so interesting. I want experiences. I want experience.

I have a date with the Thai girl tomorrow night.

I am going daygaming tomorrow.

On with the show… viva daygame.

Day Out with Pancake || 13 More

Nash · 25 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Another fun adventure in the Days of Game. This time, out with a guy I just met named Pancake.

There is this daygamer, his name is Krauser… Perhaps you've heard of him? Some time back, Pancake posted on Krauser's site, mentioned the city I live in, and I replied with some details of what I knew of the local daygame scene. Pancake then commented on my blog, and we exchanged emails and set up a time to approach some lucky girls here in this city. It was fun.

Pancake is solid. Great guy and an excellent wing.

If you want to impress a guy in game, as you meet up… Approach quickly. Pancake and I had barely had time to say hello, we'd walked maybe 50 yards, and he ran off and approached a girl with a world class ass. Amazing ass. Dammit. Wow. No warning, no warm up, bang. He was in an interaction. Solid. This was not going to be a chat session, we were out to hunt, and with Miss Amazing Ass in play, the day had already begun.

Pancake has picked up during the day, but hasn't run a lot of LDM-style number farming sessions. I couldn't tell, he looked pro to me right away. If he told me he was a coach I'd believe that too.

After Pancake got started so quickly, I had that feeling I have around new wings, where I want to make sure I'm not dead-weight. I know I have good days and bad days, but with a new wing… I don't want to look like a fraud. I wanted to earn my place in the day's hunt.

Didn't take me long to get started. 5 sets, one after another, little Asian girls, and both Pancake and I had numbers on the board. Nice.

Pancake did great. He has a masculine vibe, good style, strong front stops. Very persistent, he walks with girls more than I do. He is a confident dude, sure of himself, not a hint of approach nervousness. Every girl I saw him with engaged him. He took several numbers. One girl randomly hugged him.

One point of difference between he and I is his thought that a man's face is a big part of our success rate. He rates both he and I as "average" guys, that's probably about right. I think our faces are probably 5% of our appeal, and if we were model-perfect, maybe 8%? That's my thought. And Krauser makes a very interesting point in his video product "Womanizers Bible" that a lot of facial attractiveness is inner game shining through. I believe that. Either way, both of us have seduction skills to offer so we got to work.

He is into volume, says "its a numbers game," and I agree. I think he did 8+ sets that I saw. He's not into Asian girls, and left most of them to me. I talked to about 13 more yesterday. I didn't take notes, I wanted to focus on chatting with Pancake and flipping stones.

Set of the day… was a girl from Turkmenistan. Very much my type, even without being east Asian. I was thinking she was maybe Latin? Hair to her ass and a snappy walk. Great body. Big, yellow eyes like a cat.

I started after her, but I was a little intimidated. I almost ~~upgraded~~ switched to a little Asian girl mid-approach, but when I reversed direction for the Asian girl, I saw Pancake, knew I was weaseling off the first girl, and recommitted to the first girl after all.

She stopped… And bloomed into a beautiful, feminine smile right away. I commented on the fast-walk, and she said she was late for her train. I never walk with girls, but I was inspired by Pancake so I said, "let's go" and we walked together.

HER: You're so kind
NASH: Oh no, I'm selfish… This is about me
HER: It takes guts…

NASH: To be honest, taking to women isn't that hard for me…
NASH: Unless there is good chemistry… And I blush
NASH: And you… almost have me

That is all true. And she did almost "get me." So charming. Full tingle in the air between us.

We get down to the train and I tell her I want to see her again and she says she cannot give me her number because she is in love with another man. I believe her. Good for her. I tell her that. And I tell her to leave before she breaks my heart. And she thanks me and I smile.

Beautiful.

Not all girls with boyfriends or husbands are going-out on their man. Even after a spicy street stop with real chemistry. Warms up that little, black raisin I call my heart. Ha.

I go back up to the street and rejoin Pancake.

13 girls. I tried for the number 3 times, no luck with any of those girls. The girl from Turkmenistan was the only magic of the day. Full day. No leads. Some days are like that.

Great time with Pancake. Cool guy. Obviously good at the game… And probably a lot more than that.

Viva daygame.

“High School” Escalation with the Thai Girl

Nash · 26 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

She just left. It was our third date, and the third time I had her back to my place. Second time in my bed. I took things further, but no sex.

Being real for a minute, I’m not disappointed, but I was ready to be inside this girl and she wouldn’t let happen tonight.

“Next time,” as she is fond of saying.

Tonight… she took a car to my house. We said hello to the cats. Then I took her to dinner. I had promised her some Japanese, so I took her to an Izakaya place. (Same place I took Firecracker on Sunday, actually). It was delicious, she liked it, it was fun.

She wore a dress… like she always does. Her thin, cream-colored legs – legs for days – drawing my eyes from her little boots up to the outline of her ass under that sheer material.

For the record… I think she 23-26. That’s my guess. She’s not that young… I feel like I need that disclaimer for the rest of this story.

After dinner, my house. Some ice cream… she loves ice cream. We played with the cats a bit. I showed her my art.

She’s hyper. In my first post about her, I said she was a “teenager.” I don’t actually want to date any teenagers (some carnal fantasies aside), but if I did… I bet the energy would be like it is with this one.

She thinks everything is funny. She’s constantly jiggling around (Jiggling? Yeah, I guess.) and laughing, often for what seems to me like no reason. Most of that is in the realm of annoying. If you’ve read this blog, I rarely think the girls I date are annoying. She is close to that, sometimes. Like I’m babysitting… in a completely perverse way.

But she can slow down, here and there, I like her better in those moments. And one way to get her to slow down, is to tell her to. Which I’ve done, and she takes direction pretty well. For this, I’m grateful, as she is teaching me to be more comfortable with a type of dominance.

So, ice cream, art, and I say, “come on,” and pull her down the hall to my room. It’s a little cold, so I get her into the flannel sheets… freshly changed after Firecracker and I ruined them on Sunday night. She’s goofy. Hyper. I made her take her big, expensive looking earings off earlier, so I could suck her ears. I’m doing that. Mostly just giggles. I’ve never seen her “passionate” or “turned on.” Maybe she has been, but I can’t tell from the display she gives me.

See what I mean? Even thou every girl is different… this is not the sex I’m used to.

But I tell her to put her hand on my chest, and she does, and tell her to kiss me, and she does, and I get hard, and put her hand on my cock. Okay, I’m turned on.

I can’t seem to get her to purr, so I get her to make me purr… which works better. I learned this from Lance Mason, like so much of the rest of my education.

And I tell her I’m going to take her dress off, which is still on, and I do. And she’s shy. And there is a tiny bit of seriousness amidst the goofiness… which is a nice change. And then I unhook her bra, and she squirms, and clasps it close to her chest. And I test her, by kissing her, and pulling her arms above her head, and then pull her bra away, to expose these tiny pink nipples on small Thai boobs. I suck them and… she giggles.

It’s like that. I’m in bed w/ a 20-something Thai “teenager.” It’s a little dumb. And a little sexy. It’s both. It’s an experience. I haven’t seduced a teenager since I was 21.

I roll her over on her side to get her panties off, and she won’t let it happen. Okay. She tells me they are loose (I have to help her find that word), and that I can get to her ass even with them on, and she’s right. But she’s squirming

and pulling away when I go for anything close to her wet spot.

And we chat, about this or that. About fake boobs for a while. She has a lot of questions. She wants to know what they feel like, and I tell her what I know. Life really is different in Bangkok. I believe her. From our first date and the questions I asked then… sex seems like it's different there too.

So, my go-to move with her, is to put her hand on my cock… which I never did until this year, amazingly, mostly because I have been slow to move in bed, and the girls I met before I got better with game were more aggressive than the girls I date now (and less feminine), and they would be after me at least as much as I was after them. So I put her hand on my cock, and it's hot. She does seem to get a tiny bit more serious there as well. Good.

Is she enjoying the sex? I have no idea. I assume that under the laughter, is 1 part inexperience (I do not think she has had a lot of cocks in her), 1 part curious adventure, and 1 part psychology I can't even guess at. I've never had a lover like this before. Maybe she wants experience too??

There is this one lesson I sort of learned, or taught myself, 2 years ago, with a "naïve" Japanese girl I was dating at the time. Maybe 8 dates, no sex. Some "high school escalation" with her, also. I think she was hung-up about sex, and I wasn't that slick at the time, but any other girl would have either gotten after it or stopped dating me…

But the lesson I learned was this:

Escalate, within reason. Take her where you want to go, test her boundaries, and stop when she's serious. And then, ask her out again. If she says yes to another date, what you did last time (within reason, boys!) was probably okay. This is not "consent" as the social justice freaks would have us do… I'm not having her sign a goddamn contract at each move. Fuck that. But this is my model for "sex-shy" girls. And that's what I did w/ that Japanese girl… I'd escalate, she'd stop me, I'd respect that, and she would date me again, come over again, and that was my sign that it was cool to go further.

For girls that don't really communicate, and don't move as quickly as "normal" girls, this is the best model I have come up with.

So tonight, lots of this "high school" almost-sex. That's what it feels like.

So at one point, she is licking my face. It's goofy. Kind of kissing me, but more being "mock sexy" and she's laughing. And I put her hand on my cock again. And then I tell her to suck my nipple. Which she does. And then I tell her to put her mouth on my cock… and she pauses… so I say it again, and she does. And it was… hot. I would tell her what I wanted, and she'd do it. And it felt great.

And then she'd come up, and chat, and laugh, and kiss me again. And chill. And she was a little slower. Maybe this is all nerves on her part?

And I suck on her hip bones, but she's quick to push me away when I go too far in our high school "dance."

I think there is a small chance she was on her period tonight. Who knows? I really can't read behind the shine in this girls eyes. I really don't know.

And she sucks my cock once more, and I tell her I want her to make me come (as sex seems off the table), and she giggles, and says…

"Next time." And she laughs some more… a little slower, and more maniacal this time.

And it's midnight, and she says she needs to sleep, so she puts on her clothes. Bra, facing away from me. Then her dress. Then she's clothed, with those delicious legs holding her thin body off my hardwood floors. I put on a pair of shorts and a tshirt, walk her downstairs, and she disappears into a car.

Do I even bother to change the sheets before Thursday's date with the online girl? Probably not. No Thai girl come on these sheets… that's for sure.

Just now:

> HER: Thanks!!!
> HER: I got home.
> HER: Thank you for tonight!!!!
> HER: so much fun ??
> NASH: You're so welcome, sweet girl.
> NASH: Sleep good!
> NASH: Thank you.
> HER: Goodnight
> HER: You are welcome ?

That certainly seems positive. And her little "bikini" emoji is her being sexy with me… I guess. She's done that before. She's flirting.

Any guesses what is going thru her mind? What do we think this girl is interested in? What's her story? She is a completely new breed for me.

I am buying her dinners, yes, but I am certain she is actually a rich girl from Thailand. She has her own condo, and a Mercedes there — that's not her money, that's her parents cash. Her clothes are very nice. She is cultured, traveled, confident. She doesn't want my money… and I've made no reference to that, ever. I'm not really taking her expensive places. Comfortable, but no big deal.

I am having fun with her, and I think I'll end up having sex with her. But I am very curious as to what this all means to her. What is going thru her head?

As she left I explained what the word "lover" means to her. I told her that she and I are lovers. It's true…

She is one of the strangest lovers I've ever had.

Daygame, will put you in touch with girls you would never otherwise know. And if you play your cards right, you'll end up in bed. And she will be your next lover. And maybe she will act like a teenager… and she'll suck your cock, but won't get you off. And it'll be some kind of strange and wonderful experience.

I'm in this for the experiences.

Viva daygame.

Firecracker, Rainy Day(game) || 9 More

Nash · 27 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Pancake messaged me last night, he wanted to get after it again. I don't blame him. He got a taste of the potential bounty of the streets. But the forecast was for full-on rain, all afternoon, so he decided against it.

I had a somewhat frustrating morning. I'm still trying to get out from under my client workload… And Firecracker ran me through a bunch of hoops as I tried to set up my next taste of that delicious wet spot between her milky thighs.

I got worked. Texts are below.

I am trying to schedule with multiple girls. She's not the only one, but she's the one I like best right now. I wanted to settle with her first.

> NASH: I am making plans for the weekend…
> NASH: Saturday night… come spend some time with me.
> FIRE: If I only have one hour with you on Saturday. What would u do
> NASH: I would bring you to my house…
> NASH: Get everything ready…
> NASH: And watch Lion King!

Yohami would probably say I should have just said "sex," or something in that general direction. If that's what you think, man, I think that's legit. Maybe I should have said that. In this case, I didn't want to be too thirsty for the sex, I genuinely wanted more time with her than that… and her comment didn't feel real. So I like how I played that part.

> NASH: If you really only have an hour, Delicious Girl… I will make other plans.
> FIRE: I have plans on that night
> NASH: Cancel them, come spend time with me.
> FIRE: Convince me
> FIRE: Why should I
> NASH: For one reason… And one only:
> NASH: Because you want to.
> NASH: I'm am making plans with friends for the next few days… Say yes before I get busy.

This was true… But I didn't want to wait forever.

> FIRE: Nope.
> FIRE: You get busy

This is her, calling my bluff. Turns out, I still don't have plans for Saturday… Nobody was available. It's Halloween weekend.

> NASH: Oh. You're so cocky, but I know…
> NASH: You're going to miss me soooooooo much!

This is me, trying play a little… Not just storm off, mad. I was a little mad. She's so cold. So Chinese about it.

> FIRE: Don't be mean

> FIRE: I am having an exhausted week
> NASH: I don't want to be mean. We're good when we're nice.

Trying not to encourage any struggle…

> FIRE: Yup
> NASH: If you're busy Sunday too… I'll talk to you later next week.

I am kind of begging here, I don't like that. I would have given her Sunday, but she doesn't bite. And I really was going to go dark for a few days.

> FIRE: Appreciate the plans tho

Blahq.

Ahhh. Fine. I want to see Thai girl and Miss Sincere anyway. And I have a date for tonight, with Online Girl. But Firecracker is under my skin. Frustrated.

She messaged me around midnight tonight, randomly asking what I looked like when I was 25. We traded some msgs. She had a final project this week. She was saying it kicked her ass.

> NASH: You had a hard week… that's why you weren't much fun this week?
> FIRE: Yup
> FIRE: I just wanna do nothing

To Yohami's point, I don't want to "take her side" (that is a great point, Yohami)… But I believe her.

Somewhere I read that this is how "love" is generated in men. When they can't get the sex they're after, they confuse that longing for "love." The frustration is twisted into some kind of false meaning. I'm in no danger of falling in love… But she is playing me pretty well. If I can get some sex going with another girl… Maybe I'll care less.

But this is the thing about dating multiples girls — and I'm not bragging when I say I dated about as many girls as possible this week — if you have perspective, and you still like her… maybe you fucking like this girl. Yeah, I'm fucking horny. But I like this girl. I enjoy the Thai girl, and want to fuck her. But I like Firecracker.

I know what I need to do about Firecracker… Nothing, for a while. I need to focus on the other girls. Enjoy my date tonight. And… Run some more daygame. That's how I met the nerdy-hot temptress in the first place.

So, I did run daygame today. And it did make me feel better. Not a great day, but some more good experience.

Set of the day…

She is probably 5'3. But stacked on 4in heeled boots, combined with her natural skinniness, made her look long and tall. All black clothes from the boots up. Topped with a nice, "rocker" leather jacket. And black hair, in a bun on her head.

Very attractive girl. She was hotter than most girls I hit on. And I was intimidated, but I approached anyway.

She took out her ear buds, and was slow and easy to talk with. She's Chinese, has a proper Chinese name, but is visiting from NYC. No accent, pretty Americanized. She was here for a party, and was a bit hazy from the night before, even as it was late afternoon.

She did the crossed legs thing as she hooked. Cat-eyed contacts. Comfortable. Small chested… But very sexy. I was slow and confident with her. We had a good fit. Teased her a bit. Challenged her. We had the kind of chemistry that

made me feel like a cool guy.

We chat for a bit and she asks me to walk her to the phone store. After she was checked in, we chatted a bit more… And I number closed her for a possible date tomorrow… Her last night in town.

Fun girl, and possibility of adventure sex. We'll see.

Here are the rest of the sets… My first daygame in the rain. It's kind of hard with the umbrellas.

Oct27:

1. Asian, black raincoat… Looked like an assassin. Married and cold. Later.

2. Young Asian girl, jeans and big hoop earrings… Took the compliment, smiled and marched off with a "thanks."

3. Young, tall white girl, with a great face… Australian, leaving tonight. Lovely. I was enjoying her, but moved on as it was her last day in town.

4. Short white girl, walking fast, nervous smile and said I'm in a rush before I could say anything. She knew what was up.

5. Indian girl, put on a tough face an blew past me. She was very cute.

6. This is the set if the day, from above. Ummmm. Fun approach.

7. Little Asian, rain outfit, awkward stop, blew by me.

8. Hiding under an umbrella, miserable rain face, I tried, couldn't get her to even look up… hard, umbrella to umbrella… lots of barriers.

9. Chinese girl, also from NYC. Nice chat, but she's leaving tomorrow… I let her go.

Viva daygame.

First Date with Online Girl || More Girl Tornado

Nash · 28 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I didn't have a date last night. It was the first night all week I had off. I'm not 100% confident it will continue… but I am in a solid girl tornado right now.

Tonight's date was a girl from an online app. She is just over 30, looked very cute in her photos. Asian (of course). She turned out to be from Taiwan, but of Chinese descent, living in NYC for the last few years.

In person… she wasn't quite as cute as online. Oh well. I had "members only" tickets to an opening party at the art museum, booked them weeks ago… as this date was for tonight, I invited her.

It's pissing rain outside… then and now. She showed up, soaked, a wet rat. And with nerdy glasses… apparently this is part of the Chinese girl "uniform." She was dressed in all black, but conservative. Dress, up to her neck, with thick black tights underneath. Black flats. Not very sexy.

I wasn't disappointed… but I sort of "switched gears," into a lower expectation mode. Like I said with my date with the Korean girl on Monday, I can talk to any girl for a night, no problem, so I wasn't worried… I just figured this would be a simple date, with a simple girl.

Do you see what I did here?? I read her as a "nice girl." I'm a fool. I should know better.

This is THE THING for me and girls right now. Do NOT judge a book by its cover. You foolish, inexperienced man. Do not, project your bullshit prejudices onto girls. If you do… they won't correct you. They will play the boring role you give them. That's what you get for your lack of imagination. But if you assume they all want "to dance," you might be surprised how wicked they are under those tights.

So… we check her bag and soggy coat. I had asked her a few normal questions… got her name down, why she is in this city (it's not permanent), where she was raised, how long she lived in NYC, etc. We get our tickets and go upstairs. We are maybe 3 minutes into looking at some photos and she mentions something about girls and me. And I ask when her last boyfriend was… trying to "feel her out," as they say. And she tells me she broke up 4 months ago. A white guy, long distance, also from CA. He dumped her… "disappeared."

So I ask… was the relationship more about romance or was there a good sexual connection? To be honest, I was going to ask some self-esteem questions, as I want to learn to use that to screen girls… that was where I was going.

And you might know that I love to talk to girls about sex. I always do. First date… sex questions. This is a strength of mine. But with this girl, I was taking it easy. I was "fishing" a bit with that question, didn't expect it to go anywhere. I had no idea where it was going to go.

So she says something like… my BF broke up with me and now I feel like experimenting sexually. Something like that.

Wait, what??

But it wasn't what she said. It was a quality in her smile. Nerdy glasses, slightly hunched shoulders, conservative clothes… but suddenly, a sparkle in her eyes. Something about the shine on her pouty bottom lip. Magic in her smile.

So I start telling her that I love the "what is a good girl" conversation. And from there… I end up on a very hot date w/ a nerdy Chinese girl. Again.

It's so hot, that the museum suddenly makes no sense at all. Neither of us care about the art. We are only 15 minutes into the date at this point.

She is submissive, sort of lingers behind me a half a pace at all times, and I have to ignore her and walk forward to get us to move. If I pay any attention to her at all, turn toward her, she'll stop walking, lagging behind me, stare at

me and listen to me talk. And we go nowhere. So I sort of march ahead of her, trying to get her outside.

18 minutes in… we are talking about threesomes. I am working up to my new favorite topic for "good girls" — "two cocks, one girl" — and I realize we can't stay in the museum anymore. I tell her I want to have this conversation over drinks. We leave.

We're walking to a nearby bar. Sex talk continues.

She has had less than 10 partners… I told her I'll tell her how many sex partners I've had after she and I have sex. She mentioned early she is curious to know if she is bisexual. She has never kissed a girl, but is ready to try. At some point I'm asking her about what she wants from a girl, and she says, "do you mean do I want to lick her pussy?" And I tell her I love her. At that moment I do. Nerdy Chinese girls talking about eating pussy… I am in heaven. Thank you, Baby Jesus.

On the way to the bar, I stop her. Grab her by the bicep — a common thing I do with girls — and I tell her, I know this is strange, but I feel like kissing her, and I go for it. 20 minutes into the date. She rejects me, but loves it.

At the bar. I ask if the idea of two cocks in her at once turns her on. She says it does.

She tells me about how she was in France recently. She met a guy online. They went out. She asked him about sex stories, and he told her everything. She thinks every French person has had 40-something partners. She fucked that guy.

She last masturbated yesterday. In the shower or in bed? In bed. At night or in the morning? At night. It helps her sleep. She didn't watch porn, but when she does… she used to like Asian porn, but now she likes Russian porn. She didn't get off last night to porn. What was she thinking about? The guy from Paris. Ummmm. Her nerdy little fingers rubbing her clit until she passes out. I love that. She doesn't have a sex toy.

She asked me if I like deep throat. I tell her I do and ask if she can do that. She says yes.

I asked her about where she is staying. With friends. She has to be home by 10. She doesn't have a key, so they have to let her in.

At this point, I have been talking about fucking her for most of the date. First hinting it. Then explicit. Zero resistance to that idea. I tell her we should go to my place, but she won't do it. "Next time." Second time I've heard that this week.

And… she won't kiss me. What the fuck is up w/ Chinese girls that won't kiss me right now?? She says she doesn't like "blondes," and laughs about it. So… I suck her ear, and she loves it. Then I suck her neck, and she tells me I have a great mouth. And I tell her when she comes over, she should be very clean as I am going to lick her everywhere.

I put my hand on her neck. Mock-choke her as I suck on her. I reach my hand between her legs, no resistance, and rub her pussy through her tights. I put her hand on my cock. She is smiling and loving all this.

Krauser was saying in one of his products that he gets a hard-on in about 1 out of 4 daygame sets. That… never happens to me. Never. I almost never get a hard cock unless I am in bed, and sex is explicit. This girl… semi-chub the whole time in the museum. Full hard-on in the bar. Pre-come on my leg. The whole thing. This has never happened to me before.

I haven't had an orgasm since I fucked Firecracker on Sunday… but still. I'm amazed at how this girl turns me on. She is a 7 for me. But would probably be a 6 for most guys. I'm terribly hard with her.

What the fuck is up with this girl and I??? Fascinating. She says I'm the most interesting guy she's ever met. I assume a lot of that was flattery and bullshit. But… it was a crazy fucking date, even by my standards, and I know I've had a lot more experience than she's had. And we obviously have great chemistry.

It's already after 10. She is in a panic to get a car home when she realizes that. I tell her to tell the guy she is staying

with that she is at “a lecture” and it’s going late. I tell her to tell him to put a key under the rug. She won’t do it. She doesn’t want to fuck up the situation. She is staying with him for a few more days, and she doesn’t want to fuck that up.

I did ask if she was fucking that guy. She said no. He is a friend of a friend. He did try to date her, right away. But she said he is not her type… boring Asian guy. Very “nice.” Yes, it has occurred to me that she is likely fucking him. But I think she would have told me, given the rest of our conversation. I don’t really care either way.

So that’s it. I am nearly blue-balled in a 2 hour date w/ a nerdy Chinese girl. She leaves for LA next week. I have plans every night… but we know she can’t be out at night, so maybe we can work this out.

For now… the plan is that she might come over tomorrow afternoon. Or Monday morning.

I won’t hold my breath… but I might fuck this girl. I want to fuck this girl.

I would say “viva daygame,” but she is an online girl. I’ve never fucked anyone I’ve met online (very little experience there, most of it a long time ago). But… I was able to move like this with her, because I am in the girl tornado. And that is all daygame – I ran game today, as a matter of fact.

And this kind of potential is what I was getting while I did my first 1000 approaches and never got laid. This kind of “shampoo effect” where I would get action that would sort of cascade off of daygame momentum.

4th date this week. Good times.

First and Only Date with Miss NYC.

Nash · 29 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I just got home. I smell like pussy. I did not get the notch. I did get… an incredible experience.

I "grew up" a little bit tonight.

I met her… yesterday. Ahhh, the beauty of daygame. She was #6 that day. This was not a scheduled part of my "girl tornado." I put this together in the last 24 hours.

She was very cool via text.

> HER: thx for chat. That was refreshing.. meeting someone like that. The good ol fashion way

I follow up this morning.

> NASH: Yeah. We're old school like that
> NASH: Hey… that offer still stands for tonight. If you can handle a little more adventure before you go home, let's have a drink after your dinner.
> HER: Yeah sure let's do it! Why not :)

And it seems on. It's so on, she communicates with me throughout the day. We set the meet up for 10:30 PM.

(You know… as I got into game, it was a kind of psychological barrier for me to make dates after 9 PM. Still kind of is. After dinner dates… are sex dates. Can you set up a "sex date" with a "good girl?" A 10:30 date is a sex date. I am still getting comfortable with this. I'm getting there.)

I took her to the same "1/2 gay bar" I took Thai girl to on that first date. I get there first… find a table. Tell her I'm inside, where I'm at. And I lean back and type up my notes from today's daygame session while I wait.

She shows up a bit late… almost 11. She looks, hot. Her hair is down. Her face isn't perfection, but she is a smooth, hot girl. I motion for her to sit next to me, and she does. We check in. She's kind of drunk from a dinner with an ex-coworker of hers. She says "tipsy," which is girl-talk for drunk. She is slurring slightly, but she's still got it together. I am already touching her.

I get us a round of drinks. And the night begins.

I ask her how last night went… she was recovering from a big night the night before and she says:

> HER: The guy I have been staying with and I had an argument…
> HER: He wanted to have a threesome, and I said no…
> HER: I was going to go have a drink by myself… but we fought until almost 2, and the bars were closed…

There was no lead up… this just came out of her mouth, fast. She wasn't showing off.

So the story is she flew into town to go to this guy's party on Thursday night. He lives in NYC too, but for some reason was having a party here. She and he shared a hotel room. They are lovers. He, apparently, has girls on tap here, so he wanted a threesome last night, and she didn't. He pushed for a foursome… which she also declined.

He left this morning, but she is still in the hotel. They fucked, this morning, before he left.

So… sex talk, again… but this time, I had nothing to do with it, she started the whole thing.

I could say more about the sex talk… like that she is into BDSM and likes to come from oral sex. But that's enough for now.

Anyway… she just broke up with her BF in NYC. They have been in an open relationship – she is banging some guys on the side. That guy hasn't been cool lately, so she broke up with him. They have been together for 3 years.

Her ex and she have had a lot of threesome. Many. She mostly dates white guys, like me. She has had threesomes with black girls, white girls, Indian girls, Asian girls. Lots and lots of threesome with this BF. I asked her how they set those up… and she said they pick the girls out together… but I can't remember how, exactly.

At one point she says she is thinking about becoming an escort. I am surprised at this, but go into a role play scenario where she has to fuck a fat sheikh with terrible coffee breath. But the truth is… that comment shook me a little. I would never date a hooker. Or a girl from a strip club. I don't believe in "good girls" anymore, but "pro" girls are out of my comfort zone.

But my hands are still all over her. Grabbing her tiny-tiny wrists. Grabbing fist-fulls of her hair, lightly pulling her head back. This is all natural for me.

And I go to kiss her, and stop… hover over her mouth. Beautiful mouth. Amazing bottom lip. She asked, "are you trying kiss me?" She is cool and calm. I say, "I'm just checking you out." But I eventually kiss her. Then deeper. And it's hot. She's a great kisser.

And then… I am thinking about taking her home. Even after her stories which definitely intimidate me. And she says, "I'm not going to your place… you have to come to mine."

We have a somewhat awkward negotiation. All because of me. I am well out of comfort zone. Not stuttering, or freaking out, but not comfortable with where I'm at. Not because it's "fast," but because this girl has a lot more sexual experience than I do. It was that escort story. She is a fucking race car. And I even tell her I'm not coming, and I'm going to send her home. And I get real, and tell her I'm intimidated. And I know that's not cool, but I don't care.

Being honest in that moment was actually great for me. I knew where I was. And a minute later I changed my mind. We got in a car. It's a shared car, she's up front, I'm in back, we don't talk. She looks back to check in with me, mid-ride. She's high octane, but she's sweet.

She was staying at a really nice hotel. Crazy nice. About 500 yards from where I had a beer last night after my date with Online Girl.

We walk in, and she wants to know why I am intimated. She has to pee, and she does, with the door open, still talking to me, so I walk in, and face her, lean against wall as she pees. That… was a first for me also.

She undresses. Takes off her boots and her jeans. She's in a leotard… and she looks amazing. I push her onto the bed, and crawl on top of her, and start to softly dominate her physically. Holding her arms over her head. Pinning them back. Kissing her. Petting her.

She tells me I remind her… of her "dom." She met him on Tinder. They fuck… but she can talk to him about anything, he doesn't judge her. Her (ex) BF judges her, but her dom does not. She doesn't know if it's real, as sex is involved, but he cares for her. And she is real, and vulnerable as she tells me this.

She's actually crazy sweet, and feminine, and charming, through all this. Nothing crass about her. Nothing too broken… except that maybe she parties a lot. She's radically feminine. I do what I want to her… and I take that leotard off.

I'm still fully clothed. And she's naked against hotel sheets.

And her body… is a solid 8… maybe 8+. I don't date 8s. Firecracker is not an 8… and I could care less. This girl, naked… is full on, high-end porn perfect. Amazing boobs, bigger without clothes, it seemed, with 1/2 in purple nipples rising from her white skin. Belly pierce. Smooth, prefect skin in every direction. She's amazing to look at. Maybe the hottest girl I've ever been with.

But… my cock is never hard. Not at all. I am actually very comfortable now, but not physically turned on at all, even though I haven't had an orgasm since last Sunday.

We are just "playing." She is passive, lovely, perfect, dark hair on expensive, white sheets. She laughs. 98 lbs, this girl. I can drag her around, and I do. Flip her over to see her ass. Kissing her, petting her, chatting… it's great. She is sexy, deadly sexy, but the scene is not a physical turn on for me.

She likes to come from oral sex. She's into her clit. I love to eat pussy, but I'm not sure I want to with her… her experience is a little too much for me. That is uncool, but it's true.

In the beginning of this story, I said she fucked a guy this morning. In the same bed. There are fresh sheets… changed this afternoon… but in terms of sexual sophistication, I am out of my depth here and I know it.

He is gnarlier than me. She is gnarlier than me. But I'm learning. What a week it has been.

One important thing that game has taught me about being a man… is to do what *I* want. And I did. I was in control. And she was so sweet, and fem, despite all that sexual experience… it was a great time. A ridiculous view from the 28th floor of a very fancy hotel that some other guy had paid for… and an even better view of her in the sheets.

Did I mention she is 30? I would have guessed 27. Her body is ageless.

So… I kept playing. Sucked her amazing nipples. Her hip bones. I sucked on her neck. I touched her. I dragged her around. I crawled on top of her. And eventually… I eat that pussy. And I used my fingers a bit.

And I made her squirt. Like really, really squirt. Like I've never done before (I've had girls squirt a bit, but not like this). Soaked the bed. She's only squirted once before.

She has this other lover. A guy she met in Singapore (which is where she's from). Her BF was in Vietnam, and she met this guy on Tinder. They went to dinner, talked about sex, went to his place, and he was into BDSM right away. Left her covered in bruises, which she liked. He was the only guy to make her squirt. She is amazed that I did it. So am I. Then I did it again. Bed is sopping. My arm is soaked. She told me she's going to tell him I did it. He is still a lover of hers. Wants to marry her. Several guys are trying to marry her… including the guy that was in this bed this morning.

So… I didn't have a condom, or I could have fucked her. It was explicit. So no notch. I am a little disappointed about missing that notch — which is retarded, but true.

For me this certainly counts as a sexual experience from Daygame. Daygame delivered this. If I had had a condom, I would have had the "notch," but it still counts for something. This is some of the fruit from daygame, ladies and gentlemen. Another wild adventure that started with a man talking to a girl on the street.

There will be more. And I will be more psychologically prepared next time.

So we lay around a bit, and she is tired, and it's after 3 AM… and I split. She flies back to NYC tomorrow. We're Facebook friends.

She walks me to the door. She is unbelievably hot. She kisses me… and I walk to the elevator.

And my hands still smell like pussy. What a wild night. What an experience.

I am so tired.

Viva daygame.

Extreme Social Savvy || 9 More

Nash · 30 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I went back and listened to Krauser's Womanizer's Bible video product again this week. "Mind wank," as Krauser would say. All theory. And very good thinking, I might add.

Over the summer, something was up with my "game." I was working hard, going nowhere. And Yohami was burying me in "stop the madness" comments about daygame. It was a hard time. I was disappointed.

Since then, my results are looking better. I'm dating, I'm making out, I'm having sex. I have a little bit of a girl tornado going right now. This is what I wanted.

Yohami is a game-genius, IMHO. I know he has studied a lot other players and their theories. I also know he "field tested" his thoughts intensely… he has a lot of personal experience. But he has been more than skeptical about daygame, and has expressed some surprise that I have suddenly been able to produce some results, 90% of which is classic, straight-up daygame effort.

> "I'm surprised you were able to get into "girl tornado" by doing daygame. I didn't think it was possible – to be fair, judging by Krauser's and Tom's own explanations of how it's done, I still don't think it's possible to LEARN the proper frames you need to be good with women, since you need a starting position of abundance and detachment with goes in opposition with hunting in the streets – but you made it happen, so congrats."
> — Yohami

Yohami thinks that "chasing girls that aren't interested in you is madness." And that is a true statement. He is right, the reality of daygame is most girls won't want you to put your cock inside them. It is a fact that every time I go out on the street, I get several girls that are not interested in me. Sometimes they politely smile and move on. Sometimes they don't even look at me. Sometimes I get thru a few minutes, ask for a phone number, and they say they don't want to see me again. And sometimes… I end up in bed w/ that girl in a little over 24 hours.

I think this discussion is very much like the "inner game" vs "outer game" comparison. This isn't where Yohami goes with this topic, but this is my POV… So… what is better? Inner game or outer game? What's more important? Don't you need good inner game before you can find success with women? Maybe. But how can you have good inner game if you don't have any mastery of the basic skills of approaching, attracting, taking a number, dating, etc… all that outer game stuff? Which do you do first?

The inner game vs outer game conversation is paradoxical. There's no right answer to which is more important, that's the wrong question, actually. A players growth is not "inner game first, then outer game, in this specific order… blah blah blah." It's not like that. You are growing inner game and outer game, in little bits, fits and starts, all the time… as long as you're out talking to girls. That is really the essential ingredient. Some theory to point you in the right direction (and knock the bluepill out of you, which is easier said than done), but then… talking to girls. Practice. All the rest, including success, follows that first step of approaching her.

That helps me see how Yohami can be giving me great advice, and at the same time, I can grow incredibly fast via the daygame model. True, I studied game, in general, for years before I got into daygame (which helped me quite a bit), but daygame pushed me into growth I was not getting from other avenues.

Part of that was having the discipline to approach, in the daylight, no alcohol… that's "outer game", in some ways, but required growth in my inner game to get there. And then… just taking numbers. I never got this down until daygame… mostly because daygame put me in contact with more hot women that I was ever talking to in bars, or cafes or whatever. I could hit the streets 3 days a week, and practice taking a number 3 to 5 times a day, each time. 3 weeks of that, and I was very comfortable taking a woman's number. That confidence added to my inner game. That skill made my outer game more slick.

But for now… I want to point to something Krauser said in that video that I think is precious to understanding why daygame has worked for me. A very specific skill that can be learned elsewhere, but is a major part of daygame.

> "The other modern player USP that I think is really important is extreme social savvy."
> — Krauser's Womanizer Bible video series

He is talking about "USP" in the last video in that series. That stands for "unique selling proposition," and that a man has to work on several aspect of this selling proposition if he wants women to "buy." Krauser is saying that daygame will sharpen your social savvy and that that skill will become part of what makes you attractive to women.

> "Especially if you're doing daygame, cold approach generally, but especially daygame, is one of our really big, strong signs of sexual market value is our extreme calibration, our extreme social knowledge.
>
> Because we're literally having thousands of interactions with women. We're going thru the stages of the courtship ritual — certainly the beginnings of it, before we get blown out — thousands of times. Thousands of thousands of times. Way more than a normal man ever would. Way more than the girl ever will.
>
> That will generally engender experience. And that experience leads to extreme social savvy and calibration, which is, in itself, very, very attractive."
> — Krauser

That nails a lot of where I am at about daygame. I'm clearly getting a lot of chances to practice my ability to read and calibrate to women – my "social savvy," or "social calibration" skills. This will increase my value in the sexual marketplace. It already has. I am always reading girls. Telling them what I can see in their face. Reacting to their body language. All that.

Even on days like the one in this post (sets are below). 9 girls. No numbers. No love connection. A little magic, but not much. But what was GOOD about the day, despite all the disinterest I witnessed in those approaches, was this:

More time calibrating. This is the "thousands and thousands" that Krauser is talking about.

I was thinking that there is no "set of the day" in this batch. I liked #6 below the best… I should have ~~pushed~~ "pulled" that one a little more, I think she was just nervous… but the set of the day for me was #5.

That girl didn't really like me. But what I took away from that, was additional calibration practice that got her to stand still and let me spit game. This gets added to the "thousands" of other times I've had a chance to practice making a stranger feel comfortable with me in cold approach. I do this with tourists too, and the exact same skill, but with girls… it's a little more real.

The win here wasn't fucking this sweet girl. The win was getting a nervous girl to relax and let me play with her for a minute. I can do that, because I have "extreme social savvy." I'm not saying I'm that good… many, many guys are much, much better than me… but I'm infinitely better than most people. And this week, I talked to 25+ girls on the street. I am going to hit 200 new girls in the Oct-Dec timeframe. That's daygame. And each one of those brings me into a class of men with more experience "dancing" with strangers than most men could ever dream of.

She was nervous. She would back up, pull her arms up toward her neck… at first. Classic protection of her vital areas. I am not a threat (well, a sexual threat, maybe), but the simple animal in her is doing a great job of staying safe — even if this all went down near the Apple store, in front of 100 people, in broad daylight. Even with all that actual safety, she needed me to demonstrate some real skill or she would have walked off. She didn't walk off.

I opened, she paused. She drifted a bit. I had to move with her, subtly, inches, as she pivoted around me. I had to smile and gesture, etc. I had to be vulnerable and real and genuinely curious, so it didn't feel like a hustle. And it worked. She backed up in tiny ways… but we end up within normal conversational space, she shook my hand, she talked with me for as long as I wanted. She was pretty relaxed at the end. She's not the girl for me… but she is

excellent calibration time so I am ready for a girl that really matters.

Girls that don't "like" you are still excellent practice. Maybe even better than girls that do want some cock.

Yohami is right — we need references experience of girls chasing us. And girls chase high-value men. Yes. That's right.

But to Krauser's point… extreme social savvy is very attractive. It's high value.

Expert calibration is high value in that it's not easy to acquire and impossible to fake, and the girls can feel it. They can tell it's nothing like most guys they will meet. The Korean girl Miss Sincere actually told me that I was extremely socially calibrated… except she said it like, "You're a very good talker." She told me she was going to say she wasn't interested, but I danced my way past that moment. She could see how good I was and she was impressed. That is its own "social ladder." And my daygame skills are pushing me up that ladder. Girls can tell.

My progress will continue, because… I love women. And because daygame… is a lot of fun.

Here are the rest of the sets:

Oct28:

1. Chinese girl from Shandong. Little chat. She hooked and had a good time. Student. Bad teeth. I let her go.

2. Tall, hot woman from Tokyo. Very hot, great body in super tight jeans. She 1/2 hooked, body facing away from me. I wasn't that into her, and she wasn't that into me, so I let her go.

3. Little frumpy Asian, w/ a great face. Suspicious and confused. I had an awkward approach and that didn't help. I could have done better… she walked off.

4. Asian girl, short hair. Carrying two coffees. Said she was busy and walked off.

5. Asian girl from LA. Slow walk, very sexy. She was very nervous, kept backing up… I danced with her for a bit and she relaxed. Good chance to calibrate. I let her go.

6. Very cute Asian girl with interesting style. Fine art student. Interesting girl, but she would only repeat "cool!," after everything I said, over and over. I think she was nervous, but in a good way. I let her go too. I regret not taking her number, actually. I liked her.

7. Older Asian woman, around 30, great style… No accent, but I'd guess Taiwanese. Good chat, she was feminine and giggly and fun, and she cut it off kind of suddenly, with a smile, and we said goodbye. She felt married to me, but I didn't see a ring. She knew what was up. Good for her.

8. Short hair, very cute, wouldn't really stop.

9. Lovely Asian girl, incredible figure 8 body. Conservative, but sexy. Smiled but wouldn't stop.

Viva daygame.

Girl Tornado Forecasted for November || 18 More

Nash · 1 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

It's November 1st and the forecast is for a continuation of the girl tornado. I wouldn't have it any other way.

~~17~~ 18 approaches today. That's a personal record, I think. Definitely for this city.

I started out the day trying to set up some sex dates… it didn't go well.

I had a fun little banter session in Spanish with Miss Firecracker (who's native tongue is Cantonese). Then I say to her, "Tell me when you're free…" I want to avoid saying dates/times, as she has been testing me a lot, and I don't want to give a specific time she can robotically shoot down. I like that I was dealing with her in commands. She tests me anyway by replying "never." I talked to Yohami about this on the side, a little "think tank" going on, and replied. She came back in rare "realness" (she's very real in person, but not in logistics). I think I did some good work in there (may post that if I get her out). Nice exchange. It was an interesting day with her. I think she/I have a date for Friday. I do noticed that I have fucked her twice, and I have no certainty at all about her… No control, just opportunity.

The Online Girl and I have had a few long negotiations where I try to convince her she should "come over" or "meet me." She has engaged, extensively, but keeps saying no. She has told me that she does not like blondes. That's part of her stated objection. She has also bantered here/there, contributed and complimented me in many ways. But I think she is a no.

Miss Sincere and I had a very good date on Sunday (I didn't write about it). She is like a show that doesn't sound that entertaining, but every time you watch it, it happens to be the best episode. I may be drunk on tornado fumes, but I think I am bringing out something in her that wants to play. I also think she is an intense girl. Quiet, but "strong flavor," as I told her on Sunday. I think I am getting her good side, her charming side and it a very nice position to be in. Today, after some nice chat, she says:

> "I don't know if I should keep seeing you, I don't want to be one of many many girls you've flirted with."
> — Miss Sincere

I have never bragged about girls before with her, not at all. But she knows I'm not trying to find a girlfriend and… I think I look a little slick right now, which isn't always a good thing. I think I did some good text work here as well, and as of this evening, we have a time and place for Sunday set up. We were back to warm… Part of me thinks this girl is already hooked. She still has to confirm the date. She has already said "no" (or "not sure") 7 times to me as we set up the first 2 dates, but she's typically comes around. I think she likes me. I like her too.

I set up the scene for tomorrows date with Miss Shanghai. She is a girl I picked up years ago and failed to close. I couldn't solve her puzzle ("Puzzle Theory" is (R) Yohami, and really excellent analysis by him) … She was in my house, I just wouldn't own it. She was the one that knows the first girl I sex-closed from daygame, just by coincidence they know each other. That might be part of why I am getting another chance? She knows the plan is lunch… then my place. Yohami thinks she is specifically coming for sex. I will do my job tomorrow. We'll see.

I still have not had sex with Thai Girl. I saw her last Tuesday… So it's been a week. I messaged her at 11 AM, and I didn't hear back until midnight. I'm not a top priority for her, that's for sure. I may be losing her. I have Friday and Sunday dates right now. And those girls I like more, so I locked them down first. It took all day, but she did respond. We'll see.

What I would say at this point is that I'm closer to abundance than I've ever been, but I don't really feel that way. I have emotional ups/downs, every day. I wonder if a certain girl is going to stop talking to me? I wonder if the tornado will end? Plenty of doubt.

In many ways I think that is actually healthy. Girls — as with life — aren't processions. I can't "buy" a girl, put her on the shelf and it's done. This is an ongoing process. It's like doing laundry… no matter how much laundry you do today… you still have new work to do next week. This is life.

My main tool at this point to keep my emotions in check is to go run more approaches. Which works for me. Short term, I enjoy the hunt. Long term, it keeps my pipeline full. Helps me gain skill and calibration and experience. But also helps to keep me from spinning over a particular girl. The process distracts me from my own beta-chode tendencies.

So this particular day was high volume. It worked to help me take my mind off of Firecracker. And I pulled some new leads… And the girls that day were surprisingly young.

LEGAL DISCLAIMER: In no way do I want to date under-aged girls. Period.

So the sets of the day — there were two — were both teenagers.

The first one didn't strike me as especially young at all. She was dressed well, out shopping. She was not particularly happy about the stop, but she did stop. Heard me out, and quickly said, "But I'm 16." Oh. Okay, cool, "good call," I said, "thank you for telling me that." And I said I would let her go, and she smiled and I wandered off. She was #3 for the day.

Then, a bit later, same street… Asian girl, nice style, headphones on her head. Stopped her… 19 years old. It was a good set. She is not that cute, but I liked the experience. Took her number. We'll see.

Surprisingly… neither of the teens were my favorite girl of the day. I liked #18 best, actually. She was great girl, good chemistry, and very attractive. That's the one I really want to date.

18 girls… wow.

Here are the rest of the sets:

Nov01:

1. I opened this girl the second I stepped off the train into my hunting grounds. She is 4'9″, I love that. She is an animator. Cantonese, not terrible cute… but "I would." Nice boobs, couldn't help looking at her cleavage. At one point she asked if we were being video taped. That is the second girl to ask me that… maybe the third. Took her number.

2. Asian, backpack, glasses, said hi and ran off.

3. Cute, cute… Stopped, right away told me she was 16. Oh! She knew what was up.

4. Graceful, tall, Asian, young, great body. Drifted slowly, but chatted, I let her go.

5. Chinese girl from Vancouver, insane little body. Amazing hip/ass/waist ratio. Her walk was unforgettable. Here for 3 more days, wouldn't let me take her #.

6. Short girl, white? Latin? Bad approach, she didn't really stop.

7. Swedish girl, pretty cute, opened strong and fun, but set was kind of flat… Tried to #close, but she said she had a BF. There is my token white girl for the week.

8. 1 min after Sweden, Chinese girl… Made a crazy face and walked off. Ha.

9. Boots, older, walked out of a hotel… Barely stopped. I wasn't bold enough with her.

10. Asian girl, juicy ass, tight jeans. Smiled ran off.

11. This girl I opened back in May. I didn't recognize her, but she had a funny look on her face so I asked if we'd met before and she says "Yeah… and I'm still married!" Ha. Cute, fun. Beautiful. I love that girl. She's totally cool.

12. Asian, great body, no English at all.

13. Tall beautiful, from Boston, dentist. Would not give me her number… “Maybe if I see you again.”

14. Tiny, very cute, very brown little Indian girl… Nervous, stopped, then ran off.

15. This is the 19 year old from the sets of the day above.

16. Asian girl, gray cashmere sweater, wouldn’t stop.

17. White, blonde, young, sexy, great body, confused, awkward, so I told her to leave then… but she stopped… gave me crazy bitch face, told her to leave again and she did.

18. Really attractive Asian girl, great style, a little artsy looking. Lovely, freckles, beautiful face, funny teeth, but in a charming way. Teased me a lot. Made some reference to Venezuela, she has fame there, but she is from China. #close.

Viva daygame.

A Date (?) With Miss Shanghai

Nash · 3 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Miss Shanghai is “the artist formerly known as” Married Chinese Girl.

I met the her a few years ago. She sat next to me in a café and I picked her up. We became FB friends. This is the girl from this post — she is friends with the Taiwanese girl.

At the time we met, she told me she “had a BF,” but she is actually married to him, originally for citizenship, but I think it’s real now. I see them together on FB all the time… she is a very attractive girl, and I have been “burning” for her for years. This one pic of her in a jaccuzzi on a highrise balcony hurts me to look at… she’s my type.

We went out to brunch soon after I met her… great date. She dressed fucking hot… thigh-high boots and a skirt. Wow. Then I took her out for lunch one time, back to my house for some art… she was dressed in tiny shorts and a sports bra… fucking sexy. I had her in my place, touched her, but didn’t make any real moves. I have always thought since then that that was a mistake. I blew my chance, and put myself in the “weak guy” category. That might all be true. We went out to dinner once soon after that, but the door was closed. Lame date, and I stayed away from her after that. Some tussle there.

We chat, from time to time. She occasionally asks me for a drink. We had tea once. Meditated once together. Nothing too sexy.

She asked to see me last week. I am horny for this girl, but didn’t think it was a sexual thing, so I ignored it. She asked again, so I set up a date. Lunch. I had asked for a weekend, but she said no… weekday, during the day (which is when her husband works, that’s my guess as to why that is important). This was feeling like sex to me.

So lunch. Then my place for art. That was the plan… to hang out, then start playing with her hair, tell her it smells good, and then start kissing her neck… see how that goes.

I asked Yohami what he thought. He doesn’t know her… he only knows what I’m posting here above… here’s what he said:

> “She wanted you since the beginning. Usually chicks invent a boyfriend to keep guys at a distance. This one is married and tried to portray herself more available than she actually is. She’s served on a plate.”
>
> “She wants to fuck, the ball is in your court. Make it happen.”
> — Yohami

That was my read too. That she always wanted to fuck. And/or, her relationship is even more stale, so… she’s ready. Or… me sexing her little friend made me a little more sparkly.

She shows up today… looking a little older, but still hot. Sweatshirt. Tight yoga pants. Her ass looked a little thicker, which is great. She’s barely 100 lbs now. We had lunch and walked back to my place. Everything felt cool.

We get in, she loves the cats. She asks for tea… and I’m wondering if I even need to wait for the water to boil before I make my move.

I do wait for the water to boil. I’m boiling too. I get our tea ready. It feels tense. I don’t know if she can feel it. Maybe this whole thing is all in my head.

She is standing at the counter, on her laptop, and I start playing with her hair. She is letting me do it, but at one point pulls it away. At another, she asks if there is something funny about her hair.

Anyway… I make my move. Reach up for her head and move in. No announcement. And she rejects the kiss. She does not look tempted.

And I say, “you’re alright,” and her face shows a little concern. And I hold that position, watching her, and she says I’m making her uncomfortable. I ask if she is being real, and her face is very real. So I say okay, and back up. And she asks if I have any “girlfriends” that I don’t want to have sex with. And I say yeah… and stare at her… and it’s tense.

She says she’s not into blondes. That’s exactly what the Online Girl told me. That’s twice in one week. I’m not assuming that is a real objection. She might have 100 reason why I’m not sexable. Who knows. But that’s what she said.

So I back off. We both sit… but I’m flustered. Very tense. We chat a bit more… I’m uncomfortable. Not freaking out, but the air is thick with tension.

Being rejected by her stung. She is sexual a “loose end” from my past, and I had hoped to clean that up today. I’m internally holding the disappointment in myself for not pulling the trigger, years ago. Today I made my move, but this did not work out.

Maybe she never wanted to fuck me? I think Yohami’s read is right… for the situation, but maybe she’s the exception? Or maybe I mis-played something today? Or maybe she was on her period (but I don’t think so). Or maybe she really doesn’t like blondes? Or maybe there is something else about me she doesn’t like?

It is interesting she didn’t think to mention her husband as the objection. Hmmm.

Regardless of all that guesswork… she left pretty quickly after that. Good. I was relieved. I still feel flustered.

I’m glad about the whole thing… even if I am uncomfortable. She’s not a real “friend” to me, in the sense that she/I are deep. She is a girl that made me an orbiter, that’s how I see it. And as of today, she knows it’s dangerous to put me in that box.

Bigger picture… I want to focus on girls that are into me. I like her, but… life is too short for me to spend much time with girls that don’t want to give me the kind of time and attention I want. Her, out of the way, gives me more focus for the next round of girls (not like she was really holding me back).

This one was complicated. One thing I love about daygame is you can meet new girls (in theory, and often in practice), that you have no connection to, so there’s no “complication,” no baggage. Won’t always work out, but it’s a more clean slate than this one.

Ahh… was I an aggressive dick to a nice girl today? I don’t know. I feel distracted. I feel frustrated. I feel a little “typical bro” — not that that is a bad thing.

If I had it to do over, I’d do it the same… assuming she came to my house. If a girl comes into my cave, I bite her. Period. Or… lunch, just friends, and don’t let it take up much time.

I doubt I’ll see her again. I didn’t apologize. And I won’t. I don’t feel bad. I do feel “complicated.” I’m curious is she’ll say anything later.

Okay… back to my daygame girls. And speaking of… I think I have a date with a 19 year old girl tomorrow. She’s younger than she is hot, but she made my cock hard on the sidewalk doing nothing special besides giggling. We’ll see how that goes.

On with the show.

2 More Numbers || 9 More Approaches

Nash · 4 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I met up with my old wing Hurricane today and ran some daygame.

Girl Tornadoes, like all of the wild weather systems, need “fuel” or they collapse into calm but boring stability. I want this Tornado to keep going. I am a goddamn storm chaser. So I’m out on the street, pumping “unstable” energy into my life… One Asian girl at a time.

Miss Sincere and I had a standoff yesterday when she said (again) that she doesn’t want to date me anymore. This time she said she feels “nothing” for me. That hurt a little. Even man-sluts have feelings. I was out with her on Sunday and that girl had a great time… it was obvious. She would say yes to a drink after dinner when she didn’t have to… She liked what was going on and she wanted to stay with me. She was almost moaning as I stroked her hair at the bar, but she would not kiss me. She has given a different reason to not date me every time, and that was her latest. Typically she ends up laughing and saying yes to me, but not this time. I don’t entirely trust her excuse… but that one is hard to refute. I said okay, and that I hope she changes her mind. Four days ago I was convinced she really liked me. Hmmm. I don’t know if I should contact her again or not… I think I’ll try again after I get back from DC.

So that means I don’t have a date for Sunday, so it was time to spin some plates. My favorite girl from the 18 approaches on Tuesday, was not the Virgin, but was Miss Freckles. She was smart, funny, very cute. Took her two days to respond to my text, but I was busy managing the tornado, so I didn’t have much time to be bothered (that’s the best thing about the tornado). She responded faster to the next round. And immediately to the third. I invited her out, gave her two choices, but didn’t offer tonight… even though I don’t have a date for tonight… tried to lean back a little bit… not smoother her (or this seduction) with over-eager energy. She said she’ll get back to me about Sunday vs Tuesday. We’ll see.

I hit the street, and had an hour and a half before my wing met me, so I did a bunch of approaches on my own. Two numbers for the day. My favorite girl was a new Thai Girl (we’ll give her a better name later if I get her out), great interaction, one of the number closes. She’s young and quite beautiful.

The set of the day was actually a different girl… a little, somewhat plain Korean girl, here on the tail end of business trip, staying in this city for two more nights before she goes home. Very cute. Totally charming, fresh, energetic, funny… I liked her.

She opened great and was a lot of fun. As I said, I don’t have a date for tonight, so I start checking her logistics. When I ask what she is doing tonight, she says, “well, it’s interesting… I was sad because I am here alone and don’t know anyone… but a different boy just introduced himself, said he likes Korean food, so we are having dinner tonight.”

Ahh! Another daygamer already opened her! And closed her. Are you reading this?? I was cursing you, bro.

So I ask what time, and she says 6:30, so I say we should have a drink at 10. I’m trying to steal his buying temperature. Unlikely to work out, but it was all I could do as I have a date with Firecracker tomorrow, which is this Korean girls last night in town. I took her WhatsApp. We connected.

We’ll see.

Here are the rest of the sets:

Nov04:

1. This is the Korean girl… set of the day.

2. Asian girl, big boobs. Suspicious, but warmed up. Walked with her a bit and ejected… didn’t feel like magic.

3. The new Thai girl… she is charming. She told me her name, and I learned from the other Thai girl that most Thai girls have nicknames, and this one confirmed it, saying they don't call each other by their long names in Thailand. Here getting her masters in International Business. Number closed her. She is beautiful, great skin, perfect smile, sparky eyes. She is exciting.

4. Blowout… wouldn't look at me.

5. A beautiful little Asian girl I have opened before, apparently. I could see something in her face, and I asked if we'd met before and she said yeah… I said, "Tell me about it," she said "last week." I told her this might happen again, and to just say "hi" next time.

6. Another blowout, wouldn't acknowledge me.

7. Lovely Asian girl, engaged.

8. Very cute Asian girl with a squeaky voice… I could feel she was about to say "but…" And she did. She was on her way to meet her BF for dinner. Good for her.

9. Japanese girl… She was robotic and odd as we talked so I excused myself.

Viva daygame.

First Date with Virgin Girl

Nash · 4 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Ahhhh… That was a great experience. I'm in this for experiences.

I picked her up this week, on Tuesday. I ran a monster day of a approaching, picked up a few leads, and had a great time. She is one of two teenage girls I talked to that afternoon*.

That is not my target age group, but they were both interesting moments. This one is more young than cute, but definitely both. And at 19… of course this is an unusual experience for me, a unique blend of a space where I am comfortable (as a man that has a lot of experience with girls, in many ways she was no different) and elements that show me this is an edge for me (as she is out of my comfort zone because of her age).

And now that I know she is a virgin, of course the flavor is a bit richer.

I was going to take this girl on a daytime date… psychologically, as she is much younger, I thought I'd start there. Currently, I don't think there is any such thing as what we think of as a "good girl." But, as she is 19, I can't guarantee she has "seen it all." In this case, she has seen almost nothing. I won't deny that the sweet girl is potentially venomous (I'm sure she has her own power), but I am intentionally being a little less aggressive with her.

Anyway, we negotiate the date, and as I have some time in the near-term, I throw "dinner tomorrow" into some options for her. She skips the distant day date, and takes an asap date at night. Okay, good. So much for a the daytime date.

I meet her exactly where I picked her up, and take her off down the sidewalk, chatting about her day in school. She is in college, like most of the girls I've dated lately, but most of my dates have been mid-20s Asian girls here for art school or language classes. This one graduated highschool 3 months ago. On the YHT spectrum, she is certainly young and chaste, if not particularly hot or beautiful.

The date was for ramen (at a place I have taken a lot of girls), and for some reason she had to be home by 8. Turned out that she had plans to play some online video game with a friend in China. She spends a lot of time Skyping and We-chating with other Chinese people. I love the details of her life. This is all interesting to me.

We set up a quick date for noodles with a hard stop at 8 PM. Just in case… I had my place ready, Cheesecake Trap was set, I even had condoms in my pocket (I bought a carrying case after I missed a lay with Miss NYC)… but I expected a quick simple date, and it was that.

She was cuter than when I met her. Really not as cute as I want to be dating, but she made my cock hard over and over on the date. No girl has ever done that to me before — all without being overtly sexual. She was dressed for the date in girly pants and a gauze-like top – she was trying to look good. I am imagining some influence from her mom, as her style is mature, high-quality clothes, a little on the conservative side. Her thick, dark hair halfway down her back. Very feminine. Perfume. And she seemed very happy to be on the date… and surprisingly comfortable.

She came here from near Shanghai. She is from a wealthy family, her mom is doctor and her dad owns a design company that does props for special events. She came to the US at 15 for high school. She just graduated and is in art school here in the city. Most of her friends are at east coast schools. She has had one BF, long distance in China, saw him 4 times a year. I accused her of having kissed 20(!), 30(!!) or 50(!!!) guys… she giggled and said she has kisses 4 boys. I believe that.

> "I am curious, so I'll ask… are you a virgin?"
> — Nash

She has never had sex. She is not that curious about it, so she says. Many of her friends have "found the right guy"

and had sex and it was “ehhhhh.” That’s what she has heard. I asked if she’s had sexual dreams and she said, “I dreamed I kissed my favorite movie star recently.” Forgive me for not having more details, you know I love to ask these things with women, but I felt like I had seen a lot of what she had to show… which was not much.

I asked when I picked her up if she was used to older men approaching her and she laughed and said no. So tonight I was more open than usual to taking to her about my age. And she guessed “are you already 30?”, and I said, “much older, I’m twice your age.” I felt solid about that, still do. She didn’t blink. Cool.

Conversation was good. She is young, but smart and the whole adventure is about the experience of her and the world through her eyes. She delivered on that. I had a great time being with her.

She was feminine and adorable at every turn. She dips her shoulder and runs her fingers over and over thru a lock of hair. She laughs often and easy. She covers her mouth in a very cute way. Little flushes of embarrassment. Takes compliments extremely well… seems to really love each one.

I asked her why she likes me. (Which I’ve never done before.) And it was a few things, but all I remember was her saying she likes it when people tell her she’s pretty. Of course she does. And she got so fem when she said it. That was amazing to see. I inspired that moment. I was inspired by that moment. She’s precious.

So I told her I was not going to kiss her and she giggled some more. My reasoning for that was that I want her to know what she is getting in to. Maybe I will regret that. But given she is a young 19, I am telegraphing my intent. She loves it. Eyes popping, she was gushing. Very hot. I know she is ready to kiss me, and start some sexuality, if she sees me again. Who knows if she will?

I will try to see her again.

And I had the experience of her and the race car from NYC within 8 days, completely opposite dates, vastly different women, both from daygame. It was a good week.

Viva daygame.

* For the record, I am not interested in dating girls under 18. Not at all. I do not try. I will not try. My preferred range is 23-29. But I am experimenting and pursuing experiences, so 18+ is worth exploring when that feels right.

First and Only Date With Miss Korea

Nash · 5 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I picked her up at 3 PM… and had her on a date that night.

I was saying in my notes from yesterday that I didn't have a date for tonight. Originally I had a date with Firecracker, but she moved it to Saturday. I had a date with Miss Sincere for Sunday, but she canceled. I am trying to hustle a date with Miss Freckles for Sunday or Tuesday and she hasn't confirmed yet…

Friday was wide open.

So I did some approaching and met this girl from Korea. So charming. She claps her hands enthusiastically when she is excited. Her face is very expressive, her little eyebrows almost permanently cocked into this emotive caring gesture. Little pony tail. Totally lovable girl.

Maybe 23? I know I am on a "hot streak," and it won't necessarily last… but this is so common for me now, I don't really notice anymore. She never asked my age. 20 years younger than me (if my guess is right). Yes to all this.

And this is the girl that got closed by another guy (she is the "set of the day"), same day, right before I picked her up. He locked her down for dinner, but I pressed for a drink after that. She was somewhat open to the idea. I took her WhatsApp, made sure we were connected there and went back to hunting.

> NASH: Don't get too busy tonight… I want to see you again… before you go back to Korea and break my heart.
> HER: U r the Strangest stranger i've met kkkkkkk
> NASH: Not strange…
> NASH: So charming.

And later:

> NASH: I am meeting a friend for a drink, but I am free at 10? Where are you staying?
> HER: Im staying at XYZ. I think it's a bit late. Feel bit tired.
> NASH: I know I know
> NASH: But its Friday… Your last Friday in the US. You need adventure and experience.
> NASH: Let's do 9:30… I'll pick a place near you.
> HER: Lol okay, then pick a place near me and let me know

I was actually out for an unplanned drink with an ex of mine (those big fake boobs felt great as we hugged and I was tempted to make out again) as all these logistics were coming along. I finish that up and race home, eating in the Uber to save time. Quick clean up of me and the place and I race back out to meet her.

She is on time. Wore the same cute, but non-sexy outfit she had on when I picked her up. She is warm and easy to be with right away. We order drinks and I make her sit next to me… a little resistance there, but she complies.

And then I had a nice hour and a half with a pretty young girl.

I asked about her dinner date, telling her that I'm curious about how that guy handled himself. Did he tell her he liked her? Make any moves? No… seemed uneventful as she commented. He was younger than her and had just broken up with a different Korean girl. Meh.

I get into some of my usual stuff. She had sex for the first time at 21. A BF she had been with for 3 months, sex was not good. 2nd lover was better, sex was better. I didn't press this one for how she likes to come. Like all Asian girls (it seems) she is excited about strip clubs… And would pick a tall blonde with big boobs if she had her choice. She

said I am the first “stranger” with whom she has ever talked about this kind of stuff.

I am noticing now that she called me “stranger” twice in this little affair. That’s a clue to her mindset.

There was one “happy accident” (…Yohami concept) where I was trying to demonstrate something like calibration for her. I had been talking about how other men make or don’t make their moves, and I wanted to demo calibrating after a girl rejects the kiss. This is all an excuse to kino her and make her think about kissing me. So I tell her what I’m trying to do, and tell her to pull away when I try to kiss her… but she doesn’t understand, so I move in for the kiss and she just sits there happily… foreshadowing later in the night, as we’ll see, but I didn’t see it then.

I had a ticket to a club to go dancing. I was happy to ignore that if I could get her home. So after 11 PM rolls around , I made my offer:

> NASH: Do you like cheesecake?

Ha. My usual offer of cheesecakes and cute cats. I think I said she’d definitely get kissed.

I still like the sound of that. You know why… because we both know my place is about sex, and I think the classic benefits of “plausible deniability” (which I totally agree with) are outweighed by the falseness of bullshitting each other about that. I think when I sometimes threaten to “lick a girl everywhere,” I am, in fact fucking up the seduction. But when I say “you’ll definitely get kissed,” some deniability goes out the window, but not all of it. And the congruency and realness of telling her she will get kissed is treating us both like adults. Ahhh… that’s my theory.

In this case, she does not jump in my offer. So I say, okay, I’ll walk you back to your hostel… which happens to be on the way to where the club is that night.

I am walking her along, and I move her up onto the curb to get her out of traffic, and say, “come here,” give her a little kiss. She takes it very well. Next block, real kiss. I tell her to open her mouth for me, she does, and she is great kisser.

I want to add that I have been “rejected” a lot lately. I am clearly having the best month of my entire life with girls, but it has included a lot of “no” in terms my advances. Even though I have fucked Firecracker twice, she still won’t kiss me. Online girl wouldn’t kiss me either… nor fuck me. Miss Shanghai didn’t kiss me, and left my place very soon after. Miss Sincere wouldn’t kiss me, and has since shut me down. This is a “high quality” problem, and yet… that is a lot of “no.”

So when this little one kissed me with no issues… felt fucking great.

We get to her hostel and we’re across the street making out… she is delicious. I try a couple more times to get her to come home with me. She talks about her safety, I agree with her, tell her I’m proud of her for taking good care of herself, and that my place is safe and very comfortable (which it is), and try the cake/cats bait some more… but it’s not happening.

One more kiss and I disappear into the night. I met her 8 hours earlier. Solid little date/makeout. Not bad.

Later that night:

> HER: Kkk thanks giving me a totally new experience! Have a good night!

You are so welcome, you adorable little thing.

….

I hit the club and it was a great night to dance. There is a 5-pack of great girls, all can dance, all are reasonably cute, some are hot… I vibe off their group off/on all night. I have 0 game when I am out dancing… smoking pot is part

of that routine and I can't game when I'm high. I wish I would have "friended" them… Would be fun to dance with them again.

…..

Viva daygame.

Tests... and Firecracker Becomes a Lover

Nash · 8 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Yesterday as I went thru my day, I had the strangest feeling. Took me a minute to figure out what is was… "Oh, I'm not horny, for a change." Yeah, that was it. And I wasn't horny because… because I had another round of great sex with Miss Firecracker to settle me down.

She still won't kiss me… but even with that, she is one of the best lovers I've ever had at this point. She is so physically responsive. Gasping at every touch. She is multi-orgasmic. Very passionate girl with a beautiful, smooth, soft little body. An ass I could eat with a spoon. A delicious lover.

I was getting a lot of "no" from the girls in the tornado last week… including from Firecracker – who happens to be the girl I like the most. She is so sharp, so fresh, so quick, I am crushing on her pretty hard, despite all the other action and ups and downs in my life.

I hadn't seen her for a week+, as she shut me down for a date last weekend. Saying she was exhausted from her school deadline… and that she wanted to "do nothing." I made good use of my time with Miss NYC and Miss Sincere, time with several other girls, but I did miss her. She is my favorite right now.

As I go to set up this date, she shuts me down again… or at least properly tested me.

Here is that exchange:

> NASH: Hey… Tell me when you're free this weekend.
> NASH: I want to see you.
> HER: Never

I mentioned elsewhere I took the battle offline for a minute, and hit up Yohami for some advice. I told him I had a couple of ideas, one of which was to just plow over that objection, and give her the plan as if she said yes. Yohami cleaned that up some more and I took his advice.

Here's how we came back at her:

> NASH: "Never" means Friday.
> NASH: Drink, dinner, chocolate.
> NASH: Ummmm… Chocolate cake.
> NASH: 7…

I have a tendency to "tussle." Yohami is working to cure me of that, as it's obviously not productive. I like this angle… no fighting, just leading toward a space that would make us both happy.

Her response was very interesting.

> HER: It's nice to hang out with you. But I feel like i am cheating on my bf
> HER: Makes me can't enjoy the chocolate cake session
> HER: That's why I can't suck your dick.

This is not her being a pain in that ass… that is very different type of comment vs "never" above.

> NASH: You're being real with me right now… And I appreciate that.
> NASH: Thank you.

I am trying to understand this “punish” vs “reward” thing. I think I am getting better at rewarding appropriately. I am also trying to use rewards to threadcut away from topics that won’t help the seduction. That’s what I was trying to do here.

> NASH: Let’s meet at 7. We’ll have a good time together… We can talk more then.
> HER: :)
> HER: I don’t know. Being real is somehow a kind of respect

This… felt like her surrendering some. And I really appreciate this. There is no fight here… she’s being real. I alluded to all this in a previous post, but this is what I was talking about. There is some game going on in this exchange. And some romance.

> HER: Okay
> HER: Where.
> HER: I don’t want to be late again
> NASH: Okay, good.
> NASH: Let me think about what might be fun to do and I’ll get back to you.

Wow. This… is nearly a best-case scenario for me. This girl has been testing me over several dates now. I have already fucked her twice, but she never makes it easy to see her again. That “never” was a test as well… one I would have failed at other times in my life. In this case… I passed, and it lead to “checkmate,” as Sensei Yohami would say.

Thank you, Yohami… for the help here. With the text, but more so with the larger aspects of seduction. I am grateful, man.

When I got a text from her later in the week I was wondering if she was canceling… but she just needed to move the date to Saturday, which was still open so that was no problem. She is graceful and sweet about it. No attitude. I was trying set something up w/ Thai girl, but she hadn’t responded, so I messaged her and told her Saturday was taken… tried to move her to Friday… but ended up moving her to Monday… which gave me time to meet/date Miss Korea on Friday… this is what spinning plates looks like.

At another time in the week, she was asking me for artistic advice. Went fine. She was cute. Felt great. I liked her more because of it.

Date night… she shows up at my house, gives me a great little hug. She marches up stairs and we say hi to the cats, drop off her stuff and I give her two choices for what we’ll do that night. She makes her choice, and we’re off across the bridge for dinner. She’s charming. We get along perfectly. She loves my plan.

Home… and we’re sober, and I’m not sure how to get her into bed. We split a shot of tequila, but that wasn’t necessary – I know that. I say, “come here,” take her by the wrist down the hall. Should have done that from the start. Push her onto the bed. She wants to wrestle, she’s done that before (right before I fucked her the second time)… it’s cute, her version of foreplay. I win. Which is exactly what she wants. Tokyo Queen used to want to do this too… they just wanted to lose a fight to a strong man before they get fucked… very animal.

We are all just simple animals.

Then we shower and… there is delicious sex for the next hour.

All her passion. Her flawless skin. I take my time. She is doing her little intense moans and gasps… she’s pliant. I’m not sure if she came from oral (who cares, that’s all for me), but she gets off again and again from my fingers. I put on a condom and fuck her how I want to – this part is for me also. I spank her, which she loves. Beautiful.

When I am more used to this girl and can fuck her hard enough and long enough… its clear she’ll come from that

too. But for now, she is so delicious, I have to pause often, and fuck her slowly to keep from coming too quickly. Which is fine by me… it is amazing to fuck her, slowly, just like that. I milk it for pleasure. And come.

And we lay around, and then shower again, and then lay on the couch and fall sleep while a movie plays on TV. She stays the night, but it's unplanned… unspoken… which is perfect. I wake up, curled around her. She had shut the TV off. I kiss her head (not her lips, right… this girl still won't properly kiss me) and take her to bed.

It was very boyfriend/girlfriend. No… too good for that.

She was a lover that night. Maybe before she had been "a lay?" But on Saturday… she became a lover. And a very good one.

We wake up… a little too early. I leave her and get us morning drinks and snacks. When I get home, she is in the kitchen, playing w/ the cats, wearing the long yellow t-shirt I had given her, naked beneath it, with only her nerdy glasses to accessorize the shirt. She looks fucking hot.

We hang out, and chat, there's no rush. And I tell her I am going to kick her out so I can start my day, and we go back to the bedroom to find her clothes… and I want her.

I push her down and start to molest her, but she doesn't want sex. I'm turned on and make her touch me. And… she gives me an amazing handjob to finish off our morning.

I know I am the only one… but I love a good handjob. And she is generous about it, and loves the view. She says she is a very visual person… and getting to watch me come like that was hot for her.

She was very cute via text today… wishing me a good time on my trip to DC to see the Poet. She is excited about the big order of new stickers I placed this morning… I showed her the new ones… including the kinky ones, of the girl, legs spread, tied up in Japanese bondage. I can't wait to have them in my hands… the Poet and I will cover DC with nonsensical, cool, artsy-sick stickers. It'll be fun.

We end up talking about her ass a bit, and she turned it around talking about mine instead… I have a full ass for man, and she genuinely likes it.

She is a hot little lover. Fuck yeah. And so funny. The weird little karate gestures she makes with her hands to accentuates her points are… so fucking cute.

It feels on. It feels like we've both surrendered a bit. What a great pickup this turned out to be.

Believe me… I am not stopping here. But she is worth appreciating.

I don't think I'll blog about her much going fwd… I did here, mostly to showcase the text game, and to show some "lover" output from what was once a cold, street approach. It's not just about the notch for me.

Thank you, Miss Firecracker. You're a special girl.

Viva daygame.

First Time Daygame in DC || 9 more

Nash · 10 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Jesus H Christ — DC traffic is terrible and the drivers are incessantly on the horn. I live in a major US city, but DC puts us to shame when it comes to the ever-impatient and hostile horn. It's nerve wracking to be on the street here.

I ran a bunch of daygame anyway.

It's my first time here. I'm visiting my friend the Poet. Got here last night around midnight local time. Beers, pizza, sleep on the couch. We woke up and I tried to get him to relax about that little election thing. We did some work at a cafe, I left him with my computer and I set out to test my skills in a new market.

I don't know anything about this city, but it didn't matter. I asked a few questions, did about one minute of research, and headed for a shopping district to find some local girls.

I ended up on M Street in Georgetown, between the Universities. Did some laps. Talk to 9 girls. Proper session.

At first it was slow and awkward. I was a little nervous in the unfamiliar surroundings. But the first set went fine. Not great, but okay. And I'd popped my DC daygame cherry. A few more weak sets with girls I wasn't that into, and then as the sun set, and the 5 o'clock girls hit the street… it was amazingly comfortable and normal. Just like home.

I hadn't been here 24 hours yet… but I was out proving myself. 9 sets. 2 numbers. Could have done more damage, but I wanted to meet up with the Poet — we had some drinking to do — but this could have been an 15 approach day, for certain.

The greater meaning for me of all this is… I could get a local tornado going here quickly.

Daygame is a portable delivery vehicle for a player's value. Assuming you have value, you can take it anywhere, hit the streets, and you're in your element… even if you've never touched that bit of sidewalk before. And of course the girls are "new," that's a great thing about daygame… fresh girls, wherever you go.

Today was remarkably like a day at home. I doubt I'll get laid while I'm here (I flew across the country because I want to spend time with my friend), but after the little session today, I have all the proof I need that that would happen here as quickly as at home (which is not terribly quick, but I'm only getting better at this).

That's why I went out hunting today, I wanted to prove all this to myself. And I want to hit my 200 approach target before 2017… I'm getting close. And, I want to warm up for Japan… it's looking like that trip might happen.

(Baby Jesus… please let that Tokyo trip happen.)

I'm ready. No help. No experience at all in this city. And I'm out producing leads in under 24 hours. Part of that is the daygame model and part of that is obviously me. The rest would just take time and luck.

Set of the day was… the first Asian girl of the day (#4 below). Ha. There aren't as many Asian girls here as at home, but there are some. After a few white girls in a row I was genuinely happy to see this one. She was much younger than me, plain, but totally cute. She stopped, nervous, and a lot of the conversation was done at about 3-4 feet apart, as she needed a minute or two to settle down.

She blushed. I called her out on it. It was cute.

This was more practice in that extreme social savvy that daygame teaches us all. She needed me to be slow and to show her this was cool. And I did. And she settled down and we got closer as she relaxed, and… she had a conversation with an older man from another part of the world. Good deal.

I didn't close her, but this is the set where I knew my session was going to work out and the doubt disappeared. This was the set that reminded me I can do this anywhere. My skill set is portable. I am a daygamer.

I wanted at least five sets to make this feel like a real day, but the day opened up and was better than that. It was a good day… I really proved some things to myself today. I feel fantastic.

Proud daygamer. Sometimes… that's what it's about. You hit the street to game yourself.

Here are the rest of the sets.

Nov10.

1. The streets weren't that crowded, so it wasn't easy to find my first approach. White girl, Italian, but grew up in Spain. Young and reasonably attractive. She stopped, quick chat, no magic… but my DC cherry had been popped. Hell yeah. On with the show.

2. White girl, late 20s, glasses, quite attractive. Reminded me of the Yes Girl that I overgamed last summer. "I would," as my little cousin would say. When I said, "You caught my eye…," she wanted to argue. Some girls think that's the same thing as "we made eye contact." Anyway. Kind of an awkward set… I asked for some recommendations for what to do and we moved on.

3. Yoga white girl, her face was still red from the workout and her ass was amazing. Looking at her, she was clearly an undergrad… 20 years younger than me. She stopped, looked a little cautious. After a minute or so of chatting, she spit out 3 different reasons why she needed to go and I laughed and she took off. Bye yoga girl.

4. Asian girl… She was the set of the day from above. Cute girl.

5. Short white girl… she looked like she was maybe close to 30 as I got up closer. I was feeling good by this point and I starting spinning a story and she hooked. Fine girl, a little serious, complaining about the election. I didn't like her that much, but it was a strong approach and I demonstrated a lot of what I can do there. Felt good and her eyes were popping throughout the set. She loved it and thanked me for stopping her and I moved on.

6. Asian girl, kinda cute. I thought we'd had eye contact and that's part of why I was excited about the approach. I stopped her, she paused, took out her headphones, and then… blew me out. Only blowout of the day.

7. 5 PM brought out more girls and more Asian girls. This one was had an interesting face and a great body. I was guessing mixed race and I told her so… I was right. A mix of Korean and Norwegian. She loves my city and is coming to visit for a work conference in December… adventure sex possibility there, for certain. I took her number. We're texting, she's promising to contact me. I'll practice my long game and try to get her out when she's in town.

8. Short girl in a business outfit and hightops… made me laugh. As I talked to her, I was thinking she was Latin. I got the best reaction from her from probably any girl all day, she liked me and liked being picked up. If you were looking at this girl, you'd guess 25? 26? But when she smiled, the skin in her cheeks was oddly wrinkled. I can't explain that. So I was ready to cut it short, and I thanked her and turned to go, but she asked for my name so I jumped back in an flirted a bit. She was very enthusiastic about the pickup. I took a few recommendations for places to dance (she likes hiphop but is getting into deep house) and I split.

9. Young Asian girl with great energy, and some lanyards and badges around her neck. I stopped her and it took her a minute to get what was going on, but she liked it and smiled brightly. She is an intern for a new organization here. I asked where her accent was from and she said southern China and I guessed that she was Cantonese and she couldn't believe I could guess that. Little does she know I talk to 20+ new Chinese girls a week where I'm from… I'm learning a fuck-ton about China. I told her that her badges made her look like she had a lot of authority and she laughed. She had me walk with her, which I did. I gave her a sticker and number closed her as well. Fun girl. I would.

Great day. I solidly met my goals and I'm proud. My plan is to put in another round of approaches today. This is all just a drill for "away game," finding some spots, making the approaches, getting the leads that would lead to dates if I was here longer…

I'm looking forward to going out again today. Talking to girls is fun. And everyone knows, talking leads to ~~fucking~~ "dancing." And speaking for dancing, I have a date set up with Firecracker for the night after I get back home.

Viva daygame.

DC, Race and Daygame || 7 More

Nash · 12 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

It's been a wild week in the US. Much like the Krauser post, I currently see the world through daygame eyes. Nothing changed for me, not last Tuesday. But the rest of the US is all worked up — and my hippy friends are losing their minds, particularly around race. I'm in DC. That story is playing here too. And this city has more color in it than back home.

Yesterday I went to Georgetown for some daygame practice in a city I've never been to before. I didn't know anything about that part of town, but it turned out to be plush neighborhood, big name stores, very comfortable spot, high-end, much like home. Fully "gentrified." Lots of different colored faces, but all from the same social class… an affluent place, and good for pickup… for the girls that hold my interested. I was a little nervous yesterday, my first day out in DC, but that was about me in unfamiliar surroundings… not about the spot itself. Georgetown, itself, was perfect.

Today I wanted to try a different part of town. Testing new waters. Trying to drill performance in hunting grounds that were unfamiliar to me. So I tried the area around Chinatown. I heard it was crowded. Sounded like it would be worth a shot.

As the car drops me off, it feels different immediately. Mostly because there were a group of about 10 black guys, with a sound system, talking about killing white people. Like very amplified sound, over and over, about how much white people have stolen from black people and lots and lots about killing people that look like me. It was, as we said in SoCal when I was a kid… gnarly.

And this is all happening during a time when the story of race is on a hair-trigger in the US. After a year of BLM. People are scared, on both sides.

I don't feel that scared. Not in general, and not today. I just want to run game. And this is not helping my vibe. None of this is "sexy."

Again, I was a bit nervous, just because I'd never been in this spot before, and it was only my second day in DC. I decide right away that I can't pretend I'm not hearing that "kill, kill, kill the white man." No fucking way I can pretend that's not there. I have to get away from this part of town, if I want to hit on girls.

So I wander off in the most crowded direction I see away from the Black Hebrew Israelites (that's the particular flavor of "kill whitey" that was going down that day). And this part of town… is just not Georgetown. It seems to be a mostly black crowd. I don't happen to be into black girls (Pancake, you'd like DC!)… as we know, I'm into Asian girls. Almost exclusively. And it happened to be a National Holiday (Veteran's Day), so maybe the population was different that day because all the worker bees had the day off? I don't know… my first/only time in this spot. But I'm not into what I see, and this is not my "target demo." This isn't just about race, it's about socio-economic class. And I'm liking this spot less and less.

And that reminds me, I like to talk about how important segmentation is to life, and that includes game. A simple way for me to talk about this is, for instance, that "college game" is not the same as "young urban professional" game. In the first segment, a beer bong has a certain cachet and in the other, a robust 401K might serve the same purpose. So what is your segment? What segment are you in? And what segment has the girls that you like? Knowing the answers to those questions will help you plan your hunting trips.

This reminds me of a time when I went to a "block party" this summer. Hiphop, drinking, DJs. Sounded great. I thought it would a fun place to hit on girls. And the weather was warm and perfect and there were a lot of girls in skirts there… almost 80% Asian girls. Sound really good right?

No. That party was "rough." I grew up in more lower economic class situation than I live in today. That party reminded me of where I grew up, which was rough as well, but a Latin gangster version of rough. There is reason

why I don't like there anymore. That party felt like a fight waiting to happen… and sure enough, I saw three fights before I left. The first fight was between a couple of girls.

So segmentation is important. Yes, I think I have skills. Portable skills. And much of that will work in different socio-economic conditions, but not all of it. And I won't even want certain girls, even if my game could be effective there, because I'm not attracted to that socio-economic segment. It's not just which segment I am, but where my target girls are as well.

Back to DC… I want to stick around this spot and make it work. I want to show discipline. I wanted to prove that I could pickup here too… and then I realized this was a waste of my time. This spot isn't going to work. Not my segment. I don't belong here.

Tying this back to the election… this is what a lot of the vote was about. A group of people saying that one candidate or another wasn't going to create a place where they, as a voter, felt like they belonged. On a day to day basis, people have some choice, they can pack up and move to where they belong… and they've done that. And the vote reflects it. Certain locations for certain segments. The real upset comes as all segments US have to share one president. That can be uncomfortable… like me, standing around listening to "kill whitey!" in a all black neighborhood.

I took a car back to Georgetown, because I could. And it was so much better. Turned out to be a nice day. 7 sets. Everyone stopped. Long, comfortable chats on the sidewalk with these girls… all of us comfortable… in a segment that was relevant to our shared experience.

I had chosen the gentrified spot afterall. I wear Vans sneakers, black jeans, tshirts. I'm not a fancy guy, but I am selling an artsy-outlaw vibe, to a relatively highend crowd. And it works. Those segments are compatible. At least some of the time.

And I see some symbolism in my flight from that "bad neighborhood" to the prissy experience where I was comfortable.

This election has so, so many segment related battles. White vs color. Rich vs poor. Men vs women. Conservative vs progressive. I have to get in where I fit in. Understanding game is like politics in that way… what segment? What do they want? What works for them? Racial segments. Economics segments. Psychological segments. All different "puzzles."

Meanwhile, it turned out to be a good day on the street, once I found the segment that appealed to me, and where my value is real for those girls. That's the puzzle I want to solve.

And I like #5 below the best (radically feminine and beautiful Vietnamese girl, wow), but the set of the day was #7.

She was a professional woman. Asian (thank you). She stopped well, had just left a happy hour with her friends. I think she was a little buzzed, but I only know that because she said something to that extent, I couldn't tell by looking at her. She was probably around 30. Korean, from upstate NY.

We get into a nice chat. I got comfortable with her right away. As we talk, I start to sense she is compliant… maybe submissive. I could be wrong, but Yohami's coaching has me on the lookout for her "puzzle." Looking for "what she wants" in the little clues and cues in her behavior.

I was asking about what I should do for Sunday — before my plane leaves — and I don't know exactly why, but she says, "I already have plans." I didn't ask her out, but she sort of assumed it. I liked that. Maybe she assumed the date because I was really feeling the set and I had slowed down, stepped in closer to her and changed the tone of my voice to add some sex and swagger. Or maybe because she wanted it, so she imaged the invitation. I told her to cancel and come spend some time with me. And said no, but it was a weak no… I could tell she was considering it. I felt a little intimate with this woman, and fast. It was pretty hot.

This woman would sex me, if I was here longer, I can feel it. Good set. Number closed her and told her to make

time for me on Sunday… Low probability, tough logistics, but if I can score a little date I will. We've exchanged several texts… we'll see.

Daygame in DC.

Here are the rest of the sets.

Nov11:

1. Very Feminine, Asian women on "dinner break" from work. Charming and beautiful and slow. We chatted. She was very pretty, but tired. And going back to work. I asked why? And she kind of stared at me, and I said, "because you're very important." And we both smiled. As I left her, I was kicking myself for not trying to insta-date her. In some ways I'm glad I didn't try, because I made several more approaches that afternoon I wouldn't have had time for if I had been with her, but it still sounds like it would have been fun. I've never had an insta-date. Not yet.

2. She was a slightly plump, very young, delicious little white girl. I was in a great mood at this point, and I was pretty slick and confident in the pickup. She figured it out, bloomed into a big smile, and said she was sorry, but she had a BF. Good for her. Tasty little college girl, that one. I would.

3. Another little white girl. Prettier than the one above, more put together, more "mature" (but probably about the same age), and with a really great ass packed into tight jeans. Huge smile from her, full sexual vibe. Attraction… but she was drifting away. Slipping out of the reach of this dangerous, dangerous man. That was fun. Bye, hot girl.

4. Tall Asian girl with a great body. Ahh, what an ass, and a killer sexy walk. I swing around in front of her and she has really bad skin… I couldn't really tell until I got close and had already opened. If a girl has a pretty face, nice skin, and healthy hair… I would fuck her almost no matter what her body is like. But bad skin… all the rest doesn't matter, I'm done. I had already opened, and she was still figuring me out, but I finished my line, smiled, and immediately said goodbye and split. She was totally confused. That's my bad for not getting a better look at her face before I got her open. Confusing girls with great asses is not the goal of all this.

5. I was following one very young, very hot Asian girl with skirts and boots (hot Winter/Fall look for girls, I love it). I "upgraded" during the pursuit to a different Asian girl that was a little sweeter looking, probably more beautiful, maybe not as "hot." She turned out to be from Vietnam. Wow, such a near-perfect, incredibly charming, feminine one. I was in love. Great chat. She said she had to go, and for some reason, closing her felt pointless as I have no time to see this girl (even though I closed another girl later in the day)… God she was lovely. Heart-breakingly lovely girl. Wow. I wish I had taken her number.

6. Tall Chinese girl, nice body. Simple, practical, not very charming at all. Good chat… long chat… her leaning against the wall near where I stopped her. Very tempted to try to close her, but didn't really have any desire to see her again. Said goodbye.

7. This is the set of the day above. If Baby Jesus wants it to be so… maybe I'll see her tomorrow.

Viva Daygame.

New Thai Girl, Insta-Dates, Greyhound || 8 More

Nash · 15 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I am back in my city after a week in DC and I hit the streets… because that's what daygamers do. I have several dates lined up for this week, and next week I'm away for the holiday, so it would be hard to find time for new girls at this point.

But… I have two reasons to hunt anyway. 1. I live to hunt, and it's good for me as a man. And 2. The New Thai girl I picked up was supposed to meet up tonight but she canceled. Which means, I was open to a "same day date," which is increasingly realistic to me at this stage of my game. It didn't happen… but it's on the menu, and I know it.

Anyway, I was out on the street when I got the text with the New Thai Girl canceling for tonight…

> NEW THAI GIRL: Oh I'm so sorry… so stressful right now. I don't think I can make it today. I have too many stuffs to study for tomorrow final exam. Truly sorry.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck.

Why do I care? The tornado is still spinning, but it has been about two months since my last notch (NYC girl does not count). I have been dating a lot and enjoying it, but it's been little uphill lately. Some canceled dates, some rejections, some shit logistics, I am fighting a little bit of a cold… it all feels a bit low ROI right now.

I set up this date right as I landed on Sunday night (right in and between picking up Miss Researcher). New Thai Girl was funny and fun via text. I passed some tests. It was on, or so it seemed…

After some ping texts:

> NASH: Do you like Ramen??
> NEW THAI GIRL: Yes :)
> NASH: Come have ramen with me on Tuesday night…
> NASH: I know a great spot.
> NEW THAI GIRL: Oh really, where is it?
> NASH: You only get one clue…
> NASH: It's in the [neighborhood]
> NASH: Meet me on Tuesday, and I'll take you there. 7:30???
> NASH: I can show you a new part of town.
> NEW THAI GIRL: Should I be scared? [emoji]
> NASH: Ha!
> NASH: Well, I am a little bit dangerous… but not while I eat Ramen.
> NEW THAI GIRL: Hahahahahaha
> NASH: (Pic of a dog eating noodles)
> NASH: ^ me
> NEW THAI GIRL: How can you find those pictures? Lol
> NASH: I took that one last time I had ramen… It's a selfie.
> NASH: :]
> NEW THAI GIRL: Ohhh right. So you are a pitbull who has 2 cats :/
> NASH: Yeah!
> NASH: I'm not too dangerous… Not even my cats are afraid of me.
> NEW THAI GIRL: Actually I have team meeting after class and I'm not sure when I'm gonna finish.
> NEW THAI GIRL: So… I will tell you on Tuesday then.
> NASH: Let's say hi on Tuesday

> NASH: Sleep good, School Girl

See her put in that “maybe” regarding the team meeting conflict? Girls… always preserving ambiguity. Slippery creatures.

I texted today, confirming the time in an attempt to “assume the sale” and solidify the date. No reply for hours… we know that is not ideal.

This girl is young, smart, and very cute. We have a lot of text time, some of which was decent game on my part. She seems like a good investment… but she is getting stale.

I don’t like a big delay from pickup to date… After only 5 minutes or so together in person, the strength of the connection on the sidewalk is tenuous. I bet this one is gone.

I have another one that slipped away yesterday… Miss Freckles. I liked her, but we had a big delay from pickup to date (she canceled once)… it’s been 2 weeks… I think she’s gone too.

Part of this is having too many girls in the pipeline. You get booked up with dates and a little bit of non-game stuff and you have no time to fit them in and the process is frustrated. You go too fast and you look thirstier than you are, when you’re just trying to juggle logistics. They go stale… missed opportunities.

I like both of the ones that I lost this week, very cute girls.

> Daygame giveth. And daygame taketh away.
> — Nash

Meanwhile… I have never had an insta-date. Once, years ago, but not from proper daygame. I know I should try that at some point. Today, I tried for two different i-dates. With Miss Flight Crew (#4) and with Miss Shandong (#8). No go, on both. I don’t know that i-dates will help my game, but I like the “immediate access” part, and the potential for same day lays.

The set of the day was neither of those two. The set of the day was a proper “8.”

I rarely talk about the number scale — I like the “I would” or “I wouldn’t” scale. But this was a proper 8, like most guys would aspire to… perhaps what Krauser would call a Greyhound.

> “Bhodi has his little theory about these types of girls – greyhounds, I think the term is. Girls who have:
>
> .
>
> 1. Beautiful proportions mixing long legs, good height but also real curves
> 2. Intelligence and a well-rounded education
> 3. Social and physical grace
> 4. Always an 8 or better”
>
> .
>
> — Krauser

Ahhh, I guess I should credit Bodi. Whatever. That’s Krauser’s term, in popular usage.

She is an 8 in a world where I barely think 9s exist and 10s are pure fantasy — that’s how the number scale works for me. I date 7s, and am perfectly happy with that. Miss NYC had the body of an 8, but was probably still a 7. She is clearly one of the hottest girls I’ve ever dated.

The Greyhound was probably 26? About 5’7″/5’8″. Light colored hair, up in a bun on her head. Barbie-like proportions, with thin legs leading to nice wide hips (with an alluring thigh gap), and a tiny waste. Really excellent

walk, hand out to the side, super feminine… that's what drew me in.

And she was even better once I had her stopped. Graceful and lovely, in every way. Smooth and slow. Well mannered and complimentary. Nearly flawless.

I wasn't intimidated, but the quality was easy to recognize. If you know me, you'll know she's not really my type. Most of the London-style daygamers go to FSU countries specifically to find this type of girl. I… go to Tokyo, that's where my girls are. Or my nerdy-cute Firecracker, she is not the typical standard of beauty at all, but is my kind of perfect. However, I opened this one because I knew she was a high quality girl, and because I like to test myself with girls that are outside my comfort zone, and because… you never know.

Anyway… she was remarkably graceful, but I could hear a bit of "but" in her voice, and in response to one of my questions, she let me know she lives in a nearby city… with her boyfriend. She said it reluctantly, but I think that was more about her being considerate of my feelings than it was about wanting to be available to me. Okay, cool. I told her that I was definitely hitting on her, so I was going to let her go. She told me I had a "really great presence." Who knows how sincere that was, she is such a charmer, she could be smooth like that even if she wasn't interested at all.

She is the classic "CEO's wife:" Trophy hot, but feminine and refined, high value and looking to be swept off her feet by the "Leader of Men" type. Pancake and I were talking about her type of guy and he said the redpill guys call that kind of guy "Chad." Yeah, this girl dates Chad. She is a solid-solid 8. I approached her and ran decent game. I'm proud of that.

But nerdy, random Chinese girls are as much of a prize for me… make my cock just as hard, if not harder. To each his own.

Here are the rest of the sets:

Nov15.

1. Young, beautiful Asian girl, with a backpack. Maybe Filipina? No accent, she was American. She was suspicious, didn't know what I wanted, even said so. She said she was in a rush, I offered to walk with her, she declined. Very cute girl, she got my day started, but she didn't hook.

2. This is the set of the day from above… the Greyhound.

3. Tall Chinese girl… barely any English. Let her go.

* I think I saw Miss Virgin about here in my day… She hasn't retuned any of my texts since our date. I see her on the street all the time. Oh well.

4. Lovely Chinese girl, works for an airline. Weak hook, but she chatted. Tried for an idate. Tried for dinner… Took her Line. We've messaged a bit.

5. Blowout… I think I've hit on her before.

6. Asian girl, big headphones, packpack. Nice girl. BF.

7. Beautiful Asian girl. Short bob haircut… Smiled but wouldn't stop.

8. Chinese girl, from Shandong. Opened her about her slow walk… she popped open. Nice chat. Tried to move her out of the flow of traffic, and she wanted to keep walking… But she lingered so I took that as an invite to walk with her. 2 blocks later, I tried to idate her. Nope. Went to number close and she said she had a BF… "Sort of seeing someone." I played with her about that for a minute and then let her go.

Viva daygame.

Masturbation Starvation Diet

Nash · 16 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

This is an explanation for a reference I've been making in my posts here and there… about my "Masturbation Starvation Diet."

> "Oh yeah, guys… and stop masturbating."
> — Some pickup coach, circa 2007

I have heard that a few times as I have studied game over the years, but I think the first time was back in 2007. Maybe in one of the early David D'Angelo products? And I remember thinking it was a crazy idea.

But the tone of voice of the guy that said it… was so certain. Like he knew the way, was happy to show me, but he also knew I wouldn't listen. I think that's why I still remember that line. I could tell he was right by the sound of his voice. I bet that guy was actually good with girls.

Of course I dismissed the idea. At the time, I don't think I'd gone more than 2-3 days since I was a teenager without either having sex, getting myself off, or both. Of course I wasn't going to quit.

And if I did, how could that have much of an effect on my game? Truth is, most men will never know, for the same reasons I didn't even consider a wank-reduction until much later. Most guys never take a break, and they never find out why it might be helpful.

So a few years ago, before I was a daygamer, I was running game… but I went thru a period where I wasn't getting laid at all. I was doing my best – night game, social circle, meeting girls in cafes – but I was wondering if there was anything else I could do? How could I take the next step, in terms of commitment?

So I cut off the self-serve orgasms. And something ~~fappened~~ happened…

I got fucking horny. Noticeably so.

It doesn't really happen right away. For me, now, it's at about the 3-day mark without an orgasm… and I start to feel motivated. Highly, highly motivated.

That's the whole point of this post:

> If you take a break from jerking off every day, you may well find an ancient and pure form of motivation that will empower your hunt. In my experience, being desperately horny is good for your game.
> — Nash

The "motivation" feels remarkably like when a girl I am already with would turn me on… that desperate need to fuck and get off. That lazer-focus on sex. It's like that… but more persistent. For instance, hard cock all night long. I wake up grinding my teeth and ready to fight. Deeply masculine experience.

This actually makes me less focused on the rest of life… but much more focused on game, girls, and sex.

And to keep with the theme of realness in this post, I still watch porn – I just don't orgasm. I realize this is a colossal waste of time, but I still like it. If I wanted to try to justify "porn without orgasm," I could say that the porn exacerbates the horniness even further — and that is true. But watching naked Japanese girls in the throes of ecstasy is the stuff of dreams for me… No justification needed.

Anyway…

I have been using this "technique" for years, off/on. And I thought I was the only one. And then I read Riv's really excellent interview with Thomas (of TD Daygame) and he said something very similar. I couldn't believe it.

> “And it’s so much easier to approach girls when you don’t masturbate.”

And…

> “And I also found out that on a dry spell I can become disinterested with sex at all… you can try to jump-start your sexuality with some porn.”
> — Thomas, from Riv’s Interview

I wouldn’t say it’s “easier” when you don’t jerk off every day… being pent up won’t cure your AA… but it might give you the motivation to go hunting when you otherwise wouldn’t. And it could very well change your approaches in a qualitative sense… lazer focus, more sexuality, more sex-worthy vibe.

So it’s about intent. And about being more interested in women than your own hand. If you back off the self-love, you will get properly hungry. It’s good discipline (which is a big part of inner game). And once your hunger motivates you, you’ll be ready to do what needs to be done, and to do so with some masculine force.

This isn’t a moral thing, it’s just a practical step toward becoming more “dangerously” potent. I still get myself off once in a while, but not if I have a date in the next day or so, or if I want some extra focus for number farming or night game… being pent up helps my intent.

Okay… on with the show.

Viva daygame.

Pancake, Thai Girls, Flakes || 10 More

Nash · 17 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

It was supposed to be a date night, and I'm way behind on work, so I was going to cool it today. But last night Pancake commented on one of my posts referencing going out today, and I decided that if I heard from him I'd go out… And we did. Girls were hit on. It was cool.

Quick shout to the Pancake — nice work today, man. When I left you were 12+ approaches deep. Solid. There is a good vibe rolling with you. It was a pleasure.

The backdrop of the day was the date with Thai Girl (OG Thai Girl… not the new one). I think we've been out 4 times… The last time was about 9 days ago, and she was getting sick, so quick dinner, that was it. I pinged her yesterday and she told me she was very sick, skipped school all week… So I checked today, and she wanted to put off the date. Walls of text, saying she missed me. I believe her.

> NASH: How you feeling this morning??
> THAI GIRL: I took cold medicine It make me sleep all day ?
> THAI GIRL: I have no vice at all ??
> THAI GIRL: so Can I meet you on Next week any time I think we will have more fun ?
> THAI GIRL: so sorry
> THAI GIRL: miss you but so sick have 0 energy Can not even talk very sore thro
> THAI GIRL: at !!! ??

She likes me… but I still have not had sex with her. Grrrrr. Some of this is logistics. Some of this me. I read Roy Walker… and he is getting laid. I have work to do.

And that's two canceled dates with Thai girls alone this week. New Thai girl canceled Tues. This one canceled for tonight. (And Firecracker canceled for Monday, as she was on her period… but that is rescheduled for tomorrow.)

That's a lot of let-down for a daygamer to process — fucking with my vibe a little. But to be honest… only a little. As I type this, I think a week of holidays will fuck the girl tornado further still, but I am feeling rather confident with the potential of game right now.

If this tornado settles down… I will inspire a new one. I am increasingly secure in that idea.

> "Girl tornadoes are not born… they are made."
> — Nash

Daygame = opportunities on demand.

10 more today. Some good sets. It was fun. Part of that was Pancake's momentum and good attitude. Part of it was being up close and personal with young, attractive girls. Part of that is that I love to hunt.

And the 3rd Thai girl in this story was one from today's hunting. Well, I assumed she was Thai and I was right — I am getting some southeast Asian experience to add to what I know of "The Big Three" (Japan, Korea and China). She was little, with cute style and shiny black hair. Maybe 28?

She stopped easily, but stared without speaking for a time, and I asked her if she understood me. She smiled, showing some comfort and experience, and said "yes," but with a look in her eyes that told me she was trying to decide if I was crazy.

But things flowed well from there. She is here visiting for a month in the US, been all over the country, and it was her last night it this city. Ummm, #adventuresex potential.

She was confident and knowing. A strong girl. We chat for a bit, and I try to close for a same-night drink. And she stared at me, slow and edgy (I like this girl, I thought…), and she says “are you serious?” Yes, I say. Solid as fuck. She rejects the idea, and I roll through, tried again, ” No. We talk here and that’s it,” she said, with a big smile, very matter of fact. Solid as fuck. Touche.

Ha… She was great. She had dinner plans with a friend (not a BF, I asked), so I vibed a bit longer and I ejected. Fun approach.

But the set of the day was actually one of Pancakes sets, because it encapsulated why daygame is not, in fact, all about “the grind.”

She was a young blonde girl. He spotted her body, but hadn’t seen her face. As she was stuck at an intersection, I stepped out to take a look at her face and gave Pancake the thumbs up – she was cute by my standards. He approached… She super hooked.

I don’t remember all the details — and perhaps Pancake will add his thoughts in the comments — but he told me that she started laughing immediately. That she was fun. And athletic.

> “It was one of those approaches that makes you feel like you’re walking on air.”
> — Paraphrase of Pancake’s comment after that set

Oh… I know what you mean. It’s been very good to be out lately. I’m loving it.

Here are the rest of the sets:

Nov17.

1. Tall, skinny, Chinese, beautiful…wasn’t having it. Okay. Later, Beautiful.

2. Indian girl, renting a bike. Pancake didn’t like her, guessed her as fobby… I approached. Up close she was neither cute nor fun… at least it was over quickly.

3. Short, Asian girl, great ass… saw her ring as I opened, asked if she was married… she did a quick disgust face, then a big smile, I told her I was going to let her go and I walked off.

4. Tall, beautiful, Chinese girl… stopped, cute, not really a solid hook… took her number but it was a weak close. Msg’d her. No response.

5. Tall, big butt, maybe 30? I liked her more and more as I approached, she turned me on. She stooped, was a touch suspicious, circled around me but was still looking at me, and then she blushed, and I could see her considering me, then I could see her write me off, I asked her to stop, she was leaving, I called her out for blushing and she was gone. Poof!

6. Chinese girl w/ a roller bag. Nervous, said she had to go, I let her be.

7. My confident Thai girl from the story above… I liked her.

8. Short, cute, dark hair, all black clothes… Pancake wasn’t interested so I went after her. She popped open and I could tell she liked the stop. She is originally from Afghanistan. As we started to chat, she was all one-word answers. Almost comically so. It was not charming… so I thanked her and split. Some girls have no game.

9. Asian girl, glasses, very kissable lips. I told her there was something interesting about her, and she said “what?,” and I said I didn’t know… And it was pretty on. She was one of those girls that stands just inches away from you — I love those girls. She blushed, I told she was blushing, then I blushed. She lives in nearby city, which is not ideal… and she was in a hurry so we walked together and the magic fizzled for me, I felt lazy suddenly, so I said goodbye and split. She looked a bit confused, and I don’t blame her… But I know these girls will go stale before I’m back from the holiday and can work them into the rotation, and this one wasn’t worth the chase.

10. Odd looking but attractive little Asian girl. Got right in front of her, she looked right through me… she kept going. Bye, Odd/Pretty One.

And so I begin a 10-day break from daygame. I'll miss it… today was a lot of fun.

Thanks again to Pancake… great to be out hunting with you.

Viva daygame.

First Date with Miss Researcher || Attraction Switches

Nash · 21 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

She was on my plane back from DC. I was window, she was aisle.

She is Chinese. Late 20s… Maybe 29? Plain, glasses, jeans and tshirt kind of girl, excellent body and stimulating smile. As she was getting adjusted, we made eye contact several times. Clear IOIs. As she lifted her bag up to the space above her seat… a precious inch of belly was exposed and she had my full attention. More eye contact… and then an 50+ Asian woman sat between us, like a chaperone, and the magic was dampened for the length of the flight.

More eye contact and smiles as we de-board. As she is on the aisle, she has a headstart as we leave the plane, but… she lingers as she pulls her bag toward the terminal. This is a girl running game… intentionally being the slow one, in the back of the herd, hoping the lion catches her. So I do. Sinking my fangs into her thigh and dropping her into the tall, Sahara grass. My first taste of her.

I open her "indirect" but the chemistry is obvious by now. She is arriving at "home," having just moved here from Virginia, where she was for the weekend, picking up some of her stuff (or so she said). I lead her toward the baggage area, chatting a little. She is not super-hot or beautiful, but I am already very interested, nice genetic-tug and great chemistry. We're at a full boil as we get to the claim area and it's time for me to go. So I tell her I want to see her again and she closes easily. I feel the tornado pulse with new energy.

I text a bit when I get home to cement it (mixing texts between her and the New Thai Girl).

I lay off for a couple of days and then we have this exchange via text:

> NASH: Hey Pretty Girl… Happy Tuesday.
> NASH: You're on my mind today…
> MISS RESEARCHER: Hey glad to hear from you. hope you had a happy and nice day so far. Thanks for thinking about me, …but I have a boyfriend already :)
> NASH: Oh.
> NASH: :]

Ahhhh…

See. Here we have yet another one. Fully flirting and baiting me on the plane. Wanting to be caught as we arrive. Very sexy, enthusiastic close. And now… now… now, suddenly, she remembers the boyfriend. Of course, I don't take it seriously.

I do not target girls in relationships… but at least 50% of the girls I date are involved with someone. And they rarely if ever tell me right away. At least this one told me before the date. Or before the makeout. This is what girls are like. At least from a player's POV.

(Although, I do think there could be something unique to daygame that opens these girls to us. The bold approach… I'm still working this out. But girls with boyfriends… bread and butter.)

I like girls more and more as I get to know them. I don't really "trust" them, in the sense of loyalty, but I love them. They're incredibly interesting to me. The running around on their boyfriends included.

But no… no, I don't want to be the boyfriend anytime soon. I have first-hand knowledge of what happens when the boyfriend is not looking… and it's no Disney movie, my friends.

> MISS RESEARCHER: Sorry…
> NASH: Don't be sorry.

> NASH: I can tell you like me… even if you have a BF.

I don't know if I like that comment… but it felt right at the time. It could either help crush her frame… or start an argument. In this case, it was fine.

> NASH: Where does he live??
> MISS RESEARCHER: He is in Virginia.
> NASH: Yeah, okay.

Okay… no problem. On with the show.

> NASH: Thank you for telling me…
> NASH: But I still like you.
> NASH: It's your fault, actually…
> MISS RESEARCHER: Thank you for liking me :)
> NASH: Its that's smile…
> NASH: I can still see it.
> NASH: And you were very cute when I took your number…
> NASH: All very attractive to a man like me.
> MISS RESEARCHER: Thanks, hope these little moments can brighten your day :)
> NASH: Haha

She really loved the number close at the airport. It was all over her face. I loved it too. It was hot chemistry.

And she is loving this exchange. She is loving being hunted. She wants to get caught.

> NASH: Okay… Well…
> NASH: You are new to the area…
> NASH: So "inexperienced"
> NASH: Come into the city on Saturday…
> NASH: I'll take you on a little adventure…
> NASH: 4 PM.
> MISS RESEARCHER: Thanks for the invitation. It is tempting, but maybe it is not such a good idea for me to see you ;)

Token resistance. She is literally winking at me in that text.

> NASH: :]
> NASH: You are so cute.

"Everything they do is cute."

> NASH: Well… How about this…
> NASH: No matter how much you "beg," I won't give you a tour of… My bedroom. :]
> NASH: It's very nice… I have a great painting I did in my room… But you won't see it on Saturday.
> NASH: This will be a safe little adventure…
> NASH: We'll have fun, I'm sure… But if you don't like it, you don't have to talk to me again.
> NASH: :]
> NASH: Deal?
> MISS RESEARCHER: Sorry nah.. I want to be loyal to my BF and resist you, haha.

Where did all the cute Asian girls learn this “naw” thing? I’m hearing this a lot from them. Again, the loyalty is joke… even for her.

> NASH: You’re enjoying this!!
> NASH: You’re so bad… :]
> NASH: This has nothing to do with your BF… You have a real relationship with him and I won’t get in the way of that. I respect that.

This is me going into my own “boyfriend destroyer” stuff. He’s long distance. I’m not really taking him seriously. Time to play through. I really don’t want to break them up… but I want I want a piece of her. I think it’s available.

> NASH: This… Is about a fun, rainy afternoon learning about your new city.
> NASH: How old are you? 27?
> MISS RESEARCHER: Ok ok you are right.

Oh. She’s on her back now.

> NASH: :]
> NASH: Okay… 4 PM. I’ll meet you downtown and take you to some great places… You’ll have a good time.
> NASH: And if you promise to keep your clothes on all day… I will too!
> MISS RESEARCHER: Alright sounds good. Thanks for being so nice to me.

This is my favorite kind of girl… she doesn’t even ask where I’m taking her. That’s a great sign of compliance and of her being the kind of girl that is happy to follow my lead without questions. I love it.

> MISS RESEARCHER: Lol
> MISS RESEARCHER: OK!
> NASH: I’m not nice… I’m terrible… But there was something about you that made me interested.
> NASH: :]

I do this consistently, never letting a girl set a “nice” or “sweet” frame for me. I always reframe those comments, immediately, with some disqualifying comment of my own.

> NASH: I’ll say “hi” on Saturday morning… And we’ll pick a place to meet.
> MISS RESEARCHER: Sounds good!
> NASH: Okay… Thanks for being open minded.

She loves getting caught. I am trying to set more frames of “open mindedness.” Some of this frame stuff I got from Sinn’s hero, Captain Jack. Some more recently from the Love Systems guys… more on that below.

> NASH: I’m looking fwd to some time with you.
> NASH: Have a great week!
> MISS RESEARCHER: :) same here! Look forward to seeing you! Have a great week!

Okay, done. I will take a little bit of credit for confidence and game here. I think she was a yes girl, but she acted like a maybe, and I made it happen.

She came out on the date. I had a great time with her.

Meanwhile… I love to study. And I have been listening to a lot of Love Systems stuff recently. Not because I like

them particularly… they are they direct spawn of Mystery, and a little too old school for me in some ways. But… I can't deny that many of them have real talent. Braddock is amazing. Fadar's talk on frames is fucking legendary, pure gold. He is a genius. The more I study them, they more I learn to respect their school of game. No one talks about them, but they are for real.

I listened to an interesting talk by this guy Bullet. Older dude. Older than me, even. And he mentions the "attraction switches." So just for fun… I'm going to recap my date using their attraction switches as a point of reference.

1. Looks And Health.

I am in decent shape, maybe especially for my age. My pool is closed for the month, so I have swam maybe 1 time in 20 days… that sucks, but it takes a while to fall apart, so I'm fine there. I have a fresh haircut and a decent head of hair, the grey blending with the blonde pretty well. I like my style, but it is not what most people would recommend for a dude in his 40s. I don't like mature style at all. Fuck suits. Fuck sport jackets. Triple fuck loafers and fancy watches and cigars and all that old guys shit. I said in one of my DC posts that I think I'm rocking an artsy outlaw look… all black, skate shoes, black thumb ring, leather bracelet. I club a couple nights of week because I love to dance, I'm a street artist, I've been to Burning Man 7 times… this fits my lifestyle. How I make my money and what my image is off the clock are completely unrelated. And I like my look — it's not typical and it suits me.

Check.

2. Social Intelligence

As I said in my Extreme Social Savvy post, I think daygame has really helped me here, as it's helps all of us that work consistently. And I have studied game for about 10 years now… I have learned a lot. I have also approached maybe 7000 girls at this stage of my game?? 5000+ before daygame, and 1000+ in daygame since. And I have been a student of psychology my whole life. My library is deep and properly dog-eared. I know she was impressed with my theory and "mastery topics" (another Love Systems concept, from a talk on daygame by Soul). She was very impressed with my social knowledge and we talked about those kinds of topics all night. This was the meat of the date, actually. Of course I was slick with her in personal as well.

Check.

3. Humor

I don't think I was that funny, but she saw some of this. I was funny in our text battle a bunch of times. She is very smart, a researcher at a major university, studying something about genetics. Our date was more about intellect, and she and I are well matched in terms of raw brain power. Firecracker is very smart too, but she's in fashion, and her and my relationship is much more about teasing and joking and banter and wit. Miss Researcher and I are more about dominance and theory… humor isn't as relevant, but I can do that if I need to.

Check.

4. Social Status

I took her on a great date. The same date I took Taiwanese Girl on, actually. And we went to this tea shop, because I wanted to buy some special tea, but also because I know it's a great date moment… Miss NYU took me here years ago, and I was impressed, and I've used this spot over and over since then. Anyway, the owner is a very cool, hip Chinese dude. Super funny. And he has seen me enough over the years that he recognizes me. And I pumped his status and value as I saw him, introducing him to Miss Researcher, and he gave us an amazing tasting, giving us a lot of time, attention and samples. Miss Researcher is from China, and he was speaking Mandarin, and all this is good for her too. And another couple joined us, and I roped them into the vibe, and it was slick, they bought into the frame we had set up. I was completely strung out on caffeine by the end of it, but I know this landed for her. I am slick with folks in bars and restaurants, and I'm sure I did well here.

Check.

5. Wealth

I had her meet me downtown, and I got us warmed up by talking about her day. But we quickly moved to my job, and she knows I'm a consultant. She is the type that is expert at turning the date back around on me and my life. In fact, I always talk a lot, but she got me talking about me… in a way most girls never do. Most girls know very little about me, as I talk about them most of the time. I had to work to get her to talk about herself. But with her asking about me, she got to hear about my business and I was able to mention that I'm doing well several times. Little DHVs here and there.

Check.

6. Confidence

Yeah. The approach. The close. Killing the boyfriend resistance. I'm very consistent vs my style of approach. Usually I can start relatively strong and then continue through the date. To critique myself here, Yohami would point out I miss opportunities for sex a lot… and that is a lack of vision, and a lack of confidence. So… for her, and pre-sexual close, I'm pretty strong here. But in terms of closing for sex, I have a lot of room to improve. Part of that is indeed vision… part is a lack of killer instinct.

Check.

7. Pre-Selection

She hasn't seen me around girls much. I was able to tell some stories about being with other women. I mentioned some girls that were great lovers, as part of stories about attraction and gender, which are topics I really love and know a lot about. She knows I've lived with a woman. She and I were in line for the bathroom at one point, and she was first, and while I waited for her to come out, I opened the little Asian girl behind me in line, and was chatting with her and making her laugh when Miss Researcher came out of the bathroom… I thought I spotted a bit of jealous tension in her face. I wasn't trying to make her jealous, but she did see that much of me in action with another Asian girl.

Check.

8. Congruence

I'm very congruent. I'm very real, so its easy to be congruent. The only time I think I really flinched was when she wouldn't agree to come back to my place after dinner. 1 moment. Maybe 1 minute, when I was less solid than the rest of the date. 5% flustered. I then moved us to yet another venue, our 4th of the day, light desert, and we were back on track and I was the man she's known all along.

Check.

Okay… so I think the girl was charmed. It was a great date. And I did well on the Love Systems switches, if that's any measure.

So at dinner, we're talking about power and gender dynamics — really great conversation. She is being very feminine. I have been demo'ing masculine/feminine dynamics for the last hour, and I'm on a rant about how female power is very real and not recognized, and she is resisting that idea, talking about how in the Sciences, she wishes she had more of a masculine core. And I bring up Dangerous Beauty as a movie that shows how powerful pure feminine essence can be… and I tell her I want to take her back to my house to watch it.

And she has tried to say this is just a "friends date" at least once in the adventure. And I shut that down, with a big smile, telling her I didn't care what she called it, but it was very man to woman for me. And she would accept that, and agree. I grab her by her wrists for emphasis throughout the date. I've been obviously sexual all night. She takes dominance well.

It was warm in the restaurant, but her nipples were hard enough to see them thru her bra and tshirt.

But she wouldn't kiss me. And when I said she should come back she gave me a big knowing smile and said no. That was when I got frazzled for that minute. And while we waited for the bathroom, at one point I put a hand on her upper back, and one on her chest below her neck (something I do all the time with women), and she pulled my hands away. She had boundaries.

So we're in the car now… the plan is to drop me off at my house, and then the car will take her to the train station from there.

I clear everything out between us she and I, we're sitting very close and she likes it, and I repeat the offer. That she should come to my house and we'll watch that movie, and eat cheesecake (the trap was set, as always), and pet the cats. And she says no… but the objection now is just that it is late, no mention of the boyfriend.

I purposely didn't make any sexual threats… in part because there was something about this date that wasn't like most of my recent dates (maybe because she is older, and very smart, more mature). But also as Yohami keeps kicking my ass about how I blow plausible deniably when I do that. I listened this time.

So we're about 1/2 mile from my house, and I go for another kiss. Denied again. But she's loving it. And she keeps saying, "Next time, next time."

And she's gone. And I smile and walk upstairs to my clean house, my fresh white sheets (Firecracker was in my bed that morning, but I had changed them after she left). And I have cheesecake alone and smile about another interesting experience. I have a beer and some smoke and pass out. Wake up smiling… but horny.

We texted some today… I'll see her again. I bet she'll fall. I am looking forward to fucking that girl. I have a feeling the sex will be simple, but satisfying.

But who knows… maybe she is freak? There is no such thing as a "good girl." Don't judge a book by it's cover. All lessons from this Fall.

We'll see.

Viva daygame.

Blushing Married Girl, 2 Leads || 10 More

Nash · 29 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I ended a 10 day break from daygame today. With Thanksgiving behind me, I hit the street. It was good to be out.

Last night I had yet another date with the Thai Girl, with more "high school escalation" (great makeout, she sucked my cock a bit, but no P in the V, as they say). That included a long talk about her not wanting to be "easy." She is clearly putting me in a boyfriend category, despite my constant efforts to take her clothes off since the first date. She told me she told her mom about me, that we are "not boyfriend and girlfriend, but dating." Ehhh, I want to fuck this girl, I do, but it was a great date. She is calming down, is more real, I like her more each time. I'm looking fwd to seeing her again.

With no sex and the masturbation starvation diet in full effect I am very focused on trying to fire up the girl tornado and see if some sex will fly out of it.

Lots of spinning plates.

Had 4 dates set up for this week (including a new Filipina girl I picked up on the sidewalk on Saturday, after dark, when I had a couple strong beers in me — reverse gutter game?). 2 of those dates canceled, including Firecracker (she's in finals at art school), with Miss Researcher rescheduled for Friday. Both those girls have boyfriends.

I had a very long text exchange with Miss Sincere, trying to get her out. She was true to form… very sincere. After some back/forth she said she is looking for something serious, and I am older and "Caucasian," so we likely won't get married. I agreed. I told her that she and I should date until some nice Korean boy puts a ring on it. We might be on for Saturday… but it was work. I like that girl, though… I'd love to get her out again. She's compelling.

And with all this ^… it still feels like the tornado has calmed down. Some time off for the holiday meant no new leads and the leads I couldn't get out have gone stale.

But! My trip to Japan is on!! 5 weeks in Tokyo, starting in early January. Goddammit, I am excited. Central Shibuya, a paradise of Japanese girls. I'm going to hit it hard. I have much more experience that last time. I can't fucking wait.

But for now… 4 more weeks here, some tornado girls to service, and more daygame to have me well-seasoned for Japan. As much as I love Tokyo-game, I am a big believer that you should focus most of your game where you live. I am doing that. And I'm looking fwd to some more action here in my city before I take off.

Today was fun. 10 approaches, 2 leads.

Set of the day was a serious looking girl with cute style, all bundled up against the Fall chill, her little chin partially borrowed into the folds of her coat. She wasn't inviting, but I immediately felt some excitement for her that I hadn't felt for any other girls that day. I jumped in after her.

She looked like a white girl, maybe European. As she started to speak I thought she was Russian. She said she gets that all the time. She is actually from Argentina. I told her "Oh, I have heard of it!" And she laughed. I used that same joke with the Cowgirl (#9) an hour later. I don't use routines, but I recycle my own stuff all the time.

She opened: A mix of cautious, confused and interested… but quite femininely so, and the polarity was roaring along. It was "on" between us right away. Her seriousness phased through caution and into a nervous, demure smile, and we both hooked.

She was this amazing mix of "mature meets school girl." Mature because she is probably mid- to late-20s, not a silly-young one, and she had a high-end feel to her. And school girl… because she was girling-out as a dangerous daygamer was pressing her buttons and she was clearly loving it. She blushed the entire length of the interaction.

She was playing along, still trying to figure me out, and I could sense that "but" that sometimes hangs in the air

when the set is solid but there is some X-factor that is going to keep it from going where Baby Jesus wants it to go.

At one point I asked if she was confused and she said, “Noooooooo, but, I am trying to figure out your intentions???” Bullshit, Lady. You know exactly what is going on. So I said, “I’m checking you out,” with a look… And she went pure scarlet. God, it was hot.

So she keeps trying to disqualify what is going on. She is throwing out excuse after excuse, with a ridiculous grin on her face. She has to go shopping, she only has an hour, she can’t date me. I say “not now!” And she eventually says… “I am married.”

Oh. Okay.

I am not sure that is real at this point, as she has been an excuse factory, so I ask, “are you sure you’re married?,” and I step in a little closer. She is clearly turned on now. And she says, “Yeeeeehhssss!” And she smiles, and shows me a little gold ring. ” I wouldn’t lie to you!”

Okay. Ha.

So I tell her that I want to respect that, and I back off a little, taking her “but” seriously.

And she says, “Yeehhhsss… That is why I can’t date you. Otherwise, I would want to see you. Maybe have coffee… or something. In another life.” Wow.

And just like that, I let that beautiful girl go. And I walked off, with swollen balls, clapping my hands at the performance she and I had just shared. She will not be one of my lovers, but it was a beautiful daygame moment.

Here are the rest of the sets.

Nov29:

1. India girl, short, cute. Squirmed around me, stalled, said hello… and kept going.

2. Tall, brown girl of some kind, maybe Latin. Don’t really remember. I do remember her super bouncy walk, that was my story as I opened. Gave me her name, but it wasn’t quite on. She was warming up, thou…

3. Serious Chinese girl, dressed business-y, had to go back to work.

4. This was the red hot set of the day from above. Damn. That was a great time.

5. Chinese girl dressed in a mix of high-end and fetish. Thigh-high stockings, mostly black, and little gold studs on everything. She might have been wearing a collar. I wasn’t sold at first, but as she passed, I was getting that strong sense of “sex” from her. I doubled back and opened. She said no English, but I gave up too easily. Ummm. Wish I had tried harder.

6. Odd, but hot Asian girl… in the mall. She was very nervous. Let her go.

7. Asian girl, very cute, but very confused by the whole thing.

8. Can’t remember this one…

9. Little white girl, walking and texting, almost bumped into me. When I stopped her, she just stared for a while. We stood close. She figured it out, said she was late for her bus… So I “Pancaked” her and walked with her for a couple mins, I told her I was going to split when we got to her stop. #close but it wasn’t a strong interaction.

10. Older, maybe 30, Asian woman, well dressed, kind of powerful looking. Got well out in front of her and she was looking at her phone, was surprised/shocked about the stop. I was calm and smiled. Started to talk, and she was hyper cautious, circled around me. She figured out what was going on, but never stopped. Later, Lady.

Viva Daygame.

Daygame Isn't About Daygame || 9 More

Nash · 1 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

First day of the month and I did what a daygamers does, I hit the streets.

It was a long minute before I could get myself to open. I might have weaseled a bit, but there wasn't a lot that inspired me out there. A slow start used to be a "bad omen" — and I still prefer to tear into the session and open quickly — but I don't mind slow starts these days.

Over time, daygame will beat the superstition out of you.

I will keep this post a little brief… but I will say this:

I am seeing my daygame skills spilling over into approaches beyond my street game sessions… and I like that very much.

Daygame… isn't just about daygame.

I picked up Miss Researcher at the airport. I picked up the Filipina at night, out with the guys. First set today was while I was working, just left my computer and ran her down (#1 below). And this Asian Blonde in the notes below (#10) was when I was done for the day, off the clock, but had to pounce anyway as I was inspired.

The daygame drill — hitting the street, approaching, spinning stories, spiking attraction, scoring reference experiences, trying to connect a little to make it all real — is radical training. My two sessions a week have me in pretty good shape. And all the dates (I've never dated this much), working out all the scheduling, all the logistics…

Very few men have these skills. I am only getting better. On the street, or wherever my prey may roam.

Here are the sets:

Dec01.

1. First girl of the day was before I had officially started my session. She walked by me as I was sitting at the mall, doing some client work from my computer. Nice IOI, big smile. Thai girl, with huge cartoon eyes. Full time artist. She gave me her card, on the pretext of me being into her art. I corrected her, told her I was interested in her, but took the card anyway.

2. White girl, big butt. Coming back from the dentist. Little chat but she wasn't into it.

3. Taiwanese girl, funky style. Not that cute up close, but I tried to play through. Nice chat. I tried to #close, she resisted. I tried again, BF. Not sure I believe her.

4. Sophisticated, beautiful Asian woman… had to go. A little older but one of the hottest girls I talked to that day.

5. Lovely, fast walker, late for the train.

6. Asian, great style. Stopped, "but" was hanging in the air… BF. Cool.

7. Asian girl, tall. Stopped nice. Good spark. Late to see a friend… Boosted my state.

8. Chinese girl, lovely, very big boobs on this one. From central China. Oiwing?? Good chat. Beautiful girl. She seemed to suddenly lose interest… I tried to close but she said "next time we meet." I hear that line all the time. That is a pretty smooth way to let a guy down.

9. My session was over and I had my stuff that I stashed at the gym and I was on my way home for a date with Miss Philippines. This one was a blonde Asian girl, powerful walk. She's American. Fun stop, but I was a bit over eager and hyper for some reason. Going to art class. I Pancaked-walked her to her class. When I asked if she was an artist she said, "I do many things." Novelist. Etc. Interesting girl. I bet she's an only child. #close It felt weak at the time, but as I write this, it feels solid. She was a pretty strong yes to seeing me again. We're texting at this point.

Viva daygame.

First Date with the Velvet Mouthed Mom

Nash · 1 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

One of the things I am dedicated to with this blog is honesty. I want to tell a story about pickup, and my life, and I want to tell the truth about it all. Fuck yes to that.

I tell the truth here, so I can witness my own life. And in the chance that someone reading might see some potential for new experience or common ground. Or… seeing my life "warts and all," will know his warts are normal. I bow to Rivelino and his dedication to comradery within this den of players we call "game."

And I'm not a coach, I'm not trying to sell my highlight reel, make myself look better than I really am, in an effort to book clients or win some PUA award. I am trying to make my life shinier — true — but I don't need to bullshit you to make the game any shinier than it really is. I am in game to see clearly. No pretty lies. And I want to show you what I see as I march down this path.

This morning, I was excited about this date. It was a great date. I am still excited about this girl. But now that I know how old she is, and that she has a kid… it changes the story a bit.

Here is a part of that story:

It would be a lie to say older women are "as good" as younger girls. "Good," could be a million things… but I like the younger, hotter, tighter (YHT) standard. I know it from Krauser, and he credits it to the Great Books for Men weirdo from Heartiste's blog. Its a solid standard.

If you want to know if you're any good at the game, see if you can seduce and bed YHT. It's not the only standard… but if you consistently score YHT, you are doing something most men can only dream about.

I can do whatever the fuck I want. Yes to that. I don't have to care about any external standard… but I take YHT as a basic standard of the game. I respect it. I don't have to acknowledge the standard. If I don't… I will be doing "something," but if I blow off YHT, it won't be what we call proper "game."

Okay.

Here's another part of the story:

I picked her up last Saturday. My psychedelic campout got rained out, so my buddies and I settled on beers and tooling around the city as a backup plan. Two solid IPAs later, on our way to the ATM, we passed her as we stepped into the street at an intersection. I thought I saw an IOI, so I doubled back and posted up in front of her.

She was short, very cute, amazing smile, and she loved the pickup. She was a "yes girl." Thank Baby Jesus for yes girls.

We chatted, but I was drunk, and I don't remember the details. I know her bus was coming, so I had to take her number quickly. The important thing for me to note here is… It's all those daygame sets that made this so easy for me. All those "failed sets," all that "rejection," is actually setting me up for future success.

Getting her number, in one minute, was easy and "normal" for me. How many guys can say that? Thank you, daygame.

She was fun to text with right away. Lots of "heeheehee." I love that. I tried to get her out for the next night, but couldn't get it done. We settled on Thursday…. which was tonight. I teased her a bit the next day to help cement the connection. It felt solid.

Today… lots of texting. I was trying to confirm, wrap up logistics. She was still screening me. She asked how old I was, and I said, "older than you… but don't worry, you seem mature enough to me." I was fucking with her a bit… Dodging the question, as I don't want to highlight a big age difference (which I assumed there was). I figured she was 25… That's what she looks like. I'm 43. It won't help the pickup to point out a big age gap.

So I go the other way, and ask if she's old enough to drink? Is she in highschool?? She is telling me I am going to be disappointed. But meanwhile, all the texting is super fun. She's very feminine. Funny. "Heeheehee." I like her.

She dodges the drink, and says yes to my offer of ramen. She shows up, tiny, 5 feet even, simple, but cute, and warm and friendly. Nice hug. I suspect she's older than I originally thought, but she looks great.

Dinner is easy. I've never dated more than this year… And still have yet to have a bad date. It'll happen… But it won't be my fault. I don't close as well as I should, but I'm pro at dating. Its the gift of gab… I can talk forever.

I start to tease her about being a teenager, and she says, "I'm 36… And I have kid."

Oh.

(Just like the Burning Man makeout, this one wanted me to know about the kid as fast as possible.)

I am thinking of a line in Krauser's video series Womanizers Bible, where he is going over Rollo's sexual market value concept, and he is talking about girls under 30. When he gets to girls over 30, he says… "Who gives a fuck." I get it. I am not 100% with that idea… but of course, on average, I prefer YHT and have been dating 22-28 year olds all year long. I went out w/ the 19 year old Virgin Girl not long ago. YHT. I get it.

Anyway… I didn't quiz her on all the sexual stuff. I did learn that she has been separated from her husband for a year. I asked, and she hasn't kissed anyone since him. She was afraid to come out with me, but for some reason, she decided to anyway. She has been asked out a few times since she's been single, but she always canceled. I was her first date since she was about 20.

Okay.

So, back to logistics. She lives with her parents and her son, classic Asian style. This is great, actually. As she lives with her parents, they can watch her son. I have picked up some hot mom's before… they are hard to date. This one will be easier… if I want to see her again. And I do.

She doesn't really drink (none of the girls I've dated lately drink… In part because they tiny Asian girls and they can't hold any liquor), but I invited her for a drink anyway, telling her it will give us a chance to spend a little more time together. She declined, saying it was late (9:30 PM), she has to be up at 7 AM to get the kid ready for school.

The date is over and she is going to take the bus home. She checks her app, and we have 4 minutes until the bus arrives. I walk her to the bus station, we chat for 1 min, and we can see the bus rolling toward us.

I touched this girl a lot during dinner. Had my hand on her lower back the whole time, grabbed her bicep for emphasis a lot, pulled her hair here/there when I wanted to show some dominance… but I hadn't kissed her.

So as the bus is about to arrive, I step closer to her and ask if she wants to be kissed. That's not perfect game, but it was fine. She makes a face like she is thinking about something, then looks up, puts her hands on my neck and we connect. And it was… a fucking great kiss. She really jumped into it. It was passionate, and we "fit" each other. Best kiss since the Korean girl.

As I kissed her, I had this vision of "velvet." Her mouth was delcious, like "wet velvet." That's what we'll call her, Miss Velvet Mouth.

She was wonderfully complimentary via text as I said "You can't kiss me like that and just leave…" and she came back with "I'll dream of you tonight."

Cheesy… and not YHT, we know… but a great experience. I'm here for experiences. I loved it.

So the next day, more cheesy texts. Me saying "I am still a little 'drunk' from that kiss…" and her saying "Let's do that again."

This feels very much like sex to me. This has felt like sex since that IOI when I first passed her on the street that night. And I mistook her for a 25 year old, so my cock clearly likes her. And I will bet 1$ she will have stretch

marks on her boobs and huge nipples (I have fucked a mom before), and all that is fine with me. I just hope she has a full, ripe ass… as that is my favorite part.

We are on for Thursday. I will take her to an early dinner, give us time to connect a bit. Then I will offer her the Cheesecake Trap. And if she's game, I'll sex her.

We'll see. That's my story.

Viva daygame.

A “Super Day”, 5 Fresh Leads || 16 More

Nash · 5 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

What an incredible day on the streets. 16 girls, 5 leads, I fell in love with the last one… I am a happy, proud daygamer.

I wasn’t supposed to daygame today… I’m terribly behind with work. But it’s going to rain later this week, so I was being a bit strategic, getting some time in now before the streets are soaked. Umbrella game, what little I’ve done of it, is hard.

Again, the day started slow, but momentum built all day. By the 8th set or so I had two leads already, every girl was opening, most were chatting, I was getting a lot of looks from random girls on the street… It felt like one of those “super days.” I was right.

I closed several more girls before it was over. I stopped at 16 sets — last approach was my favorite, and I probably should have kept approaching… I was on. I have a date with the Thai girl tonight, so In have to get home.

All the art school girls are in finals this week and next. This is the dragon I’m fighting right now. Firecracker put me on ice last week, she won’t see me until after finals. #5 today goes to the same school, said she’s too busy to date me, but we’ll see. #13 today also goes to the same school. Fucking finals! And #16… the set of the day… is finishing her final project at the same school. I’m going to call in a bomb threat and get all that canceled. Don’t tell anyone I said that.

I have maybe 10 leads in play right now. I am not getting laid enough, but I have a lot to keep me busy. I have several more daygame sessions left in December. Something has to work out. The forecast is “spinning plates,” and the scenario is promising. We’ll see.

I tried to stop the session after #13, making my way back to the train. I stopped 2 more, and then there she was… My muse.

Set of the day… I was planning on doing little highlights from #3, #5, and #13, but #16 cast a spell on me. I’m in a daze of feminine mist even now, pink psychological cobwebs clogging my head, the magical reality of who she was on the sidewalk mixing with the fantasy of who she might actually be. I’m bewitched.

She was tall, well dressed, slow walk that teased the hungry animal in me into pursuit. Again, I think of Krauser’s greyhound type. This one had poise. She’s an 8. Is it possible to be an 8 and have a plain, simple face? If #5 and #12 are very cute girls I want to date, if they are 7s, this one in an 8.

Chinese. She had an incredible walk. Slow, tall, graceful. She told me she was studying, and I said “not art school?,” and she said yes, that she is a film composer. She is a Pianist. Sophisticated. I am curious as to what kind of upbringing produces a girl of this quality.

Her voice was soft, almost a whisper. That was part of her trick, making me hungry for her little sounds by keeping them almost out of reach. Drawing me in. Hours later I am still leaning towards her.

As we spoke — and I did my best laser eyes, serving up observations and compliments — she kept putting her hand on her chest, softly laughing after each comment. She was still, rich, and deeply feminine.

I tried to insta-date her. I wanted that. She laughed, softly, again, and said she was going home. Tried to number close… she said email instead. I said, email makes you feel safe? She said yeah. I said it is my job to make her feel safe. And we stared at each other.

So many long, deep pauses with this one.

It was an incredible dream. Like the whole talk took place underwater. As we parted, she stared at me some more, walking backwards without breaking eye contact, a beautiful ghost. A daygame dream.

Wow.

Hmmmm. If I were reading this, I would hear something like one-itis in the way this post was written. And I would assume that she would not respond to a guy that pedestalizes her the way I have here. And… I think that's probably right.

I told her at one point that I thought she was quiet, but intense. And that's right. It was one of the most intense interactions I've ever had with a woman. I know I gave her a unique experience. I'm proud of the way I carried myself.

But I won't be surprised if she doesn't want to see me. If she does not, it'll be another lesson in the truth that is this: It's not about any particular girl.

Here are the rest of the sets.

Dec05:

1. Filipina girl, huge eyes on the open. Stopped her in front of Urban Outfitters, late for work. Nervous. Ran inside. She was fucking cute.

2. White girl, spike heels. Nice stop, stood 1 ft from me… I love it when they do that. From DC, here for 2 nights had a cold… I let her go. I don't want to make out with sick girls.

3. She was, tall, skinny, white girl, in all black. I fully undressed her with my eyes before I opened her. Art student. She's so skinny, flat chested, but I could see her nipples pushing against her shirt. Hot. She really checked me out, literally looking me up/down. I could see her warm up as I was real, and DHV'd here/there. She was starting to like me. BF. Damn, I want to see her naked. Wow… hot girl.

4. Asian girl, great haircut. Older up close. From Japan. Had to go back to work.

5. Asian girl, in a princess dress… Full anime girl, with huge dancing eyes. Chinese, from Hefei. Really fun girl. Busy with finals. #close

6. Tiny Asian. Blowout.

7. Conservative Asian girl from Canton. NWU, masters student, businessy, studying here. Loved all my details… "You are so interesting!" She really warmed up with the talking. #close. The plan is to take her for a drink between Xmas and NYE. We'll see.

8. Short Asian girl, with great eyes, but a weird walk. Very awkward to talk with her, I bailed.

9. Attractive, but older Asian girl. From Boston, masters degree, #close. She liked me. She was nervous as I took her number, misspelled her own name. Cute, nervous laugh.

10. Little Korean student, is my guess. Nervous on the approach, didn't really stop.

11. Blonde Asian girl, very hot, little. She got it right away, and told me she was married.

12. Jennifer, stopped shook hands, gave me her name said she was going home. Bye Jennifer.

13. Little Korea art student, graphic design… so lovely, great set. #close.

14. Filipina girl, red sweater, sassy walk, perfect hair that bragged of youth and fertility. Stopped. Thanked me. Meeting her mom… I let her go. Sexy.

15. Asian girl, cute haircut, barely stopped.

16. This is my dream from the set of the day above.

Viva daygame.

My Cock is My CEO || 8 More

Nash · 6 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I was in a great mood, but had a plan to have a drink with The Prince, so I ran a short day. A little over an hour. 8 approaches, 1 lead. I was on. Should have gone longer.

Here are some comments on the set of the day.

She… was not that cute. She was the right type, my type, but not a fine example. Relatively tall Chinese girl. As she passed me, I looked back at skinny legs moving beneath her clothes and I could imagine seeing her naked. And I liked it.

I stopped her, and noticed her skin wasn't great. She's not that pretty. She wasn't that fun, either. Sounds great, right?

I delivered my line, saying I was interested in her, a little robotically. She looked a bit suspicious, which is a good read on her part… I was barely committed as I opened.

But it's my job to be charming, even in those first few minutes when I'm working with nothing. So that's what I did. And she became more comfortable. And she liked that I knew where her city in China is. And she liked that I was into art. And I could see her hook. The space between us became warm. All of this "dropped her into her feminine." Which (as it does), stirred on my masculine. And then my cock got hard. We were suddenly "on."

That is maybe the 3rd time I have even been hard while I hit on a girl. What is that about? How did she get that ~~erection~~ reaction out of me? Why this one?

Needless to say I was suddenly interested. I wanted to take her right then. I think she wanted it too… And I doubt that kind of thing happens to her that often. Doesn't happen to me that often.

Yohami is giving me giving me shit about how it's "gross" that the Filipina Mom I picked up turned out to be 36. I don't think she's gross at all, but I get it. As I said in that post, YHT is the standard.

But what about girls that have this power to make your cock hard? Not in bed, or during a makeout, but in the middle of a cold approach?

Or that really mediocre Online Girl I dated that one time… I had a hard cock for that entire date. She was one of the least "surface attractive" girls I've dated in years (she wasn't a street pickup, online, and her pics were cuter than she was in person), but turned me on more than Miss NYC, who is maybe the hottest girl I've ever been out with.

This is an active mystery in my life right now. Yes, when in doubt, YHT. But my cock is my CEO. If he's into the deal, that's the most important deal, and we work to get it done. Once my cock is convinced, other standards don't matter. That's how it should be. I'm not chasing these girls for you. If I was, I would be a weak, foolish man. I'm in game for me and I know it. And my cock… is a "big" stakeholder in this game.

So… that's why I like this girl. She did something most girls cannot. She turned me on, dead sober, on the street, with no context and without touching me. Not "visually" turned on (=high aesthetics, traditional sexiness or beauty), not "intellectually" turned on (=fascinating, interesting), but "carnally" turned on (=hard cock), without ever being sexual.

I am increasingly interested in the nuance of those different types of value in a woman. And what we look for as men as we hunt.

So this one and I are texting… Maybe a date for Monday.

Here are the rest of the sets.

Dec06.

1. Short hair. Euro? Latin? Wearing wool, great style. Late for the bus. She was pretty cold.

2. Cute Asian girl, white pants. She was into it, but I wasn't that into her and she's allergic to cats… cat hater. I let her go.

3. Cute Asian girl, crazy hair, powerful, bitchy-confident American. Leaving for LA.

4. Blonde, cute, ummm, smiled, shook her head and left.

5. White Euro… maybe on the phone. Very cute. Wouldn't stop.

6. Set of the day… Made my cock hard.

7. Seattle girl, big beautiful eyes… But bad skin and teeth up close. Great chat. I let her go. She loved it.

8. Cute Asian girl… Can't remember her now.

Viva daygame.

Bitter, Umbrellas, Déjà Vu, Leadership || 8 More

Nash · 8 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

My dates canceled on me this week (2 of them) and I'm not getting laid (all the art girls are in finals and won't come out). The tornado is there, but it's a big disorganized mess. Blah. This is a lot of work… to watch a messy tornado stumble around.

Can you sense my frustration? Having my date cancel on me today sucked. My ego is throwing a tantrum. My jaw is a little tighter than usual. This is reactive. This is not ideal. This is real.

This ^ is my bitterness.

All I have to talk about now is discipline, so that's what I'll talk about. A man with time on his hands and with an "empty belly" (or overly full balls) can go hunting. So he does. This was my 3rd day on the streets this week… that's more than normal… but I'm not dating/fucking, so… time to work harder.

> the hardest working man in daygame!
> i read your blog and it makes me want to hit the streets.
> — Rivelino

Thanks, Riv.

And today… was rainy. Not the fun kind of rain, where it pours, and there is no way I'm going to try to chat up girls on the street. But the half-assed rain, the "heavy mist," the kind that goes "up" and "sideways" as often as "down," and makes a mockery of my big umbrella.

This ^ is my umbrella game.

Ha. It was not fun out there… but I was glad for the practice. I'm interested in "extra hard" daygame, because I want to grow. And "umbrella game" is extra difficult. I want to be very fucking good at this. An "all weather" daygamer. So I'll take some "umbrella sessions" to help season me. All this makes me a stronger, more versatile, more "anti-fragile" man. That's the man I want to be.

There was, in fact, a set of the day… but… she was the same set of the day from Monday. By that I mean, I ran into my "Dream" girl, Miss Siren, again.

I didn't realize it was her at first. She is my type, so I was bounding off to hit on her — again — as if she was a different girl, then I realized it was her, and… I loved her all over again. This girl is amazing. She is not an 8… she's not your 8, that's for sure… but she an incredibly tempting, charming girl. She is an 8 for me.

(NASH'S NOTE: It's a few days later as I clean up this post, so I have more info on her, and I'll save that for another time).

This ^ is my Déjà vu.

So… in way of a different set of the day, let's talk about #2.

She was a very short, cute girl. Stopped easily. I guessed she was Latin, and I was correct. Half Spanish, half Mexican. She chatted for a long time… not a great chat, just a long one.

EX: She was on her way to a doctors appointment of some kind… and she didn't want to talk about it. Not specifically. I picked that up, and moved the convo in another direction. And then when I asked about her dark sunglasses (on a drippy wet, grey day), she said she's not wearing any eye makeup, and she doesn't want anyone to see, thus the glasses. So I said, "You're very cute, but also incredibly vain." This made me laugh, and was a little push/pull, attraction bit. She was fine with it, gave me a little flat chuckle, no real spike, no real aversion. This is

what the whole conversation was like with her. Whitebread.

Anyway, she is ready to move on to her mysterious appointment, and I tried to number close as we wound down the interaction. I think it's clear I didn't like her that much, but I know some girls are a little stunned, and their better side comes out later. I was wondering if she'd be more fun on a date? And she was cute, so fuck it.

As I ask for her number, her jaw tightens up… her comes the "but".. and she says she lives with her BF.

This is interesting to me.

Why do these girls chat so long? These girls with BFs or husbands? Are they just being polite? Probably true some of the time. Is it because they are self-centered and bored, and like being the center of attention and being entertained by a dangerous man? Sure, I bet that is true. I am fucking entertaining, increasingly so.

Or is it because we're doing a good job leading, and they are doing their part in being lead? I bet that's true too. And I like that answer the best. Not because it's "more true," but because it has more implications to understanding female psychology and the "results" of daygame than the other theories above.

This ^ is my leadership.

In terms of female psychology, femininity, how it responds to dominance and masculinity, yes… I think some of these girls, who are not available, not even trying to hide their BF/husband, will stand there on the sidewalk with a strange, dangerous man, and do the dance. They do it… because it's their job to follow that kind of energy. The feminine wants strong masculine energy. If you show them that, they will "obey" their instincts even when the logistics are impossible. She stood there, not even completely comfortable, not even that into me, for no reason, other than I was doing my job as a masculine man at that moment. I think that is true.

In terms of results… this is where a lot of the "dead numbers" and cancelled dates come from. And all the girls I end up dating that tell me later (or never tell me) that they have a BF. They are sucked into the dance. They are obeying their biology. They have no choice. Nature loves this dance (in humans and animals). When you do your part very well, she will do hers, with very little thought. So of course you'll get great interactions that end with nothing… when her thought kicks in as you go for the number. Or numbers that go dead… as she gets some distance from your physical masculine presence, and she sobers up, and cannot in fact, explain to herself why she would go out with you. Or she makes the date… still a little high from the dance… but then as the chemistry drains out of her body over a few days… she cancels.

That's all on my mind. I think that helps me understand that little girl and why she reacted to me the way she did.

Here are the rest of the sets.

Dec08:

1. She reminded me of my ex Jules (best lover of my life, who happened to get married last weekend, I saw the fotos on Facebook… She looked amazing). Great eyes, "fertile" hair, and very kissable lips. As I opened I saw the ring. She was still figuring out what was going on as I was excusing myself. I think she was a little disappointed to see me go. Hot girl.

2. Set of the day… the one that wanted to dance with the masculine man.

3. Little Asian, red lips. Huge smile, wouldn't stop. Some randoms were next to me as I ended that interaction, and I started walking and ended up next to them, and it was obvious they saw the approach. I said, "she wasn't having it," and we all laughed. It's true… she wasn't having it.

4. Asian… very cute… not sure she got it. Didn't stop.

5. Persian girl? Very fucking attractive. I stopped her. She was unsure… but I got her to warm up. She gave me some great smiles, totally real. I asked where she was going and she said she was on her way to a date (she said that with no emphasis, very matter of fact). I said, Oh!, do you like him? She said, it's my BF. Ha, cool. Later, pretty

girl.

6. This was my Dream. Wow… I love this girl. She remembered me and my name, in part as I had emailed her after I picked her up on Monday. She never responded, but was still super warm and amazing on the sidewalk this second time. I'll post more about her soon, but this was a very lucky break in terms of trying to seduce this girl. She is so compelling for me.

7. Odd looking Chinese girl with interesting clothes on. She walked into a store at the mall… I never follow girls into stores, but this time I did. Trying to add this to my game, occasionally. I was cool, and subtle, as I slide up next to her and said hello… she checked me out… then turned her back. She was clearly not interested, so I split.

8. Tall, cute Chinese girl with a felt hat in a conservative style, but with felted horns built into it… the end result being something like a German, girlish-Devil hat, sort of. High end girl. Friendly, easy to stop. Here for 8 days, but no US phone, no Line app, no Facebook. I let her go… but I pledge to get WeChat on my phone soon. If 70% of your dates are girls from China, you should probably have WeChat on your phone. Even if it's a privacy nightmare. I might as well get the FB app too… I'm all in for "ease of communication"… fuck privacy, I'm trying to get laid here. My cock is my CEO… and my CEO doesn't give a shit about my privacy. He just wants to close deals. I love that about my CEO.

Viva daygame.

Sex with Velvet Mouth

Nash · 10 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

She counts as my 3rd daygame lay. This is the Filipina Mom I picked up on the sidewalk at night… but daygame/gutter game style, where she was sober but I had a couple beers in me. Cold approach, on the street. Daygame in the dark.

As I said when I first wrote about her, I didn't know she was a mom when I picked her up. She has a young, cute face, very fresh. As I sexed her last night, I spent a lot of time enjoying that face… she still looks 25 to me. Perfect beautiful smile and a sexy mouth. I found out she was mid-30s, and a mom, on our first date. So this is not about YHT, but it is a lay report.

> "She's there because she wants to fuck you already." (about the Girl with the Boyfriend)
> "She wants to fuck, the ball is in your court. Make it happen." (about Miss Shanghai)
> "She wanted to have sex." (about Velvet Mouth)
> — Yohami

Yohami thinks this girl is gross because of her age. So when I mention him here, it's about his comments about game, not his approval of this girl as a place to spend my time or park my cock. That's the Yohami disclaimer.

I have spent some time resisting Yohami's mantra that a given girl "just wants to fuck." This is not Madonna/Whore stuff from me. I am aware and delighted that women like to get nasty as much or more than I do. It's just a question of when in the seduction she is ready for that.

I am of the opinion 2-3 dates is a perfectly normal, healthy pace for sex. Even for players, or men like "Chad." (Are Chad and Yohami the same guy? Perhaps.) Torrero and Krauser have talked about losing girls when you try to go faster than that. I am sure there are girls that are specifically "down to fuck," as we say, but I don't assume that every stage of the process like Yohami does.

In this case, she seems like she was, in fact, DTF. The kind of DTF where you should take her straight to the sex location and get it done. That's not what I did, but I'm noting that I could see this as the date went down.

I had her meet me near her work, near where I picked her up. My plan was dinner to connect a bit, then my place.

As we meet up, she looks cute, with a huge, trusting smile. She's very into me. I asked if she was hungry, and she makes a face like "meh." I tell her I'm hungry, so that's what we're doing, and she accepts that plan.

We get in a car, and I grab her and kiss her. And she jumps into it. She is all about the making out, ferociously so, her "velvet mouth" all over mine, her little teeth cutting my lip here and there. It's really on, really fast. I have a hard cock and I consider canceling dinner and going straight to my place.

Sometimes… Yohami is exactly right.

Dinner was great and I was happy to eat. I did get a chance to connect a bit with her, which I like for me, as much as for the girl.

Back to my house after dinner, no objections. She likes my place, doesn't care much about my cats, likes the view much more. I am about to offer the traditional Nash Game cheesecake, but the look in her eyes is not about desert, so I kiss her and drag her down the hallway to my bedroom.

No resistance whatsoever.

She is all purrs and affirmative noises as I makeout some more and peel her clothes off.

As I start to go down on her, she says "I'm not used to this" in a cute, clearly nervous voice with that Filipino clip to

it. I tell her to relax. I notice that she is very recently shaved clean.

Some oral, some fingers. She is juicy and making joyful noises.

I come up for air, wipe her off my face and we makeout some more. I then undo my jeans and tell her to put her mouth on my cock. She does… for 3 seconds. The velvet heat of her mouth is fucking amazing. And she stops, slides back up my body, smiles, and tells me "I'm not used to this," in the same cute tone as before. Cuddles up to me. Kisses me.

I make her suck my cock some more — just as brief the second time — and then I put on the worlds best condom and slide into her. It feels great. In part, because it's a notch, as that is part of how we measure our education in this game. I have, in fact, seduced another one, from cold street approach to sex. It also felt good, because, you know, fucking feels really good. Dur.

I am taking my time, drawing it out, enjoying myself. I tell her I am holding back. She tells me that she already "finished" so I can come when I want. Ha. I don't need permission to come, but I liked that she implied that I got her off.

Getting her off is not a requirement, but my ego likes to think that girls are enjoying the sex too. My ego clapped a little bit.

I had her below me as I got ready to climax, telling her her mouth is so hot I wanted to come on her lips, "but not tonight," I said, and I finished inside her and curled up next to her, and she was affectionate and loving.

I ask about the "I'm not used to this" comments she was making during the foreplay. She reaffirms that… she has very little experience. I ask how many men she's been with? She says, just her ex husband. They met when she was 19. I ask, so I am the 2nd guy you've had sex with? She says yes.

I believe her. I could tell by the look in her eyes that she has almost zero experience with foreplay. That was real.

As she is putting on her clothes, I laugh a bit at how inexperienced she is… but that her pussy was smooth and sex-ready for this date. I ask her, "So, are you always clean shaven?" She says, "No…," and gives me a tense glance. I pull her in and kiss her and say, "You knew I was going to fuck you tonight, didn't you." She giggles in response.

And she has to go. She has to get back to her house, where she lives with her son, and her parents — who are babysitting and allowing her to spend some time in my bed.

I take her to the kitchen. We look at the view and I feed her bites of cheesecake. We split a tangerine — which are in season, and delicious. I call a car and we kiss a bit more as we wait the 3 minutes for the car to arrive.

She is so different than most of my daygame dates. I picked her up in a random part of town… so she is nothing like the wealthy girls I meet downtown, here in the US, living off of their parents money, taking classes in the most expensive city in the world.

She is economically from the lower class, but with perfect manners and the air of a girl from a traditional culture. She lives with her parents in a rough part of town. She takes the bus a lot. I do to, everyday, but she's not used to men like me.

And it was great, just the way it was. Another daygame lay. I'm not really bragging, but I am happy.

And she's not the girl I want to be fucking, but… she's the girl I am fucking.

And it was another interesting experience. A view of life through the proximity to another girl. A girl with a very different life than my own.

I am in game for experience. I am in game for experiences. This was another experience, another chapter in my education.

Viva daygame.

First Date with Miss Siren

Nash · 11 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Ahh, man. I like this girl.

She was my "dreamy" set of the day last Monday. And then… She was basically the set of the day, again, when I ran into her once more on the street two days later.

I was making an argument in Monday's post that she was an 8. She is not an 8 – not your 8, anyway. I thought she was incredibly charming when we met. I am as convinced as ever that she is a remarkably tempting and special girl.

She is quiet, and quiet is important to her. She is also slow, she takes her time, she's languid. She is smooth, deeply feminine. Graceful and liquid.

She is thin. Her wrists are about as big around as a golf ball. Her skin is that beautiful, white, translucent skin you find in some Asian women. It's incredibly soft. She's probably about 5'5″, which seems tall combined with that thinness and her straight, skinny legs.

I get the feeling she is nearly flat chested, and saying so makes me imagine her nipples. I love that image. And I bet she has a skinny ass… but nice hips. At this point I am dying to see her naked.

When we met, I tried to number close her, but she suggested email instead. That's is usually the same as a "no." She left me, however, with a long, remarkable stare that felt real. I emailed her the next day, trying to set up a date. I was gushy as I wrote about her in my post, and I figured all this exuberance was a signal I was too into her and that she would blow me off. And she did… no response to my first email.

So when I saw her on the street again two days later, it could have been weird… But it wasn't. It was a gift, a chance to get "in there" a little more. It seemed to do the trick.

I reopened her, and she definitively knew who I was and remembered my name. She calmly looked me in the eyes and said, "I didn't respond to your email," and I said, "I know." And we stood there and stared at each other.

She is the kind of girl that will close her eyes for a second… will take a full breath… maybe two… before she'll respond to a comment. Not defiant as much as out-of-time. I read all that as her being secure. She strikes me as having high self-esteem. This is a good thing.

As I left her on the sidewalk the second time, I told her it is my job to make offers. That when she is ready, she can accept one my offers. And she gave me that long, deep stare and matching smile in response.

She also told me to check out her music online. I did. She is a composer. I listened to some of her pieces. That was also the first time I heard her sing.

So the next day, I sent another email. I talked about her music a bit. I also included two more offers. 1. A lunch date. And 2. A trip to the museum. She mentioned in that second meeting that she doesn't drink (none of the girls I'm picking up these days drink). I purposely proposed these two "PG" options. I figured these would feel "safe."

In the email I also said, "Here is my number, text me and say, 'I'd love to!'" This was a mix of commands and cockiness. I was somewhat confident that she'd respond.

And she did.

As I was waiting around for my date with Velvet Mouth, I got a text from her. She wasn't in my phone, as we had done all the work in person and via email. She obeyed my "command." And she was yes to my "idea #2."

We met on a rainy afternoon at the museum. We looked at the art for maybe 2 minutes before she suggested we go to the cafe. A pulled my chair around next to hers and we talked and drank tea.

She has a quiet voice, doesn't like loud places. Doesn't like a lot of Chinese people as she thinks they are too loud.

Note “quiet.”

Her dad is good guy, but works a lot, mom thinks he’s a little boring. Mom sounds bubbly, taught her to dance, sing, and play instruments. She’s an only child.

At one point in the cafe she casually and quietly sang a few vibrating notes. It was so intense to be around this girl. She is very concentrated.

She plays the harp. You getting a sense for what kind of girl this is?? You can meet these kinds of girls on the street. It’s amazing.

She brought up an ex boyfriend right away. Friends first, then BF/GF, year and half, broken up two months now. She hit some emotional note and her eyes teared up. She said sorry for crying and I smiled and changed the subject and she was laughing 2 minutes later.

I don’t know who did the breaking up there — although she didn’t look resentful about it, just emotional. She said that as they were breaking up he said, 1. She never cooks (and he cooks), 2. She doesn’t wear makeup (true… I find her lovely/fresh without it), and 3. She was boring. These were his critiques of her, as she presented them to me. All of this in the first 20 minutes of our date.

Note “boring.” She mentioned that about her dad as well.

We talked about what kind of man might work for her, and she was quick to point out that she needs to be independent. She said she doesn’t want to meet her husband at work, because she wants to have different interests and friends.

Note “independent.”

Yohami sometimes talks about a girls “puzzle.” About how she’ll give you a puzzle to solve, and I think he is mostly talking about what needs to happen to sex her. I mix Yohami’s concept with the concept of “trance words” which feel related to me.

Her “trance words” as I see them are: quiet, boring, and independent. Keys to her puzzle. I am not saying she is those things, but those words are on the tip of her tongue. They are present in her psychology.

I touched a bunch. Touching her thigh as we sat. Grabbing her wrist (something I always do). I had a hand on her lower back from the start, she took that all very well. Her body is so thin, and soft. She touches back, had her hand my knee too. Put her hand over mine to show intimacy a few times. Her small, white hands. She’s has a delicious feel to her.

We walked around, looked at some art. She is deeply artistic and all her comments were mature and interesting.

We had one moment where the art was this large, spread open oval… if you follow me. And I asked if she knew what it was about. And she ventured, “a leaf.” And I corrected her… “that’s pussy.” She didn’t blink. And I liked that because we left safe territory, and proved we can talk sex like grownups. And she proved to me she’s not a super-prude, as we chatted about pussy and the “vagina dentata” and other such talk for a bit.

And the museum closed and we walked toward the train.

As we got to my stop, I asked if she was a good hugger. And I could tell, she was nervous/excited about the idea. I spread my arms out and she got more nervous, but she was clearly going to hug me… so I teased her and backed up, prolonged the tension, watched her squirm. It was just a hug, but it was still emotional for her. I stepped back in and waited for her to move in. She did, causiously — in part because they don’t hug in Asian, that is a western thing. And I smothered her little Chinese hug with a big American-style hug, with one hand on the back of her head, pulling her into me. Not sexy, but we’re moving her in that direction. Even that was a type of surrender.

And she walked away as slow and graceful as always, glancing back at the last minute for one more look… Like a girl that just had a very good time.

Viva daygame.

Unmotivated Week, It's About the Sex || 7 More

Nash · 14 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Here are some old notes I never posted from mid-December.

It was getting late in the year. All the art school girls I wanted to date were just about done with finals, so I could finally get them out… the busiest week of dating of my life was about to start.

I was particularly excited about The Siren, and was concerned she might spot me while I was out gaming and I ruin my chances there… that's dumb, but that was on my mind, distracting me. I really like her.

I did, however, want to put in some more work in the streets, in part to keep my skills sharp for Japan. That trip was also throwing me off, as I will be gone for 5 weeks and new leads likely would go nowhere (that was wrong, actually… some of those leads feel real, and I can work long-term… one will end up meeting me in Japan… there is no excuse not to game, assuming you're dance card isn't full and you're still interested in women.

So for several reasons, my heart wasn't in it this week. I ran a few approaches, then quit. Same thing 2 days later.

I had so many dates the next week, I assumed I wouldn't have time to handle any more girls…I didn't have much time left as the holidays would also make the plate spinning more difficult.

But it's funny to me that I had many different reasons not to approach this week, but I approached like mad the following week, (and found a same-day date while I was at it) when these same reasons were even more valid.

That is one of my favorite parts of this grand experiment… watching my moods, and how random they are. When I'm confident or not. Horny or not. When my vibe is on. When I feel greedy vs content. When I feel powerful vs when I feel like a fraud.

The moods… They come and go, based on how busy I am with work, how much I'm dating, my mental and physical health, my business, if it has been fun or not… And how recently I've been laid.

That seems to be the main factor these days… combined with the masturbation starvation diet… when I'm horny… this all makes so much more sense to me.

This may seem odd for me to say, but it really is all about the sex. That's not all of it, but I can see how it has become more about the sex, now that I can actually get the sex. That's no coincidence. I know I can wake up, hit the streets, and there is a (somewhat low, granted) chance I can source time in bed with a woman same day. That is changing what this all means to me.

I love to approach, just for the "dance" there on the sidewalk. I love those moments, the improv of it all. But this is less and less like a hobby, and more and more a practical way to "eat."

Anyway, here are the sets.

Dec12.

1. Curly hair, tall, Euro? Graceful walk. Nice reaction, she blushed. I broke eye contact. Had to go. Offer to walk with her, she declined.

2. Tall, confident girl… I told her so. She liked that, said it back to me. I said "tell me more," and I sounded like a charity person. I did not have enough value to try to get her to qualify herself to me like that. She split. I was warming up.

3. Conference girl. Little, red hair, great smile. Suspicious. Walked with her. Cold read her… nailing all the cold reads. She was boring, I let her go. Did not want to date that girl.

Dec14.

1. Wasn't out daygaming yet, but she was an Asian woman, great sweater. Graceful one. Approached and walked with her for a block. She liked it, but it was a little awk. I tried to close but she said she had a BF.

2. Can't remember, didn't write this one down

3. Also can't remember…

4. This one I remember, as it was more solid. Little Chinese girl. Big ears for a little girl, so after the open I said, "do you know why I stopped you?" and commented on those cute ears. She laughed, briefly. She started to walk away, was suspicious, but I started talking about China and she warmed up some. Couldn't get her number… but she was the only fun set that week.

I thought she was the last of the year, and was happy to have one hook a little… turns out I did 27 more the next week.

Viva daygame.

Older Chinese Woman vs 25-yr Old Korean Virgin

Nash · 16 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Here is a story about daygame. And two very different dates from girls I met on the same day. This was the Super Day. Same day I met Miss Siren, my dream. And the Princess. And NWU Girl (that is barely returning my texts). I have now dated three out of five of these girls I closed that day.

I have a pretty solid cold, but I'm playing through, as I have 6-8 dates this week from the current Tornado and I want to keep it going to see if I can get some more experience — and sex — before I close out the year here in my city and head to Tokyo.

Things are obviously going pretty well, despite the cold, so I'm feeling increasingly confident I can manifest a Tornado out of nothing. That is what I want. Add in Firecracker and the Thai girl (both are in that list of dates), we have a proper Tornado of Asian girls. Good. That's what we want.

We'll take these dates one at a time.

…..

The older Chinese Woman was #9 that day. She was attractive, great walk, nice hair. A little older, I thought at the time… but still several years younger than me (but that not saying much, I'm an old man). She was a professional, from Boston, master's degree. She seemed pretty interested, was a little nervous putting her number in my phone… I liked all this.

She was my least favorite lead of the day, which is not to say that I didn't like her… but I had younger, hotter, tighter girls to chase. I know on a horny day, I would date her. So I played through. And all the art girls were in finals. That… and I know there must be some surprisingly good lovers out there, amazing sex, that I won't discover until I do the taste test. I was putting her in that category and being thorough.

Texts were easy. When I suggested a time and place, she was busy, but she counter offered with a time a few days out. That is good game for a girl – and rarely happens. I took all this as her being more interested than average. Good.

More logistics, she was solid for all of it, no bobbles, no cancellation, and she met me at this restaurant I had picked out for us.

As she walked in, she was wearing a shirt with some kind of… animal print. You know what that means?? It's means "old." I don't know who wrote that law, but "older" girls wear animal print. It's "cougar" shit. I didn't ask how old she was, but I was already a little disappointed… mostly by the animal print, to be honest. Ha.

I have said that I never have bad dates… but she really challenged me to keep this one from boring me to death. I salvaged it.

She started talking about work, right away. I obliged, a little bit of DHV that I thought a grown woman might appreciate, but I steered us toward other topics. She wanted to hear about Burning Man, we did that for a bit. Then, I wanted to make this date go someplace, so I figured I'd spice it up.

"How old were you when you lost your virginity."

She wouldn't answer, refused, and laughed. And that is maybe the 2nd time in my life a girl wouldn't answer that question. I told her every girl answers that. She was surprised, but we were already having a better time. I told her I didn't want to talk about work anymore… and asking her about the "local sports team" would be bullshit, and boring, and she knew it. I told her I knew I could give her a better experience than that. And she smiled and agreed. We were doing a little better.

She spent the first part of the date, legs crossed away from me (some people read that as a sign), leaning back,

clearly inspecting me. But now she was leaning forward, hand under her chin, pouring out what little youth and femininity she had. Much better. I could have made out with her, at this point. I'm proud of how I lead her here.

She reminds me of a girl I haven't thought of in a long time… from what was probably the first Girl Tornado I'd ever created. That one was "serious-business-y" as well… but much more attractive (it was really good to re-read that old post just now… I've come a long way since then).

So it's a little late, I offer her: 1. Split a car home, or 2. Grab a drink. She opts for the car. I tell her to get that going on her phone, which she does, and she dropped me off at my place en route to her house. An awkward "that was fun" from her as I climb out into my neighborhood. Okay. Whatever. Another experience.

I don't think I'll be following up with that one.

…..

Now let's compare that to today's date.

I am more sick today that I was yesterday. But I hate being cancelled on (I really fucking hate it), so I rarely if ever cancel. I just play through.

So I put a bunch of cough drops in my pockets, and meet today's little Korean girl at the art museum. Same place I took Miss Siren last week. And the Online Girl. And Firecracker. And the Taiwanese girl (never posted that one, but it was a good date). One membership… endless date usage. That was a great investment. I'll be renewing that membership in Feb.

She was #13 on the day I met her, again, the "Super Day." Nice stop, very enthusiastic. She was one of the art students in finals, so I couldn't get her out right away. Finals ended yesterday, so she was game. She was game the whole time, actually. Always responded via text. Always fun.

I get the feeling this girl is very compliant.

But as I showed up today, I didn't really remember what she looked like. Like not all. Asian. Cute. That's it. I think over 50% of young Asian girls are cute… so that wasn't much to go on.

So I walk in and see a cute Asian girl in a black leather jacket sitting down, on her phone. I walk past her, toss my tea in the trash, and text "I'm here." She stands up and looks around, so I walk over. It's her. Good. My cold is raging, but I'm ready to put on my show.

We check coats, I fire up my "charm," and walk upstairs, go to the top floor.

She is cute, little, great body, nice hair, kissable lips. She is very quiet, mostly one-word answers. I love her Korean accent — she reminds me of Miss Korea from Nov.

I had to do almost all of the work. She rarely asks anything at all other than "why?," occasionally, and she doesn't volunteer much. That's okay. She's cute. And I am great at talking.

Actually, she says two things, over and over the whole date: "Really????!" and "Coooooool!!!" Ha. I love that.

1.5 hours, lots of art, nice little date. Not a lot of magic, but nice. I tell her I'm about done… I feel like a nap, but I ask if she'd like to go have a drink. It's only 4 PM, but she agrees. I walk her to my "dirty bar," and she likes it. We get a seat at the bar. She is the only girl I'm dating that drinks. She lets me order for her. We sit at the bar, and I can touch her as much as I want.

I offer to get us some food, and her face tells me "no." Her face is very expressive, and I have been reading that face all afternoon, using it for the communication for the words that barely show up. She says she likes it here. She finishes her drink and I order another round. The bartender is super cool to us. She warming up… slightly. At one point, I pull her into me, push her hair aside, and give her a warm kiss behind her ear. She takes all this great.

So I ask if one of the guys I got her to talk about in the museum was a good kisser, and she says "no," and makes a

face. And I say, but the sex was good? And she says, no. And I say, you didn't have sex with him? She says, no. And I say, "You've never had sex?" And she agrees.

She's a 25 year old virgin. I think she has kissed two boys. Wow. That is my second virgin this year. I like her much more than the 19 yr old Virgin.

We've had most of two drinks each at this point, and talking to her about sex isn't hard. She is asking some questions. She's curious about it. I tell her that if she and I were to have sex, the first thing I would want to do, is get her to feel the pleasure of it. And we future project some of that. Talking about how we'd get her to relax, get her naked, get her to feel some pleasure. Nothing explicit. I just want her to have some details to think about. I stop there.

I'm fucking sick, but I figure we can keep going… so I ask if she's hungry, wanting to bounce her toward my house. We go to a nice pizza place, we're having a great time, and… I don't have it in me to even try to take her home. We wrap up dinner and I walk her outside.

She mentioned earlier that she loves brunch — with drinks — so I tell her I want to take her to brunch on Sunday. (I have a date that night the Thai Girl, but brunch is open.) She isn't sure, but we left it at that. I would like to get her out to brunch, have a drink or two… then "cats and cheesecake" at my place, and get her naked. I want to eat her little virgin pussy. That sounds fantastic.

I say, "come here," and pull her in, and kiss her. It's quick, squarely on the lips, no weirdness or avoidance. It's not juicy. I go in again. Same thing. Once more, I tell her to open her mouth, nope, another full kiss but no tongue. I say a few words, again. Nope, and that's four tries. I then pull her in, and "machine gun" peck her lips like 7 times. Push her away. Smile and laugh. And I tell her I had a great time. She smiles.

I did have a great time. I like her.

She is a "blank canvas." I know how to lead, so I did, and we enjoyed each other. I know I did. If I can get her over, I think I can paint sex on her virgin body. I want to do that. I think she'll enjoy it.

…..

So there are two more dates from daygame. Great practice at leading and logistics. I like how I handled myself on both dates. Want to guess which one I'll text again???

Viva daygame.

Sex With The Siren.

Nash · 18 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

We had sex last night. The sex, and the night, were remarkable. This girl is amazing.

I posted about her a few times now. How we met, and then met again. Our first date. Our second date was Tuesday, I didn't write about it…. here are some notes.

I messaged her Monday (two days after our first date):

> NASH: Beautiful.
> NASH: I want to hear your voice.
> NASH: I have some time tmrw night…
> NASH: If you need more time, pick Friday or Saturday night.
> NASH: I already have ideas for us.
> HER: All right~, I have dinner with my friends on Friday, and have a little travel…
> HER: Let's meet tomorrow~

Hmmm, cool. I really didn't expect her to pick Tuesday. But as I am spinning several plates this week (6 dates in 5 days, 7 for the week), and she is my top choice in terms of girls, by far, so I wanted give her a chance to fit into my week. Get that blocked out. Spinning plates means lots of options… but it also means you have very few spots for girls you like, or new girls that come along. The scheduling takes work. She was top priority.

For the second date, I had her come to my house, with the plan to take a drive across the bridge to one of my favorite places, where the food is simple, but special and delicious and I have great social proof there. The idea was to get her back to my place after for "cats and cheesecake."

I picked this date because "quiet" is her thing. She has a quiet voice (unless she is talking about art/music, then she heats up). She doesn't like loud places or people. The car ride would be quiet and beautiful. The restaurant is small and quiet, we could sit side by side. We did. I touched her a lot. She ate so slow… the owner closed up, and left us with the cleaning crew so we could finish on our own – he likes me.

I said this on my notes in the comments from the last date:

> I am also doubling-down on "silence" when we're together. It's working awesome. She'll comment… and I'll just stare, and not saying anything. And she lights up. Or I'll make a point, she'll stare, and we'll both go quiet for 2 minutes. She loves it.
> — Nash

As we drove back to the city, I said, "we have a decision to make… I can 1. Take you home, or 2. Bring you back to my place for desert." She looked at me with her deep softness, and said, it was late… full of emotion and grace, like always.

As we drove to her apartment, we danced around the logistics for her and I.

She just finished her term at art school, and is going on a trip, including back to China for a few weeks. I am leaving for Japan for 5 weeks after the new year, while she is gone. I wanted more of her before we both split town.

I confirmed her plans to leave. Over dinner she told me that Saturday was actually an open night now (I don't think she was hinting at me), so I brought that up, told her we don't have much time until we both leave, and I wanted to see her on Saturday. She said, "I don't know." I said, "You know how offers work," (which is callback to the pickup), and that if she wants that time, she should let me know. She stared.

I drove her to her place, parked out front of her building, and said “come here,” leaned over and kissed her. Small kiss, I almost assumed she was resisting… but she was not, just surprised. I kissed her again, also small, but she was taking it. One more time, slower, but still a simple, light kiss.

I leaned back and smiled. And she said, “Oh… my god.” A long pause, and then, “I didn’t think this would happen…” And she pulled her hand to her chest and her mind went “outer worldly” (credit: Yohami) again. She looked at me as I stared at her and said, “are you alright?,” and I said “I’m great,” and stared back at her with confidence. And her eyes got bigger and she smiled, and melted a bit, and climbed out.

I love this girl. What a spell she has on me.

The day after we texted a few niceties and then:

> NASH: Do you remember my last offer?
> HER: Yes lol
> NASH: Okay, good. :]

I left it there.

The week went by. She had a holiday party at her exboyfriends on Friday. Saturday AM I sent her a picture of my cats putting on the mornings “cute show.” (I sent that same pic/comment to four girls I’m dating).

> HER: Oh~
> HER: I like them!
> NASH: If I didn’t have plans, I’d invite you over now

I did have plans… a date with Miss Sincere for lunch. So I went on:

> NASH: Speaking of offers…
> NASH: What if I told you I had a reservation for dinner tonight?

I like dinner with dates. I made that reservation early in the week, so I’d have it in case she was available. I could always cancel…

> HER: I am glad to meet you tonight…

Did I play that right? It worked, but if I hadn’t contacted her, would she have spoken up? I don’t know. There is a fine line between chasing and leading.

She shows up, right on time… she was dropped off down the street a bit, and I could see her silhouette in the dark… that’s her. She is skinny-hot. Amazing body. Long legs and she moves in this uniquely charming way. Her dark hair tossing around as she moves.

She came in and met the cats… they were amazing. She was treating them like they are made of glass. I treat them like little brothers, toss them around, chase them, clap at them… they love it. They are close to dog-like, which is the only kind of cat I would want. They are great cats… and clearly great for comfort with the Asian girls.

I didn’t kiss her. I wanted to. I should have.

Dinner, was long, and slow, and charming. Great place. We had to sit across from each other, which became a topic of conversation as I kept saying I didn’t like the table as I couldn’t touch her and she would use that to tease me a bit. She would reach across the table and hold my hand. A couple times I stopped her, mid-sentence and told her I would kiss her right now if the table wasn’t there. She would go deep and dreamed-out each time. It was on.

I offered desert (cheesecake trap was set) and cats. She said, a bit reluctantly, “I like talking with you…,” dripping with emotion. I said “I have some non-caffeine tea” and she was a full yes and we left.

It was the coldest night of the year. My heat was on, but we were cold from the short trip from the car to my door. I sat her on the table, wrapped a blanket around her, and made us tea. We sat next to each other, feet on the bench seat, cats swirling around us, holding warm cups of tea, and I kissed her…

She almost collapsed. She was this unbelievably sexy version of helpless… something like that. She was moaning. Two more kisses and I said, “come on.”

I wrapped my arms around her, kept telling her “you’re alright,” as we slowly walked down the long hallway to my bedroom. I almost carried her. It was like she might faint.

I laid her down, and switched to a very physical, but kind of goofy vibe. She looked overwhelmed. Like she might break. I played with her, straddling her hips, pinching them between my thighs, and I rocked her back and forth, laughing at her, kissing her playfully, running my hands over her body, telling her we were going to have “highschool” sex and she laughed and started to relax.

She told me again, “you make me nervous.” I said, “good.” She smiled.

Meanwhile… my cold was kind of raging. I got thru dates the previous two days when I was worse (with girls I liked much less), but I was still pretty sick. It was the last day of the worst of it, but it was very hard to breathe. I noticed it was hard to get aggressive when you’re struggling for air. I told her so. But she was loving it. I was kissing her, touching her over/under her clothes, pulled up her shirt and sucked her hip bones. She was telling me she was “very excited.”

I didn’t think I was going to fuck her. I knew I “could,” but I felt terrible and I didn’t want to make it a chore. Some small part of me wanted the “notch,” but I knew I could have her at this point… if not now, maybe in the morning, or another day. She was closed.

At one point, I pulled her onto me, she was still fully clothed. I reached down, undid her pants, then reached around from behind and put my hand on her ass… or tried to. She has a lovely, but tiny little ass, very low-cut velvet pants, and I reached right past it, and found my hand in the most soaking panties I’d ever felt. She moaned as my fingers hit her wet spot. It was time to get busy, sick or not.

I took her clothes off, very slowly. She was exactly as I imagined… but better. Very small boobs, thin long limbs, hairless, except for her pussy — I loved that.

I love that many girls from Asia don’t shave their pussies. On an white girl, I’d want her well-trimmed at least, but on an almost hairless Asian girl, I think all that is sexy, just as it is. I really love it. I ate her pussy and played with her, fighting for air here/there because of the cold, but she loved it. Getting after her ass a bit as well.

I’ll stop here and say that I did pedestalize this girl. I even called myself out on my first post about her.

Yohami was asking why I didn’t try to isolate her on our first date… why I didn’t go more sexual… and the answer is, I was pedestalizing her. That is true. As if she was too “high end.” She is high-end, but of course that has nothing to do with sex drive. This girl was very ready. That’s why I went down on her, even though I didn’t think I was going to fuck her that night.

She decides to sleep over, and I shut off the lights in the house, and get naked and we sleep wrapped up together — me coughing uncomfortably from time to time.

But… it has long been true that my body “gets into it” as I actually sleep next to a girl. My mind shuts off, and my body can “think” clearly.

As we woke up briefly in the middle of the night, I was super hard, and I put her hand on my cock and put my hand between her long, milky legs. It was time. I knew this was going to happen. I teased her a bit more (and very nearly

came, pre-come everywhere), got up, put on the world's best condom, and slide inside her.

Wow. She is a very hot girl. Delicious.

I have been linking from this blog to this guy's Tumblr porn… This guy "Paul" and similar Tumblr sites helped convert me to Chinese girls. I have always loved Japanese and Korean girls, but China was too "different" in some way. Not "Western" like Korea and Japan. But the girls in Paul's photos, those bodies, taught me a real lust for Chinese women. This one.. The Siren… met all those expectations. She, is one of those girls, in terms of the perfect body.

To be with a girl of this quality — as I wandered the streets out hunting — has been a goal of mine, for months. Miss NYC is a racecar, but I didn't fuck her. Firecracker is very close, delicious, but not quite the same quality. The Siren is exactly what I wanted.

As she went to the bathroom at one point, I encouraged her, telling her I wanted to see her walk across the room naked. Wow. And when she got back… I made her stop, in the cold room, on the hardwood floors, and do a 360 for me so I could see her top to bottom. 2-3 inch thigh gap between those legs, wonderful hourglass shape, translucent white skin, dark nipples, long black hair rolling off her shoulders, lips reddened from the kissing… a goddamn vision of Asian beauty.

We slept in. Cats waking us up, as they wanted their breakfast.

Last night at dinner she told me I am the first boy she has ever talked to on the street (she has had some bad experiences from other men). She also told me she is the first boy she has ever "texted first" (she is talking about how I told her via email to text me, and say "I'd love to" for our first date, which she did). I believe her.

She is the harp player. The film composer. I still feel something like "danger" around her. I've told her I can feel her magic. She makes me want to say "I love you," even though I know that's absurd. I felt that so much last night.

I offered to get us tea and bagels. Her face narrowed. She said she wasn't expecting all this. That she had to go home, "think about it all." She stoked my face, and slept a bit more.

Eventually, I said, "Okay… I want to be the man that pins your down, that kisses you, that fucks you… but I also want you to be free." And she smiled and nodded. "Freedom" is one her trance words. I made her get up. I helped her dress and walked her downstairs.

It's like a "dream," she said. It has been "like a dream for me" since the first moment I laid eyes on her. Wow.

Viva daygame.

8 dates in 9 days, 3 Lays || 15 More

Nash · 21 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

It's been over a week since I did these sets. Not much to say about them, mostly just want to log them in… I am about to count to see if I hit my goal of 200 sets in Oct-Dec.

I assume I am well over.

I know I wanted to score a date for Thursday, which was the day after this day. I'd had my most epic week of dating ever – 6 girls in 5 days, sex with two of them (one new girl, and some recurring revenue from the delicious Firecracker) and I would date two more girls that week (with 1 more lay, repeat sex with the Velvet Mouthed mom). I had a date set up for Friday, but in glorious glutinous form, was looking to fill an open spot for Thursday. I was out hunting for that date (which I ended up finding).

Here are the rest of the sets.

Dec21:

1. Great style, boots, in a hurry. Bailed.

2. Very cute, eating a hotdog. We chatted for a bit. Asked who she was shopping for… told me her BF. I split. Nice girl.

3. Lovely high-end Chinese… Paused, then shook me off.

4. Chinese girl, conservative, cute, hurry, liked the stop.

5. She was a blonde Asian girl… also in a hurry. Everyone was that day.

6. Short, white, cute face, huge ring on her finger… Very cute. Let her go.

7. Beautiful Asian girl, works at Tiffany's, on her lunch break. Stopped, chatted, split. Wasn't going any where.

8. White girl young, hi… Basically a blow out.

9. Little Asian, cute, had a dinner reservation. I saw an emotional spike, but she had to go.

10. White girl, intense, said "what's up?" as I opened. That is a super masculine response… Always turns me off. A girl that says that is almost disqualified right there. No matter, in this case… She said hi, but didn't stop.

11. Really suspicious local Canton girl… She was warming up, but I let her go.

12. Tiny, beautiful face.. charming, had to go.

13. Very sexy girl walking toward me… I stopped her as we got close, instead of the usual Yad stop (95% of my approaches are Yad stops). Brief exchange, but she had to go. Very cute.

14. Blow out.

15. This girl… I opened her in early November, number closed, really liked her. I didn't recognise her as I started talking, but had a hunch. When she said her name, I remember it all. Tried to sell her on dinner. She is so cute. Awesome dance between us on the street… She is a challenging one. She shot me down the next day… We're scratching her off the list.

Viva daygame.

Conjure a Date, 4 Leads, The Italian Model || 12 More

Nash · 22 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I woke up wanting sex and I had nothing on call. One solution… hit the streets.

Daygame is elegant in that it's a portable skill that allows you a chance (but not a guarantee) of creating some magic, at will, whenever you apply it. That's what I was trying to do today. To exploit that chance.

I had a free night, and I wanted to conjure up a date, and maybe some sex. I was able to do the first part, but not the latter. I had a quick, but wonderful date with a girl I met on this day. I couldn't get her panties off, but I'm still a proud and happy daygamer.

It is still somewhat ludicrous to me that we can do any of this at all. That's it's learnable. That I was able to learn it. This works. I have proof.

It was a very good day. 12 girls (27 for the week). 4 fresh leads today. A same-day date. And the experience of willing my desires into being. I feel like a mother fucking wizard.

The set of the day was not #12 — my same day date, the virgin from Taiyuan, a girl that captured my imagination. My set of the day was #5.

She was tiny, and she popped out of a shop right in front to me as I prowled the streets. A lovely Asian girl, great little body, light orange freckles on her cheeks. Perhaps she noticed my swagger as she touched the sidewalk, because she glanced at me and then immediately looked down, a perfectly feminine IOI that caught my attention.

We were walking the same direction, and I felt myself drop into a lower gear as we caught each other's vibe. I slowed down and circled around her to get a better look. I was feeling cocky. I could tell she could feel the presence of a wolf in her midst. I think we were both turned on already.

I also saw her ring. She's married. Okay, cool. I unlocked from her to free up my radar for the next one.

I approached another girl almost immediately (#4), a girl in leather pants with a great ass. Basically a blow out. I wasn't paying attention to my set of the day at that moment, but I wonder if she saw me approach??

I noticed the feminine one again just after my blowout from #4. As I marched down the sidewalk, I saw her out of the corner of my eye and felt the familiar energy as we continued to move along together.

At the next intersection I was stopped at the light, I turned around to face the crowd and scan for something charming to chat up… And there she was again, at the back of the crowd, about 10 ft away, looking right at me.

We lock eyes, and she looks down. I smile. She looks up at me again, I am confidently staring her down and enjoying it. And then a third time. Fuck the ring, I want to meet her. She obviously wants to meet me.

So that was my opening line:

NASH: Hi. I saw your ring, and I know you're married, but I wanted to meet you anyway.

She went submissive and compliant right away. And… it was super on. She blushed, and did 100 other super feminine things that set off the animal in me, all of which made me want to take her right there.

It was over quickly, but it was fun to approach and acknowledge the heat.

As we wrapped it up, I asked "Are you serious about your husband?" That is a decidedly caddish thing to ask, but I am at least a bit caddish at this point in my life, and I wanted to feel that out. She went even more demure, looked down, but kept her eyes on mine, and nodded yes. Okay.

She is serious about her husband, but that girl wanted to be taken. Very hot little reference experience for me.

The Prince has been in my ear about me dating girls with boyfriends or husbands. He has a line for those situations:

> THE PRINCE: What are your agreements with your husband?

The Prince would also say that he does not like to help a woman break her agreements. That's noble, and I like that.

But unlike the Prince, I am interested in exploring that side of life, and of women, when they have a primary relationship, but are running around on the side. I want to understand that. Not as a spectator that "guesses," but as someone who knows.

So when the Prince says, "what are your agreements?," he is setting up a situation where you might be able to fuck the girl, assuming there is space for that in her current relationship.

Perhaps the relationship is explicitly open? And the agreement is, "we fuck other people." Or maybe they have a "don't ask, don't tell" arrangement, which is not so much an agreement, as a silent allowance for the reality that the relationship does not in fact satisfy all of the needs of those involved.

I call the latter "The Italian Model," where a man has a wife and a family, but most certainly a mistress on the side. And his wife, reduced to the "Madonna" side of the Madonna-Whore spectrum… is fucking the gardener, or the mailman, etc. I truly believe in the Italian Model. It is the way of the world. If you're in a "monogamous" relationship, and are not fucking someone on the side… I believe it is a truism that you are not fucking at all. That's true for most long term relationships I have seen.

To make this personal… this is why I am not married. But if I ever make that choice, I will assume a "don't ask, don't tell" arrangement. It is also why I am not surprised that about 1/2 the girls I meet, talk to me, date me, makeout with me, fuck me… even though they are in a relationship.

This is the way of the world.

So when I asked her "are you serious about your husband," that was a stupid question. For her to move fwd with me after that question, she would have to verbally agree she is a "cheater" (which is a word I almost never use, because if "everyone" does it it cannot be "cheating"). I should have used the Prince's line here ("What are your agreements?"), or did what I have done elsewhere, and said, "Okay… I know you are married, but I want to see you anyway." That's how I ended up fucking the Firecracker.

This one is gone. But, ahhhh… That girl was ready for a daygamer between her thighs. It would have been complicated, but it's true. I wish I had fished a bit more for an opening (…so to speak) with her.

As I said goodbye, I made a final declaration about her girly-feminine loveliness, and she said, "you totally made my day." I know I did, it was all over her face.

Deliciously feminine girl, great chemistry, and that's why she was the set of the day.

Here are the rest of the sets:

Dec22.

1. The Swede, dragging a suitcase. Here looking for work as a graphic artist. Last night in this city… adventure sex??? Took her card. Said she doesn't like Sweden because they are not open minded. Very on… I thought I'd found the one for my SDL. Tried to get her out that tonight…

* Met Rauker, a fellow daygamer, he saw me open the Swede and came up to me. Cool guy. I like him.

2. Married… but feminine and delicious.

3. Alternative Asian girl, piercings. Hot, 1/2 Japanese, 1/2 native. Curvy. Pierced. Tats. Wow. Should have tried to get her out tonight. #close… And she called me to make sure I had it. Cool.

4. White girl, great cheek bones… Leather pants. Wasn't having it.

5. Super feminine Asian girl… The set of the day.

6. Japanese girl, very cute, Line app close.

7. Chinese… I don't have many notes about this one.

8. Cute Korean girl from Philly. Open easy, was loving it. She mentioned meeting someone. When I asked who she was here to see she said her BF. Ha.

9. Cute Asian girl, on her way to a date. I walked with her and chatted her up about the date. She wasn't sure about me. When I said goodbye she seemed disappointed.

10. Asian, cute, huge smile wouldn't stop.

11. Little, beautiful, short hair. Smiled, but kept going, little look back. I reopened, she loved it but wouldn't stop. I learned to reopen from Yad… That's a good skill. She was a perfect example of when that it the right thing to do.

12. This was my beautiful "elvish" Chinese girl I closed and then got out for a same-day date…. The 25 year old Virgin from Taiyuan. Wow… Great set, and very good experience for me.

Viva daygame.

Date with Miss Taiyuan || Hunting for a SDL

Nash · 23 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Notice I said “hunting,” not finding… a SDL. She was extraordinary. Second date with a virgin this week. Daygame… is a fucking unbelievable adventure.

This morning, I woke up with a raging hard on. It has been a little over 3 days since I’ve been laid — Firecracker and I had a reunion on Monday night. It was a weird night, but I did get laid. She’s a sexy little girl… even if she still won’t kiss me. And has an MMA boyfriend. Urrr.

Anyway… I am back on my masturbation starvation diet… because it works. It’s been 3 days. Yesterday, I could feel the “motivation” cranking up. Today I was straight up looking for sex.

I had a date on Thu night last week (Older Chinese). Then a great date on Friday, even thou I was sick (Korean Virgin). Then two dates on Saturday (Miss Sincere… and then sex with my dreamy Siren later that night). Then a date on Sunday (Thai girl… she is proving to be a waste of time). Then sex on Monday (with Firecracker). I was saving Tuesday night for one last bite of The Siren before she leaves for China and I leave for Japan… didn’t happen. I had plans for last night.

Great week.

However… part of living an unbelievable life is unbelievable expectations. So while I have more than met my goals for December, I had an open Thursday night, and I was scheming all week to fill it.

I can’t remember how many girls I tried. Ha. Many of my favorites are traveling… including Siren, Firecracker and the Thai Girl. I’d tried Miss Sincere, she had a plan. The Korean Virgin has a friend in town (and I don’t think she is that into me). I met this new girl online today (which is an almost non-existent part of my game), and tried to get her out… she is in the Midwest, but we have a date for when she gets back. I tried the Filipina, and we have a date for tomorrow. I couldn’t get anyone out tonight.

I thought I was done daygaming for the year last week… in part because I had everyday booked with dates as December’s Girl Tornado was maybe the best I’ve ever created. But as I couldn’t get a Thursday date… hmmmm, time to hit the streets.

I talked to 15 girls on Wed. No leads… until the end, when I approached this girl and it turned out I’d opened her before. I had closed her before, actually, Miss Freckles (#18 that day). I really liked her then. We set a date last month, but she cancelled. I kept trying… this was around Thanksgiving… and she said “I’m too busy to make you a priority right now,” and never responded to another text after that. So I “reopen” her yesterday, realized who she is (she claimed to not remember me, which doesn’t make sense, we had too many texts). I try to get her to agree to a Thu night date (I already have her number), and we agree she’ll make up her mind today.

So I wake up with that hard cock, thinking of her. I think it might be on. We were spicy and fun together on the street last night. I did a good job, I was proud. So I text this AM, and she says, “Sorry, not interested.” Ouch. Okay. So I try to be un-butt-hurt about that, and double down, altering the plan in a tiny way, and she responds even more harshly. Fuck. Burned, because I like this girl, and she is really rejecting the fuck out of me… and because… I still don’t have a date for Thursday night.

(At this point I will mention that Miss Sincere completely rejected me on Tuesday night as well, saying “we shouldn’t keep in touch.” I have been out with her three times, including last Saturday, and her face is the face of a very happy girl, every time we’re together… even though she refuses to kiss me, or anything more. But via text, she is savage with me. I say this… to keep it real. I am having a great month, but I am still getting the occasional kick in the teeth… and that part of the story is important to share as well. This is real. I am doing very well, but I still get my ass handed to me every week.)

And now my quest for a “date” has turned into a quest for skin… as another day has gone by, and my balls are swelling, and I want to get laid. This is good motivation. I know I will hit the street again today.

At lunch is when I have the texts w/ the new online girl. This is easy, and fun, and she is game… and I like all that… makes me feel better about Miss Freckles and Miss Sincere kicking my ass this week.

So meanwhile… I have been thinking about the Velvet Mouthed Filipina. She was my first new lay this month. And she is very cute, but mid-30s, and a mom, and when I had sex with her… my cock loved it, but the rest of me was very clear she was different than all the little 25 year olds I am otherwise dating. But… I knew I should keep her in the mix, as I will get horny, and despite this level of Tornado action… I still can’t get laid “on call.” I just wish she was YHT, which she is not.

I pinged the Filipina for a Thursday night date earlier this week… and she was sick (on Tuesday??). But we set something up for Friday, assuming she would be better. I have tickets to see Too Short on Friday, but Filipina has to be home early, so that could work fine. Sex… then go out and dance. Sounds good.

The Filipina and I check in… and end up sexting. I am super hard, mid day, as I text with her and get ready to hit the street again. She is very hot for me, telling me over and over how wet I am making her. It’s great. I love sexting. And it is egging on the animal in me, pre-daygame. We keep that up, right up until I am approaching… and I stop responding to her texts. The last thing she said to me was, “I love thinking of your tongue rolling in my clit making me wetter.”

She is not my favorite… but “My CEO” is very much looking forward to fucking her tomorrow.

So that gets us caught up to today.

And I am looking for a SDL at this point. Or a date, at minimum. And I know this is possible. Miss Korea was a near hit a few weeks ago. Miss NYC was also close. I have never had a SDL from daygame, but it’s inevitable… I just haven’t checked it off. So I’m out hunting. And we know what we want. A tourist. Or a girl that’s alone for the holidays… maybe a foreign student? I know it’s possible. I know I’m ready. I can do it. So I try.

My first approach is a white girl pulling a suitcase. She opens wonderfully. It’s her last night in town, before she goes back to Sweden. She has no plans. She thinks most Swedes are “narrow minded.” You feel it? I think I’ve found it. It felt on. She gave me her card, with her phone on it, and I hoped I’d found my one. She was not it. She was not on WhatsApp. I tried texting her Swedish number, don’t know if it went through. I fired up webmail and tried her email… no response. Oh well.

So then… I’m walking up to the intersection, and this guy makes eye contact with me… seems cool. I give him a nod. I give everyone that seems cool a nod. And he nods back.

And then he walks up, taps me on the shoulder and says, “I think you’re out doing what I’m doing.” Ahhh… he’s a fellow daygamer. And he saw me run the set w/ the Swede, which was a very good set. I felt great. She responded very well. I was slow and cool. It would have looked pretty good. And he saw it, so he introduced himself.

Very cool guy. We’ll call him Rauker. We hung out for like 10 minutes. He watched me do 1 approach, a married girl, she acknowledged me, but didn’t stop. We chatted a bit, and he had to go. I hope I see him again. Very chill, real vibe from him. I told him I think he could be very good, as he feels “normal,” and that’s important in daygame.

So I’m back to walking the streets… it’s a perfect day, and so many people out shopping and fooling around, the street is full of women. I close two more girls, and I’ll talk about that elsewhere.

Side note: My sexting sessions with the Filipina is now having an unintended consequence… I have blueballs. Ha. That “headache in my balls” feeling making the day even more “gritty.” I power on.

It’s getting late. I am thinking about asking a friend if he wanted to get dinner, maybe after I get in a swim. I’m walking down one of my favorite streets, and I see her.

She is very tall. Beautiful face, with a hood over her head to keep out the Winter chill. Pale skin, a slender nose, long black hair… she's a mix of Chinese and Elvish. We might have made eye contact? I follow her a bit, and almost decide not to open… but I do. And she pops open. She is expressive. From Taiyuan, China. Living in NY, going to Cornell, studying law. Smart girl. She is here on vacation, as law school is out for winter break. She reminds me of Siren… also a high quality girl. We connect. She loves the stop. I ask about her plans for the night…

She has just had dinner, so that is out. I ask about a drink at 9, but she is staying at a hostel, and likes her suite mates, so she wants to be home by 10, so she doesn't wake them up when she comes home. I am about to give up, and she suggests an 8 o clock drink. Okay. She wants that date. Fuck yeah.

Victory! I have scored a date for my empty Thursday night slot. It took 27 girls. Ha. 15 yesterday, and 12 today, and all the existing leads I also tired, but I willed it to happen and the date was on. We made plans to meet at Macy's at 8, and I went to eat and pick up my computer.

27 girls. Wow.

She was on time, same outfit (I had hoped she would change, and get "ready" for the date). She doesn't drink… told me so as I picked her up… but I walked her to a very fancy hotel bar, with the plan that we could have non-alcoholic drinks together. I didn't know it at the time, but they have 3 specialty drinks on the menu just for dates like this. It was perfect. I'll have to remember this for another time… again, most of the girls I am picking up these days do not drink.

And she was lovely. Her main "trance word" is safety. She said it over and over and over. And we talked about that a lot. She felt very safe with me.

We are getting close to 10, and I know that's when she wants to be back to the hostel. Yohami will hate this… but I start talking about kissing her, and she is adamant that she won't kiss me. And I up that story, saying that if she can't kiss me… it will be very hard to get her to come back to my house and spend the night, and kiss, and maybe more. I say all this. And we have this very interesting negotiation, where she is very clear that Chinese girls do not do this.

And I have been thinking the whole time that Yohami would say that she only came on the date because she wants sex… but I don't feel that from her at all. We talk about how she and I are both anonymous, and how there is no risk, and it could be a great experience. And she mostly agrees, stares me in the eyes the whole time, but is adamant that she cannot kiss me… nor come home. But is smiling and loving the date. I am too.

She says she has never done anything like this before… but is very comfortable with me. She says, "I like you very much!," and she's 100% confident and enthusiastic and congruent with that statement. I tell her I am going to kiss her in the elevator, and she says if I do, she will get very angry.

And we're talking about sex… and I say, "well, you know what sex is like." But I see a flicker in her eyes. And I say, "you've had sex, of course?" And she very comfortably and calmly asks what I think… and I say, "of course." And she just gives me a beautiful Elvish stare in response. And then I ask if she is a virgin… and she says yes.

She is a 25 year old virgin. A beautiful one. The second 25 year old virgin I have dated in 7 days. Wow. So many unfucked, hot Asian girls out there. How is this possible??

Wow. That is my second date with a virgin this week. I am somehow proud of that. She is my third date with a virgin this Fall. You know what that means, don't you? It means I will fuck some virgins next year. For sure. This Fall… is a dirty preview of 2017. And 2017 is going to be a very big year for this daygamer. Believe that.

She hasn't dated anyone in America at all. She has never kissed an American boy. She had a 4 year relationship in China… and that poor bastard never got his cock inside her. Wow.

So I don't try to kiss her in the elevator. And I walk her back to the hostel. And we're still having a very good time. And she is saying that she can resist this very nice offer, because she has a strong mind… and maybe I have never dated a girl with a strong mind before. And she is laughing. And we like each other very much.

She volunteers that she will possibly regret not taking one of the many, many offers I made her tonight.

So we end up in front of her hostel… the exact same hostel where Miss Korea was staying, where she and I made out out front of the place, as she wouldn't come home with me either… and we are staring into each other eyes… unkissed… me with blueballs.

And I tee up for tomorrow night…

I am going to fuck the Filipina tomorrow. And maybe see a "washed up" rap legend later that night. But I told her I want her to think about my offers. And if she wants… she can get a "do over" on her regret, and come have an experience with me, and I'll skip the rapper.

Yes, I would skip Too Short for her. The thought of the choice makes me laugh.

We'll see.

She slowly walks into the hostel, looking back at me every other step. She had a great time tonight. Cool.

What a ridiculous day. Who knew my 43rd year could be so interesting. I will be 44 years old in less than 3 months. I am having a great fucking time.

Viva Daygame.

First Date with the Bitchy Blonde Asian

Nash · 30 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I picked her up about a month ago (#9). She was after my daygame session, on my way home. Blonde, young, wearing some kind of a heel (maybe a boot?), and she had a snappy walk, slamming that heel into the sidewalk as she stormed down the street. In some ways… that was already a red flag.

Without rereading my notes, I remember what I said about her… I was over eager, a little hyper — which is surprising, as I'd been put hitting on girls all afternoon, I should have been calm, deep, warmed up. I walked her to her art class, and took her number… And she was kind of into me taking the number. I could tell. At first I figured I wouldn't be able to get her out… because I was over eager. Then, I thought I might, as I remembered that she helped me close her, she was interested, and she texted back… for a bit.

Tried to text back then, she was responsive at first, and then not… Saying she was on deadline, and then disappearing. I didn't work that lead that hard… I didn't have to… it was good month. I was running a lot of street approaches, I had a lot of leads, no reason to wear this one out. And that is likely why I got her out tonight. The lead still had a little gas left in it.

Yesterday, a few weeks after I picked her up, in this dead space between Christmas and New Year's, I was fishing for a date. Most of my favorites are out of town, including Firecracker and the Siren (both back in China).

I had come across the Blonde Asian in my phone a few days earlier, and it took me a second to remember who she was — which felt good. I have enough girls in my life that I don't even remember the stale leads. That is a good thing. Go daygame.

I hit her up yesterday, in a flurry of other texts, fishing… and she responded.

I was trying to close for a date, and I was getting horny — I was looking for a proper date, opened ended, at night, so sex was a possibility. I suggested something, she said yes, but had plans later… Turned out she had her days confused. Thought "today" was New Year's Eve. I pointed out that it was not… and she confessed I was right. And she looked a bit messy. We almost had a plan, and I left her with some choices I had offered earlier, options she had argued with, as she had the days wrong.

> NASH: "Bar X or Bar Y. Dirty or fancy. Your choice."

My impression of her is that she isn't as cool as she comes off. Saying that another way, she tries to be a little tougher, a little cooler, a little more "secure" than she actually is. Her getting her dates wrong is one sign of that.

So this morning I wake up, and I don't have a confirmation as to which bar… and I assume she is not totally sold. If I had said nothing, I am sure she would not have come out. So, rather than ask for a confirmation (which would feel needy to me), I go back to the negotiation.

I suggest a bite to eat first. I don't care about the food… I want to confirm the date, and this is a way to get that confirmation (or not), without asking for it. It's the same as saying "I'm going to be a little late, let's do 9 instead." The details don't have to matter, but this gives you a way to reengage, without asking the question a second time.

She does respond, saying she has plans, but suggests drinks after all:

> HER: Ooh I love ramen but my friend surprised me with concert tickets. Would you like to get drinks around 7:30 downtown?

Hmmm, okay good. I like that. That is more than many girls would offer.

Meanwhile… as I said, I'm ready for some sex, so I was in negotiations with a Japanese girl I met last week for

tonight as well, and that fell through. So I scheduled a date with the J-girl for next week (she is insisting on lunch…), and confirmed with the Blonde Asian for tonight. Fine. I also set up a final sex date w/ the Velvet Mouth for the day before I leave for Japan.

The Blonde is there right on time, and I am 1 minute late… not sure I will recognize her. But there she is.

I see the blonde hair. It's over-died, and a little ratty. Unhealthy, from all the bleaching. She has a big butt, in an unusual cut of jeans… very hipster, not super attractive. Again, this is the "not quite as cool as she thinks she is" look going on. I'm not really that impressed. Part of all this feels "young" to me. I am guessing she is 25… and not that polished.

I come along side of her, and look at her… It's been a month since we met (and that was 2 minutes on the sidewalk). She's not sure it's me. I say hello. I ask if she hugs, and she gives me a weak yes, so I give her a small hug.

The date starts.

It takes a minute, but we get a seat at the bar… and then… 15 minutes before they pour us a drink. The bartenders are fucking around, taking shots, cleaning up the bar, nobody is getting served, it makes for an awkward start. Lots of silence as we try to make sure we can flag down the bartender. Not great.

She is… stand offish. She is bitchy. Very little grace from this one. I am doing okay, probably better than average, but she is the "American" kind of Asian, in the sense that American girls suck, just like all Western girls. She's that kind. Ahhh. I like this city, but it is true… I date almost exclusively "foreign" girls. Western girls do suck. The manosphere is right about that.

She is a "rich" girl, and I am not talking about her wallet. She knows some stuff. She has her BA in literature. She has a masters as well, from a big time school here in the area. She is from Korea, but has lived in multiple cultures (because of her dad's job). Her family sounds smart. She a bitch, but not an empty one. She has content. If she was just a bitch… I might have walked out on her.

She is talking about her Halloween costume at one point, and she mentions this particular inspiration, and the word "patriarchy" comes out of her mouth. She never used the word "feminist" but she did use the word "activist" and all of that is more red flag for me. She does this in the context of what I would call "punk." I move the conversation to "punk" and I tell her that punk means "fuck you" to me. That that is the essence of punk. That I have some "fuck you" in me too. And she doesn't argue with that. I get the feeling she might be of the Social Justice School of Get the Fuck Away From Me… I feel like I have dodged a conversational bullet.

Meanwhile, she has taken off her coat, and is wearing something "concert ready," showing some skin, and I like that part. Call me crazy. Her hair may be fried, but her face is beautiful, despite more makeup than most of the girls I am dating. Great eyes. Very kissable lips. Very kissable. I would. That and more. She is interesting, even if she is tougher and more contrarian than I want. All of this is my incentive.

We talk art, and she knows a lot about it. And we get in some light disagreement about the definition of art… and I don't back down. I play with her about it. Tell her what I think art is about. More lip from her. Bahh. This is what she's like.

Later in the conversation, she tells me that she thinks the same way about punk as I do. I mention this, as this girl is obviously not a "charmer" that is trying to kiss my ass. But here she is, almost complimenting me. That is probably much better than most men do with her.

I never touch her, the whole date. We are relatively close, but it's not that kind of date. Yes, I would kiss her, fuck her… but in the space of the date, it wasn't there for me. I touch every girl, and other than the hug, it just wasn't that kind of date.

Next week… I am planning on writing a post about "types of girls." I am already working on it. And as a preview of

that post, I will say that Janka talks about how one of his “types” is the “Bitchy Girl.” She is that kind of girl.

Janka says that the way you deal with that kind of girl, is escalate fast and hard. You fuck her. That she will see everything else as weakness. I agree with his assessment. I may have already missed my window… but if I see her again, that is the plan.

This date is going “okay”… but it is still the worst date I’ve had this year. I am being real. We had our moments. I’m not unproud of myself. The best things I am doing are 1. Holding super solid eye contact with her. And 2. Not agreeing with her or backing down when she shows strength. I do okay making her tell some things about herself, as a type of qualifying. That went okay.

So I decide to play with the date… why keep plodding along? I would rather fuck with it, and have it go someplace or blow up, than be “polite” and bore both of us to death.

So I tell her I am going to change the topic, and I start talking to her about surrender. I tell her that when two people meet, they are part real and part presentation. And that I see her being real, I do, but I also see presentation… not that she is being fake, but that I get this “tough” part. She nods… I have her a little bit here. This “punk” part. She is paying attention. I can see the “fuck you” in the way she is presenting to me (calling back to our conversation about “punk”). More agreement. And I ask what surrender means to her?

I like that. I bet very few men have ever taken her bitchy attitude and played with it like that. In some ways, this is what I did w/ the Older Chinese Girl last Thu… refused to play her boring game, and played my game instead. In both cases, it clearly moved the date in a positive direction.

Her response was… whatever. Kind of more of the same. But I did see some moments of realness in the way she held my eye contact. We stared each other down some.

About an hour+ into it, she checks her phone. She says he friends are coming to the bar we are at… and she says “I am going to hang out with them.” And I say, “Are you kicking me out?,” and I smile. And she says, “No, no… but they are coming here… you can hang out.” All of this kind of sucks. More of the same.

Somehow we talk about her experience as a girl… and she says that she almost didn’t come out with me, that she thought I might be a “douche bag.” And I say, “Ha! So? Am I a douche bag?” And I smile. Haha. And she says no, but she can feel my stubbornness. Like that line I quoted above (“Bar X or Bar Y….”). This was her reference to her/my back and forth as we settled on a place and time. But she says she came out because she liked how bold I was when I approached. And she liked how persistent I was about getting the date. And I could see in her eyes that she was real about that. I tease her some more, that next time I’ll try a little harder to get my full douche bag rating. She laughs.

But to point to Yohami’s “puzzle:” She likes bold. She likes persistent. Of course she does. She is kind of a cunt. And she needs to get “crushed,” or you’ll never see her soft side. I have no interest in her shell.

(I think this is the first time I have ever called a girl a cunt on this blog. I don’t say that casually.)

Anyway… her friends are coming. And the last thing I want is to be outgunned in that situation. Trying to charm them, when this girl isn’t completely charmed. So I stand up. I say, “come here” and I hug her again, and I split.

Chasing this girl will do nothing but ruin my vibe. I know that.

So… I won’t chase her. I won’t text her. If she texts me, great. But if not, fuck that.

I’m going to Japan, and she knows it. If I feel like it, I can try her when I get back, in 6 weeks. That could have a chance of working, without me looking like I am chasing her.

If that girl could surrender, I think she could be fun. Perhaps delicious. I would love to see that, actually. She reminds me of Best Kisser Ever, who is also Korean, also has a chip on her shoulder, and is a great kiss/lay… if you can crush her and take what you want. I learned a lot from Best Kisser Ever.

If I see her again, I'll insist on a late night. I'll start with a shot, even if she won't join me. And I'll move on her physically hard/fast. And if she doesn't like it, fine with me, she can leave.

That's the plan.

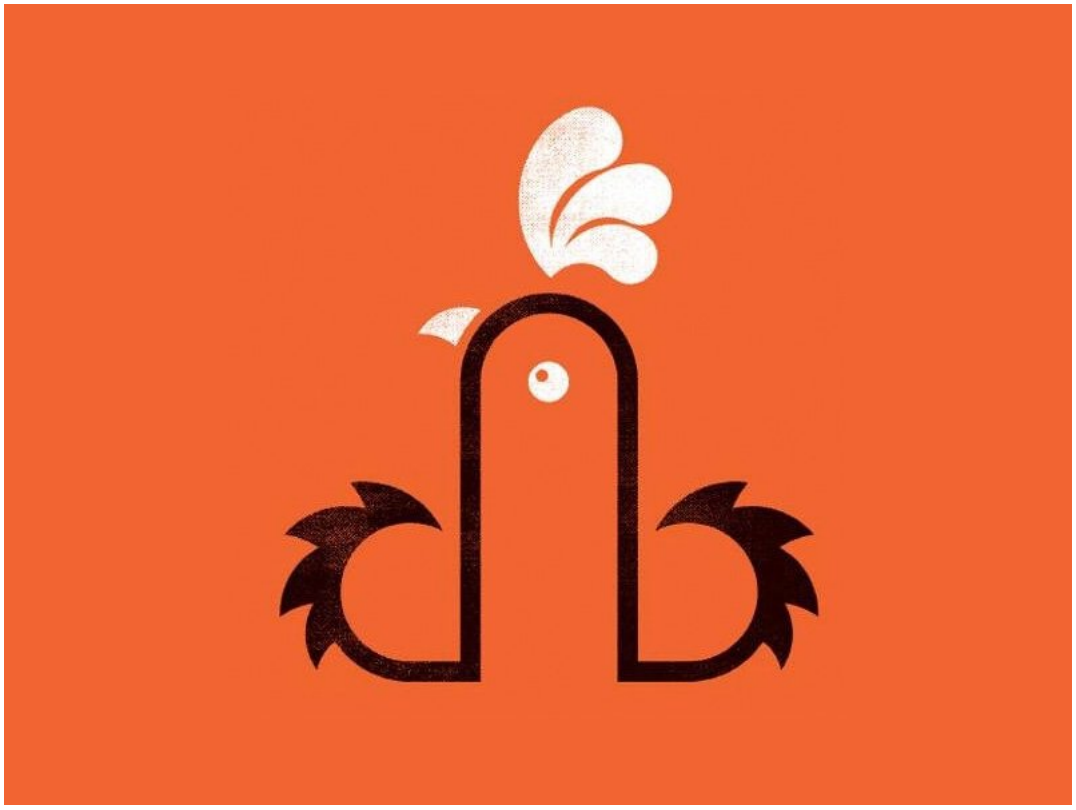
She is cute. I like things about her. I'd like to fuck her… and see her surrender. But she is a bitch. Maybe it's an act? I did okay today, and saw a decent side of her… but it wasn't easy. And I won't treat her like other girls, as she'll hate me for it. Janka is right.

Viva daygame.

The Year of the Cock || Hit the Ground Running

Nash · 1 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

My ex, the Tokyo Queen, and I were exchanging “Happy New Year” messages this morning. She sent me an animated Rooster, with the message “It’s the Year of the Rooster!” I replied, “It’s the Year of the Cock.” She sent back an unhappy face emoticon. I laughed.



I don’t follow the Zodiac much, but I am taking this as a “sign” indeed.

Everyone loves a prediction. I would rather under-promise and over-deliver… that’s more my style. But I’ll make a prediction this once…

2017: I am going to do some damage this year.

Damage to my remaining “pretty lies.” Damage to some young ladies chastity. Damage to my relatively low lay count.

To say that another way… it’s gonna be a fun year.

I have a lot of 1/2 written posts to finish up about December… including the final count of my goal of 200 approaches between Oct-Dec. But it was a very good end of the year for me. A transformation. A lot of progress as a man. A lot of progress as a daygamer.

I’m on the path. I’m proud of myself.

It was also a very good year for education. I am grateful to Krauser and Yohami for the precious instruction and good examples of where game can take us. (Extra thanks to Yohami, for the personal time and deep-well of knowledge he has shared here and on Riv’s blog.) I am grateful to Riv, for his friendship, his inspiring writing, and his vision of camaraderie for us all as we perfect our craft.

And I’m very grateful to all the girls out there… for the hot little dances on the sidewalk, for those harsh moments when they helped “pound me into gold” (one rejection at a time), and those tender moments when I “pounded”

them into purrs and puddles.

Maybe I am especially grateful for the Taiwanese girl, as she was first my daygame lay. She helped me prove the model. She made the streets real for me.

I am currently grateful for the Siren, as she has captured my imagination.

So today, to show some dedication to the new year, and my path as a man, I hit the ground running… and went out to run some New Years Day approaches. My new friend Rauker joined me. We did a few hours, talked to a bunch of girls, traded notes on game and life… and each took a number.

Thanks, Rauk. What a great start for 2017.

I didn't take notes on today's session. Nothing too extraordinary, but it was a fun day out there… and a show of tribute to discipline, dedication and love of the game to start off the new year.

May we all find inspiration in the streets.

May we find the girls that help us find ourselves.

Viva daygame.

First Date with Miss Sendai

Nash · 7 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I picked her up 2 weeks ago, a couple days before Christmas. I think she is 23-24. She is from Sendai, Japan, but her family lives in Tokyo now. She's here studying English, but will be back to Japan soon. I closed her on the Line App, so I can talk to her when I'm in Japan. A few msg's via Line since then.

Pretty good responses from her, with me seeding the idea of a date. Then, last week, as I was jonzing to get laid, she was one of the girls I was hustling. She was busy (I went out with the Bitchy Blonde Asian instead), and we set up a date for Jan02.

As I said in my post about the Blonde, I wanted a proper night date, a sex scenario. But this one kept bringing the negotiation back to lunch:

> HER: How about lunch …?

Which I dodged…

> HER: Can't you make it in lunch time?

There it is again…

> HER: Is it okay to eat in lunch time ??

It's almost like she's trying to tell me something.

Okay, fine. This is all over several days/exchanges, but she was persistent about this not being a "grown-up" date. We agree to lunch.

I msg'd that AM, and no response… I have been trying to get ready for my trip, so I was not worried about it. But then, at noon, a flurry of messages, and she's affirmative. We agree to meeting spot and I have my first date of 2017 set up, with a young Japanese girl.

I don't remember what she looks like, at all. I know she is Japanese, and not really a stunner. A cute girl, but not a real favorite that I remember.

We meet up and she is tall, long hair, dressed average/conservative for the cool winter day. She's is somewhat cute, but not beautiful. I can see why I would street-stop her, but I'm not super excited to look at her. If she was fun or interesting I could be into her. However, my cock is my CEO, and my CEO likes it when I am putting deals together. So here we are.

As it is she is seemingly confident, a little distant, not overly feminine or charming or girly. She's "cool" as she meets her daygamer for lunch.

I step forward and say, "Do you hug," and she closes off and says "In Japan, we do not hug." I think that's the first time a girl has rejected my hug. I know Yohami (and Bad Boy) would say, don't ask. I'll stop doing that, at some point. They are right.

Lunch is fine. Not super fun, but I know how to handle myself, even with a lukewarm girl. I do a good job of warming her up.

One thing I have going for me is that I am about to go to Tokyo… Where she is from. I am literally leaving for her home town, on the other side of the world, in two days. And I have been there before. I toss out some bad Japanese from the language program I have been studying, and she laughs. This scores me some enthusiasm from her.

And… it turns out that she is ending her time at school here in my city and will be heading back home to Tokyo. In fact, she will get there about 10 days before I leave. The whole reason I wanted this date was to set her up for when I got back, but now she is set up for my trip. Which has some promise.

It'll be a small window when we're in Tokyo together… but it's possible. ~~My cock~~ My CEO slaps me on the back… "Keep going."

We are across from each other at the table (something I never do, but there were no side-by-side opportunities). No touching. But again, she is lukewarm and we are on a lunch date… Not a lot of magic. No sparkle in her eyes.

I want to steer the conversation into something more interesting and I ask if she has a boyfriend in Japan. She says no, but she says she has a BF here in my city. Hmmm. I didn't ask why she was out with me if she has a BF, and I wish I had.

As I write this, I am remembering that Yohami has suggested one might ask how the BF treated her, as a roadmap to how you should treat her:

> "By the way, what I tried a few times is to ask questions about the ex since that carries all the information you'll need. They'll tell you straight away what they wanted, what they didn't get, how the guy was a jerk or a loser for specific reasons, and what you get from there is what kind of man she'd say YES to because she said yes to that guy, plus all the new information.

> "For example if she says the guy treated her badly and cheated on her, you'll be able to fuck her by being a cheater and treating her badly. White knights get nothing. The exception for this is girls who already have a boyfriend but are in the dance with you – in that case they'll talk about the bf in contrast to you and how he's a loser and your job is to simply put him down, so they feel good that you're a better option to fuck and they are justified.

> "Though I stopped asking because the truth is, I already know, I don't care, and I'm more interesting than all their baggage."
> — Yohami

And she kept dodging the night date, right? I had thought she was trying to keep the date non-sexual in general, but maybe she was doing that for the BF? I am curious about what she was thinking here?

I asked if she would miss him when she leaves and she looked at me like what I said was crazy. Her English is not great, so I can't be sure she understands me for certain, but this felt like she was brushing him off, minimizing him.

Lunch wraps up and she has plans. I was very ready to try to get her closer to my house, etc., but the date was flat and she's off to see some friends. I do not think she came on this date to get laid.

As we part, I spread my arms and say "come here," and "I'm going to give you an American hug," and she smiles and takes it this time.

Flat date. We have to screen these girls for potential, but this felt like a waste of my time.

By the time I get back home I get this via Line:

> HER: Thank you for asking me lunch today ! I had so much fun ! Hope we can meet in Tokyo ☺Please have a safe trip!

After that warm, unsolicited thank you, we have some more conversation where I get in, "I like you and think you're cute." I want to make sure she gets that I am not trying to be buddies. I tell her to have fun on this trip she is

taking before she comes home, and I tell her to send me some pictures.

> HER: I'll send you some !!
> HER: See you in Tokyo ✨

Hmmmm.

Now I don't know what to think. Her response via Line was so enthusiastic, you would think it was a good date, and it wasn't really. Maybe that was my audition and I passed??

I don't know why these girls come out on these dates. I'm sure there are many, many reasons…

Rauker and I talked about "girls using a guy for a meal or for free drinks," but I think that is unlikely. Meanwhile, I am going to stop seeing the Thai girl as she knows that we are "man to woman," but she is refusing to go past "highschool escalation" (I have had her in my bed 5 times and she will not let me take her panties off… I was relentless last time, she won't let it happen). I do not want to collect any more "platonic" girls.

I'm not sure where this one stands.

I have another one in Tokyo that I dated two years ago in my city. Miss Chiba. I took her out like 6+ times… Had her in my bed 2 times, could not get her clothes off. Got a bit of nipple out once, and lots of kissing (cute Japanese girls, with lip gloss… wow!), but no sex. I'm more experienced now, but I don't want that kind of girl in my life. Why was she dating me back then?? Will I be able to make more happen if I have time for her when I see her I Tokyo this trip?

Hmmmm.

I'll message both of them and see how it feels. Miss Chiba right away, and Miss Sendai early next month.

I hope to be so busy with other girls that I won't care what happens, but if I'm not busy I'm sure I'll test those waters.

We'll see.

Viva daygame.

200 in the Fall, Burning Bridges, Gaming Ourselves, Thanks Riv.

Nash · 8 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Sometime in late September, I had a call with Rivelino. Two daygamers – with the Atlantic Ocean between us – chatting about life, girls and goals. I told Riv I wanted to do 200 approaches in the next couple of months.

I nailed it.

I don't have my stats for the year, but I do have my stats for this Fall. Here they are:

233 approaches.
— 87 in Oct
— 71 in Nov
— 75 in Dec

I hit my goal.

But to be honest, we know that's not even that much approaching. I think the rule of thumb for new guys per the London Model is 50 a week (3 days of 10 midweek, and a 20-approach day on a weekend). That would be overkill for me, I think, but either way, I'm well under that.

I'm not suggesting that spam-approaching is a good idea, but I am increasingly convinced that you should allow yourself to warm up, and that you get better reactions after you're warm, and often that is after the first 5 – 8 approaches in a day. It makes sense. It's like anything else. So that means bigger days are better days.

Roy Walker commented to me that he doesn't focus on warming up (and often his best set is his first set, and that happens to me too, sometimes), but for the rest of us… I still assert that bigger days are better days.

And maybe even more importantly… when you're on… don't stop. Seriously, cancel your plans and keep farming on those days. I had several "hot streak" days last Fall, where I'd take 4-5 numbers (vs 0-1 on a "normal" day) in one session, and often those numbers would mostly turn into dates. I think the two new lays I had this Fall from approaches during the day were both from days when I was on a hot streak.

I dated 17 different girls.
— 7 in Oct
— 4 in Nov
— 6 in Dec

That's distinct girls. There were many repeat dates in there that are not in the total. There is one girl from online. And one girl I have known for years but hadn't seen in over a year (more about her below). That means 15 distinct girls from daygame during the Fall. Better than 1 new girl on a date per week. Not bad for this stage of my game.

And for the record… there were a ton of cancelled dates that never happened. Rejection is part of this too. Tons of rejection, at every level. And so much work spinning plates to make this all happen.

I had sex with 3 new girls.
— 1 in Oct
— 0 in Nov
— 2 in Dec

Firecracker, the Velvet Mouth mom, and the Siren. Repeat sex with the first two. I also had the Thai girl in bed, with her giving me some oral pleasure several times, but we could never get her panties off.

And I had that odd night with Miss NYC, where I made her squirt via some manual stimulation, but didn't have sex with her for lack of a condom (we went to her hotel, she wouldn't come to my place). She was a full yes, and that was my bad for not being more prepared, or that lay count would be at 4. I now carry condoms (plural) with me on

most dates.

(Sidenote there… I once saw this Same Night Lay seminar where that one dude from Vegas, fat guy, big attitude, but looks legit… he asks the crowd, "How many of you have condoms on you right now?" And a lot of guys did. And that is a kind of lesson right there. Interesting moment to know how serious you are about getting laid a lot.)

Okay, there are the numbers.

I'm not pretending they are that good. Not in the context of my buddy Pancake. Or what Roy is doing. Or the Krauser.

But as I told my old wing Hurricane today… "You have known me a long time. I bet we're both surprised I can claim stats like that." I've come a long way. I think my game is at a point where I am literally straddling the gap between have and have not. And I will show a lot of progress this year. It's going to get better. Count on it.

And an average of "one lay a month from hard graft" is a standard I've had my eyes on for some time. It's not my destination, but is an important milestone. I'm on the path.

I learned a lot. Thanks to Yohami for all the coaching. Fucking thanks, man. His comments here are solid gold.

I have had some good times with the Firecracker… more sex with her than any other girl (which is still not that much). She and I were chatting today online, she is whip-smart, and funny, and absolutely sexy and delicious in bed. Last time we slept together she said, "make me feel like a slut." She's great. Velvet Mouth (I call her that because that's what came to mind as I kissed her the first time) is so into it, so feminine, so easy to be with… she is wonderful. Zero games. Lots of passion. Good deal. And the Siren… she's my favorite daygame girl so far. Very sophisticated girl, extremely feminine, also super passionate, and a wonderful body. Wow. I really like her. We'll see if that is still alive when I get back to the states.

But the girl of the season was Miss Shanghai. Which is kind of a surprise to me. We did not have a good time together. But if you see a "bad" movie, and can't stop thinking about it… that movie got you. I'm not pining for her in any way, but that's close to how I feel about her and my date. That date remains on my mind.

She is a girl I've known for years. I didn't pick her up on a street approach (and she's not a part of the 233 count for Fall). I met her in a cafe. We dated a bit almost 3 years ago. She's married, then and now. I always wanted to, but never tried to kiss her (or get her naked, for that matter). So as we set up a time to see each other this year, I got her back to my place mid-day, and I tried to kiss her. I genuinely wanted it. And she completely rejected me. We settled down for a bit, but she left pretty quickly after that. I have messaged her once via Facebook since then (something very casual), and she didn't reply.

I think I burned that relationship to the ground. She might be mad at me. Who knows.

I have thought about that one all Fall (she was in Oct). And I am very glad I did what I did.

Torching that relationship by trying to make it sexual was me burning a bluepill/orbiter bridge. I don't need that bridge. I am no fucking orbiter. Not anymore. Fuck that bridge. That relationship probably could have gone sexual back in the day — which was always my interest, it was always man to woman — but I didn't get it done early. And how it starts is how it goes.

I don't blame her one bit. Girls are perfect just the way they are… it's what we do with them that matters. It's how we rule ourselves.

I think her logical brain might think I overstepped that day, and maybe ruined a "friendship." But I am quite convinced that her hindbrain was originally attracted to me, and I fucked it up with weak game, by not doing that very same thing years ago. I made the mistake then, not this Fall when I went for the kiss… which I genuinely wanted. It was all authentic. If she was here now, I'd do it again. I think she's hot. It was a mistake for me not to act sooner. To date her without getting what I wanted was a lie.

The point is not that she should fuck me. It is that I am a man that will go for what he wants. And I didn't do that back then, because I wasn't the man I am now. And the man I am now burned that bridge so it can never happen again. It was the right thing to do. Burn the evidence of a weaker past. Learn. Move on. Be who you want to be.

We don't game women. We game ourselves. I needed to step up my game and I did.

Back to my goal of 200 in the Fall, that is also about gaming myself. It's about setting goals, chipping away at them via discipline and real work. And hitting them to prove you are the man you say you are. Integrity. That is all for me. Do I think girls appreciate those qualities? Of course. But I am doing this for me. And the girls will follow.

I want to thank Rivelino again. For his time, for his support, and for sharing his own story on his blog. I also want to thank him for his suggestion that we show some camaraderie as seducers. He's been a great example. And a good friend. We have a lot to learn from each other. All of us.

And he also allowed me to make a commitment. To say it out loud. To provide a moment for accountability. This is one way in which our brothers can serve us. And help us to serve ourselves.

Here's to a badass 2017.

To all the players on the path, all the daygamers wearing out the pavement, breaking hearts and taking their licks… I salute you.

Viva daygame.

Tokyo Trip with Krauser || My First 40 Approaches Here

Nash · 13 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Ahhh, that's some clickbait right there. I am here in Japan, getting started on a daygame trip, but no, Krauser is not with me. The reference to Krauser is because I brought his book Adventure Sex along, and I'm reading it for inspiration as I kick off.

This is my 3rd trip to Tokyo. My 2nd Japan trip where daygame is a focus. And Nick's book is about his 2014 season in the FSU. Different part of the world, but a similar story.

> "Conceptually, volume four represents the period of my journey where I finally became truly comfortable with self-identifying as a "player…"
> — Krauser, Adventure Sex

Last time I was here in Tokyo I brought Tom's book Torero Travels with me. I would read it on the train on my way to swim or at meals. It fit the mood of my 2015 solo trip perfectly. Reading about a guy doing what you're doing, and doing it better, is proper inspiration, and makes you feel a little less crazy, especially when you're on your own.

So last year when I bought Krauser's latest book, I put it on the shelf and saved it until now. I'm just over 100 pages in, at the part where Krauser is just starting his first Euro trip of 2014. He's talking about those first opening days and they line up with my first days of approaching here in Tokyo.

I'm in a different country, stalking a different kind of girl, but I feel like I'm in his footsteps, and the footsteps of other seducers before us.

In the book, he is describing what it's like to have John (Bohi?) along with him. As the story goes, John had plenty of daygame experience, but had never done a FSU adventure:

> "He was jumping off a cliff and hoping the water is deep enough."
> — Krauser

I know the feeling.

I have been here before, but I am by myself, I am a long way from home, and 2 years older than my last visit. On the one hand, I'm feeling much more experienced and confidence at daygame in general. I had a good Fall. I did some "jumping off a cliff" in Washington DC in Nov, which was also a warm up for this trip. I did two days of daygame there, and took numbers both days, in a city I had never been to, with no wing and no guidance. I was only there for 4 nights and couldn't make a date happen, but that was a good trip. I felt ready then. I feel ready now.

So far here in Tokyo, despite the fact I also have no wing, no guidance, and don't speak Japanese… it's going pretty well, actually.

I was sick for the for the first week, which sucked, but I made the best of it. I spent my time working on my client's accounts, scouting my territory, trying cafes and restaurants for date spots. I can just imagine if this had only been a one week trip and I was sick the whole time… I would have had all the cost and work of the trip, but would have had to sit out the "whole game" on the bench. I was way too sick to approach. I thank the daygame gods that I am here long enough that that week of staring at beautiful Japanese bodies with no other option but to sneeze and sniffle didn't bother me that much. I will have time to make this trip memorable.

I got started as soon as I could… maybe a little too soon, but I was eager.

My first approach felt completely natural. She was a quiet, incredibly beautiful girl by my standards. Her English was non-existent, so it ended quickly. But the seal was broken, and I was at work, doing what I love. I did 9

approaches that day, and was a little too sick to enjoy it, but I was genuinely hungry to make something of this trip. I took two leads. Still sort of chatting with both of them.

Two days later I tried again. 12 approaches. That day was a crushing wave of rejection and 10-second sets where the girls spoke no English at all. I had one very delicious approach with a 22 year old ballerina that IOI'd me, so I went after her. She was in Shibuya to buy those shoes with the wood blocks in the toes. I tried to close and she suggested Facebook, which I didn't have on my phone (I can take proper phone numbers at home, but along with the Line App, I need FB here). She had no signal, so she couldn't add me then… and of course that means I never got added. Good. That was the incentive I needed to finally put FB on my phone. Done. We learn. We move on.

It was a tough day, grey skies and no leads. But, I have enough experience to know these days are somewhat normal. We just work through them. We pay our dues.

> "No matter how tight your game, you'll always get frustrating runs that make you doubt your hot periods ever happened."
> — Krauser

This is especially true when you haven't got many daygame successes to inspire you. Thankfully, I have some good reference experiences from back on my home turf. And my game here was beginning to kick-in. I was doing these sessions, but also compulsively opening as I moved around town.

> "…Daygamer Guilt. You become so used to opening, so keen to accumulate notches at an every-faster rate, and so into the identity of being a player that you feel bad every time you don't open."
> — Krauser

That is not from his book, but his concept of Daygame Guilt has been in my head, as I've had a hard time not approaching when I'm out doing my "normal-person activities," like heading off to a coffee place to do some client work or just out to sample some of the local food. While my phone is filling up with Line App contacts in various degrees of potential, I haven't been laid yet and I am feverish to prove myself here and… for a proper "taste of Japan."

Each day here I felt a little better. And my third day I was out in a nearby neighborhood, the weather was cold but glorious, and there was lots of magic in the air.

> "I took John on the circuit and we must've been out five hours in the sunshine. Our sets hooked and we took numbers. It was very pleasant to just walk along the streets… Where every third girl was fuckable. I had six or seven numbers and John had a handful too."
> — Krauser

Yeah. Like that. "Where every third girl was fuckable." He is talking about Minsk and his trip, but I have played that line over and over in my head as I walk the streets of Shibuya.

I love Japanese girls. Full stop.

I talked to 19 cute girls on my third day out. That was a personal record (which I have since beat). It was pretty effortless. This is a "target rich" location for a man with my tastes. Some very ripe sets with very special girls. Often, the girls were so feminine, I would have the overwhelming urge to kiss them right away — that's happening over and over, actually. Juicy feminine mouths and lip gloss. Grrr.

I took four contacts in this session and felt very much at home. I went on to date one of those girls.

The Krauser exposure really helps normalize it all for me. And I'm grateful for the look into his "players journey" as I try to craft my own.

As a community, we daygamers are all trying to convince each other this is real. Of course getting laid is its own proof, but even when you've tasted the fruit, the sense that you might be a fraud, or that you have just ticked past your sexual market utility is haunting. A reminder is helpful when you're not in a place of plenty.

> "I had to peruse my own blog to remind myself these events had really happened."
> — Krauser

And my daygame successes have been real, they did happen. I'm in good shape for this trip. With the 40 approaches below I have a solid start on this adventure. I only did 80 approaches total in my first trip and I will blow that number away this time.

I have 6 leads at this point in the trip, not counting the handful of girls I already know from other daygame moments that are in the mix enough to have some promise (like the Hong Kong stewardess I picked up weeks ago that is chatting with me on FB everyday… or the Japanese girl from my city that was my first date of the year back at home, and will be here in a couple weeks, in time to see each other again before I leave).

My goal is to get laid twice while I'm here. At the point of this writing I have 4 weeks to do it.

I'm working harder that I would at home. Harder than I ever have. I think I'm better with women now than I've ever been in my life.

To use my poker analogy about game: I have enough skill. We'll see if I get the cards.

We shall see.

Here are the sets so far.

Jan10:

1. On my way to lunch, short, beautiful, raven hair, precious. Quiet, almost tranquilized. She couldn't understand, and was looking unenthused.

2. Big IOI, so I opened. She loved it. Made her shake my hand and she held it forever. English was not good. She was a great set to show me girls like it here too. I felt very at home.

3. Tall, slow walk on platform heels.. she shook me off.

4. Young one, intern, very cute. Pretty good English. Expert snowboarder. From Yokohama. Offered Line, but she took FB. Saw my art work, called me artistic. Gave her a sticker. Here in Shibuya 2-3X per week.

5. Blowout.

6. Blowout.

7. Blowout.

8. Cute girl, nice long hair… I just wanted to get my last couple sets in. Fun, charming. Tried to touch me several times… Line close. She seemed up for it.

9. Very hot girl in leather pants. Super crowded part of the sidewalk, but I opened anyway. No English, but a big smile.

Jan11:

1. Blowout.

2. Cute girl from Shibuya. Nice, but no vibe at all. Asked about coffee, don't think she understood.

3. Girl w/ a horn, bad teeth, no English.

4. Tall, leggy girl in black jeans… dead sexy. Full blowout.

5. Short girl, serious, bangs… blowout.

6. Angel in all white, with rosy cheeks. Smile and then blowout.

7. Tall, after work, pretty hot… wasn't into it, said no English.

8. IOI from a cute little 22 year old ballerina. FB only, she tried to add me… we'll see.

9. Stopped, couldn't understand me.

10. At the crossing, waved me off.

11. Glasses and great style, waved me off.

12. Lovely, white pants, bowed and walked off.

Friday the 13th:

1. Short haircut, bossy looking. Good English, had to go. I wasn't that strong. Warming up.

2. Very cute girl on her way to get her hair cut. Ahhhh, nervous feminine and perfect. Wouldn't give me her number. Barely spoke English.

3. Cute little one, braces. Working, busy. Had a BF.

4. Eye contact, double take. Let her cross and opened her. Nice stop, I was very on. Dancer. Choreographer. Took her Line App. Cute girl. Sticker game…. what Riv calls a "lock in prop."

5. Hot one, great full ass. Nice stop. Blushed. It was on. She snapped out of it quickly. Busy. Tried to take contact. No. Tried again. No. I'm guessing BF. Blushing hard. Hot set.

6. Slight smile, walked away.

7. Laughed, waved me off.

8. No English.

9. Great girl, lives in London, here for a wedding, but from Sendai originally. Line app. Really good set. Told her to be creative and find a way to see me.

10. Hot, walk, great style… something a little off about her. Opened her… beautiful, but I didn't trust her. I cut it off.

11. Little girl, great ass. Blowout.

12. Vampire, young, super beautiful. I wasn't dominant enough. She smiled in recognition, and walked off.

* Practicing moving girls… sidewalks are busy, and I'm moving them a lot.

13. Snappy young girl with a great ass… Perfect English, from Nagasaki, easy to talk to, been to US many times. Line App close. Calm set.

14. Amazing, intense one… nervous, so femmy, full "doggie dinner bowl." English isn't great. Took her Line App, talked about a date for Sunday. Spazzy eyes. Very hot set.

15. Tall, at Intersection. She wasn't sure, then almost left, then almost stayed…

* Spotted another guy, he was a dick to me. Not sure if he was a daygamer, but he didn't like me when I tried to say hello.

16. Hottie, reopened her as she lit up but didn't stop the first time. Yad taught me that. Ummm… cute girl, but she didn't stop.

17. Very fine girl, gentle blowout.

18. Blonde Asian, tall, extraordinary. No English.

19. IOI as I got back to Shibuya… opened, meeting her friends. Awk.

So it begins. Let's do it. "We have a right to our labor, but not to the fruits of our labor."

Viva daygame.

TYO: First Date with Business Girl

Nash · 15 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

You know those Japanese girls, the ones that take those short, cute, choppy little steps, toes pointed in, barely mobile, in that vulnerable, classically feminine kind of way?? This was not that kind of girl.

She is the first of what I hope are many dates from this Japan daygame trip. It was an okay date. Like I pointed to in the opening line about her walk, she is not the blushing femmy type I am hoping to wrangle on this adventure.

I had a slow start on this trip, as I was super sick. I imported a cold from my city back at home, and I was barely functional for the first week. I got on the horse as soon as I could, maybe too soon, but I have high hopes for this trip… and am very happy to earn my rewards. She is the first sign we might have a tornado brewing. I certainly hope so.

I had a very good day on Friday, set a personal record for approaches, and took 4 sets of contact info. She was not my favorite of the day. That is not entirely her fault, as I had some very special moments on the sidewalk that day. But this girl wouldn't be my favorite even back at home. That's her problem. She reminds me too much of American girls.

She had a nice sexy walk, and great, full hips. That's why I stopped her. She was interested enough to talk with me, started asking me questions right away — the classic signal she has hooked. She was on her way for drinks with the girls, but I took her Line contact and we were in business.

I'm following a text structure that goes like this:

— Say something, hopefully charming/cool
— If I get a response, come back with one more round of chatter for comfort
— If I get another response, close for the date

She was enthusiastic each time, lots of "!" in those messages. As I went for the date, she screened me further.

> NASH: Hey, it'd be fun to see you again.
> NASH: I have some time tomorrow night… and if not then, when are you free this week?
> NASH: I know a very fun place for dinner in Shibuya.
>
> HER: Do you have a Facebook?

Hmmm, she wasn't quite ready to say yes.

I am reading a Love System product on text game on my phone when I don't have Krauser's book with me. They talk a lot about how you need a few messages to establish comfort before you go for a date. I used to like being super direct and asking for the date straight away… I also didn't get that many dates back then.

This one was showing signs she wasn't ready to say yes.

> NASH: What is "Facebook??"
> NASH: Haha
> NASH: Nash Smith… on this Facebook thing you speak of.
> HER: Thanks!

I didn't want to just logically answer her question after she slipped past my invite. "What is Facebook?" made me laugh.

She didn't actually add me, which is interesting. I wonder why? She pressed on with screening me.

> HER: You told me that you were a consultant, what kind of?

Booo. This is where you can see the part of her that wasn't that fun tonight. I wasn't sure if she was still screening at this point, or just trying to turn this into a business thing.

> NASH: Ahh, you have a good memory!
> NASH: And you want to know all about me…
> NASH: I like that. :]

I'm trying to be affirmative, even though she's being annoying. I also don't want to drop into her frame. So I joke here. Then I sent her the URL for my business. And told "I'm an expert." To reference a different LoveSystems product I've been looking at… they talk about "attraction switches." I think I hit a few of them as I handled her through this part of the dance.

We are always being tested.

Yohami has been trying to get me to stop the "tussle" with girls. That is good advice. That doesn't mean give them what they ask for (which will make you look weak), but it does mean give them what they want (which will make you look attractive).

> HER: Awesome! If you would like to tell me about your job, that would be so nice!

Ha. This girl is not talking about work to humor me. This is for her. Which is kind of boring. It's really boring, actually. I am proud of my work, and I told her so, but this isn't what I like to talk to cute little girls about… I didn't say that last part, but I thought about it. I've said that to girls before.

So I tell her my work is great, and it pays well, but what I really like is the freedom it gives me. I'm trying to reframe this boredom into something we'll both enjoy.

> NASH: I am free…
> NASH: And can do my job, even when I'm in your beautiful little town.
> NASH: …
> NASH: So tomorrow… 7 PM. Meet me at XYZ. I'll take us to dinner.
> HER: Okay I will see you at XYZ tomorrow.

Ahhh, nice! And I have my first date of this trip.

And she shows up, and she looks cute. I think she's about 24-25. Plain, but nice face. Huge, kissable lips. Long dark hair. And leather boots up past her knees… which is one of the things I love most about Japan. The girls… and their thigh-high boots.

But she's kind of bitchy and "in charge" right off the bat. She greets me with "what's up." Ahh, I hate that. That is my least favorite line out of a girls mouth. It's the opposite of feminine. -1. And she asks if I'm ready, turns her back on me, and starts to walk out of the meeting spot… so I take my time and make her wait.

We walk and talk and the vibe gets a little better. I'm seeing some cute, girlishness out of her, here and there.

And I'm leading. Even though this is more her town than mine, I tested some date spots while I was sick and now I get to show confidence and mastery as a result of that work.

I take her to a really great spot. It's perfect. She is acting all the critic… but when we walk down the stairs to this basement bistro… she loves it. I've done well. This isn't about her. It's about me, of course. And about how I'm locking down my territory for a nice run at this town in the 4.5 weeks I have left. I will be back to this spot, I'm

sure. It's awesome.

She is a little hyper, and trying to make me order, and not being too smooth about it. I tell her we're in no hurry. Again, I'm not impressed with her. She's like a uptight little office girl from the US, wrapped up in a very kissable Japanese girl's body.

She jumps into business right away.

I let that go on for a bit, and then start talking about her siblings. She has an older sister, they live together about 5 minutes by train away from the station near me. Logistics are good for hooking up with this girl, if I can get the vibe right.

Her English is great, which is nice. I asked why she is so fluent, and she says her parents always had exchange students staying with them when she was a kid. She picked up English from talking with them. She has never lived in US, but she has visited several times. She likes Phoenix… which shows that she may be cute but has no taste. :]

It is shocking that she has never lived in the US, as her "American" like behavior is very convincing. I asked her about it a few times. She goes back and forth… from dry American, feminist-like attitude, to a more charming, softer side which is the only part that holds my interest.

As she pounds on about business, I change the conversation to talking about masculine and feminine…. which is close to my favorite topic. I tell her she can be great in her career, but that to do business like a man is a mistake. That this is not about her beauty, or about sex, but about grace. About being charming. Some of this slows her down a little. It felt like a successful reframe.

I get a lot of good eye contact. We are side-by-side, which I like. I touch her a bit, here and there. But there is no vibe at all. I am more than ready for sex with someone… but face to face, there is no magic with this girl. It does not feel on.

As the meal ends, she offers to help pay, but this is my date. I pay and we leave. I ask if she's in a hurry to get home or if she has time for a drink. She's happy to have a drink, so I take her to yet another place I scouted.

It was fine, but we're not side-by-side, and I hate that.

We have a nice talk, touching on how her parents were arranged, and how her mom didn't love her dad at first, but they are a great couple now. She respects him outside the house, and is behind him (literally and psychologically) when they are outside the house, but at home, mom runs the show. I asked if they are cute together, and she said they are. Dad is much older than mom.

(As a side note, during dinner she made some comment about how her boss is married but "has his fun," and I asked her about that. And she said that if she was married to man like that, a good business man, that she would be proud. I can't remember the exact words, but she basically said she would be okay with him getting some on the side. She was not the slightest bit bitter about the idea.)

She went to an all girls college here in Tokyo, and said it's where the Emperor's wife went. That it is known as being the kind of college that produces "good wives." All of this is odd to me, as she was a little "career girl" all night, and literally told me "I have balls" which I shrugged off. I told her that was not the part of her that interested me. She is literally half good Japanese girl, half rotten western feminist worker bee type.

She was wearing a piece of string wrapped around her neck three times and tied in a bow across her throat. I love that look, and these "choker" accessories are popular with young girls right now.

I complimented her, told her it was pretty, but also a little fetish-like. She spiked.

And that lead to an interesting conversation about 50 Shades of Grey, which she said "is like a porno." I took over the conversation and explained that that movie is not about sex. That it is not a porno… even though I admitted I'd never seen it, nor read the book. I told her that movie is about dominance. And how that movie is a movie women

love, because women love dominance in a man. And then I did a lot of comparing that basic set up to life and she and I. About how when a man is fully in charge, she can really relax. That that is the real gift of dominance, even sexualized SM/BD. That "not being in charge" is a gift a strong man can give a woman. I was putting on a pretty good performance here, and it got to her a bit. I could see it in her eyes.

But again, no real vibe. No magic. I couldn't touch her based on the seating (I even tried to move us, but the staff denied me in classic Japanese rigidness). So I wanted to end the date first, not drag it out. So I stood up, paid for our drinks, and walked her to the train.

She asked which train I would take and I told her I live here, and she was surprised. Maybe impressed. I know I impressed her several times on this date. I should… she's a little girl and I am a man with experience.

I said, "In America, we hug, come here." And I got a cool little hug, with a pathetic back pat to top it off. Maybe that's the best she can do.

I could have tried to mechanically kiss this girl, but it would have been mechanical indeed. I was not feeling it. If she was, she is amazing at hiding it. I will kiss her next time, even if it's forced.

I don't think she had a bad time. She didn't have to come to the drink after dinner, but she choose to. That's always a sign to me.

As I walked home, I told myself I would make her low priority. She might be sexable, and I want to suck those lips, but she's not the kind of girl I came here for.

But as I got home, just a few minutes later, I had this from her:

> HER: Thank you so much for diner and fun conversation! I had a great Sunday night! Hope you have a good night:)
> NASH: The business girl with the bow around her neck…
> NASH: :]

And I left it at that.

In some ways she was like my "Bitchy Asian Blonde" from late in Dec. Not quite that bad, but not overly fun to be with. And I would give myself the same advice… get physical quickly and if see if her act caves, and if not, move on. Next date, that's what we'll do.

And in other ways, she reminds me of Miss Sendai from Jan02 of this year… boring date, but very enthusiastic follow up that makes me think I'm not reading her as clearly as I could. Or maybe both girls are just being polite, I can't tell (although girls are not polite to guys they don't like, we know that).

Anyway… we arrive in a strange city. We hit the sidewalk. We chat them up. We take their contact info. We do the dance on text. And we take them out. This is the first and middle section of the funnel toward intimacy with a woman.

I need to get this going with more girls, but this is a start. If I do this consistently, I will taste a girl soon enough.

And I can't always control what happens. And there are limits to my skill at this point in the game. But I can approach. I can maximize my odds. I can fight chaos with sheer volume of opportunities. So I will. And I have been.

I do this for me. I am proud of myself for going after what I want.

Viva daygame.

TYO: First Date with a 23 Yr Old Nurse

Nash · 19 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Wow. Great day today. I am sitting in a pub, post date, having an American style IPA as I write this post. I am a brilliant mix of eastern inspiration and American drunk.

I woke up with no plans for the evening, and ended up at dinner in the company of a girl 20 years younger than me.

That is daygame. And it feels good.

I am pleasantly surprised, I am, but not that surprised. I specifically told myself this morning that this was the plan. "You can find a date today, go do it." It is increasingly in my reality that I can wake up with no woman on my calendar of any significant intimacy, hit the street, and summon some love from the concrete. Magic.

I did not have sex with this girl… not yet. We'll see. One step at a time.

The true foundation of my reality in game has been is built on reference experiences. A reference experience is something that happens to you (or better yet, that you make happen), that proves a certain idea is possible. Theory becomes reality, you pick up some new experience, because you have first-hand knowledge of something. The incarnation of a dream. Manifesting a date out of thin air is a dream, until you've done it often enough, consciously, and then it becomes your reality. You're one of "those guys," and you have the internal reference experiences to know it.

In late December, I was having the busiest dating week of my life. I dated 8 daygame girls in 9 days. In the middle of that week, in a fit of entitled greed, I had one free night and I wanted to source a date off the street. I did it. And the intentionality of it all was a massive reference experience for me.

I can make a date happen, with a complete stranger, a cold lead from a cold approach, almost in real time. Not super consistently — in poker, you still need to catch good cards — but often enough it's clearly an unusual skill. Its purposeful. Today was like that.

I had just sobered up from the rush of chemicals flowing thru my body from my first insta-date. I was starting to de-spazz enough to concentrate and get back to work when she passed me.

She was strolling along. Little boots. Ankle-length flowing dress. Nice hips, with magic in their sway. Arms crossed. And a dreamy/slow walk. Many of the characteristics Krauser would describe as the classic, feminine introvert.

> Examples from my list:
>
> 5. High oestrogen – long silky hair, bright eyes, wide hips, radiant skin
> 6. Feminine essence – lilting walk, shows her shape through clothes, often bare legged, girly clothes, soft body language
> 7. 18-25 years old – smooth skin, inexpensive clothes, signs of her identity subculture / hobbies in her dress and accessories
> 8. Introversion / thoughfulness – alone, preoccupied in thought, slow aimless walk, carrying a book, muted colours, lack of makeup
> 9. Respect for male authority – looking down or around, absence of any outward display of defiance (e.g. look-at-me slogan t-shirts)
>
> — Krauser

I approached, and her face wasn't as cute as many of the girls I've approached this week, but she was immediately charming in a low-volume way. I was half way thru my open, and despite her quiet nature, the vibe got slow and intense. She is a classically feminine one, and I was genuinely enthused. It was on, in a slow, intimate way. I liked

her.

As I went to close, I was mentioning seeing her for dinner, or a drink, and she said, “tonight?” Her English is about 5 out of 10. Totally workable, but clearly not great. She was confused about the offer, but I pounced on her misinterpretation. This girl was open to the idea of meeting up tonight. Okay, yes.

We start talking about location/time. I took her Line App and told her I will msg her and she can think about it and decide.

Part of this was to give her the chance to think clearly about the idea. Maybe that is shit game on my part as I’m giving her forebrain time to derail my love connection. Or maybe it was good game in that I wasn’t desperate or over eager or pressuring her to decide on the spot?? I’m not desperate or over eager, even though I haven’t been laid on this trip. I had my hands on a different young Japanese girl 15 minutes earlier on my i-date.

As we are working out the logistics of the date, she sort of randomly says that she will bring her friend too. And I dance around that for one second before I say no, just she and I. And there is that look of “are you an axe murderer?” in her young eyes. And I say, “It’s dinner, no big deal, nice place, maaaaannnny people, you’ll be fine,” and that moment passes.

^ That is a familiar type of test. It happened in another set in the last week with a Chinese girl I picked up who also suggested she would bring a friend. In that case I asked if her friend was cute? Was she single? And smiled so she knew I was teasing.

I wonder if these girls are ever serious about that, or if that is, in fact, just a test? A test where if you agree she knows you don’t have any strength and you’re done. Or you get weird and that’s all she needs to screen you out? So to answer the test you don’t let that happen, you just smile and insist that this is just you and her. (Remind me to bring this up when I do my review of Tom’s new product.)

I’m at a place in my game where I have the experience to have seen that test before, but I’m still trying to know how best to handle it. And what it means.

And we smile. And it feels very on. We say our goodbyes with long eye contact and I have my third lead of the day. And possibly a date.

And now, with the insta-date and her in the last hour I’m a little emotionally fried, so I have a snack to cool out. Wago beef sandwich and the best chocolate cookie I have had in Tokyo so far.

And then I go back to hitting on girls like a daygamer does. And I wait a bit, grab a tea at Starbucks to warm my hands, and msg her with a ping. She responded quickly and she’s warm. I knew then it was on.

She’s not the witty, or sexy, or slutty “on.” She is the young, quiet, sincere “on.” We’d trade mags and she’s in.

> HER: Sure!
> HER: I’m looking forward to it.

That’s on.

I roll up and she is right where I told her to be. She’s in the same outfit she wore earlier. They really don’t hug here, so my plan is to take her hands and give us some lazer eyes. I say hello, tell her to give me her hands, she is confused and the whole thing is a bit awkward. Oh well.

I take her to the same place I take the semi-bitchy Business Girl, and that spot is as charming as always. I am going to beat that spot to death before I leave — I love it there. If I lived in this town for real, that would become one of my regular spots, even for dinners out on my own.

We sit side by side, feet under the counter into that sunken floor area that Japanese places can have, and everything is pretty fucking awesome from there on out.

She is 23. I know this because she asked how old I was, and I deftly said, “at least 10 years older than you,” which is true… Even though I am 20 years older than her.

She went to university in Tokyo, and has been a nurse for about 10 months. She lives by herself, not far away. It’s her first time living by herself, and she likes it.

I asked if she has a BF (and I assumed she did not, even though many of my dates I meet on the street do), and she is in fact single… for all of one week. I am that boy that hit on her one week after she dumped her BF. Right place, right time, gentlemen. No way to time this, just do your job and these opportunities will pop up. She broke up with him because he works too much and couldn’t see her often enough. He was 33.

I know what I know about her because I asked. She never volunteered anything, and asked maybe 2-3 questions over the whole date, one of which was my age. I am fine with that, the passiveness. Welcome to feminine girls.

And when my beer got near the bottom of the glass… She was very concerned. She asked if I needed another, and called out to the guy working his station in front of us at the counter to make sure I had another right away. That, my friends, makes her a keeper. That is feminine grace, and caretaking, and charm.

I hand my hands all over her all night. Arm on her shoulder. Cheek against hers as I looked over her shoulder and talked into her ear. She is very good about leaning into me. Hand on her knee under the table. And I took her polite little hand, moved it off her lap and onto my leg and we crossed fingers.

I kissed her on the cheek at one point.

She nursed her beer through dinner and I asked if she’d rather have something else and she said no. As dinner ended, she finished it, her cheeks a nice rosy pink.

Great date.

As I paid the bill, she reached for her wallet, and I pushed it away and thanked her for joining me and gave her a long minute of eye contact. Brilliant eye contact from this one. She is incredibly deep, and powerful in those eyes, in the way that soft, sweet little girls can be.

On the stairs going back up to the street, I stopped her with the now routine “come here” (Thanks, Yohami for insisting that is how it’s done) and I moved to kiss her. She pulled back, but only vaguely, tucked her chin, but took a light kiss. Then another. Mouth closed, but definitely not a rejection. Chin tucked the whole time.

Back at my apartment, I had the cheesecake trap set. As we got to the station (my apartment is on the other side), I asked if she liked cheesecake and she gave me a big enthusiastic yes. I offered cheesecake at my apartment and she demurred as she understood what I meant. Ha. “Back to my house.” Next time, I said. Next time, she said.

I gave her three or four more closed mouth kisses and turned and left.

Great date.

We have tentative plans for an early date on Saturday. 6, is my plan, so we’ll have time to come back to my place for some sex and she can still be at the hospital for work at 7 AM the next morning.

We’ll see.

As I left her I had Line App messages from two other girls. Bragging is a waste of time, but I have enough experience to bet that a girl tornado is on the horizon.

It’s not a coincidence. I did four consecutive DAYS OF GAME this week.

Girl tornados are made, not born.

We’ll see.

Viva daygame.

TYO: Runner, 1st Insta-Date, More Leads || 12 More

Nash · 20 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

My old friend and mentor Runner looks to be making a commitment to daygame. Yes to that. It's ironic that he is doing this now, as it was his interest in daygame that was the main reason I got started over two years ago.

When I got back from my first Tokyo trip in 2014, I was dating a girl back at home, but was still committed to game. I was meeting some girls during the day, but no cold approaching on the street. Some cafe stuff, some incidental pickup, but mostly I was running admittedly weak night game, while out with my wing Hurricane. Occasionally we would meet up with Runner, as well. I originally met them both on the local online lair (which doesn't exist anymore). It think I met Runner back in 2008.

As I returned from my Japan trip, Hurricane and Runner were threatening to get started with London-style daygame. LDM. We had all been reading Krauser, and Runner had just bought a copy of Daygame Mastery (which I need to reread, especially the text game bits).

I was afraid of being left behind. That's why I got started. It was a bit of good ole' fashioned male competition, fear of being left behind, and the comradery of getting into daygame at the same time. A mix like that.

The ironic part is, I was the only one that became a daygamer. And also, that despite my lack of initial enthusiasm, daygame has completely revolutionized game for me. Finally opened up the door to everything game ever promised. No purple hat required.

These days, I am one happy daygamer. Because it's fun. But more so because it works.

I don't think Runner ever properly sunk his teeth into the daygame opportunity. He has great game in my view — is solid and confident, and his intellect makes him very slick with words and banter. He is cool. He has been a relationship guy a lot of the time, and has worked his online options, despite being very good face to face.

In 2014, Hurricane ran a couple hundred approaches and got laid, twice, pretty fast. I was impressed. As he got his second lay I was straight-up jealous. It took me hundreds of approaches to catch up to him. He has since gone dormant, and also rolled off to online, doesn't do street game much despite his success there.

So I am excited that Runner is taking this seriously. Excited for him. He is going to kill it — if he puts in the time. His success there will add swag to his social circle, I'm sure. And he lives in a little town called NYC, and should have a girl or two to talk to there. Daygame in NYC. Not a bad training ground.

We have been messaging a bit this year, as I told him this is taking off for me. He has been doing a few approaches, which is great. I've been trying to gently nudge him out onto the sidewalk and into more volume. He's done so much for me over the years. I am really grateful to the guy. I really want to see him make this happen.

Yesterday I sent him this via WhatsApp:

> "Ahhh… High return daygame day. 12 approaches. 3 leads."

> "1st girl was a hot college girl, wow."

> "2nd was my first insta date. Which was fun. Little girl that claims to be a model, but is on the cute side much more than the hot side. Good experience. Pawed her to death in Starbucks."

> "And then right after her, I took the 3rd lead… 23 yr old nurse. Not that hot, but charming.. and she came out to dinner with me tonight. Great date, super fem, would not come home with me, but I think she/I are on for Sat. Not bad for a day's work."

> — Nash

As for that insta-date. I have tried before, but maybe less than 10 times in my life. I know I tried the night I met The Siren, and she declined. This is a classic part of the model, but a part I have neglected, until now.

In this case, I had just come out of the Burton store in Harajuku when I picked her up. She was girly. Like most Japanese girls, she said "no" when I asked if she spoke English, but at least 1/2 of the time that doesn't actually mean no. The chat was going well and she was into it as I pointed out how much pink she was wearing and how that was "feminine" — and she knew what that meant and liked the comment. Pink on pink, from her high-end hand bag to her coat, her shoes, and her freshly done pink nails.

She was compliant… and I find that so attractive. No joke. Compliance is genuinely stimulating for me. I don't think I am alone on that one. Nor do I think that that is a coincidence, in terms of evo-psych. My sexuality is greatly enhanced by polarity like this… she's fem, I go full wolf. I go "lumberjack," she goes "cheerleader."

I have been going to the Starbucks on that street over and over as I hunt that neighborhood. I was actually headed there at that moment, which is probably why I tried. And she was a quick and easy yes.

She had a latte. I had the same green tea I've had gallons of since I've been here. "Minto. Venti. Arigato onegaishimasu." It's a very comfortable Starbucks, and we were side by side on a full leather couch. Her English is actually pretty good. We talked about her family, etc. I asked if she had a BF and she said no. I teased her and told her she has "3 boyfriends! 10 boyfriends!!!!!" She laughed.

I am guessing she is around 22. I asked the kinds of questions I normally ask girls that age. Was she a student? Did she have a job? And she kind of waved off the job thing. A friend of mine that works at the Starbucks in Modi in Shibuya wrote down the way to politely ask about a girls job in Japanese for me, but it's too complicated. So now I just pull that piece of paper out my wallet and show it girls on the street. It's lazy, and funny, and they laugh, and I love it.

In this case, she said something about being a model. She is short, conservative, not what you'd would expect in terms, of a model — and believe me, I don't care at all about "dating models." I roll my eyes at all that. That's always been a dumb part of the community to me, and a guy looks try-hard, in my opinion, when he talks about "models." Girls too. "I'm a model." Who gives a shit. A girl talking about being a model is like a guy dangling his car keys. A shallow status play. Super douche-y, IMAO.

But as we flipped thru the photos on her phone… damn. A full point higher than the view I had on the street. Lolita-like shots of her, young, in shorts and little shirts. In warm climates, at the beach, on a boat, etc. Like lifestyle pics for a catalog, maybe? Maybe a little sexier than that? Very well done. And some selfies in bed. "I love selfie," she told me. Ummm. Okay.

And she mentioned something about having two Line accounts — one business, one personal. I had her add me to Line, and made sure it was the personal account.

As I said to Runner in my WhatsApp msg, I pawed the hell out of her. Had my arm around her. Held her hand. Touched her face. I felt a very strong urge to make out with this girl before I even had her on the date. And ~~my cock~~ my CEO was hard the whole time, which is increasingly common, but still a rare event for me outside the bedroom. Surprisingly sexy little coffee date, in a well-lit Starbucks, in the middle of the day, with normal folks surrounding us.

So it was cold that day, and beneath her coat she had a shirt up to her neck, with long sleeves with lace at the wrists. This is not the sexy kind of lace, more the Victorian kind. So I compared this outfit to those shots of her at the beach, and I said, "sometimes conservative, sometimes sexy?" And she giggled and agreed. And I "waved away the heat," suggesting that I was getting hot from all this and she giggled some more.

Good experience. I liked her.

But I knew I was losing time on the street, with hundreds of other hot girls to approach flittering down the sidewalk just minutes from where we sat. She is just one lead, and if I want a full Girl Tornado I will need many. So after 10 minutes or so, I told her I was going to leave. She was a little surprised, but it felt right. We talked about her plans and I seeded a date idea for Monday or Tuesday, as she had plans the next two nights… which is cool, as I have some dates planned as well. Not quite a tornado, but there is definitely some atmospheric instability going on… and I like it.

And I split.

I was a little emotionally fried from the experience, the newness of it, the rush of chemicals as my body could smell sex in the air. I hit the street, finding it a little hard to focus and get back to business, but I did.

And two sets later I met The Nurse. But that is another story.

Here are the sets for the day.

1. Dressed in all black, perfect skin, young and beautiful. Econ student. Line App close.

2. Little, lovely, blowout.

3. Cute hat, no English. Ummm, cute!

4. First insta-date of my daygame career. Lots about more about her above.

5. Tall, going into convenience store, no English.

6 The Nurse. Great walk, skin wasn't great, but very nice set… somewhat agreed to dinner tonight. Line App close.

1. Blowout.

2. Blowout.

3. No English, tiny, good smile.

4. On the bridge, perfect skin, couldn't understand and got nervous.

5. Ummm, wanted to understand, but could not.

6. Great walk, great hair, terrible teeth. Couldn't understand me.

Viva daygame.

TYO: 2nd Date with The Nurse

Nash · 21 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The Nurse met me for a second date tonight. I couldn't get her back to my place tonight either, but it was a very good experience with a really sweet, ripe young girl.

Our first date was lovely, a beautiful night. I was looking forward to seeing her again.

She worked today. And has work at 7 AM tomorrow at "the big hospital." So I aimed for 6, but she said 7. Cool. Do I have a three hour window? Four? Is she going to skip sleep? Would I get her back to my place? She doesn't seem wild and adventurous, but who knows.

It's Saturday night in Shibuya. I have no idea if it will be hard to get a table for us at 7. And I can't read Japanese websites, nor speak Japanese over the phone to set that up. So at lunch I set out on foot to score a reservation. For tonight with The Nurse, and also for tomorrow with the Business Girl.

My first choice restaurant is booked for tonight, but I locked down a table for tomorrow's date. Very cool place. I ask them to make sure they seat us side by side. I march off too another super nice, but more conservative spot, and lock down the date for tonight. Logistics handled. Both dates will look pro, good logistics for a foreign guy.

Time comes and she is late, just getting off of work at 7, the time we're to meet up. She is so "Sorry : (," but I tell her not to worry, we'll have a great night and I use the dead time to walk over to the restaurant to cancel our reservation — I love that place and don't want a bad rep there. There are super cool, and my buddy — whom I have been making friends with more and more each time I go — says it's no trouble and we'll be fine for 8.

Cool.

She arrives, looking very cute. She put more into her look tonight, which is a good sign. Little boots. Black tights and a grey, fitting skirt hugging her lower half. Warm, respectable winter coat. Her smile was warm too. It was good to see her.

We are pretty comfortable right away together… I am good at being comfortable with girls I don't know. We like each other already.

We arrive, get a nice table. It's not crowded at all, it's quiet and intimate. I push her over two seats so I can get on the same side of the table. This is unusual for everyone but me, and I don't care. This is how it's done.

I've done a good job charming the guy that works there over several visits this trip — which is my pleasure as he's a nice guy — and he is extra attentive and friendly. I ask him to tell us some of his favorite things on the menu, and we order most of his choices. The food is amazing. The place is known for fresh vegetables. We have a delicious salad, seared tuna, and some rare beef roast. She is lovely, and serves my food onto the little plates that are common here.

Good deal. She loves it all, and so do I. It not super pricey at all, but a high quality experience.

We eat slow. She a mix of shy, attentive, polite, seductive and sexy — maybe equal parts of each. Just murdering me with the purist eye contact I've ever seen. It's hard not to love this girl. A sexy, slow, k-selected one. More cute and beautiful, but precious all the same.

And now that we have her coat off, we have a better sense of her body. It's glorious. As good as any healthy 23 year old, and better. And although she has every inch of skin covered, from her wrists to her toes back up to her pretty neck, all her clothes fit well and I can feel her through them. And her boobs are more full than I would have expected, a better match for her hips, which are very appropriate for her frame, but generous all the same. She is thin, but supple. With little fur-ball earnings that remind me of rabbit, and I accuse her of killing the little beast herself, and she laughs.

And I touch her all night. Always a hand on her back, up to the nape of her neck. Finger tips into the base of her closely cut hair. She leans against me slightly and she smells fantastic. I grab her around the arm all night, at the bicep, but high enough to feel the heat from under her arm — which makes me hot each time. And I put my hand on her thigh, under that table, fingers dipping between her legs, make a little show of it, so she knows it's deliberate but so the staff cannot see. And I look at her, and tell her I would kiss her if we were alone. And she stares and stares.

And she takes all this with a mix of quietness and something like nervousness, while it is also obviously clear she is increasingly relaxed with me. I assume she has already decided she likes me. And she stares some more. A bit like my favorite, the Chinese Siren, but a little less dreamy, more down to earth, but still enchanting.

It is like that moment when you look at a child and get a flash of intelligence and depth that is unnerving. And then you blink and they are back to the innocent youth you to which you are more accustomed. Did you imagine all that? She is 20 years younger than I am. Hmmm.

They bring her a free drink at the end of dinner. A vinegar drink that is specific for girls. I think they brought us that drink… because they like us. And my buddy is helping me game because he likes me and knows what is going on here.

As we get up from the table, I feel a spot of come on my thigh. I don't remember even getting hard, but I'm obviously hot for this girl in a visceral way. I get hard when girls aren't around all the time. But I only "leak" like this when my body feels a real girl is nearby and ready. My CEO is wise.

As we pay and leave, I kiss her on the escalator. Her soft little mouth is still closed, but the kiss is much warmer than the first date. It feels like we are into each other. It is a solid connection.

It still amazes me that this can happen from cold approach. I don't think I'm special. Nor she. I think humans are just simple animals. My game is not bad. But this is the magnetism of genes and the heat of the ages in our blood. My job is to facilitate that flow.

We go down to the sidewalk and the negotiation for what comes next begins. I open my playbook and run a familiar Cheesecake pattern. She is no pushover and runs a good defense. The crowd waits to see what will happen.

The language complicates things now, as the pressure is on and she knows it. She doesn't understand everything I'm saying, but she knows what's afoot. That soft, warm, wet spot between her legs — which I am quite sure is soaking wet after dinner — is on the line. She is a no. I push and prod some. She gets a little nervous, tightens up. I shake her loose. Connect again. We smile. Then try again. No again. Soft, feminine, but firm. I give her a look so she knows I am a wolf, that I mean business, and I hold that look, and the rabbit in her shivers… And then I shake us loose again. I give her a little kiss. The bubble resumes.

And no… she's too full from dinner for desert in a more public spot, and she doesn't have time for a drink, she has to go.

Game over. I lose. But it's a sweet failure.

She wants it. It's fucking on. She may turn out to be a time waster, but I wouldn't bet on it. It is now 10 PM and she has to be at work at the hospital at 7 AM the next morning. That is part of the resistance. That, and all the other reasons we all know so we'll. It was good game. But this is an old dance.

To her train. A series of soft, slow kisses. Her chin still tucked. But her lips crack more than last time and we exchange some heat from our mouths. I'm not sure if she wants to kiss me in public.

We talk about our next date. She seems serious and calm when she says it might be a week before we see each other again. I'm a little shocked (really?), but I don't think I showed it too much. It is a reminder I need to work my other leads… And hit the sidewalk again soon to find fresh ones.

Game, in one form another, never ends.

And I want to add that Yohami is always trying to get me to see how girls really are… and I said in my other post about her that she just broke up with her BF last week. Maybe she is using this experience to fuck with him? Maybe she can't see me, as she's seeing him this week? Cute little girls run their own dark little games too. Yohami is always right.

Again, the answer is more leads. More girls. Don't get attached. When a man pursues having options is his life it can sometimes be more Buddhist than horndog.

We eye-fuck there for a bit, at the busiest intersection in the world, and she moves onto the escalator and she is gone. Wow.

I'm happy. But horny. I'm a daygamer on the path. We shall see.

So I go home, catch my breath, and head out again. No rest for the wicked.

Scout two new bars in another part of town… One is a recommendation from Business Girl, and it is stuffy and sucks. But this is how we learn. Then I find a random lounge that is dark, quiet, with deep couches. That's a score. I have a date planned for that spot on Wednesday.

And then I party until five AM, or 29:00, as we say here. It's a wild, high-end gaijin club (which in this case means 80% Japanese, 20% foreigners). I know how to work this place, even though I claim no skill at nightgame. I have a great night, but my nightgame would not impress you. I don't make out. I don't take numbers.

I drink too much, as I over tip the Australian hotshot bartender, who knows me from last week, and then he kills me with strong drinks, including a free round, complete with a tap water (no ice) and a bottled water that I slip into my back pocket. He knows what I like. We'll be best friends before I leave. He ruined me several times on my last trip here, with rounds of shots for me and anyone I was talking to on the house several times. He doesn't remember all that, but I do.

And the people at the club are great to me, I make friends with some guys, flirt and touch some girls. The bar backs know me now and smile and give me a nod every time they pass. My nightgame family. This place is the most aggressive, ridiculous club I have ever known (and I have clubbed all around the world, regularly, for 20 years), a complete shark tank, and drinks flow all night in Tokyo… so it's good to have some fam.

I cab home, have a snack. Pass out and dream of that wet spot.

We shall see.

Viva daygame.

Tom Torero Stealth Seduction Review

Nash · 23 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Tom Torero's new video product Stealth Seduction just came out this month. I was excited and I bought it. And there is a lot of rich material here. I have studied a lot of Game material in my time, and this is a one of a kind product. I spent the last week going through it. Here's my review.

Tom Torero Stealth Seduction Videos

INTRO:

First this:

> "I expanded on the social science theme to Tom.

> "Imagine – an anthropologist journeys up the River Amazon in his heavily laden canoe… The anthropologist has just discovered an unknown prehistoric tribe!

> "The function of the original 'Headhunters Of the Amazon' book is to introduce the tribe to the polite chattering society. But then people say, 'Hang on. Tell us more about this tribe,' and the anthropologist, who by now has lived with them for five years, realizes there are more stories to tell.

> "I could tell Tom had similar thoughts, if a little less lurid… we absolutely get it, having lived and breathed it for several years… Tom told me he felt like David Attenborough studying endangered species, recording all the knowledge we'd acquired so that future generations could read and study: what we'd experienced, the things we'd created, and the fact that it was all special. We were the guys to document it all."
> — Krauser, from his book Adventure Sex

That is a few lines from Krauser's last book (which I'm reading now). The "Headhunters Of the Amazon" reference is perhaps a metaphor for Krauser's initial book Nitro or Tom's first memoir Daygame. The "more stories to tell"

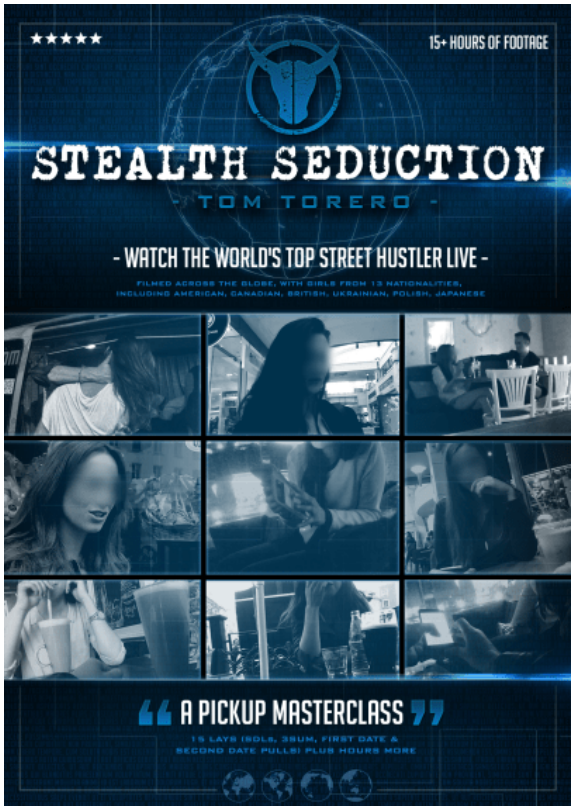
could be Mastery and Torero Travels. As Krauser talks here, the “future generations could read and study” points to Overkill and Stealth Seduction, and everything else they’ve done.

I include this here as this is Krauser in 2014 forecasting these products. But also because the anthropoly reference fits my experience of Stealth Seduction very well.

The “tribe” here is daygame. It’s us. And in this case, Krauser and Tom are studying and documenting themselves, and passing that on in the form of books and videos. So we can study and learn.

So that is what this is, an anthropological body of work. It’s a chance to study and learn from Tom.

And it many ways it’s the most “personal” product I’ve ever seen in Game instruction. It’s almost all POV. There is almost no narration. It is very intimate, so intimate you hear Tom taking a leak several times as he gets the girl back to his place. You really are getting the anthropologists view of “the tribe.” And all that daygame “cultural” experience and documentation.



Tom Torero Stealth Seduction Review

OVERVIEW:

> “This is the world’s most comprehensive daygame, dating and pickup product that is 100% infield. There’s no longwinded seminar or waffling video breakdowns as filler. It’s as pure as it gets.”
> — Tom Torero

It’s mostly audio, in the form of video clips, but often the video goes black and you just hear the sound. Tom has overlaid words on the video, to point out what he’s doing, because again, this is not a seminar. This is not a “video breakdown” like you’ve seen Krauser do in Overkill or like the Daygame.com guys did with their infields. It’s different.

The series is broken up into infields. The “Lay Infields” — that lead to sex, and you see (or rather, hear) the entire process. And then, some shorter “Infields” that don’t culminate in a notch. Overall, you have hours and hours and hours of barely edited contact with girls. From pickup to date to bedroom. If you like details, and the “whole story,”

you'll love this series.

For reference, if you'd ever seen Tom's Girlfriend Sequence, you'll find the flow somewhat familiar. It's the sequence itself, raw, all footage, no seminar. It's like you're in his lap as he goes through his own model.

There is a lot to learn here. And it's gross at times. But let's move on.

IS THIS ABOUT DAYGAME?:

This is Tom Torero, and that makes me think daygame. But I would say this not a daygame product. If you are interested in daygame specifically, there are better sources. Tom is a world class daygamer. And you see it here, but that is not the focus of this product. Daygame is a very small percentage of what this product has to offer.

The daygame you do see feels "old school," in terms of the opening couple of lines (only). "Can I say something to you quickly?" I'm not saying it is bad game at all (no one ever looks "French"), but it's *the* formula the Daygame.com guys taught in terms of opening, etc, as Tom was one of *the* guys that taught it. I studied all that stuff. And now I purposely try to never sound like that. It's simple, and is clearly effective, and Tom is varied and can improvise… but you won't be impressed with the daygame itself.

And some lay reports don't show the pickup at all.

THIS IS ABOUT ESCALATION:

This is product about escalation. This is a series of escalations… both over the course of the "relationship," and at a micro-level. From the widest part of the funnel, the part on the street, to the text game, to the initial date (if it wasn't an immediate pull), to the sex. You see it over and over.

He shows you a roadmap, almost like a dash-cam of the road, actually. And if I was a beginner, I bet it would be scary, as it's hard and detailed and complicated. For intermediate and advanced guys, it's valuable to have all this normalized by watching another guy do it… we already know it's hard and complicated, so that's not a big deal. For me, it was more about seeing what is possible, and comparing to things I have done, have almost done, or would like to do. In that space, it was invaluable. No one has done this before.

If you're a beginner… if you haven't taken many women thru this model, especially if you haven't had a lot of girlfriends or sex, you might get a lot out of that part. Like the specific steps from the front door to your notch. "I put her hand on my dick," etc. Very specific. Again, just like Girlfriend Sequence, it's "step by step," but he doesn't really spell it out, you just hear it happen. The product comes with a PDF that lays out the steps, but that's not the interesting part of this work.

> " This is the product I wish had existed eight years ago when I started on my pickup journey.
> — Tom

THIS IS ABOUT REFERENCE EXPERIENCES:

This product is about escalation, and knowing what that is like… aka, references experiences. That is the juice of the product, I think. You are getting Tom's reference experiences, almost first hand. That is what you're paying for. I know how much knowledge I have assimilated on my journey from pros like Tom. From watching them work and internalizing not just their moves, or lines, but their attitudes. Lance Mason from Pickup 101. Julian from RSD. Paul Janka. Braddock from LvS. Sinn (I still love Sinn, read something on his old blog this morning). Definitely Krauser. And Tom. I've learn from all of them.

And there is a lot of repetition. The same stories. The same lines. Which is good, as some of that will be drilled into you if you go through enough of Tom's examples.

So in this case, the product was perfect for me. For where I am at in Game.

I bet this *is* the product Tom wished he had. But remember that Tom is an Oxford grad. A very smart guy.

Presumably studious. If you're a smash and grab type of player, and you're used to 5 minute pickup infields… I can't imagine you having the patience to sit through all this. Or much of it at all.

You will have to be pretty dedicated to get at the bulk of what this series has to offer.

SOME EXAMPLES:

Let's go thru some examples and I'll show you what I mean.

> "16 nationalities of girls (including British, American, Canadian, Japanese, German, French, Polish, Singaporean, Moldovan, Spanish, Egyptian, Ukrainian, South African, Russian, Colombian and Iranian"
> — Tom

ENGLISH DOCTOR (Lay Report):

I'll start with a fun one. She is a married British girl, just becoming a doctor. It's a great ~~clip~~ video and you get see a guy that is very good with girls take a warm lead "all the way" through to sex. She is an interesting girl, very smart and charming, and also a bit filthy at times (and I like that about her). It is truly an anthropological experience to listen to her and Tom game each other. The banter, from both of them, is excellent. Tom is very on, and looks great here. Entertaining and you might learn something. I took notes about his text game and the techniques he uses to disarm the LMR before he closes this girl. The video is 43:00 minutes long.

And let's talk about that 43:00 minutes bit. That is a long video.

I know somewhere I once heard a long audio of Tom and some girl that he fucks in a bathroom, mid date. And it was, in my opinion, hard to study. I'm not the slightest bit lazy, but that is a long time to sit around and listen to chit-chat, trying to learn something. If you do make it through the long, ambling chatter, you will very likely learn. But like I said, it's going to take discipline.

This is very much like anthropological work… much of which can be boring. Wading thru the details, like sifting through the WikiLeaks stuff to witness the douchebaggary of Hillary Clinton and the DNC. It's in there, and it's douchey, but you have to look for it. Patient work.

For this example, there is no video at all… it's blackscreen, with a lot of the conversation running like subtitles so you can get it even when it gets a bit mumbley. It's just them on a date. They aren't on stage and don't act like it. So you get the transcription, and some extra notes from Tom… but you have to stare at the screen for 43:00 minutes.

His PDF will give you some highlights, but I don't think you'll learn much from that. So if you want the lessons to be learned, you have to sit through it, patiently, like a grad student and paw through the hours. This one is easy, but they aren't all so easy to digest.

MOLDOVAN PARK PULL (Lay Report):

The footage here is also very educational. I learned a lot from it, this might be the most important one, in terms of what I learned.

This girl is a princess, almost cool, but a bitch on wheels. She is a hot chick, and she knows it. And Tom is really excellent here as he works thru that and closes her. He is genuinely amazing in this video, as she is a very difficult girl to handle and you can see Tom's experience. You will see push/pull (what Tom calls "on/off") demonstrated at the expert level. He slowly crushes her princess shit, chops her down to size in a way that makes her like him, and you can see it happen in what feels like real time. It is convincing. He also destroys the BF, as she is attached. He's tactical there. You see it all.

And this one has video for parts of it (I think it's some of the only video that isn't POV, don't know how he did that). But it is 1:38:00 minutes long. You will learn, if you sit still, and stare at a blackscreen for most of that time, pay attention to what you see/hear, and maybe take something from his notes as well (which are not that

complicated).

I will say that like most video/audio I study, I do this while I am working on my client business. I can do my day job, and let this play in the background, and jump back/forth to get the interesting points, including much, but certainly not all of the notes. 1:38:00 minutes… that's a lot of time. And that is 1 of 13 infields, in the lay section alone. A fraction of the content here. A lot of time.

This is expert stuff, but you need to be a real student to get it. For this one, I think a beginner would be bored or over his head. For me, it was exactly what I need (and by that, I mean this specific clip). I'm well into my game. I can pickup and date and close. I am already comfortable with that process. This was a chance for me to see a guy with much more experience than me do it, in a very difficult situation. I could not have gamed this girl. Not because she is hot, and she is. But because she is fucking hard.

Seeing Tom do this here showed me a lot. I'm not that far away from being able to game girls like this. Again, Tom's references experiences will help me along.

19 YEAR OLD SDL2 (Lay Report):

Okay, so this is the other end of the spectrum. She is young, and fucking hot, and Tom sexes her, and you get every detail of it. And… it is 50:00 minutes long. And it is… inane to listen too. Completely painful. She is a nice girl, but she is young, silly, her English is terrible, and you have to listen to Tom baby talk her for the whole video, with her goofy giggle and a black screen to keep you company.

To be real, I hated these videos. I still learned from them, but they were a punishment to sit through. Proof of my willingness to learn and my wanting to do a good job on this review. Again, you will learn… but you'll likely hate the time you spend doing it. And you'll be so glad when these clips are over. I almost hate this girl, it was so hard to listen to her giggle. Sorry babe, but fuck you and your dumbass giggle.

The Polish Virgin is like this too, a similar clip. Her, on an insta-date, giggling. For 1:03:00 minutes. Brutally dull "research" to be done if you want to learn from this. And you will learn, but you will pay for the knowledge.

TOM IS GREAT AT TEXT GAME:

Before I go further, I want to stop and talk about Tom's text game. It's very, very good. You see many examples, woven into the flow from daygame approach to date. Like the Polish Virgin I mention above… I hated that clip, but the text was very good, and not quite, but almost worth my time.

You see Tom ping girls in the morning. You see him spin plates and recover from fucked logistics. It's good. I am at a stage in my game, dating a lot of girls, and I need more mentoring here. If you are at or below my level, and can sit through this content, I think you'll really get something from the text examples. I am okay with text, but Tom is much better. And he happens to have a similar style of game to me (not super alpha dude, really), so he's a great teacher for my style of game.

PAINFUL FORMAT:

My cousin is 18. He just started college. A month or so ago, one of his roommates got a girlfriend. And the roommate and the new girlfriend never leave the room. They just sit around, and goo-goo talk each other, and my poor cousin had to listen to it, and it drove him mad. And I don't blame him. You see where I'm going here?

An important distinction here is when the girls can speak English well vs when they cannot — like the Japanese girl, or Vancouver Gutter Girl, the even the 18 Year Old Ukrainian. Because of the language barrier, much of Tom's charm is limited to simple concepts. Tom doing hours of monosyllabic, 3 word sentences, running the Strawberry Fields routine like you would on a four year old. To be a fly on the wall for that kind of date is something I think few men can enjoy. It was sickening for me, many times.

To be fair, Tom is actually there. So he gets so see her eyes sparkle, and smell her, to enjoy her soft skin, and eventually fuck these girls. It's very different for him. For us on this end, it is dry fucking toast indeed. While it was

pure torture to listen to those particular sets, I do recognize what he was doing. He had the pleasure of their company, and I did not, so he can have a good time in that situation, where I was about to slit my wrists.

WE'VE ALL BEEN THERE:

In Tom's defense, I have been gaming Japanese girls, and I'm sure my dates would be insultingly dumb to listen to. I am in Tokyo as I write this. I've had 5 dates in two weeks with girls that speak low- to limited English. And many dozen street approaches that were similarly baby-talk stupid. It's not the player. Or the girl (okay, sometimes it's the girl), it's the language barrier.

And while I want to hate Tom for making me listen to this stuff, as I have been on my own dates I hear myself sounding a lot like him. Not because I'm copying what he is doing (although I have already started to use some of what I've learned). I sound like him, because this is what dates with young girls that don't speak your language sound like. Everyone sounds a bit retarded. I know these dates can be hot when you're there… but they are terrible to sort through.

MANY GOOD ONES:

You are saved from time to time with other sets. The Vegas Girl is so fun (the banter there is truly excellent, great to go through that one), excellent opportunity to learn and fun as well. While the Canadian girl is disgusting, the Cheerleader is great. And the NYU College student is charming, Tom shows good skill there. Those clips are both about an hour each, but they read like fiction compared to the non-English girls.

A BETTER FORMAT?:

> " There's no woo-woo "self-help" mental masturbation here."
> — Tom

No, there isn't. But to be honest, I liked Badass Buddha much more. I know Tom is trying to do something different here, but there is nothing wrong with the seminar format. It's palatable and holds your attention. I think Krauser has the formula right with his recent videos, again Overkill, and even Black Book. Maybe the right answer is a mix of that format, with more samples of the audio, and then break to analysis and point to what is happening… and skip the hours of mindless small talk and most of the comfort building… or offer that as reference only.

I like how Krauser does notes on infield breakdowns on his blog, where he shows the timecode, then the comment. That would make all this much more interesting… to get it side by side, and edited, so you don't have to sort thru the mindnumbing stuff.

And while that won't give you the very useful experience of hearing how to fill time, and blab about nothing for an hour… I think the average person will learn more.

PROBLEM WITH POV:

Another thing I'd add, is the POV also holds this product back.

> "Friday afternoon would be one the few days Tom and I winged together. He prefers going solo, which disappointed me because I like the social vibe with a wing and Tom makes a very good partner."
> — Krauser, also from Adventure Sex

Unlike almost any product you've ever seen, Tom films/records all this himself. Which is interesting, but like a lot of the Youtube stuff we've seen. And you don't get to see him and the girls interaction that much, not from a 3rd party perspective. And her face is blurred, so you miss much of her as well. That doesn't leave you with much visually. You don't get the body language. The Daygame.com products were more and more about nice, clear, highend video. And that brought a lot of non-verbal detail into the instruction. This is almost all audio, which makes it less entertaining, and less rich.

Perhaps Tom's interest in going solo — and I recognize the freedom there, at many levels — is behind some of that.

TOM IS A GREAT SEDUCER OF WOMEN:

As I wrap this up, I want to give Tom props for being a chameleon — which is to say, a great seducer of women. He can calibrate to so many different types of girls, and close them, it's obvious he has tremendous skill. He can talk baby talk to FSU girls with poor English, or rattle along with the snappy Doctor. I learned from him.

> "I hope it's the "missing piece of the puzzle" for you."
> — Tom

I think intermediate guys can take a lot away from this series. Again, it was perfect for me. You'll get little bits, here and there. You'll see well-timed DHVs and IODs. You'll pick up lines that will add "1%" to your game — but the 1% that might get you laid when you really need it. Like a key to specific lock you have maybe seen before but will likely see again.

THANKS TOM:

This was vulnerable stuff, and you did a good job. I think you clearly succeeded in what you wanted to do.

I'm sure I'll absorb some of what I saw and heard here, and it will become part of my working vocabulary of game. But unlike a lot of other products, I know I will not watch/listen to these again (maybe that Moldovan one… amazing example there, or the Vegas one, which was great). No way I would do that to myself for most of those clips. Whereas I have listened to No Drama Dating by Lance Mason maybe four times (and learn more each time). Fader's from LoveSystmes talk on "frames" I have listened to over 10 times. Jason Savage's T21C talk from Stockholm is on heavy rotation for me (it's on YouTube, go watch it now). And even Badass Buddha… I've watched that series maybe three times.

This one, no way.

In many ways, I think this product is much more unique, and fills a special gap in the instruction of Game, but it is not for everyone.

> "Stealth Seduction is the infield companion to my textbook Street Hustle…
> — Tom

With all that said, I also own a hardcopy of Tom's textbook Street Hustle. And I haven't read it yet. I'll get into it when I get back to the States. And I am really looking fwd to that book, even though this series clearly wore me out. And I highly recommend both of Tom's softbacks, which I also own, and reference several times on this site. Those books truly inspired me when I got started, and they were fun, and a pleasure to read.

Cool. Thanks Tom, for all the instruction. You're a genius, and I owe you much in terms of direct lessons and inspiration. My game wouldn't be the same without you.

Viva daygame.

TYO: Sex with The Nurse, +1 Tokyo

Nash · 26 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

She just left. I would have loved to have had that little girl spend the night, but she shook her head “no” and gave me a cute little smile. She is 23 and she was delicious. Very good night.

Rough math: 8 days from meet to sex. 3rd date. She was my “60th” approach of the trip (rough estimate).

I met her Jan19, it was a Thursday, right after my first insta-date with a different girl. I took her out that night, we had a great time. Tried to kiss her, but she tucked her chin, took some soft kissing, but wouldn’t really kiss me back, and wouldn’t come back to my place.

We had another date two nights later, Saturday night. I loved that date, one of my favorites of my life, really nice time with a sweet, charming, simple girl. She had work the next morning early. Wouldn’t come back to my place, didn’t want a drink after dinner. More soft little kisses, great vibe, and she was off on a Tokyo train.

She was saying she might not see me for a week, but her English isn’t great and I wasn’t sure. A few texts this week. I thought she had to work tonight, but I offered Fri or Sun (she was my first choice, over any other girls in the current TYO Tornado), but I casually added, “and you have to work Thursday, yeah?” And she said:

> HER: I’m free on Thursday :)

So I booked her.

Awesome… and then I went to work filling the other nights. I wanted to give her first choice, and was glad that was sorted. When I have a Girl Tornado going (and I think I officially do at this point, and some sex just flew out of it), there is always a girl I like best, and I try to book her so my nights don’t fill up and I miss a chance to be with her, perhaps because I’ve made a commitment to a girl I like half as much. This one is my favorite of the trip so far.

Ahhh… I can still smell the sex in here.

She shows up tonight, on time to the minute. Looking very cute and simple and conservative. I took her to the place I took Business Girl the other night (haven’t written about that one yet), a great, hip/artsy little spot. I walked over there and booked a reservation yesterday. The manager likes me and he and I are now FB friends, and he might come stay with me at my place next year. He was charming, and I’m sure helped my comfort with her. I don’t know what he says to the girls I bring there… I don’t speak Japanese. I’ll smile a bit when I bring a third girl there. And perhaps a forth.

At dinner, I was talking about the songs I sent her via text this last week. She is a cute, rather innocent looking thing. Again tonight, did not show an inch of skin, covered from toe to neck to wrist. Simple, conservative. Big sweater so I couldn’t see her body even when I got her coat off. But she did wear the perfume I asked her to wear as a favor to me, and she smelled delicious and I was kissing her behind her ear a bit during dinner. She would giggle.

So as I brought up the songs, I didn’t know if she knew how “dirty” they were. Nasty, sexy R&B. Talking about fucking and drugs. Anyway, her English is not great, and I’m trying to ask her if she can tell there are “bad words” in the songs. And at one point, I say, “he says dick.” And she is a complete blank, so I look her in the eyes, and I say, “dick” and put my hand on my dick. And she blushes a bit and giggles and it’s cool. And I tell her I prefer the word cock, as “dick” means “a guy you don’t like” in the US as well as cock. I say the word “ching ching,” which I don’t totally understand, but I understand from the Tokyo Queen is a pretty raunchy word for cock. And then I move my hand to hover over her box and I say doctors call this a “vagina”… and she grabs my wrist and giggles before I get too far, and I roll of and say, “but I call it pussy.” “Cock and pussy,” in her ear. And she’s smiling and we’re cool.

And I tell her I know I am making her a little uncomfortable, but I keep rolling off to show her I am never going to

go “too far.” And I say something I said on my date with The Siren which I like very much, which is, “I want to make you comfortable.” And I hold her dominantly as I say this. Serious look, stare her in the eyes as I repeat, “comfortable.” Purposely intimidate her, but mean the comfort part. This is a bodyguard look. “But,” I say, and give her a wolfy grin, “but,” another grin, she’s smiling too, “comfortable, but also… excited.” And I snap back to serious and make a move like I’m gonna take her. And then roll off and give her a lot of space. Look away. Look back. “Comfortable,” I say with soft eyes, giving her lots of room, “but also excited,” and I move in again and give her some sexual threat. And I roll off. And smile. Siren loved this. So did The Nurse.

I’m loving this as a way to set something up. It’s trust, and threat, at the same time. I think it’s effective. Feels good in the field, really natural to me. I know I’ve done it a few times in the last couple months.

Another thing. I ask about her ex boyfriend as Yohami made a very interesting comment about that on my blog some time ago. I ask how they met. And then I ask when he tried to kiss her (2nd date). And then I ask when she kissed him back… “many, many, many dates,” she said. And I told her I will never wait that long. I tell her she is going to kiss me soon, and I know it. And she just stares. I did this the other night with Business Girl. I am trying to set up the frame that I am not that kind of guy, and they should not expect that kind of pace with me. Experimenting with that. I also like to hear how other guys make moves, that’s good intel. And Yohami’s original reasoning is she will tell you how to game her, and I think Yohami is correct there.

So dinner is great. I kiss her neck, touch her, we chat, roll off, eat a bit. She drinks little and slowly on each date. She is a careful girl. K-select grade. We stare into each others eyes and she gets me hard each time she puts that “deepness” she’s got into her stare. I tell her the eye-thing she does is amazing. I think she gets it. I tell her I think she is cute, yes, cute, but also sexy. She likes it.

So after dinner, I say, “Okay, so I want you to come back to my place,” and she shakes her little head no, just like the first two dates.

And I smile and roll off and say, “I know, I know.” “Here’s what we’re going to do. Come back. You know I will try to kiss you. You know I will kiss you, and touch you all over,” and I clown that a bit, and she laughs.

“But you know that when you say ‘no,’ I always listen, right?” And she gets it. And I make her teach me the word for “slow down.” And we practice, with me going to “too far,” and her saying, “slow down,” and me backing off. She is smiling. And she gets it. So I say again, we’re going to my house, and anytime you want, you can say “slow down,” and you know I will. And…

She’s a yes. I offered desert, I had the Cheesecake trap set, but I don’t even think I said the word cheesecake. Of course the desert was not the thing.

So we pay, and walk back thru the cold Tokyo air to my place, 4 blocks from my food spot. My apartment is less than 200 sq ft, so I can hardly give her the tour, but it’s nice and her first comment is “so clean.” Girls always say that to me, here and at home. Are you comfortable, I ask? Full yes.

So I put on some music and she comes over to look at my laptop with me, and she’s very close, and I should have been convinced at that moment. In retrospect, it was clearly a done deal.

But I took my time. Music. “Okay, come here.” And I kiss her standing up. And I grab her short hair, pull her head back so she can’t tuck her chin, I kiss her kind of rough, she kisses me back for the first time. She’s passionate. Are you comfortable, I ask? Full yes.

So then it’s the bed, and two steps forward, one step back. She would give me the signal to back off, maybe 5 times? And each time, one step back, two steps forward. Great deal. She had some kind of pad in her thong panties that made me think she might be on her period, but she was not. I think my ex the Tokyo Queen used to do that too. Maybe that is a Japanese girl thing?? I don’t know. She was not on her period.

Matching bra and panties, by the way. Red. But I think that’s the first time in a while I’ve actually seen that for a girl that I had sex with, but I know that’s supposed to be some kind of signal.

Her boobs were quite big, and I mentioned that in my last post about her. I had no idea when I picked her up… I don't really care about boobs. I am an ass guy. I think they are the biggest I've been with in years, except my ex and her fake boobs last summer. Beautiful, full C+, young Japanese boobs. Perfect skin over her whole body, not a stitch of hair except her pussy. Marvelous.

She was moaning and loving the little bits of roughness and dominance I like to do as I molested her. No big deal, just hand on her throat, mock choke, pinning her arms down, roughly grabbing her arms, etc. Good fun.

I really took my time. Stopping to give her comfort here and there, in part because I like that pace. I stopped for water a lot. I had a couple of whiskeys at dinner, and my mouth was dry.

She asked me to kill the lights, which were dim, but she is shy about being naked. I turned on the bathroom lights and cracked the door so I could still see her body. I like looking at her. She's hot and young.

I went down on the little girl, because I love to. We played with her for a bit. I was still fully clothed, she was completely naked and creamy (both her skin and her pussy). I took my clothes off. Laid back, made her kiss me. Then told her suck my cock and she did. It was not super pro, but great… got me nice and hard. World best condom and then…

+1 Tokyo.

Sex was great. Nothing epic, but really nice. I haven't had an orgasm in at least 10 days, so I was very ready as I have been using the masturbation starvation diet to motivate me (which works). I was a happy man.

We laid around for a few minutes. I took the condom off, and got back in bed with her. She laid on my chest and I stoked her hair. Charming. I thought then she might fall asleep and spend the night.

I am actually fighting yet another goddamn cold, my 2nd since I've been here, and my third in 40 days. Sucks. Any resistance I had in the US doesn't apply to Japan colds. I am clearing my throat as I write this. Not that bad, but I'm like 85% of healthy, and have a dry, wheezy cough. Did on my date last night too (which I didn't write about, don't think I will). I was cool for her to go, because of the cold, but was actually looking fwd to her soft, young body next me to all night. Even if I was coughing a bit… which was also true mid Jan, the night I had sex with the Siren the first time, when I had a different goddamn cold. It's not crushing my game, but it's about time I caught a few months of being healthy. I didn't hustle the street today, and yesterday was a major effort to approach as I was dead on my feet. Jesus. Enough already.

After a bit, I got up, and cleaned up the mess. The condom wrappers. Our clothes, etc. Just straightened up. Then busted out the cheesecake, which she said she wanted, it was delicious, and she loved it. I showed her some art.

Then she stood up, wrapped my blanket around her (she is very shy about being seen naked, but she has a great body). I ask if she was getting dressed. Yes. I invited her stay. No. I invited her again, to make she knew I wanted that. No again. I smiled. And she walked the 4 ft to the bathroom to get changed.

I put my clothes back on, and walked her out the nearest real street to get her a cab. I offered to pay for it, but she pushed the Japanese bills away. I hugged her, gave her 10 rapid little kisses all over her face, and she was gone.

A man comes to Tokyo. He talks to some cute little girls on the street – which is a great pastime, even if it never goes further than that. But it does. Cute dates with young, lovely girls. Drinks and delicious Japanese food. A light kiss here and there. And some sex. In a strange town, where you don't know the language, have no connections, but you know the art of cold approach, and that is a girl delivery system that is portable, that you can take anywhere, and with some luck and some work, build a Girl Tornado from scratch, where ever you land.

Magic.

Viva daygame.

TYO: 1st Date with Jafrica | How to Escalate

Nash · 29 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

It is sometimes a fun part of this project that each girl gets a name so that she is anonymous. In this case… Jafrica. That is Japanese + Africa. She is not the slightest bit African, but I did tease her about that. She is a remarkably beautiful Japanese girl.

She speaks English very well, and with almost no accent. If it wasn't for the slight pause, and that look of distracted concentration when she is trying to translate in her head, you might think she has lived in America. Her English is so fluent because she spent four years in Africa when she was young, her parents had work there and she went to an American school. That is the African part of her.

(Side note: I am in this Japanese beer pub near my apartment. They have a TV and they play American movies. I am laughing at tonight's choice, as it is the #1 movie I associate with daygame, because Tom Torero uses it as his "DVD seduction" so often. Bonus points if you can name it. What a coincidence.)

I met her after an epic daygame session last week. She was… The 30th girl of the day. I had a great time that day, the day I coined my new title — I am a Blowout Artist, or BOA (© Nash, Days Of Game, 2017). I was done with my session, on my way home, about two minutes away from my apartment, but I spotted her on the people bridge and I had to open her.

She had a nice face, but it was dark, and very cold that night. It was 8 PM on a Tuesday, she was just leaving work so she was tired, but pretty. That lovely face was partially obscured by a scarf. As she passed, I did what any red-blooded man would do… I turned to look at her ass. Huge coat, wasn't much to see, but she was wobbling a bit on skinny legs… I read the whole thing as a tired, but very feminine girl after a long day.

I opened her and she stopped easy. I told her she was femmy, but looked a bit tired — trying to have a bit of push/pull there. Quick chat and a Line App close. She was one of four leads that day.

> NASH: Hey Cute Girl, nice to see you and your walk today.
> HER: Hi! Was nice to meeting you. At first I thought you wanted to ask me the way to somewhere.
> NASH: That feminine walk… I really appreciate feminine women
> HER: Feminine… I have never heard

Texting was light and easy, in part as she speaks English… She was responsive and friendly, if not especially fun.

Several rounds of back and forth. I was just starting to hit abundance as I met her so I wasn't needy or over eager. Nothing like 15+ fresh leads to make you a little cooler via text. Volume is the secret to all of this. All of it.

I asked her out and she was busy:

> NASH: Any chance you can meet for a drink at 19:00 tmrw?
> HER: I already have appointments tomorrow and the day after tomorrow :(

After all the back and forth this felt pretty on, even with a "no" in the first pass at a date. After I secured my date with the Nurse, I locked this one in for a date for Sunday.

I really had no idea what she looked like. I feel that way all the time when I meet daygame girls, but she was the 30th girl of the day when we met, part of blur of lovely Japanese girls from that day. So I might have passed her at the meeting spot, maybe even looked her in the eyes, but I went inside, told her to come to me, and she was… Much better looking than I remembered. Wow.

I have met so many girls here on this trip. Maybe 100 approaches so far. I have commented that many are "cuter

than they are beautiful." This girl is beautiful. More beautiful, than sexy, but one of the most beautiful women I've ever dated.

She's not "model" status (and fuck model status, if my CEO likes her, that's all that matters), but a remarkably flawless face. Perfect skin, perfect. Like a pool of almond milk. Not that dusty white (which I also like very much), creamier, with a touch of yellow. Rich black hair just past her neck… dark, lush.

She wore a conservative dress and tights. Big, flowing sleeves in a Japanese style that she would have to adjust each time she reached for some part of our meal… it gave her a "feminine handicap" (like high heels do), and I loved it. I took her to the same place I took the Nurse and the Business Girl. That place is great.

Like the Nurse, but unlike the Business Girl… She was attentive. She doesn't drink, so she sipped an ice tea during dinner. I had a whiskey, and then switched to water. As my water got low she noticed, and made sure I was taken care of. Of all the girls I have ever dated, the Japanese girls are the very best about with this kind of attention. It is charming. Yes.

(And it says quite a bit about Business Girl, as she stands out as the least attentive and sweet.)

Very good reference experiences here.

I would point out that she never asked me a question all dinner. Not about me or my life, anyway. That is very common for daygame dates. Welcome to leading.

I have the gift of gab. I can talk endlessly, and that might keep me from leaving room for her to talk more. I ask a lot of questions, and mix in stories and DHVs here/there.

At one point I was asking her to tell me about a favorite boyfriend she has had, and she said something that stood out for me:

> HER: I like a guy that knows things I don't.

That is one way she wants him to be "better than her." I am going to write about that idea someday. It's true, and I first heard it from The Black Phillip Show (which is crazy, but full of redpill gold). I hear it all the time now, from very different sources. If she is going to want you and respect you (which are the same thing), you have to be better than her. More on that some other time.

I touched her a lot. Hand on her back all night. We sat at the same sunken counter I always request, side by side, so she is perfectly grope-able. She took all my touch very well. Moving her as we walked to the bistro. And then at the table. I grabbed her around the bicep, just like the Nurse, and high enough under her arm to feel the moist heat of her body… That always turns me on. I had my hands in the hair above her neck often.

At separate times, I told her I loved her skin, and then, that she had great lips. She does. She is delicious. Like fine chocolate.

She has a slow, comfortable, but interested quality about her. She seems neither smart nor unintelligent. It's obvious she comes from a quality family. In fact she lives at home. She is a great date. Quietly charming, calming, but so fine you want to eat her. I had a great time with her.

When I asked if she found it hard to date living with her family, she had a flash of edginess, and told me she is older than I think she is… She is 29. This girl has a face that is so smooth and buttery… I would guess 26, but she will look exceptional for another 6-8 years. Maybe more. Exceptional. Great genes in this one.

I paid the bill and we walked up the stairs to the street and half way I stopped her and told her "c'mere." She pulled away as I tried to kiss her. It was the only sign of anything but slow-femininity I saw all night. A moment of seriousness. "Not yet." I was a little surprised at the show of strength, but this is normal for a first date from a street approach. "Not yet," she said, almost firmly.

> “Ride on the crest of the wave…
> **“What the crest of the wave is, right as a great emotion happens, then you suggest something…**
> “Women typically… the man suggests something that escalates the situation, she goes within, sees how she feels, and if she likes how she feels, she says yes.
> “So, if you put her in a very logical, kind of downstate, and you say you want to go somewhere, she goes within herself, and she says no
> “If you joke, and have some good energy and momentum behind that energy, and you say lets go here, she goes within herself, she likes the direction the energy is going and she is more inclined to say yes
> “Spike the wave.. and go in”
> — RSD Tyler

^ This is something Yohami pointed out last week.

> “The whole thing is good, but 23:04 “I only escalate when they are going to say yes”. Lead, tease “swing your dick”, see what resonates, then double on that. This is how you get a YES from every girl.”
> — Yohami

This, combined with Yohami’s concept of a “ramp” is the most important stuff I am studying right now. It’s the most basic idea, I know. But the consequences of getting this are crazy powerful. I am at a point in my game where the matrix is slowing down and I can see this more often.

> “I’m glad that you could see the ramp, I’ve been trying to lay down the idea of ‘double down in what works’ ‘give them what they want’ etc – shit is hard to put in words.”
> — Yohami

You are doing an incredible job here, man. Thank you again.

> “Fun… up… and then, ‘lets go!’
> “You only do that kind of thing if they are feeling amazing
> “You don’t do it if they’re not feeling amazing, don’t do it
> “You only go for an escalation if they are going to say yes
> “I don’t escalate when they’re not going to say yes, why would I do that?”
> — Tyler

This is like how the London Daygame guys say to take her number “on a high note.” It’s the same concept, but applied to more parts of game.

And it’s more than that, as you can force a high note, then escalate. Upward spiral. I believe it is what Yohami means when he says “swing your dick.” That’s how you generate that “good energy.” I think I understand this at about 40%. Tyler’s lesson above is very, very good. But so simple, I could never get it until now. We’ll see if I can apply this going forward. I almost have this in my bag of tricks. I just need to nail it down.

So, based on my failed kiss attempt, I did not offer to take her home. That was not a high note, so no time to ask for more. That would be a downward spiral. I could have done more here, but I am practicing this model.

She has work tomorrow and said she was a little tired. I walked her to the train. We smiled and said goodnight.

As I wrote this this msg cam in:

> HER: Had fun dinner! Hope you too.

I did. Charming, very high-quality girl and quite-quite beautiful.

I have two weeks left… We'll see if we can make something of this opportunity. I have a date with her this weekend, and I am very much looking forward to it it. Tanoshimi.

I had a great experience tonight. That is why I do the work that I do. I enjoy it. And I have great experiences.

Viva daygame.

TYO: I Slapped Business Girl's Ass

Nash · 30 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

It was my third and likely my last date with Business Girl. I did rack up a bunch of new reference experiences, even if I was self-defeating and less than slick in the process.

She has a puzzle, as Yohami would say, but I could not figure out how to unlock it. In retrospect… Maybe I should have talked about business the whole time? That's not what I did.

The first date with Business Girl was a rather stiff date. She is a very cute girl, but fast and choppy and harsh. Uptight. Bossy. She moves too fast. There was no vibe, no sexuality. She is a fine woman, well-raised and high-quality, but is missing that element of grace that the most delicious women possess. She has never lived in America, but seems remarkably Western, which is not a compliment.

She is feminine on the outside, but rarely in how she acts, which is where it counts. I saw it, several times, but only when she would talk about her bosses (whom she clearly admires), or when I would bust her for something, blow away one of her frames, or surprise her… Which I did often enough.

I did see the cute side of her.

Leading up to the second date we had this exchange which shows a lot of her character.

> HER: Okay what is the name of restaurant?
> NASH: You don't like surprises??? :]
> NASH: I am not going to tell you.
> NASH: I will say it is cool… Not really Japanese style.
> HER: I'm not big fan of surprise but okay
> HER: I will wait

If you are into feminine women, and I am, that kind of showing from a girl is probably a red flag.

Second date was better. I talked about sex, and she would say she doesn't talk like that, and I would laugh at her, tell her we were both grownups and I'd carry on… And she'd cave. She would smile and laugh and be soft… For like 30 seconds. She flipped through the menu endlessly as she tried to process her sexual energy when I told this one mild sex story about me and an ex girlfriend.

At one point she went on and on about how she doesn't hook up (my words, not hers), and I used that to talk about how there is no such thing as a "nice" girl. And how sex is natural and good, and only bad when it's used as currency. "I don't judge." Etc. And eventually she caved again. Came alive briefly, told me, "of course, I love sex" with real enthusiasm. She said something like that to me at least twice.

But she would insist that sex is only "with a boyfriend." If that was what I was looking for I would have to try someplace else. She is a traditional Japanese girl. Blah blah. I told her I knew that was bullshit. That sex is not the "end" of getting to know someone, it was part of getting to know someone. And that I never wait long. She took most of that pretty well.

On the way downstairs to my beer bar, I tried to kiss her for the first time, and she never even let it get started. Totally defensive about the whole thing. Pulling away dramatically, telling me no. Smiling, but good defense on her part. I laughed and pushed her into the bar.

Another thing to mention is that she gets picked up during the day often enough. She had a card in her hand as she met me for this second date, some guy had just stopped her. I assume it wasn't direct, as she didn't seem clear what it was about.

She has another story about being stopped by another white guy, three dates with him. It's a strange story, but he never tried to kiss her or make a move. I asked.

And she has yet another story about what sounds like a solid pickup from another white guy. A few dates. On his last night she spent the night in his hotel, but she said she never took off her bra, shirt or panties. Cuddled, she said. Decide for yourself if you believe her.

After drinks, as we walked back up the stairs, I tried again to kiss her. Same defense, but she was laughing more this time. And said, "easy tiger."

I liked all this. I thought I was making progress. I assumed the no sex thing was front, like most girls. And that she would drop it eventually. I still assume that is true.

I had her book us a reservation at this well known seafood place that she had recommended. That was to be the the third date. A Saturday, sleep over potential.

As we meet up, she looks pretty hot, like always. Dressed sexy, long silky dress, bare shoulders, with some kind of thing tied around her neck, which she knows I like.

But as she arrived she was all business, barely glanced at me, turned on her heels and marched off to the restaurant. No grace from this one. I really don't understand why she shows up at all, if that is her attitude?? I think this mostly has nothing to do with me… this is just who she is.

I grabbed her arm and stopped her in the street as the crowd passed us by, "Hey, slow down, this is Saturday night, let's relax and have a good time." She was the tinest bit harsh for one second, and then looked like a challenging little girl with her dad… Amused, but in her place.

At dinner I talked about how she is "all shell," this hard, unattractive exterior. But that from time to time I could see her soft side. I said I respect her smart serious side, her interest in her career, but that I thought her shell was boring. She blinked when I said that.

So then…

I want to try a new place she knows of for a drink, and she was walking up the stairs to that bar when I slapped her ass. She spun around, did a perfect impression of an angry woman, and marched into the bar.

I will say here I was completely uncalibrated. That ass slap was some kind of Hail Mary (football reference) on a rocky date that was all struggle. If it was supposed to be some kind of punishment, it has no context. It was certainly not sexual. It was lame on my part, and I get it. I barely know why I did it, just that her ass was wiggling in front of me and we were all struggle so I gave her proper swat.

It wasn't cool. And it won't honorable. And it wasn't game.

This might be what Krauser calls "redlining the car," but in this case I pointlessly over-revved the engine. Flipping the car for no good reason other than to see it roll over.

That should have been it. I was blown out and I was surprised she stayed. And while she did stay, she did not talk. I earned myself a brutal session were I had to plow endlessly and she gave me barely polite one word answers. It sucked.

I thought about walking out (which I've never done in my life), but part of me wanted to test my discipline and see if I could hang in there. I'd put myself in a weird position. Maybe I could learn something if I stuck around. It couldn't get worse. I was hunting for reference experiences at that point.

I didn't apologize. I didn't bring it up. I wanted to ride it out, just as it was, even if I wasn't proud of myself. I knew backpedalling wouldn't help anything, so I played through.

The scene was tense, and I didn't want the beer in front of me. With this night a bust, I thought I might go out after

she and I went our separate ways — which I assumed was already overdue — and I wanted to pace my alcohol if I would be at a club later.

We weren't even half done with our drinks and I decide to put a bullet in this limping horse of a date. I told her she looked bored and that we should go, and she agreed. It was her turn, so she paid for the beers we didn't drink.

I was over it. That ass slap was a bad, meaningless move on my part, but regardless of who's fault it was I was ready to get away from this date.

We are walking along and I was not bothering to hold up conversation anymore, just leading us back to the station in silence. And then she says:

> HER: So, where are we going?

See that? This is why I stayed with her back at the beer bar. I had a feeling something like this might happen, and I wanted to see what it was like. She still wanted to be on this date. Fucking amazing. I think I knew this might happen, but only from reading other stories like this one.

Despite her interest, I tell her I am happy to walk her back to the train. I got what I was looking for by staying, seeing that sometimes girls want to stay even when you've pissed them off. That is a valuable lesson. But that didn't mean I actually wanted any more of this girl and her cold shell.

So then she mentions this bar I know she will hate, but she says she wants to try it. It's on the way home so I take her on a quick tour, have to pry a couple of drunk Japanese guys off her as we push thru the shoulder to shoulder crowd. She doesn't even notice me do that, as she never looks back at me, just goes where I tell her to go with an irritated little stomp. We get out of there as fast as possible.

Outside I keep going toward the station, and she mentions yet another bar I know she'll hate, so I tell her I'm not taking her there. Then she brings up this nice bar she had recommended to me a week ago… she really wanted to stay on this date… that's a lot of ideas…

I actually want to try that place. I want to scout it for other dates, so I agree. I'm back into the date, blowing off the idea of going to a club.

On the elevator up to this last bar, we are alone, and I lean back against the wall and tell her, it's cool, she can kiss me now, no one is looking. And she goes back to defense, and I tell her I know she wants to, she should quit pretending she doesn't. Cocky grin from me. She is half bitch, half amused.

The bar is a special place, in a special city. Nice, fancy drinks, and an incredible view. High class, and almost comfortable. Not a good makeout bar, but I could add this to my list of places I know. Mission accomplished. I now have a new restaurant and two new bars to add to "my territory," so at least I got something out of this shitty date.

Mid-drink, she brings up the ass slap, saying I crossed the line. She is not mad at this point, just talking about it. I look her in the eyes, and say, "I want to take this opportunity to say I apologize." She is flat and even, tells me no one has ever done that to her before, but it's obvious she is over it. So am I.

I asked what she likes about me and all she said was that I am good with conversation. I'm not saying this girl likes me much, but I don't believe that answer entirely. Not after I tried to kiss her so many times on the second date. She knows what's up, I just failed to unlock her, so nothing went down on this date. Hmmm.

My voice hurts as I'm still recovering from my cold, so I say I want to leave. In the elevator, I try to kiss her again, and she is a mix of laughing and defense… We are not even close to being in that space, but I tried.

I make her share a cab with me, and my place is first, so I tell her to come have desert with me, to which she says no. I try to kiss her once more. She is smiling and enjoying the date, but still won't kiss me.

I get out… And walk home.

I think I learned from these dates, got more experience. But she sucks. After the second date I thought she might loosen up, but it never happened. Why she kept coming out with me, I have no fucking idea.

I won't contact her again. Game over.

And I am glad I slapped that ass… Just for the story. Although next time I do that, I am going to have a good reason.

Viva daygame.

TYO: First Date with Chinese Virgin

Nash · 31 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

As I said in my post about Miss Taiyuan, I dated three virgins in that season (two in the same week in Dec). One was 19 and the other two were 25 years of age. All were one date only, and I had no chance to cure any of them of their… condition. But as I said in that post, I assume I will be having sex with some virgins this year.

As I sit in my now routine post-date beer bar here in Tokyo, I have a proper case of blue balls (oh, the vicious ache of it). And I think there is a solid 50/50 chance I will deflowering this girl before I leave.

She was an insta-date from last weekend. I only had time for a couple of approaches on Saturday, as I had a haircut that turned into a date (and it went long), and that cut my daygame hunting short, and then I had what would turn out to be the "ass-slap date" scheduled for later that night. Not much time. She was my only lead from that session.

This girl was the second approach of the day. I didn't consciously realize she was Chinese, but perhaps some part of me did… I have grown very fond of Chinese girls in the last year. I am in J-girl paradise, but maybe her Chinese-ness was a call from home. I have 13 days left.

I stopped her, she liked it, asked why I was in that neighborhood… Not wanting to say I was out hunting girls, I said I was on my way to Starbucks, which was true, if not a bit illusive. As I had my first insta-date a few days earlier I was now "super pro," so I invited her to join me and she jumped on it.

We hit it off right away. Both love cats. She told me she was an artist before I could bring up stickers, so my art landed well also. Instantly comfortable together.

Great i-date. The best (of two) I've ever had. And surprisingly sexual. I was telling her I wanted to kiss her as an SOI in the first couple minutes — I did want to kiss her, it was on. We talked dating. As I left her on the street to go run a couple more approaches, I was still framing a future date as sexual, and she said:

> HER: I will kiss you but I won't have sex with you.

Okay. And that with a huge smile on her face. And I never said anything about having sex. I like sexual framing, but I am trying to tone down the porno-talk. Hmmm.

I have had dates every night since we met, but pitched her on my first open night the next week, a Tuesday date (tonight). She was enthusiastic. Very cute about it.

Tonight she shows up, without the nerdy glasses that first attracted me. She is cute. She looks very much like Miss Shanghai from back home… Which is a good thing.

Took her to a place I have taken two other girls. Sat in what is becoming "my" booth seat. The manager and I are friends on FB (he is a very cool guy). And I keep bringing different young girls through his place. I wonder what story he tells himself about who I am and where I am getting these girls?

She is great at dinner. And we have some interesting conversation. About sex… It's my favorite topic.

I know she isn't experienced. But she is not shy, she was fucking snappy and awesome on the i-date, "fake punching" me when I would say something overtly sexual. Big, goofy, but very intelligent smile on her face, all the time.

She is very much like Firecracker (a hysterically funny, and sexy Chinese girl from back home, one of my favorites…). This one is less funny, but similarly fun, smart, more pliable… Firecracker is so smart, she is often a step or two ahead of me. Which is good and bad. This one is easier to manage.

I know at some point I wanted to clarify if she had ever had sex. So I asked her. And she gave me that deadpan

Chinese look and said “uhh, yes, no.” She is constantly translating what I say in her head (her head is mix of English and Japanese, on a base of Mandarin), so it came out weird. I clarified. The answer is, no, she has never fucked.

27 year old virgin. Okay.

She had at least one BF. Two years. They never fucked, just talked about mobile games a lot. I know she sucked his cock at some point. I asked.

In high school and college, she was “like a guy,” had short hair, “like a brother” she said, so the guys she knew never hit on her. I think her face is beautiful (mostly when she is not smiling), but her body is classic skinny Asian girl, not exactly a sex pot. She does not think she is sexy, but I do, and yet I’m not surprised she never got hit on back then.

I am mixing in some light physical escalation on this date. Also telling her I want to kiss her (which I am now convinced is not good game in general, thanks Yohami, but I know this is all good with her). Hand across her shoulders as we sit in the booth seat. Running up and down her back. Up into her semi-long hair. Hand on her thigh. Held her hand… Did that on the i-date too. She is pretty compliant. All good signs.

She is very comfortable with me and this talk, so I ask if she touches herself. And she says yes. (But she has also admitted she only understands 50-70% of what I am saying, so who knows.) She has never had an orgasm.

She then goes on to tell me she has also played with some girls… This girl is not a racecar. But she has hooked up with some friends. She says they would talk about sex, and what it is like, and she would then suggest they “try it.” She has kissed several friends. Sucked on a girls ear until she shuddered. Played with some pussy, “to see what it’s like.” Sounds like “just the tip” to me. I know one of those girls was a roommate.

She says she wondered a long time if she was gay or straight, but now knows she is straight. I take that to mean she is strongly bi-sexual, but leans toward boys.

By the end of the date I knew she really loves to sleep curled up together. It had been years since she has done that… But she loves it. She is so sincere there. One of her “girlfriends” she has hooked up with spent the night with her, but doesn’t like to spoon. She was disappointed. She really misses it, sleeping, wrapped up together. All this almost breaks my heart.

She is the virgin girl, that sometimes hooks up with girls and loves to spoon. What a profile. What an experience to set up a night together where she could share all this with me. What an education.

This was so real, so full of pathos… I was really blown away. I have had a lot of talks like this with girls, but it’s been a while since I’ve heard this kind of story. I felt like I was at home in some ways, hearing this all again.

I told her some other stories I know like this… like one of my all-time favorite lovers that learned to orgasm at 9 years old, from other girls her age, after school, taking turns using a stream of water from a bathtub facet to hit their clits and make their toes curl. Girls, and their sexualities, so interesting.

So this is what I think… she is a girl (all girl parts), likes boys (mostly), but has some masculine energy… Like maybe 30% masculine. She doesn’t come off butch at all, not bossy, but she is attracted to the feminine enough to be into girls.

I have been with many girls like this. They like me. I know the type. I have had three ex-girlfriends “go gay” — they are always the femmy part of those relationship. I bet she is like them. I bet she would love a sexy, dom girl in her life.

So, post dinner, I try to use one of Yohami’s “ramps” to get her moving towards my place. I am just starting to understand this “ramp concept, but Yohami coached me on this today…

— Get her going on a high note (a ramp)
— Then escalate

In this case, I asked if she liked gelato. The Cheesecake Trap has morphed into gelato-baiting. She was a yes to "ice cream," so I tried to use that momentum to get her moving towards my place. This is a primitive "I barely know how this concept is applied" version of a ramp, but I tried.

(BTW: In terms of the kind of thing I did here with the "do you like gelato?," Yohami said, that "can possibly backfire when posed as a question, but it's a ramp." In conversation I told him I love to "ramp" a date with "do you like ramen," and that it works very well, but he cautioned me about the question format. I assume that is because the question can invite a "no," and then you are in a downward spiral and cannot escalate as well.)

I told her we'd go to my place, I would definitely try to kiss her, but would not take my pants off, unless she asked me to. She squirmed and protested. I promised to make sure she was comfortable, and to get her back to the train on time. There was some back/forth, but she was in after some time. Done.

That is not perfect execution, but another idea I like is that girls are actually gaming us, and we just have to avoid fucking it up.

> "She's been the one seducing you the whole time"
> — Yohami

My play-by-play above was not perfect, but I did lead, I did give her good emotions, I used a little ramp, I was confident, I had a plan. If she is "seducing me," I did what I was supposed to do make this happen.

> "The girl is in front of you because she's saying 'yes' to something.
> "She's in front of you interacting with you because she wants something."
> — Yohami

So, it's on. My place, some tea, and our first kiss.

She has very little experience. She said she doesn't really know how to kiss, and it showed. I took my time, and it got better and better. I put her on my bed. She would squirm some more, but she took it. Arms pinned back, makeout, and the change in her breathing showed she was getting into it.

Pause for more tea and some gelato, then back to it. Taking my time. I started this date at 7 PM for a reason. On/off, as Tom would say. I was in no rush.

At the end, I had her shirt off, bra off, had sucked her nipples, and had my hand down her jeans, but over her panties. This girls skin is not great, and I'll keep it real and say she is hotter with clothes on than without, down half a point as I got her closer to naked. But I was still into it enough to have a great time with her and to be hard much of the night.

I have the aching balls to prove it.

She got properly hot at some points, and could suddenly kiss for real at that level of passion. I put her hand on my cock, multiple times, over my jeans and some "pyco"* game. She declined the offer to suck it… which is too bad, as we know, it is not going to suck itself. If I see her again, I'll make her do it. This is about her being childish. It's cool. She's compliant. She'll do it.

As it got real, she told me she was on her "special time." I can verify she was wearing a pad from the miscellaneous molestation that went down.

We laid around for a while, her getting the spooning she wants, and some time on my chest. She loved it. Nuzzling into me. Very happy girl. She was telling me she wanted to spend the night with me, but she could not. Japanese language class very early the next morning.

I told her if she spent the night, she would definitely loose her virginity. She said she is not at all attached to it…

She wants to lose it. I believe her. She knows it is unusual to be a virgin at this age. Period sex is not my thing, and I don't know that that is the best first time for her, or I would have pushed it (so to speak).

It was time to go. We were both happy and reluctant to end it, but we put on our clothes and I walked her to the train and then I went alone to the beer bar where I am now… Cooling off.

We have a soft plan for food/art/virgin-sex on Saturday day. We'll see.

As I sit here, I got this:

> HER: I arrived
> HER: My hair and clothes are full of your smelling
> HER: I like it

That girl had a good experience. I am proud of that.

And she is not a hot girl, but I had a great experience too. I might fuck the virgin off of her in the next week or so, who knows. Good deal.

Viva daygame.

TYO: SDL with A Japanese Idol, +1 Tokyo

Nash · 1 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I had one of my favorite sexual experiences of my life last night. Met her yesterday daytime, sex last night. A 24 year old "Idol." I am still love drunk from the experience.

One of the bits of reality I am beginning to see as the Girl Tornados teach me about mating and dating, is that getting a same day date is very possible. Realistically, I think I can get a same day date about 30% of the times I try for one. Obvious to some, but is now becoming true for me and where I am with game.

I had a same day date with the Korean girl last Fall. I wasn't aiming for it, she popped up in a typical daygame session. And then I was actually aiming for it in Dec and I got it done with Miss Taiyuan. That one was very intentional, so it meant something to me. The Nurse I had sex with on this trip also started with a same day date.

This time, I had been dating for several nights in a row – Saturday thru Tuesday. It was now Wednesday, and I wanted to run some more street approaches. While I also had dates set up for Thursday and Friday, I could not seem to put together a date for Wednesday night. I was purposefully not messaging a couple of girls as I was curious as to what the street could provide. I am glad I did.

(BTW, this kind of abundance is similar to what hot girls have. If you wonder how they can be so carefree and dismissive of our offers, slow to respond even when it's obvious they have fun with you, etc., it's because they have million options. I am working hard, my game is adequate, I have a ton of leads, new ones every time I go out, so I can act like a "hot girl" for now. And I am acting like a hot girl. I've said "no" and blown off a few opportunities on this trip. This is mostly new to me.)

My idol was the 8th girl of the day. As she strolled by, texting, with a girly smile on her face, the word that came to my mind was "sunny." I stopped her, and told her so. Nice, comfortable, graceful reaction to the stop. Like most girls here, she denied that she could speak English, but we limped along well enough.

As I asked what she was doing in that neighborhood, she said she was on Holiday from Nagoya. When I asked what she did for work she said:

> HER: I am idol.

Now I know what the word idol means in English, but I was uncertain what it meant in Japanese culture. And as I am a big fan of J-porn, I'd also heard pornstars called adult video (JAV) idols, but I assumed this girl was no porn star. In set, I didn't show much interest in her job. She didn't make a big deal out of it.

She was here for a few more days, and I know a girl on vacation can often be down for sex. I had sex last trip with a married woman from Nagoya I picked up at a restaurant.

As I went to take my idol's number to "have a drink sometime," she said "now?" And while I already knew she was on her way to hang out with some friends, I could tell she was interested. I took her Line contact and we left it that we might have a drink that same night. She double checked the time as we parted ways, to be sure we had it settled. Again, I took that as real interest.

I ended up picking up two "idols" that day, but I liked this one best. I took 4 leads altogether, from 14 approaches, she was my favorite lead of the day. Good, high-ROI daygame session.

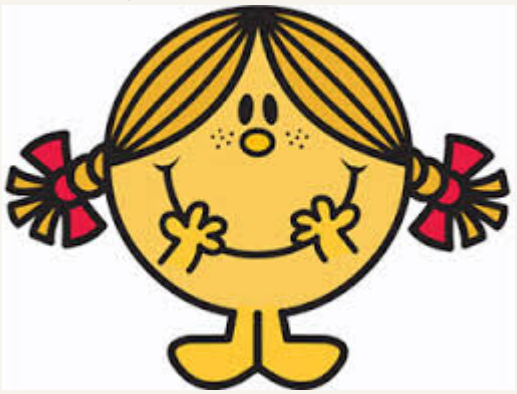
About the "idol" thing, I messaged my new friend Stealth, a local daygame king, to get more details on what I should assume:

> NASH: What is an "idol" exactly? Like a model, sort of, that dances??
> NASH: Took numbers from two "idols" today. I want to know what that means.

> STEALTH: Hehe idols are basically young girls who sings and acts cute in public. But most of them are girls who are in denial thinking they're top stars lol
> STEALTH: Basically like wannabe celebrities lol

That is about what I thought. No disrespect, but no big deal either… unless the girl herself is a big deal. The second girl definitely thinks she is a celebrity, so I am running more aggressive game with her. This one, was chill and charming. Nice girl.

I finished my session, messaging all the new girls and several others to keep the tornado spinning. I pinged her:

> NASH: Hello Sunny Girl
> NASH: 
> HER: Oh!thank you!! :)
> Mr.Nash!
> today's 22:00 Shibuya?
> OK?

Felt pretty on. I was a little surprised, but ready. I set the "Gelato Trap," had some dinner, did some work and ran out to meet her.

She was early. I have now met six girls at this spot so I texted her and told her to come to me. She did, and she looked pretty cute, maybe a little cautious.

We get outside and she is increasing cautious. She wants to know where we are going, and is making sure there are non-alcoholic options. I love the spot I'm taking her to as it is cool, but will easily pass this kind of inspection. Great, versatile spot. I have taken three girls there so far.

I say it is close (two blocks), many people there, but almost all Japanese, has food, has many kinds of drinks, that it's relatively quiet and totally cool spot. Good music. All that is true.

Her lips are slightly pulled back, in a fear gesture. I am usually surprised in the other direction, at how trusting girls are with "a bad man like me" they barely know. But she is surprisingly worried, and we are in a very populated, well-lit area.

I show her the drink spot on the map on my phone, and she looks up the place on her own phone, and we finally get her moving. I tell her I know that she doesn't know me, and she needs to stay safe, but that maybe she is dangerous too! She laughs.

Once she sees the place, she is cool. I tease her again about her caution. Making a big show of making sure she thinks the place is safe. She laughs. We take a four-person seat, so we can get side-by-side. I tell her to scoot over, and she does, no hesitation.

She orders tea, I have a whiskey. We're underway.

Her English is not great. But… This overachiever added a second translator to his phone this same day, the

Microsoft app, and had the offline language pack for Japanese installed so I was fucking good to go, even in this old warehouse space with poor cell reception. That preparation might be why I got laid. Many factors contribute to a proper seduction. Me adding a good “offline” language app was part of tonight’s success.

In terms of her English, she was about 90% translator app, very little comprehension at all.

And she does this very cute thing… “Very cute thing?”… Where she repeats whatever you say or type in the translator… “Type in the translator?”… But turns each line into a question as she repeats it… “A question as she repeats it?”

I loved it. Charming. :]

She also says “wow.” A lot. She is like a subdued anime girl. Not dumb, just very positive and feminine. Addictively charming.

She is just ending her idol thing, ready for “the next stage” of her life. She said all that with a proud, simple smile. She plays guitar. She is doing some music reviews for publications. Studied broadcast journalism at a junior college. Lives at home. Loves cats. I liked her. Nice little date.

This date was not very sexual, other than me making it clear I think she is cute, telling her I want to bite her, pulling her hair, etc. All lighthearted. Same physical stuff I’ve done on all my dates. I had not kissed her.

And the moment of truth…

I say, “Do you like gelato?” She does, so I say, “I have some really delicious gelato. Let’s go to my place and we’ll have some gelato and listen to some music and I’ll show you some of my art.” No argument, she said “okay.”

Damn, that was easy.

I know from Tom Torero’s Stealth Seduction videos that he doesn’t say where they are going, he just pulls. No reference to “my house.” I know my Tokyo buddy Stealth does this too. Leads toward the sex location. Maybe someday I will do that, but for now I like the transparency of saying where we are going. I threw her in a cab to make it quick and warm, and we were at my place 10 minutes later.

As we walked in, I showed her “comfortable?” on the app, and she said “yes!” She was fine. Interesting how she was sooooo careful before the drink spot, but going back to my house was fine, no nerves at all. She had already screened me, I was safe and “in.”

Music, some gelato, and I said “come her” and stepped in and kissed her. She still had the gelato spoon in her hand, but kissed me back mildly. More gelato, and kissing, and it seemed on.

Moved her to the bed, started undressing her as we made out. No resistance at all.

That is when I was sure I was going to sex this little girl.

Sex. Including the best blowjob I have had in years. I figured she had had plenty of experience. It was so good. Rhythmic, well timed, fantastic. I licked every part of her young body. She was delicious and compliant. I put on the world’s best condom and fucked her for 15-20 minutes. A very good deal.

+1 Tokyo. My 2nd lay on this trip, and my 6th daygame lay, all since August. My first SDL from daygame.

I’ll stop here and say my goal for this trip was two new girls. Done and done. 23 and 24, both lovely girls. Good deal. I have 11 days left, we’ll see what else I can do before I leave.

Post sex she looked like she didn’t know what to do next. I pulled her in and cuddled her. We started working the translator and I explained the word “lover” to her, told her she was now my lover. Gave her a bunch of affection, which was easy. She was more adorable with each moment.

She was relaxing and the whole mess was getting juicier and better as we settled down with each other. We’d

fucked. Pressures was off. Time to relax and enjoy each other.

I told her to please spend the night if she would like that. She was as compliant as any other part of the night. Cuddled into me.

If the Chinese Virgin is -0.5 points with her clothes off, this one was maybe +1 point naked. Oishii desu. I told her so all night.

She does not think she is pretty or sexy, and she is both. Her face may be a little plain, but her body was phenomenal. Trim, perfect skin, excellent muscle tone as she dances three days a week and works out as well. Not a hard body, just well sculpted. When I fucked her from behind, in addition to her perfect little ass, I could see all the smooth muscles of her back. Great body. Not a bit of body hair, and a trimmed bush (which I don't care about… Japanese girls can go full natural and I might even like them more).

And… Dripping wet pussy at all times, all night. Amazing. Wow.

Debrief:

She knew I was safe about 5 minutes after we got to the drink spot.

She assumed there was a 50/50 chance we would have sex if we came back to my place.

I asked if she had a BF, and she does. Here in Tokyo, not back home in Nagoya. She wasn't shy about telling me. She has "a feeling" that he is seeing another girl. (Maybe sex with me was revenge for that?) He is a "cool" guy, but a bit cold. He was too busy to see her on this trip… he works a lot, she said. She was staying in a hotel and with friends while she is here.

I asked about the world's best blowjob, and if she has had a lot of experience with men. She swears I am the second guy she has fucked. She says the BF was the first, six months ago. I told her I am a lover, not a BF, she could be honest. I told her to do confess! No way she could be that good with only one partner. She swore over and over, and we laughed together.

She says she got a "late start." That she was very "careful" when she was younger. That the idol group she was in has a rule about no BFs. Etc. She is perfectly fuckable, very charming. She is a even a little bit famous. Hmmm. Very hard to believe that story but I almost do at this point. Yohami thinks I am gullible. I think he is right.

She slept over and it was wonderful. It was what I wish for myself. Tender, sexy, dreamy and fun all night.

We slept for maybe two hours, and she woke me up, touching me to keep me awake, and we fooled around for another hour. More talking via the translator. I didn't fuck her again, despite my obvious inspiration, because I wanted to save some drive for The Nurse, whom I was to date the next night.

Back to sleep, up at 7:30 and I walked her to the train so she could check out of her hotel by 10. I was so reluctant to let her put her clothes back on. She is my type.

I will confess… The vibe of sex and affection was so strong, the flood of hormones so powerful, I had to fight not to telling her I loved her all night. I know better. I get it. I know what body chemicals can do to a man's sanity. I am just stating the facts here.

Wow. Amazing. Those words were on repeat, as we didn't need a translator to say any of that.

I love that girl. She is busy until she leaves. I am tempted to try and get her back to Tokyo before I go.

From later today:

> HER: thank you, lover.

Wow. Amazing.

Viva daygame.

Notes for Beginner Daygamers || Hanging Out with Root

Nash · 8 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

This is a post that tries to answers some beginner daygamer questions. It's rough and raw and rambly… but it shares my experience.

———————

One notable part of this trip for me has been hanging out with Root. Root is daygamer, and has been my wingman this week here in Tokyo. It's has been excellent to share the sidewalks with him.

I met Root in a Starbucks, my first week here, when I had a cold, and was still too sick to get my approaches started. He and another guy were talking about girls and game. I thought Root was the other guy's coach, actually. So I asked. Told him I love talking about game and I couldn't help but overhear their conversation. Good chat, we exchanged WeChat contacts. I offered to take him out on the sidewalk, which he hadn't done before.

Meanwhile… I have gotten some emails from other guys that read this blog asking about my recommendations for getting started in daygame. A guy I will call Howard and I exchanged an email or two (You know who you are. Most of this post is based on your questions. Thanks, man.). And another guy I'll call James (Didn't reply to you yet, James, but this post is for you too, and has your questions in it).

It's been cool to get some email. But I'd rather put those responses here where they can serve more of us, than try to do it one at a time via email.

Back to Root… so cool to watch that guy show real interest. He has shown up four times on the street with me in the last week. I told him I'd share anything I know, but he had to promise he'd do some approaches, and he has! He's not bad at all. I'm impressed. He is approaching and stopping cute girls on the street. He is also very smart, and asking excellent questions. It's been a real pleasure.

Root is going to be awesome. I'm very happy to be around to demo some approaches for him and push him toward next steps I think will help his game. I'm also sharing some of my wipe-outs with him, including talking to him about a really awkward date I had that went wrong the other night. The game has its ups and downs.

It's been cool to coach a bit… but it's also been very cool to have him as my wing. He has seen me get blown out. But he also saw me take four sets of contacts in a row yesterday, in some pretty hot sets… the last one, I held her little 21 year old hand for as long as I wanted. She turned 21… on Monday. I've watched him stop girls, get blown out too, but also look very natural most of the time.

Root, this is going to work for you. You're gonna have fun with this. And you're gonna get laid.

I want to share. I am not a formal coach, but I want to help my brothers. Daygame is about having girls and wet pussy in our lives… but as my friend Riv says, it is also about comradery. About helping each other out.

That means me helping Root. Just like Runner, and Yohami, and more recently Stealth, have helped me. Face to face and via the comments here.

With that said, below is a conversation I put together based mostly on the questions and comments Howard sent me. I am posting this here for him, but also for other guys that might want a peek at this kind of conversation. I hope some of this is helpful. This is my POV, from where I sit on this path, today, as an "intermediate" daygamer, and a man that loves women.

I have a lot to learn. And much of this may be wrong. But this is where I'm at today.

Okay… here are the notes from my conversation with Howard:

———————

Hey Howard.

> >> What do you recommend for someone interested in Daygame?
> >> I'm interested in a good guide from approach to securing a good phone number that will followup up and meet. I'm good with the meet and after that.

For a basic overview with some real detail, maybe check out the Daygame Blueprint from Daygame.com. If you like to study, that is a good resource that goes thru the basic model, with hours of demos and talk about daygame from the London Daygame Model (LDM).

^ That is "how to."

Also… check out Tom Torero's beginner daygame video. It's free, and pretty good. I like it. Great place to start.

If you've ever read the blog, I obviously like Krauser, very much. He is a hero of mine (for game, not politics… but sometimes politics). His blog is great… I've learned so much from that source. His "Nitro" was his first product. Check that out. It's lighter than his next book… Daygame Mastery. Mastery is very good, but more advanced. I read it, I own a hardback copy. I will read it again soon. He is very good. I think I have a lot to learn from that book.

Paul Janka did a piece called "how to get laid in NYC." He has his own model. Paul is an excellent resource. He is very good looking, but we can still learn from him. He is more of a high volume guy, but you can see if you can pick anything up there. Let him supplement your education.

Back to Krauser… his Black Book, is a basic overview, I believe. Check it out. Video series. Then Overkill, is excellent. I'm a fan.

Then there are many good examples from the Daygame.com guys. More infield stuff. I like Jon Matrix Effortless, good infield with breakdowns, Tom is the "host." Much better for pure daygame than his Stealth Seduction product. Yad did a product with Gambler as the host, also worth watching.

Howard, I think you mentioned Date Against the Machine, and that is a perfect example. I forgot that one.

For inspiration, read Tom's "Daygame" and Krauser's "Balls Deep." Those books read more like novels, not "hot to," but were significantly inspiring to me. Both those guys have follow-ups to those books that are also excellent. Get you fired up.

There is a lot more, but start there.

APPROACHING.

Okay… and then… you need to approach. Min 100 girls a month. 200 is better. That is a lot, I know. But this is much, much harder if you don't take volume. Volume is everything. Embrace it. It will be fun. I promise.

Normal mission to start is:

— approach, compliment, leave.

Do that for the first 30 girls. Give the compliment, look cool if you can, and leave. Stay if you want, but that's a great way to get going.

I am in Tokyo… I had a day recently where I got blown out maybe 19 times in a row… then took a number from the hottest girl I've ever approached. Took 4 more numbers after that. Dating some of those girls… I am dating every night this week in Tokyo… all daygame. I am 43, girls are 22-31. But I am doing a lot of volume. And it is very, very fun. And I am learning fast.

But notice how I had to get thru 19 blowouts before I stuck gold that day. And then… it was a very good day, and was a positive thing for me.

I promise you will have better days, better reactions, when you commit to 10+ girls per day you go out. I do 10-20 girls a day at home… and big days are almost always better. I'm doing 30+ in 2-3 hours here, because the talks are quicker… because of the language barrier… and there are so many girls on the street here. You will often need to warm up, each day. It's normal. High volume.

> >> Should I hire a coach? (From James)

Hmmm. I have hired two coaches in my life.

Dj Fuji, in 2014, I think. This was for nightgame. He is a "pickup 1.0" character, famous for his 2 foot mohawk (because he is short). I hired him for a one-night bootcamp. I didn't like him (he is a dick), and I don't think I learned much from him… but that's not his fault. You can't teach a guy game in a night. I had a good time, fooled around that night, took some numbers, and made out with a girl. He pushed me into sets I never would have opened. I got some reference experience I never would have had, because he would not let me leave a set unless I was told to leave, or brushed off twice. I felt a little validated that I did relatively well that night (there were like 10 community guys in the bar we were in, that bar sucked, and they all saw me making out, whatever). Meh.

And I hired Yad this past summer, because I just happen to see him on the street while I was out running game in my hometown. I hired him for one afternoon. I did learn somethings there, but I was much more experienced, and I could ask better questions, and he didn't have to spend anytime on the basic stuff. I had the basics down (maybe 900 approaches at that point in my game), and he could give me more interesting feedback.

If you're at a basic level, I think you can get started with the stuff I am referencing here. If you're paying a guy to point out the most basic stuff and to make you talk to your first 50 girls, I think you're wasting your money. Talk to 200 girls, and then think about it.

And if you do hire a coach… think about some kind of ongoing thing, if possible. I think seeing a coach every 2 weeks for 8 weeks would be much, much better than a weekend. You need time to digest and practice, then get corrected again.

If you have money to piss away and have access to a great coach, awesome, do it. But if not, you can find enough direction here, do some approaches, and then see how you feel. Approaching will teach you more than anything else.

Check out the ideas here, and try them in the field. Look at some videos of guys doing this. And then run volume. Volume is the best coach.

Down the road, you can find some excellent nuance from a coach or sharing with other smart guys. Yohami has been a gift to me. But I would never have been able to understand what he was saying if I didn't have hundreds of hours of experience of my own.

> >> 1. Daygame.com Conference? – Are you referring to "Daygame Blueprint With Andy Yosha and Yad"

Yeah. Pretty good program.

> >> The length of interactions with women in Daygame seems long. I watched some other Daygame programs showing Jon, Tom and Yad with Date Against the Machine and Effortless. I noticed at times the conversation would lull or something was said the girl didn't like and she said she had to go but they would pull the conversation back. Instead of keeping it short and light and leaving on a high note they were not afraid to go through the normal highs and lows of trying to have a conversation with a stranger in the middle of a busy street. My guess is that through "trial and error" this extra time in conversation is to "set the hook deeper"? So she gives you her number and also so she will actually meet you. Instead of an opener and then saying "nice to meet you, I have to get back, but I'd like to get your number and invite you out sometime"?

You're on the right path with these questions, man.

Yeah, conversations aren't always spicy. That's normal. There are lulls. Part of being a cool guy is not panicking in a lull.

And there is no right answer to how long the initial approach should be.

Yes, I think a little more time makes the situation more solid. I don't think you need 10 minutes, but if it's fun (and very often it really is), why not? It can feel weird (to me) to ask for the number too quick… there is no context. As one of the Love System's guys said in some product, "you haven't demonstrated enough value to ask for that kind of compliance yet." I bet that is true some of the time (depending on how cool you can be in two minutes).

You do run a risk of "burning out" the initial magic, or creating friction by keeping her from wherever she was going. We know some girls will insta-date (I've done four on this trip to Japan, maybe 4 of 6 times I've asked), but not all girls have all day to chat. It takes calibration to know when that is smart option. Most girls, you will let them go, and let them go relatively quickly.

If you read my post about the Velvet Mouth mom… I had maybe two minutes with her, maybe less, took her number, she really liked me (still does), and sex on the second date. So… short interaction, led to sex. I've seen long, deep, involved interaction's go nowhere. Big range in results, much of which is unpredictable. Don't overthink it. Just get back to approaching.

> >> leaving on a high note

This is always a great idea. Short or long conversation, it's a good idea to CLOSE HER on a high note. In fact, I had a little breakthrough on this here on my trip to Japan. Check out the post on "how to escalate." Great comments from Yohami and Tyler from RSD that explain why a high note is so powerful. It is more nuanced and powerful than I could understand earlier on my path.

> >> I've heard in daygame many numbers never turn into dates. Is this true?

Ha. Yes… many, many numbers do not turn into dates. Most. Like 70-90%. This is true of every kind of approach, especially if you're doing real volume and not cherry picking dates here and there. If you're good and attractive, girls will have fun in that moment, but that doesn't mean they want to fuck you… at least not after they've had a chance to think about it. That is normal and healthy on the girls' part.

I will rant for a second and say I've never liked the word "flake" for numbers that go nowhere. To me "flake" means someone backing out of a commitment of some kind. A girl giving you her contact details is in no way any kind of commitment. I don't use the word flake, unless she backs out of date she has explicitly agreed to. A girl is not flaking if you had mediocre game, or took a number from a weak set and she never returns your messages. She has broken no commitment. It's possible our game was weak, and that doesn't make her a flake… but many of us use the term flake like that.

I will tell you I get 0-5 numbers when I talk to 10-18 girls. That is my "normal." And you'll notice there is a big range there.

Some weeks I will do two days of 12 girls per day, get zero numbers. Those weeks can suck, some times. Or they might be fun, but I'm not getting dates, makeouts or sex from a week like that. I also haven't had a week like that in a long time. Maybe October? Or September? But I had plenty last summer.

Of those approaches, let's say I get three leads, not that unusual that none will date me. Maybe two respond, one chats for bit and then disappears when I ask for the date. This is all normal (at least for where I am in game). Other times… three of three will date me within five days of when I took the number. Also normal.

Big range in results. Expect that.

I like to say this is like poker… some of this is skill, some is the cards you are dealt. Work your program and you'll win over time. But sometimes to get shitty cards. Other times… all aces. Big range. But experience will help you manage the cards you do get. That's where you need to focus.

> >> an opener and then saying "nice to meet you, I have to get back, but I'd like to get your number and invite you out sometime"?

If you want short approaches, I'd reference "How to get laid in NYC." Janka. I love him, great mind in street seduction. And he likes very short initial pickups, two minutes. He is also very smart and good looking. And… he is in NYC, with incredible amount of girls. So he runs a more high volume, low-depth game (initially). He's worth studying. Very smart guy. His good looks aren't that much of his game, IMAO. He is a genius in terms of game… he has several products out and some talks at conferences. All are good.

> >> how simple these guys are. People like Mystery and Style were so complicated. Watching Effortless you see a lot of it is about just getting started and then having good Social IQ.

Agreed. Krauser is more complicated, but I also think he is more real. He is extremely smart. I'm a huge fan. I think he is harder to learn from, but has much more to teach. My opinion.

> >> I think it's 33% a strong open, 33% keeping the conversation going, 33% a strong but simple close or insta-date.

You're on the right path, man.

I would give you a different angle… but I'm not saying what you said is wrong.

I think VERY HIGH VOLUME is the base of all this. Be original, be real, be vulnerable as you approach… but run high volume. That will give you opportunity to find girls that are warm to you ("yes girls"), and will give you a lot of experience. Experience is where the real power comes from. You can only get experience from volume.

I wrote a post about social calibration, building off of something Krauser was talking about. Maybe give that a read.

In the end… it's about you as a man. Your life, but also your experience (with yourself and with women). That is actually what makes a stop happen or not. It's the quality of the man, of course. You will develop yourself overtime.

As to that last part, both Riv and I spend a lot of time talking about how we are always gaming ourselves. That is very smart way to think about it. Instead of getting the girl to fuck you, how do you know you are fuckable?? And then get out there and show that fuckablity off? This is not about the girls. They are a side effect of being a better man.

Good points to ponder.

> >> I like the idea of a simple compliment. That has always been my sticking point is not knowing how to get it started and comfortable doing it. So many times I see a girl and not know what to say.

See that Tom Torero link I posted above… very good for this.

The other thing I would say is that the best approaches are when you actually feel something for the girl.

I call this the difference between being into her with your "eyes or your head" vs "your heart and your cock." The latter is more real… and you'll have more to say. I think that is important.

I'm convinced many guys are hitting on a girl because they "think" she is hot, not because they have any real, personal, raw hunger for a given girl. Like they are going after what society thinks is hot, and then have nothing to

say as that maybe isn't really what turns them on. It's no wonder they can't find anything to say. Krauser talks about the DNA tug. I think he is saying something similar there.

I have opened girls "mechanically," before. Because I was trying to hit some kind of personal quota for the day (and having a quota has merit, in many ways), or because I thought she was hot, but couldn't find a "story" to open her about (Krauser helped me get the "story" concept… See his Mastery, and I think there is material on that in Black Book and Overkill).

I have had some of those "empty" approaches work, but usually they are flat. When they work, it's because I opened her, and then something authentic happened. She lit up, and then I suddenly felt something real or personal for her. And I worked with that.

This is how I see it… I'm sure other guys have a different way to think about it.

I would really encourage you to focus on girls that really draw you in, where the story, or even a comment, just comes to you. Those are my favorite approaches.

Root (a young guy I have been doing a little light coaching with in Tokyo) did this very naturally on the street last week. He saw some girl and I asked him what story came to mind, and he said "sassy" very quickly. That was perfect. Then you run over and say, "I know this is a bit unusual, but I saw you walk by and you had this great sassy flare to you, I wanted to say hi." The realness of it, the immediacy helps it work. It's not a line. It's the truth. And she can feel it.

RSD Julian talks about the importance of being real. As often as you can… aim for that. Scripts are hollow.

I feel like the footage I've seen from Krauser is very personal. I like that about him. I want my approaches to be personal. I say the same things to girls over and over too. But the examples from Krauser in Overkill… I have learned a lot from that guy. He's solid.

This is Krauser style, its real, its deeper… one way to think about it.

> >> You also mentioned you date every night. I'm in the process of building my business to travel and do this more. I want to get good at this so I can daygame when I travel but also for 1 or 2 dates a week in the meantime. I don't have time to juggle anymore for now.

I only **sometimes** date every night (now, last Fall, a couple of other times in my life)… ongoing, I think that's too much, out of balance. We're not fulltime like the pro's are, and we oughtn't expect our lives to look like theirs.

I'm in a period of heavy investment and learning right now. My pace here in Tokyo is not sustainable. I am loving it, but I don't pretend I can (or want) to be at this pace forever (even though at this moment I wish I was completely full time with this, I have for months, and I've been close to fulltime in terms of hours of approaching/texting/dating). I'm having a good time. I won't do this pace for ever. I know that.

Dating one to two times per week is amazing. 2 dates a week based on offering a woman your masculine realness via cold-approach, via direct approach, via daygame… that's fucking awesome. That puts you in a rare category of men.

If you want to binge on experience like I am doing now, do it. It will really help you learn more, and much faster (and many lessons are only available to you when you have abundance, I am creating abundance by doing a lot of game in concentrated periods, creating what I call Girl Tornadoes). Do that a bit, if you can.

TRAVEL:

As for travel… travel is grossly overrated. For me, it's like showing off. Gaming in your city is the real bread/butter. Do that. If your city sucks, move. Seriously.

There is nothing wrong with hitting on girls on the street when you travel, but it is NOT the way to learn. I don't

recommend it for beginners at all. Travelling is harder. I am doing this to test myself, not because this is the goal.

I also have a big hard on for Japanese girls. So this is indulgent. I live in CA, and have plenty of hot Asian girls in my city. That's where I should get good.

And the only reason I am good here, is because I put in all those hours at home. This is an important point.

The London guys travel because London girls are kind of gross (I hear), they want FSU girls, for their femininity, and sheer genetic gifts. Many pickup guys are also making money via remote work and passive income of some kind, and can have a lower cost of living by going outside of major Western cities. Hotter girls, lower cost of living, not a bad deal.

But if you have ties to some city, and can handle the cost of living, do that. Don't worry about travel. Travelling is "razzle dazzle." Don't get distracted.

> >> What would you recommend to a dude your age with 0 experience do to just get started in Tokyo? (From James)

I wouldn't recommend you try to learn in a foreign place. I did 500 approaches at home before my first trip to Tokyo. No way I could have started in Tokyo… not me, anyway. Tokyo would have made the whole thing harder, and harder to "troubleshoot," as I would have introduced some many extra variables based on location, language, culture, and my nerves at being in a strange place.

With that said, for my trip in 2015… I did a lot of approaching, over a short period of time, and that greatly improved my game back home. 500 before I went on that trip. 80 in Tokyo, in 3 weeks, which was a lot for me then. And I did another 400+ approaches once I got home before I even got laid from a daygame approach (I was getting laid elsewhere, but not like I am now).

I was a hard case. I don't think everyone needs 1000 approaches. But Krauser did (I believe he says so in Balls Deep, which is a fun read).

Without doing the 1000 approaches I did mostly at home, I would be nothing here.

Hunting on your own territory is where it's at. That's where you are a master. You should shine on your home turf, or it is unlikely you will shine elsewhere. When you're very good, test yourself on a holiday, but that is not the way to find the best ROI from this work.

I put some comments on Roy Walker's blog about how he should do one-month minimum stays per country. I say that, as longer stays get you closer to the mastery you should have in your city. When we offer women mastery, we are more attractive… hard to do that when you don't know where the fuck you are.

I am doing well in Japan, but I spent a lot of time working out my logistics here. Places to eat, drink, bounce to, etc. I have real social proof everywhere I go here, many friends in terms of bars/restaurants/cafes, etc. Again, so I am as slick, organized, and well connected as I am at home. All of this takes time.

If you don't plan to date at all, just pull home… I guess logistics are less important. But most guys can't "only" pull off the street. Stealth might be an exception, and I'm sure there are more. I know a guy in my town that pulls off the street straight back to his house, but I think that's low yield game and would be a very tough way to learn. Tom Torero and Krauser both talk about how 3-date sex is pretty normal. A lot of lays go down like that, and you need logistics if you're going to look cool dating.

I think it is true… but I have never taken a girl off the sidewalk straight to my house. I have had SDLs, but never "bounce, bounce, sex." I will do this eventually, but I have not yet.

> >> I'm thinking now to keep learning about approaching, and my goal for Feb is to do 100 compliments and see where they go. I'll mark them down in a notebook. If I can just get over this approach anxiety by

> complimenting 1200 women in a year that would be amazing for me alone.

This is a fantastic plan.

I have been in game for YEARS… and daygame did more for me than anything else.

For instance, I had literally thousands of approaches in bars/clubs/cafes, and still had some real AA. It took me about 200 daygame approaches, and I lost my AA. They were all direct. I don't fuck around with indirect. But after 200 approaches OVER A SHORT PERIOD OF TIME, something in me changed. I had some good experiences in those first 200, but many were "pure heart attack." Tons of blowouts. That's normal. But then… I started to get it. It became fun. It became about giving those girls a good experience.

I still get blown out a lot, but I don't have AA. That is an amazing thing to say. I have always been reasonably social, but I had AA just like everyone else. It's gone. Part of it was cleaning myself up as a man, knowing this was about being who I wanted to be, and that I was here to give these girls good experiences… not take from them. And part was just working thru my beginner's nerves.

You won't need 1200 approaches to get over AA. Some AA is always there (very little for me now though, I must say, and I am not special). You should be getting laid by 1200 girls, for sure. It took me 1000, but I think I was a hard case. My next lay was within, 200. Then two more lays in the next 200. In Tokyo, I think I am on pace to close two to five girls in my 200 approaches here (don't know if I'll have time to work them all through the model).

And compliments are a great place to start. I bet, in your first 20 compliments, you'll have a couple of good conversations, where the girl loves the approach (if not you). That will give you the positive feedback you need to keep going. I have been thanked hundreds of times. I've also been hugged, kissed, etc. Not all of them, but many, love it.

Do high volume days, especially when you're in a good mood. Don't cherry pick a girl here/there, I don't think you'll get the positive reference experience you need from that kind of game. Big days warm you up and "magic" starts to happen.

You will need positive feedback and if you're at all normal, you'll get it. But you are more likely to get it after you've warmed up. Again, volume. High-volume within a given day, and also within a given month. I think two to three days a week is what you want to get this in your blood.

> >> I like how you mentioned it is fun. I can see this.

It really is. Not every approach. Some approaches, the rejection is so cold, it hurts. Welcome to being a man. Even here in Tokyo, I feel so solid, but I get blown out a LOT, and some are quite harsh. Who cares. Those are not the girls that matter.

Be nice. Girls are totally allowed to reject us at any stage of the seduction. Good for them. But live big, man. You will get more out of life, and so will the girls you lead on these romantic adventures. This is good stuff. Beautiful, and life changing.

> >> I just have to get over the hump of starting. I feel I have the rest.

I'll end with this… you will be surprised just how little you know. Get ready for that.

This rabbit hole of girls and game is so fucking deep. I think I am barely scratching the surface. I am at 1400 approaches and had many "first" in the last two weeks. The learning curve is long.

Look at the comments on this blog from Yohami, and more recently by Stealth… we have no idea what those guys know. Krauser and Janka. We have no idea the level/depth of experience those guys have. RSD Tyler… we'll never

know what he knows.

My Tokyo trip has been ridiculously rich, so many approaches (200 in a month?), so many leads (30+?… I'll total them all up later), hundreds of text messages, so many dates… it's doing this over years that begins to open your eyes. Most of us have a lot of baggage to unpack before we can even start to really see until we've done a lot of work. It takes a long time to settle down. Keep an open mind, you'll be surprised.

This is long, but worthy journey. Make yourself a better man. Do this for you. Give these girls good experiences (that is much more than just being "nice," nice is not what I'm saying at all).

All of this is for you. As you invest in yourself, the girls will come thru as well. This is not about the girls. It's about being who we want to be as men. It is about living big and taking girls with us. If we are not on that path, we have nothing to offer these women.

Good on you for getting after this. Have fun.

Viva daygame.
— Nash

TYO: A Day in the Life of a Daygamer

Nash · 8 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

It is amazing that I do not have a date tonight. Makes me laugh, because I have put in a hero's effort — assuming by "hero," we mean a slavishly unbalanced dedication to game.

I am having a great time here. I am getting what I wanted out of this adventure (almost, I don't feel like I'm getting laid enough). With that said, I am not pretending this is a balanced life I am living in these weeks. I am bingeing on experience, which has been my intention. I may be out of control, but I am doing it on purpose.

And I am learning a lot here. And really enjoying the local women very much. Japanese girls are very much my type. This is paradise for me.

Here are some notes from today, my current girl tornado, the work I am doing to keep that tornado feverish, and the proceeds from this kind of dedication.

Was to meet Root today. I got there a bit ahead of him, as I didn't have a date for tonight or tomorrow, and I wanted to see what I could do about that. I know same day dates are real (as is same day sex), and I wanted to try to make it happen.

First approaches from today, solo on the streets of Tokyo:

1. Blonde Japanese, round, dusty white face, beautiful, blowout.
2. Nice smile, but no English, she never stopped.
3. Thought I got an IOI, solid blowout.
4. Big smile, kept walking.
5. Blowout.
6. Another blowout.

Yes! I am the Blowout Artist. Certifiable BOA. Want to master getting blown out??? I am the man to teach you. I am 100,000¥ per hour, but no one can teach you to get blown out like I can! Accept no imitation.

And then…

An IOI. She was tall, young, not gorgeous, but compelling. Nice stop, and something a little smoldering and warm from her right away.

I comment on her unusual face, and she is half Japanese, half Indonesian. Really solid eye contact. Her English is excellent. I tell her I thought we made eye contact and she smiles a little. I ask if she is working or a student, she says student. 2nd year. I ask if she is 21, she corrects me, 20. Okay, cool.

I was "about to go for coffee" and suggested she come with me. No hesitation, she was in for it. I am sure Tom's Stealth Seduction helped me feel even more comfortable with that line and this move, I heard him do it several times.

We walk the couple blocks. I am touching her, hand on her back, touching her hair. It feels great. She smells fantastic, and I say so. I am dropping SOIs to make sure this is sexual.

This Starbucks is another frequent spot of mine. I am very nice, as are they. And they greet me with big smiles and I'm social proofed for her, as they know my order and how I like it. I don't think that matters much actually, except that it pumps my state. Despite stories about how social proof impresses girls or gets you laid, the "state pump" for the player is the real power of social proof, in my experience.

We order, I move her to a little seat where we have to sit very close. I have done this exact move on three of four of my i-dates on this trip. A proper soft couch opens up behind us, and I spin her over there and we're pretty comfortable. I have done that move three times as well. It's a very comfortable Starbucks in a nice part of town.

She has a cute little story about why she wants to be flight attendant, which is what she is studying. We talk about travel, and she is telling me that she has traveled to Indonesia a lot, but also to the Philippines.

I ask why she chose to go the Philippines, and she says because her BF at the time was half Filipino. There is a little something in her eyes as she says that. I ask if she is still with him, and she shyly admits that they are still together. I smile. He is a pretty cool guy. They were originally introduced to each other. He tried to kiss her on the first or second date (I asked). Okay. I smile.

I mentioned to her a couple of times that she had great lips and that I wanted to kiss her. Yohami hates when I do this. He thinks I should just do it, and I am convinced he is right. It is taking me a long time to break this habit. I always do this, but I feel like I'm almost ready to outgrow it. And as we move to the couch, I am smelling her hair and it feels very sexual, so I say "come here" and she does and we kiss a bit. Mouths open, it's real. I roll off, chat, no big deal. And kiss her again.

This is only my fourth i-date. I kissed her because I wanted to, but also to capture a new "first" for me, a new reference experience. I know kissing a girl like this isn't the best game (not if you want to see her again), but I figured I could experiment. I had only 20 minutes invested in her. She was a great kiss.

So Root was texting me, and I wanted to get back to him…. But first, I tried to pull her.

> "While you're in Tokyo, I would recommend you trying something… SNL. It will open up your reality in so many different ways. The second she stops and listens, visualize in your mind the pathway to an SNL. And FAIL badly, learn from it, try it again, rinse and repeat"
> — Stealth

Stealths comment, and his story really inspired me on this trip. I know SDL's are possible, but I never really "touched it" before. Since Stealth posted that quote, I have been really thinking about it. Yohami is always urging me to take action, don't talk about, be alpha, take what I want, you don't have to wait for "three dates." Stealth connected all this to daygame for me.

I've tried this twice now. Once last week, but I didn't write about it. This was my second try at taking a girl home, straight from the approach.

> NASH: Hey, this is fun. Come to my place with me, I have some Gelato, we'll listen to music.
> HER: Gelato near your place?
> NASH: At my place.

We stared at each other, and there was a muggy, hotness between us, and she said she could not, but it still sounded like a yes to me. She had a plan. To do what, I asked? To meet her BF. Long "secret society" look between us.

I say this over and over… but I always find myself on dates with girls that have boyfriends. Almost 30%-40% of the time, and those are the girls that bother to tell me, or that I can get to admit it.

I have a date on Friday. This one lives in Chiba, not Tokyo, and has work Saturday and Sunday. We talked about Thursday, but the logistics were off for seeing each other again. It wasn't going to happen before I leave for home on Monday. I have four nights left in this trip.

We left together, and kissed once more in an alley, and she had to pull me out of the way of a car, mid-kiss so I wouldn't get hit. We smiled and went separate ways. I almost said, innocently, "have a good time with your boyfriend," but did not.

I met up with Root and we went back to approaching. Root was a great wing, as always. I did maybe 20 more approaches, took 3 more leads. Root approached a bunch of girls too. We practiced his stop and talked theory all afternoon.

I also ran into a 21 year old I had picked up the night before in the same neighborhood. She is the second girl on this trip I have "picked up twice" (the first girl I opened for the second time was the set that Stealth saw, that's how he and I became friends). This one had been a hot lead the night before, texting me all night from her 21st birthday party… disappointed we couldn't get together. But now, took her a minute to recognize me in person. She was working, scouting models off the street for her hair place, low energy. I sat with her, checked logistics for tonight, and then split so she could work. Perhaps she is hungover from her party the night before? Perhaps my game isn't as good as I want it to be?

Great day out. Good time talking and sharing with Root. Fourth insta-date. First makeout in a daygame set. Second time trying to pull direct from the sidewalk.

But… I didn't have a date for the night. I tried with many of the girls I approached that day. I spun all the plates in my phone. I really tried.

Sometimes, Baby Jesus just ain't going to let it happen.

As I made my way back home, I confirmed my Friday date with The Nurse. A little confusion as I got the "international time format" wrong, but we're good. I am looking forward to seeing her, and I assume there will be sex. I wish she was chasing me around, trying to get more of my time, but she is not.

Fighting with the Chinese Virgin a bit (soft fight), as she likes me, but knows if she sees me again she loses her V-card. I keep assuming the sale, and she keeps stalling, and it's starting to piss me off. So today I told her I think she doesn't want to see me… I know her well enough to know this will tug at her heart. I am supposed to call her tonight after dinner. We'll see.

Might have a date set up for tomorrow, with a new girl. She gave me a soft yes, but said she in nervous. I also assumed the sale. I hope that is on. But I have multiple offers out.

Spinning a million other plates… Trying to close at least one more girl for sex before I leave. Some fresh leads (7 in the last two days), some older ones. Hustling. Will run some more street game before I go.

Tomorrow… Date with a cute girl that made me book 10 days in advance, and even that was a lunch date. Says she wants to speak English, but I made it clear, I am no English teacher. Sent her a sexual image of a teacher staring down a student in a sexual way. Hmmm. Why she is so busy, I don't know. Not the only girl like that I have run into here in Tokyo.

The Chinese Virgin may come around for Thursday after my lunch date. I'd like to deflower her. I have been playing it down to "we'll study," but she knows what's on the line. If Virgin doesn't come out, I will do my lunch date and then run more approaches with Root tomorrow.

I do not think I have a date tonight, and that is amazing. I gave it a full Devil's effort. Wow.

I am not certain about tomorrow either. But SDL is increasingly possible for me. If I don't set something up, maybe I'll street pull tomorrow? This is about to happen for me, I know it.

Should have sex with the Nurse on Friday again, which sounds great. I haven't had an orgasm in 7 days, since the last time I saw her and she was on her period but gave me a very good handjob. I have dated multiple girls since then, kissed several girls, even had one in my bed, but no new sex since the handjob.

When I wake up tomorrow, I will message my i-date from today, and see if she can come thru for Thursday also. She is not that hot, but my CEO loves here. I would love to fuck her… 20 years old. Ummm. It was close to happening on that i-date today, for sure, but now it is a long shot as she is out of pocket.

And then… 4 more nights, and I am back at home. Looking forward to it. It's been an unbelievable trip, but I like home too. My cats, my favorite food/drink, plenty of daygame options in my city, a list of leads from home to follow up on (I made a list… 10+ girls), and three lovers that I have kept in touch with on this trip. I assume some sex or another is waiting for me at home after all the work I did last fall.

Not so bad.

Viva daygame.

TYO: I'm not a PUA, I'm a BOA

Nash · 11 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I have a new point of terminology to share from my experience running daygame in Tokyo. I present the concept of… The "blowout artist." Or BOA.

I had some big days of approaching on this trip. Several days of 30+ girls in an afternoon. There are so many girls, it's easier than it sounds. But along with a lot of opportunity comes plenty of vulnerability and rejection.

On this particular day, it was early in the trip. I was getting over my second cold, didn't really feel like being out, but wanted to start the Tornado and get my momentum going. My state was off, and I wasn't warmed up… but I jumped into the day and started talking to girls.

I got a lot of blowouts that day. A lot.

Some of what I call "soft" blowouts, where she might smile but never even turns her head as she walks right past you. Or ones where she says, "No English, no English!" and continues her walk. Or you get a little wave-off, like you're a fly buzzing around her latte. And then harsher ones where her jaw tightens a little, or a flash of annoyance passes across her eyes. Or an icy blowout, where you never exist at all. She is just a cold wind. Brrrrrr.

I think I probably had tougher days later in the trip (measured by sheer volume of blowouts), but this day was packed with rejection. I felt like I was going to set a lifetime personal record for blowouts that day — and just that thought made me start to laugh.

As I look at my stats, I think I got blown out something like 14 times that day. Most of them in the first half of the day.

I had, in fact, tapped into a rich vein of blowouts. One of many on this trip. It was a blowout gold mine. All you can eat blowouts. Glorious, glorious rejection.

More laughter for me as I thought of it this way.

And that is the point. This was a way of seeing blowouts as no big deal. And it worked.

And while I didn't do as much posting and documentation of all my approaches on this trip (I had better things to write about), I was thinking of this post, and how I wanted to claim the title of BOA.

I am a blowout artist. Perhaps the best blowout artist that has ever lived!!! I'm so good, I have so much experience, I should be a blowout coach. When I retire, there will be a life-size bronze of me getting rejected by some little girl in the Blowout Hall of Fame.

Haha. Yes.

By the time I was at my 13th approach, I remember getting a blowout and then clapping and laughing. The impact on my psychology of having a girl fail to acknowledge my existence had turned. The blowouts were now actually pumping me up. It started to get me high.

I am studying RSD's "Hotseat at Home" right now. There is great line that makes good sense to me, based on what I know from my time in the field:

> "When you do pickup, for example, and you approach so many girls it shuts off the mind…"
> — RST Tyler, from his Hotseat at Home

That's part of what is going on here. The sting of AA burns out when you approach a lot. I still need to warm up, but I don't really get AA anymore. And rejections can still hurt, or knock me down some. Start me on a downward spiral. But not always.

On some of these big days, the volume does “shut off my mind.” And not only would I feel no AA, but rejections would just make me smile.

Street approaches are not all about rejection, not at all. But getting blownout some is definitely part of the lifestyle. And sometimes, a blowout can actually become fuel, and accelerate you into the next approach, put some glow in your cheeks, make you even more solid.

I had some of this going on before I left for Japan. I remember being out with Rauker back at home and talking about blowouts. I told him that sometimes I see a girl that looks hard to approach, and I tell myself, “cool, go get that blowout,” and I run over and go for it. And it makes the whole thing fun. Loosens me up. And the truth is, I am often wrong about those “hard to approach girls.” They often pop right open.

After all those rejections, Girl #14 on this day hooked really nice, and my blowouts hotstreak was mostly over. It could have been random that I had so much rejection in the first half of my day. Or it could have been that I had to “let it go.” That the “tightness” in me was part of why I was getting those reactions.

Girl #19 that day was one of the hottest girls I’ve ever approached. Here are the notes I wrote about that approach:

> Then… Very hot girl, fierce walk. Great stop, my best in TYO. She stood so close to me, she was cool, non-reactive. Gave me the “Russian minute.” I was as strong as I have ever been in set. A breaking rapport look in my eyes. She took it, and then softened. Lovely. She hooked. Claimed to be a model… which is a type of high-status claim as I see it. I don’t care about “models,” but she was beautiful and had plenty of power. She had some really excellent beauty marks to accent it all. I took her Line contact. She messaged me first. Solid. We’re chatting.
> — Nash

I collected a couple more blowouts that day. But I also took four leads before it was over. Dated one of those girls several times.

There are several lessons here.

One, that the blowouts don’t mean anything. I’m not saying they’re fun, but they could be random, and even if they’re not they can be meaningless if you don’t make a big story about them in your head. In fact, they can be a state-booster, if you’re having fun.

Another lesson is that a few blowouts, even harsh ones, doesn’t mean you suck. And they certainly don’t mean the day sucks or that your state is so off you should stop.

I’m a big advocate for approaching high volume of girls in a given day, as I am convinced this high volume helps “numb” your brain. Or put you in state. Or whatever you want to call being “in flow” with women and everyone around you.

With volume and some inner game, the whole sequence gets “more local” — meaning it becomes just about you, the girl, and that little bit of concrete between you. And that’s it. It’s not about your “big special snowflake story,” or about the last girl, and how much she hated your approach. When you get to this state, each girl is a refresh, and if you have any skill, each one has the potential to go really well. Each girl is a new chapter, and a chance to start over. If your state is climbing, and you’re becoming “free,” each girl might have the potential to get even better than the one before her.

I am loving the BOA title. Claiming my legacy as a blowout artist feels like freedom to me. I used the concept several times in Tokyo as a way to remind myself to loosen up. And it worked.

I am a BOA. Maybe the best in the world!

Embrace your blowouts. Because they’re inevitable. My game has never been stronger but I still get blownout every day. Sometimes over and over. But the blowouts can boost you state. Each blowout can be a reminder that you’re

free, that none of this matters, that we are social beasts and we can let our swagger run wild.

I'll be using this term a lot, I bet. The BOA. I'm the best! You heard it here first.

Viva daygame.

TYO: SDL with a Yoga Instructor, +1 Tokyo

Nash · 13 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

It is my last morning in Tokyo. I am a little amazed about last night. We woke up early this morning. She was teaching a class at 8:30 on the other side of the city. It was a beautiful, and at least somewhat unexpected night.

I will write some more later about the last week here, but it was not an easy time for me. There was a lot of what I am tempted to call “disappointment.” A double-barreled kick in the balls on Thursday, unmet expectation on Friday night, and then again Saturday night, and then once more Sunday morning… I was frustrated, as my last week was not yielding the fruit I had hoped to harvest. Not any fruit at all, for that matter.

Based on the opportunities I had set up for myself, even if I just “rolled the dice” on those final days, I should have had a win. But I didn’t. It was a high-quality problem, but I didn’t expect the culmination of my trip to feel like any kind of problem at all. More on all that later.

And then it was Sunday, my last full day of a 40 day trip to Tokyo, in my personal paradise of beautiful, charming women. And I was beat up from that very long week, absolutely packed with the hard work of a daygamer, brimming with stories and little adventures, but very little skin to skin contact. And no P in the V.

I’d had three dates the day before (Friday), but not so much as a makeout. I had three more dates on Saturday. Nothing. It felt as if Baby Jesus was on cruelty bender, playing “kick the dog” with me no matter how hard I tried. The wicked daygamer, cast out of heaven.

As I awoke on Sunday, my plan was to secure a date for my last night. I had had a short, but excellent little daygame session on Saturday between all those dates. All I wanted was an idate, and I got it, but I also closed a cute girl with a really elegant walk late in the afternoon.

She was very excited about the stop, and we had a soft agreement to a date for Sunday night. Which was good, because despite all my efforts, I did not have a date lined up for my last night… I felt almost embarrassed about it. I had a warm lead from Friday’s daygame from a girl visiting from China. She was quite hot, good initial pings via WeChat, and I had hoped to set something up with her… but that lead had gone silent. I think I was overselling it.

I woke up Sunday around 10 AM, and before my eyes were even completely open and clear, I messaged “the elegant walk” girl from the day before. We’d already pinged each other, and she seemed ripe:

> NASH: Ummm, such a pretty day.
> NASH: Come have dinner with me tonight.

She was so into the pickup the day before, and so quick to say yes to the idea of a date, I felt pretty confident. Even if it turned out to be a simple, mild date, I would have felt good about wrapping up my trip that way… however:

> ELEGANT WALK: I thought I have nothing tonight, but I have a plan to have dinner with my friends…
> ELEGANT WALK: I hope we can meet again =)

Rrrrrrrrr. Fucking A.

This was becoming the flavor of the end of my trip. Lots of little let-downs.

I had even tried to double-book (multiple dinner offers out to various girls), including yet another little girl, a 20 year old I had dated on Friday. She also messaged to say she wasn’t going to be available. It was my last night, and I was left with nothing. Amazing.

Why did my trip have to end this way? So many warm situations, so many little heartbreaks. The rug pulled out from under my otherwise stable feet again and again. My volume was unbelievable. I’ll do my stats later, but this

was an epic trip in terms of work ethic. And yet, the last week was nothing but missed shots. My aim felt pretty solid… it was like the target kept moving on me.

Here I was…. last night in Tokyo. No date.

I started to feel superstitious, thinking the Universe was trying to teach something. Sometimes I think hippie shit like that when I can't explain why I'm so powerless to make things happen for myself. Perhaps this was some kind of cryptic and cosmic lesson? Maybe my own greed was part of why things were not working for me? I had certainly been indulgent.

Maybe I should leave well enough alone? Perhaps I should just take the night off, go to the pool? Have dinner alone… maybe a nice yakitori place? Go to bed early, watch some HBO on my laptop via my VPN. Set the pace for a more "reasonable" lifestyle when I get home, get started on that now, show respect for my health and try to find some balance, as I have been completely over-focused on game for the last 30+ days of this trip.

But that's not what I did. Almost against my better judgment, I was not going to give myself a day off.

I had lunch and took some deep breaths. I started to feel less disappointed. Good… fuck feeling disappointed. I was relaxing into my situation. I didn't need to wring my hands about this last night. I am happy to hunt, and this is not a grind. It really is not. I can accept the facts before me, but I can also evaluate my options.

What can I do from here?

I did what I am increasingly convinced is the best thing about daygame for me… I took my frustration, and my lack of results, and I put that into another daygame session. This is an extremely powerful thing for me right now. I can't recommend it enough.

Yes we can meet girls, date, makeout and get laid via daygame. Yes.

But almost more important to me right now, we can take our rejections, our cancelled dates, our refused kisses, our LMR, our self doubts, and our own personal AFC history, all that, and pour it into ~~hunting girls~~ our self development.

This is so fucking healthy. I really believe that.

I want to have balance in my life. And yet daygame has been a place for me to burn off steam, much like skateboarding was for me when I was younger.

For me, this practice of taking any frustration with the girls (or the lack of girls) in my life, and channeling it onto the sidewalk is at the core of the freedom that game has to offer.

That "judo" move, that "lemons into lemonade," is the essential bit of my Girl Tornado theory. I realized that on this trip. That "using force against itself" is the essence of being "non-needy" in my game right now.

When I feel at all needy, I do daygame. Talking to girlsis fun, so that alone can shake me out of neediness. But talking to girls also gets you more girls. That's just simple math.

So a daygame is like concentrated non-neediness. Working to change your state in the near terms and your long-term position as well.

I don't stew on my failure or lack of pussy. I go out, I work my craft, and I enjoy the hunt. I give girls good experiences. And I almost always end up having a good experience myself. I am transformed. Girls can see it… and they like it.

This is alchemy… turning not just the frustration, but myself, into "gold." Hammering it out on the streets, and against the anvil of my inner game. This was really fucking landing for me as I worked the streets one last Sunday in Tokyo.

Fuck yeah. Viva daygame. Hunt, beast. Because you love it.

And I do.

All this was going thru my head as I started my approaches for the day. There was very little gas left in the tank, but I was committed. I was exhausted — this trip has really stretched me, emotionally and physically — bit I was going to try.

So I promised myself 15 more approaches. Just 15 more, Nash. And then… a quiet dinner and that movie at home. That would be fine.

And my first approach started with what I thought was an IOI. I got after her and she rewarded me with a solid blowout. Ha! My state climbed a bit. I clapped my hands.

And the next set was a very charming girl, maybe 30, but lovely, and she hooked hard. Soft feminine glow. She had plans for the afternoon and the evening, so she wouldn't do. I told her to hold my hand. Her hand was soft like powder. I was enchanted. I suddenly had a hunch she was married, so I asked and she said, through broken English, that she was engaged. Oh, an engaged woman charmed by a deplorable cad. I love it.

With that approach in the books, I knew it would be a solid day. And it was. 15 approaches came and went, and I went further. 29 approaches before it was over… including about 15 blowouts, ranging from sweet and gentle to harsh and icy. Having claimed my title as the Worlds Best Blowout Artist (© Nash, 2017), all those blowouts only made me stronger.

I was in and out of Starbucks all day. It was near freezing, and I was using hot tea to keep my hands warm. The crew there likes me, and we have had a funny relationship as I come in so many times per day, like my tea a particular way, and so often bring insta-dates there — seven or eight in two weeks' time. That crew boosts my state, as we're on such good terms.

As I picked up my last cup of tea for the day, it was after 7 PM. A Cat Power cover of the song Sea of Love was playing and creeped into my head.

> Come with me
> My love
> To the sea
> The sea of love

As I left that Starbucks, I was crooning down the sidewalk, singing my best version, an American voice in a foreign land, adding a lothario's wink to the songs intent. Come with me, indeed.

My state was now in full form. I was the street. I was the pickup. And then I got the IOI that mattered.

She was a plain looking girl in many ways, but there was a sparkle to her as we locked eyes. Dressed warm, like everyone else, wrapped in a coat, with a big scarf and short hair. A long denim skirt. Two different bags over her shoulder. And she was girly.

And she was the 29th girl of the day.

29 girls, man. Yeah.

As I raked the crowd with my eyes, I got what Steve Jabba would call a "very strong IOI." I often avoid girls that I make eye contact with as I think it can ramp up their defenses, but in this case, this felt very on. I owe several good approaches to Steve's theories about IOIs. I have studied him. You can hear more in his video series and in the book that Krauser produced, Primal Seduction. I have both.

I doubled back around to stop her, and with the new stop I'm doing, she was already smiling before I said a word. My stops got much better on this trip. I am doing a back-pedalling kind of stop now, with lots of eye contact before I say a word. It is working.

She claimed not to speak English, and it is true… she speaks very little English. But the vibe was right. I stressed that she and I had connected with our eyes, and danced with her a bit, and then offered to take her for coffee. She was a quick and easy yes. Cool. I had a fresh cup of tea in my hands already, but I dragged her back to Starbucks, the crew smiled at me as I bought her a soy latte, and we walked upstairs to find a seat.

On the three short blocks to Starbucks, I learned she is a yoga instructor. Visions of a healthy, flexible body went through my head. She has perfect posture. Lovely little girl.

She is 26.

It was a mild and comfortable date, nothing like the makeout with the 20 yr old from Wednesday. We did 90% of the date via the Google Translate app. I showed her my stickers, gave her two of them, showed her some more artwork of mine on Facebook. After about 15 minutes, I started to talk about how tonight was my last night. About how my plan had been to go to a yakitori place. I asked if she was hungry and she gave me cute, girly confirmation. I asked if she wanted to join me, and she was a yes again.

Could it be??

After this painful, workhorse of a week?

Was this going to be…???

Lean back, man. Go to dinner. Enjoy it. You got your date, same day, brand new girl. Great way to end the trip, right here. Go enjoy some food and a drink. Who cares what happens after that.

We had to go back to some lockers in Harajuku to get my bag, with my computer in it. She was fine with that. I made a little bit of small-talk by saying things occasionally via the Google app, and by saying somethings in English, which I was certain she did not understand.

I wanted things to be smooth, so I pushed us into a cab, avoiding trains and a bit of a walk. We are dropped off and find the spot I was looking for (a place I had explored weeks ago when I was too sick to approach) and there was no trouble getting a couple of seats at the counter, with a view of the cook doing the yakitori thing. Another great Japanese experience.

And more excellent food. She served me. Like several other girls on this trip. And she kept an eye on my drink, and when it got low, she would flag the server and get me another. She had two drinks as well. Her face took on a pink tint, and she was relaxing somewhat. She never looked nervous, but she was something like polite and formal, especially at first. I felt her soften up. She already liked me, but now she was starting to enjoy me.

I did not talk sex on this date. I didn't ask if she was a virgin or when she first had sex or if she thinks she is a good kisser.

I did touch her. I had my hand on her back, like I did with just about every date on this trip. I used the backstory of our initial eye contact to stare into her eyes a lot. I would reward her lavishly for staring back. She was not overtly sexual with me, but was doing her best to flutter her eyelashes and give me some energy via those black, shiney eyes. I reached into her lap and held her hand.

Was this going to be…??? Really?

Post dinner, moment of truth. I told her I was too full for desert, and she agreed. I asked if she wanted to come back to my house — and as she confirmed what I was saying by reading the translation off my phone there was a brief hesitation. And then I said, "…to listen to music," and I heard the soft confirmation in her voice. And to look at my art. And she was sold. And later, when we're not so full, to have some gelato. Did she like gelato? Yes, she loves gelato.

Solid.

Cab back to my house. It stopped in the same place as the night I had sex with The Idol, same cab fare, from

different restaurants but almost the exact same part of town.

Is this going to happen??

Upstairs, inside. She was the fifth girl I got back to my place this trip, 200 sq ft of very comfortable, modern Tokyo apartment. She was calm and happy.

We both used the little bathroom. We looked at the street art stickers I'd accumulated to add to my collection back home. We sat on the bed and I flipped through my sketchbook… much of which is naked models from drawing sessions.

And I kissed her.

She pulled her arms up near her neck, across her chest, but the look in her eyes was calm, simple, and pretty, like she was the rest of the date. She wasn't really kissing back, but wasn't going anywhere either. I started to suck on her neck and she produced those familiar sounds I love to hear.

I pushed her back onto the bed, and did that on/off type of escalation I like to do, a little faster than normal, as she seemed into it. When I pulled her long sweater out from under her denim skirt, it felt pretty on.

Fully making out. As I dragged her around the bed, moving her body around and into positions I wanted her in, her skirt came up as I folded her legs back. What I thought were tights, were thigh-high socks, and I caught a flash of panties and soft, creamy thighs. Ummmmm.

I'm going fuck this girl, I thought.

And I did. +1 Tokyo.

Part of me could not believe it. I was so tired. I wasn't entirely sure this was real… maybe it was another dream of wishing and working and wanting for a moment like this one. I had laid in this same bed, having fantasies of this kind of entanglement so many times in the last 39 nights. I'd had four other girls in those same positions. I'd fucked two of them. I could not rule out the possibility that I was delirious or confused.

But it was true. It is true.

I did everything I wanted to do to that pretty girl. I didn't fuck her ass, out of sheer laziness, but I feel certain that was on the table. After I'd licked and chomped on every part of her, I presented my limp cock to her, and told her to suck it.

Great blow job.

World's best condom.

Sex.

One interesting thing about this girl, was that we know she was not expecting to fuck. Not me, anyway. This was not a date… I pulled this girl off the sidewalk a couple hours earlier. But as I undressed her, she was looking very sexy. Those thigh-high socks. Fancy bra and panties, matching and black. In addition to the bra, she wore what looked like a tank top, but cut beneath her boobs. It was a boobless tank top. I've never seen anything like that before.

I took all her clothes off excep that thing, as it wasn't in the way, and was sexy as it framed her small boobs and her tiny pink nipples. She guarded those boobs constantly. I had the pleasure of having to pin her arms back each time I wanted some, fighting against some yoga-girl strength. She would moan each time I succeeded. The rest of her body was unguarded. Including her tasty little ass.

She had a soft, butter-smooth body without a mark or a blemish. Not overly lean or wiry like many American yoga girls, she was soft like fresh bread and smooth like buttermilk. Delicious from head to toe, I know, because I tasted it all.

She made all the noises I've ever heard in Japanese porn, including the classic "kimochi!"

Afterwards I collapsed next to her. A few minutes later I got up, took the condom off, put on some more music and crawled back into bed and held her, enjoying her smell and the post-sex bliss.

I felt myself slipping into sleep. I escaped her and her warmth and took the gelato from the freezer. And we laid in bed, her cuddled under the blanket, and I spoon-fed her some desert. I was streaming some Miguel from my Bluetooth speaker and we didn't talk. We shared bites of gelato between us. I started to bounce a little to the beat, and we laid there, washing down the sex with desert, moving together to the slow RnB rhythm as we laid side by side in our pile of smiles and blankets.

The scene had a very teenager vibe to it. This grown man was happy.

I said, "Kyo, wa… Sunday?" She said, yes. I said, "Nice Sunday!" and smiled. She laughed. Yeah, "nice Sunday!," she said.

We got out the phone to translate some more, confirmed she had missed the train (which she never even asked about), and I told her that if she wanted to, she should stay the night. I cleaned up our mess of clothes and condom wrapper and street art and empty gelato containers. I brought her an extra blanket. And we curled up and slept.

She would touch me, and wake me up, and snuggle. And I'd put her hand on my cock or my hand on her ass. I'd pull her head to mine and kiss her. Another fantastic night. Very much like The Idol, not quite as animated, which made it slower, not as exciting but even softer. She felt like a girlfriend right away.

We were up at 6 AM to the blare of her alarm. A little over 5 hours of that half-sleep I always get with a new lover. She was cute, and wide-eyed, and bubbly. We put her in the shower. I had a toothbrush for her. When she was out, I jumped in. I poked my head out to get her to put a little toothpaste on my brush, and I caught her half-dressed in the long socks, panties, the bra and that tanktop thing. She was wonderful to look at.

I walked her to the train and she asked me for some contact info, we hadn't done that yet. At the train I stood there, and she stopped and turned around three different times as she walked away to wave goodbye and smile. Adorable.

Ahhh, I needed that. As in, I was kind of "needy" for that. Not with her, but with myself. With life. Needy with the end of my trip. But it happened. And it was good.

What had been a solid trip had turned into hard lessons in the last few days. I know same day sex is possible, and I was doing all I could to get there, but I had dropped my expectations in the final hours. I was working my mind toward the idea that I had to learn from the lack of sweetness in the final Tokyo moments.

I love the way this trip wrapped up.

I love the lay, and the experience of being with that girl. But I also love the "movie ending." A final-moment SDL to punctuate the drama of it all. As I woke up with her this morning, I was still doublechecking to see if I was in a lucid dream.

As I look back now, I am stoked at the third lay. Of course. The hyena is rather satisfied, if not at the overall volume of sex, at least at the stats. It says something about my game, I feel good about that.

I'm also looking at how a lay can make or break my own self-respect. And how that's not the man I want to be.

The term we point to is "internally validated." I had a public goal of two lays on this trip, but a secret goal of three. And I hit it. But internal validation is the more worthy goal. The part of me that is truly internally validated comes from when I look at the work I did on this trip.

Not the "grind," that's not what I mean, but my willingness to put in the work and dedication to understand myself and women. It's not the number of approaches (even as vital as volume is to this education), it's the discipline. It's not just throwing myself against a wall of rejections when I would hit a run of blowouts on the street, it was the ease at which I could operate in the face of those moments. And it wasn't about how hard I struggled (last summer

comes to mind, but even the last week of this trip), it was about a willingness to try to relax into this path as man. And to be open to hearing were I need to grow.

I am looking at you, Yohami, when I say that. Thank you.

And then there was this:

> NASH: When I pull off the street for the first time, I'll msg you to thank you. I'll happen soon. I know it. I can't wait to write that message.
> STEALTH: I'll look forward to your message

Okay, Stealth. I thank you again for opening my eyes. For what you said, and the friendly push in your voice as you said it. I won't post this story until I can get off the plane and message you first. Thank you, again. I'm sure I'll think of you some more as I continue my adventures. Thanks, man.

And even with any last bit of cold-sober evaluation, about how I allow my internal peace to rise or fall based on how long it's been since I had my cock between some lovely girls thighs…

It was awesome to fuck that girl. Delicious at every level. That may not be the measure of who I am as a man, but it was a very nice little reward for not giving up. For that last fucking approach that turned around the end of my trip.

> YOGA GIRL: Nash :)
> YOGA GIRL: you were very gentleman and lovery
> YOGA GIRL: last night was a very good time

She is a happy girl. She left her earrings in my apartment. I found them, and a hair tie, as I checked out this morning. I told her I'll mail them to her. Which will be a fun way to connect with her as I get home.

And… I love how I can eat a girl's ass at night and have the reputation of a "gentleman" in the morning. That's the man I want to be.

Viva daygame.

TYO: Insta-date with a Teenager (aka Miss 19)

Nash · 18 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

TYO: Insta-date with a Teenager (aka Miss 19)

This is a story about my third insta-date in my last week in Tokyo, sixth for the trip. This time, a 19 year old. A teenager.

My Tokyo adventure really opened my eyes at several levels. Made more of game visible to me. I am thinking of several truths about life and big opportunities I couldn't see or realize before this trip, but now, my eyes are open in those areas.

One such truth is that I can date younger girls than I have been dating. I had a chance to look that truth in the face several times in those Tokyo days of game.

When I have read about Krauser or Tom having sex with 18 year old Polish girls, etc., there was part of me thought that that was perhaps a little "too wicked" for me. That I knew I could date young girls (I mostly date girls that are around 25 years old), but 18, 19, 20… Seemed too young for me.

Or maybe it meant that at almost 44, I was too old to attract girls that age? Them, in their sexual market finest hour, and me toward the end of mine. Something like that.

But one thing that has also become clear is that you have no idea what you are capable of until you are in a position where the choice is yours to make. Until the time when your presence as a man opens up these opportunities for you, any judgment or moralizing is no more than "armchair quarterbacking." Until the time when the choose is yours to make, you're a spectator, only guessing what you would do if you were actually "in the arena." Face to face, with a real live teenager.

One deep motivation of mine as I explore this lifestyle is that I do not want to be a spectator.

I love the realm of "mating and dating," for both conversation and carnal sport. And when you talk about sex and relationships as much as I do, you hear a lot of uneducated bullshit from normies. A lot of guessing and judgment from folks that have never been in the arena (not like we have).

Everyone has an opinion. Very few people have enough actual reference experience, have had enough choice in these areas, to have any authority or insight. Before we have real experience, we can only share anecdotes. If the amateur or the uninitiated moralist has wisdom to offer, it is second hand or accidental in origin.

So when I am tempted to give my opinion about dating girls that are at the youngest end of legal limit… even about myself dating them… I should remember that despite my recent gains in terms game and new sexual experience, teenagers are an area in which I am still an amateur.

So, no, I don't know if I would enjoy dating a girl in that age range. I would only be guessing if I were to comment from where I sit now.

Would I fuck a teenager? We'll, besides the obvious statement — "It depends, which one?" — I really can't say. I don't have that opportunity currently. My judgment and preference at this point are irrelevant.

I am trying to keep all this in mind when I see my role models sexing the youngest of girls. It's hard to learn unless you have an open mind. I am older than Tom or Nick, but I don't look it. And this trip showed me I can game girls that young also. I am still a rank amateur in this territory, but perhaps not for long.

I dated a 19 yr old virgin last Fall. Only one date and she disappeared. I didn't know she was that young, nor that she still had her V-card, when I picked her up. And I picked up a girl in Tokyo two weeks ago that seemed young, but I was surprised when she said she was 18. And I made out with that 20 year old girl at Starbucks last week. There they are… 18, 19, 20.

All of this brings me closer to having enough practical experience to know if girls that age would be something I'd like. I don't know until I know.

I have written before about the Vampiric Exchange — that exchange of youthful naivitee for dark wisdom — and that element of contact with a very young girl has real appeal. In the case of this i-date it seemed true, for both of us.

I met this particular girl late in the day on my last Friday in Tokyo. Let's call her Miss 19.

She was tiny, 152 cm, a little over 5 ft. I love tiny. Shiney, straight hair that stopped just above her shoulders. Cropped bangs that completed the frame around her face. Baggy clothes, but good style, and a backpack. She was eating a little sandwich from a convenience store… the sleeves of her sweater covering her hands, so only her little fingers poked out into the cold.

She was easy to stop and popped open. She loved it, but almost didn't seem to be taking the situation seriously.

There are these guys that hangout in Harajuku everyday. They stand around, usually four or five of them, matching outfits, and they just "act cool," and are always surrounded by adoring little girls. They take pics with the girls, flirt with them. They are genuinely cool and the girls love them.

I stopped this one. Asked who they were and he said they sing and dance. I assume they are a boy band. Or the male equivalent of the idols I picked up? The little show they do with the girls in Harajuku is like a meet and greet, promotion for their band. I asked if I could take his picture and he was cool about that too.

Root and I saw them one day when he and I were out, and he said that being in the band helped make them "cool." And that is true. But I pointed out that those guys are not faking it at all. They actually are cool. We watched them for a while. And the little girls were on the more adoring side of the critic-to-fan spectrum… The girls are super hooked, but in a somewhat distant, surreal kind of connection.

Miss 19 was treating me like I was one of them. She was loving it, but she was acting like our interaction was completely outside her reality. Enjoying it, but almost like I was something she was watching on TV. She would stand there, shoulders slightly hunched, a hand cupped over her mouth, giggling and blushing slightly… Just like some girl with the cool boy band guys in my story above.

In exactly that way… It was going well, but it didn't feel solid.

What I am saying is, she didn't have enough comfort.

It is interesting that I might disqualify myself as she is too young. And she might disqualify herself as I am too "cool." Both of us into it, but it was so unusual, neither of us took it totally seriously.

Anyway, so she is very fucking cute. Not surface-level sexy, per se, but young and cute in a way that was radically hot for me. She was a dead-on fetish for someone with my tastes. She was the chipmunk-schoolgirl persona, but dressed in baggy denim and white Converse, and carrying a sandwich.

So hot. She was pornographic. Even in baggy pants.

While the interaction was frothy, she seemed compliant. So I made the offer for a coffee and she says, "now?!," And I say "yeah," and we're off. 6th i-date for the trip. All to the same Starbucks. Counter guy bursts into an out-of-place smile as I bring in yet another girl… This one, 24 years younger than me.

> "The only difference in my game since I got older… is that girls like me more, and the occasionally dad thing comes up. That's the only difference in my game. You get better results, and occasionally some reference to a dad occurs between open to sex."
> — RSD Tyler, Hot Seat at Home

I told her it was my third time there that day and she said, "with three girls?!!!," with an excited, but shocked look in her eyes. Wow. She could tells this wasn't a completely natural experience. She was on the right track about me on this trip, but a little off about the total volume. I told her no, she was the only girl that day, which was true. I did have a lunch date with a 20 year old, and had a date that night with The Nurse, but she was the only Starbucks girl for the day. True enough.

We get seats with our backs to the wall on a soft, deep, padded bench. Chatting. Her English is okay, about 50%, so we talked and used the app. We exchange Line contact and Facebook.

I touched her back, which is standard Nash game. Deep eye contact, chatting about the most mundane things, with my fingertips coming up her back and neck and into the roots of her hair. She liked it.

In one of the comments about sex, there was something about the look in her eyes that told me she hadn't had that much experience. I started to ask and then decided to state, "So you're a virgin," and she said yes.

Another virgin. I think I dated three on this trip, or as Yohami would say… None. Yohami thinks girls tell me shit I want to hear. I'm sure he's right some of time.

I held her hand – which is another practical skill I made real progress on on this trip. I can hold just about any girls hand quickly and easily now. I mean fast — like 30 seconds, or 2 minutes. Holding it, playing with her fingers. No problem.

I have the knowledge of what a slick taking of a girls hand should look and feel like, and, I feel entitled to take her hand pretty much anytime I want. That's why it works so easily for me.

This hand holding thing is an example of a larger trend for where I am at in terms game and seduction. Taking a girls hand is 3rd grade game. But actually doing it with a real girl, whenever you want, that's the edge. Not everyone can do it.

This becomes a great demonstration of what game is about. It has never been about the "pickup lines" or the physical bits involved when trying to take a girls hand, or any of that.

It has always been about the ease — the easiness — of the man trying to do it.

If it's easy for you, to game is easy.

If it's easy, that shows the girl this "next level" element of your status and value. It is not the thing you do, it is how

easy it is to do that thing.

In some ways I think I am closer to understanding what my sensei Yohami means when he says “stop the madness.” Maybe he means, “make it look easy.” Or “it is easy, just feel that.” Easier said than done.

If it’s hard for you, she knows you don’t do this often or well, so this is not your thing. Lance Mason says no girl wants it be your “first time” at anything. She doesn’t want to have to worry about you. He is right about that.

And seeing you look amateur or uncomfortable shows her you’re out of her class. Why would a girl want to spend time with a guy that isn’t ready for her… That’s not going to be a good experience for her. When it doesn’t look easy for you, it might end up being uncomfortable for her. No girl wants that.

So I had the little thing in Starbucks, chatting, and I know I tried to kiss her. I had kissed the 20 yr old two days earlier and four feet from where Miss 19 and I were sitting… so the idea didn’t seem strange at all. I was into her. And the fetish quality was working on me.

She wouldn’t kiss me. Okay. She said she only kisses boyfriends.

Miss 19 lives outside of the city, an hour away by train. With her parents. It was unlikely I could see her in my last few days… So based on a little coaching from Stealth, I tried to get her home. It was the 3rd time I’d tried to pull from the street that week. It hadn’t happened yet, but I was getting a lot of experience. It was starting to feel natural… almost easy.

She wouldn’t come home with me either. When I asked her to come back to my place she just giggled.

She was a sweet and friendly girl. The experience with her was like being a cool-guy older brother in front of your younger sister’s very, very cute little friend… she is young enough that she hasn’t been in this POV many times, but she was wise enough to know what I was up to the whole time.

Good for her.

And it wasn’t the words, or the touching, but this date was very sexy for me. I was hard for at least some of the time at Starbucks. That is not normal for me, but is happening more and more as I sharpen my intent.

So that’s it. That’s my story.

Nothing happened on this date, and yet it stretched me. I took on new reference experiences, and new reference experiences are how I expand my confidence, experiential knowledge and seductive power.

In this experience I saw that I could approach, hook, and date a teenager. And that it wasn’t weird. It was unusual, but not uncomfortable, it was easy. And it was hot. That’s a solid reference experience.

And I can take a girls hand so easily. I can touch them early, basically whenever I want. The girls get excited, but almost don’t even notice my escalation. That is becoming a normalized experience for me.

And I can execute the “pull attempt” better and better. The mechanics are about there.

But again, it’s about how easily you can do each movement. If you want to be convincing, and congruent, it better be smooth.

I have a long way to go, but before the week was over, I tried to pull from that Starbuck on five different i-dates in an eight day period. That is a lot of reference experiences for a week. SDL attempts were starting to feel “normal” also.

And just imagine for a minute if she had said yes. She may have been a “no” this time, but I don’t need that many solid attempts before I can find one that will come back with me. If she had said yes, I would have fucked a 19 year old virgin that day.

I have dated several virgins lately. If you try enough keys, the lock will eventually open. I am likely to have sex with

a virgin soon, if not a teenager. And I assume the sex won't be great in the "racecar" sense. But the experience of taking her through that moment in her life, along with consuming her young body, seems likely to be worth my time.

I am looking forward to that experience. It'll happen soon.

Meanwhile, I think I can now take the insta-date skillset for granted. I got this. I will see a lot of miles from that technique. Deeper interactions and more experience from that access, I'm sure. Probably some SDLs.

And… I got to paw a 19 year old girl and she loved it. And I loved it. I made it look "easy."

Viva daygame.

TYO: Rejections, Mistakes, and Failures

Nash · 23 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I had an unbelievable trip to Japan, killed it, hit my goals, and I learned a ton. It was fun. And I feel proud when I think of that trip. And yet I also took on a ton of rejection. Made some mistakes. Had a lot of failure. I want to talk about that too.

> "One of the most frustrating things I've found about the PUA scene is that very few people actually tell you how excruciating it can be at times"
> — Bastiat, in comment on Krauser's site

Part of my commitment to the Days of Game project is to showcase my struggle and my failure on my path as a daygamer and as a man. There was some of this in my last lay report… all that thrashing and self-doubt of my final week. That post has some of the pain of the journey, even with the happy ending of my last night.

This post shows more of the difficult part of my Japan adventure.

I love Bastiat's quote above. He's right. Very few people tell you about this part of the ride. But it's real. It's real as you start the journey, before your knife is sharp enough to cut into the meat of success. But the ache is still there, after you've had some wins. The ache is part of the ride.

This post is about that ache.

I talk about the failure and rejection and self-doubt for two reasons. 1.) To help me understand myself, and 2.) To help other guys to feel "normal" in those periods of defeat and struggle. I am not alone. And neither are you.

Furthermore, I am interested in the concept of "wholeness." Senior Rivelino and I have talked about the importance of "being whole" and "accepting all the parts of ourselves" and our psychologies. To embrace your wholeness is a good strategy for psychological health.

In terms of game, I think that means accepting your "nice" side, the part that loves women, that maybe has a sister, that likes romance and wants to take care of those in our charge. And it also means accepting your "dark" side, the side that enjoys the predation, that wants to be a Lothario, that is now or will continue to juggle multiple women, and the side that gets off on the hunt and maybe likes to throat-fuck "nice" girls. Wholeness. Embrace both sides. Embrace it all. That is whole… all of you.

In terms of day to day progress and lifestyle, wholeness means embracing your successes, but also your rejections, your mistakes, your failures.

I was blown out almost countless times in Tokyo (I say "almost," because I did count them, and will try to have a "total blowouts" reference when I post my final stats). I was getting to that in my post about me being the world's #1 blowout artist. Nash is a BOA. Let it be known.

In many ways, ^ this is me embracing my failure. The BOA concept is about being whole. I get rejected a lot. That is real. I'm very fucking cool with it.

But this post is about some more meaningful rejections. Some moments when I wasn't so cool about it all. Some things that hurt. Some tough times.

Here goes.

BUSINESS GIRL. Let's start with her.. She was the first girl I dated in Tokyo on this trip. My first bit of proof I could create a Girl Tornado there. I posted about her at least a couple of times.

She matters to me as even though we went out three times, she would never kiss me. We were never even close to

sex. It wasn't even that fun. She counts as a failure not because I didn't have sex with her, or whatever, but because she frustrated me. She got to me. Not in a good way, that made me feel alive. But in a bad way, where I felt ineffective. It's true.

What I learned from her was the importance of options. If I had more options, I wouldn't have dated her after the first date. I said so at the time… but I didn't have more options. When a man doesn't have enough options, he is forced to compromise. That is a fucking big lesson, right there.

Last thing here, escalation is a beautiful test. If you escalate, consistently, and she won't play… You have all the evidence you need to move on… So do it. I eventually did.

OREO. I never posted about her, but she kind of got me too. Picked her up in a market, after a long, proper daygame approach session. She was older, maybe 32. Solid IOI. Line App close. Fun on text, and I took her out one time. Good date, including a great makeout, but she would not come home.

After the date, she seemed a bit colder via text. As I asked her out the second time, I got this:

> OREO: Well…..now I know I'm not having a sex with you. So maybe I am not the one you want to spend a time with.

I said nothing about sex to this girl… not beyond whatever I may have said on the date. Nothing explicit. In response to her words, I made some comment about "we don't have to make promises, let's just have a good experience." To which she came back with:

> OREO: For my good experience I want to follow my feeling
> OREO: Now I choose not going out with you
> OREO: Thanks

Ouch.

All this surprised me as the date was nice, felt solid. She was very into the makeout, which came after first denying me, then two minutes later, she was well into it. She was not my favorite girl in the mix at the time, but I was looking fwd to seeing her again. My guess is she picked up the player vibe, or didn't like the short term part, maybe wants a BF, who knows.

Or… She just wasn't that into me.

It terms of what I learned, I wouldn't do much differently. However, I have been using this "comfortable/exciting" frame with girls. Saying it is my job to make a girl feel comfortable, safe, etc… but not too safe. That I also need to make it exciting. I have been loving that frame as a way to spike, create trust, escalate, all that.

When I was running her through this frame, she agreed. Girls want that mix of comfort and excitement, but they also want "understanding." That is the part she added. I am paraphrasing that as "familiar," but maybe I'm wrong in what she meant. In any case, I think there is something to learn there.

Girls want comfortable, exciting, and familiar. I like that. I took an "L" here, but I like what she added to my story.

BIG EYES. I don't think I have ever been stood up before, not ever. Big Eyes stood me up. I have had girls cancel on me, and ignore me, but never make a date and just not show up.

I picked her up after one of my first days out with Root. I was mostly chatting with him that day, but did a few approaches, and then picked up this girl on the train platform on my way home. She was beautiful, big eyes. Nice pickup.

As we negotiated the date she said this:

> BIG EYES: It be fun, but, youknow
> BIG EYES: Im not a good English speaker,, so
> BIG EYES: kind of, feel uneasy.

Maybe that should have been the sign that she wasn't going to show? We had a ton of message time, lots of comfort. Including that morning when she messaged me on her own, talking about the cold. It was a cold day. I responded, but never heard back from her.

And that night… She didn't cancel and she did not show up. No message later, nothing. Line has read receipts, so I know she never looked at another message I sent her. Just gone.

I don't know what to learn from this. Maybe only that stuff like this happens. With enough volume, you'll run into this kind of thing. And with enough volume, and experience, maybe you won't care as much as I cared that night. I cared. It bugged me.

I'd repeat the familiar lesson, that we need to have options. And I did. So she went away and I still had several other girls in the mix, but it hurt to be stood up.

It hurt worse because nothing was going well that week. I'd had two other dates that day… One with a 20 yr old, very cute, but would not kiss me. And then my 2nd time in bed with the Chinese Virgin, which was a great time, but she wouldn't fuck me. My momentum felt off. Then I get stood up on the same day… all that work, and nothing but "zeros" to show for it.

I started to feel a little bummed out. So I went to dinner on my own that night (I had a reservation for the girl and I), then tried gutter game for the first time. Talked to 15 girls. It was meh, but my state was not great.

Then I went to a crazy bar, made some friends, chatted with some girls and went home. I felt better after the bar. I knew the next day would mean another daygame session to clean all this up. That's what I did.

THE NURSE. She was definitely one of the highpoints, but also left a bad taste in my mouth. I still have a bad taste about her.

She was the first girl I had sex with on this trip, and it was great. I really liked her. In bed, but even as a dinner date. She was young, simple, but charming. 3rd date was sex. 4th date she was on her period, so back to my place, great makeout and an extraordinary handjob. Excellent handjob. Wow. The let-down was on date five.

We set up a date for my last Friday night. We meet at a restaurant I love, after 10 PM, as she had a late night at the hospital. She was beautiful and charming. I had forgotten how much I liked her. Great dinner. Intimate, perfect, I loved it. After my rought week (it was the night before that I was stood up), I felt almost grateful. I was really looking forward to taking this girl's clothes off and ravishing her.

After dinner I say, "Okay, my place, desert." And she says no. Her brother is at her house, taking the national university exam the next morning, she had to get back to him. No? Wow. Fuck this week.

And I was shocked. Dumbfounded. It was going to be the last night of our little romance, but now she was on her way home. I felt stupid, in part because I told a very hot Korean flight crew girl that I could not see her this night, because I wanted to see The Nurse. And this was the same night I had the 19 year old on the i-date, so I was packed with action… but with nothing coming of it. Up until the last night, and my last-minute lay, that week kicked my ass.

I messaged her once more while I was there. She didn't respond. And once more when I got home — in part just to say thanks for a good time — no response. Cold. Ice cold.

What did I learn? I don't know. When I met her, she had just broken up with her BF that week. Maybe she doesn't even have a brother? Maybe she wanted to fuck her ex that night? Or some other guy. She was certainly not overly into me or our thing. My reaction is proof to me that I am still a bit of a soft-hearted fool.

I don't know what I learned. She surprised me. Simple… maybe I'm the simple one.

COME AND GO: This particular bit of rejection wasn't about any particular girl. This was about the 20 year old I made out with at Starbucks, but never read any of my Line messages, never said a word, after our i-date was over. Or my first i-date, that loved it, but also never responded to a message after we ended that little date. Or the i-date on my last Saturday, hot/sexy afternoon date… Never said a word to me after. Or the Queeny, and our red-hot street time, the close, a text or two… And then cold. Or the Burlesque Dancer… one of the hottest sets of my life. Took her Line, she never even looked at the messages from me. And a million other moments like this… All of it adding leather to my heart.

What did I learn? I learned I am still a naive, childish fool. I learned I get attached to connections that even 20 year old girls know are "come and go" encounters. I learned that the magic is in the moment, and to release that moment, and jump back into the tornado and the next girl.

I hope I learned something there.

This is where Buddhism meets the player's psychology. It's real to care, and to try, and to be vulnerable, but don't expect the world to stop turning. The playing field is always changing. Her feelings, your feelings… so much wind. That means that which you have will slip away… And that around the next corner is your next lay. It's like that.

JAFRICA. I picked this girl up, and had three nice dates before I brought her home. We made out on the second date. Before the third date we had this conversation:

> JAFRICA: Well…Let me tell u something. I cannot make love with u tomorrow because u'll leave Japan soon. I need more time to know about u.
> JAFRICA: If it is ok (no sex) l would like to have a dinner with you. It is really fun to talk with you:)
> NASH: Haha
> NASH: Why are you always thinking about sex??! :]
> NASH: I am a virgin. But I hear sex is really good… Is it true???
> JAFRICA: :)
> JAFRICA: You were talking about sex so that…
> NASH: Let's have dinner.
> JAFRICA: Yes

Looked like a standard "I don't want to be responsible for sex" pre-game speech. You can see how I played through.

So the date happens, and it's nice. Afterwards, my place, and I say we don't have to do anything we don't want to do. But we do a lot.

I get her naked, lick her entire body, fingers inside her, but no sex. She is saying "no" to everything, but as I escalate she purrs and moans. We end with me naked, condom on, grinding against her, her hand on my cock keeping me from penetrating her. It was like that. Intense, beyond sexual, and frustrating.

And she was a verbal "no," the whole time. Most of which was definitely that "no, uhhh, moan, no, moan-moan-moan." Physically holding me back and then giving in to my advances.

I have had this kind of sex with many girls… In some ways, it's typical male/female dance. He climbs on her back, she tries to throw him off, if it works, she was right… He wasn't the one. If he succeeds, he's a strong man indeed. And she loves it.

For anyone reading that can't handle mature conversation or nuance, or has so little experience they don't recognize what I am talking about, I'll be explicit: it is never okay to force yourself on a woman. Full stop.

I escalated on this girl mercilessly, put a lot of pressure on her, but there was certainly no force. With that said, there is maturity and nuance to understanding this dance. Sex is messy… physically and psychologically.

So after this excruciating exchange goes on for maybe 15 minutes, the tone of her voice changes, and she says she really has to go. So we stop, we get dressed, and I walk her out and make sure she is in car home.

The mood was noticably “off” as we ended the night. And about one hour later I get this:

> JAFRICA: I hope u didn’t take a video of us
> JAFRICA: I really don’t want to do sex.

Video? What is that about? There was no mention of anything like that, nor is there anything like video in my relationship with women. Zero.

Her comment is about a lack of trust. She no longer trusted me. The relationship had soured and I never heard from her again. That was the change in her tone of voice. That’s what it meant.

This is a failure to me, not because I didn’t get the notch, or because I had an unbearably unsatisfying night with her. It was a failure, because I gave that girl a bad experience.

It is my stated goal to give myself, and the girls, great experiences. Here I did neither. I failed. I failed her. And I failed myself.

And it sucks to write about that night.

What did I learn? To be honest, I’m not sure I would do all that much differently. In some ways that is true. Her “no, maybe, yes, yes, no, maybe, no, no, yes, yes, yes…” turned into a hard no at the end of the night. I believe many girls could have gone the other way, collapsed into sex and pleasure and approval. Not this one. We did not have sex that night, but in my pursuit of sex, I misjudged her.

What I am beginning to realize is that I don’t want to be a “convincer.” Convincing is not sexy, and it’s not cool. I am a seducer. And the “convincing” sucks… And it’s not good game. And it feels terrible.

The Nurse did a lot of the “no, no, oh!, oh!, yes, yes, yes, no, no, yes” thing as well. But the Idol and the Yoga girl were full yes, no LMR, great experience. All three girls were a great experience, and I will pursue girls in this range.

But I want to stop chasing, because that’s not good game, and to stop convincing, because it feels terrible. That last date with Jafrica could have gelled into something sweet and sexy, but it didn’t go that way, and I would like to be able spot these girls sooner. I think she was a real no, and I can’t always tell real no’s from token no’s. Not always.

Maybe this will all get better… with more experience.

Ahhhh… I am glad this post is over. I want to be real and show the whole range of experience. I want to share my failures as well as my wins. But this post is not a victory lap, and it hurt to concentrate on this stuff… The soft, vulnerable underbelly of an otherwise triumphant adventure.

You will get rejected. You will make mistakes. You will, have failures.

All part of the days of game.

Viva daygame.

More Sex and The Siren.

Nash · 25 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I am back and I had my first days of daygame at home this week after my return from Tokyo. And it felt good. It is a type of restart, but not a barebones restart like what I had to do last Fall or in Japan. Unlike those times, I have some warm leads… more than just warm leads, actually.

I came home to some sex with the Siren. And that feels very cool.

I picked her up last Fall (#16 that day) and I was very into her. I actually picked her up on two separate occasions… if I hadn't seen her again and reopened that girl two days after I first met her, I don't think I would be telling this story. I got her to date me, and it was good time. And then we had sex in Dec, before she went off to HI and then China. Then I was in Japan. We hadn't seen each other in almost two months.

Pancake asked me if I did a bunch of messaging to stay in contact with her while I was in Japan, and he is right about that. I did. Not a ton. Her English is very good, but she seems much more shy and brief via text. I would ping her once per week. Usually with a picture or two… sending her "emotions" more than words. (She has since shifted to sending me pictures of herself quite often, which is perfect.)

So I get back, trade some more pics, and set up the date. Last time I saw her she slept over but it's been a while. I wanted to reconnect before I assumed anything.

I had her meet me at my house. My cats were charming, as usual. I didn't try to touch her. I made sure she was warm and we went out for an afternoon in the city.

It began with a bus ride. And as we waited, she was telling me how "kind" I am. I gave her a disapproving look, with a hint of a smile. I never let girls call me nice, or sweet, or kind. Never. So I corrected her and told her I was selfish and that I'm only nice to her because I like hanging out with pretty girls. Gave her a big smile. She smiled back, nice spike.

And I told her I'm also "dangerous," and as we boarded the bus I grabbed her ass. She jumped, reached back and frantically moved my hand away. I am not 100% sure of myself in this territory. This was not altogether different than when I slapped Business Girl's ass in Tokyo. This is me, experimenting a bit. In this case, we sat down and the moment came and went.

> "The caliber of your game will come down to, at what level does the girl start to intimidate you. At what level do you start to get shut down. At what level do you start to give a fuck. At what level does that spiral of abundance slow down?"
> — RSD Tyler, from Hotseat at Home

Tyler is talking about something really important here.

Back in December, I really liked this girl. I pedestalized her a bit, for sure. I was curious to see what I'd think of her, post-Japan. And I still really like her. So taking a risk like grabbing her ass is important to me.

I'm not saying this is/is not good game. I am saying I would have done that with another girl, and since I know I have the potential to start to treat this particular girl like a princess, I want to make sure I do the same things with her I might do with other girls. That's why I did it.

Just because I like this girl more than most is no reason to forget about game.

Like TD's quote above, we can learn the rules, and be religious about sticking to them, and do very well with that plan. But then we meet some girl, and we think "it's different," that "she's special," and we lose our nerve, and start to break the rules we know are true… And we lose those girls. And it's our own fault. And we lose momentum. And

the Tornado falls apart.

How you do anything is how you do everything. I am beginning to show some consistency and promise on this path. I want to be aware when some “special allure” might tempt me to forget what I have learned.

This girl is tempting. And she is very “fine,” as in high-quality and rare. And while I love all that and recognize her charms, I know the same lessons apply. Now and always.

In terms of sex, I have been tempted to frame her as a “high-end princess.” To overplay my capacity to be a “gentleman.” But I have not done that. She is special, but she is also “just another girl.” I know what I like. I want to be true to that, true to myself.

So I have been my usual horny, kinky self with the Siren. And she is amazingly turned on and sexually expressive. There is no conflict between a high-end, “fine” girl, and a full-kink sex life. I am so glad I didn’t half-step just because she is a quality girl. Quality girls like kink too.

For instance… I had this lover, years ago, that I also called Siren. Siren is a name I have given to almost all my best lovers (it’s about the intense temptation they represent for me). The “Korean” Siren, was the best sex of my life, still is, she/I were very hot together. I discovered game when I had her in a fuck-buddy status, 2 years of once-a-week sex, amazing, filthy, wonderful sex. The only reason I was able to be with a girl like that at that time of my life, was because we met at work… where I was situationally very alpha (*nod* to Yohami).

I am forever chasing the sex I had with that girl… It was mind blowing. And I always compare how “real” I am being with a new girl, by comparing how I talk and act with the new girl versus how I did with that Korean girl, 12 years ago. I never held back with the Korean.

With that standard in mind, I think I’m doing well. I’m not hiding my dick. I can’t sex-talk this new Siren like I could the Korean (because the new Siren’s English is not nearly as good, and because she is conservative via text), but I am keeping it sexual, I am escalating, and I am going for the kink I love… Her ass (I haven’t fucked it yet, but that is a milestone for me) is getting plenty of attention.

So I took her out. Then back to my place. And after a minute or two… A kiss. Then I dragged her down the hall. No LMR. Naked. Devouring her, my hands and mouth, everywhere.

I’m not certain… I won’t ask… But I think she is coming, and I think she is multi-orgasmic. That is true of all my favorite lovers. She is soaking wet, and moan-moan-moan, and pliant, at all times. I fucked her twice on that date. Once after dinner, and again in the morning. But she was ready all night… She could have been fucked four times, at least. I am not 22 anymore… I am twice that old.

And she is such a passionate girl.

Speaking of sticking to my game plan, my standard MO has been to get a girl naked, do anything I want to the her, and then make her suck my cock to get me hard so I can fuck her. Last time I was with this girl, I was sick, so I fooled around, passed out, and then fucked her in the middle of the night when I woke up hard. This time, I was healthy, and I want to treat her like any other girl, so I made her suck my cock.

And she acted like she had never done it before. Willing, but humble about it. She was qualifying herself, kept asking for feedback, etc. She did not seem pro, but she did a great job. I told her so. And my increasingly hard cock told the real story.

So while we’re wondering about her sexual history (I haven’t asked her much about it), I can tell you she is 28. I wasn’t sure, but would have guessed between 27-29. That night, post sex, she seemed like she wanted to confess her age. So she did. I told her I had guessed as much. She qualified about that too. I told her I only like teenagers, but I was having fun, so she could stay. She laughed. She never asked my age.

And as we laid in bed, before sleep, we were talking about naps, and I started to future-project about coming over to her apartment to nap with her… And she got serious. She told me that her ex-BF moved in with her while I was

in Japan. He has been in the background of her/my relationship since our first date. She said he moved in (I think that's what she said??), and that she broke up with him again, and he left some of his stuff in her place. This was another confession from her that night.

To be honest, I don't care about her/his relationship. As all this came out after sex that night, and it was our 2nd night together, I'm not at all threatened. I told her I know she/he have a long history, that we don't know each other well, that I'm not trying to put her in a cage. That's all true. I'm not trying to wife her up. And I am trying to fuck other girls, but I didn't tell her that. I don't plan to.

And I liked all these confessions, as they were all a type of qualification. She is invested and investing. The girl had a very good night with me. She was into it. So I took all of this as signs that she and I are increasingly solid. I have another date with her tomorrow, she does feel solid.

Good. I like her.

And we had a beautiful night. Sleeping very close. My overly-hot body making us sweat as we lay together. The cats, coming and going. She looked very comfortable.

And her body… this girl is 5'6″, and very, very skinny. Her wrists are barely bigger around than a golf ball. Yet she is soft. Very soft, I don't know how she does it. Nearly flat chested, which is fine with me… I'm an ass man.

She has the same body as the Russian girls that are dominating western porn tubes these days. She's not that tall, but she's so thin that she looks tall. And the contrast of her hips with her skinny legs and small waist… Makes her seem almost curvy, even though at 5'6″ I bet she is just barely 100 lbs. And creamy skin from head to toe. No makeup. And thick dark hair… It's all over my house and scattered throughout my sheets.

Yeah.

And my favorite part about this story… she is "recurring revenue" from the work I did in December.

No, that is too cold. It's warmer and better than that.

I feel like I've built three distinct Girl Tornados in the last 5 months. And had sex from all of them. But this is the first time I did not have a tornado going (I'm just now starting to work on post-Japan daygame and plate spinning) and the sex was there anyway, with very little work.

Nice.

I came back from Japan and she was still here. Still interested. She is my favorite girl from last year, and probably better than anything I had going in Japan. I did keep the thread alive while I was there, but I didn't have to jump-start a Tornado this time to get laid. I just walked into friendly territory, to one of my favorite girls I've ever dated, no bullshit or struggle… A rich experience.

A nice date. And great sex. That multi-orgasmic profile. The wettest pussy. A clit-girl, but very into the penetration, particularly intense as I would come. The look in her eyes… wow.

Fuck yeah.

That morning, I wanted to get on with my day. I had dinner plans with my buddy Natural and work to do. I made her get out of bed. We showered together. She said she's never seen a man shave before.

I have an extra toothbrush, but I didn't offer it to her, as I don't want to have to move it around depending on who is in my bed… I know LTRs well enough to know, don't give up any territory you don't have to.

We took the train downtown together. She got off first… And looked back to wave once more before she climbed the stairs up to daylight. I stared at her, gave her a crooked smile. Watched her hips rock around atop her skinny legs. Ummm.

She's great.

I know pickup is cool. And new notches are cool as fuck. And SDLs and all that. But coming home to a girl that likes you, that wants more of you, especially a high-quality girl like this one… Felt fucking cool. Validating, yes. And also physically and emotionally satisfying.

Not all of daygame is like this… but sometimes, you get what you need.

In some ways, this is the coolest story I think I've ever told about my daygame adventures.

I bow to The Siren. For who she is, yes. For the true quality she adds to my life. And also for what she shows me about myself.

Good experience, Nash. Nice job.

Viva daygame.

TYO: The Virgin || Insta-Date vs Number Farming

Nash · 27 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I wrote this story three weeks ago… Posting it now. This is my last Japan story before I do my final notes on that trip.

I like this story, as I get to revisit a moment in my experience, and compare it to how things wrapped up. I also like that it highlights some of what I was looking to learn about idates and SDLs… And how they are connected.

I did learn a lot about idates and SDLs on that trip. And now that I'm home, and getting my local daygame rhythm going, I am still very focused on those opportunities and what they can do for my daygame and results back here in "Trump Country," the US of A.

…….

Had a long daygame session today that included my forth insta-date. And I tried to SDL.

I was somewhat hungover from a big club night last night (I had a fantastic time at the Shark Tank). And that was after a wonderful Friday night date with Jafrica. She is awesome, and it feels on. But she wouldn't come home with me, so I went out kind of big after that date. Home at 28:00 (aka 4 AM), eating onigiri and some of the gelato cast-offs from my week of dates.

This morning I was up at 8 AM, I felt a bit hungdog, but also fucking awesome… maybe I was still a bit drunk?

I was supposed to have sex with the Chinese Virgin today. Sounded pretty good. We'd had a great date earlier in the week, with her back to my place and 1/2 naked, but on her period, no sex.

Yesterday afternoon, she told me she had a sore throat. I have had two serious colds here already, and will not fuck up my last week with another cold… Even to fuck a virgin. She is great, I want to pick that flower, but she is not hot enough (and I am not desperate enough) to make me risk missing my last week and all those other girls by getting too close to her cold.

> VIRGIN: Cause I have a sore throat maybe I should eat some porridge at home
> NASH: Are you sick?
> VIRGIN: Just my throat. I got up this morning and felt a little bit painful
> NASH: Oh no!
> NASH: I am afraid of getting a cold now.
> NASH: I have had 2 since I have been here.
> NASH: If you're sick, let's see each other on Tues or Thur, so you can can heal up first

It was fun to have a chance to say "no" to girls, like hot girls so often say no to us… that is something I'm not used to. Lots of options will help you see what a normal day is like for a hot girl. So many opportunities, you get to say "no" and pick just the best ones. It's a great a POV, nothing mean-spirited about it. Very instructive.

> VIRGIN: I think we can meet tomorrow I'm not sick I'm fine
> NASH: Oh, you want to see me sooooo bad!
> NASH: ^ I like it!
> VIRGIN: not soooo bad
> VIRGIN: Just a little bit

Ahhhh, hot girl game works. I told her no and she leaned in even harder. She wanted the date. I can see how I do the same thing when hot girls put me through similar hoops.

Okay, cool. As I was out last night, I was thinking I would take her virginity today. We had an afternoon date set up, and my plan was to deflower that girl… then maybe watch a movie.

She messaged me at 9 AM:

> VIRGIN: My throat still feels painful today. So I want to have lunch at home and then go to museum. Is that OK?

With her confirming she was sick, I blew her off again. I do have a lot of options. More "hot girl" game with her. It was good practice. I told her no.

> NASH: I want to see you, but I don't want to get sick… I have been sick twice on this trip already.
> NASH: Let's try for Tuesday, or Thursday, or next weekend.
> NASH: I want this time with you. Let's do it when you're feeling better.

She replied saying she won't have any time next week, but I know she can find time for me if she really wants to… We'll see.

Great reference experience to practice "hot girl game" on the Virgin. I need reference experiences. This is how we learn.

But with no afternoon lay and no date for the night I hit the streets to see if I could find a same-day date. No luck on a date, but I did take a few leads and had an interesting insta-date.

The insta-date was an older girl, early thirties but soft and elegant, very well dressed, a polished woman. High-end. She was standing still when I approached, and I rarely approach stationary girls… but I was interested in her.

I opened her and she was very nervous, in the range of fear, physically pulling back. I plowed a bit, rocking back on one foot to signal space and distance to her. I got the compliment out and she softened. She relaxed. She went from fear to curiosity to attraction… all in under 3 minutes.

She was right next to my favorite Starbucks, so as she hooked, I asked her to join me and she did. I showed some skill in getting her to settle down, but it still felt surprisingly easy. To date, all of my insta-dates have been in this Starbucks.

Her English wasn't great, so I did a mix of talking and translating. She did a not-so-attractive version of the submissive thing, a posture some Japanese will do where they fold their hands across their lap, avoid eye contact and curl over forward.

She was so overwhelmed. She was very into the pickup, but she was literally shaking for a good portion of the date. It is amazing the effect a good pickup can have on a girl… to put a "nice girl" in a position like this, sex hanging in the air… I had several girls shake and tremble like this in Japan. During the pickup or on dates. I like it, actually.

But she was intimidated. So I went to work trying to get her to relax. My goal is certainly not to freak these girls out, but I think it's fascinating to watch them react to the street magic.

So I told stories, complimented her, touched her, made her hold my hand, etc. We sat side by side on a couch for all this. The thing that seemed to work best was simply leaning back, arching my back in a confident way, uber-lounging. I tried to pull her into my frame. She started to mirror that, and things went better.

As we sat there talking, I was aware that it was late in the day, and every minute I spent talking to her meant I was losing time to meet other girls. She was one of the first girls I talked to on this day, and even though I got a late start, there were a lot of girls out there.

Was this idate a good use of my time? Should I be number farming?? I didn't have enough experience to know.

And I still don't know the answer to that question. I have heard Krauser talk about this before. It's a bit of a gamble to spend all this time with one girl instead of farming the streets. For now, I am into idates, as I don't know that much about them and want to explore the potential there some more.

But beyond the utility of the idate, I had something else on my mind:

> "While you're in Tokyo, I would recommend you trying something you can't do back in the US: SNL. It will open up your reality in so many different ways. The second she stops and listens, visualize in your mind the pathway to an SNL. And FAIL badly, learn from it, try it again, rinse and repeat. I wouldn't insist you on trying this back in the US, but since you're in Tokyo, you've at least gotta give it a shot ;)"
> — Stealth

This recent comment from Stealth was on my mind. That quote really got into my head in Japan.

I had woken up that morning thinking I was going to have sex with the virgin. I was disappointed… and also horny. All this had me feeling a little more aggressive than usual.

I was ready to try a SDL. My first attempt, I believe.

I tried to set up a bounce. She lives outside of Tokyo, 1.5 hours away. Unlikely I could get her back to the city before I leave. It was only 5:30, so there was a chance I could get her to my place, maybe fuck her, and she'd still have time to take the train back home.

I was about a mile from my apartment, and knew of a nice bar/restaurant on the way. It would split the distance, and get us very close to my place.

I proposed a drink. Showed her on my phone how close we were to that spot. Told her how nice it was… it is a nice place.

Ahhhh, she thought about it. It was awesome to watch the gears turn in her head. Wow, she really considered it. I bet one million bucks this girl was not expecting to get fucked that day… she was in Tokyo for a haircut. She almost "got lucky."

But she said no. Even so, I was thrilled with myself that I tried and that I got close. My first try at a "bounce back." This girl, that was shaking uncontrollably 15 minutes earlier, almost started down the path of going home with me. Damn, it was pretty close.

So I walked her out… And took us down a quiet street toward her train, and then stopped her and tried to kiss her. Why not. She wouldn't kiss me either. I laughed, took her hand, and kept going. She was loving it at this point.

We arrived at a big intersection near the train station. I tried once more to get her to come have a drink. I was holding her hand, and she was very into it, really holding on to me as well. She was squeezing my hand now. All the nervousness was gone, and she was almost possessive. She knew she was going to have to give up her toy and go home, and she held onto me with real love in the parting moments. She loved the experience and knew it was almost over.

I told her to look "over there" and when she did I kissed her cheek. She blushed a little and squirmed the way a happy girl can squirm.

At some point I Facebook closed her. We've messaged a few times. Good experience.

And then… Back to daygame. This girl was #3 of 24 girls that day. I took at least two more leads, and got my number farming in as planned. Done and done. I didn't have a date that night… But I tried. Back to the Shark Tank for more whiskey and nonsense that night for me.

I tried. I earned some new references experiences. No Virgin. No SDL via idate. But what a day.

Viva daygame.

First Date with Miss Nature || Virgin Game

Nash · 18 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

She just left. First virgin I've had in my apartment in the US, but one of several that I have dated. I did not have sex with her. But I have been predicting I will have sex with a virgin soon. Maybe this one. Maybe a different girl. We'll see what the Daygame Gods have in store for this aspiring player.

From a previous post I wrote in December:

> "She is a 25 year old virgin. A beautiful one. The second 25 year old virgin I have dated in 7 days. Wow. So many unfucked, hot Asian girls out there. How is this possible??"
> — Nash

That was December. Dating virgins feels much more common to me now. I am increasingly interested in learning more about Virgin Game.

The girl in this story, Miss Nature is Taiwanese. 21 years young.

I picked her up on Wednesday, while I was out with Pancake. I think he was surprised I went after her. She wasn't the super "tough" looking one in the leather jacket, with the yellowing hickie on her neck. This was the bubbly little one that popped right open when I approached her.

She is studying fashion at that art school where every girl I like is in attendance. She was all smiles and friendliness from the start. I took her number… offering her WeChat (which made her eyes bug out that this white guy has WeChat on his phone), and then Line App (which she accepted).

As I walked back to Pancake, I said she is the kind of girl — the kind of reaction — I wish for every daygamer. She loved the approach. She was all sunshine as we talked. She was adorable, and I liked her, but she was also a great state-booster… made the whole thing seems so easy and natural. I told Pancake that I loved her not because she was especially beautiful or sexy (she isn't, not really), but because she was so fresh and sweet and wonderful.

Great interaction. Yay for her. Yay for me.

Messaged her later that night. Got a warm reply and a "sticker" – an image that barely looks like a girl, cartooned, with double thumbs up. I am looking at it now. I suppose that is what counts as "enthusiasm" from a young girl like this one.

I replied the next day. Setting up a non-alcoholic drink date for us at this fancy hotel where I like to take girls… especially non-party girls. This hotel bar is very, very nice. And quiet. And comfortable. Even at peak hours on a Friday night. A great "non-bar" kind of bar for nice, conservative Chinese girls that don't drink.

I am beginning to enjoy taking girls that don't drink… out for drinks. Did it a bunch in Japan as well. And adult date… even if there are no adult beverages.

Two surprises about daygame girls… 1.) How many have BFs but will still fool around. And 2.) How many don't drink. Not always the same girls… but plenty of both.

The date felt pretty solid. I had had a terrible day out daygaming that day, everything felt off… no leads… and I was having some flash-backs about getting stood up in Tokyo based on my down-state. I was feeling a bit insecure, but I still assumed this was on.

And it was… she showed up. I was a little early, and thought I saw her as I walked to the meeting spot, and I glanced at my phone and saw:

> HER: I'm here

She was dressed well, but conservative. Long skirt, sweater, up to her neck. Warm coat and light scarf. Shiny red shoes. She was cute, I was fully into it. Yes. Here goes.

Walked her the block or so to the hotel bar. She didn't ask where we were going, which I like… I think it's a good sign when the girl isn't pushing for details.

One thing I became convinced about in Japan was that I am very good at making strange girls comfortable. I felt myself going into that mode. We were chatting, and getting warmed up, as we walked.

The hotel bar. Drinks. She ordered a proper cocktail, or actually… I ordered for her. She sipped it a bit, maybe drank 1/3 of it. I had a whiskey. We sat on a comfortable couch, all by ourselves, the fancy hotel staff very attentive. Nice date.

Earlier in the night I had imagined I might take her for pizza after our drink, then try to bounce her home. Two hours into our little date, 10 PM, I asked if she was hungry. She was not. She went off to the bathroom, when she came back I asked if she wanted to come meet my cats…

I would have offered her cheesecake (and you know I had some ready), but she isn't that into sweets. She makes a lot of comments about "natural" and "healthy."

This is why we're calling her Miss Nature. 21 year old Miss Nature. Does yoga every day. Avoids sugar. Healthy girl. Conservative. Friendly, but I'm not sure I'd call her an extrovert.

She asked me how old I was several times, which is unusual in my experience. I told her "much older than you." She guessed "30? 40?," right away. I think she is the first girl to ever guess 40. She even said "older than 40???" I smiled. I am 44 this month.

I told her what I often tell girls: "if we ever have sex, I'll tell you how old I am… until then, it doesn't matter." She accepted that. Who knows why? It doesn't make any sense to me, but I say it to girls all the time and they always buy it.

I used this moment as an excuse to have my Vampire Talk with her. It went over pretty well. Me telling her that she can give me a POV of youth I cannot find without her. Her telling me she know I can teach her things. Nice. I really do love the vampiric exchange as a metaphor for good-younger-tender girls and evil-older-wiser dudes.

So I return to the question, "you ready to meet my cats?" And she is a yes. Hmmm. She's coming home with me. Cool.

A brief train ride. We walk past the gay clubs in my neighborhood. Up to my door and inside. She is looking very comfortable.

She has only hung out with cats once before. She says she is afraid of them, but as you know if you read my posts, my cats are awesome and all the girls love them. Sometimes more than they love me. Which is cool… as long as the girls come over, I don't care why they come. The Taiwanese Girl — not this one, but my first lay from daygame — used to say that she was just using me for my cats. Which was also fine with me. I would say, "you can use me for my cats and I'll use you for your ass." And she would laugh.

A little tour of the house. Hanging out in the kitchen. And I tried to kiss her. She turned her head. She took her shoes off at the door, but was still in her coat and scarf. With her little, pink, leather handbag around her neck.

She was having a great time, smiling. Surprisingly comfortable. But not letting me get anywhere. I was trying.

I tried several times to kiss her. I had already given her my talk about how my job as a man is 1.) To make her comfortable and 2.) To excite her. So I was demonstrating that back/forth, all night.

We talked about trust. I asked why she trusted me enough to come home with me. She said she thought I would respect her. This girl knows I am at least close to 40, but came back to my place on the first date. I love it. Yohami would say she was expecting sex…. seems logical to me. I asked if she knew I would try to kiss her, and she said

she didn't know… and she smiled again.

Earlier when I tried to kiss her, and she was refusing me yet again, I asked if she wasn't ready or is she was nervous about her performance. She said both. She said she has very little experience with kissing…

I also know from earlier in the night that she hasn't had a BF in 2-3 years. Not since she lived in Taiwan. She told me on the date she has never spent the night with a man. I had a feeling she was a virgin… I asked. She confirmed.

Another virgin.

I have been curious about virgins and the likelihood of me fucking one in the near term. I have dated several in the last six months, that I know of, and have not gotten very far with any of them. I have mentioned this facet of my experience in game quite a bit on this blog.

It is a strange feeling, knowing it is bound to happen.

I know it. It's a forgone conclusion for me… it's just a matter of when. I can already imagine the post I'll write when it happens… and how I'll link back to this one, and say, "see, I told you." Strange.

And it's also an odd coincidence in my life right now is that I am reading Krauser's Adventure Sex, and very soon after this date, with all my questions about "Virgin Game," I came across this:

> Chapter Twenty-Five: Virgin Islands
> — Adventure Sex, pg 304

I had this date with Miss Nature on Friday night. On Sunday night I was having dinner at an Indian place I love, drink a big IPA, and reading Krauer's book. I came across this chapter. Coincidence. But I was very happy to see all this, as I am quite ready for virgin stories right now.

> "The little blonde twenty-two year old… Sofija was a virgin… I suspect my North American readers are wondering how that's even possible for a twenty-two year old girl. Europe really is different."
> — Krauser

This story is about Krauser getting his hooks Sofija from Belgrade, Serbia. I like Asian girls. K, famously, likes eastern Europe girls. To each his own. But very similar patterns, if you're proper poon hound like so many of us are.

Miss Nature is 21, but the point still stands. In general, I think Krauser is correct about the experiences of most Westerners. As I am almost exclusively into Asian girls — mostly from Asia — and young ones, I am not at all surprised about meeting virgins over 20 at this point. Of the ones I've dated, only two have been 19, the rest are over 20. In Dec, Miss Taiyuan virgin was 25. I think this is more common in Chinese girls than white girls, but I also think daygame is a great way to find virgins, even if finding them is accidental. I do not think it is a coincidence that there are so many virgins to be found via street approach. Other than "college game," I think the virgin factor is a phenomenon particular to daygame.

In Japan, I bet I approached several. I dated at least two. I know the Chinese Girl in Japan was a virgin… she is the one I got the farthest with so far… in my bed, on two separate occasions, nipples out, but never got her pants off. I am very surprised I didn't fuck that girl. She was 26. And then there are was the insta-date with the 19 year old virgin at Starbucks… damn she was so cute. Jesus.

I keep howling about it… I am close to getting my "virgin badge." But so far… not yet.

Back to this date…

Now it's midnight. We're still at my place. After some time in the kitchen, and several rejected kiss attempts, I tell her she can leave anytime she wants, but I want her to come lay down with me. She smiles and shakes her head. I

tell her “I’m not saying we’re going to have sex, but you never know.” She says she knows what I want. I tell her I am dangerous, and that I will never lie about that. She smiles. I lead. I hand her my Bluetooth speaker, and I take the laptop, and we head down the hall.

I set down the computer and take the speaker from her… but she stops at the entry of my bedroom, and literally hugs the doorjam. Like… fucking hugs the doorjam. Like my doorway is a teddy bear for virgin Tiawanese girls that might otherwise get some cock for the first time.

She won’t come to the bed. She won’t let me take off her coat or scarf. She still won’t kiss me.

So I work my mouth around to her neck and her unpierced ears. She even makes that difficult, but I get some time with her neck and those earlobes. Delicious. She has her very cute face pressed up against the wall, her nose actually touching the paint on the wall above my light switch.

Full defense, huge smile. She stays like that as I molest her. She will not let me even take her scarf off.

I am still talking, and sucking her ears, the whole time. This goes on for 15 minutes maybe.

Two days later, on Sunday, in Krauser’s book, I read this…

> “Five minutes or so passed with me sitting on the edge of the bed talk to her a she stood half-in-half-out of the doorway.”
> — Krauser

Okay. So here is Krauser sharing a story that is nearly identical, and identically weird, about a girl that is so literally “at the threshold” of sex that she literally won’t cross the threshold into my room. Krauser and I have had the same experience.

> “She was terrified and excited, not sure which was her dominant emotion.”
> — Krauser

Something like that.

I told her over and over that she could leave anytime she wanted… it was getting late, and she had not made that move.

This is a beautiful adventure for a girl like this… she is unsure, and inexperienced, and won’t let me just take her along to sex. But she is having a great time, and despite clear and consistent escalation from me, she doesn’t want to leave.

I had been talking with her about masculinity, and leadership, and a “man’s job” all night. So now I tell her that I want to lead her. That I want to give us a plan. I say this to her. That it’s after 1 AM now, and I want her to spend the night. I told her I was not offering her sex. That it might happen, but that was not the offer. That I was giving her the opportunity to spend the night with me. To have that experience. That I thought she would enjoy it, and I wanted her to stay with me.

As I said all this, she backed herself into a corner of my room, into the space where my cabinet meets the wall. I was sitting on bed, just looking at her. She was the picture of nervousness, chastity and temptation. She was close to me, maybe a two or three feet away, I told her she looked so adorable. She really did. She was also as far away as she could be from me, while still being in the same room… very, very much like Krauser’s story.

Then back to our dance at the doorjam as I stood up. Like she was ready to leave, but instead she would hug the doorjam. In full defense. Not letting me kiss her. Making it hard to get my lips on her neck/ears. Anytime my hands would go down to touch her body, she would immediately pull them up. But mostly she kept her arms tight across her body.

More smiling. I have never seen a girl do anything like this.

> "'I couldn't let myself have sex with you,' she said. 'You need to force me.'"
> — A different girl from Krauser's book

I want to be extremely clear here: It is not okay to force girls into sex, not under any circumstances. I have never done it and never will.

With that said, the line that Krauser is quoting there is not about the girl actually asking to be forced to do anything. It's about how far you're willing to go as you lead. That is what I take from it. The girl from that quote is really saying, "I needed you to lead in an incredibly strong and dominant way before I'll surrender." I get that. I think that is the key for many girls.

How far was I willing to go with this one?

I think about my last night with Jafrica in Japan. The lowpoint of my trip. The lowpoint of my time as a player. I did not fuck that girl, but I pushed her too far. Nothing immoral, certainly nothing criminal, but she didn't have a good experience — which is my standard. I didn't want to repeat that. I am not in game to give anyone a bad experience. Including myself.

As the night came to an end, I ran my hands through Miss Nature's hair. She showed tiny signs of relaxing, but barely. I told her I am happy to be rough with her, but tonight was about making sure she knew she could trust me. I would periodically pull a big fistful of her hair back, semi-rough, get her head out of defense so I could taste her neck, but mostly I kept the molestation relatively cool.

Eventually I asked how she was doing and she said she was tired and really wanted to go home. I had told her 100 times she could leave any time she wanted. She seemed real about it now. She seemed ready.

So I called this little girl an Uber. I told her she could change her mind and stay, or press the "confirm" button and the car would come. I held the phone out and she pressed the button.

I walked her downstairs. I told her to kiss my check and she wouldn't do it.

> "Some virgins I'd known… were adventurous girls who had just never quite got round to having sex yet."
> — Krauser

I don't know that much about virgins. I haven't fucked a virgin in over 23 years… the only one of my life. Is this one adventurous and about to drop the resistance? I don't know. Is she ready, but I'm not the right guy? Maybe. Or maybe the age difference is too great for me to be her first? Who knows.

My guess is she is very, very inexperienced. The lack of kissing is a sign of that. She has the experience of a somewhat shy 16 year old, in a 21 year old's body, late at night in a 44 year old man's apartment. Wild.

I don't know that she'll see me again. Or that I have any chance of fucking her. I know I got closer than most guys have ever gotten with that little girl. I will take her through her first proper sexual experience, if I can get her to surrender.

I really did have a great time with this girl. A fantastic, unusual, interesting experience. I loved it.

But I also told her as we did the bizarre doorjam dance that "this is fun, I am really enjoying you, it's weird, but fun, but I will not do this for multiple nights… too frustrating." And I meant it. As I got back from Japan, I never called The Thai Girl. I got sick of her endless resistance. It's boring, and weird, and frustrating.

I am not ONLY about sex, but I am ALSO about sex.

Sex is not the culmination of dating, it's part of dating. Like the middle part. Often the first date, as we know. If a

girl will never let it happen… she's a fucking weirdo. I'm not mad at those girls… but I have enough experience to know that. And I don't need to indulge her neuroses endlessly.

In terms of my greater understanding of "Virgin Game," Krauser left me two more clues in this book:

> "She was my second virgin of the year, my third confirmed-virgin in the Game."
> "I've fucked four other virgins since I got into game and none of them gave me such drama."
> — Krauser

Those are separate quotes from Krauser's most recently stories. I bet he has fucked another virgin or so since then, but these are good notes for me. The Big K has fucked five virgins in travels and at home. That's not that many, but that is enough to know that yes… this is a reasonable expectation for me. And yes, there will likely be more.

Virgin Game. Worth learning more about.

For now… I would love to see this girl again. I really enjoyed her. She has a wonderful smell… not perfume or hair product, just her natural allure. Even her breath… I could taste it as we talked and it made me want her. She has a beautiful mouth, a great smile, and seriously kissable lips. I'm into it… and it looks like I have a fighting chance of deflowering her.

But it's true. No fucking way I can do the doorjam dance much more. Novel this time. Frustration hell if it happens again. Too weird.

She sent me confirmation Line message as she got home. I sent her a reply saying I had a great experience with her, and that I had her smell all over my hands.

> HER: The smell also came from natural haha

She has since sent me another message as I type out this report… I'll look at it tomorrow.

Maybe I'll fuck a sweet, little 21 year old virgin. Maybe I'll be consumed by frustration and get sick of her… like the Thai Girl. Thai girl was very hot… but I had her in my bed 5 goddamn times and could never get her panties off. I don't want to do that again.

Anyway… this is my first date beside The Siren since I've been back. Perhaps she will part of the next Tornado. Perhaps she'll be a daygame notch.

We'll see.

Her or another sweet girl of her like… a virgin will ride this cock soon enough. I'm not aiming for it… but the stats show… it's just a matter of time.

Viva daygame.

Siren, Pancake and a Week in Daygame

Nash · 19 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I've been back from Japan for a month… I have been dragging my ass on posting my final stats. But I may finally have some stories worth telling. Good. I am missing the action.

Partly I have been allowing myself a more balanced life. Working more. Taking care of my finances. Seeing my friends. I did a trip to southern California for surfing, family and more friends. That's been part of it.

I have been running game. Some great sets, lots of leads, but can't get the girls out. Leads and leads… Seems like 2-3 per day is a very reasonable expectation. I feel like I got better in Japan… I have had some bad days (like yesterday), but I feel like I have leveled up since last Fall.

Getting better means many things. More basic tactical skill, yes. But more entitlement. That's key. More basic "top guy" attitude (credit: Yohami). I expect things to work… So they do.

Except the dates. I haven't dated anyone except the Siren since I've been back. She is juicy, delicious and wonderful. But I have been having some trouble getting new girls into the dating and the sex.

That's partly why I haven't written in a while. I think I'm done documenting every single set (even thought I am still taking notes). I think I still want to write about the good sets, the meaningful ones, but not trying to "count approaches" like I have done in the past.

As for Siren, I have been talking about her for a few months now. We're a very good match. Great chemistry. We're both really into it.

When I picked her up she felt special, but lots of girls feel special. She was different for two reasons. 1.) Because she and I have worked out. Most girls I meet may be fun in the moment, but they don't all become leads, let alone lovers. And 2.) Because it is *really* working out between us. Not just some dates and some sex, but some intensity and connection. She's great.

Of the daygame girls I've bedded, she feels the most serious. So serious, she doesn't feel like a daygame girl at all.

I think daygame gives you access to more girls, but a lot of the sex is one-time only, or short spells. I like how Krauser talks about "Sigma" game, and being an outsider. I know he specifically looks for girls that are outsiders too. This isn't "social circle game." I think you end up with an "outsider" position in these girl's lives much of the time. Which is fine with me. But it helps to explain the hit-and-run theme I seeing in my results.

The Siren, however, is different. She feels like the strong connections I used to have when I was full-on bluepill, AFC "normie." I think I used to get deeper connection before I discovered game in general. But I also know I was in a time of my life when young people hook up. Young people, in school, or freshly out of college, young professionals, hanging out in big groups socially as single people. Before eveyone couples up. Before all my friends were married.

And my success in that time was "unconscious competence." I had no fucking idea what I was doing. No way I would go back to those times now, and trade unconscious luck for the very conscious skillset I've developed. I am in an infinitely more powerful position now.

I am still new to being in the semi-successful side of the daygame journey. More girls will come, and with then, more deep connections, I'm sure. I'm not even craving that. I love the "one off" nature of daygame, the "in the momentness," the adventure. What they used to call "fast seduction" in Game 1.0.

With Siren, I am taking a moment to pause. To notice how I feel about her. How the relationship feels more like the start of the "boyfriend/girlfriend" thing I used to do, but now actively avoid. And yet… I do like this girl.

And in some ways I am sure that is a very good thing. I like her, but don't want to slip into my old bluepill habits.

Boring, softer, and weaker means you won't be able to land and hold onto younger, hotter tighter.

I don't want a girlfriend, "singular." I want girlfriends. I want to dance with the Tornadoes.

Keeping all this mind.

A week ago tonight, I took Siren out to a high-end Japanese place (I know I am missing Japanese food as I reenter my California lifestyle). It was a fantastic night.

Right from the start, when we met at my door… It was so on. We had a reservation… otherwise I would have taken her upstairs and fucked her right then.

Instead we stood at the door. Cats circling around our feet as I pinned her long, smooth arms to the wall above her head and teased her with a kiss I wouldn't quite give her. Inhaling her breath. Then I leaned back. We were on opposite sides of the doorway, behind the closed door to the street, facing each other and smiling. Each of us pretending to be casual in way that neither of us felt.

Dinner was oishii desu and conversation flowed. Same restaurant where I broke up with my LTR (The Tokyo Queen) a little over a year ago. I have been going there more. Took the Heartbreaker in Dec for a (mostly) platonic date. They are starting to know who I am now.

And then back to my home… and crazy intense sex. I don't think she is very experienced, but she is a very passionate, artistic type, and our chemistry is electric. Exhausting, intoxicating sex.

It wasn't the sex that night (or again the next morning) that makes me take notice. I think it was the way we are still a little desperate for each other. Not because we have no options, or that it has been a long time since we've seen each other, but because we both want it. And even when we sleep, we hold on tight — physically hold each other very tight — so the dream won't slip away. Romantic… and exhausting.

The next day was Friday. After I said goodbye to her, I tried to daygame. And I had nothing.

I walked around for over an hour and opened exactly two girls. Awkward, creepy-feeling interactions. I had no intent. I would flop a limp approach out in front of the girl. No bueno. Zero gas in the tank. I thought I could fight through it, but I had nothing. I gave up pretty quick.

And then I tried working my leads and couldn't get any of the fresh ones out.

I have a lot of new leads… many had exchanged messages, but couldn't get any of them on dates. And the old leads, the ones that responded after I was newly back from Japan, had also faded to dim embers or dead charcoal.

I took the weekend off, surfed again, caught up on more work, and saw even more of my friends.

On Monday I decide to burn all those old leads… Not sure there is anything there to burn, but time to turn my back on them.

And here we are, time to start afresh, build a new Tornado from scratch. I have the Siren as a secret cache of pleasure and satisfaction, but I am ready to get "it" going again. I'm up for "it." I miss "it."

Monday I hit the street… Fun day. 12 girls, but no leads. That hadn't happened in a while.

And yet I love the meritocracy of daygame. I know if I work, barring a curse from the Daygame Gods… I'll reap rewards roughly in line with my efforts. That is fair. There is luck and art to this, but it is still a merit based game. I am a hard worker. I like merit-based opportunities.

Monday night… Another date with Siren. Much more calm, more "every day" this time. She wasn't in a great mood, and I adjusted my expectations, deescalated, leaned back.

She told a story about a musical collaborator of hers, some guy… that is trying to fuck her. She didn't say that, but men like us know the score. There was a flicker of irritation as she first brought him up. I have made girls feel like

that before, I probably still do, so I felt like I knew what the guy was up to… just from that flash in her face. He is no hero to her. I called him her "best friend" and we exchanged knowing looks.

Dinner, a drink, some live music at a cafe, my house. My desert was between her milky thighs. And more close-sleep, side by side, cats curled on the covers.

In the morning… The Siren sucked my cock and I came in her pretty mouth. It was the first time she had ever brought a man off in her mouth. And while Yohami will doubt that, the excitement was proof this was a first for her. She was almost inappropriately excited, hopping around with my come in her mouth, celebrating even before she swallowed my kids down into her smooth belly.

Ha. Another great experience. For both of us. I love these real, odd moments with girls. You can't make this stuff up.

She left that morning, letting herself out after we'd showered and shared my toothbrush again.

I took the day off from game, expecting the same post-sex lack of intent I'd had the previous Friday… But it wasn't the same. I didn't run game, but I felt like I could have gamed that day despite two orgasms in the preceding 24 hours.

As I think of it now, it wasn't so much the orgasms that drained me as the weight of the heavy emotional bonding and the overall romantic expenditure. That is an interesting distinction, as it see it. It's the bonding that made it hard to game other girls last week… I think.

And then it was Wednesday, and Pancake and I were meeting up to wing each other and hunt girls in the concrete forest.

Pancake had been on an International trip and I hadn't seen him in a while. As we caught up, he had a laid-back quality that stood in contrast to what I know about him. Turned out he'd just been laid as well. Pancake's typical energetic boldness had settled into a more subtle, calmer vibration. He was into it, ready to approach, but was notably less wolfy and intense than other days.

My friend Natural used to date an old-fashioned and very feminine girl. She used to say:

> "If you want to keep a man happy… keep his stomach full and his balls empty."
> — Natural's Ex Girlfriend

Smart girl.

I love that line. It feels like an anachronism, but those are excellent "care and feeding" instructions if a girl wants to hold onto a man. While I'm stressing the impact of the emotional bond, empty balls certainly does seem to neutralize some of the potency that could make a man's hunt more… concentrated.

And Wednesday was a really great day. Sunny. Not too hot. Lots of girls out. So good to be out there. Pancake had a date later that night and I had a meeting, so we met up earlier than usual to get to work. We traded stories and ran off every few minutes to approach.

I can always tell when Pancake spots a girl he likes… his attention in the moment is gone. He drops into singular focus. I usually shut up and pan the surroundings to see if I can spot his prey. All that without looking conspicuous, so I don't spook her or make her defensive before Pancake's approach.

He did great on Wednesday. One set I remember very well with a super tall blonde girl I assumed was Russian. Amazing ass. Jesus. It was a long set, and she was loving him. Very happy girl… stroking that long blonde hair the whole time. She turned out to be Dutch.

And then he had a 15 minute set with a cute, young British girl… she was traveling… alone. Last night in the city. Staying by herself in a hotel. If you think that sounds like a perfect set up for some "adventure sex," I'd agree.

He did get the Brit out that night… After the date with an Asian girl he already had scheduled. Two dates in one night. Not bad, Pancake. Looking good, man.

And I was feeling pretty laid back as well that day. Chatty, and enjoying what Krauser would call the “Rat Pack” vibe.

I had some great interactions. Talked to 5 girls. Took 4 numbers. The kind of day that makes you think you’re better than you really are. Makes you think daygame is “easy,” and we know daygame is certainly not easy.

Two girls stand out:

The first was bubbly, feminine, sweet 21 year old girl. Popped open with excitement. She was chatty and charming. I have been watching Bad Boy’s daygame videos (which are pretty terrible), and he does some demo sets where the girls are way too responsive, beyond “yes” girls. I’m not sure if they are all fake, but some of them certainly don’t seem real. This girl reminded me of those sets. Like I paid her to make me look good… she was that easy.

I took her Line contact and strolled back to Pancake. I told him that was the kind of set I wish for all daygamers, myself included. Adorable little girl. Fun to talk with her. Great state booster. I have messaged her and we’re working on a date.

And then a bit later, there was a very tough looking Chinese girl. Not super pretty at all, but something about her really got my attention. Pancake was surprised that I was into her, I think he would have passed on this one. Black flat-brimmed hat, on backwards. Long, nice black hair down past her shoulders (probably the only really feminine thing about her). Black leather jacket. White tshirt, jeans, and black combat boots.

Stopped her and told her I thought she was attractive but that she looked “tough.” She gave me a feminine eye sparkle and then snapped back into her butch energy. At one point she said some people ask her if she’s lesbian, I’m not surprised. That’s not my thing, but I liked all this on her.

I asked if she had a BF and she said yes… And I said I could tell from the hickie on her neckline that was almost gone, faded to a brownish yellow, and still advertising that she is gets sucked on sometimes… the advertising worked on me. Not as a warning, but as an enticement. I pointed out the hickie to her and she smiled.

So we stood there and the vibe was hot. Very hot. She was telling me that the BF was serious, but the sexual tension between she and I kept rising. I told her I understand that she is in a relationship but that I still wanted to see her. I looked her up and down and told her that the chemistry between us was strong… And she agreed. Fucking hot.

I took her number. Even thinking about that moment makes me want to fuck that girl. It was a strong connection.

I messaged her, and heard nothing back. Good for her. I hope she and the BF are happy… perhaps installing new hickies as we read this.

And as an aside: Unreal how many girls I’ve met with BFs since I’ve been back. So many. Sometimes they tell me right away. Other times, they smile and blush and flirt… and don’t say anything until I go to take their contact info. And several others, several, don’t say they have a BF until I message them a few times and ask them out.

These days… I pretty much assume every girl has a BF… and that it mostly doesn’t matter. She may not fuck me. But the BF may have little to do with that.

So… it was a good week for this daygamer. Some good work on the sidewalk. Four new leads to help me bury the unresponsive ones from the last few weeks. Maybe we’ll get a date or two… and have some new action to revel in and to write about.

We’ll see. My thanks to Pancake.

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Of the daygame girls I've bedded, she feels the most serious. So serious, she doesn't feel like a daygame girl at all.

I think daygame gives you access to more girls, but a lot of the sex is one-time only, or short spells. I like how Krauser talks about "Sigma" game, and being an outsider. I know he specifically looks for girls that are outsiders too. This isn't "social circle game." I think you end up with an "outsider" position in these girl's lives much of the time. Which is fine with me. But it helps to explain the hit-and-run theme I seeing in my results.

The Siren, however, is different. She feels like the strong connections I used to have when I was full-on bluepill, AFC "normie." I think I used to get deeper connection before I discovered game in general. But I also know I was in a time of my life when young people hook up. Young people, in school, or freshly out of college, young professionals, hanging out in big groups socially as single people. Before eveyone couples up. Before all my friends were married.

And my success in that time was "unconscious competence." I had no fucking idea what I was doing. No way I would go back to those times now, and trade unconscious luck for the very conscious skillset I've developed. I am in an infinitely more powerful position now.

I am still new to being in the semi-successful side of the daygame journey. More girls will come, and with then, more deep connections, I'm sure. I'm not even craving that. I love the "one off" nature of daygame, the "in the momentness," the adventure. What they used to call "fast seduction" in Game 1.0.

With Siren, I am taking a moment to pause. To notice how I feel about her. How the relationship feels more like the start of the "boyfriend/girlfriend" thing I used to do, but now actively avoid. And yet… I do like this girl.

And in some ways I am sure that is a very good thing. I like her, but don't want to slip into my old bluepill habits.

Boring, softer, and weaker means you won't be able to land and hold onto younger, hotter tighter.

I don't want a girlfriend, "singular." I want girlfriends. I want to dance with the Tornadoes.

Keeping all this mind.

A week ago tonight, I took Siren out to a high-end Japanese place (I know I am missing Japanese food as I reenter my California lifestyle). It was a fantastic night.

Right from the start, when we met at my door… It was so on. We had a reservation… otherwise I would have taken her upstairs and fucked her right then.

Instead we stood at the door. Cats circling around our feet as I pinned her long, smooth arms to the wall above her head and teased her with a kiss I wouldn't quite give her. Inhaling her breath. Then I leaned back. We were on opposite sides of the doorway, behind the closed door to the street, facing each other and smiling. Each of us pretending to be casual in way that neither of us felt.

Dinner was oishii desu and conversation flowed. Same restaurant where I broke up with my LTR (The Tokyo Queen) a little over a year ago. I have been going there more. Took the Heartbreaker in Dec for a (mostly) platonic date. They are starting to know who I am now.

And then back to my home… and crazy intense sex. I don't think she is very experienced, but she is a very passionate, artistic type, and our chemistry is electric. Exhausting, intoxicating sex.

It wasn't the sex that night (or again the next morning) that makes me take notice. I think it was the way we are still a little desperate for each other. Not because we have no options, or that it has been a long time since we've seen each other, but because we both want it. And even when we sleep, we hold on tight — physically hold each other very tight — so the dream won't slip away. Romantic… and exhausting.

The next day was Friday. After I said goodbye to her, I tried to daygame. And I had nothing.

I walked around for over an hour and opened exactly two girls. Awkward, creepy-feeling interactions. I had no intent. I would flop a limp approach out in front of the girl. No bueno. Zero gas in the tank. I thought I could fight through it, but I had nothing. I gave up pretty quick.

And then I tried working my leads and couldn't get any of the fresh ones out.

I have a lot of new leads… many had exchanged messages, but couldn't get any of them on dates. And the old leads, the ones that responded after I was newly back from Japan, had also faded to dim embers or dead charcoal.

I took the weekend off, surfed again, caught up on more work, and saw even more of my friends.

On Monday I decide to burn all those old leads… Not sure there is anything there to burn, but time to turn my back on them.

And here we are, time to start afresh, build a new Tornado from scratch. I have the Siren as a secret cache of pleasure and satisfaction, but I am ready to get "it" going again. I'm up for "it." I miss "it."

Monday I hit the street… Fun day. 12 girls, but no leads. That hadn't happened in a while.

And yet I love the meritocracy of daygame. I know if I work, barring a curse from the Daygame Gods… I'll reap rewards roughly in line with my efforts. That is fair. There is luck and art to this, but it is still a merit based game. I am a hard worker. I like merit-based opportunities.

Monday night… Another date with Siren. Much more calm, more "every day" this time. She wasn't in a great mood, and I adjusted my expectations, deescalated, leaned back.

She told a story about a musical collaborator of hers, some guy… that is trying to fuck her. She didn't say that, but men like us know the score. There was a flicker of irritation as she first brought him up. I have made girls feel like

that before, I probably still do, so I felt like I knew what the guy was up to… just from that flash in her face. He is no hero to her. I called him her "best friend" and we exchanged knowing looks.

Dinner, a drink, some live music at a cafe, my house. My desert was between her milky thighs. And more close-sleep, side by side, cats curled on the covers.

In the morning… The Siren sucked my cock and I came in her pretty mouth. It was the first time she had ever brought a man off in her mouth. And while Yohami will doubt that, the excitement was proof this was a first for her. She was almost inappropriately excited, hopping around with my come in her mouth, celebrating even before she swallowed my kids down into her smooth belly.

Ha. Another great experience. For both of us. I love these real, odd moments with girls. You can't make this stuff up.

She left that morning, letting herself out after we'd showered and shared my toothbrush again.

I took the day off from game, expecting the same post-sex lack of intent I'd had the previous Friday… But it wasn't the same. I didn't run game, but I felt like I could have gamed that day despite two orgasms in the preceding 24 hours.

As I think of it now, it wasn't so much the orgasms that drained me as the weight of the heavy emotional bonding and the overall romantic expenditure. That is an interesting distinction, as it see it. It's the bonding that made it hard to game other girls last week… I think.

And then it was Wednesday, and Pancake and I were meeting up to wing each other and hunt girls in the concrete forest.

Pancake had been on an International trip and I hadn't seen him in a while. As we caught up, he had a laid-back quality that stood in contrast to what I know about him. Turned out he'd just been laid as well. Pancake's typical energetic boldness had settled into a more subtle, calmer vibration. He was into it, ready to approach, but was notably less wolfy and intense than other days.

My friend Natural used to date an old-fashioned and very feminine girl. She used to say:

> "If you want to keep a man happy… keep his stomach full and his balls empty."
> — Natural's Ex Girlfriend

Smart girl.

I love that line. It feels like an anachronism, but those are excellent "care and feeding" instructions if a girl wants to hold onto a man. While I'm stressing the impact of the emotional bond, empty balls certainly does seem to neutralize some of the potency that could make a man's hunt more… concentrated.

And Wednesday was a really great day. Sunny. Not too hot. Lots of girls out. So good to be out there. Pancake had a date later that night and I had a meeting, so we met up earlier than usual to get to work. We traded stories and ran off every few minutes to approach.

I can always tell when Pancake spots a girl he likes… his attention in the moment is gone. He drops into singular focus. I usually shut up and pan the surroundings to see if I can spot his prey. All that without looking conspicuous, so I don't spook her or make her defensive before Pancake's approach.

He did great on Wednesday. One set I remember very well with a super tall blonde girl I assumed was Russian. Amazing ass. Jesus. It was a long set, and she was loving him. Very happy girl… stroking that long blonde hair the whole time. She turned out to be Dutch.

And then he had a 15 minute set with a cute, young British girl… she was traveling… alone. Last night in the city. Staying by herself in a hotel. If you think that sounds like a perfect set up for some "adventure sex," I'd agree.

He did get the Brit out that night… After the date with an Asian girl he already had scheduled. Two dates in one night. Not bad, Pancake. Looking good, man.

And I was feeling pretty laid back as well that day. Chatty, and enjoying what Krauser would call the “Rat Pack” vibe.

I had some great interactions. Talked to 5 girls. Took 4 numbers. The kind of day that makes you think you’re better than you really are. Makes you think daygame is “easy,” and we know daygame is certainly not easy.

Two girls stand out:

The first was bubbly, feminine, sweet 21 year old girl. Popped open with excitement. She was chatty and charming. I have been watching Bad Boy’s daygame videos (which are pretty terrible), and he does some demo sets where the girls are way too responsive, beyond “yes” girls. I’m not sure if they are all fake, but some of them certainly don’t seem real. This girl reminded me of those sets. Like I paid her to make me look good… she was that easy.

I took her Line contact and strolled back to Pancake. I told him that was the kind of set I wish for all daygamers, myself included. Adorable little girl. Fun to talk with her. Great state booster. I have messaged her and we’re working on a date.

And then a bit later, there was a very tough looking Chinese girl. Not super pretty at all, but something about her really got my attention. Pancake was surprised that I was into her, I think he would have passed on this one. Black flat-brimmed hat, on backwards. Long, nice black hair down past her shoulders (probably the only really feminine thing about her). Black leather jacket. White tshirt, jeans, and black combat boots.

Stopped her and told her I thought she was attractive but that she looked “tough.” She gave me a feminine eye sparkle and then snapped back into her butch energy. At one point she said some people ask her if she’s lesbian, I’m not surprised. That’s not my thing, but I liked all this on her.

I asked if she had a BF and she said yes… And I said I could tell from the hickie on her neckline that was almost gone, faded to a brownish yellow, and still advertising that she is gets sucked on sometimes… the advertising worked on me. Not as a warning, but as an enticement. I pointed out the hickie to her and she smiled.

So we stood there and the vibe was hot. Very hot. She was telling me that the BF was serious, but the sexual tension between she and I kept rising. I told her I understand that she is in a relationship but that I still wanted to see her. I looked her up and down and told her that the chemistry between us was strong… And she agreed. Fucking hot.

I took her number. Even thinking about that moment makes me want to fuck that girl. It was a strong connection.

I messaged her, and heard nothing back. Good for her. I hope she and the BF are happy… perhaps installing new hickies as we read this.

And as an aside: Unreal how many girls I’ve met with BFs since I’ve been back. So many. Sometimes they tell me right away. Other times, they smile and blush and flirt… and don’t say anything until I go to take their contact info. And several others, several, don’t say they have a BF until I message them a few times and ask them out.

These days… I pretty much assume every girl has a BF… and that it mostly doesn’t matter. She may not fuck me. But the BF may have little to do with that.

So… it was a good week for this daygamer. Some good work on the sidewalk. Four new leads to help me bury the unresponsive ones from the last few weeks. Maybe we’ll get a date or two… and have some new action to revel in and to write about.

We’ll see. My thanks to Pancake.

Viva daygame.

Changing My Sheets | First Date with Miss Thick

Nash · 20 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Just had a another first date. My second “first date” since I’ve been back from Japan. I said recently that I was itching to get back in “it.” After the date with the virgin, and this one, I feel like I am back in the “it” of the Daygame lifestyle now. Not just hitting on girls on the street… but getting them out as well. It feels good.

And the girl was sexy and charming. I liked her.

I started out the day with Siren. Simple, delicious date with her last night. Some food, walking back home together in the rain. Back in my apartment, she played some of her music for me on her laptop. She is a very talented girl.

Then sex. And sleeping close. We slept late, and showered, and I sent her off to an appointment she had at noon.

And then I changed my sheets.

This is a bachelors’ ritual that I have been performing for some time now. I want to sex young girls. And one thing I do toward that end is to prepare the “seduction location” (to put it in very dry, logical terms). To say that another way, I clean up the fuck nest.

The sheets themselves were mostly clean. I put them on the night before, just for the Siren. But I changed them after she left as they have her perfume, the sweet smell of her body, and the tangled evidence of her long beautiful hair.

As I had a date with a different girl, and there was at least some chance of bringing that girl back to my home, I want clean sheets. And I swept the hardwood floors, as I always do… To get all the signs of “girls” out of the space before the next one arrives.

As a bachelor, I have spent a lot of time changing sheets. I do this before almost every date with a new girl. As I have been dating more, I am changing more sheets. In Japan, that meant going to the damn coin-laundry a lot. In my apartment here at home, it’s easier.

The changing sheets is symbolic for me. Cryptically so. There are practical things about that ritual. And the changing of sheets says something, not just about my lifestyle, but about my psychology.

And I realize that many times this is a wasted effort… as that girl isn’t going to come home with me. And it may be a further wasted effort… as perhaps signs that other girls have been in my place can be a good thing? Perhaps.

Maybe a girl flops into my sheets, sees long black hair on the pillow, has a flash of heat and competition… and fucks me with an extra shot of enthusiasm?? I imagining that for the bar-back type of guy, or the dirty rocker, he never changes his sheets nor even thinks of it… and yet the pussy in his life is very willing. He might laugh at my little ritual. He might be right.

And yet in other ways… The “clean sheets” are symbolic of my preparation, my forethought. This is the type of man I am. My life is a pretty well-oiled machine. I have my shit together, so of course the fuck nest is ready. And that preparation adds solidity to my game. My inner game. Less friction and self-doubt for my seduction. One more reason to feel confident about pulling a girl home. I often prep the house, even for a daygame session, as… you never know.

And even if she doesn’t come back… I am living a clean, well-ordered lifestyle. That is for me. Solid.

Hmmmm.

Anyway… back to the girl.

She was one of four leads from last Wednesday, a very fun day out with Pancake. I only did five approaches that day but took four numbers.

I often talk about being on a “hot steak,” usually on a day when do a lot of approaches. I am always advising other daygamers to do high-volume days of approaching. High-volume gets me more exposure with girls, but it also allows me to warm up… which can help bring on a hot-streak. Volume is a good thing.

This is the only example in my 100+ days of game where I had a low-volume day and also managed a hot-streak. Pancake and I both had plans, or we would have done more. I bet I could have closed a lot more that day. I was on.

Anyway… This girl was not in my favorite girls of the day. She was my first approach. I liked her, totally attractive, but she didn’t stand out for me as much as the others.

She is Chinese (and I am becoming a minor expert in Chinese girls at this point). She is tall. Pretty face, long black hair. Long skirt. She’s not what I would call perfect, but she definitely caught my eye.

She had a tattoo on her ankle. That surprised me. She is not “American” Chinese. She is authentic Chinese. Native Chinese girls don’t usually come with a side order of skin art.

And something else… When I was out with Miss Nature last Friday, it came up that the Chinese students at the Art College in this city… they come from money. I know that, and I agreed with her. It came up last week when I was out with Siren. I know she comes from money as well. All these art girls do. There are interesting girls, with interesting backgrounds.

This is a very expensive city. To be an early-mid 20s girl, paying rent here, plus tuition at a private art school… not cheap. All this translates to wealthy parents.

So this is a clue that she is a rare bird. A rich, native-Chinese girl, mostly conservative looking, but with a tattoo… Unusual. I have wondered about that tattoo since then. I wonder about her in general.

I heard this quote on a podcast that said:

> “If it ‘smokes,’ it ‘pokes.’”
> — Some guy on the internet

There is something crude about that, and yet it caught my attention. That tattoo is her “smoke.” Does that mean she is more likely to be “adventurous.” Is that a signal she is a rebel? Does that mean she is more sex-ready?

> NASH: Fun to meet you today… You were interesting, and I am a little curious about you.
> HER: Sorry, I was doing my homework

That was my first response from her, three hours after my initial message. That’s not sexy, but she is qualifying there… Explaining herself. I like that.

The next day I did what Tom Torerro might call a “lifestyle ping” when I made a comment about her homework and then sent her a picture of my lunch. Enthusiastic replies. She was sharing. More giving value from her.

It occurs to me as I wrote this that as men we are taught to not “take value,” to always give. And most girls give fucking nothing. So almost any response from a girl is a full green light. She was giving… That seems on.

> NASH: I talked to you because I thought you were cute… Very nice lips.
> NASH: But I think it is interesting that you are an artist.
> HER: Thank you, you are an artist, too

I had given her a sticker when I picked her up… “sticker game.” And now I sent her some pictures of my art. We talked about paintings. And then:

> NASH: Speaking of paintings… There is a good show at the museum. I am a member. Let’s check it out

> together…

Some back and forth and then:

> HER: Tuesday should be fine

I pinged her yesterday to make contact and make sure she knew it was still on for our date. Nice reply. Some more chatting. Even more "adding value" from her. We were on, very solid.

I didn't remember that much about what she looked like, so I did the trick I mastered in Japan… I got there early, msg'd her about where I was standing and told her to come find me. Then I put my head down into my phone (I read Cobrantula's blog, actually… what's up, dude.), and let her identify me.

She shows up on time, and she looked… Fucking great.

She is tall, 5'9″, face is better than average, totally cute by my standards. Really beautiful hair.

And boobs. I don't really care about boobs… But this girl, looks like a full C. Generous C on a Chinese girl. I just spent the night with the lovely Miss Siren, who has a fantastic body, fucking amazing (very much like a teen model), even though she is nearly flat chested… And this girl, big tempting boobs. Ummm.

I was surprisingly interested. Go boobs.

She wore a long sleeve knit top — with lacing back and forth across her cleavage — and black jeans. All black and grey. And the jeans were tight. She has a slightly flat ass (which I think is a genetic thing for the Chinese, no "z-access"), but it was still full, and also tempting. Her hip-to-waist ratio isn't ideal, she does not have a tiny waist… But the thigh/ass combo had me fully inspired. She is juicy.

She is lovely, feminine, and a little thick. At her age — maybe 25? — she wears it well. Very hot girl.

So we shall call her Miss Thick. Sounds a little dirty. I like it.

Siren got me off last night… But looking at Miss Thick, and the sparkle in her eyes, I wanted to fuck this girl as soon as I saw her.

Zero awkwardness. We start chatting, hopping from topic to topic. We get tickets… And check out the exhibit. Which is excellent and gives us a lot to talk about.

And she is a another genuine artist. Talented. For real. She has been studying art in a concentrated way since middle school. At this time in her life, she is on her post-grad degree, her 2nd art degree. I like her, I like her art, rad girl.

And I think about the look on her face when we first met. First, the surprise. Then the suspicion. Then the blend of suspicion mixed with curiously. That is how we left it as I took her number that day.

On this date… The look had changed. She had that energetic smile. She was happy to be there. She still had an air of caution — and she should. I am a bad, older, dangerous man. But this is the kind of danger that young girls love to find. I could see it in her eyes. She was a happy girl, out on an adventure.

We did not talk sex. We had so much in common art the art level and that is a "mastery topic" for me, so I do well when I have that space to show value. It is a mastery topic for her as well.

> "Fleshing out your own 'mastery topics' or areas of conversation that you could speak about in order to build attraction and a connection quickly"
> — LoveSystems

I touched her a bit. My usual move of grabbing her by the bicep. And I had my hand on her lower back as I moved her around. And I grabbed her hair in a dominant way several times… Light, testing that with her, not really going

for it.

And while she was clearly energetically into it, she was still rocking that cat-like girl-energy. Big smile, but a little "out of reach." That part of cat where she isn't quite curled up in your lap just yet.

So the main move I employed with her was the body-rock. I kept giving her my focus and attention, and then small takeaways as I would rock back on my back foot, leaning back, away from her. This is one way to keep a cat engaged and curious.

> "Cats don't take orders, but they can be tempted to chase. If you tie a feather to the end of a string, and use it properly, YOU can get a cat to perform acrobatics. But isn't it interesting that if you put the feather down in front of the cat, she will turn up her nose?"
> — Mystery

(^ That is an "OG" game reference right there… super classic.)

I planned the date for 3:30, knowing the museum would close at 5 PM, and we'd be in a good position for drinks or dinner… if it was on.

Meanwhile… I was sick. Beginning of yet another bad cold. My 4th in three months. Unbelievable. But I am very glad I did not cancel this date.

As the museum closed I walked her out. I invited her to have a drink… I had a spot in mind, two spots actually — one with, and one without alcohol. More "being prepared." But it was mid-term week and she had to get back to her studio, she said.

I walked with her to the main street. I said, "hey, give me hug," and got a nice, juicy hug in response. Those big boobs pressed against my chest. I told her I wanted to see her again and she said we can talk on WeChat, and we have.

WeChat. More shared art. More enthusiasm from her. It feels pretty on.

We have a date set up for this week. I'll change the sheets before I leave the house.

Viva daygame.

Fruitless but Fun | 40 Approaches

Nash · 8 April 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I want to get it going again. I want to see if I can start another Girl Tornado. And I want to get laid. That sounds fun.

I feel caught up and reintegrated after my trip to Japan and the imbalance in the way I was living there. I was full-time into game there. It was fun, but not entirely healthy or well-rounded. Now that I'm home, I've gotten my clients more settled, seen friends and family, and made some progress on my longterm goals and my finances. I got my taxes out of the way. I even got thru another fucking cold… my 4th in three months.

It's time to get back to game. It's time.

While I haven't been picking up as much, I have had the unusual experience of dating even without much approaching in the last three weeks. This is Siren, and two of the girls from my last day out with Pancake.

The dates thinned out a bit this week, which reminds me to get it going, to put in some effort… to talk to some girls.

Miss Thick canceled a date with me on Tuesday,

> MISS THICK: Sorry, I think we shouldn't date anymore

This came out of nowhere, and she has been a very warm and exciting lead. I was thinking that might have been the sex date, and maybe it would have been… but perhaps she wanted to derail that train. We did some negotiation via WeChat, and we left on a good note.

> MISS THICK: Great, maybe I have too much pressure right now. When I'm ready, I'll tell you
> MISS THICK: I like you, dangerous guy
> NASH: Okay… That sounds about right. You have a lot going on right now…
> NASH: I'll check in after a while… Go do your thing. We're in no rush.
> NASH: I like you too, Creative Girl
> MISS THICK: Okay, see you in the future ;)

Hmmm. Big turn around that day as we messaged. I think I handled her well. She was genuinely enthusiastic there… and I think she does like me. I've dated her twice, and both were great dates by my standards.

And the 21yr Old Virgin has been elusive. I think she is enjoying the attention, but may not come out again. Here's her saying "no" to me on three separate occasions.

> VIRGIN: haha it's toooo lateee. I've other planed to do so
> VIRGIN: I've class on Monday sry
> VIRGIN: my friend already book the time haha

Last we left it, she was going to check her schedule and I haven't heard back from her. Maybe she is a silly-mess of a young girl, and I need to herd her into something sexual and substantial. Or maybe I just had shit luck with the nights I offered her. One thing is clear, she's not "gagging for it." I think I'll lean back, try once more in a week or two… But otherwise, let her go. That's too bad… I am looking to sex a virgin and she was looking like a good candidate.

And then there is Siren…

> SIREN: Yes, I am free on Saturday night:)
> SIREN: Yes, I am free on Friday night after working~…

^ This is the flavor of message I want in my life. She has been delicious, consistently, and is a remarkably rich experience each time. And the sex has been fantastic.

We are going on 3+ months of dating each other. Siren has not made any kind of move to have "the talk" or make us exclusive. That has surprised me. As I consider this, I think that perhaps that is not actually what she wants. I wonder if my expectation of her asking for a "k-selected" lockdown with me is proof of how little I understand about women?

Or maybe… That moment is coming and I am just a little early in my anticipation.

Before I learned game, and shaped myself toward a more bountiful lifestyle, I was truly the k-selected type. Girls either didn't like me, or pushed for the boyfriend-experience. Nothing in between. Perhaps it's my style, and the way I meet and date girls now, sends different signals? And even for a good score like Siren, even with her being very happy with me, maybe this new path won't go into Boyfriend Land like it used to?

As a man, I am beginning to feel solid in the frame: "it's about what I want."

To apply that in a more diagnostic way, I can ask myself, "What do I want?" That is really what matters… and I see so many men fail to seriously ask themselves that question. When it comes to a girl and her plans for an LTR and exclusiveness, that's not what I want. That's all I have to know. Her plans are irrelevant at the point.

So on the one hand, I can just sit around and wait for that awkward-bomb to make impact. I think I can steer her and I past that talk if it comes up. And in the meantime, I see her 1X per week, don't message her often (=every few days), and cultivate the "lover" vibe instead of sending "provider signals." So far, so good. Really good. She is a fantastic lover, in and out of the bed. Charming girl at every level. And very nice to look at.

Yeah, that girl is great, but I do not want to be anyone's boyfriend. Fuck that. The question is, "What do I want?" And the answer is… to be free and explore women. And daygame is a great way to do that.

So, with Nash's State if the Union out of the way…

I did some daygame this week. Monday through Thursday — four days on the street in a row. It had been over two weeks since I'd approached. I felt out of shape. Day one, was eight approaches. Day two was six more. Another six on day three. And then, 19 girls on day four. That is about 40 girls this week.

And that 19-girl day… felt great. Really fun day.

In general I argue that high-volume days are almost always better in terms of results and vibe. And also that high-volume weeks (several days of approaching in a week, preferably in a row) will sharpen up your game as well. And then the fact that it had been six days since I'd had an orgasm was also helping me… I had serious intent. A lot of my approaches were very hot. Steamy day.

On this last day, Thursday, the 19-girl day… I had straightened out my place before I left the house. I didn't have a date for the night, nor any important plans (DJ party later in the evening, but I could skip that if I could source some pussy). So I was actually hoping for a SDL. That was very doable in Japan, but I haven't had anything close since I've been back… in part, as I haven't been working nearly as hard, or as often, thus my recommitment to volume.

I want to kick-start this tornado.

For the week, 40+ approaches. That is good volume. But… only two leads. And that is surprising. I've been averaging two-three leads every time I go out since I've been back from Japan.

If I want to analyze my low results — and I do — I think that is a combination of three things: First, I hadn't run

any daygame in a few weeks. I was rusty and out of practice. Two, my first three days were low volume days… just a few girls each day. That means I wasn't warmed up, not really, and didn't give myself time to get warm and THEN approach once I was warm and the sets would go better. Three, just bad luck. It happens.

But I still loved the time out on the street. And I felt very good as a man, doing what I could to get more action going in my life.

It is one thing to be a bit hungry. It is another to fail to hunt. I am a daygamer. I am a hunter.

Even with only two leads in 40 girls… I was a hunter this week.

> "We have a right to our labor, but not to the fruits of our labor."
> — Krishna

I have cited this quote before, and I continue to love it. It is true. I don't have "the right" to any women necessarily. But I have the right to hunt. To flip over stones. And to take what I find… when I find the yeses and warm-maybes that feed a man like me.

I built up momentum all afternoon and only stopped at 19 girls because it started raining at a Biblical level. But at several times that day I would spin around and chase a girl down (like #13), that approach would wrap up and I'd see another girl, and find myself down some street I'd never been on before as I moved to open her. Letting my cock lead me through the city. Again, no leads, but I was feeling very entitled, lots of hot girls out, and I was feeling free at the hunt.

In terms of highlights… here are a couple of quick stories.

Favorite girl of the day was #3. Asian girl, fucking-A hot. Great ass. I was instantly in the mood for sex, just looking at her. She stopped, kind of, but walked off quickly. Didn't hook… but damn, even now, such a sexy little girl. Wow.

#6 was an older Asian girl, with great style and short hair. I approached, she stopped, smiled, took the compliment, shook my hand, and started to walk off. I said, "Wait," and kept talking. She stayed, but said she had to catch her train. I said I'd walk with her, she was into it. Great, little, playful chat. I wanted to roll-off before we got to her train… So I stopped, told her we're about to her train, I wanted to let her go, but I wanted to see her again. She says, "well… I have a GF," and gives me a big smile. I smile and say okay. "I don't want mess with a good thing!" And she smiles. Fun. Pretty on. I think I believe her that she does have a GF. And I think I believe her non-verbals that she liked what went on with us and knew it was sexual, even if she dates girls.

And ^ that, BTW… is only the 2nd "lesbian" I've ever engaged in a long street interaction. In over 1500 approaches. I bet several of the girls that never stopped or brushed me off may have been gay, but I'm still surprised how few lesbians I run into on the street. Anyway… very fun set.

#9 was an interesting woman, dark skin… not sure where she was from at first. As I watched her walk by… she had a great ass. And then… very nice, bouncy hair. When I'm not certain about the approach, "good hair" is a very strong biological signal, and when I see really nice, healthy hair (=genetically expensive), I almost always go in. And I did. And I said, "There was something really interesting about you, I wanted to meet you." She lit up, blushed a bit, and said, "What was interesting about me?," in a playful challenging way. And I said, "I don't know! I want to figure that out…" And our chemistry was great. And I talked about her interesting face. And then… how she had a great walk and that made me want to meet her. And she loved it. But when I asked why she came here from India (I guessed that she was Indian, and she confirmed), she said… because her husband moved here. Ahhh. So I told her I was definitely hitting on her, and we both smiled. And I asked about her marriage, and it seemed solid/healthy, so I excused myself and we exchanged another round of huge smiles and I was off… and feeling very turned on by that woman.

#12… I swear she wanted my attention. There was something very hot about her, like she was sex-ready. I swear she was subtly calling me in a way as we stood at the interaction. As the light changed and she walked over and onto the sidewalk… I approached. Huge smile, but she quickly walked off. Hmmmm. I was all about testing my intuition there. Don't know about her… still swear she "needed" something.

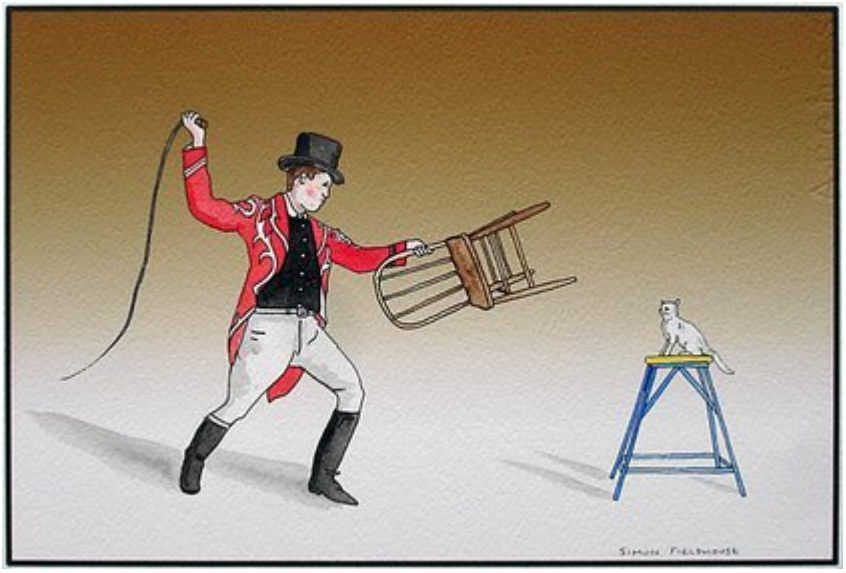
#14. I was "in state" now and could open easily and my vibe was very on. This very tall white girl, 6 ft, walks by. Very short hair. Tall, and not super skinny, by great body. I had a flash of what it would be like to fuck her, to see her bent over from behind, so I went after her. I stopped her, said, "You passed me back there and caught my eye… I came to check you out." Her eyes bugged out in attraction… she loved it. But she had an appointment starting in 5 minutes and I could tell she really had to go… I planted my feet and gave her a very cocky smile… and she left all lit-up, very into it, but late and running off. Ummmm. White girl… and tall… not my usual type… but I wanted that girl.

And I could tell I was very on as I was telling girls "I wanted to check you out…" Very much a "buyers" mindset and a bold thing to say. Ahhh, when you're in the right mood… feels really good to say that to a girl. And as I go over these notes… the feeling is still there. Great day.

So then #16… dishy, kind of sloppy Asian girl. Super tight, short skirt, and high wedges. Sexy as fuck, with a slow walk. But I was resisting her, thinking she was a little too sloppy and thick for what I normally like. We ended up going several blocks in the same direction… I'd pass her, because she walks pretty low, then check out some other girl or something, she'd get past me again, over and over, I'd always end up with a view of her ass as she walked, and I'd see her tugging that short skirt down every hundred yards, and her smooth but short legs… and that bouncy hair. She stopped in front a building and I opened. Long chat, went pretty well. But she was waiting for her friend, which turned out be a guy. She gave him a big hug, but I don't think they are lovers. I shook his hand, said hello. He was, of course, a little surprised and uncomfortable to find me hitting on his friend. But it got awkward so I didn't try to close her. Thinking about her now… I'd like to fuck that girl.

There was more, including the girl at my pool, after the daygame session was over. Indian girl. Not that hot, but watching her stretch in her bathing suit had me inspired. I said "hi" without even thinking about it. She loved it. She kept looking up at me as she was in the water and I was on the deck. She climbed out and we started talking. Nice chat. Talking about her muscle tone… I was pretty sexual right away. Ended with me talking about the sparkle in her eyes. The two of us, both wet, long-slow handshake as the lifeguards watched us hit on each other… she went off to the locker room and I put in my 1100 meters.

So… no date that day. And no SDL or insta-pull. Not even one lead in 19 girls… which is amazing, that's not easy to do!



But I was ready… even if the day didn't have anything substantial to offer other than practice and pride. I was feeling potent and powerful and the day was more than entertaining.

As much as anything… it's that feeling of saying, "I want more women in my life," and then committing to daygame, and then actually doing that work. Feels good. There is integrity there even when there is no new pussy. And feeling like I can "swing my dick" and show some integrity in my life feels like the man I want to be.

Yes to that.

Here are the sets of the day:

1. Indian girl, chatted, wouldn't give me her number

2. Hot Asian girl, with umbrella… awk

* Ran into Thai Girl… She looked messy, barely recognized her. Said hello and then split. No suggestion from either of us to see each other again. Good. I'd rather focus on new girls.

3. Hot, lovely, short Asian girl… Very hot, didn't really stop. Goddamn. Wow, this girl was so sexy.

* I ran into a Chinese girl that I took a lead from on another day this week… one of my two leads that week. She offered me her FB contact. There are some modelling photos of her on FB (hot and a bit intimidating), but in person she is cute, young, a little silly. Late for class. She was nervous-excited around me. I like our vibe. Trying to get her out.

4. Blowout, hand up, nod, kept walking

5. Super fem, nice girl. Wasn't in to it. Very charming. Wouldn't give me her number.

6. This is the Asian lesbian from the notes above… older, short, hot… Tried to #close, she has a GF. Ha

7. Lovely Thai girl, Berkeley student… Had a BF, goofy/cute

8. White girl, big green scarf… Little smile, didn't really stop. I think she was French.

9. Indian, great body. Hot set. Married. Very hot set.

10. Chinese girl… Art student. Bad skin. I was charming her, but let her go based on the skin. Feeling super on by this point… Married Indian woman put me in a great state.

11. Chinese, cute… Blowout

12. Sultry, slow-burn. Something hungry about her. Opened, smile. Asked if I knew her. She laughed walked off.

13. 5 ft tall, little, very cute. Top knot. Hurry. Asked if she was single. She is not. Great smile. Let her go.

14. Very tall white girl, short hair. 6 ft. Told her I came to check her out… In a hurry.

15. Cute, young white girl… Big smile, wouldn't stop. She said "I'm good" when I told her to stop. But her smile was awesome. Fun approach… but basically a blowout.

16. Super dishy Vietnamese MBA student in a tight skirt… Good talk, went well. Her friend showed up and I let her go.

17. Redhead white girl, followed her down to Muni. Blowout. Ahhh, sexy. I swear she knew I was following her and was excited about it.

18. White girl, great ass, hair out of her rain jacket… Not that into it… but very charming girl.

19. Short white girl, umbrella… Pouring rain. Smiled, wouldn't stop.

* Indian girl at the pool…

Wow. Good day.

See all those white girls??? You know I'm in a rare mood when I open this many white girls in one day. And three Indian girls. I've still never dated/kissed/fucked an Indian girl. On my list to try, for sure.

Viva daygame.

Date with a High School Girl | Older Guys, Young Girls, Game

Nash · 9 April 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Is it still and insta-date when you meetup with her an hour after you initially picked her up? We'll, whatever you call it, I had a date with a high school girl tonight.

I like saying that… Because it sounds so bad.

Think about it… A 44 year old man, approaching a nice Chinese girl on the street, a high schooler… And that man… has "dangerous" intentions. It's corrupt. It's sick and perverted. I love it. I am trying to cultivate my sick and perverted side.

Yes to being men, to our desires, to our dark sides, to our pursuit of young, fresh flesh. And yes to the girls that love us.

The date, was not that perverted… but it was a good experience. You can tell, I'm proud. Yet another date for me with a teenager. Not a big deal, actually. I am more excited about the "Golden Goose" of daygame than this particular "golden egg." But I like telling stories like this.

I have been saying I am going to have sex with a teenager soon. It's not my goal, not really, but I know it'll happen. It's days like today that make me certain that is true.

If the Daygame Gods are generous, or are trying to make a point, it'll be soon. If they want to make a different point… they will drag these young girls across my mouth a few more times, for a few more months perhaps, before I close my jaw on a girl that young, that… inexperienced.

The virgin. The teenager. This is part of what the Daygame Gods are teaching me. I'm not supposed to have access to these girls, but I do. A redpill lesson in a bluepill world. This is coming up over and over for me. A leitmotif in my education as a seducer.

And this particular girl is not that innocent. I told her so on the date.

Today… I wanted to test out some weekend daygame. I don't really like weekends for daygame. Maybe it's more "limiting belief" and superstition… But I think week days are better. Fewer couples, fewer girls out shopping as a group, fewer girls out with their boyfriends… more lone wolves on weekdays.

Meanwhile, my dear friend Natural is single. He is a little younger than me, but not much. He ended a LTR last Fall, and is talking about getting after some new pussy. I want that for him. I love the guy, and I want to see him kill it. He is the dude I call "Natural." You would think he was awesome, and he is… but he forgets sometimes.

Most men suck with girls. No diss. It's just true. But for men that are good with girls… forgetting you are good with women, or ever were, is common as a man gets older. This is what I see in the men around me.

Natural, is a very fucking cool guy. Probably cooler than me, in a few different ways. But… About 10 years ago, I started studying game. Natch' is no "Disney" simpleton, but he still has a lot of bluepill conditioning. Especially when he's single. He doubts his own swagger. He's fucked a lot of girls, but has had his ups/downs as he has transitioned from the dating hero he was in college and in his 20s (which was mostly hot social circle and environmental game) vs his "middle age," now that he is an corporate executive and doesn't always feel like a young, rowdy buck anymore.

When he is in the relationship… he is a beast. Savage and dominant. When he is just getting started… a little too "romantic comedy," not enough "shades of grey."

Ahhhh, I really feel for dudes going thru this period of life. That mix of feeling like you should be doing something (or someone) "age appropriate" and the trepidation that comes with feeling older… if not old. That's real.

I don't think you "power through" from your 20s to your 40s. I think you reinvent. Shed your skin and start over. I

happened to find game at 35… helped me make the quantum leap into sexual confidence as an older dude. It's not easy, but I've never felt better. My stats are better too.

Does a man feel more or less entitled to "younger, hotter, tighter" (YHT) as he moves into his 30s? His 40s? His 50s? And beyond. I could make an argument for both. Personally, being entitled to YHT… I really wasn't ready until now. I am more entitled now than I was 10 years ago.

While he might be working on his career almost every day in these years, most men are not dedicated to developing mastery with regard to stalking, snaring and banging pussy as they age. They're either married or "too busy." So they don't concentrate on this skillset… and it shows.

Yohami argues that as long as a guy is top of the hierarchy he'll swim in women. Yohami is not wrong. But we all know guys that are killing it, are warriors in the board room, but have zero swag when it comes to skirts, especially ones that don't work for them. They have tons of value, resources, social proof… but no entitlement. Particularly no entitlement when it comes to YHT.

And they end up with some miserable bitch that is all about caging him and his earning power. He becomes her "trophy husband," and even still she is bitter that it didn't happen to her at 25 (when she was too busy with her "career"). And they settle into a sickening yuppie couplehood of William Sonoma catalogs and expensive brunches with boring friends. And he knows it sucks… but he's glad he's not alone, trying to be the "40 yr old guy in the club" or whatever.

For some men, chasing tail might be seen as a younger man's game. But is it?

And what good is the cash, the beefy 401k and the new Tesla when you're horny and alone? The penthouse apartment without the Penthouse centerfold… is empty… even if the wine cellar is full.

I have been on some really nice, high-end vacations… and believe me, the hot girls are not there. It's old rich dudes, married couples, and boredom. Maybe you hit on your waitress… because that's all the game you've got.

The success that comes for some men as they age can be a trap of "sophistication" and self-deluded bullshit. Expensive cigars that serve as girl-repellant or bait for gold diggers. A golden cage.

> All the guys
> That really have the money
> Are too old
> To have a good time with it
> — Pornos for Pyros

Game is the key.

Game is knowing how to put all those resources into play in a way that works, where you play and don't get played. We know we don't even need to offer resources… if we're not looking for a wifey, we don't sell the steak… we sell the "sizzle."

And the truth is it is not an either/or choice. I have gotten infinitely better with women, and have fattened up my wallet, as I've moved into my mid-40s.

So I want Natural to see that. I have been coaxing and taunting him with stories of meeting girls. He knows I fucked a 23, a 24 and a 26 year old girl in Japan. And that I had a 19 year old at Starbucks, two days after I'd made out with a 20 year old in almost the same seats.

He knows me, and he knows I'm not lying. And he knows I couldn't do this 10 years ago.

The difference is game. Inner and outer. But game.

At 40+, how many young girls is he going to snare via online dating?? Not many. And he's cool and good looking,

more naturally masculine than me… he just needs a "delivery vehicle" for all that value. And daygame… is one hell of a delivery opportunity. Take your show to the sidewalk, drop it in front of some young skirt… and see how it goes.

So Sunday was mostly just for Natural. I was scouting in case he's ready to come out at some point. To really give it a go. And to be honest… I don't think he's going to do it. I don't know what he's going to do. More online. More failed social circle, in a social circle where the only single girls are busted 36+ year olds that are recently divorced or were never picked in the first place.

I know he wants a "24 year old" girl. A hot blonde, that's his type. He is the type of man that is actually ready for a girl like that. And he can meet that girl on the street. It's not easy. But I am proof you can get what you want if you work at it. I am no natural.

I assumed Sunday would suck. And I know every "PUA" with a 9-5 schedule thinks Sunday is a good day. Part of the sport of going out this time was that I was specifically going to look for PUA types… and it took about 30 minutes before I saw two, young guys, one broke off and chased down a moving 2-set of hot young girls. I liked his opening line… "Hi." Nicely done, kid.

Okay, well, the game of "spot the PUA" was already accomplished. Time to open some girls.

Opened a Chinese girl. She was very timid, and a bit awkward, but we had a nice chat. I let her go and she was shy but enthusiastic, and seemed surprised I didn't stay longer or try to get more from her. She wanted some more of the Nash… good warm up.

Then several other girls. It was fun. I was surprised. It was my favorite Sunday I think I've ever gamed here in the US.

But I left my bag at my gym, and it closes at 6 PM, so I had to quit around 5:30 and head over to get my computer before they lock the doors.

I had opened six girls at that point. Two of them I tried to take numbers from, but they weren't having it. Ahhhhh… one was a very cute, young Vietnamese art student. Damn. More cute than sexy, but a very beautiful young and tasty girl. Wow. Delicious.

Oh yeah — I almost forget — I also approached a 17 year old. We were in the mall. Go ahead and laugh… makes me laugh too.

She was tall, beautiful. Wow! Long perfect hair. Asian, of course, with dark skin. Socks up past her knees and a skirt. I didn't realize how old she was, but she passed me, I turned to go get her, then she turned back toward me. I did a little side-to-side dance as she got close to me, signaling I was trying to "block her path" without really doing that. And she got it, and stopped and I told her she caught my eye. And she really lit up. But her smile was full of braces on her teeth (which is actually a turn on for me… told you I was a sick, sick bastard), and that was a signal she was very young. "How old are you," I said quickly. "17." "Okay, well, I am totally hitting on you and you are much too young for me, so I'm going to let you go." She gave me an amazing smile. By "much too old," of course I mean six months or a year, or whatever it would take to make her legal. Whatever. Jailbait. Send her on her way.

I have said this before, but Krauser and Tom's stories about girls this young were bizarre to me even one year ago… and now… I know how normal it feels to be in the mix with girls this young. I will stay on this side of legal — for legal reasons — but I get that sex is not about "age appropriate." That is something faux-moralled men and middle-aged women talk about. If she's cool, and I'm cool… it's on… assuming she is over 18.

So back to the street. It was now about 5:30, and I was moving quickly toward my train… and I spotted this one. She was young, but I assumed 21-25. I really didn't think about it. She was wearing an outfit I know is a version of Chinese girl fashion. Mostly covered up, showing no skin. Jeans, a high-necked shirt, a light coat or sweater or something that came down past her waist. And then… new, colorful Nike hightop basketball shoes, a kind of retro design, 90s style sneaks. Totally different vibe than the rest of her look, but a nice accent to the outfit.

She turned into Macy's and I saw her go downstairs on the escalator… I went after her. I don't often follow girls into stores, but I did this time — for some reason I feel comfortable hitting on girls in this part of Macy's. Who knows why. So I tried to calm my vibe a bit, use my "indoor voice," and I opened her. And she stopped, and smiled, and it was on.

When she told me she was in highschool, I was surprised. So for the second time that day I asked "how old?," and she said 19. I nodded. Cool. She really didn't seem young at all.

She is from China. Going to HS in some small, northern California town… staying in this city for a couple of nights with a friend as part of her spring break.

I asked if the guy she was staying with was a BF, and she said no… but that she had a BF in China. I rolled my eyes and said that he was too far away to matter and she laughed.

It was her last night, so I invited her out for a drink. Again, just like Thursday, I had my place ready to go, and was open to a SDL. She didn't seem likely, but I was ready. She was unsure about the date, so I took her WeChat. I told her I had to go get my bag at my gym, but I would message her and if she wanted to, we could meet up. And I said that I know she's too young to drink, but I know a great hotel bar I can take her were we could sit and chat and that they have non-alcoholic drinks.

She smiled and seemed warm to the idea. Hmmm, same-day date. Cool.

I split. I was stoked. Nice Sunday, man! Hitting on cute young Asian girls, and two teenagers. Jesus.

Would Natural get this? Dude, seriously. You can do this, man. It's not easy. But I talked to eight girls before this day was over, and I would fuck any and all of them, and all of them were 15-25 years younger than me. Not a bad way to spend my afternoon.

As I arrived at my gym I messaged her:

> NASH: Hey. :]
> NASH: I stopped you because I liked your style, but now…
> NASH: It's your smile I remember.

She did have a nice smile.

> HER: But now what

Wow. See? This girl is not innocent. I wonder if that was a shit test? I don't think she has a lot of sexual experience, but she is mature.

> NASH: Now… meet me for a drink.
> NASH: *I sent the address*
> NASH: Put that in your phone
> HER: I am still thinking haha

I tried to comfort her a bit…

> NASH: It's a fancy hotel, very nice, clean, comfortable.
> NASH: Great drinks, no alcohol.
> HER: Just yourself and me?
> NASH: Yes, a chance to chat.
> NASH: And a little bit of adventure for you before you leave
> HER: Adventure? ?

> NASH: It's a very public place, well lit, lots of other people…
> NASH: We'll both be safe and happy.
> HER: Um…

By then I had my bag and was back in that part of town. My plan for the night was to work a bit, and then have food/drinks at this dive bar I love… maybe read the rest of Krauser's Adventure Sex (I am almost done with that).

She had gone kind of silent, and I was on my way to get a cup of tea and get started on my original plan.

Meanwhile… another girl. Very cute, also Chinese. I was in a great mood so I opened her.

This girl was a great interaction too. As it was my 5th day that week running daygame, I was feeling solid and comfortable. She was the 8th girl of the day, and all of them stopped and opened. This one, opened very well. We talked about where she is from and she said "NE China" and I guessed Dalian and I was right and she couldn't believe it. Yes, I am becoming an expert in Chinese girls… but that happens to be where Miss Thick is from, so it was on my mind. Lucky guess.

And yet… my knowledge of Chinese geography increases… one hot girl at a time.

So I decided this girl was a better option than my 19 year old HS girl — I was ready to trade-up for a more likely deal. So I invited her to come with me to the same hotel. Game-time decision, felt good. She was into the interaction, but was shy about an insta-date. I took her number instead.

Awesome.

I had just pivoted from one hot little girl to another, ready to swap them as needed depending on who was ripe and ready. I was completely "high" at this point… loving daygame, having a great time.

So the new Dalian girl wasn't into the i-date. If I didn't hear from Miss HS, I'd just get some work done before beer:30.

Meanwhile, after 20 minutes…. Miss High School came back online. Here we go:

> HER: Sorry, I am walking and didn't saw the message.
> HER: I feel so tired today. I was glad to know you.
> NASH: I am back from the gym and have my computer that I needed…
> NASH: Come meet me for a quick drink.
> NASH: Easy. We can be done by 7 if you like.
> HER: Okay that's sounds good

It was on. A little encouragement and she was in. Very similar to my date w/ Miss Korea last Fall.

Met her at the front door of the hotel, doormen held the doors for us as we walked inside. Took the elevator up to the floor with the bar… ordered some drinks.

It was a little stiff at first, but she loosened up.

Compared to her mood when I picked her up, she was less sweet as we sat, showing a lot of irritation in her face — not at me, just in general, as she told stories. Only child. A bit "business-y." I called out the facial expressions and told her I think she is impatient, and she smiled. She is impatient, but she was clearly attracted to me and having a good time.

She is no virgin. I asked, and she and her BF back in China have had sex. I asked if she dated any boys at her HS, and she said no… "they are like children. My man is older than me." He is 21. I love that she called him "my man." Made me laugh.

Date was pretty dry, actually. I did a lot of cold reading on her, and simple reading her expressions, and we got

along fine. Barely any touching. No real slow/sexy vibe. She's cute, and young, but really does seem more like a slightly jaded 24 year old. Her parents work a lot, lots of business in her family, and she will join them once she's done with school. All that makes sense.

Her ears are pieced a few times along the earlobe. I cold-read that as a bit "rebellious" and she agreed. She is planning on getting some tattoos, but doesn't have any yet.

Businessy. Cold. Slightly alternative. Not the version of Asian girl I like. And the novelty of her being 19 was wearing off quickly. I like both the 28 year olds I'm seeing better than her. Extreme youth is not everything.

As we took the elevator back down to the street I tried to kiss her. She seemed shocked, and not in a hot way. I laughed, acted like it was no big deal, and she calmed down immediately.

So I asked if she wanted to get something to eat, but I knew we were done. She said no thanks. We shook hands and split.

I went off to that bar… some super drunk girl from out of town trying to chat me up as I started typing this report out on my phone.

I had a whiskey. It was delicious.

That night I went to message her to say thanks… and I got a weird notification I'd never seen on WeChat. It said that she was requesting a "verification" before I could message her. I pressed the link and got a notification back pretty quickly… it wasn't a message, just a notification that flashed across the screen… I couldn't read it all, but it said something like "Sorry, but my boyfriend…" and then the message was gone and I had our chat from earlier that day on the screen with that note saying I need to be "verified."

I think I got "unfriended." The WeChat version of that. I think she told her BF she had a date with an older white American guy, he responded with "WTF!," and she unfriended me. Ha. Cool. Good experience, all the same.

Having been on several dates now with very young girls, I think they are less solid than girls that are a little more mature. It's like their young age is an extra "logistical issue" that will make the dates a little less real, a little more random. I'm sure they are fuckable… but their extreme youth adds friction to the seduction. I don't think it's me… I'm perfectly ready to fuck these girls. I think it's them… they're just… really fucking young.

It's a matter of time before I get good at handling that "youthful chaos" and/or I find one that wants what I am selling enough to make herself a little more available than the ones so far.

No big deal. I am very happy with "older" girls in the early-/mid-20s. Siren and Miss Thick are 28, and they are really fucking amazing girls to be dating. Very excited about both of them. They are way cooler, and arguably hotter, than this teenager.

But I will have a teenager in a state of undress soon enough. The writing is on the wall. And soon enough, her panties will be on the floor.

We'll see.

Viva daygame.

Sex with Miss Thick, +1 Daygame

Nash · 16 April 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Ahhhh, +1 daygame. My 8th daygame lay in as many months. Great experience, I like her.

Miss Thick is the first new girl I've had sex with since I've been back from Japan (that's two months). I've dated a bit, and have been getting laid regularly with Siren (which has been a fantastic relationship, she is wonderful), but no new girls in my bed. Now, I'm back on track in terms of continuing to meet, date, and crucially… spend some naked-time with lovely, interesting, young girls.

Miss Thick was one of four leads from my day out with Pancake a little over three weeks ago. I liked her enough to pick her up at the time, but liked her more as we started to text. She surprised me.

First date, art museum, was excellent. She is a fascinating girl and a proper artist. I'm genuinely impressed with her skill, her knowledge, the depth of her artistic vein.

I call her Miss Thick because she is tall (almost as tall as me) and not what I would call skinny. On our first date, I was very into her ripe ass and what looked like C-boobs. She's Chinese. About 28, let's say. Unusual size and shape for a Chinese girl, and not my usual type, but I have been very into her. I still am.

2nd date was a quick dinner, she wouldn't come home with me, but wanted more time post-dinner so we had tea. Light kiss that night. I blushed when I kissed her… that surprised me also. Another light kiss as I dropped her off at the train. I was excited about her.

She's has mostly been an enthusiastic "yes" since the opening texts… but this is the same girl that I talked about in a recent post that said:

> HER: Sorry I don't think we should date anymore

That came out of nowhere, but I was oddly calm about the whole thing.

> NASH: I'm not sure what is going on with you today… but we have already had a good time together
> HER: We had a good time, that's why I choose to control my feelings…
> HER: I don't want any kind of relationship right now

Hmmmm. Again, I felt like we were on, but for some reason I didn't panic at this from her.

> NASH: We are both cool people…
> NASH: Neither of us need to push for any kind of relationship
> NASH: I still want to see you
> NASH: I'll say hi next week
> HER: Great, maybe I have too much pressure right now
> HER: I like you, dangerous guy
> NASH: Okay, that sounds about right.
> NASH: I'll check in after a while… go do your thing, we're in no rush
> NASH: I like you too, creative girl

This ^ is the short version of this conversation (I mentioned some of it in a previous post), but it's a part of the story of her and I.

And I like this part of the story. I remember having a whiskey that night also feeling like there was something significant about what went on with her/me via WeChat that day.

And I am often wrong. And I often take an “L,” as my young cousin would say. But that day… I had a feeling it was still very on with that girl. And that I handled her just right, and that soon, I would write a post like I’m writing now… talking about how I had sex with her, and recovered from where we were that day.

This may be the most meaningful part of this post. The comments I wrote her that day, the fact that I didn’t panic (not in her eyes or mine), that I assumed she was only freaking out a little, and that I could rein her back into the dance… I could not do this a year ago.

This was the real “game” of this seduction. She has been a “yes,” the whole time. This little bump in our relationship was some general girl nonsense, an anemic attempt to keep me out of her panties, or a serious shit-test. Regardless of what it meant to her, it was my chance to blow myself out. Or give up via premature ejection. But I did not. I was over that hurdle. I am tempted to say this was “good game.”

I rolled off for almost a week… I wasn’t feeling needy and it was easy to give our situation some space. And then we started chatting again. She was back to normal. A happy, fun, friendly, interesting girl. And into me. I had fully recovered.

So that earned me the 3rd date. And she was committed to seeing a movie. She was baiting me to get involved, in that classic feminine way, where she asks questions, but never says what she means.

> NASH: When are you free this week?
> NASH: Tuesday night?
> HER: Monday night, so I’m going to cinema

All of this was right after my date with the teenager, a week ago, last Sunday night. I was writing about that date while I sat at one of my favorite dive bars, an IPA in my left hand and a Jim Beam rocks in my right. And texting Miss Thick on WeChat.

She has been very “yes,” but in this case, she had a plan and was determined to do it. So I didn’t wait for an invite, I coopted her movie plan:

> NASH: What time should we meet tomorrow?
> HER: Anytime

And then, the movie. I bought tickets online, but she had drinks waiting for me at the theatre. I like that.

And she wore a skirt… and I could barely concentrate for that film. Her thighs in my view, more compelling than the screen, wanting to touch her the whole time.

I would never take a new date to a movie, but like I said, she was basically telling me that if I wanted to see her, it was movie night… so I played the hand I was dealt. Film was great. Touched her a tiny bit, but mostly just watched the film.

After… took her via Uber to a fancy pizza place, grabbed food, then another Uber to my place. There was a slightly funny look in her eyes as I told her we were going to my place, but she agreed.

It was her first time at my house. Dinner, standing up, at my counter top. Cats were awesome, she liked them.

After dinner, talked art. My sticker collection. It was getting late, so I went for a proper kiss and she didn’t really dive in.

We were not really in a very seductive mood. I am listening to Yohami’s instruction that I shouldn’t really be trying to kiss girls that aren’t ready to be kissed (my paraphrase of his guidance). But I still think this is its own kind of communication. That my trying to kiss her, even when she isn’t really turned on, is part of how we start that process. I don’t think it’s weird at all.

Anyway… a few minutes later, another pass at the kiss and it was on. And it was hot. Pretty hot, anyway.

She had to go. Had plans to see a classmate later that night. But at the door I kissed her some more, and I pinned her arms against the wall and she started to moan.

I'm going to say it again… she moaned when I pinned her arms against the wall. This is what she wants.

Oh. A girl that likes to be pinned down. What are the chances?? Of course I'm not surprised.

And Siren and I had an unusually forceful session on Friday night. We had had some delicious sex before dinner, awesome. Then a nice dinner. Then home, and I wasn't sure if I would fuck her, and I didn't. But as I was making out, she was clearly turned on, and we ended up in some very dominant kissing, me pinning her head to the bed, using a fistful of her hair to hold her mouth in place as I got aggressive and shoved my tongue in her mouth. I ate her pussy, but via candle light, dragging her pretty ass to the edge of the bed, candle on a stool next to me as I knelt on the floor… so I could see all my favorite parts. Hot and medieval. I ended up jerking off and coming in her mouth. The whole scene was rough (mostly symbolically), but very hot.

Yeah… lots of girls that like to be pinned down. There is nothing new in the world.

So this week, lots of back and forth with Miss Thick via WeChat. Some mix of me talking too much (Yohami is right, I talk too much), me giving her too much validation (which is fine, because she likes me), and then, mixing in some playful "push" too keep from fucking the whole thing up.

I was trying to get her out for today (Sunday), and she said she was busy.

> NASH: Are you free Sunday?
> HER: No, I have an appointment with Jane every Sunday.
> NASH: Okay… Monday, Tuesday? Let's make a plan.
> HER: Monday I'll go to a concert… not sure if it's too late when it ends

Again, she has been very into me. So I didn't feel like I was chasing her (other than I hadn't fucked her yet, and if you haven't fucked her yet, you're chasing to some degree). I felt like I was just handling logistics.

In response to her, I gave her three choices:

> NASH: Okay, some choices:
> NASH: Sunday… come see me before you see Miss Jane. Maybe lunch or tea.
> NASH: Or Monday late is okay with me…
> NASH: Or Tuesday… so we can have more time.

Now, talking about Sunday after all, she says:

> HER: My internship starts at 12, ends at 4:30. Do you want to meet me in the afternoon?
> NASH: Hmmm, I'll have to think about it…
> NASH: …
> NASH: Okay, yes.
> NASH: :]

She laughed, getting my joke.

Okay, we're set up. This would be the 4th date, and it has always felt on…

So today… I actually had another date for lunch, with a different girl… the Mongolia Mom. I met her on Friday. I went straight from that date to a café, and wrote about the Mom. And then from there to meet Miss Thick.

It was raining here in my city, and Miss Thick had dinner plans with “Jane,” as we know. So I suggested we get boba tea and go back to my house. She was a quick yes.

And that is simple, but decent game also. Always have a plan. Give her a clear and easy opportunity to say “yes.” Very basic, elementary stuff… but this is on my mind all the time.

I woke up this morning, cleaned up my place, and starting “leading.” I had three appointments this day, the Mom, Miss Thick, and then dinner with my very fucking cool cousin. So I woke up, and started leading… handling logistics for all three appointments. One after another, locking all those plans down. Removing chaos. This is the work of men. Basic, but can’t be said often enough.

> “But something that can never be learnt too thoroughly can never be said too often.”
> — Seneca

She offered to pick me up as she was driving to see Jane tonight. Really nice car. I think she’s from a wealthy family in China, but I haven’t asked about that much.

I gave her a quick kiss as I climbed into her car. She looked great. Low-cut top showing soft boob-flesh and I was very eager to get at that cleavage, but trying to keep my eyes “up” so I didn’t look over-eager. She definitely turns me on.

We grab our Taiwanese tea…. “Hong Kong” style, and head to my place. Cats were great again. Some boba. Some chat. Then I started kissing her.

We kissed a bit. Warm, but nothing red-hot.

She asked me if I have a thing for Asian girls. And I do, as we know. But I’m getting very good with this conversation at this point. I basically told her, yeah, but obviously not “every Asian girl,” as all Asian girls are different. The key to this is to turn the question around, ask her if she thinks all Asian girls are the same? Obviously she does not. And then I tell her that I like Asian girls, but even being a “hot Asian girl” isn’t enough, which is true… I clearly have a thing for Asian girls, but at the end of the day it is about chemistry. Always. Very congruent… because it’s true.

And I kept kissing her. And we started to warm up.

Moving the thick mane of her China-black hair, I started kissing the nape of her neck, and that got her going. I tried to take her to my room, and gave me the smallest bit of resistance. More neck. More kissing. Tried again… “let’s go,” and took her hand…

No problem.

My room. Pulled back the covers. She stared at me. Of course the sheets were recently changed, to wash the tracks of Siren out of my bed.

I gently pushed Miss Thick back onto the bed, and it was looking pretty on. She verbalizes something about “not being sure yet,” even though I didn’t ask any questions that could require a comment like that… and I kept looking for what she “likes.” Touching her. Not too eager. Not certain this was going to be about sex.

> HER: You’re a bad man

I loved hearing that. I am not really that “bad,” but I have been cultivating this frame with the girls I date. It’s at the level of a joke, sometimes, but a well-acted joke, and when I “drop into that role,” I get looks back from the girls like they are true believers. And I know it’s making their pussies wet.

“Give her more of what she likes, less of what she doesn’t like,” said some wise man (that may or may not be Yohami). So that’s what I did.

I was pulling her skirt down to suck on her hips, and she gave me a very tiny bit of resistance, so I went back to pinning her arms down, and got a great reaction. She loves that.

Full purr.

Again, that pinning her down. Sort of forcing things on her. I did the same move with the "fistful of hair," on each side of her head this time, holding her pretty face in place, giving her an evil-intense stare, and then pried her lips apart and kissed her like a solider from an invading army. Nasty bad, man shit. It was hot. Great reactions from her.

So then I reached up under her skirt and pulled her panties off… no trouble. I loved knowing that pussy was only a flimsy skirt away from the light of day.

Nipples out, purple… very sensitive. Very, very sensitive. So I pinned her down, sucked her nipples, and at this point I was sure sex was happening. She was loving it.

I thought:

> NASH: I'm going to put my cock in this girl.

So I dragged her to the edge of the bed, pried her legs apart, and ate her pussy like I like to do.

She was gooey-wet. "Snotty" wet, as Dante from The Black Philip show would say. I love that.

God, I love to eat pussy. I really do. And she was awesome. Untrimmed like so many Asian girls, which I like (I don't care if that's not the western standard). There was some version of resistance as I had my way between her thighs, but clearly just part of the sexual dance. I would grab both wrists and pull them under her thighs to keep her from squirming away. Each moment, she would relax into it more, until she was spread wide, twisting and moaning, digging her nails into my shoulders and desperately grabbing at my hair. Very enthusiastic and passionate. I climbed up her body after a while and gave her a big kiss — getting her juice all over her own mouth and lips.

I took my shirt off.

Back to her pussy… and after I had thoroughly enjoyed my snack, I walked to the cabinet and got one of the world's best condoms, tossed it on the bed next to her. I stared at her while I took off my pants. And then…

+ 1, daygame.

Great sex. Really great.

"Two pumps" into her, I had my notch (which is a ridiculous standard that I blame Krauser and John Bohi for establishing, the RSG standard). It's stupid, but those first two pumps are for ego and bragging rights only. Someday I will let that go… but as an intermediate guy, I'm still a notch hound. Of course it means more to me than that, but I can be distracted by that hurdle of officially taking the notch. Once it's mine, my ego backs off and I can relax.

And I did. I fucked her for 20 minutes or so, and really enjoyed every minute of it. It wasn't about glory at that point, it was about sensuality, and dirtiness, and her pleasure and mine. And seeing her ass spread as I hit her from behind. About finding our rhythm and about seeing how loud I could get her moan… pretty loud, but about 60% of what Siren has been giving me. My new downstairs neighbors can vouch for my game… I'm sure I've been waking them up here and there.

And she is thick. And in a delicious way, she earns her name. And her body is sensitive and wonderful. And it was a great lay.

And her lovely face, and big dark eyes… and that long black hair (it's very long), spilled across my fresh, white sheets… just gorgeous.

I took my time after sex. She wasn't sleeping over… dinner with Jane, afterall. But I wanted to make sure she knew I was genuinely interested in her post-coitus. I checked her out some… rolled her onto her belly and scratched the

backs of her thighs and spanked her full ass until she would jump and wimper. And then it was easy to be tender and affectionate with her, as well.

I like her.

But her dinner plans were pressing, so we got her up. No shower, she just put her clothes back on. I walked her downstairs, and the mood was light and felt good, connected, even though we really don't know each other that well.

I'm not used to sexing a girl that doesn't sleep over. The Nurse in Japan didn't sleep over. And the Firecracker didn't the first time (but did later on). But almost every other girl in the last year has spent the full night with me after sex, which I like very much, but this was fine too.

Better than fine.

I told her I was looking fwd to seeing her, and I am. She is fascinating girl, very interesting, and on top of that… delicious in bed. It was the first time for us sexually, and for me, it almost always gets better as I have an additional roll with a girl.

To be real… Friday with Siren was so good, so rich, so delicious, I do feel vaguely "bad" for dating not one, but two girls since then, and fucking this one. But… this is the path. I've made Siren no promises whatsoever. I'm a little conflicted, but I really want to learn.

I want to know women, not "a woman." I really believe you can't learn this game "one woman at a time." There are certain lessons that are only yours to take if you're running concurrent girls through your bed at the same time. Spinning plates. Managing abundance, and what that feeling does to your own state.

We smiled as I closed my front door.

And then… I went and had pizza and beer with my fucking cool cousin. And told him the story. And he gave me a comically critical look and a "golf clap," which is his way of being a dick. He is 18. I'm trying to give him the education I didn't get.

It was a great dinner. And a great night.

And then as I went to bed, I messaged her. I wanted to give her some post-sex validation. I really do want to give girls good experiences, and that includes post-sex emotional management.

> NASH: Sleep well and thank you for the tenderness

Some messages between us about dreams that are too sicky-sweet to share. And then:

> HER: Today I want to dream of you

Cheesy, but a great review. I'll take that as a happy girl.

I smoked a joint and sipped a whiskey on the couch and fell asleep.

Viva daygame.

“Morality is cowardice.” Nietzsche, Peterson, Krauser & Daygame

Nash · 26 April 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Here’s a little theory and philosophy for the day:

> “Morality is cowardice.”
> — Nietzsche

I am listening to a lecture by Jordan Peterson. This guy — and by that I mean Peterson, not Nietzsche — is on fire right now. An incredible example of a sophisticated thinker, deeply embedded in academia, and yet wielding truth like a sword as he helps to vanquish PC Culture.

As students of game, we might take interest in him because of his deep understanding of myths and archetypes (how we present ourselves as sex-worthy men). As well as his sane and accurate read of the role of biology in mating and dating (no Dorothy, men and women are not “equal”). From those disciplines and others, he often says things that remind me of game.

Let’s get back to the quote from Nietzsche:

> “What he meant by that was that, most of what people claim to be moral virtue, is merely their fear to do anything that they would actually like to do that society would deem inappropriate. Has nothing to do with morality whatsoever.”
> — Jordan Peterson

If you look, you can see bluepill guys and game denialists in that quote.

You can also see the would-be daygamer that won’t approach… because he can’t handle that people might actually see him do what he truly wants to be able to do.

Many men willfully deny the potential impact of game on a man’s mating and dating opportunities. Those men must deny the tools that game offers, because they lacks the courage to make those tools effective. As we know, awareness of the structure/possibilities of something like daygame is not enough…

You have to be willing to go out and face rejection. Here we are onto the aspect of “cowardice” in the Nietzsche quote.

For many men, their fragile egos cannot begin to (*eh-hem*) “approach” the kind of rejection a player must face. To avoid the pain of rejection, a man will cut himself off from the truth of game entirely. He (and his ego) are safer when he sticks to Disney’s rules for how a man ought to behave.

It’s no surprise that he is also quick jump on the anti-player bandwagon. Either through doubts about the tactics themselves. Or at a larger level, questioning the “morality” of game in general. This is the White Knight.

He moralizes game to be wrong and players to be “bad men.” And that is ironic… as we are “bad men,” but none of this is wrong at all. Depends on where you want to spend your time as a man in the sexual marketplace.

> “What they do is say, ‘I’m moral’, not ‘I’m cowardly.'”
> — Jordan Peterson

Affection, entertainment, and pussy (and other rewards of game) sound enticing… but rejection… “so painful”… must not get rejected, not ever!… so… game… hmmm… hmmm… hmmmmmmm… game is evil!… it’s bad!… that’s why I don’t do it! Yes. *whew* Yes, that’s it. Must respect women. Must not game! Game is bad!!!

(I feel like RSD Julian as I type this ^ parody… I can see him playing the "moral man" for lolz.)

"Good men" avoid game because it's bad. But as the Nietzsche quote illustrates, there is a lot of rationale there that is in place to help a man avoid looking at his own cowardice. His false-morality is at work to protect him from rejection. And to relieve him of the burden of work required of the player's journey.

I'll make this personal, and talk about my interest in very young girls… 18+. I couldn't believe it, for years, as Tom and Krauser had stories of girls in that age group. I've mentioned this a lot as I get more experience with that demographic. And I had a lot of rationale for why "those girls were too young for me" over the last year (although it's fading away). I have even judged Tom and Krauser, at some level, something like thinking of them as being "bad predators." And there was certainly some cowardice in my attitude.

I still feel that cowardice on the streets sometimes… as I weasel out of sets… but I no longer think of this as having anything to do with morality.

Back to daygame… Krauser has a different angle on morality:

> "Almost every daygamer wants to be the Nice Guy. He's absorbed too many Disney fairytales and has turned to daygame to get the Good Girls and not those Nightclub Sluts. He's kidding himself. The sexual market rules are always in effect. So drop your Disney fantasy. Daygame is dirty and animalistic."
> — Krauser

That's right. Thank you, Krauser… once again. Daygame is dirty. The false-morality of cowardice again, the false-nobility, has no place to hide in our "dirty" understanding of the sexual marketplace.

Certainly, some aspects of game can be applied to tame, bluepill courtship and relationships… I did that myself. And yet there is clearly something to embrace in what Krauser is saying. We know how the sausage is made. The bad men of game know it is dirty, indeed.

"The dirty" isn't an unpleasant cast-off of an otherwise "clean" process. The dirty isn't a distasteful side dish. It's the main course, in many ways.

What do women want?

Very often, what we find is that "bad men" are the best seducers. The best. Bad men aren't on the moral fringes of the marketplace, they are on the throne, in the center.

One reason for that is that women want bad, dangerous men.

Meanwhile bluepill rhetoric plays on about the nice guy. The RomCom caricature of a man. This isn't just about a natural percentage of beta's in the population, it's about explicit instructions from the culture to be more "nice"… which is to be more beta, in many ways.

> "The insistence that the highest moral virtue for a modern man is harmlessness. Which is absurd. Women don't even like harmless men, they hate them. They like to claw them apart."
> — Jordan Peterson

Some of these quotes from Peterson are from a different lecture, but the overall theme is retained… there is a relationship between the cultural message of the neutered nice guy and the common occurrence of moral cowardice in men.

And that line about women hating harmless men is a great comment about the psychology of women. Peterson, very much on point.

> "What women want are dangerous men who are civilized. And they want to help civilize them. That's Beauty

> and the Beast."
> — Jordan Peterson

I first heard this line of thinking from Lance Mason, years ago, in his Zero Drama Dating product (one of the best products I've ever studied). Both Lance Mason and Peterson are talking about romance novels and female psychology.

And they are right. It's part of my current relationship to seduction that I train each girl to see me as bad and dangerous… in a pleasing way. That's the mix of dangerous and civilized. Or what I was talking about a lot when I was in Japan — "comfortable, yes, yes, but also exciting."

So again… this "moral" man, the "nice guy," we know he is off-track. Not only does his cowardice hold him back in the sense of entitlement, from approaching, from escalating, but his morality is a failed strategy itself. Make no mistake, the White Knights are horny, and their morality is in fact a type of sexual strategy, but a misguided and impotent one.

> "The structure of Beauty and the Beast… that the female pornographic fantasy was: Wild guy, somewhat careless about the wants and desires of others, attractive to everyone (therefore high status), tamed by the magic of a single women and brought into a relationship with her."
> — Jordan Peterson

"Wild guy." Yes. "Careless about the wants and desires of others." That is a great line.

That carelessness is the part that stands out for me. That is one part "social freedom" and one part "stealing another guys lunch" (another Krauser-ism). That "not caring" is part of what the nice guy misses in his analysis of his role as a man. He thinks his constant-care, the "morality on his sleeve" is viable strategy with women. He confuses that nonsense with moral superiority… the poor fool.

Peterson's is correct above when he says, "Women don't even like harmless men, they hate them. They like to claw them apart." We see this more in nightgame than daygame. In nightgame, girls will brutally reject the "too nice" man that somehow manages to try on an approach. In daygame the rejection of the nice guy is more subdued… she just won't stop. She's just not interested. She not only won't return the ping text… she doesn't even remember reading it.

Where is that wildness? That courage which is the antithesis of cowardice. Where is the careless bad boy?

This next quote from Peterson was also from his talk about Nietzsche:

> "Part of the reason, for example, why people are so attracted to 'bad guy stories'… you know criminals and serial killers, and all those sorts of people… vampires and that whole destructive force… is because those characters aren't fearful. They are just what people would be like if they weren't afraid."
> — Jordan Peterson

Afraid.

This is what the nice guy can't face. He would be a player too, if he were not afraid. It is part of our thrill as men of game that we have conquered that fear in ourselves, or at least we can keep it bay while we hunt.

And part of what rocks a girl as you approach on the sidewalk is that you, Mighty Daygamer, are not afraid. And it shows. And she can feel it. You both know it, and that acknowledgment between you is hot.

She says, "Are you…?" And the look in your eyes says, "Damn right." And thus begins the magic the daygamer offers that girl.

So let's forget about the nice guy. She already has. Let's talk about us. Bad boys… and the player's lifestyle:

> "How do you turn that into a game that can be played in a sustainable manner across large stretches of time without disrupting your entire life."
> — Jordan Peterson

That is a great point. I am dealing with this a lot in my life right now. I talked about how I often stop masturbating, to give myself more "intent." And it works. Sheer libido makes me more focused on the street. But that super-charged intent makes it hard to focus on the rest of my life.

> "There is a tension between chasing women and accomplishing other things in life. For all their seductive pleasures, women are dream killers."
> — Krauser, Adventure Sex

That sounds a bit dramatic, but I feel this comment in my life. There is a danger that my focus on game will lead me off the path of my larger purpose. I have talked about being "out of balance" before, particularly when I was in Japan. I spent so much time on the street… looking for trouble.

> "Because that's what you're like. You're gonna need trouble."
> — Jordan Peterson

Yeah.

Here Peterson gives us a great metaphor of the appeal and essence of the chaos that is women, and chasing women, and that lifestyle. And the chaos in the life of a man that is busy spinning plates. He's not talking about our game in that quote, but "trouble" works well for what we're after.

He is right that as a player, I "need trouble." And I miss it when it's in short supply.

> "What I like doing the most: tracking, stalking and giving chase to prey."
> — Daygame in Shitsville

Daygame in Shitsville left this comment on my blog this month, and of course I loved it. Many daygamers will feel a hit when they read that line. Yes. Even a sniff of the spirit of his comment makes me want to hit the streets.

When I talk about tornadoes, and about the inherent "instability" that I cultivate when I try to work-up a proper Girl Tornado, I am talking about trouble. I'm so beyond false-morality, I'm actually hunting for trouble. When I'm frustrated, or envious of field reports like Roy Walker is giving us, it's because I want that kind of trouble.

> "If you're an adventurous sort of person and you like to cause trouble… you better figure out how to cause quite a lot of trouble within the confines of your life in a way that doesn't disrupt the entire structure."
> — Jordan Peterson

When Peterson says "doesn't disrupt the entire structure," he is not talking about game either (although, what a perfect story for our tribe). I think he is referring to the structure of your own life, which I talked about above. But let's take his comment and use it as a lens for the larger society for a moment.

The lack of men that will properly enter and commit to the fraternity of players and seducers will remain small.

I'll say that another way:

The "moral cowardice" of most men serves the greater civilization, as it keeps the total number of active players down to a reasonable percentage of the population.

Even if men didn't have other valid priorities, most men don't have the stones to do this… and never well. And consequently, most men will have zero-to-limited success in dating and mating. And marriage works as a counter-balance, to give them some public-cover for their lack of skill (each man gets a woman, often after she hits the wall… and even if she is getting some more on the side). She has her provider and she gets that little something "extra" from the player. And the player gets the lion's share of women… and women in their prime.

It's a careful balance of betas, women, and lions. That beta "morality" is part of the plan. A grand design.

Some of the more conservative men in the manosphere ask questions like: What if all men could run proper game? What would that mean for families? For stability? For our ability to focus and do the day-in, day-out work of keeping the ship afloat? How do we keep game from inspiring so much "trouble" it "disrupts the entire structure?"

Those are fair questions.

Our personal lives need good shepherding (and I know I have to keep an eye on that), but the grand design is eternally balanced. That ratio is in no danger of being upset by game.

Even in the years around 2005, as popularity of the book The Game started a wildfire that infected and inspired many us, this was still a narrow band of men. So many of us can trace our roots back to the stories of Mystery and Tyler Durden. And there was undoubtedly a wave of would-be courageous heroes inspired by that time… but it really had no impact on the larger culture. It's not supposed to.

As I work my way through my thoughts on this topic I realize it's clear I'm not at all upset at the "moral cowardice" of so many of my brothers. More for me, right? It's just another thing to "see." Part of the "real" education.

Most men will never get past their fear. I'm not judging them. In fact, I personally coach some friends of mine (and strangers, sometimes) to help them swallow the redpill and tease them into "the light." But the grand design will keep most men in the position of beta. It's better that way, for everyone involved.

> "There are precious few R-selected men in the world so they act as aggregators. Twenty women may each have only one indiscretion but they all happen with the same man."
> — Krauser

And Krauser brings us home. It's that grand design. I will post someday soon about my current formulation of the sexual marketplace… but it will be along the lines of what we've heard experienced men say before. And what Krauser is saying above.

While we players will need to be wise about how we balance the gluttony of our own pursuit with our greater purpose as men…. the overall grand design will be fine.

And the moral cowardice is fine, too, I suppose. Depends on what you want out of life.

Beta's will use "morality" to help insulate them from the pain of a lack of sexual access… and the completely opposite pain of rejection.

Women will use a dual mating strategy, secrecy, and social manipulation to make sure they have access to resources, are safe within what appears to be a respectable position in the tribe. These same "respectable" girls will fuck R- selected bad men like us on the side, to complete the 2nd goal of their strategy — which is good, thrilling sex.

And the player will binge on the opportunities that are created by his discipline, his courage and his applied knowledge of game.

It's perfect.

A bad man and a happy girl. Three is a crowd, and the overly "moral coward" need not apply. It's better that way.

Viva daygame.

Miss Good Smell | First Insta-Date in the US

Nash · 26 April 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Got my act together and went out to run some sets today. Interesting, but moody-vibe for me today. The whole day… kind of dreamy.

After I pushed my Nietzsche post live, Rauker and I chatted a bit last night via text. I invited him to come hunt with me today, but he had work. We set up a tentative plan to get some food and catch up… If not today, some other time.

I wanted to keep my evening open, as I had no commitments for the evening, and I wanted to leave the door open for some spontaneous action…

I am not putting in nearly as much work as I did in Japan, but I am somehow still surprised I don't have the "electric" sets I had there. None of the feeling like I could make out right off the open. No SDLs (and I had two in Japan)… Not even any insta-dates.

I have been in the mood several times since I've been back… out on the street, trying to pull, or get a date and then pull. I've tried to idate several times… no takers. I'm trying. And I had that highschool girl out about an hour after I picked her up… but that was more like a date, less like and idate. But I'm getting laid, so maybe I'm not trying as hard as I otherwise might.

As I left the house today, it was in a fuck-ready state: Clean and presentable. Setting myself up to feel proud of my place if I could bring a new girl back. It was comfortable and ready to be part of some fast-seduction. "Begin with the end in mind," as they say.

Today's opening approaches were okay and I was glad to be out on the street. Daygame in Shitsville's quote about "hunting prey" really was inspiring for me… I want that feeling. I put his quote in the Nietzsche post, and everytime I read it I wanted to run game.

So the forth girl of the day today was in front of the Apple store. This was the exact spot where I picked up my first daygame lay… So that corner has special meaning for me.

I saw her out of the corner of my eye and she fit the profile of what I like: Asian, great hair, small frame, relatively young, nice skin.

She was behind me, so I fooled around with my phone as the signal changed and I took another look at her: Hair almost to her waist, with nice soft curls/waves in it. It was parted down the middle, no bangs, so her face peeked out from behind that hair, like a kid peeking out through the curtains. She had light orange freckles… I love freckles on Asian girls. She was dressed in all black, a mix of subtle and sophisticated. Big dark sunglasses made her more mysterious.

I opened her on the other side of the side of the intersection and… She hooked.

She was older than I thought. No lines on her face, but as she is an Asian girl, she might be close to 30. And she was imperfect in other ways. But as I cracked through my projection of who she might be, and had a glimpse of who she really was… I liked her.

It was easy, sweet and comfortable between us, right away. Some homeless guy tried to join us, so I nudged her arm and got us walking.

I have a habit of walking around with a cup of tea as I comb the streets, but today I implemented an old habit of making myself do some approaches first… made myself earn it, like I used to when I was first starting. But as I had a nice set going, I invited her to join me.

And that, is how I got myself into my first insta-date here in the US. Another small milestone checked off…

Is that right? I think so. I have tried here — especially after I had so many idates in Tokyo — but have never had a "yes" before. Here it was.

Starbucks.

I gave her a couple of statements of intent (SOIs), telling her I thought she was cute. I went over the pickup with her… I told her what I thought as I first saw her, what I liked about her. In this case, it was the freckles.

She took it all very well. She was having a good time. There was the faintest bit of "doggy dinner bowl eyes" starting to happen… This girl likes me.

Fuck yeah, daygame. Flipping stones. Found a "yes" girl. Maybe. We'll see.

Then I took us back to the square to sit. Nice little chat about where she's from (Mongolia), why she is here (learning English), and some bits about her family and life back at home.

She's only been here a week. This happens more than you'd imagine… You're the guy she meets on her first week. Or the guy she meets just after she breaks up with her BF. Fate doesn't always work against you.

Good chat. And it was really on. This was reminding me of Japan after all.

She took some light touching. Me testing her arms to see if she had any muscles… She does not, she is soft and delicious. And then there was her smell…

She smelled great. It was her smell that chipped away at me and made me really like her. She wasn't wearing perfume (even though she usually does). I think some of it was her shampoo — I leaned in and smelled her hair, and it was nice, but not quite "it."

I think it was the smell of "her."

I'm not sure I notice this everytime, but I sometimes get sucked in by a girl's smell. Maybe this is pheromones, I don't know. Sometimes, I can literally taste her breath. That was true with Firecracker the day I fucked her. I told her so after the time. And it was true of the virgin I dated earlier this month as well.

Something about this girl's smell… Was like a direct hit on my senses. Ummm. I was now very into her.

And I wanted to kiss this her. Powerful-strong urge. She was wearing a nice shade of pink lipstick that looked great against her very-white skin, all of it in contrast to that long, dark, healthy hair and those orange freckles it's across her face.

It wasn't so much that she what the hottest girl I've talked to recently… it was more than she had the strongest "real-time" effect on me. Under 20 minutes and I was sold. Not just "maybe I'd fuck her," but that deep feeling, like yes, now, yes. Right now. It was like that.

I wanted her, but didn't say so. This was in part as Yohami has been yelling at me for "saying it" instead of just "doing it." Last year I would have told her "I want to kiss you right now." This time I didn't… I just stared at her in those moments and let the heat build up.

I told her I wanted to see her again, and we made a plan to hit the art museum on Friday… one of my standard first dates.

Anyway… Facebook close. I sent the invite from my phone. I told her it was great meeting her, and I stood up, she did too. I said "come here," and I gave her a hug. Kissed the top of her head. And I walked off.

It was a really great little date. I loved it.

And her smell… Ummm. That got me.

And yet… I wanted to get back to opening girls. I still feel a conflict on idates, where I feel like I'm "missing out." I picked up a little Chinese art girl last week, first set of the day… And I was afraid to idate her because I didn't want

it to take up the rest of my afternoon.

The idate Gambit: More investment with one girl means fewer leads from other girls.

As I write this… I think that's dumb. I am not getting that many leads per day. If the idate feels solid, I should take it. But that's all theory… As I said, I haven't had many girls say yes for the idate. Hmmm. Still trying to figure this out.

So I got back to it… But I was kind of worked from that idate. That connection had my "chemicals" scrambled. I did another set and then messaged Rauker, to see if he was available for dinner. He was. I did another couple of approaches and then gave up.

Rauker and I met up and I took him to this dirty bar I know with great food. I told him about the idate, and how I was sort of spent afterwards. That I couldn't really get myself to approach afterwards. That I was…

> RAUKER: "Complete."
> NASH: "Yeah… That's it."

Not like "you complete me…," none of that shit. But I was done for the day. I'd had my buzz. "Complete." Yeah, that's pretty close.

I had a couple of beers with the Rauk and went home.

As I got home, Good Smell had accepted the friend request. I had my chat thing off, but I commented on someone's post and perhaps she saw that in her feed because she started messaging me… I left them alone. Wanted to lean back. And I was working on some art.

I read them this morning:

> GOOD SMELL: Good evening Nash
> GOOD SMELL: Its Good Smell :)
> GOOD SMELL: This is my fb as u seen, and soo thank you for today ?

I replied today. A little bit of rapport, and then I said:

> NASH: Hey… Tomorrow is art day!
> NASH: Lets meet at 3 PM… At the train station.
> GOOD SMELL: Yeap
> GOOD SMELL: Caant waait ?

Feels pretty on.

I'll have the fuck nest all ready to go. Clean sheets… of course. The ones on the bed have Siren on them from Monday night. I already have the Cheesecake Trap set for tomorrow.

Art museum… Then a drink. If she doesn't drink alcohol, I'll invite her home. If that isn't a go, dinner… Then home. Or dinner, drink… And then home.

"Come home, goddammit!!"

We'll see.

Viva daygame.

Plausible Deniability | The Cheesecake Trap

Nash · 1 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Writing about this as a reference point, as I talk about “Cheesecake” in my posts quite often. Or the “Cheesecake Trap” — which is really the center of the concept here.

Cheesecake is bait… for a specific type of prey.

> NASH: Hey, do you like cheesecake?
> SOME GIRL: OMG… I like, totally love cheesecake!!!
> NASH: I’ve got some delicious cheesecake… and you can meet my cats. Let’s go.

This is often how I transition into the “leap of faith” to get a girl back to my place. It starts with a “Yes” to the cheesecake.

I started doing this when I was in Japan running game in 2014.

> NASH: “Come with me, we’ll have some cheesecake and I’ll show you my art…”

I would buy new cheesecake just about every day on that trip… And often end up throwing it away (it was three years ago, I didn’t get a laid a lot on that trip). There was this one week when my trash was full of ornately wrapped, fancily-boxed, uneaten Japanese cheesecake… couldn’t get those girls back to my place… But I was prepared.

When I came back from Japan, I brought my new routine home with me. I’ve used this a lot. It’s worked for me as an excuse to bring them home.

The cheesecake is not important. It’s the bait-trap mechanism that we want to focus on here. And more than that, it’s the psychology behind why we offer something like cheesecake instead of saying (for example), “Hey… let’s go to my place and fuck!” I’m sure that works sometimes, but it’s not recommended.

Here are some related stories:

A long time ago, I used to know this natural named Big Bear. Big Bear was a pussy magnet. To help him get girls home (when it wasn’t just about the cocaine…) he would say:

> BIG BEAR: “Hey, you want to see my fish??”

“Fish”… that was his cheesecake, his “bait.”

I didn’t understand this concept at the time. Especially for Big Bear. Girls wanted to fuck that guy. He didn’t need help getting laid. But this wasn’t for him. It was for them… it was an excuse for them.

Then, as I started to study game, Lance Mason would talk about his bait:

> LANCE MASON: “Hey… I want to play you this song on my guitar… Let’s go.”

And he would use the guitar/song as the excuse to get her back to his place… isolated… in the sex location. This is the point of the “trap.”

This is not “everything,” but it’s a piece of the puzzle. You don’t need bait… But if it helps you, go for it. I remember when guys were using Wii in 2012. Whatever works for you.

As Lance tells the story of doing this bait-trap thing when he was visiting NYC… He tells the girl he’s going to play her a song, just like he always does at home, and he had the girl back at his hotel, and the girl asks about the guitar

and he realized… there was no guitar. He didn't bring his guitar on that trip.

But the guitar didn't matter… He fucked her anyway.

It's not really about the bait, and you don't even need actual bait. It's about using an offer to help with isolation, and… it's about plausible deniability.

This whole mechanism is a play at plausible deniability. That is the point. The "cheesecake" is an excuse to come back to your place… So she has something non-slutty to tell her friends:

> SOME GIRL: Yeah… We just went back to his place for some cheesecake… But then one thing lead to another and… What was I supposed to do???!!
> HER FRIENDS: Oh! Totally!!! It was, like just desert… that's romantic! I would have done the same thing!
> THAT GIRL: Yeah! It was like that!!!
> HER FRIENDS: Totally. I would have fucked him too… Besides… OMG, Cheesecake!!!!!

Something like that.

I'm reading this excellent book and one of the ideas they push is:

Women don't like to take responsibility for… anything.

Plausible deniability is about giving her an excuse to come back to your place. If it was never "about sex," and sex happens… well, it certainly wasn't her fault. You know, that she knows, that you know, that she knows… it's not about the cheesecake.

Lance says the goal is to set her up to be able to tell her friends, "…it just happened? What was I supposed to do???" And then her friends go, "yeah, it totally wasn't your fault!" That is the point of plausible deniability. That is the best version I have ever heard of how it actually works in the context of the girls mind and her social standing.

> SOME GIRL: "He was so nice on the date, and we had so much in common, and he was showing me pictures of his cats… So he invited me back for some cheesecake… It wasn't even that late… And his cats were like sooooo cute… and he was showing me all his art and… It just happened?! What was I supposed to do???"

^ Nash gets a notch.

That's the idea.

And that's the theory behind the Cheesecake Trap. Or Bear's "fish tank." Or Lance's imaginary guitar on that trip to NYC.

I have some philosophical issues with this theory (none of them moral), but I still have this in my bag of tricks. Consistently. Clean house, fresh sheets, drink options, and… cheesecake. Or chocolate cake (which I actually prefer). Or in Japan this last time it was gelato (which kept longer than cheesecake).

As for it being field tested… I don't know, man.

I don't know that cheesecake or my trap have ever actually contributed to a lay in a real way. A girl wants to fuck you or she does not. You are either cool or you are not. Desert or fish or a ballad on your guitar will not change that. This is just an excuse. This is a "trick," but in no way are we really "tricking" the girl here. But this has probably helped me not fuck up an opportunity here or there… and that is a big part of game.

I still like a straight up, "I want to take you back to my place and makeout with you" type of transition, subtle as it is… but having a plan like "the trap" has definitely helped. Knowing my plan so well helps me to appear smooth and confident. More importantly, I *feel* confident and congruent, as I know how it's going to go.

Back to my story about my natural friend Big Bear… He would bring girls back to his place to see the fish… and he

didn't have any fish either.

> SOME GIRL: Yeah! He was like a totally nice guy… But it was getting late, and I like had to go, cause you know, I like always so yoga on Sundays, right? But he was like, 'You gotta check out my fish!' I was like, okaaaaayyy… And we get to his place, and he's like such a sweet guy… But he doesn't even have any fish!!! What a jerk, right?! And I was gonna leave, but he was like…. So sweet… And it was late… And it's like dangerous to drive late! So, you know… What was I supposed to do???
> HER FRIENDS: OMG, totally.

And Big Bear gets laid. Again. Ha.

The bait doesn't matters… It's about the story you enable her to tell her friends. And what she tells herself. This is about female psychology.

"What was I supposed to do???" Lance is right about that.

Anyway… For your extraction game, for your leap of faith, for your entre to full close… maybe think about how you can work some bait into your trap.

Viva daygame.

Doggy Dinner Bowl Look | First Date with Miss Good Smell

Nash · 2 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Okay, I think I officially have another Girl Tornado in effect. And I had my first date with Miss Good Smell, which is why the "Tornado Warning" is now official.

We have Siren and Miss Thick on rotation. This is the first time I've had two girls I really like, that like me, in a harem pattern. Sexing both of them, each week, for several weeks now. Solid. Awesome. Go daygame.

As for the rest of the tornado, the Mongolian Mom (haven't written about her yet) is actively texting with me, and we had a date set up for Thursday, but she cancelled last minute as her babysitter fell thru. Rescheduled for next week. That same night, I was trading messages after midnight with a 19 yr old daygame girl I'd picked up last week. And the cute little Chinese art student that had gone silent also responded to a ping text. She was very enthusiastic.

Unstable energy. The chaos of girls. Lots of leads. Anything could happen. This is what Tornado country looks like.

All of this set me up for my date with Miss Good Smell. This is the girl I insta-dated on Wednesday. She has been very lively via Facebook messages.

Druing our idate on last week, I suggested that I take her to the modern art museum. This is a standard date for me, I have taken many girls on this date at this point. She liked the idea, and was enthusiastic on text as we set up the logistics:

> GOOD SMELL: Caant waait

I posted up where she and I agreed to meet, and proof read my Cheesecake post that I was working on at the time.

I like having my head down in my phone as I wait for my dates. I did this all the time in Japan, as I wasn't always sure I'd recognize the girl and wanted her to come to me. And I don't really get nervous before a date, but the distraction of the post kept me out of my head. This is all part of my date routine.

I looked up and she was there. And she looked cute.

When I wrote about my idate with her, I talked about her smell. And the intoxicating effect of that smell. I mentioned how I didn't feel like running game after spending that time with her… I had been sucked into the vibe of she and I. We have good chemistry.

As she approached for the date, I had a shot of "okay, there she is, she's cute, but she's still a very normal girl." Imperfections and all. But then… then I got another hit of that chemistry. I felt glad to see her right away and we seemed very much to be where we'd left off on our idate.

But before the date even got started…

> NASH: I have one request…
> HER: Hehe tell me?

Ahhhh… See this? I am obviously about to ask for some compliance. Look at her response. She is embracing my request before she's even heard it. That is the vibe between us. But it's also her personality.

She is obviously into me. But beyond that, she is upbeat, happy and generous. These are the kinds of girls I want to be dating. She is a very likable girl.

> NASH: You said you like perfume? Yes?
> NASH: If so… Pls wear some.
> NASH: I love perfume.

> HER: Hehe okkay
> HER: No problem

Okay, cool.

This kind of request is a kind of gambit. Asking for something is only a good idea when you're going to get a positive reply, so there is a risk here. But if she does comply, you have the beginnings of a pattern of compliance.

You also have her investing. I was trying to do a bit of both in this instance.

A new friend of mine, I'll call him Mr Cigar (I met him on an RSD forum, we've been out hunting together once)… he and I were talking about how making a girl pay for dates can help to get her invested. I don't do that much. But that point about investment is worth some thought. Like all of us, when she works for something, the thing has more value to her. That's the general idea.

The perfume request is a type of compliance I do quite often. I do think there is a small risk to it. (One girl thought it was weird… but she did wear perfume on that date.)

I like this kind of compliance gambit. And it is a type of investment-play (like Tom Torero's routine where he tells the girl to bring him a present on the first date, but it has to be under 1£… he always brings her a Kinder egg).

For me, this routine has the added benefit that if she wears perfume, I can use that as an excuse to smell her neck or wrist or hair, etc. And I always take that as another chance to touch her and get up in her space, but also to give her some positive feedback about how great she smells — I really do love perfume.

So as Good Smell arrives the first thing I smell, again, is "her" smell. She did wear some perfume (it was wonderful, but subtle), but it's wasn't the perfume I could smell. It was her. And I get another big wave of intoxication from that smell. And I tell her so. And I'm touching her and telling her she smells great, and we're off to a good start.

This would be too much for some girls, but for she and I, it's great. She is attracted, I don't need a lot of "push" at this stage.

I lead her along the path I take from the train station to the museum. We're chatting and it's going well.

At the museum, and in line for tickets in the Members areas, the woman at the counter is looking something up on the computer, and I look down and see Miss Good Smell's hand. I slip my hand into hers, with no pretext, and she squeezes it and we hold hands. More easy, sweet compliance from her.

The museum was fantastic. I love that place. The current show is excellent.

My annual membership means I have a very inexpensive place to take girls (I can go as often as I want, and being a date each time). But I also love being there. And I become a little more of an expert each time I go. And it inspires me… I want to make art just thinking about that place.

As the our time at the museum got started, I wanted to kiss her right away. It was a strong feeling. But I did not do it.

At one point we were near the top floor, back in a corner, and I was looking for a place to slip her around a corner and make a move. The whole ideas was a turn on. I didn't do it, and I felt briefly like I'd lost some momentum.

Meanwhile, she was occasionally touching the paintings, which is not cool. I figured I'd let the guards yell at her (so I didn't have to), but she got away with it. At one point I told her she is likely to get busted if she keeps that up and I gave her a slight disapproving look and I think she took the hint.

But this transitioned us into the idea that she "sees" the world through touch. This is part of the puzzle of knowing her. She said she loves the feel of the canvas, and especially when the paint is thick on the surface.

I used this opportunity to tell her that it's obvious that I like to touch her — and I pawed her all over as I said that.

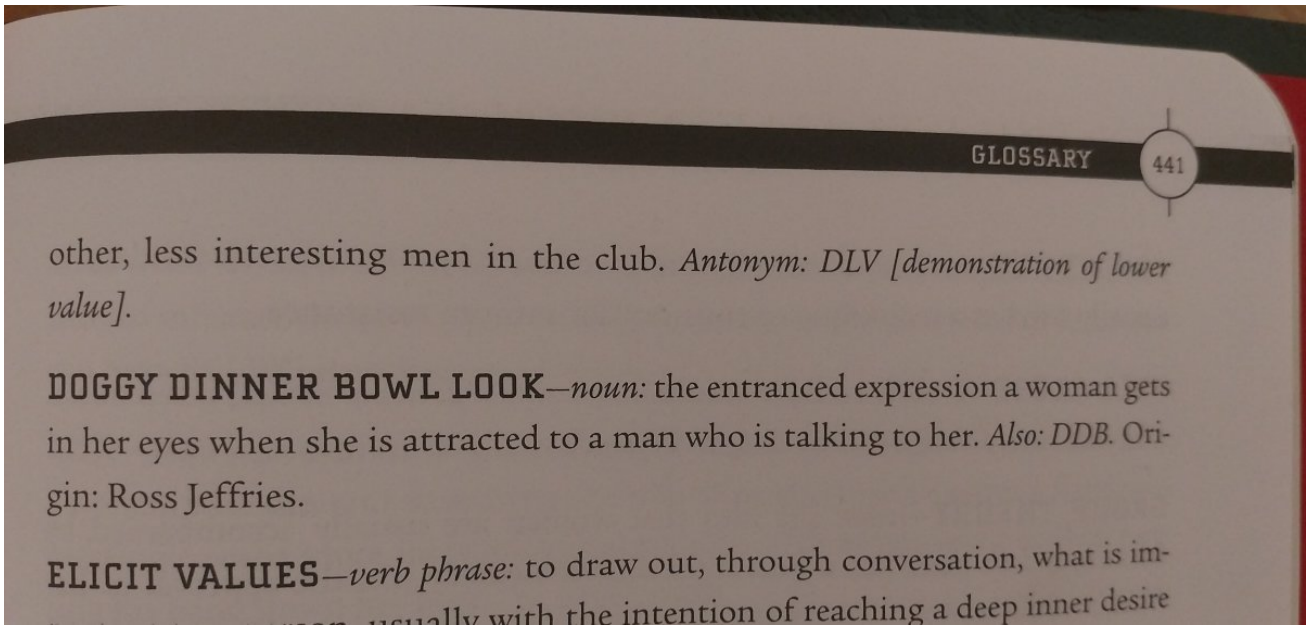
And that it's sexual (and I got a bit lecherous at that moment), but that I also come from a hands-on family, so even affectionate touch is normal for me. And then more touching her everywhere, but in a less lecherous way.

She was a mix of warm smiles and "doggy dinner bowl look" for all this touching.

Okay…

Now a brief detour into the concept of "doggy dinner bowl" eyes, and what it means when a girl is giving you that kind of look:

As I worked on this post, I thought I'd try to find a good original source for the concept of the Doggy Dinner Bowl Look (DDBL).


GLOSSARY 441

other, less interesting men in the club. *Antonym: DLV [demonstration of lower value].*

DOGGY DINNER BOWL LOOK—*noun:* the entranced expression a woman gets in her eyes when she is attracted to a man who is talking to her. *Also: DDB.* Origin: Ross Jeffries.

ELICIT VALUES—*verb phrase:* to draw out, through conversation, what is im-

usually with the intention of reaching a deep inner desire

^ From my personal copy of The Game.

For some reason, I think this topic is worth a few more moments of our time. And it was fun to do a little research on this for this post.

The DDBL is something I first came across (in The Game) about 10 years ago. And while my game was horribly amateurish and ineffective for years, I was able to spot that look right away as I began my education as a seducer. And aspiring players know what that look is, and know what it means… even if they don't know the term.

Here is something I found from a guy that calls himself YaReally in the comments on the Heartiste's blog:

> "PUAs call that "the doggy dinner bowl look". Where they look at you like you're just the most amazing thing they've ever seen in their lives, like a starving dog looks at you when you bring his dinner… you pretty much can't fuck up from here, she's decided you're 'the one'."
> — YaReally

That's about right. This can be a wonderful ego-boost when you see a girl going DDB on you. It's like a type of applause, like she is clapping for your game. To cite something else I wrote, you might see this look (in special cases) when she goes from being a "critic" to a "super fan" of your performance as a man.

And I see this a lot from girls that I'm dating more regularly. Siren gives me full DDB all the time (and she is one of those "special cases" where this can go on, date after date). My ex from years ago, a Korean girl (that I also called Siren, at the time), gave me DDB for years… and when she did it, it somehow made her more beautiful. Maybe she was enchanted, but when she would give me that look, I was under her spell as well. And Miss Thick is in this stage with me now.

> MISS THICK: It's really hard for me to focus on my homework
> MISS THICK: Keep thinking about you.

This is from WeChat after a recent date she and I had. I know her well enough to know that these are the words behind her own version of the DDB. This is that "near worship" quality, combined with a smile.

The point is to recognize the look. And I know from seeing this look from my various girlfriend-types, that this means it's "more than on." So if you see this in a new girl (and you will often get this look in the first minute), it's "more than on" and you can use that as a sign to get busy.

That girl there in the middle ^… she is doing DDB. The non-smiling version. It's a mix of resignation and adoration. She is not smiling, but she is a very happy girl. The non-smiling version of DDB is like "love-meets-agony." The smiling version is closer to "ecstatic."

Doggy Dinner Bowl eyes are about her being drunk on her own chemicals. This is what happens when you put a little bit of gasoline on the spark that a good cold-approach can inspire. This is about her body chemicals. And the rules of attraction.

> "Some girls hit the DDB really fast (a shy innocent girl who's dazzled by your cocky/funny stuff as soon as she meets you) and some take a while (a bitchy older cougar who tests you like a motherfucker over and over to see if you're congruent)"
> — YaReally

I could see some of this on our idate. Probably around the time during that initial date when I wanted to kiss her. I'm guessing she is relatively inexperienced (more on that later), and she might qualify for what YaReally is calling "shy/innocent" in his comment above.

> "Girls who DDB will usually start chasing you down from that point. They'll force their phone number on you, make excuses to meet up with you again…
> — YaReally

And this was definitely true. As I left her with the Facebook friend request after that idate, and she not only accepted, but initiated the first few comments. She initiated a few other chats since then… again, we have a happy girl on our hands here.

As one more point of reference on the doggy dinner bowl look, here is a great discussion from an RSD forum.

> "Hey folks, thought I would share the best example I've seen of the doggy dinner bowl look on video in a long time."
> — RSD commentor Rod

Okay… that's a pretty thorough treatment of DDBL. I think we can move on.

Back to the date…

When we left off, I was touching her everywhere and she gave me the DDBL. And I was talking about how she likes to touch things, and…

Without going into complete sex-talk, I asked her if she's been to a strip club before. It's surprising how many women have… and she has as well, but that's not her thing.

That lead us to a conversation about what kind of girls she would pick, if she were in a strip club. I role played this scenario where she and I were in a high-end club, in a private room, and she could pick any girl she wanted. I asked a bunch of qualifying questions and she came up with: A medium-sized girl, dark, short curly hair. Medium boobs. Curvy. She thinks a hot girl needs to be curvy, not too skinny.

Okay, cool.

As we had been talking about touching, I asked if she had her perfect stripper I front of her, would she touch her? And this was a fun game for both of us… as she was a bit shy about saying how she felt and I was enjoying making her feel shy.

I reminded her that this whole "fantasy" was about her being a very "touch-oriented" person (with her wanting to feel the canvases, etc.). This allowed me to walk the line between being the sick pervert I am and showing her greater mastery over social dynamics and other intellectual themes.

Great date so far.

Museum is about to close. I have been in this exact position before, several times. Yohami coached me on some date last Fall with a similar situation (I can't remember which) and I think his point was something like "you can just take her home." Maybe even skip the museum and go straight home. That wasn't in my reality at the time. It is now.

Now that the museum is closing and they are kicking us out, I know I'm going to give her a choice of a proper adult drink with alcohol or a tea. Both could be great.

But I also know that part of me wants to take her to this tea place that is close to the museum… and another part of me knows that taking her to the coffee place in my neighborhood is the right choice.

And the world slows down as I have these thoughts, and there is epic battle in my head… am I going to do the thing I used to do? Or the am I going to do the smart thing?

There is a lot of ^ this going on in my game right now.

There is a coffee place about 100 yards from my front door. It is a gay neighborhood, and a pretty gay coffee place, but so what. And I took Miss Thick there two weeks ago, and bounced her the 100 yards back to my place… and fucked her.

And it occurred to me then that I have never had a proper date there before. And how dumb that is of me. It's a cool place. And the logistics are unbeatable.

I have lived in this neighborhood for almost six years. Why did it take me so long to start using that place in my game? Really? Why?!

It's a sign of how much we train-wreck our own results. About how we sabotage ourselves. About how we create our own "tussle." Wow. How often do I do this in life? How much else about game and life am I incapable of seeing??

Anyway… so I make the offer — "drink or tea?" — and she says she thinks tea would be better. And I can see some light caution in her eyes. So I say… (want to guess what I say??)… I say:

> NASH: Okay, I'm going to take you to this great coffee place in my neighborhood…

Wow. Finally got that one right.

I didn't fuck her on this date… or that would have been in the title of the post. But the rest of the date was excellent, all the same.

We took the train to my gay neighborhood. We finished the talk about strippers at this point, and I moved on to asking if she has ever kissed a girl. She squirmed a bit, and said she didn't think that was a good question for a relationship like ours. So I said that, to me, that meant she HAD kissed a girl… and that it meant something to her… because she was dodging the question. I was right, she has kissed a girl. Her best friend. Close-mouthed, she said. But I could tell all this was hot for her… the conversation, if not that girl-kiss.

Good sexy vibe all the way to my neighborhood.

We got off the train and walked past all the boys that got their drinking started early on that particular Friday afternoon. All this is strange and unusual for a nice girl from Mongolia. And the coffee place was just past the madness and debauchery… and close to my house.

And we get tea, and I walked her outside to sit in the cool breeze of one of my neighbor's stoops. We sat and had a nice little chat.

This was a slow, almost awkward part of the date. Our first low moment. Some silence — which is rare for me, the King of Words. Chit chat. Getting to know each other. I learned some sad things about her. This was comfort and

connection. We talked about travel, family, why she was here in the US.

She is here to work on her English. But also to “learn about herself.” I like that about her.

And then…

> NASH: Hey, I want to take you to dinner
> NASH: I need to feed my cats first, come with me…

There is the bounce. I will do that move again, I’m sure.

She had a flash of caution, but she agreed.

My place, cats, they were great, as always.

A tour of the place. My art.

We are standing in the late afternoon sunlight in the room that is attached to my bedroom, each of us sipping some water from heavy glass cups, cats at our feet, we walk to the hall, I grab her arm, turn her around… and kiss her.

It’s mild, but good.

We walk to the kitchen… I put our glasses down, push her up against the counter, and kiss her some more. It’s hotter. I am turned on.

And now… this is the confession of the post:

I know I could have fucked her. I knew it then. But I didn’t do it.

Why?

I’m not certain.

I ended up taking her to dinner. We walked from my house, it was lovely.

And it was early, and I really did assume that we would have dinner, it would still be early, and a Friday night, and we would come back, she would be very comfortable as she’d already been in my place, and we would fuck.

That was my plan. But there is something in me that knows that I “should” have fucked her when I had the chance. What does “should” mean in this instance? I’m not sure.

I wanted to. I was not at all desperate, but I was horny. I did think it was likely we would fuck after dinner… but I know I sort of cockblocked myself here.

Hmmm. My confession. There you have it.

I should have a notch-story here, and I do not, and I truly believe I am the reason it didn’t happen (which is almost always true). And not because I’m shy. Or because I am afraid to pull the trigger. I did everything I needed to, except drag her to my bed… I’m still not sure why.

And with that out of the way… I did think that pouncing on her would have been a little too horny. There is some part of me that thinks I was being cool by trying to wait until after dinner, at least for our first fuck.

Maybe this is tussle… but it didn’t feel like it. I felt then (and I feel now) calm and confident about the whole thing. This wasn’t a fighty, gamey move on my part. I felt like… I wasn’t in a rush.

Was this bad game?? I don’t know.

Is this because I’d already fucked two other girls that week? I’m not sure.

I had kissed her. Many times. Grabbed her ass. Pulled her hair. Pinned her wrists to the wall of my hallway, and put my hand on her throat… all that. I wasn’t shy. I’m no LJBFs. I was a sexual threat, and she liked it.

And I'm still curious about this.

If I never fuck her I will be pissed off I cockblocked myself, and yet…

I'm not really disappointed I didn't fuck her that night.

And I still think it will happen. And that part of this was actual confidence.

Hmmm. Am I fooling myself?

We walked through the part together, at sunset, and had dinner at my favorite ramen spot… and it was great.

And after, I said… "Well, now I will give you two choices. You can come back to my place for desert…" — The Cheesecake Trap was set — "…or we can take you to your train."

And she said it was late (9 PM, Friday) and she should go.

So I walked her along to the train, kissed her again, held her hands and she did more DDBL, and I said I wanted to see her soon.

And then I walked away.

I went home, drank a whiskey and a beer, had a kind smoke, and passed out.

We have a 2nd date for tomorrow.

> YOHAMI: Congrats man, here comes another one.

We'll see.

Viva daygame.

The “Unapproachable” Korean Actress

Nash · 7 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Here is a story about an odd, but interesting date with a very beautiful girl. She is from Korea. I picked her up on Wednesday. Had her out on Thursday night.

I was out with my Russian friend. He was in the city, and wanted to see me run daygame. He’s a little older than me, but has pretty good game… He approached a few girls before we even met up. I like that about him.

We walked around, did some approaches, chatted about theory and broke down each of my sets so I could answer his questions and tell him what I am trying to do.

There she was… About 5’3″, great style, black pants, and some kind of shirt that was completely open in the back. Very cute face.

I’m still not certain about her age, but I would guess about 23-25 years old.

When I stopped her I was surprised how big her boobs were. High neck-ed, but sleeveless shirt. Silk. I assumed her bra was padded at the time. And other than where her shirt ties at the base of her neck, her back was wide open and on display. How do you hold up big boobs with no bra??

She was hot, but I wasn’t intimidated. I was a mix of hungry and curious about her. It felt like a normal approach to me, no big deal. However, I was “cold,” hadn’t warmed up yet, and my flow was stunted. I stuttered a bit. I was surprised she stayed in the exchange… Which is what I told my Russian friend afterwards as I told him what the approach meant to me.

It went like this:

I noticed you blah, blah, blah… And she kind of stared at me. I asked if she understood me… She said she didn’t speak English well, could I please speak slower? That was a better reaction than I was expecting after my weak approach.

I asked why she had no noticeable accent if she didn’t speak English? Why… because she is an actress. And she had an English speaking role before. Ahhh. Okay.

She was in this city for a few more days, so I took her number. She has a US phone while she’s here in California.

Then, and now, there is something a little mysterious about her.

She didn’t tell me her name when I introduced myself, and seemed to dodge the question. And as I took her number I asked again and she said, “You can call me, Jane.” Hmmm.

I said my goodbyes, rolled off and debriefed with the Russian. He thought it was a great set. I told him it was awkward. I was competent, but not smooth or powerful.

Last night, texting her. Went well.

> NASH: There was something a little mysterious about you today…
> NASH: Made me curious.
> NASH: And…
> NASH: You were also a bit charming.
> HER: Wait … a bit?? ?
> HER: What made you mysterious about me?

This was me baiting her into a conversation… and it worked.

> NASH: She is a little mysterious…
> NASH: Because she is on a long trip, by herself.
> NASH: That is a little bit brave…
> HER: Oh is she pretty?
> NASH: Is the Korean girl pretty???
> NASH: So so.
> NASH: :]

Do you see her reach for that "is she pretty" comment? That says a lot about her. It was fun to pull the rug out from under her with my "so so" response.

And I thought that comment was hysterical, but I wasn't sure if I would blow myself out… maybe it was too harsh?

She replied the next morning. No reaction to the "so so" line. And we exchanged messages back/forth until I got her to agree to come out for a drink… Even though she doesn't drink alcohol.

None of the girls I meet on the street drink. I had to double-down on my offer, and tell her I know a place with great non-alcohol drinks to get her to say yes. But my "non-alcoholic drink game" is getting tighter… I get a lot of practice.

We met near the train (same spot where I met Good Smell last Friday) and I took her to the fancy hotel bar for a virgin drink.

As she showed up, she looked… pretty fucking hot. She is a very beautiful girl. Not tall enough to be classically beautiful, but her face is near an "8." And she has a sex-kitten body, with big boobs and a great hip-to-waist ratio. She was dressed…

Sophisticated. Long patterned dress, up to her neck, belted at the waist. And open, flowy sleeves that I know from Japanese fashion. She's clearly another high-end girl. I didn't ask, but I am sure she comes from a wealthy family. She was charming, graceful, proper, and beautiful.

We walked toward the bar. As I started to run my game and get personable a with her, she would jerk her body away from me — physically pull away, just the top 1/2 of her body — whenever I would get even slightly into her personal space. I was assuming familiarity, but not making any kind of a move that would merit that reaction. When I would lean into her personal space even slightly, and she would quickly lean back away from me. And other than the quickness of that gesture, she was perfectly calm about it. Almost no change on her pretty face at all. And since I didn't freak out, she didn't either… But she was a bit jumpy about her body. At least at first.

In some ways, her jumpiness seemed like a shit test. Maybe because she was so calm. And she would watch me each time… Like the whole thing was some kind of experiment. But I am so used to girls being cautious on the street I had no reason to be alarmed. And yet… this was unusual for a date.

At the bar, on a couch, side by side. Her, in that great dress. I sat close to her, and she was perfectly happy about it. No caution from her at that point. She was having a good time. Big eyes. Smiling. Asking me questions… Even more than most girls do.

She was telling a story and I bought it back around to she and I, saying I like how we met. And she says, "I think you are brave." I riff on that for a second and she says:

HER: "…I am unapproachable."

Interesting, huh. I've heard guys say that about a girl, but never a girl say that about herself. She said most guys are afraid to approach her.

Her saying that is about her knowing that she is hot. And she is a very hot/beautiful girl. She is both hot and beautiful. Refined (her face, her poise, her style) and sexy (her body, her confidence).

Interesting to hear her call herself “unapproachable.” Never heard those words out of a girl’s mouth before.

She was almost cold/bitchy about it. She is exactly my type in many ways, but even I don’t think she is as hot as she thinks she is.

And as we talk a bit about sex, she leaned forward and said she is bisexual. She seemed to be showing off and I think she was expecting that to have more of an impact on me than it did. And what does that mean? Not much. She has never even kissed a girl… But she wants to, and has sexual dreams about girls. And she loves big boobs.

Despite all that jerking-away from me when we were on the street, she was easy to touch as we sat together. She had her arms folder across her body for much of the date, but a lot of that is her “properness.”

Her fingers were sticking out from those crossed arms and I reach down and held them, and she didn’t flinch at all. I could grab her bicep, no problem. Had my hand on her back much of the night. Etc.

After her bisexual thing, I walked thru the exact same stripper fantasy that I did with Good Smell six days ago. Those girls are looking for very different girls for their first same-sex hookup. Fun conversation. Both times.

And while I’m comparing them… the Actress is a full point higher than Good Smell. Not in the same ballpark. But I’m not sure who I like more. The Actress is much hotter on paper, and younger, but I’m not sure my cock would agree… And my cock is my CEO. He makes all the really important decisions.

We sipped our drinks and she was on some borderline conceited rant about her boobs, and I cut her off… I told her I don’t care about boobs (and I don’t), and that I am more interested in her neck… And I reached up and stroked it with the back of my finger and she took it smooth as silk.

The Actress has three tattoos. I could see one above her boot on her ankle, so I asked about it. She says she has a big flower on her belly. The tattoos surprised me. I could see her being too high-end for that, maybe even judgmental about tattoos… But she is not. Goes well perhaps with the bit of adventurous spirit in her.

It was like that.

And a bit after 7 PM, I asked if she was hungry. She said she was not. I said I was, and that she should come with me to my ramen spot. She could watch me eat. And have something if she was hungry. She agreed.

In the elevator, just she and I… she walks in, leans back against the wall… Totally seductive. She was looking one million percent tempting. So… I walked into her and made a move to kiss her.

I have done this exact move, in the same elevator, with so many girls. She gave me a big “no,” and then, “I’m sorry” and she touched me. I leaned back and laughed. And she immediately smiled, and gave me big, hot eyes, she was happy.

This move is okay. In a basic way, it communicates that I’m not the “gay best friend” type, and that this is a sexual date. Very often, the kiss lands later in the date… this one is just a type of communication. However, I don’t think any of the girls I’ve tried to kiss in this elevator have kissed me. It’s never worked.

And I’m going to quote Yohami here, from a recent exchange on this blog between he and Daygame in Shitsville.

> DAYGAME IN SHITSVILLE: Of course, she never replied to my messages a few days after
> DAYGAME IN SHITSVILLE: and I never heard from her again
> YOHAMI: …you pushing past the girls resistance point, aka making a move before she’s ready
> YOHAMI: And the expected result
> YOHAMI: You probably could have banged her that night or the following day by ramping it up.

I want to help translate Yohami here… Daygame in Shitsville was over-escalating. And yet Yohami is talking about “ramping it up.” I do not think Yohami means “be more aggressive.” That’s not his point… but I think I know where he is going.

Yohami… we need you to lay out your definition of a "ramp" more properly. I just combed my blog again, but I'm still using RSD Tyler's comments to help explain your concept. I quoted this before in my "How to Escalate" post.

> "Fun… up… and then, 'lets go!'
> "You only do that kind of thing if they are feeling amazing
> "You don't do it if they're not feeling amazing, don't do it
> "You only go for an escalation if they are going to say yes
> "I don't escalate when they're not going to say yes, why would I do that?"
> — RSD Tyler

So in Daygame in Shitsville's story, he tried to pull from a party, with a girl that seemed to like him, but she made him take her back when they are halfway to his house. And Yohami is saying, that's because he didn't have "a ramp" for that particular part of the seduction. I think that is what he is saying.

I get that from Yohami saying, "pushing past the girls resistance point." And in that elevator, I heard "no" because I was also pushing past her resistance point.

But Yohami's comment doesn't say how to escalate correctly. Yohami would say, "give her more of what she wants, less of what she doesn't want." But in an open situation like the elevator… and if you're trying to pace the overall seduction… what is a player supposed to do?

Tyler's comment is more explicit. Make her feel "amazing," then escalate. So maybe Daygame in Shitsville was supposed to build more buying temperature first before he tried to take her home? Get her more worked up. "Build a ramp" toward that part of the seduction?

> YOHAMI: That's what Im referring to when I say that you take the accelerator and let her have the brake, but then you **drive in a way she never has to use the brake**.

This is Yohami's accelerator/brake metaphor… but it's almost the same thing. And I LOVE THAT QUOTE. That is the #1 quote on my mind right now.

So back to my date and the elevator… she hit the brake. So I did something that made her do that. I see that.

That leaves me with two questions… 1.) Is there something I could have done there that would made the kiss happen? Or is that that wrong question? Maybe I should be asking, 2.) What should I do instead, because kissing girls at that moment is not working… how can I "drive better," to move the seduction along, but keep her foot off the brake??

I don't know.

To Tyler's point… maybe I just spike her first in some way, then kiss her.

But when Tyler asks "when they're not going to say yes, why would I do that?" I can answer that question:

I am using that move to set the tone. I do not like to wait until the end of the date to try to kiss a girl. I want to make sure I am communicating this is a sexual date, and moving us toward sex… even in a "two steps forward, one step back" kind of way. And I don't actually think that being rejected, briefly, in a situation like this, is a bad thing. The fact that I don't freak out at all, is another show of calibration and confidence and experience to the girl.

But I am still operating at a "basic" or "intermediately" level here, and I'd like to learn more… I'd like to get better. I don't want to make the same mistakes over and over and over. I'd like to know what the "advanced" thing to do is… but maybe my game isn't good enough for the advanced move right now?

Anyway…

Off to dinner, via the train. She is such a fancy girl, she looked out of place on public transportation. Like a

princess on a donkey.

We arrived, and I walked that princess past the crack heads at the train stop to my ramen place — which was perfect, as usual. We sat at the counter, ordered some food, and continued to chat and to get to know each other.

She is a proud, strong girl. Capable. Independent, as she is on a month-long trip by herself in California. And she is also a vain girl. Conceited. She can be shiny and sweet, and in a childish way, mostly, it seems, when you surprise her or dominate her.

I think (like most girls), this is what she needs. A dominant man. Someone that isn't overly impressed with her big tits and pretty face. Someone that isn't intimidated by her… and that might make her feel safe. I bet she is dying to meet that man.

When we talked about her perfume, she asked if I wear a scent, and I said no… That I don't even shower, that I smell bad, worse than a dog. She loved it. As we were talking about men, she said she likes a gentleman, and I said I wasn't like that at all, that I was bad, and mean, and rough. She said, "oh!," And her eyes sparkled.

Whenever I would push her away, or disqualify myself in some cocky way, she would light up… Which is to say… standard attraction works on her.

We talked about her body at some point. She has D-cup boobs, and has had them since she was 11. And she has great hips. And while she just had sex for the first time last year… She has been seen as sexual her whole life. And while she works it to her advantage… I don't think she has always been comfortable with her role in the sexual marketplace.

I think she likes the power her hotness provides her… but she is also quite bitter about it.

One of the key moments over dinner was again, about sex, when she said:

> HER: Men just want me for my body.

She was cold and defensive as she said it. I told her so.

As I called her out for being cold, she was a mix of defiant and sexy, and then her eyes sparkled, a flash of something young and childish again. She said I was right, and we actually connected some there. I could see the attraction. And she softened. And I pointed that softening out to her. I was reading her pretty well.

It is interesting how sexual she thinks she is, and how confident she is about how men see her, and how little sex she's actually had. This is inline with her bisexual comment, even though she's never touched a girl. She's putting on a front… But she believes it. Or acts like she does.

She is an actress, after all.

And this is a wild guess… But there might be sexual abuse there with this girl. Perhaps, something a little dark around her sexuality, perhaps when she was younger. She doesn't bait with you with sex (again, she assumes you are intimidated), but uses her appeal as part of her power.

I'm not certain.

Also: For some reason the idea of her Dad came up for me, probably because she never mentioned him. She said her younger sister is her best friend (and she is possessive about the sister), and that she and her mom and the sister are tight… No mention of Dad. And my internal radar went off about that topic, so I never brought it up.

Overall, I'd say the date was definitely going well, with that ongoing mix of coldness combined with genuine attraction.

But…

She has some kind of allergic reaction right now. Some lotion she used that gave her a strong allergic reaction. She even went to the hospital for it since she's been on this trip. And it makes her skin itch. Her arm was red, and she was reaching up the sleeve of her pretty dress during dinner to scratch it. And pat it. It was increasingly a problem and she was more and more distracted.

I paid the bill and moved us outside. I wasn't sure if the allergy meant the date was over. I didn't know.

But earlier in the date I learned that she loves ice cream. So, after dinner and outside… I was in the same situation I was in with Miss Good Smell last week. This time, I didn't give her any choices or suggest going home to her hotel. I said, "come have ice cream with me."

And she said no.

She apologized, but said her arm was making her crazy and she needed to get back to her hotel to take a pill (I assume an anti-histamine). She was not coming with me.

Okay. I told her to call herself a car and she did.

As the car arrived, I moved towards her to try to kiss her again. She made an alarmed type of reaction, pulled her head back, said something… But was immediately warm, big sparkly eyes and attracted again immediately after she rejected the kiss. I said "come here," and she said, "a kiss?!!!" And I said, "right here" and pointed to my cheek and she kissed me. Big smile from her. Then she was in the car, waving goodbye, and she was gone.

I walked to a local beer bar for a double IPA. I wrote most of this post while I caught that buzz. It reminded me of my post-date routine when I was in Japan… and my beer bar in Tokyo, a block away from my apartment.

I can say she had a very strong effect on me. She wound me up. I needed that beer to cool off after the date.

Two hours later:

> HER: I took a shower and took a pill
> HER: Thank you today and i am so sorry
> HER: I couldn't focus anything
> HER: Have a good night

I didn't reply until the next morning, and then something positive and a light tease. No response.

I figured she was gone. I know she is off to LA soon, and I assumed I was one night of entertainment and that was it.

I tried once more, 24 hours after the date, pinged her asking if she liked pancakes… I was going to see if I could set up a breakfast date. No response.

So I think that's it. Another daygame adventure. Another mysterious little sex-kitten fades into the night.

Good experience, all the same.

Viva daygame.

I Claim My Mongolian Flag, +1 Daygame

Nash · 9 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I had sex with Miss Good Smell on Saturday night. And again on Sunday morning. And I think she wanted it again before I kicked her out that afternoon… But twice in 12 hours was enough for this old man.

She was wonderful. Great girl. It was a very good experience for both of us.

Good Smell is the girl I insta-dated two weeks ago, and then had out for two more dates since then. I only wrote about the first date.

But this story begins with Siren, actually. She had been out of town for two weeks in LA. She pinged me almost every day she was gone. As she returned, I wanted to see her, and had time on Saturday… But was trying to bed Miss Good Smell, and that was my only free night that weekend… Saturday.

One difficult part of "success" in this game is that you get busy and it's hard to schedule dates… You run out of nights. I always try to schedule the girls I like most first, and fill in around those dates, and that's what I tried to do here.

While Siren was away I dated several girls and including Miss Thick. I am glad I kept busy. I really don't know if Siren saw anyone in LA, I don't know, but that is her business. We have no rules between us and I would never ask.

On the one hand, I wanted to make certain I wasn't clingy while she was gone. On the other hand, I wanted to take advantage of the free time to meet and date other girls. Those are often the same thing. But as she returned, I did want to see her. She is a my favorite, for many reasons.

I pinged Siren on Wednesday, and told her to come see me on Saturday night (one night after her return). She is very feminine in her communication and I really have to practice reading between the lines if I want to get the full meaning of where she is at. She is often indirect. Always sweet, but not always obvious. I like that about her.

In this case, she did not directly confirm. And since I know she is not a careless girl, I took that as a soft "no."

A feminine "no" is often only the absence of a "yes."

But I wasn't certain. Maybe she was planning on seeing me? As she returned from LA on Friday morning I reached out to see where she was at. I wanted to find a balance of keeping that time open for her, not being needy, and also not asking her to lead. Again, I sort of assumed she was a "soft no."

> NASH: And I have time to see you tomorrow, if you're free.
> NASH: But if you want to rest… Maybe next week is better?
> SIREN: … Maybe next week is better~. I feel sorry about that…

Okay. Well, while I was very ready to see The Siren (I miss that girl), I knew that Good Smell was in position for sex. And I wanted to capitalize on that. We had a lot of momentum. I like her, and wanted to move things along.

Since the idate, Miss Good Smell and I have had two other proper dates.

On the first date, I had her at my house, made out with her, and I assumed I could have fucked her then and there… But I did not.

On the second date (which I didn't write about), I took her to dinner, then suggested desert at my house. She was tired, but agreed. My house, ice cream, some cats, some music, and some making out.

I told her to grab the music and I dragged her to my room. In bed, full-on makeout. But she put all kinds of brakes on me getting her clothes off.

At one point she said:

> GOOD SMELL: I feel like I need to say something…

I smiled and stared at her.

> GOOD SMELL: I am a serious relationship person…

I just stared and smiled some more. And backed off the escalation. I expected more, but that was it.

Turned out to be a very long and hot makeout, but I could not get her pants off. I really tried. Had my hand down the back of her pants. I had a finger inside her, she moaned with approval, but it stopped there.

I pushed very hard for sex, but just the right amount. She had a great time, but was firm about that boundary. Good for her.

Yohami has been giving us some coaching on not creating resistance. I like that coaching and I want to explore that some more. I am calling that "advanced game" for now.

In this instance, I was not "expert" enough to keep my game away from her "no." I did create some resistance. I heard "no." But I did a good job at an "intermediate" handling of that resistance, testing her boundaries, but keeping that pressure in a happy place for both of us.

And when I talked about my failures from Japan, I pushed too hard on Jafrica and made her mad. That is one of the low-points of my game, and I'm not proud of that at all. I am in game to have good experiences and to give girls good experiences… In that case, I gave that girl a bad experience.

I this case, I pushed hard, but Good Smell had a very good time and was eager to see me again.

I learned from that mistake in Japan.

So I think that answers the question (for me) as to whether sex was an option on the first date with Good Smell. I think it was not, because it clearly was not an option on date number two.

And now we are back to date number three… This is how it went:

After Siren confirmed that she was not ready for a date upon her return home, I immediately started messaging Good Smell to set something up.

As I mentioned the weekend, she jumped in with this, unprompted:

> GOOD SMELL: And im thinking about to see you on sunday, what do u think, do u have any plan that already scheduled?

I have been doing a good job of leading with her, but she is excited. I was trying to ask her out for Saturday, but she beat me to it and suggested Sunday.

> NASH: I do have a plan on Sunday…
> NASH: What about Saturday night…
> NASH: Come see me!
> GOOD SMELL: Sadly, saturday i have a plan too..,
> NASH: That IS sad… If you can move it, come spend time with me.

I also offered her a Sunday morning date, but I am cutting out some of the back-and-forth of our text exchange.

> GOOD SMELL: Ummm lets see but i cant be sure
> GOOD SMELL: Sat night or sunday morning will may be depends on how much u wanna see me …..,

In response to this I told her that it was hard to put the answer into words… that she should come see me and look into my eyes to see how I felt about her. It was a long exchange, or I would post it. She was very positive to that, so I assumed the close.

> NASH: Be in SF at 7… Plan on staying over.
> GOOD SMELL: ? i will do my best, but cant say to make it at 7, can i be late ?

More cutesy texts between she and I… but it was on.

And notice how when a girl wants to see you… she can work out the details. It's not usually about the details. It's just about how much she likes you. The details come and go, like a smokescreen, depending on her interest and your game.

As I was confirming logistics the next day, she said she would be over at 10 or 11 PM.

The date would start at 10 PM? That surprised me.

By saying that, it was clear she was spending the night and expecting sex. No dinner. No proper date. Just coming over to get fucked and to sleep with me.

It's not that she doesn't like me. I am sure she does. This is more than a booty call. But the timing of her plan made it mostly about sex and the sleep over. And I was looking forward to both. But I don't have much experience with girls agreeing to (or suggesting) this kind of date. I'm still surprised. Siren did it once too, and it surprised me then as well.

I'm still bluepill enough to think that girls don't do this… that they expect dates. I had said 7… And assumed I'd cook for her. I wasn't sure if I'd try to have sex before or after dinner. She set this up late because she had plans with friends and came over after… I know better in my head, but this still caught me by surprise. I didn't show it.

She showed up, 11 PM, and looked cute. We had a little chat just inside my door. I took her to the kitchen. Shared some tea. Settled a bit. Put on some music, and I took her to the bedroom.

Her clothes came off easily this time. And I took my time, like I always do… a mix of affection and dominance. It was great. We got more turned on. Sex was getting closer. I had no doubts.

As I said in another post, she is Mongolian. And she has long, wavy, beautiful dark hair. It comes off very wild and natural. I love it.

As she lay naked in my bed, that dark, wavy hair spilling across the white sheets… And those Mongolian genetics… She felt very "Native American" to me. Like it was 1815 and she was a Cherokee girl. Something like that. Or a mix of Cherokee and Chinese (which are not as far apart as they might seem).

Or… A mix of Lucy Liu (Charlies Angeles) and Emilia Clarke (the Dragon Queen from Game of Thrones)… Lucy's freckles and Asian-ness combined with Emilia's body type.

She is not as refined as Lucy Liu, but has somewhat similar features and Miss Good Smell has Freckles like Lucy does in this shot.

Good Smells body is very much like this, but with black hair… and much healthier hair, even more wild and certainly more beautiful than Emilia's.

But like Emilia Clarke, Miss Good Smell has that thick, renaissance-type body. She was firm, almost muscular, but not quite. Big hips and full thighs, and relatively small ass in the middle of all that. She is strong, but not from working out… genetically strong and sturdy, but still feminine. Nothing "butch" about her.

I've never been with a girl like her. Not totally my type, but I enjoyed being with her, very much.

Over and over I had the feeling I was in bed with a tribal woman. Very vivid, visceral fantasy… running through my head the whole time. It was great. In some ways, the naked Good Smell in my bed was most "exotic" experience I've ever had… Even though in reality, she isn't any more exotic than the other girl's from Asia I've been with sexually.

I had her naked and ate her pussy. As I often say, I love to eat pussy. She was subdued at first, but relaxed and made a little more noise as I played with her. Not overly passionate.

I got up and got one of the world's best condoms. And she got up to go to the bathroom, which cooled me off a bit.

When she came back, I pulled her over next to me and we made out some more. Her delicious smell was persistent through all of this… And her mouth tastes unusually good as well, matches her smell. She has a delicious mouth.

I told her to suck my cock. She asked me to repeat myself several times until it was clear to me she wasn't ready to do that. She said "next time," at some point, but went on kissing and touching me. As she got me worked up, I got up, moved up by her face and put my cock in her mouth… She was very clumsy, but gave it some attention.

She clearly has no experience in this department. I told her she was great, and gave her a bunch of affection, and she smiled. It was cute. I was happy.

And I put on the condom and fucked her.

+1 daygame.

She is the least passionate of any girl I have been with in a long time… Maybe the least experienced. And yet, it was a wonderful night.

> GOOD SMELL: Im realllyyy not good at sex thing :P

This was a comment from her after the 2nd date where I struggled with her pants all night. And she was fun and delicious to be with, lovely in every way. But clearly not experienced. I don't care at all if a girl has experience. Honestly, the sex was less passionate form her, but very similar to most of the girls I've been with in the last year.

I don't need or want a girl that feels "pro." And based on the experiences I've had in the last year (which is probably the most partners I've ever had in a year), I don't expect to run into a girl that seems "experienced" anytime soon. If I'm leading, and she's feminine… I assume most of the sex will be similar each time. Mechanically… it'll be what I make of it. In my bed, I am in charge.

And then in some cases, the "magic" is clearly stronger than other girls. The magic with Siren is very strong. Best sex I've had in years… it's not the positions, or the things we do, it's the chemistry. And her passion. The Idol from Japan was also pretty magical. In her case, it was more about the way we slept together than the sex… but the sex was very good too. I was "in love" with that girl, and wanted it to go on forever… the sleeping together especially. I loved being next to her. And Miss Thick is so passionate, her body so sensitive, sex with her is also very special… but not because of the positions or her "experience." It's more about her response… and the noises she makes.

They mechanics of the sex are nearly all the same for me… at least the first few times I am with a girl… because I lead, and I like a certain range of things. And in addition to the slightly different fit of each girls body, they all bring their own special blend of magic to the act. And that is the difference for me. That difference is something I look forward to discovering each time.

And that reminds me of a good moment in the building up to sex that night…

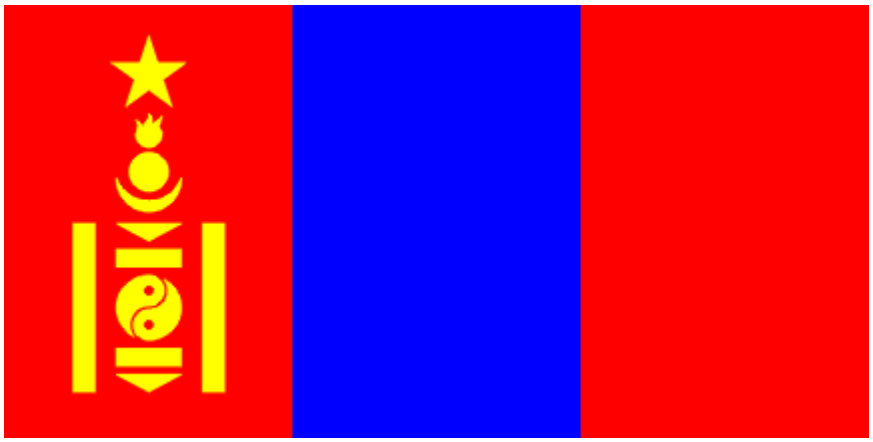
At one point when I had her arms pinned to the bed above her head, and I was looming over her, kissing her a bit, I asked if she was nervous, and she denied it. And I told her I didn't believe her, and told her that I like it when she is nervous. And she confessed and looked a bit shy. And then she asked if I was and I said no. And she was a little surprised.

I told her that it's cool when a girl is nervous, so I like to see that in her. It's feminine and charming. Even sexy. But it is not cool when a guy was nervous, and I liked being confident, and it turned me on to see her a little uncertain, a little tense, but very much aroused as the act got closer to being real. She smiled.

After sex… I wanted desert. I gave her a t-shirt wear, took her to the kitchen. We sat on my table and shared ice cream from the carton and sipped a whiskey over a big ice cube.

When the ice had melted and the whiskey was gone we went back to bed. And we slept close until late in the morning. It was wonderful.

She is a great girl. She'll be travelling for a few weeks in May, which will mean I have more time for other girls… but I hope to see her again soon.



Another great experience.

Viva daygame.

Goldmund's Advanced Game Techniques Ebook Review

Nash · 17 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I read an ebook this week and it inspired a couple of thoughts about game. I love talking about game, so here goes.

This started when Rivelino's blog (congrats, man!) had a quick reference to a guy called Goldmund. That name sounded familiar, and it was, because Krauser did a couple of episodes of the Womanizer's Bible podcast series where he interviewed that guy.

After Riv's post, I checked out Goldmund's blog and thought his recent post was really good. Nice little tactical piece.

Great post. I was impressed. Some interesting observations in there. And I like his little tip, it's good… But I mostly like the understanding of the psychology behind that technique. The psychological roots for why that tactic might be effective.

I was poking around his site and I saw his "books." I was curious about his Advanced Game Techniques. The table of contents was interesting, so I bought it… Something light to read on my phone.

As I was telling Cobratantula… I like to study.

While I was interested enough to study him, I am conflicted about Goldmund, and it started with Krauser's podcasts.

The podcasts were… meh. I was surprised Krauser was featuring him, as Goldmund isn't what I would call a daygamer. I still don't get why Krauser gave him that forum, and that much time.

It's been over a year since I listened to those, but all I remember from Goldmund at the time was that he gets in fights fairly often during nightgame (as I recall), and that he talked a lot about "camera game." I'm sure they that wasn't his emphasis, but that's all that stuck to my mind.

That, and the thought, "this guy is not a daygamer." Not by my rigid standard. And while the "camera game" stuff goes on during the day, I am clearly judgmental about the camera game bit… beyond Krauser's interview, this is something Goldmund talks about that on his blog and in his ebook.

> "While showing her the picture and talking about it, you can also exchange information, get her number or email, tell her you will send a copy and let her know if you use it for anything."
> — Goldmund

Tactically, maybe this works. But I don't like anything about it.

I'm not doubting it as a technique — although I'd put this in the category of "tricks for beginners," not the game of advanced men. This is not the path of a confident man. And I doubt the men that choose this path over engaging with the woman directly. That's my POV.

I am really not into camera game. It's one step away from fake "porn try-outs" as a strategy for getting laid. Low-end game. Tom Torerro has called this stuff "snake seduction." It's weak, using the camera as a gimmick to get in there… putting the camera between you and the girl… the stuff of lesser men.

For men that have a genuine passion for the camera, this could be legit. Very legit. It sounds like Goldmund himself is sincerely interested in photography, and good for him. But for most men that follow Goldmund down this path, the camera is something to hide behind. Goldmund is selling it as such — as a "trick" — and real photographers wouldn't think of it like that.

Fundamentally it's an "excuse" to approach. And while I know Krauser respects the hustle, I was surprised he would

feature a guy that specializes in this kind of indirect game.

Our brother Riv photography is part of his overall game, but Rivelino is a genuine artist. I believe that art is part of him first, part of his game second. It's art first, then dragging the girls into that world. That is real. That might be using art/camera skill as a DHV, but not as a gimmick.

It's part of human nature to look for an "easy way." A "cheat." This is a normal thing to want, but corrosive to actually being a high-value man, for several reasons:

High value men often take the "smart" path, but aren't constantly weaseling after some hack to avoid doing the work of life. Men are willing to do the work that greatness requires. If you must, think of it from the POV of a high-value girl… does she want the guy that has the game set on "cheat mode?" I don't think so.

And then, "snake seduction" techniques are ways of avoiding being direct. As you approach a girl because you're "working on your photos" you can hide your dick. That's weak. And the guy himself knows he's being sneaky… Which is bad for his inner game. That's the main reason why snake seduction is corrosive… It reinforces the sense that you are not in fact entitled, and have to sneak your way into her panties… like a thief… like a low-value man.

Finally, these kinds of hacks create incongruence. You want to fuck the girl, she knows it, but you hide that (like my point above). Girls know what's up, so that kind of incongruence will trigger their "faker" radar. In addition to the inner game issues above, that's an outer game issue with snake seduction.

And then, if course… you have to transition to direct and a sexual vibe at some point. So as these kinds of men sniff around for their "easy" route, they create more difficulty for themselves down the road.

Opening direct is powerful for a man, both at the level of inner game (entitlement) and outer game (boldness, intent,++).

This doesn't mean being verbally direct (although that is fine, in many cases). The directness can be in the look you give her while you're saying something "tame." But when you're going properly direct, both you and the girl are clear what is going on, no matter what kind of "birdsong" is coming out of your mouth.

> "It helps your inner game over time, to do the R-section route, because it gives you a congruency and authenticity, right? Because you ARE going out to try to get laid."

> "So you game in a way that is consistent with that. You communicate with the girl consistent with that."

> If you're going out and trying to get laid, and then you're doing a method that sort of like hides it, or blunts it, that will introduce long-term incongruency and inauthenticity in you. Which means, on a very subtle level, which a girl might not be able to articulate, she just feels it's a bit off. And that's gonna hurt. It's gonna hurt your results."
> — Krauser, from Daygame Overkill

Krauser is exactly right here… but I don't think it's "very subtle." Your congruency as a man is a sign of your value.

The point Krauser is making here is a very big deal. Being congruent with your presentation as a bold and sex-worthy man is lot of what separates the daygame-zombies from men that women trust.

I assume Goldmund actually has game. Sounds like he has real nightgame skills, at least. And that he could give off an effective vibe… Even with an oblique approach via snakey camera game or something else.

And he might very well have that "seducer's look" as he offers to take a girls photo that would make his approach more direct than it seems. If it's working, I bet that is what he's doing. His mouth is saying "photo" and his vibe is saying "bedroom." If that's true, this is not really snake seduction.

My concern isn't Goldmund sex life. I think he is credible. My critique is around men that want his kind of success… And get sucked into the idea of "cheats" as a way to get better with women.

Guys that sell the "camera" instead of selling themselves… that's a mistake. And if what you really want is pussy, then it's lying to sell "photos." And the girls will smell that… and it won't work in any significant way.

I'm not worried about "bottom guy" lying to girls… girls will filter them out before they ever hear the lie. But if you want to become a man of game, don't erode your foundation with these inner game issues. Sell you. Sell it with pride. Don't try to cheat.

Anyway…

I read his book. It's pretty good. It's short, but for men that like to study, I'm always curious what a man with experience in game thinks is "advanced."

I won't give away any of guts of his content (he gives away some of it, when you sign up for his newsletter)…

But I will point out three ideas that came to my mind — as an "intermediate guy" — when I read his advanced techniques.

CHAPTER 2:

Goldmund does a post on "Poaching Online Dates in Real Life."

> "Personally, I like to wait for the guy to show up and tell him I was keeping his seat warm and he should be ready to "try his best" or that I am going to be their chaperone for the night. Then I tell the two to have fun before I leave with **a knowing smirk at the girl**."
> — Goldmund

This is my favorite part of his ebook. It's all about that smirk… And what it means.

That smirk is Goldmund reminding the girl that they just had an interaction as members of the Secret Society. The other guy, of course, is not a member.

> "A secret society exists. Around 52% of people on this earth are a part of it. In the 52%, 50% are women, 2% are men."
> — RSD Tyler

Goldmund's article in his book is essentially a contemporary example of the Secret Society (SS) at work. The girl in his story is in the SS, and Goldmund knew this… Because all women are in the SS. And the poor bastard meeting her for the date is most-likely not in the SS… Because most men, almost all of them, are not. But unlike most men, Goldmund is in the SS… And that smirk is him and the girl exchanging a moment that the other guy can see, but isn't a part of, because he doesn't "get it."

> "The 49% of men who live outside of the secret society don't understand the mental model of attraction of people who are in the secret society."
> — RSD Tyler

Goldmund's tactic is great and I like it. There is a huge opportunity to "poach" dates. Personally, I'd want to clean that up a bit and say that the girl on the date is raising her hand, asking for a "good experience." The online guy probably can't give her that… Most men cannot.

Krauser talks about stealing another man's lunch. That's close to what Goldmund is saying with the word "poach." Krauser also talks about R-selected players being "service providers" of adventure sex… I think that's more like what is going on here.

A member of the Secret Society is much more likely to give the girl a “good experience.” The player is more likely than the online chump to give the girl a proper dose of adventure sex. So it’s not a “poach,” it’s an upgrade for the girl.

This is the upside of hypergamy. The manosphere blames girls for this kind of thing, but this is a good example of how it actually works… hypergamy is a woman saying “yes” to a better off. But the better offer comes from a better man.

I believe that, and like that better. It’s cleaner.

CHAPTER 7.

In another chapter he writes about “Looking Bored During the Conversation and then Striking back with Attention.” The chapter is fine but it was this bit that made me take notice:

> “The best way I’ve found to do this in our day and age is to start talking about how guys are getting more and more timid as time goes on. They don’t have a backbone, don’t stand up for themselves, and are acting more like girls than men.”
> — Goldmund

I liked this section because this is something I already do, so my ego approves. And while Goldmund may like this as a tactic for training a girl to stay on sexual/interesting conversational topics (which is good game), I like it as it sets a frame of masculine/feminine on the date.

That’s a hot frame.

I don’t really talk about how guys have no “backbone.” I set the frame that women like masculine men. And I model that. And that I like feminine women. And this conversation can make for a great date, but it can also set the tone for the relationship.

> “Then you can say how much you like it when girls are really feminine and sweet, how much of a turn-on it is.”
> — Goldmund

When he talks about this line above I think he and I are on the exact same page. And I would add that giving her positive feedback immediately after she does something feminine is more powerful than just talking about femininity in general.

I’ll discount Goldmund’s tactic here as being almost a “routine.” I think the topic has more potential than that.

And since we’re talking about “advanced” guys, I’ll bring up Captain Jack. And I smile when I mention him. Perhaps you’ve heard of Sinn? Sinn is a very solid player, in the first generation, studied under Mystery. I like John Sinn.

Captain Jack is to John Sinn, what Yohami is to me. When Sinn talks about “the guy that really gets it,” he talks about Captain Jack… Very much like I would about our friend Yohami (“Yohami is always right”). And when I think of setting frames, Captain Jack is the guy.

(Although Fadar from LiveSystems has a talk on frames that is badass… Fadar doesn’t have enough exposure. He is very good.)

Okay, enough about that. Last one.

CHAPTER 8

This last note is about his chapter “I’m Looking for a Place to Stay in Town.” He has a little trick there that is in the same vein as the one in the blog post I linked to above. But the part of this chapter that I like is his comment about

“good girls.”

I liked it… as so many guys in game are always talking about “good girls” (*cough* *cough* Rivelino…). We talk about it in the comment section here sometimes.

Here’s the line…

> “One thing about ‘good’ girls, I’m talking about the ones who aren’t overt sluts, are pleasant to talk to, and for whom one night stands are not normal…”
> — Goldmund

He is making a point about something else, which is not that interesting to me, but I like that definition of “good girls.”

I don’t even care about the concept “good girls,” but we all know how often it comes up, and that’s pretty good starting point for a definition. Good job, Goldmund.

Okay. So this has been a mix of a teaser about his ebook and a strange meandering review. I love talking about game, Goldmund must also, and it’s fun to kick these ideas around.

In general, I feel the way about Goldmund that I did after Krauser’s interview… he’s not really my style. But he seems like he has a lot of experience. I have no doubt he gets a lot of pussy. And in our world, that’s the final standard. Check him out… You might learn from him.

Viva daygame.

A Dream: RSD Free Tour Review

Nash · 19 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I had a dream I went to an RSD Free Tour Event. Any similarity to actual events is purely a coincidence. This is a piece of creative writing and is in no way based on reality. I'm a complete fool and everything I say is madness. Everyone knows it.

With that said, here is an account of that dream:

———————

Ugggg. That was so painful.

Julian is a very smart guy. I've studied some of his Pimp product. And his 10 Game product. Excellent content. I quote him sometimes. I think he is clearly one of the best minds in game. We have all seen infield footage of the guy and he kills it. He's a monster — and I mean that in a good way. I think he is worth modeling as you try to develop your mindset. And yet…

I "recently" walked out of his free talk. I was thinking of "social freedom" as I thought of how to leave… I waited until someone asked a question and I split. I wish I had walked out earlier.

The talk was an unorganized "giggle fest." A complete waste of time. And after looking up to the guy in the way I do, it was surreal to be in front of him and have those thoughts running through my head, "why am I here?"

I know he has to do these talks all the time. And it's unrealistic to expect miracles even at a premium, let alone for free. But a basic overview of his most generic points would have 1000% more value than what went on in that room. And I just got the text from RSD asking if I'm ready to sign up for his upcoming paid program… I can't imagine who would want more after his "free talk." You'd have to go on pure faith from what you know he has done in the past.

Want to see Julian drop real value:

> "Fun, carefree, passion."
> — RSD Julian

^ I read this in an internet forum somewhere. That is simple, but excellent content. If you can imagine Julian talking about those points… you would have something worth a good listen.

I'd highly recommend you check out RSD's Pimp Game product. Unlike what I saw at the event, that product is really good.

I know this post isn't "bringing good emotions." And RSD taught me that concept, too — I think it was Julian himself. But this is a "the emperor has no clothes" moment. I won't disclose any info from that talk (save you the pain), but let's say, it essentially had no value to me. And a room full of guys giggled and cheered him on. I'm genuinely curious about what those guys were getting out of that talk.

My friend The Cigar was recently booted out of an RSD forum. He said it was "a cult." And I agreed, but in a mostly positive way… dudes really want to get laid. RSD can absolutely help you do that. Of course they have a cult-like following… in many ways, I am part of it. But this talk was not about learning about girls. It was about being in a cult. It was about getting a moment in front of a cult leader. And the giggle-boys were loving it. And it was sad and boring.

Yuck. It's so much more honest and real to be out of that room. I wonder if anyone else was thinking that? I wonder if anyone else left?

I'll take this moment to double down on my love for RSD, and everything I've learned from them — mostly from Tyler, but even Tim, Ozzy, Todd, Max, Jeffy, etc. Genius moments from all of them… based on the very real experience they all have as players, and their expertise in explaining what they have earned. I am grateful. I've been studying Tyler's Hotseat at Home, and it's full of genius moments. Blueprint, which like this talk starts off a bit retarded, but goes on to be a masterful product. I think about it all the time, and I know many men that quote Tyler from that product. Full "yes" for RSD. Triple "yes" for Tyler.

But I wish I could get the last hour of my life back.

When we're talking about quality and real value, here's another nod at Krauser. And his level of organization and professionalism. The value of the content he brings, even to a "free talk." Another "yes" for Krauser.

Being organized is masculine. Structure is masculine. Chaos and giggles… I'd put that on the feminine end of the spectrum. But I guess if you're focused on nightgame and scatter-brained party girls, if that's the world you're in every night, maybe that's what you need? That kind of justification feels like a generous read of what I saw.

And to Krauser again, for his work with the concept of Sigma. If Julian was "alpha" tonight — and he was alpha because of the pack of fan boys made him so — Sigma is knowing that being a part of that particular hierarchy is to tool yourself. Maybe that's THE thing I learned from that talk. Sigma is about knowing that "being at the 'in' spot" is often a circle-jerk. A type of "golden cage." Going it alone may mean you don't have the company of the "ship of fools," but you're likely better off that way. There was a lot of metaphorical moments as I watched those guys snicker and worship emptiness.

So much of life is like that. Like pedestalizing a "paper hottie" because she meets some false-standard, that in real life is certainly not worth chasing. As bluepill as anything else.

Julian went from hero to "paper hero" in that talk. I know he's more than that… but that was the impression.

And the herd was loving it… I guess they loved it for the opportunity to see themselves reflected back in each other's faces. Pukey cult stuff.

I love the camaraderie of game. The forums where we help each other. All the excellent videos, blogs and comments. That's how we show each other "the light." This was the dark side of all that. It was like sitting in locker room watching a an inane sitcom. Terrible company and shit content.

I was very much ready to sign up for the next Hotseat. I think I'll still do it, but probably not if it's Julian. This talk was the opposite of good marketing.

That's too bad. Too bad for RSD. And too bad for me to have to witness that.

……..

And then I woke up, and realized while there may be some truth-like moments in the complete and utter fiction above… it was just a dream. Some nonsense in my head… and nothing more.

I hope next time I dream of something more interesting.

For now… I've almost already forgotten it… what? I can't even remember.

Viva daygame.

A Week in the Hunt: Leads and Rejections

Nash · 20 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Last week was a good week in daygame. I ran at least a few approaches every day last week. I took nine new numbers. And all of them went exactly nowhere.

Hmmm. Of course I'm surprised by that lead-to-failure ratio, but I'm not bothered. It was a very good week. Not all these pickups were perfect connections… But I felt powerful chasing down girls, maybe especially when I wasn't out on a proper hunting session.

There is something righteous and masculine about seeing a girl, saying "hmm, I want to talk to her," and then walking over and making it happen. Sounds simple, and it can be… But it's easier said than done.

But no dates from nine leads (I did date last week, but not from these girls). I would expect 1-4 dates from that many leads. Which could easily mean another lay and another girl in the harem… But twas not to be.

Alright, cool. That's a kind of rejection. And yet the resonance of pride remains. I wish some of those girls made it into my girl tornado — and I wish some of their clothes made it onto my floor — but it was good to be a hunter. To mix it up with the prey. It was good to be hunting.

> "…baring one's fangs and jumping in front of her to claim her flesh."
> — Daygame in Shitsville

I love the hunt itself. Daygame in Shitsville clearly does too… that's a great quote.

But the lack of date-conversions gives me a chance to write another post about rejection and failure. That is part of all this too. And I'm glad to share that part of my life as well. That's real.

Props to all the guys out there earning their wins… and their rejections. The ascendency to mastery means experiencing both.

I have made the claim that I am not a Pickup Artist. Not a "PUA" — I really never think of myself in those terms. I have called myself a Blowout Artist ("BOA"). I like that concept. It points to the inherent part of daygame that is about blowouts, and that flavor of rejection. But this week wasn't like that.

I can think of only one blowout last week. There were probably more, but I can't remember them. Almost every girl stopped for me. That's not my goal (blowouts are normal for a guy at my stage), but it was nice to have so many girls stop.

And I had many great interactions. The Mexican girl from Wisconsin and the short-haired Asian girl with the suspenders… Both had boyfriends, but both were awesome sets. I liked those girls. Super vivid and easy to remember them, even now.

Many of the girls last week hooked. Social hook, if not sexual hook (which is, of course, much more important). I had a lot of good moments on the sidewalk.

And I took a lot of contact info… Numbers, Facebook, and one girl told me to contact her by email (almost always a bad sign, but that's how I got it started with Siren).

I followed up with all of them… And almost none of them got back to me.

That is the truth of this post.

I'll say more about that below, but for now… This is a good opportunity to talk about running game. And I love to run game… And to come back to "the fire" and tell the stories of the hunt. That's what this post is… Me at the fire, smiling, telling stories to other hunters.

Here are some of those stories…

The first girl of the week passed me in the mall, and then dropped down into the subway. Asian, tall, big lips. I gave chase. This was not in a daygame session, I was on my way to do some work. She was here from Korea, studying English. She was shy, in a hurry, barely spoke English, but I took her number. First lead of the week. Kind of shaky, but fun to go after her and close her in the middle of my day.

Next girl was a super cute Asian girl, in my neighborhood. My neighborhood is mostly gay, so I don't pick up there… She might be the first number I've ever taken where I live (that is a little bit of progress, right there). She was Thai… Probably 22? Very sexy little girl in tight jeans, with a bit of belly showing between her belt and her t-shirt. Took her number. Then we ended up riding the train downtown together. Felt reasonable solid, but not totally on. Cute, fashionable girl… And she knew it.

Later that day, another Thai girl. Young, soft, maybe a little cubby, but cute. Art student. Complained about "too many homeworks." She hooked and her eyes sparkled. Was asking me questions. She was nervous, but interested. She declined the number but we added me to her Facebook account as we wrapped up the chat.

Next day… I was on my way downtown, super beautiful Asian girl. Probably 25, slim, shiny hair, dressed in all black. She had to slide past me as she exited the train, and I felt a small thrill as she went… it was not my stop at all, but I got off anyway and went after her. I have been telling myself that Miss Good Smell has been a good deal (I am really enjoying her), but she is over 30 and while my CEO loves her, some other part of me wants to be dating younger girls. This girl was younger, hotter, tighter in every way. As she got off the train I chased after and stopped her. She is a designer. She is of Korean heritage, but from Russia, just moved here. Asian girls with Russian accents… wow. Wouldn't give me her number, gave me her card and told me to email her. Such a hot girl.

This one is interesting… I was also not specifically out daygaming but she "really caught my eye," as I like to say, so I gave chase. Very hot, young Asian girl. Great walk and delicious little hips. But then I noticed a big hearing aid on one ear… Sounds like a joke but it's true. I knew if there was another on the other ear that would mean she was def, or close to it. And she is was. I stopped her, picked her up like anyone else. She had the strange "accent" that you have when you can't hear yourself talk. But other than that, she was more fun than average and very cute. Showed me some modeling photos, etc. Asked a lot of questions. I'd date her. I took her number and she messaged me first.

I was downtown, on the same corner where I met The Taiwanese Girl and Miss Good Smell… That is a high-ROI corner for me. Hot, tall Asian girl. From Korea. Pilates instructor. Long legs and nice hips packed into tight yoga pants. Studying English. Set felt very solid, took her number.

Same day as the other Korean, I saw a short, young cutie with a camera. Tourist, here for 9 days, and traveling alone! Those are great logistics, and I caught her on her first day. She was very nervous, super cautious. I roped her in, got her to calm down. She relaxed. It became fun. I took her number. I did a good job of reeling her in, decent game on her despite that initial nervousness.

Then I was out with The Cigar, doing a few approaches downtown. Miss Good Smell had given me a hickie on my lip the night before (she almost sucked my face off), so I had an odd purple spot on my lip, but decided to run a little game anyway. Cool to be out with Cigar. This girl was a lovely, young one, with shiny perfect hair. She popped open, very receptive. In town for a job interview. Took her number. Also felt super solid. Closed her despite the love-bruise on my lip.

That's eight… There's one more I can't remember. At that stage of the model — taking leads — I killed it.

Messaged all those girls. Twice. I had that initial message from the def girl, and two responses from the hot little Thai girl, and then nothing. All dead leads.

Surprising.

I had Good Smell and Siren in my bed. Had my 2nd date with a different Mongolian (the mom) and that one is suddenly very on. Miss Thick "broke up with me," again, but I calmed her down and we have a date set up for next

week.

So my “harem” was good to me, even if the new girls were not.

Since then, a bunch of new leads, and a really awesome day out today, more game with The Cigar, met another daygamer I’ll call the Vicar, say Rauker… Good day.

We hunt. We don’t always take home the kill, but we hunt.

We’re bachelors. We’re bastards of Game. This is what we do.

Viva daygame.

TYO: Final Stats from my Tokyo Daygame Trip

Nash · 25 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Here are my final stats from my Tokyo daygame trip from earlier this year, 2017.

It took me forever to write this post. Wow. I don't know why, but I just wouldn't do the work I needed to get this done… tons of resistance to doing this final post. I had to comb through all my notes, and there were a lot of notes (preview: 23 days of approaching and 386 girls). Had to get everything in a spreadsheet so I could count and sort, put things into "piles." Tally it all up.

I was right. It was a lot of work. But it's done.

> "On my way to lunch, short, beautiful, Raven hair, precious. Quiet, almost tranquilized. She couldn't understand and was looking unenthused. I let her go."
> — 1st approach of the trip, Jan 10, 2017

^ Not a great set, but this is an example from my notes. She was my first approach of the trip. I'll sample those notes throughout this post.

And now that this post is written… I have to say, it was really fun to go through the notes. God, that was an awesome time. When I'm old(er) and crusty, memories of that trip will be part of the truth that I really "lived." It was a "one of kind" trip for me, but one I hope to ~~repeat~~ surpass next year.

My 2017 trip was a full "peg up" from my previous daygame experience in Japan in 2015. And it marked a turning point in my game… as I continued the trend of progress from the Fall, graduated out of "beginner" class, and earned the experience to set me up for the "intermediate" stage of my journey.

> "Big IOI, so I opened. She loved it. Made her shake my hand and she held it forever… English was not good. She was a great set to show me girls like it here too. I felt very at home."
> — 2nd set of the trip, Jan 10, 2017

Let's get into it.

First… a summary of the overall numbers (the TL/DR version), and then I'll go into more detail.

== SUMMARY:
— Days Out Approaching: 23 days
— Total Approaches: 386 girls
— Blowouts: 116 girls
— No English: 68 girls
— Leads: 66 girls
— Approaches per Day: 16.8
— Gutter Game Approaches: 15 girls
— Dates (individual girls): 9 girls
— Boyfriends/Husbands: 8 total, in all those approaches
— iDates: 8 girls
— Girls in my Bed: 5 total
— Lays: 3 girls

Raw numbers. We've seen Krauser keep stats like this. And Roy Walker is doing this kind of accounting on his current Euro trip. I did it before for my last trip. It's a very "male" phenomenon to count and analyze like this.

Sometimes it was about my goals and my numbers. Sometimes, it was about the experience:

> "Kyoko, cute, funky teeth, so fun. No English, chattering at me in Japanese. Rode the train together. Line close. Held hands. I kissed her. She wasn't the slightest bit afraid of anything."
> — 1st approach of the day, Jan 17, 2017

Now, let's break it down a little more… line by line.

== Days Out Approaching: 23 days

I was in Japan for about 39 days, exclusively in Tokyo. I approached something like 23 of those days.

I had two serious colds while I was there, including my first week, and then again on the 3rd week. That sucked. My initial plan was to start gaming my 2nd day in the country (after my first night's rest)… but I couldn't game at all for several days, I was a snotty, coughing mess, and had a fever. And then, I got knocked down by another serious cold just as I started to build momentum. I was coughing the entire trip. Even went to the hospital (going to hospital was one my favorite parts of the trip, interesting experience) to see if I could put that last cold to bed… they gave me an inhaler, and that helped, but I was still coughing as of my last night and into my first week back home.

When I was healthy, it was super fun to approach. I loved it. It wasn't work. I would have done even more, but I did maintain my client workload while I was there… so I had to work some of the time. In addition to breaking all kinds of personal records in terms of girls and game, I took care of my clients, did some good work, and earned a proper living during those weeks.

But the girls were a real distraction from everything else…

== Total Approaches: 386 girls

These are the ones I took notes on… but I took notes on almost all of them. Unless I was out with Stealth or Root, I took notes on almost every one. These stats should be pretty accurate.

I have a writing app on my phone, and I would enter them into a new "sheet" each day I would go out. I would stop about every 3 girls to enter the notes… too many girls, and too many per day, to try to hold them in my head.

> "…where every third girl was fuckable…"
> — Krauser

I used that snippit from Krauser's book Adventure Sex in my first post from that trip… and that line was in my head all the time.

It's true. In the right part of town, I could be into almost one in three girls on the street. So many girls to hit on, at times, it was hard to pick one. My head would literally spin as they passed me on the sidewalk. Sometimes I had trouble singling one out from crowd… there were so many delicious girls.

> "I talked to 19 cute girls on my third day out. That was a personal record (which I have since beat). It was pretty effortless. This is a 'target rich' location for a man with my tastes. Some very ripe sets with very special girls."
> — Nash, from my first post in Tokyo on this trip

Turns out there is a word for daygame in Japan — "nanpa." And nanpa is actually more common in Japan than here, I'm told. It's not that weird to approach during the day, maybe less weird than back in the States. And there were a lot of other guys out running nanpa. I met some very cool guys and saw some decent game going on around me.

Make no mistake about Japanese men and their game… it felt like the big leagues. Just like "girls are the same everywhere," the same logic applies… Players are the same everywhere.

At 386 girls… I got my nanpa on, no doubt about that.

== Blowouts: 116 girls

I got blown out a lot. Like, 116 times. Win some… lose some.

Here are some of the notes I wrote about blowouts.

> "1. Dead sexy. Full blowout.
> 7. Very fine girl, gentle blowout.
> 17. Short hair, great lips, proper blowout
> 11. Stopped, wasn't into it, polite blowout
> 16. Blowout, juicebox
> 7. Teenage midget, cold blowout
> 19. Blueberry girl, super harsh blowout
> 21. Smile, blowout
> 12. Harsh blowout
> 18. Full blowout"
> — From my notes, various days

Every flavor of blowout. All you can eat blowouts. Two-for-one blowouts for gaijin.

I coined the phrase "blowout artist" while I was there. BOA. I was a BOA in Japan. The best that's ever lived!

I also had some of the best interactions of my life… but more on that later. For now… this was part of the story. Part of the "wholeness" of being a street seducer is getting rejected. Getting blown out. It's all part of the game.

== No English: 68 girls

International players will always ask "do you have to know the language?" The answer is no. It's always fucking "no." You do NOT need to speak the local language. Even to date. And even to have sex. Two of the girls I had sex with could barely speak English.

> "I do all my approaches in English."
> — Tom Torerro talking about daygame in Japan

(^ That talk from Tom is really good, I recommend it.)

You do run into a lot of girls that don't speak any English at all:

> "4. Cute girl, hip style, no English.
> 5. More mature girl, no English.
> 6. Office girl, slow walk, no English.
> 7. Red heels, bow in her hair, no English."
> — From my notes, Jan 16, 2017

Here ^ is a sample of girls from one day, all in a row… that didn't speak English. The language barrier was a big deal, for sure… but it's not the thing to focus on. The opportunity is huge, despite the language barrier.

Their skill with English, and our ability to connect, were independent variables.

68 of my 386 approaches had such bad English I wrote "no English" in my notes. And I was generous with what I considered "workable English" — where we could not communicate at all. They were unplowable. And some of them really liked me.

Some girls really do like you… and you just cannot communicate with them. This was true for me on both trips. I lost several girls, or just gave up on them, because talking with them was too hard. Some girls were clearly "in love," but there was no getting a point across to them. I used a lot of non-verbals, etc., but for some reason, with some girls, the language barrier was impenetrable.

There is a phrase that sounds something like "nanduro," and it means something like, "ummmm…" Girls would say it constantly to me in set, as they tried to think of what they wanted to say in English… but couldn't find the words. I started saying it before they could… they'd get that look in their eyes and I'd say, "nanduro, nanduro…" and smile and they'd laugh. So many really tried — they tried hard — but we just could not get past the language difference.

> "Little girl, pretty bad English, but good chat, 1/2 of which was her talking to herself in Japanese, trying to find the English words she wanted. From Chiba. I didn't bother trying to take her number."
> — 9th approach on Jan 16, 2017

And in some cases, it does cause some negative friction. It's not that you can't talk, it's that she's rejecting you, because you're too foreign, or talking to you is too hard.

Here's a note on this topic:

> "A large portion of the more, kind of I guess, 'socialite,' or like party girls, have no interest in English at all in Japan, and if you try to open them in English they will literally ignore you and walk faster. "
> — From a podcast by AttractionJapan.com

This happens too… but it's not worth worrying about.

We get blown out for so many reason, you'll never know why. But guys that have gamed in Japan know it's more than possible to kill it without a word of Japanese.

With all this said, I started almost every approached with, "Do you speak English?" And they always say "no." And that doesn't mean anything… I would just plow. And plowing — and, talking, very, slowly — was often fine.

> "Uooooko, 20, delicious, fertile, perfect, blushed like crazy, no English, I let her go. I need a cold shower… looking at her was a drug."
> — 2nd approach, Jan 25, 2017

I love this note… she was "like a drug." Amazing chemistry in Japan, with so many girls.

I used translator apps a lot.

Yeah, the translators on my phone were almost mandatory. Not usually on the pickup, but maybe. More so on dates. And a tip for you here… get one that works OFFLINE as well. If you're downstairs in a club or a restaurant on a date, without service, that offline translator will be your only option. I used two apps (Google Translate and Microsoft's app for the offline stuff), consistently, throughout that trip.

== Leads: 66 girls

66 leads. I think my lay count on this trip is not as good as it could have been, and not that impressive. I was impressed — I hit my goal — but I know the open-to-lay ratio kind of sucks (we'll get to that below). Even considering the language barrier.

But I certainly showed some success in terms of the number farming.

> "Yui. Line Close. Took a picture with me…. Her idea. No English, but still a very fun interaction."
> 19th approach, Jan 17, 2017

My ability to harvest leads was not bad at all. That's a lot of leads. With 386 approaches, 66 leads is 5.8 approaches per lead.

5.8 approaches per lead. That is… maybe a little better than here at home. Or nearly the same. At home, I get more "boyfriend" objections, much more (more on this below). And I think I did have some "shiney" status there, so maybe getting the lead was a little easier in some ways. And then the language issue made things a little harder. It balances out.

I didn't have a local phone, so I did all apps:
— 60 Line App
— 4 Facebook
— 2 WeChat

> "Sayaka… 2nd 'Idol' of the day. Bubbly. Knows she hot. Does Comicon, etc. I did a pretty good job not being too interested in her job. Line close. She messaged me first, and right away. Good lazer eyes with that girl. Some guys watched, gave me props after I took her number."
> — 14th approach, Feb 01, 2017

66 leads. That is a lot. There were more. A few I botched… didn't discover them until after I got home, caught up in Line App in some "approval process" I still don't understand. I "worked" almost every lead. It was a TON of messaging. Many went nowhere, or didn't respond… but many did. This was a lot of work.

> "Then… very hot girl, fierce walk. Great stop, my best in TYO. She stood so close to me, she was cool, non-reactive. Russian minute. I was as strong as I have ever been in set. A breaking rapport look in my eyes. She took it, and then softened. Lovely. Told me she was a model. Beauty marks. Line close. Msg'd me on her own. Solid. We're chatting."
> — 19th approach, Jan 24, 2017

^ This girl was fucking-A hot, hot, hot, hot, hot… couldn't get her out. Over text she told me the first time she could see me was two weeks away… I laughed at her, and went back to working my other leads.

Another thing that was true there — and true at home — is that the fresh leads were the best leads. Some leads need time to "ripen," or the girls are busy, but it was mostly true that if I didn't have them excited right away, it wasn't going to happen.

That's a good rule of thumb for game… "fresh leads are the best leads."

In fact, Stealth convinced me that I should be going for same day lays. And I did that, a lot. Especially toward the final days of the trip.

Final note here… with 66 leads, and about 3 new leads per day, I was so busy, and had so many options (relative to any other time in my life), that I got to say "no" to several girls. And it felt good. It felt abundant. With that many girls in my life, I felt like what a hot girl must feel… to be "in demand." And I got to do what hot girls get to do… turn away offers. To tell those girls "no."

Interesting experience.

== Approaches per Day: 16.8

That is some heavy approaching. I had some light days… of like five to eight approaches. So to have an average of 16.8, there had to be some big days to offset the low-volume ones.

And there were. Biggest day was 34 girls. There were a few days of over 30 approaches. That might sound crazy, but it was "easy" a lot of the time.

> "Now, that was her name. Artsy. So cute. Too busy to see me this trip."
> — 8th approach, Feb 04, 2017

So, so, so many cute girls. I think my daygame sessions were slightly longer than they are here at home, but not that much more… I could just do so many more girls per hour. In part, because a lot of the sets were very short… some of those were blowouts, and many were positive, but the language barrier was too thick, so they ended quickly.

> "Little, cute. First girl to really hook all day. Same name as The Nurse. Chatted for a bit, would not give me her number. Giggled like fool the whole time. Over and over, could hardly look at me. But would not let me close her. Kept shaking her head no and laughing."
> — 15th approach, Jan 24, 2017… great set

The main reason I could do that many girls… is because there were that many girls I was into. I was really, really into those girls. I like Japanese girls. It was easy to approach — sincerely, with passion — 30 girls a day. Not that hard.

Even with that many girls per day, I still squeezed in several idates. And I was conflicted about that, because that meant that time would keep me from approaching more girls… More on those idates below.

== Gutter Game Approaches: 15 girls

So, I hear there is thing called "gutter game." I really know almost nothing about it… but I gave it a shot on this trip.

One night… I got stood up. She didn't cancel, she just didn't show up at all. That was the first and only time that has ever happened to me. I'm a big softy… and it hurt. It was in the middle of a lot of other disappointment that week, and it hurt, and it shook me. Killed my state.

I had a reservation for she and I, so I kept it, had dinner by myself. Afterwards, I was still a bitter man… but I tried to use what I had, which was extra time, to test gutter game.

> "Gutter game… not wholesome. Did some gutter game in Shibuya. I was uncomfortable, but it wasn't that bad. 15 approaches, eight stops, no real hook."
> — Nash, my notes from my night of guttergame

Wasn't much of a test. I still claim to know nothing about it… but I gave it a proper try. I'm sure it has some potential, but I need to give this more time.

I bet state is a big deal in making this feel good and come off smooth as you're approach girls in the dark late at night… overall, I didn't feel comfortable… but it was a rough night for me.

== Dates (individual girls): 9 girls

I had probably 20 dates. I had two days where I dated three girls in one day. But I only dated 9 individual girls.

I wrote about most of these. Including Business Girl (dated her three times, never even kissed her, but I certainly tried). My dates with the Nurse. My dates with the Chinese Virgin. The dates with Jafrica.

I had a couple of lunch dates with "odd" girls I never wrote about…

There was a 20 year old virgin that really liked me, but I didn't see her until about two days before I left (she also took too weeks to get a date with). Wouldn't kiss me, but seemed very into it. That girl liked me.

And a 36 year old (I was guessing 27). Here are some notes on that date:

> "Great date. So nervous she was physically shaking, I calmed her down.
> Texting forever to get her to comfort before the date… it worked.
> She had sweaty palms as I held her hand… such a turn on. (True… that does turn me on)
> A flash of a kiss, and then she was a hard no. Would not come back with me.
> Hot date…. The bunny and the wolf."
> — From one lunch date with the older girl, Feb 02, 2017

Another date was with a cute young girl I dated at home just before I left for Japan. She is Japanese, and moved back to Tokyo just before the end of my time there. We met up in my last week of my trip. I had a good date with her, but she wouldn't even kiss me. Cute girl. Typing this makes me miss her.

I also dated the Stylist I met last time I was in Tokyo. Took her out three times this trip, but never wrote about her. First date, I kissed her. It was fun. Second time too, but it was even less on. Third time… she cut my hair, and then I took her to lunch, but I didn't bother trying to kiss her. I was bitter she took up most of my day… I needed that hair cut (and she is high-end stylist, fanciest haircut of my life), but I wanted to run game and had already decided she didn't count. When I met her running daygame in 2015, she was one of my favorite girls I've ever dated… and we had a very good time (even if she wouldn't come home with me). This time… she had aged, in body and mind, not nearly as cool. And… as she still lives with her BF, maybe that was on her mind.

My favorite date was probably The Nurse. Didn't end well with her, but I loved her at the time. She was fantastic, really got me on that second date in particular. Such a charming, young girl.

== iDates: 8 girls

I could only identify seven in my notes, but I'm pretty certain there were eight total. Toward the end of the trip, I was confident I could idate every day if that's what I wanted. I was always a bit paranoid that I would get fewer leads if I spend too much time idating a given girl.

> "Ai… First insta date. Said no English, but she was at least as good as avg. I was right by a Starbucks, so I offered and she was quick to say yes. All pink. Knew what fem means. Says her older sister is butch. I wanted to make out with her right away. Compliant. Date for Monday, maybe.. cock was hard."
> — 4th approach, Jan 19, 2017… first daygame idate of my life

This was a real break-thru for me, as I had never idated before this trip. And I was super comfortable doing this in Tokyo. As I got home, I was comfortable asking, but still have had almost no takers… I think I've asked for 10 idates since I've been back (which means I'm asking much less often than I was there), and I've had one idate since I've been home. So that's one in America, total, and eight in Japan.

> "Rina, great hair, big eyes, juicy lips. Idate. Took her to a bench. Line close. Tried to pull. Busy. Tied to kiss her, would not. Busy, plans every day. Ran off. Very pliant, bunny-fem girl."
> — 3rd approach, Feb 11, 2017, idate

My new wing here in the US — The Cigar — has been really stressing the utility of idates. I'm not certain about that, but I'm interested. I don't know if there is a right answer as to the usefulness of idates… or maybe, I don't have enough experience to have good intuition about this yet?

A few idates really standout… I met the Chinese Virgin on an idate. She is maybe my favorite girl of the trip. I insta-dated an older girl, and she was so nervous, she was shaking the whole time… but she liked it, and I almost got her to come home with me… it was hot. I made out with a 20 year old on one of those idates… she was considering coming home with me, but… she had to go meet her boyfriend. And I idated a 19 year old later that same week.

The guys that work at the Starbucks that I took these girls too had the funniest look in their eyes as I would bring in a different girl (that I obviously didn't know) every day. They were awesome. I called all the people and locations that I took all these girls my "Sexual Industrial Complex" — some of the working parts of my game in Japan.

> "Write a post about: 'Amateurs talk tactics, pros talk logistics.' You are really getting that as you go for more same-day stuff. You're screening very well, and quickly."
> — Nash

^ This comment was also in my notes. I did a lot of logistical screening, especially toward the end as I was running out of time. I did a lot of this on the later idates… screening to see if they had good logistics and if there was any possibility to take them home right away.

And I did feel "pro" as I could take a girl I had just met, and screen in her in the first 3 minutes to know if I should spend more time with her (idate), take her number for later (lead) or move on to meet other girls.

I brought this skill back home, as well. In part, screening for idates, and spotting girls for same-day dates and quick tourist pulls (especially as it is tourist season, proper tourist game is a skill worth developing). I have never had a proper tourist pull… that's a goal for this summer.

== Boyfriends/Husbands: 8 total, in all those approaches

Eight. A total of eight girls in 386 approaches said they had BF or were married. That is barely over 2%. I hear almost eight "BFs" per day here in this city. I still don't know why this is… you never have girls saying they have a BF in Japan. Maybe it's part of them being polite… they will blow you out, but they won't mention the BF.

> "3. Cute little one, braces. Working, busy. Had a BF.
> 1. So cute, very on, going to see her BF…
> 30. Big eyes, terrible English, but she loved it. I went to Line close her, BF. Mimed "broken heart," we both laughed. She was awesome."
> — Some notes about boyfriends, various days

When I was in Tokyo in 2015, I had sex with a married woman I met at dinner, pulled her home. This year, the Stylist was living with her BF, but dating me and we were making out some. The Idol I fucked had a BF. I'm sure more of the girls I fooled around with had boyfriends… these are just the ones I know about. I had my "wake up call" about girls with BFs/husbands being willing to fool around long ago… I saw more of that on this trip.

== Girls in my Bed: 5 total

The three lays below… and two other girls in my bed. That's 5 total.

One of the non-lays that I had in my bed was The Chinese Virgin. I tried. I really tried. Had her in my bed twice. Had her shirt off both times, and my hands down her pants. She got sick, and that made it more complicated. And she had finals, and that made it harder too. She was not event that hot, but was maybe my favorite girl of the trip… I really liked that girl. She started as an idate, then a proper date, and then another date. In my bed… but could never get her pants off. She was so awesome.

> NASH: You are a very interesting girl, and I had a great time with you.
> NASH: And you're very talented and smart.
> NASH: I like you!
> NASH: Even though you didn't fuck me!
> NASH: You should have fucked me!!!
> HER: ???
> NASH: You are still a virgin, but it's not my fault!

> HER: My fault
> HER: My fault
> HER: Hope I'm not a virgin next I meet you if we will
> NASH: Now you have to wait…
> NASH: I want to do it

This was typical of her and I. Such a cool, interesting girl. Great artist. We had a great connection.

And then there was Jafrica. This is the girl that I pushed too far, and she got mad. We had three dates. Great makeout on the 2nd date. She told me she didn't want sex, but… we've all heard that before. Back to my house on the 3rd date… had her 100% naked. Licked and sucked every part of her body… We did more than that, even. But she would not fuck. And she left mad that night and I never saw her again. I wrote about her in my "failures" post. She is maybe the low-point of my entire time in game… I didn't do anything "wrong," but I pushed too hard and I'm not proud. I learned from the experience. She was extremely beautiful, and had one of the hottest bodies I've ever seen… but it was not for me to have.

== Lays: 3 girls

> "My goal is to get laid twice while I'm here. At the point of this writing I have 4 weeks to do it."
> — Nash, from my first post on this trip

There were three… all great experiences.

The Nurse, which was five dates altogether. Sex on the third date. An unreal handjob on the forth (she was on her period). And then, on the 5th date… which was otherwise awesome… she had to go see her brother after dinner, and it was like a bucket of cold water in my face. Not only no sex, but a pretty cold end to a pretty great little mini-relationship. She never responded to another text of mine. Hmmm.

> "I know I am a womanizing anti-hero… And I spent the afternoon taking to 30+ other girls… And I had my hands on a 19 yr old just hours ago… And I told a virgin she needs to come fuck me… And I have 2 dates tomorrow… And had 2 yesterday… But I still deserve better than this!"
> — Nash, some angry notes

I wrote this ^ as I cooled out after my last date with the Nurse.

Next was the Idol. Hottest body… Jesus. Had sex with her the day I met her, but not right away. We schedule a drink for 22:00 that night. She was very nervous about where I would take her as we walked to have a non-alcoholic drink that night… but after that… it was 100% on. After the drink (which had no alcohol in it), my place and sex. And one of the most "dreamy" nights I've ever had. We slept so close. I was "in love," for sure. Amazing girl. After I was back she texted me, "Did you use a condom right? Is it remembered?" What that was about I don't know. I did use a condom. Hmmm, who knows.

And then, the Yoga Instructor… on my last day. Long daygame session, she was the last girl I approached in Japan… IOI, approach, idate, then dinner, then my place… and sex. Great night. And she was very into the night and into me. She left her earrings in my place, so I mailed them back to her when I got home, along with some chocolate and some other little dumb things. And she loved it. She was more than hinting that she wanted to come here to see me… but I didn't do it. I was fucking Siren. And hitting on other girls. And dating. Didn't make sense to bring a girl over from Japan. She sent me a present after I sent her her earrings. Super cute package, with some drawings she did of my cats… she really likes me. I never invited her to visit… and to be honest, I don't know if I'll reach out to her if I go back.

> "Nash :)

> Thank you very much!
> you were a very gentleman and lovery…
> last night was a very good time✨”
> — Yoga Instructor

I was so frustrated my last few days… that final lay saved my self-esteem… which is dumb, but true. It was an epic and dramatic ending to a wild trip.

My approach-to-lay ratio sucks… but all these girls were younger, hotter, tighter. I was 43 at the time… and they were 23, 24 and 26 respectively. I was all about quality on this trip.

……

Alright. So, there it is.

I think… I think those numbers kind of suck. That is a lot of approaching for three lays. If you've never done anything like this, and you're shaking your head saying that it all seems a bit ridiculous, you're right… it was ridiculous.

Three lays in almost 400 approaches does suck… but our standards are fucking high. From the standards of a "normal guy," even one that gets laid here/there… my overall action in Japan was amazing.

I fucked three new girls, from cold approach, in four weeks.

But for our tight community… I think it's fair to put me on the knife's edge between beginner and intermediate.

But this was about the learning as much as the results.

And battling it out in a foreign country is not really the place to get laid. I know Krauser can do it. And I know Roy Walker is killing it… even now, as I write this post.

For most of us, the real battle is at home. Which makes sense. Don't kid yourself into thinking some country is going to rain pussy on you. It's not. There is no "pussy paradise." What Roy is doing now… very, very few guys can do. I don't know that I'll ever be that good.

We know from Krauser's background that he didn't figure this out on the road. He honed his craft in his hometown. That is the place to learn, to practice, to get good… and to put this all together. You should fuck where you live. If you can't do that, you're not that good and going on holiday won't magically help your game.

Consistent pussy at home (I mean having options, as well as regular trim) is much more real and rewarding than fighting on foreign territory. In sports and seduction — "away games" have higher difficulty.

But for me, it was exciting. I love the girls in Japan, I do… probably more than at home (although, I'm not complaining about what I have going on here).

For me… it was about "proof." It was about going someplace where I knew nobody. Had no advantage. No warm leads. No social standing. And I built something from scratch.

I did that.

Many of those days were hard, were painful…

> "Fuck, fuck, fuck. It has been a long week. Two girls in my bed, but couldn't get my cock in either of them. Dated 5 girls this week, plus two insta dates… No sex. 70 approaches this week. No sex. Fuck I tried."
> — Nash, obviously frustrated

But I proved something to myself out there. I learned a ton. On the streets, and going over the dates/stories with Yohami and Stealth and Rivelino and the rest of the guys on this blog. I earned a lot experience with this hard work.

I did learn. I want to learn this “game.” I really do.

And I’m more solid now.

> “The term we point to is “internally validated.” I had a public goal of two lays on this trip, but a secret goal of three. And I hit it. But internal validation is the more worthy goal. The part of me that is truly internally validated comes from when I look at the work I did on this trip.”
> — Nash, from my post about sex with the Yoga Instructor

Yeah… those numbers barely make sense. 386 girls to fuck three of them? 120 approaches per new lay? That’s not where my pride comes from.

I’m tempted to say I had some bad luck. Not just the colds that fucked up my momentum or made dates awkward and uncomfortable. But some of my choices where I mis-called the toss and missed something that would have added another lay or two to my total.

Who knows.

> “I will write some more later about the last week here, but it was not an easy time for me. There was a lot of what I am tempted to call “disappointment.” A double-barreled kick in the balls on Thursday, unmet expectation on Friday night, and then again Saturday night, and then once more Sunday morning… I was frustrated, as my last week was not yielding the fruit I had hoped to harvest. Not any fruit at all, for that matter.”
> — Nash

Yeah, it was hard…

But I loved it. I’d do it all again. And I plan to.

And I came home a more confident man. With 386 more reference experiences. Three new notches. And I put all that to work back home… and I’m a much better daygamer.

We’ll see if I can put a trip together for 2018. And we’ll see what I can do next time, if that happens.

But this trip, was oishii-desu… I’m grateful for every minute of it.

My thanks and love to all those girls. From the blowout to the blowjobs… it was a great time.

Viva daygame.

First Date with Miss Xi'an

Nash · 25 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I posted a couple of days ago that I had a great week of daygame, lots of leads, but no dates from those girls. It's a new week, also great for daygame, and this time… Pulled a date out of it.

She is a nerdy-cute Chinese girl. Probably 25. About 5'3. Average length hair, but silky and uber-healthy looking. I am hungry just talking about her.

Bright, elastic, perfect skin.

My favorite thing about the girl is that combination of "young girl" (very near her prime physically) and her hips. She has a great hip-to-waist ratio that almost breaks the "nerdy" stereotype (which I love, just as it is) and moves her into "sexy" (which, of course, I also love).

She is right on that edge that lies between "simple" and hot.

She stopped easily on the street. I think I remember her being surprised, maybe she even looked behind her — assuming I was talking to someone else. She was a mix of "down to business" and friendly… answering any questions I threw at her. Big smile. Good vibe.

I don't know that it matters… But I might have scored some points by knowing her city in China — she is from Xi'an. And I know that city, because there was another Miss Xi'an before this one (although this one feels much more solid).

And my knowledge of Chinese geography continues to improve… One date at a time. And geography is the variable in this case, but I am learning more than just city names by dating all these girls. Each one is more experience, more time to practice calibration, more training for an aspiring player.

Girls will teach you how to game them. If you can calibrate to what see ("give them more of what they like, less of what they don't like," says Yohami) and you can get enough practice, going thru the model enough will make you an expert with women.

I picked her up on Friday. Messaged her Saturday afternoon…

> NASH: [Pic of my cat doing something cute]
> NASH: Good morning
> NASH: Cool to meet you downtown yesterday, you were fun.

Got a response later that night:

> HER: It was fun meeting you yesterday, happy weekend.
> NASH: I think now you are at another graduation party… I hope it's fun
> NASH: [Generic pic of some girls on the dancefloor]
> HER: Heading home now, I'm too tired to party…
> NASH: I want to see you, let's make a plan.
> NASH: How about I take us for a drink tomorrow… or Tuesday???

And here there was more back-and-forth. Her saying she doesn't drink. Me saying I know… Non-alcoholic drinks, blah blah. All the girls I pick up these days don't drink.

> HER: I'd like to talk, but I prefer day time and not bar.
> NASH: Okay, great. This is the XYZ Hotel…
> NASH: Not a bar. It's a lounge.

> NASH: How about 6 PM?
> HER: Ok
> NASH: Okay, cool.
> HER: Thanks. See you there tomorrow.

Okay, done. Took a little back/forth, but she's not really difficult at all. Lovely girl.

And then it was Sunday.

She felt pretty good, pretty solid. But I pinged her a few hours before the date and told her I'd be "15 minutes late," and to meet me by the entrance to the hotel. All that was just a way "to confirm without confirming." She was cool with that, and responded quickly. More good signs.

After that exchange, I pinged the leads I got yesterday… Three total. Another Chinese girl (a coder) via WeChat. A Japanese girl, who is a little older, but has a great body (I would love to see that girl naked). And a Korean grad student who was shy about her phone number, tried to add Facebook, but her name is Korean and I can't type Korean characters on my phone, so I took her email to follow up later. Pinged them all.

Then… I haven't talked to Siren since she left my place on Wednesday morning. Her parents are in town, and I like that she and I aren't needy/everyday about each other… But I sent her a msg to tease her a bit… To keep she/I connected. We had a great date last week… but she seems like she might be getting more distant. I have been thinking she is seeing someone else. So am I. Hmmmm.

And then… Miss Good Smell is on the east coast right now… So we chatted via text, and quickly went from pictures of my cats to talking about sex and her body. She got me super turned on. All this with her is to keep some tension on the line (fishing analogy) until she gets back here… That girl really likes me. I want to keep it that way.

I also pinged the Mongolian Mom, trying to set up a date for Tuesday morning with her. We had a great day-time date last week, and it obviously made her like me more… she was much more invested since then. She tried to see me with no notice last night, called me on the phone, but I was at dinner. She is very warm, all of a sudden. And beautiful/sexy, even as a mom. She is 29. I want to make something of that opportunity.

Finally, yesterday, as I was out hunting with The Cigar, Miss Thick confirmed a date for she and I next Friday. I haven't seen her in three weeks. She tried to "break up with me" last week ("we shouldn't date anymore") but I brought her back around. We're on again… I hope that works out, I like that girl.

You feel the tornado here? I do.

(As I proof read this, the tornado feels less solid. Every day it's emotional ups and downs in this game… it's amazing. From cocky to vulnerable. Everyday it's different. I haven't hunted much in the last few days… I think that's part of it. Hunting is good for me.)

For the date today… I made sure the house was ready. Clean place, fresh sheets. The trap was set — chocolate cake this time instead of cheesecake. The last time I got laid was Wednesday morning, and I'm not getting myself off, so I was plenty horny… Which is good. More intent.

As I made my way to meet her, she texted saying a classmate needed to see her for an emergency meeting… Final project is due Tuesday. She was still on, but had to leave early.

All this was fine with me. She and I had a nice little spark, and I wanted to turn it into a flame. I had the house ready in case this got sexual, but she didn't have much time, this was a chance to set the hook a little deeper.

I arrived and she was waiting. She looked cute. Dressed in all white. She's nerdy, not super beautiful, but "high quality nerdy," flawless skin, smart, and great style.

Walked her into the hotel bar — these days my most common date spot. This is the same place I took the Korean Actress two weeks ago. Ordered non-alcoholic drinks and sat on a comfortable couch. The drinks arrived and we

started to chat.

She is an only child. She thinks she is a “weird person.” She is a little “straightforward,” and I can see she’ll be good in business, but I wouldn’t call her “business-like” (which would be a kind of insult). She is softer and more adorable than that.

She has been in the US three years. I think that means she came here after her bachelors, got her Master’s here. She graduated this month from the art school where 1/2 of the girls I date take classes, usually in the Master’s program.

Wanting to move us along, I asked if she has had an American boyfriend. She said her parents wouldn’t allow her to have BF during her undergrad (back in China), she used the word “forbid.” As I pressed her about the US she said she has had two BFs here.

I asked her if she has had sex — I said, “You’ve had sex, yeah?” — and she calmly replied yes, no spike from that line of questioning.

Good. She doesn’t seem highly sexual to me at this stage, but I’m glad she has some experience.

I touched her some, mostly to keep the momentum going fwd. I grabbed her arm early in the date, and she took it well. As we talked about masculine/feminine (which I mentioned in Goldmund Advance Game Techniques review), I tried to spike her with some dominance as a demonstration… She was emotionally pretty flat. Not boring, but not “anime girl” either. As we were walking out of the bar I reached down and took her hand, and she let me hold it, but didn’t embrace it like Good Smell did on her/my first date.

We ended the date (less than an hour) as she had to run off to meet her classmates. I commented that I know Chinese people don’t hug much, and as I said that she said, “I hug,” so we did.

She went off to meet her classmates and I went off to beers and Indian food.

Later that I night I was sitting at home and I got this:

> HER: Just done with work. Sorry for today. It was great talking with you.

I like this… I like that she did the post-date thanks/validation thing, not in response to me. That’s polite (which I like) and it’s also promising. I purposely waited to see if she’d follow up on her own, and she did. Good.

From there we chatted a bit.

During the date, and after, I was giving her compliments and lots of positive feedback.

> NASH: You…
> NASH: Were so cute tonight.
> HER: tonight?
> NASH: Next time… I want more time with you.
> NASH: And…
> NASH: I love your perfume.
> HER: thanks, you keep saying nice things about me. I feel unreal.

That is me overdoing it a bit here. She is basically saying so. In addition to above, I’d made some comments about her hips, and how that was what I noticed about her that made me pick her up (which I was true).

My point with this was to make sure she isn’t putting us in the “friends” category. I didn’t try to kiss her on our date (the date was way to light, and too fast), so I wanted to send the message, so if she comes out again she won’t be surprised when I escalate.

We ended the texts that night with a bunch of cat pics, which she loved… Like every asian girl (except that last

Virgin, only one that didn't love cats). This is bringing her into my world… And more comfort stuff. It also seeds the pull for next time, when I'll say I want to take her to have some cheesecake and "meet my cats."

I picked it up again on Tuesday, trying to get the next date scheduled. She suggested the art museum (another of my favorite dates), with no prompt at all from me. She made it easy for me. But I don't really like her leading.

I left an open loop where I hinted at my favorite part of the museum and she came back with:

> HER: why don't we meet on Thursday 7 pm at the museum, and you show me your favorite part of it.

Hmmm. More leading from her. I can clearly handle this stuff, I was not dragging my feet, but she beat me too it. She's not a "ball buster" type. She's cute. But, even though I was moving us along reasonable fast, she lead twice in that conversation about the logistics.

Hmmm. I'm guessing she's used to more passive folks… Or she just excited?

And now… I am assuming the best and wondering what that little thing will be like in bed?

Physically… I bet she is delicious. She is naturally thin, but also works out some (very rare for girls from Asia). Her skin is perfect, I bet it's creamy. And we know she has a great hip-to-waist ratio.

I'd love to see that body in my sheets.

And I think it's safe to assume she has very little sexual experience. Maybe I'm misreading her, but I assume she is sexually naive.

Will she just "starfish" the first time she's in my bed? Give me the same "evenness" she showed on the date as I paw her and pull her hair? Or will she get vulnerable and moan and purr like a kitten?

I'd love to find out.

We have our next date on Thursday. If the Daygame Gods are generous, and I make good use of the cards I am dealt, we'll continue the process of unwrapping this opportunity to see what is "deep inside."

Viva daygame.

Sex with Miss Xi'an (vs Miss Thick), +1 Daygame

Nash · 28 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The Daygame Gods deliver up another lay off the street. I think this is my 9th daygame lay… and I'm starting to lose count. All hail the Daygame Gods.

> "We have our next date on Thursday. If the Daygame Gods are generous, and I make good use of the cards I am dealt, we'll continue the process of unwrapping this opportunity to see what is 'deep inside.'"
> — Nash

That ^ is the last line of my previous post about Miss Xi'an, after my first date with her. Rather prophetic. The Daygame Gods were, as it turns out, quite generous.

(And for the record, that "deep inside" comment is a wink at Beckster. That's a classic little NLP bit he teaches, he drops that phrase into sets with girls all the time. That guy is a proper legend of Game.)

As I get ready for a date with a girl — cleaning my house, changing sheets, setting up the Cheesecake Trap — I typically cycle through the possible outcomes in my head. It's always a mix of self-directed pep-talk, stating my goals, and some day-dreams about what it would be like to fuck that particular girl.

And my "fantasies" are not complicated. In my fantasy, there are no shit tests, etc. In my head… it's simple. I run good game, lead, and we have a great time (which is a solid plan). She is charming and relatively submissive and feminine (as she should be). And at the end of the night (or in the middle of the date), we are back at my place and get naked. Easy.

But it's rarely like that.

It's often "three dates." And LMR. And lots of effort trying to schedule those dates over text. Or she's on her period. Or she's going to be late and that fucks up a dinner reservation. Or I get the wind knocked out of me as she cancels.

This ^ is "the player's obstacle course."

In this case, I did my usual pre-game fantasy of a delicious, but relatively quick and easy seduction. And, because I have a lot of experience, I laughed, knowing that it would probably be more like the obstacle course we're all used to.

But then I asked myself:

> "What if this time, you actually get an easy one? What if this time, it's just 1-2-3, and it ends in sex?"
> – Nash

I really did wonder exactly that before this date. And… that's exactly what happened.

It was easy.

I have had this kind of lay before. Like in Japan… especially with the Yoga Instructor. She was a smooth "yes" to each stage. And so was this one.

So often, it really is an obstacle course. And those kinds of lays are valid too, of course they are. But it isn't always like that. In this case, it was smooth like butter, baby. It was basically the greatest hits of Nash Game in terms of the date.

Art museum (which was actually her idea, but is my typical date). The date was fluid and easy… I've taken so many girls to this museum (including a Japanese tourist last week that I didn't bother to post about). My first date with

Miss Good Smell was at this museum too, and she was my last daygame lay before this one. I took Miss Thick and Siren and the Firecracker and even the Taiwanese Girl to that same museum… all girls I've sexed via daygame.

I touched Miss Xi'an a lot on that date. She was physically compliant on the first date, and I'm very comfortable with touch, so I went for it… and pawed her mercilessly. More than I normally would. I used both hands a lot of the time. I'd move her, by putting one hand on her shoulder, and then the other on her hip and move her to the other side of me. Stuff like that. I held her hand a lot… and unlike the first date, she was warmer and friendlier in response.

I did something I often do, which is talk about how game and sex are the same everywhere.

She was telling a story about how she and girlfriend went on vacation to some other city in China. And they were riding bikes and exploring. And I said that sounded cute — two young girls, on vacation… and I gave her the eyes — and I asked if they got hit on by any cool guys? (If I was Beckster, I would have pointed to myself as I did it.) And she said no, that Chinese boys aren't cool. And I corrected her. I told her that there are cute girls everywhere and the coolest guys always find them. And while most guys aren't cool (that's true in each country and at every point in time), that every country has cool guys. If I was a cool Chinese guy, and I saw her and her cute little friend on vacation, that I would come up and hit on them.

And as I told her that last part I pulled her in with one hand, moved her hair aside with the other, and put my lips on her neck, back by her ear. I growled a little, playfully. It was sexy, but I clowned it a bit to take some of the edge off. I wanted sexual tension, but I didn't want to scare her off. This was all solid and set us up for the rest of the date.

After the museum, I asked if she was hungry, she said no… I told her I was and that she should come with me. She could watch me eat (I said the same thing to the Korean Actress), and have some if she wanted. She agreed. I took her to my usual ramen spot.

As the check came, she wanted to pay. She didn't even eat, but she argued with me a bit, trying to pay for the meal. I bought the drinks on the first date (which she also offered to pay for), and I think that's part of why she made this effort to pick up the check this time. I also think she likes me, and she is invested because of that interest.

I told her no. That it was my date and when she is out with me, I'm going to take care of her. But if she wants to do something for me, she can always bring me chocolate.

I like it, as it sets her up to invest in me at a later time… when I'm not even there (as she goes out to buy me the chocolate), and then again, when she brings me the gift. Miss Thick has already done this for me, and for the same reason… I told her to. I take her on dates. She brings me presents. I like it.

In this case, Miss Xi'an liked that idea too, and her eyes lit up. In fact, I was definitely seeing "doggy dinner bowl eyes" at this point in the date, although I didn't really "get it" until later. And she said I will have to teach her about chocolate… as she's allergic. Oh. And I asked what else she likes for desert (I had the Cheesecake ready), and she said she doesn't like sweets. Hmmm, okay.

I told her I have some great cheesecake at home, but I get that she's not into desert… and she should come back to my place anyway. Meet my cats. And it was 10:30, and she said it was getting late. But I knew she'd slept until about 2 PM that day (she graduated art school this week), and I told her so, and that since I knew she had only been awake for a few hours… I was sure she was fine. And I smiled confidently. And she did too. So I said, "my place, cats, I'll make you some tea," (we like similar types of tea) and she agreed.

Uber back to my place. The cats were charming (and are clearly part of my comfort routine). I gave a her a tour, and in one room, I felt a strong urge to kiss her. I swear she felt it coming, and she turned away from me slightly (a subconscious challenge), but I grabbed her shoulder, turned her back toward my face, stepped in and kissed her. And she was into it. I kissed her several times. She told me I was a great kisser.

I took her back to the kitchen, briefly. Maybe one minute of chit chat, and then I kissed her again. She was more

into it… hands on me, touching me, I could tell she was ready.

And I said I was going to take her to my room to make out. And she made some noise in agreement. And Yohami would tell me I should have just done it, not talked about it… and he's right. I know what I should do. But I still make little mistakes like this.

I'm noticing I have to make "the mistake" about five times before I fix it. The first time, I'm aware it's a mistake, I am aware I probably shouldn't do it, but I do it anyway. Second time, same thing… I may still be arguing it's a "good idea." And then, I start to know it's bad idea… maybe even see, in real time, that it's not working. And then, finally, I stop doing the mistake and start doing the right thing.

Five times. That is about how long it takes me to break a bad habit in my game. Five different dates, before I can see the mistake, learn, and put the learning into practice. Not always "five times"… but often enough. Do you see why "volume" is so important if you want to learn good game? It takes a lot of girls to practice and learn this stuff.

My situation where I always try to kiss the girl in the elevator on my Hotel Bar date is in this stage… I am at "five" on that particular failed kiss close series (in that same location), and I know it won't work how I've been doing it.

Yohami has given me some great coaching there.

> "If so that's the 'ramp,' I come closer and say 'mm you smell good.' If she reacts positively I kiss her, if I sense any kind of wall, I deflect that and say that she smells like a cheese sandwich. Then she laughs to that, I kiss her."
> — Yohami

This ^ is excellent fucking coaching here. This is Yohami demonstrating for us all he really "gets it." Thank you, Yohami. This is one of your best examples, good combination of your theory and an example that is easy to understand.

Anyway… I take Miss Xi'an back to my room. I pulled back the sheets, like I always do. Gently pushed her back onto the bed. She has that "bunny about to be eaten by the wolf" look in her eyes.

The make out started slow. The kissing was okay, I liked it, but not particularly passionate or juicy. I started taking her clothes off and there was zero resistance. Her body was smooth and young and taunt. Milky, perfect skin. Not as skinny or soft as the Siren. Closer to the strong-body of Good Smell, but a little more fine. A little "fresher" and "brighter."

She was still pretty flat emotionally. Not particularly passionate, which I sort of assumed. At dinner, I told her I thought she was "responsive," and that I could see a lot of emotion on her face, but I didn't know what she was passionate about. She said she didn't know either. And as she was in bed at this point, the lack of anything like obvious enthusiasm continued.

Maybe she is a "watcher?" Like a type of "analyst?" You can watch a "murder" on TV and know it's just TV, and stay flat, even as you see it happen. Maybe that is where she goes as I put moves on her that would make another girl show signs of excitement?? Hmmm.

I got into some of the pulling hair and dominance that Siren and other girls love… this one, not that into it. More flatness. She made some tiny noises of encouragement, but no big spike, even as she was naked, with me on top of her, pulling her hair.

And I wasn't that into it either. I knew I was going to fuck her. And I am still very into the idea of sex with each new girl. But in the moment, it was "bland." It was like fixing a broken piece of electronics… fiddling with her, looking for the trick and waiting to see "the lights" come on.

I played with her for a while… kissed her, touched all over, spanked her. Then I dragged her naked body to the edge of the bed… and I ate her pussy like I love to do. That part is always for me.

This, she really liked. I had finally found her passionate “spot.” She loved it. She started to make a ton of noise. She was shaking. She was giving me “oh my god, oh my god!”

And I loved it. Finally, her “light” came on and her parts started to whirl and her dials started to spin. She was fully animated.

This was my favorite part with her.

She was wonderful as I had my head between her thighs. I told her she looked beautiful (she did). And that I loved the noises she was making (I wanted to encourage the girl to get into it). I coached her, “give me more, give me more,” trying to make sure she wasn’t holding back.

And I made her hands go numb. She was saying this as I molested her young body.

> MISS XI’AN: I can’t feel my hands! I can’t feel my hands!

I have done this to girls before, and I know it’s normal and a good sign. All the blood is out of her hands and into the “more important” parts of her body. I made this one girl from Canada “go numb” in the same way… she was shaking and trembling and couldn’t feel her hands. It’s hot. I love it. So do they.

I want this on my “Yelp Review” someday:

> “He ate my pussy so good… he put my hands to sleep.”
> — Some Girl after a night with Nash

I love to eat pussy. Most girls can come from some combination of tongue and fingers. And after I’ve given them a proper tongue-down, I fuck them… and I hope they like that part too, but that is also for me.

In this case, she was thrashing around from my tongue. And I put some fingers in her unbelievable tight little pussy, and she went wild from that too.

I want every girl to come for me, even though I never ask about it with girls anymore. I just do my best. In this case, when it was over, I told her she was fantastic, and that we almost got her to “explode.” And she told me she did explode.

Okay, good.

And I stopped, told her again she looked beautiful and I loved her body. And then she did what most girls do, and curled up on her side… collapsed in the sheets, with her knees toward her chest and her ass out. When they roll over after I’m done tasting them, that is the position they land in.

And that view is fantastic. Ass and pussy. Swollen and wet. Each girl… spent, and catching her breath.

This ^ is my view with each girl as I move across the room to grab a condom.

As I’m having sex with more girls, it’s clear that I have some patterns I like. And this is one of them. It’s great to take my time walking across my room. Gabbing the condom. Taking in the view as I take off my pants (I am usually fully clothed until I’m ready to fuck her). Climbing up on the bed next to her. Putting my hand on her ass and telling her how hot she looks. And getting my cock hard so I can fuck her.

This is my standard procedure.

And it was again.

+1 Daygame.

The sex wasn’t great. The peak of the night was clearly the oral sex. I loved it, and loved seeing her “shift” into a level of intensity I couldn’t bring her to any other way.

But the sex itself was odd.

In part, because her hands were still numb. And she was holding them up by her face as I fucked her, staring at them in amazement, and occasionally laughing. Not particularly sexy. And at one point I pulled out my cock, and there was a lot of blood. I bet it was when I worked her pussy with my fingers. I literally beat that pussy up.

I asked if she was okay, and she was completely fine, but it was a mess. I got a towel and slide back inside her. I finished, coming inside her smooth, young little body (for the record, with a condom… I always wear one of the world's best condoms).

Not my favorite lay. Not the fucking part, anyway.

All this is totally cool with me. I am into the experience. And the overall night was great. Seducing this girl, and having her in my bed didn't make me "happy," but I am happy to have the experience. I really am. I want to know women. I want to know game. This was great experience.

I am happy that I am making progress as a player. I am becoming a kind of expert. And I'm learning about myself.

After sex, we showered together. And then I put her back in my bed. And we talked and I held her for a while. I wanted some time with her, post sex, before she left. I don't know if she needed it, but if she's not going to spend the night (and she wasn't going to), I think it's a better experience to "take a lap" to cool down together before she leaves.

It was cool.

30 minutes later, we got up. She put on her clothes. And she booked herself an Uber and she left.

> MISS XI'AN: I'm home
> MISS XI'AN: Good night
> NASH: My cat smells like you
> MISS XI'AN: Don't take him shower
> MISS XI'AN: Lol
> NASH: Sleep well, Pretty Girl
> NASH: You were delicious tonight
> MISS XI'AN: You were amazing~
> MISS XI'AN: sleep tight

Okay.

……

It took me a while to fall asleep that night. I was tired, but wound up, and thinking about the experience. I had a beer and smoked some pot, and still couldn't really sleep… even though it was after 2 AM.

I lay on the couch. My cats at my feet. Thinking of girls, sex, the whole adventure.

……

As I woke up, I knew I had a date with Miss Thick lined up for the afternoon.

I was "low energy." I was very glad for the experience the night before, but it wasn't a very "solid connection." Something about it felt like "stress." And the sex wasn't energizing. I wanted to write… I wanted to relax a little… I wanted a night off.

But a player's job is never done. That may sound like a joke (and in some ways it is), but it's true. And in more ways than one (I am thinking of your book idea, Runner).

Time to get excited about a date with Miss Thick. I like her very much, even though we'd had some trouble this

month:

> "Sorry for say this again. I think it's so rude to say this. I think we shouldn't date any more. It's so good to have sex with you, but I still think it's wrong to do it with a person, who's not my boyfriend. I also know that we can't have a serious relationship because we're very different. Maybe we think in different ways. Sometimes I'm very emotional, but you're still very nice to me, I'm thankful for that, but I can't do this anymore. Sorry again."
> — Miss Thick

That was a little over two weeks ago.

She did this to me before, after our 2nd date and before we had sex. I recovered very well that time. Good text game, not being reactive, showing good "daddy" game of being calm with the "little girl," bringing her back around. I told Riv I've been running some good text game lately, and this is part of what I meant.

I did the same thing this time to calm her down and get her to reengage. A mix of reframing and being sweet and telling her "how it is."

And I paced it out. I ignored that message above for two days before I responded. Then dumped some texts on her. And she came back one more time with a little more "toughness" and finality, and I let that sit for a few days as well. Each time coming back, leading us both emotionally. Not arguing with her, just leading toward how I wanted both of us to see things.

And then a few days later, I cut the "breakup" thread and took us back into positive territory, assuming we were back on track… and we were. A day or so of chatting and I tried to set up a date… and she agreed. And she was cute and excited about it.

So here it was, it had been four weeks since I'd seen her last. She'd "broken up" with me again. But I fixed the situation, and we had a date set up.

And it was… incredible.

A movie in the afternoon (she loves movies). She looked fantastic. She had bought me some fancy Japanese chocolate and gave it to me as I met her at the theater… she's a good girl. Smart, a great artist, sweet, and an amazing lover.

This time, she was in an all black outfit, with a soft skirt, and a leather jacket. Her tattoo on her ankle, giving her a little bit of an "edge." Her jet-black hair, shining like oil, almost to her ass. I kissed her a bit as we waited for the movie to start.

After the movie… sex at my place. And it was… unbelievable. As soon as we started to make out, I could tell it was super on between us sexually.

There was a flash in my mind of Miss Xi'an from the night before — it was only 16 hours since I'd had a different girl in this bed.

And the contrast was massive. Everything about this girl was better. Sex with Miss Thick is always great, but this time, maybe even more so. I wasn't sure I would be ready for sex again for this date, after the "meh" orgasm with the younger girl. But I wasn't "out of gas" at all. I was fully alive with strong chemistry with Miss Thick, and loving the time with her. Super turned on and ready to fuck.

The sex was deep, rich, emotional, nasty, and intense. Of course I ate her ass and her pussy for a long time… wow. And then I crawled up and put my cock in her mouth, and she took it all the way down the back of her throat. That was the first time she's ever sucked my cock.

It was electric.

Ahh — wow. I'm still stunned from the last 24 hours with that girl. She is remarkable. Thank ye Daygame Gods once again.

After sex and a shower, she was walking thru my apartment naked and she stopped and hugged me and she told me she could stay the night. Her eyes were big and shiny as she said it.

I hadn't asked her to do that, but I have been telling her she should spend the night with me when she was ready. "No pressure," I would tell her, "but I want you to know that this is what I want." That, "I want a night where we have sex, but also where we sleep together." So she knew it was on the table, and she suggested it.

A part of me wanted to sleep alone that night (I was still ready for a break) but I was glad she wanted to move this a little further toward being proper lovers. I really like this girl.

I took her to dinner. Then back to my place. I was super tired. No more sex. I took her clothes off, put her in my bed, and we slept. The sleeping itself wasn't overly intimate, but it was nice. She is so incredibly soft.

This morning… I knew she had a breakfast appointment with some classmates. I told myself that the man I want to be would fuck her again before she leaves. So I got out of bed, feed my little beasts, and cut up some strawberries.

She was looking at her phone when I came back to bed. I fed her a couple of bites of the berries, and put the cup on the floor next to the bed. I climbed on top of her softness and pulled on her large purple nipples until she was making a lot of noise. And then I had her again. The whole affair — her mouth, her ass, her pussy — all over again.

So fantastic.

……

No comparison. The other girl is younger, and I am glad for the experience, but Miss Thick is night/day a better girl for me than Miss Xi'an. There was a "back to back" taste-test, and we have a clear winner.

…not that anyone is forcing me to choose between them. If the Daygame Gods will it to be, I can have them both. But I know who I'd rather see. And why.

If I want to be a proper player, I need to test and explore a lot of women. I'll keep doing that. I love this journey.

What an amazing couple of days.

And having this kind of experience is how you really learn to know women. And to know yourself. And to be more than a "spectator" in love and sex.

I fucked four girls so far this month. And dated at least three others. Even with all those dead leads a week or so again… my education is still coming along nicely. Go daygame.

Thank you, Miss Xi'an. You were a wonderful chapter in this month's adventures. When I have some extra time, I hope I see you again.

And Miss Thick… wow. I don't know if you will "shake me off" again soon or if we'll continue this dance, but you are extraordinary. What a great girl you are.

Tonight… I get a night off. I want some beer. I want some introverted time. I get to sleep in dirty sheets (long strands of Miss Thick's jet-black hair on my pillows), alone, and I'll enjoy it.

And tomorrow… a date with Siren.

She has been distant, and I have been insecure about her and I. She is still probably my favorite girl in the harem right now… one of my favorites of my whole life, to be real about it. She is a very rich and flavorful girl… and one I met thru daygame.

I am grateful for all these other girls, as they have helped me resist my own urges to over-emphasize the role of Siren in my life, to not panic that she was silent most of the week, to ~~wait patiently~~ stay busy until she reached out

(which she did). And then to be confident, and to lead, to set up the date, and to be strong (despite any self-doubts) and to be a proper patriarch and take us both in a positive direction.

I'm looking forward to seeing her. She'll be the 3rd Chinese girl in my bed in four days.

Viva daygame.

Korean Girl, My First Tourist, +1 Daygame

Nash · 1 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I met her this afternoon. It was a "super day." That is what I call days when I take a lot of leads. I took five numbers today… that ties for my personal record for a single day. She was the 2nd lead of the day… a cute, bubbly little Korean girl.

She just left.

She is… 22 years old. Exactly… 1/2 my age.

That is my 10th daygame lay… and my 2nd new girl in seven days. And the 4th daygame girl I fucked this week.

Can we get a slow clap for daygame…

clap clap clap clap clap

> NASH: Hey Cute Girl
> NASH: So fun to meet you today…
> NASH: — Nash
> HER: lol I am glad to meet u, too

She uses "lol" to start each sentence.

> NASH: It's your last night…
> NASH: Wow. :]
> NASH: And now… you are at the end of your American Adventure
> NASH: …
> NASH: Meet me for drink tonight… I know a great spot, close to your hostel.
> HER: True!
> HER: I am almost finished!
> HER: Lol Okay :)

I had plans with a buddy of mine, and I was still sweaty from walking around the city today with one of my wings, Mr YoungGuns.

So I had dinner and a beer with my friend OneFifty. He gave me some really excellent coaching on sex and game… we're just getting to know each other, and apparently… he's a sex god. I knew there was "something" about him, but I didn't know all the details. I still don't. I am calling him OneFifty… because… you guessed it…

> NASH: So, what's your number? How many lays?
> ONEFIFTY: *shakes his head*
> ONEFIFTY: *thousand yard stare*
> ONEFIFTY: I don't know…
> ONEFIFTY: *shoulder shrug*
> ONEFIFTY: One fifty… two hundred?

I believe him. You should see that look in his eyes.

I need to give him some more time… I think he has a lot to teach me… I need to make that happen. That look in his eyes… you can't fake that look. He is for real. He loves that I am into game… gets excited when I talk about it. And I have seen that "solid" look in his eyes, but I didn't quite get it until now that he was looking for a moment to

clue me into some of the rest of this “work” we love to do.

Thank you, OneFifty. Great night with you, man.

I said goodbye to him, raced home. Showered — washed off the sweat of the day — took a car to my usually Hotel Bar date spot.

She was all “lols” and positivity via text as I updated her on when I would arrive. She showed up just after I got there.

We head upstairs. A great seat. I have taken so many girls there… but the staff doesn’t “know” me yet. They will.

As we sat down, she took her hair out of her ponytail, shook it out, and it tumbled down around her face and shoulders. She was beautiful. And with a twinkle in her eye.

And this girl drinks alcohol. She is the first girl that I have had proper drinks with in a long time. Since Japan with the Nurse. We had two each.

She was giggling and laughing right away. No issue with sitting next to me. I think I held her hand in the first five minutes. She wasn’t enthusiastic about squeezing it back… but she was compliant and cute. I touched her hair, and she would pull away just a tiny bit. No irritation… just subtle resistance. Like a cat. But a happy cat. A cute cat. A fun cat.

Second drink, I could feel myself slow down. Maybe her too. I made the stories a little deeper, and little slower. I was telling stories about “cool guys” and kissing her neck as a part of the story. She would giggle.

She’s not overly dumb or simple. Not at all. She’s just bubbly. She is a happy girl. When I would say something nice, she would give me a cute little “thank you.” That is high self esteem. I like that.

And we talked about her dad. How strict he is with her. And how when she and her little girlfriend wanted to go to Taiwan, she told her dad it was “school trip.” She even faked documents. And when dad asked how much it would cost, she told him he could just give her the cash…

> HER: I got the trip…
> HER: And the cash
> HER: hahahaha

She’s not overly devious… but she’s not a Girl Scout either. I teased her about being selfish at a few points on the date. And we both agreed she’s a good liar.

Every girl is a manipulator… it’s in their DNA. They will take just as much as you let them take. That’s the implicit deal between men and women. If you’re strong… she’ll take a little more than you want to give. If you’re weak… she’ll take everything.

I tried to kiss her just after the first drink. It landed, but she didn’t kiss me back.

I tried a bit later… it landed, and very nice kiss back. She is very pretty and has great lips. Great kiss.

The bar closed at midnight, and we walked to the elevator. As the doors closed, I pinned her to the wall… another deep kiss. Compliant and wonderful.

As the doors open, I said… “you’re a night person, I’m a night person… it’s not that late… let’s go back to my place and listen to some music… you can’t stay late, I have to work tomorrow… I’ll send you home in a car after an hour or so.” She gave me a cute, playful smile, said, “swear??” And she held her pinkie out. And we pinky swore on the deal.

Pinky swear. It’s was time for sex. But this is the Secret Society. So we say “music,” and smile, and pinky swear. I love it. I am starting to get it.

Even as I joke and sound all “pro” here, I wasn’t sure I’d fuck her until I got her into my bedroom… I wasn’t sure, but I also wasn’t “oh my god, I can’t believe it!!!!” like I was with Firecraker (my second daygame lay) last Fall.

This was fast sex. With a very young girl. It’s starting to feel normal. But I’m certainly not jaded about it yet.

It was fucking great.

My house, music… and I took her to the bedroom… made her carry the speaker. Part of good “dominance” is giving her something to do. Doesn’t matter how simple or meaningless it is. It’s part of making her invested in the deal… that she has a little “job.” It’s part of the structure I want in each little relationship that I lead her, and she happily puts in some work toward that plan. In some ways… that was the best game I had all night.

No resistance as I pushed her back onto the bed.

She purred as a I kissed her. Clothes came off with no problem at all.

I tried to eat her pussy, and that was when I heard “no.” It was classic “no” token resistance… I’d give her some room to make sure she was still with me, still into it… and she was. Romantic look in her eyes. Touching me. I pinned her wrists to her side. I kept going.

I did eat her pussy, but she was pretty squirmy about it. She definitely didn’t relax. And she was drippy wet… my bed is sticky even now. But it wasn’t the kind of heavy pussy-eating that I like.

There was one story from Lance Mason about how if a girl doesn’t like to receive, let her please you instead. And as I write this, I’m thinking of my last call with Rivelino, and how he talked about how he likes “pull your cock out” (PICO) game, and his advice to me on that call to “let the girl please you.” And that came to mind. So I did.

I got up, grabbed a condom… and put in on the bed. I made a show of that, so she knew I was about to fuck her. Then I took my pants off. And I laid down, and told her to kiss me. And she was lovely and compliant, like she was the rest of the night. And then I told her to suck my cock. No hesitation… she jumped into it. And it was a very amateur blowjob… but… blowjobs are like pizza…

I let that go on for a while… because even as she gave me a rookie BJ, it was pretty glorious.

Then… I climbed out from under her little, young body… put the condom on… spread her legs, and…

+1 daygame.

Her pussy was magical. I almost came immediately. I slowed down, and took my time, fucked her for 20 minutes or so… that magically pussy squeezing me the whole time.

Amazing.

As I had her on her knees… she would reach back and grab my hand. And I would have her by one hand, my other hand on her hips, smashing her from behind. Fucking hot little girl. Not deep and romantic. Not overly passionate, like sex with Miss Thick last Friday… but really fucking good.

I got laid last Thursday night with Miss Xi’an… a new daygame girl. Then again Friday afternoon with Miss Thick. And again with her on Saturday morning, after she spent the night. And then Saturday, I took the night off. I needed a chill night. I needed a break. And then I saw Siren on Sunday… more sex that night (amazing night). And again Monday morning. I didn’t fuck (or jerk off) on Tuesday or this morning… and I was just starting to feel horny again… and this little girl was ready for a proper send off from her time in the US.

Delicious.

I asked her to stay. Which would have been great. She’s lovely. But she has to “take her contact lens off”… and she checks out of the hostile tomorrow… and gets on a plane to see her little friend in Canada… so even though she was sleepy, and amazingly cute in my white sheets… she put her clothes on and got ready to leave.

As she left I told her to stay… that I wanted to marry her!! And give her 16 babies!!! She'd be fat and pregnant all the time!! She laughed. "How can you say that?!!!" And she gave me a cute little wave and jumped in the car and took off.

Wow.

I didn't know how old she was… so I texted her as she rode home. I guessed 24. She corrected me… 22. Wow. That is the youngest girl I've fucked since 2014. That was on my first trip to Japan. Also Korean. I think this is the 4th Korean girl I've fucked.

> HER: lol I born in 1995

That is four years AFTER I graduated from high school.

In my phone, I saved her number as "Korean Girl | Last Night."

I don't even know her name.

As I drink an IPA and write this post… I can still taste her pussy on my lips.

Filthy. And wonderful.

Viva daygame.

Wow.

Viva daygame.

She Gave Me a Bogus Number | Female Psychology

Nash · 19 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I was out hunting today, it felt great. I was with Young Guns, coaching him a little. Took a couple numbers… Including one from a very cute 19 year old. Wow. But that's not what I want to talk about.

I got a bogus number today.

She was my 3rd approach, a cute little Vietnamese girl… I'm guessing American born, as she had no accent. As she passed me I was interested. As I looked back… great ass on that girl.

I was feeling solid, and alive, and powerful, and she stopped easily. She was unsure of me at first, but she stood there listening and checking me out as I spit my game. She told me she was from NYC, and I made a joke ",Oh!… I've heard of that place… East Coast, right?"

I think that joke (and the ones that followed) got her to hook a bit. That, and the fact that I'm increasingly comfortable with these girls, as if we've know each other forever… when actually all we have to go on are the "two-to-ten-minute" interactions that start each of the street romances I have tried to chronicle here.

I had told her my name, but she asked for it again as her interest gelled… Or so it seemed.

I jumped into logistics… I didn't have a date for that night, and I was definitely entertaining the idea of a same-day date or SDL. We are in peak tourist season here. My place was clean and ready. I was ready.

It was her last night here in this city, and those words are a kind of music to a daygamers ears — that can be an ideal scenario for fast-sex. I fucked the 22 year old Korean two weeks ago in exactly that set-up. If a girl is out traveling, she hasn't had her fill of adventure, "the last night" might tempt her into some grotty discretion before she leaves.

So, logistics… This is something I got good at in Japan:

How long are you here? Where are you staying? Who are you traveling with? What are you doing now? What are your plans for tonight?? All this, mixed with some attraction and some comfort. You want the logistics fast (because you don't have much time), but you also need to keep charming her, build that connection. I was trying to do both.

She was on her way to have coffee with a friend. She had no plans for the night, had an early flight the next day, said she didn't want to stay out late.

I asked her to join me for dinner. I said I knew this was all happening "a little fast," but it was her last night. Did she like ramen? Yes. I told her I was a ramen expert (which I am not), and she quizzed me on the place I had in mind. We were very cute together, great banter, it was going well.

So I pulled out my phone and took her number, handing her the phone to key in the digits. I considered doing the ole' "here, I'll call you so you have mine…", but I did not. In retrospect, it's funny I thought of that. Maybe that was sheer chance, or maybe I was picking up on something? Maybe my "Spidey Sense" was tingling?

She seemed into it. Not like a wild "Yes" girl, but there was a dirty little sparkle in her eyes. I love that kind of sparkle. And good for her… it was a dirty moment.

When she teased me about the ramen, that was all playfulness, and a lot of investment. She didn't have to do any of that. If she wanted to get rid of me, no need to banter. At that point, I was thinking 50% she'll come out. I thought she liked the plan. It felt on. And it was clear to me I wasn't forcing myself on her.

It was only a few hours until this (potentially hot) "ramen date" of ours, so I pinged her via text. I was feeling good about my opening moves:

> NASH: Happy Coffeetime to you and your little friend, Miss Wishbone.
> NASH: — Nash

She had been wearing a gold wishbone around her neck. We didn't talk about in the set, so I thought it was a cool move to bring that little unbidden detail back as a nickname.

I put the phone in my pocket and had a cocky-swag as I went off to run some more approaches. Checked my phone a few minutes later and then, from a random number:

> "+1413-555-5555 is a landline #. Reply Y to send all TXT messages to this # as voice messages for 0.25/msg.+ std msg fee. Details @ vtext.com, TexttoLandline"

Ugggg. That's not good. Did she give me a bogus number? ("555" was not the actual number she gave me.)

I called it, just to be sure… And it said:

> "Welcome to Verizon Wireless. The number you called cannot be connected as dialed…"

Something like that.

Bogus number! Burned. I'd already bragged to Young Guns about it… I had to confess and tell him I got played. SMH.

And that reminds me of this other time…

That set was much less solid. She was kind of telling me "no," but she was clearly stimulated by the approach and it was all good fun. I pushed a bit for the number, and she gave it to me. Cool, I thought.

Pinged her later that night. Nothing.

A few days later, I tried again:

> NASH: Hey Tina.
> NASH: Just got back from a trip to Santa Barbara and LA… CA is so beautiful right now.
> RANDOM DUDE: yo dude, think you got the wrong Number. Ain't no Tina here
> NASH: Hey… Cool man. Picked up a girl and this is the number she gave me. Thanks.
> RANDOM DUDE: Sorry dude, happens to everyone

Ha. Okay.

In the middle of that, he even sent a selfie. He was a cool guy. Totally funny situation.

^ That's the actual pic he sent

So that one burned me with a fake number too.

Not a big deal, and certainly no hard feelings toward these girls… They didn't ask for my attention. And they have every right to throw me off.

In fact… I wouldn't call any of this "flaking." That's one part of the community I think that is a disservice to our own psychologies… Unless a girl makes a commitment, she's not "flaking" on you. A girl that never returns a text is just not interested in you… that's not the same as a flake. So these girls didn't flake. They just brushed me off in a somewhat unusual way.

I have one more story like this from last Fall. This girl really "got" me. It was a long set, about 10 minutes, felt like such a good connection. I liked her so much, I didn't want to approach any more after I took her number. I was hooked.

(Maybe men really are the "romantics pretending to be realists." I was that day, that's for sure. I'm still trying to unlearn this… untelling one pretty lie at a a time.)

I texted her before I got on the train to go home.

> NASH: Hi Shanghai
> NASH: You were fun and charming tonight…
> NASH: Really fun to meet you.
> NASH: — Nash

When I got back above ground a message popped up. And… Just like with the girl from NYC, it was an error message saying I had texted a landline. When I called it, it was no longer in service.

That was last Fall. I have learned a few lessons since that day and I have had some success since I posted about her. I have learned a bit more about female psychology, and I am less surprised. I have thicker skin now… but that one stung at the time.

A week later, in the comments of a different post, talking about a different girl, Yohami gave me ~~shit~~ some coaching about it:

> "This is where you go off frame. Maybe it's because 'you really like her', from the same guy who was heartbroken because one girl gave you a bad phone number."

> — Yohami

It is easy for me to recall Yohami's comment from seven months ago, as I got (very mildly) burned again this week. Because I knew then… he was right. He was pointing to my naivete, and also how letting this stuff get under my skin is to defeat myself. And how that attitude in a man shows up across his life. And how there is only one person that can do anything about it, and that's me.

But that's about my psychology. In this case, I'm more interested in hers.

Let's go back to the first girl again… What was she thinking as she gave me that bogus number??

Was she afraid of me? Or not afraid, but wanted to brush me off? Did she think it was easy to give me a "yes" at the time, and let me find out it was really a "no" later? Was she nervous as she gave me the bogus number, knowing it was a type of lie? Or does she do this all the time? No big deal. It's fun for her… a kind of game where she gets to send another random boy spinning off to nowhere? Another vignette in the Battle of the Sexes.

The set was fun. Like I said, she hooked, and she was a lively and active participant in that encounter. She asked questions. She played with me. And in the end, she sent me off with a dead number.

I love thinking of her — as I write this — looking me in the eyes, knowing she was fucking with me. I really do… that little mind of hers.

I think a lot of time, the girl is truly ambiguous about the pickup. On the one hand, you're a total fucking stranger. On the other, you've got charm. She doesn't know you… But you're easy to talk to. This is an odd way to meet… but the other men in her life are mostly lame and low value. It's risky to get mixed up with strangers… but it's also exciting.

All that (and more) must go thru their heads. And just imagine all the accompanying emotions. Her turn on. Her anxiety. All the memories of past encounters with "cool guys." All her insecurities. All her expectations. That nagging "want" between her thighs…

It's no wonder she might give you mixed signals. If she's not really careful, she'll end up with your cock insider her. And she's right about that. Even if she is really careful… she might end up "taken" by a bad man. I want to be that bad man.

All these "nice little girls."

The Madonna/whore thing goes well beyond sex. The temptation to reduce girls to "one or the other" is real… But it's a mistake. The girls in this post that gave me the bogus numbers are not "bad girls" (whatever that means)… These are just aspects of the games we play in the sexual marketplace.

I am bummed the little New Yorker didn't date me that night. And that she didn't end up on her back, in my bed, with my face in her pussy. But I'm not mad. Not at all.

It's so interesting to me. All the shades of female psychology.

And since then, I've taken a few more numbers…

Yesterday when I was out, I picked up a Thai girl with a fantastic body. I approached her and let her go… wasn't sure about her face. But then I saw her again a bit later… unbelievable body, so I reopened her and closed her. As it came time to take her number, I said, "Okay, call me." And she did.

I felt my pocket vibrate as her call came in, and we looked into each other's eyes and I tapped my pocket and told her I had it.

I know that number is solid. And I know female psychology is wild… after all this time, I hit the street, I hunt, I mix it up, and there are surprises every day.

Viva daygame.

I Fired a Girl | Red Flags, Female Encroachment

Nash · 21 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I think I am kicking a girl out of my harem. She's fired. I'm not 100% sure I'll stick to my decision, but I think that's what I'm doing. This is all new for me.

I have three girls on rotation right now: The Siren (one of my favorite girls of all time), Miss Thick (who is a fantastic lover, getting better all the time) and then Good Smell. Other girls are (ah-hem) coming and going, but these three have been consistent.

Good Smell was a relatively recent addition to the current "girl tornado" conditions. Fucked her for the first time in May, I've fucked her maybe five times. She was becoming a regular.

She is 33, and that makes her 11 years younger than me, and six years older than any other girl that has my attention. She has been cute. And a pretty good lay. She has been fun to date, and I have enjoyed fucking her, and also sleeping next to her in my bed. She's not super passionate about the sex, but has seemed very into me. Sometimes more into me after sex than during.

I had no plans to cut her off… In fact, I have never cut off a daygame girl before. I haven't had to. They seem to "expire" in one way or another.

My first daygame lay moved to NYC after a few weeks (and a bit of deception). My 2nd lay mostly rejected me… I'm not 100% certain, but I stopped trying. The Filipina Mom has told me she wants to see me, but never follows through (dating moms is impossible, and not exactly my goal). All the J-girls stayed in Japan. Miss Xi'an wasn't my favorite, but she's off/on with messaging, so that one is going nowhere. The last Korean girl disappeared back to Korea.

I have never had to… never wanted to… get rid of a daygame girl before.

It's a strange feeling.

When I was a normal "boyfriend type," I dismissed a lot of girls. It was classic serial monogamy for me back then. For long-term relationships, or short term flings, I did almost all the breaking up. "Looping off heads" is what Natural and I call it. Not fun, but necessary.

Usually the girl would try to raise the stakes — to encroach on my territory, you might say. A mix of being less agreeable, less sexual, and more demanding. That is a fucking retarded plan for a girl to roll-out, but I've seen it over and over.

After a while, I would have enough, and I'd break us up. Her complaints… my action. She'd start the fight… I'd finish it. This has happened to me many times. It's why I don't want a girlfriend right now. Not at all. Not one bit.

The girls often seemed surprised as I'd cut them off. They were running the relationship into the ground like a suicide bomber into a crowded plaza. And yet they seemed shocked I didn't want to help continue that kind of mindless slaughter. Over and over I've seen them shocked (and even begging to come back) as I ended things.

I've had many LTRs, lived with four separate girls, etc., and being a player makes sense to me in a way that the nature of long-term relationships never did.

I'll own up to the idea that I wasn't managing those relationships as well as I could. Some man could have given both himself and the girl a better experience. Some man would train the girl better, have more iron-clad boundaries. But for me it was not working (not in the end). I may not have always known how to keep the magic going… But at least I knew when to get off the ride.

It is part of my story now that most girls will ruin a relationship, given enough time. I think that is really in a woman's nature.

It's all about them "encroaching" on you until you're broken or you fight back. They will escalate their demands in such a way that most men will either cave in to her demands (the guy gives up his power and position) or he bails (escapes a sinking ship).

Or (more likely), he gives in to her demands and she dumps him… dumps him for being weak, for not knowing how to handle her, for not being "better than her."

Or keeps him around, and treats him with contempt ever after. A co-dependent downward spiral of misery. Welcome to female leadership. And then she fucks some cool guy on the sly while continuing to extract a tax from him. Sad, but common. Sometimes the guy she is fucking on the side… is me.

Cynical. But that's what I see.

But as I've worked my way out of that kind of k-selected hell, I don't have to deal with that kind of bullshit much. It's nice. I still have "work" with the girls in my life, more so as they get established in "the hareem." But nothing like the bullshit I remember from monogamy.

A lot of daygame is about embracing how life is in flux, it ~~pumps and dumps~~ "comes and goes." So do the girls. Whereas the average guy has to compromise or suck it up, the daygamer can just hit the streets. And go back to the early "courtship" stage with each new girl. Relive the "best days," again and again.

The plurality of girls in Daygame is a bit like Groundhogs Day, but with a twist: You wake up every day with the same goal… but your skills keep getting better and "her" face keeps changing. The day's the same, the girl is not. It's awesome.

So Good Smell, is a "good" girl. I like her. We've been delicious and tender with each other. But there have been a few things that are signals to me to let her go, to cut her off, to move on myself.

The first moment when things started to feel "off" was complicated for me…

She had spent the night and it was a good time. I told her I had a busy morning that day, that I was getting ready to leave for a trip that afternoon… She sort of lingered, and it felt deliberate. I didn't like it.

And I'm not in this to give myself "bad experiences." That's the exact opposite of the goal, here.

Most girls in my life would have said something like, "I know you have a big trip, I'll let you pack…" And given me one last kiss, and then ran off. But Good Smell was kind of dragging her feet… That's what it felt like. It was a type of red flag.

That day I was trying to find the balance between giving her the kind of quality attention I want to give girls… And hurrying her along so I could get back to my mission… and she seemed to have no respect for my time.

And then, that same day… she had this plastic bag with two little bottles of some kind of "girl product" in it. She had it on my counter. She asked if she could leave it at my place… And she had a funny look on her face as she said it. I'm not 100% sure what that look meant.

I said yes… at first. I took it, and started to go put it someplace, and then changed my mind. I walked back to her, handed it to her, told her it would be better if she brought it with her when she came over.

That was my mistake… Changing my mind. I should have rejected it, laughed it off, immediately. Changing my mind was the right move, but it should have been my initial response.

The deal with that is this: If I'm going to have a lot of girls over, I don't want to keep track of their stuff. I don't want hide it. I don't want to talk about with the next girl. It's all "junk" in my life that doesn't serve what I'm trying to do. And what's more… it's encroachment. It's her "taking."

It's her pissing on the tree of my life. In some ways… no different than giving me a hickie.

It was time for lunch, so I took her for a sandwich… and I was thinking about the scene in my kitchen when I

handed her junk back to her… and right when I was thinking about it, she brought it up, right at the sandwich counter:

“Why did you change your mind?” I just repeated my declaration, “It’s better if you just bring it when you come over.” And I changed the subject.

That’s one “strike.”

The next strike came last week. She was in the city and we were messaging. I was horny and she was done with school, so we met up. She was hungry, so we got her some food. Had some tea. Went back to my place… and I fucked her.

And I told her I had 6 PM call. We showered, post sex, and the time came for my call… and she’s dragging her feet. I had been telling her, “I’m going to kick you out,” but I hadn’t said “get out.” It was like she was exploiting that. I could have been more explicit, definitely… but she was being obtuse. She was getting “take-y.” As my call comes up, I say, “I have to take that call,” and she says, “I’ll just wait in the other room.”

Grrrr. I had to start the call, and didn’t want a long talk at that moment. I could have been stronger. Yes. And I also know no other girl in my life does this kind of thing. It’s not cute. She knows it.

She is encroaching. She is taking territory. And testing me. Not cool. I don’t like it. This is the kind of shit that is like termites in the timbers of a relationship. Another red flag.

Post call, I check on her, we chat, and I call a car for her. I put her in the car and she’s gone. Sex was good, I wasn’t too concerned about the “encroachment,” and it was 8 PM and I had my life to myself again.

Meanwhile I have been hustling this new girl… Miss Tease. Ummm, Miss Tease. And she was maybe going to come into the city on Sunday, but I got a firm “no” on Friday afternoon. Too bad. So as the “no” is certain (she was my first choice), I ping Good Smell to see if she is free.

For a girl in my rotation, I want to see her once every 7-10 days. That gives me enough time to entertain other girls (and friends and events, etc.), but not so much time that a relationship gets stale or stretched too thin. That’s my theory. I did this with the Original Siren for almost two years (10 years ago), and with the Tokyo Queen for a year (my last LTR), and the current Siren and Miss Thick are in this pattern. It works.

I thought I could drop Good Smell in on Sunday, and then I’d have 7-10 days to work other girls before I needed to make room for her again. I like her, but I’m trying to get a lot done with girls right now. I pinged her, she had no plans.

> NASH: Come over. Let’s play that night.

I was out on the street running game at the time. I wasn’t that into the date as I texted her, but I knew I’d be ready for sex by Sunday. Maybe she could feel the lack of priority in my tone?

So, that night (still Friday), I’m out with Siren. It’s a wild, emotional, but great date. At dinner, I go off to the bathroom to cycle through my messages (including with Miss Tease), and I have a response from Good Smell:

> GOOD SMELL: Okkay
> GOOD SMELL: But what about if we spending the day together too
> GOOD SMELL: Doing some interesting thing
> GOOD SMELL: Like as our second time
> GOOD SMELL: I just want to do some more like couple things
> GOOD SMELL: Not just spending the night
> GOOD SMELL: Sorry for being such straight :)

I can read this now, and see her comments as sweet. As just wanting more time with me. That's cool. I like that.

But that's not my only read on this girl. At the time, I saw this as type of negotiation for sex. Like I take her on a big date, she fucks me. Bullshit.

That's not how it works. I don't negotiate for sex. The sex itself is its own beautiful exchange. Period.

I replied saying something about how I always have a plan… and I did… but I had no enthusiasm for this girl at this point. It had gone from love to war, at least a bit. I felt like I needed to be careful with my defense… and I was considering an aggressive offense as my plan of action.

That was the third strike.

That was enough red flags for her to really stand out against all the other girls I've meet in daygame. She was special, and not in a good way…. she was working herself out of job. I've seen this before.

The truth is… I'm happy to go on more nuanced dates. I'm not just "Netflix and chill." And I always take her out… except once, and that was when we had plans, and her day went long, so she came over at 11 PM, and that was the night before she tried leaving that stuff at my house.

I'm not trying to strictly booty call the girl (not that there's anything wrong with that). And I felt like she had adopted that frame. I don't trade for sex. That is fundamentally unacceptable to me. It felt pushy on her part, and insulting.

I really, really didn't like this from her at all. I got a bit mad. It fucked up my date with Siren… or rather, my emotions got in the way of my date with Siren. Not a lot, but some.

The next day (Saturday), Siren and I had one of the most intense mornings I've ever had with a girl. Sex, and eating in bed, and listening to music, and talking, and singing, and dancing, and some tears… and then a little lunch in the park. Fucking amazing. The best. She is awesome.

I ran a bit more game later that afternoon… talked to the Vicar (what's up, man!)… and took a few numbers. But the whole time, I knew I was going to take some action with Good Smell.

That night at dinner I messaged Siren. And had some great sex-talk with Miss Thick. And messaged my new leads from that day (both chatted with me). And then…

I cancelled that Sunday date with Good Smell.

I have basically never done this before. I didn't have another option. I knew I was throwing away some perfectly good sex. I just cancelled on her. Told her I needed to get some things done. She was fine about it, but I bet, by now… she gets it.

I think I am done with her.

I also know that I get horny and that my libido can change my POV. Perhaps I'll cave and invite her over? But I don't think so. If I get needy for sex or time with a girl… I'll grind the streets.

I really do have some options… both real girls in my orbit, and also the option to kick a girl out, clear out some space, and go hunt up the next prospect. I like to hunt. The daygame process needs air to breathe.

Seeing a girl once in seven days or so… means she is "1/7th" of your life. If she isn't fucking awesome… and you have other options… you might trade all she is to reclaim 1/7th of your free time. That's not a bad deal. I am choosing that, for now.

This is all pretty new to me. I know how to dump a cranky, stale girl. I know how to reject a girl that I've been dating for a few weeks, when I know it's not working out (even though I'm fucking that girl). But this was me, proactively optimizing a girl out. A girl that was more than willing to fuck me. New.

Encroachment. They will take all they can… that is the nature of women and I'm not at all mad or bitter about that.

I will use my strength (emotional and psychological) to keep that process at bay. I will surprise girls… so they're less stable and can't grab at as much. I will lead girls… so they're never dug-in and claw at my life. I will make them happy… so they're not craving change.

But I will also execute a girl for pushing my boundaries. Figurative, "dead." She's gone.

I fired her.

Hmmmmm.

I have a lot to learn.

Miss Good Smell… you were an interesting lover. You're a great girl, and I like you. But I see you taking territory… it's not graceful, it's piggish. It's not feminine… it's aggressive. That's not what I'm after. And you've lost to the competition in a big way.

Three strikes… you're out.

Back to the streets, my brothers. The world spins on it's axis… and we have work to do. The hunt goes on.

Viva daygame.

Recharge App for Sex with Miss Tease, +1 Daygame

Nash · 26 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Another sweet, young girl was pinned to the bed by a daygamer this week. I think she's the 8th new girl for me this year, and the 3rd girl I fucked this week.

In many ways, this is one of my favorite stories I've had as a daygamer. Took me four dates, three apps, a few hundred text msgs, and $60 to get the notch… And no I didn't pay the juicy little thing. The $60 was for Recharge App (and the hotel) where we had our sordid session together.

I picked her up on that "super day" a few weeks back. So that means I had sex with two of the girls I met that day. Like the Tourist, this one was also Korean, and quite young, I'd guess 21 to 24.

The pickup was smooth, quick chat, told her I wanted to take her to tea. She was all big eyes and femininity. Not gorgeous, but a charming little girl. I liked her.

She was (and is) awesome via text. I have never texted a girl so often before sex. But she is hard to date… So we did a lot of the work "with our thumbs."

> NASH: Let's have tea.
> HER: I'll think about it
> HER: Mr "danger"
> NASH: ^ I love that

This was early on… I had just gone through my usual "dangerous" routine. She called me "sweet" and I told her I was dangerous. She said "Oh… I don't hang out with dangerous people." It turns out that was a lie. She does like dangerous men. Surprise, surprise.

She was so much fun via text it was easy to get into her. She was quick and funny… and everyone knows funny = smart. Smart, cute, young. I was hooked by her quickly.

> NASH: Do you live with your family?
> HER: And why is this question asked? :-p
> NASH: Just a guess… You seem like you might live at home.
> HER: Hahaha I think it's quite obvious I live at home
> HER: I am thinking of moving out soon, so if you know of any good places.. :-)
> NASH: You can't move in with me!!! We just met!!!! :]
> NASH: Wow… You move so fast!
> HER: LOL
> HER: I wasn't even thinking about that~
> HER: someone's getting ahead of themselves :-p

Fun girl.

> NASH: Are you in your room? Or out in the main part of the house?
> NASH: I am curious about you…
> HER: I'm in my room :-)

She is culturally Korean, but was born here. She speaks Korean at home. Her mom is a stay-at-home mom and she really likes her dad. But her parents are strict… won't let her date. She works in the city (which is where I picked her up), but takes the train out to the suburbs… she has to be home right after work.

> NASH: We need to meet
> HER: Hehee I can't
> HER: Gotta go straight home
> NASH: I think if there's something you want… You can be more creative
> HER: Idk if it's what I want
> HER: You seem to want it
> HER: More :-p
> NASH: Neither of us know…
> NASH: But I know it's on your mind
> HER: Just to talk?
> HER: :-)

This was after a while… I can't remember all that had happened by the time we were talking like this to each other. It didn't take long, she's a great flirt.

You see the scenario?

She is a hot, sexy, delicious little princess… "locked up in a castle." And my quest is to find a way to get access to her… to get past the moat and the guards. To get into her "treasure." My role is a mix of the "hero" and the "dragon." Fucking hot scene. I loved it. I could almost thank her parents for setting the stage.

> NASH: I am loving the persona of the very feminine Korean girl
> NASH: Lives at home
> HER: Haha it is all an act
> HER: You're falling for it.

I love ^ this about her.

Who knows how much of what I know of her is "fact." I have no idea. But our first "days of game" were at the perfect pitch to get me invested and turned on.

I set up a date to see her after work one night. She doesn't normally work that day, but she did in this instance. I didn't know all the details about her life yet, I was just trying to move us through the model. I thought I'd do a quick date, move us along, and set up some momentum for another day when I could get her to come into the city and give me more time to do my thing.

> NASH: Tomorrow..,
> NASH: Spend an hour with me after work.
> NASH: Then… We'll send you back home.
> HER: An hour is a long time tho
> HER: :-p
> NASH: Not nearly enough… I can barely get in trouble in 1 hour.

I had the initial date. It was set up, and then as I woke up that morning I had this…

> HER: Aww I just remembered, I have dinner plans on today so I have to leave right after I finish work :-(
> HER: You wouldn't be free around 1pm right :-(

I figured this was a flake, but that 2nd message came about an hour after the first, and… she counter offered before I could say anything. Good girl.

I agreed to meet her for what would be our first date, at 1 PM, on her lunch break.

She has a 30 minute lunch break. Total. Door to door. Very tough logistics, but this was kind of a “filler” date for me, I didn’t really expect we’d have much opportunity to connect or to get sexual.

She happens to work very near that art museum I always take girls to, so I took her there. We walked around. She was very cute and the vibe was great. I held her hand, just took it as she was walking up the stairs. Later when I tried to take it again, she gave me a big smile and resisted. She wasn’t all over me, not at all. But it was easy to touch her, and the vibe was awesome. I felt like making out with her in the first couple minutes… it was in the air.

I dropped her off at work and she wouldn’t even hug me. I laughed at her. And told her then that I thought that was funny… and that I almost kissed her in the museum. Her eyes got big, and she laughed. We said goodbye and walked off. Ummmmmm.

We went back to messaging…

It was around here that we had this funny exchange about “social media.”

> HER: Do you do any social media? :-)

Ha… I had no idea where this would go at the time.

> NASH: Oh… You’re so curious about me.
> NASH: I like it.
> NASH: You just wanna see my gym selfies on Instagram.
> HER: Hahah maybe maybe not
> NASH: No… You do!
> NASH: I look guuuuuuuuud.
> HER: Lolll care to show off?

I don’t even have an Instagram account, let alone any “gym selfies.” I was just fucking with her. It was fun.

From there I sent her this “naked” shot of me… when I was about one year old. I do this sometimes with girls, if it comes up. I pretend I am going to send them a dick pic, usually with them saying “no, no!!,” and then I send the baby pic… which is me naked, on my stomach, with my one year old ass in the air. Obviously non-sexual.

I didn’t really take all this as sexual from her… at the time. This is partly to say that I realize how “blind” I still am to the larger arch of the game sometimes. Even now. After all this study and practice. I was still missing what she was saying, assuming she was the one that was somewhat naïve… she is not.

My big theme with this girl was not looking too horny. She seemed very on. But I didn’t want to be thirsty. I’m sure she knows guys like that, and that’s not the guy I want to be. I was leading, I was making things sexual, but I was also practicing leaning back. So that meant I didn’t pounce on every nuance. I didn’t push things as far as I could… and this “social media” thing comes up again later.

Meanwhile, she has a great sense of “push/pull.” It’s part of how she likes to “dance” with me. She’s very good at the teasing stuff. She can be self-deprecating in one moment, and then teasing me about how much I want her in the next. Great “cat-string theory” skills. And that played into the banter and the experience of leading like a wolf, but leaning back… to avoid being the “horny teenager.”

> HER: You have to wait until next week to… check me out.
> HER: I could change my mind next week though~

> HER: Aw well if you have to go

> HER: I guess I'll just find something else to do

> HER: Hehe I bet you won't be in the mood with me :-)

> HER: You prob don't like to see little panties hehe

> HER: Heheh I don't look tasty at all
> HER: I'm not tasty looking ;-)

> HER: Hehhe im sure you don't want to touch me

These are sampled from throughout our text exchange… but you can get a sense for her flavor as a girl. A taste of her mind. I've told her over and over that her mind is the most sexy part of all this… and that's partly true. Partly.

So we have these logistical challenges… she is allowed to come into the city for work, but that's it. It wasn't clear at first, but she can't even come in on her days off. Not even for "lunch" on her dayoff. Like I said, she's not allowed to date. She has said she doesn't want to lie to her parents. Some of that was likely a type of teasing as well. Little girls get what they want.

All of this was a clear "puzzle," as Yohami would say. And it was up to me to find a way. This whole post is about me finding the way… even though I missed a lot of clues.

So I set up a 2nd date.

> HER: Isn't it too sooon ? ;-)
> HER: I'm sure you don't miss me just yet
> NASH: It is… But I know you keep thinking about me.
> HER: Are you sure it's not the other way around?

She is such a great tease…

> NASH: Let's make a plan for Monday
> NASH: Boba after work… and then you get on the train
> HER: Hmmmm
> HER: I'll think about it
> NASH: ^ Miss Tease

That's how she got her name.

> HER: No touching hands
> HER: Or grabbing hair
> HER: :-p

God, I love this girl. This ^ was in reference to me touching her at the art museum. I was getting very turned on at this point.

We met up for that second date. This time after work. I had her meet me at the Mall. It's close to her work. I took us for boba tea, and we sat for a minute and did some basic comfort chat. And then, I stood her up and I walked her into Bloomingdale's.

That was the date. Me. Her. Some iced tea. And walking around a department store. And… me trying to kiss her. Over and over. And her laughing. And me using each moment on the escalators to get close, to touch her, to pull her in. Fucking great date.

That was it. Another 30 minutes or so. And I put her on the train and walked off smiling.

That was Monday. We had another 100+ text messages after that. We were both clearly into each other. It was on. I never message this much and I don't recommend it… texting too much sets you up for a high-maintenance thing later. This girl felt a little different, and she had me pretty hooked.

> HER: :-)
> HER: Maybe we should hang out when you miss me
> NASH: I miss you now!
> NASH: Come over???
> NASH: :]
> HER: Taking things fast now aren't you
> HER: You even said you almost kissed me
> HER: Def gotta keep my distance
> NASH: I never said that!!!
> HER: Yeah huhhh
> NASH: You're making that up
> HER: You did
> HER: I remember
> NASH: But I'm glad it's on your mind

We did this kind of thing over and over via text… a mix of me leaning forward, and then leaning a bit back. I have never played with "plausible deniability" like I did with her. I never came out and said I wanted to fuck her. Never talked about actual sex. Just this kind of thing… well, this and more.

So I set up date number three.

We would text about kissing, or her lips (for instance), but usually in a "general sense," somewhat abstract. It took discipline and creativity, but it was a lot of fun.

> HER: If I was to kiss someone
> HER: It'd have to be a private spot
> HER: :-p
> NASH: Okay… That's good to know.
> HER: Loll I'm just saying that's all :-p

For that third date, we met in the Mall again. I walked her out of the mall and into the street. I was going to take us the square, but it occurred to me it would be funny to take her to another department store… so I took her to Macy's. More walking around. I got her up on an upper floor, looking down on the square, pulled her in… great makeout. She was into it, and she was a wonderful kisser. Full, wet, juicy lips. Glorious. We wandered around some more, chatting a bit, she would occasionally pull her face away, but would mostly make out with me as much as a I wanted.

After about 20 minutes of that, I walked her to the train. Long stare into her eyes… and she was off.

Another absurd but wonderful date.

This is something that guys without experience don't understand. The date is about you and her, everything else is a distraction. You don't need dinner or a concert, or anything else… just you and her, and few moments. This was

one of my favorite dates I've ever had… in part because it was novel, and in part because… I was making out with a cute young girl, and for the first time. And that is almost always magical.

That was Wednesday. We'd known each other for about two weeks. And had had three dates. For the next few days, the texting would really ramp up in tone and richness.

Earlier I mentioned that she had brought up Snapchat. I'm 44… of course I don't have a Snapchat account. Or I didn't last week. I do now.

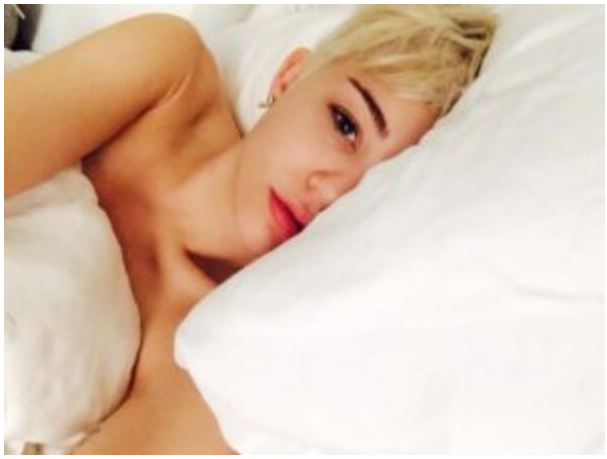
> HER: And you should do Snapchat :-)
> HER: Play with me on Snapchat :-)

These ^ came in separate nights… that last offer to "play" on Snapchat came on Thursday. I downloaded the app. Sent her a message.

It is much hotter where she lives than in my city, so we had been talking about the heat all week… cheesy-sexy messages about her "sweaty neck."

> HER: Hehe yeah I'm so sweaty right now
> HER: I guess it's obvious I don't have much on.. :-)

Not long later, I had my first Snapchat from her…



This looks nothing like her (she's Korean), but it was like this, but without her eyes and showing more skin. A better, hotter pic, actually. She sent that image, with the caption:

> "In case you never believe me about what I'm wearing."

Those ^ words were "Snapchat style," across the pic, across her neck…

> NASH: Okay… That kind of thing is going to make me fall in love
> NASH: Wow
> HER: :-) hmmm?
> HER: Something happen

It was hot. I took a screenshot (so I still have it) before I learned that they get notifications when you screenshot those pics. I didn't know, I do now. I wasn't sure if she'd send another after I screen-captured the first… but she did.

I invited her to come into the city, and she was non-committal. We texted all weekend, and the Scapchats kept pouring in.

She told me she wasn't going to be able to come into the city. That was Friday… the day I made plans with Good Smell instead, and then she sent the comments that made me decide not to see her anymore.

Miss Tease and I were working through that "hot weekend," I was keeping the mood sexual…

> NASH: I know you're not a "shorts" girl…
> NASH: But are you a "cute little tank top" girl??
> HER: Hehe yeah I'm more of a tank top kinda girl
> NASH: And I have a great image of you in a little tank top…
> HER: Haha do you! ;-)

This ^ was Friday, during the day. And that night I was out to dinner with Siren, and I went to the bathroom to check my messages (I don't check my messages in front of girls, I think it's rude). I got the texts from Good Smell then… but I also got a great Snapchat from Miss Tease.

> NASH: Uhhhh…
> NASH: I am out to dinner…
> NASH: But I just saw your tank top photo…
> NASH: Lips, and neck, and skin…
> NASH: I love it.
> HER: Hehe oops
> HER: Enjoy your dinner

The pics were increasingly sexual. More neck. Nipples… which are beautiful. And then her face to the camera, and a mirror behind her, with her ass (in a thong) in the shot. The pics were hot, but it was the vibe between us that was the real turn on.

We had been talking more and more about a "private spot" for her and I to "talk." Her timetable was so (eh-hem) tight, that I wouldn't have time to get her to my house. Like I said, it was totally sexual between she and I, but also a solid plausible deniability thing going on. We were never explicit about fucking each other.

On Sunday morning she sent me this…

> HER: My friends used to use this app? Or website called breather

I looked it up. It's an app to rent "conferences rooms." I understood why this was on her mind, but I couldn't imagine fucking her in a conference room. I made a joke that that app should be called "Heavy Breathing." She laughed.

(I have since told this story to the guy that cuts my hair. He's a gay man and we always talk about sex/dating during my appointments. He's fucked a guy in a "breather" before… apparently that is also a thing.)

While the conference room idea is actually a turn on (especially for a girl I knew better), I wouldn't want that for my first time with her. I would assume that would be too "irregular" for a lot of girls, even if this one was okay with the idea — she had suggested it, in her feminine, barely-indirect kind of way.

Meanwhile… I had been talking with Young Guns. And he had mentioned this app where you can book hotel rooms, nice ones, by the hour. I looked it up, and I found something called Recharge App.

I'll pause here to say, thank you, Young Guns! This was a crucial element to the lay. Props to you… for being a good wing, but also for the lead on the hotel app. Thanks.

Putting this all together… we were ready for sex, but had terrible logistics, because her parents have her on a short leash. But she works downtown. So I fire up the app, put in the address of her work, and two great hotels pop up

that are literally five minute walk from her office.

…this whole story is so wild to me.

> NASH: I think I found something cooler than HEAVY BREATHING
> HER: Hehe :-) which is?
> NASH: …depends when we are ready for a private space to talk.
> HER: Maybe today maybe
> HER::-)

I love her use of ^ "maybe" here. The word "maybe" is becoming a big deal to me in game. It's a very important word.

> NASH: Can you take a late lunch… Like later in the day? Like 2.
> NASH: Or I can keep you for like 40 min after work
> HER: Ohhh at 2?
> HER: For 30 minutes right :-)
> HER: Or maybe after work
> HER: I end at 5:10 :-)

A 5:10 start would mean I could likely keep her until about 6, so that would be almost an hour. That is still a "rushed" session. We'd have to meet, get to the hotel, check in, get upstairs, fuck like rabbits, and then clean up, and get her back to the train. It was a mix of sexy and alluring and so ridiculous that I almost didn't take it seriously.

> NASH: We're both interesting people…
> NASH: Who knows what we might think of to talk about…
> NASH: If we found a private space…
> NASH: And had a little time…
> HER: Who knows :-)
> HER: 20min can be enough :-)
> NASH: Yeah… Maybe
> HER: I thought we're just talking hehe
> HER: Do we need a private space?
> HER: ;-)
> NASH: It might be more relaxing… :]
> NASH: I don't know that I can say everything I want to say to you…
> NASH: On an escalator.
> HER: Hehe yeah private space sounds nice

^ Just driiiiiiiping with "Secret Society" talk here…

I still hadn't made the hotel room explicit, but at this point, the plan was set. She sent me 1000 more messages that afternoon, asking me to tell her more about my little "plan" — which I would always dodge, with a mix of flirting and teasing.

> HER: Hm or maybe you can wait until tomorrow :-p
> HER: :-)
> HER: Up to you
> HER: I just wanna do what makes you happy
> HER: Guess we can go to another department store :-)

These are various things she said as we did the count-down to our illicit rendezvous that afternoon.

And I loved that part about “wanna do what makes you happy.” God, that is so hot. So feminine. She is avoiding responsibility at one level (by making this about what I want), but also being incredibly sexy and “pleasing” at the same time.

Separately we’d had this other text exchange about her being a “giver or a receiver.” She said she was a giver, and I’m not surprised she would say that. I told her that made sense to me, but I wanted to see what she was like as she received… and I was very much looking forward to eating her pussy.

We met up, she was a mix of after-work tired and distracted. She would push a little cuteness at me now and again. She can straddle the line between child and seductress rather well, but at this point she was more in the childish space. Maybe she was nervous.

I told her I wanted to take her to a private space, and she gave a low energy reply. I pulled out my phone, “clicked” to book our room on Recharge, and lead her off on the five minute walk to the hotel.

Checking in… to a very nice hotel… “for an hour”… with a cute, hot, but obviously MUCH younger girl… was a scene. When I told Young Guns this story, he mentioned the word “discretion.” That was it. The whole thing was a test of the “poker face” and discretion of the woman checking us in.

I’m grateful to Recharge for the lay. And it’s not weird that hotels (even very nice ones) are used for sex and hookups. But the “by the hour” model made this more like a cheap motel experience than a highend, luxury hotel visit.

And meanwhile… as we checked in, Miss Tease was almost bored looking. A little vacant, and distracted. I filled in with some small talk. That got us through check out, up the elevator, into the room, and then… it was on.

We were in the room for maybe 30 seconds before I walked over to her, in the middle of the chit-chat, and kissed her. We were both moving too fast, literally too fast. So I told her, “slow down for me.” And I lead her, as I slowed down too. And we tried to let the absurdity fade away and the drop into a sensual vibe.

She made it hard to get her clothes off… a mix of “no” and token resistance the whole time, even as her breathing got deeper and she pulled me in. I peeled her tight, black jeans off, got her naked, and she was lovely. Great shape, amazing curves, a full ass and a wonderful hip-to-waist ratio. The nipples I’d seen in the Snapchats were bigger and fuller in person. I did eat her pussy and it was delicious.

She has perfect skin.

And I knew we were running out of time… the room was still a little hot, even thought I’d turned the temperature all the way down, and I was sweating as I got my pants off, using my tshirt to wipe the sweat off my face.

I had packed condoms that morning… all that meant was that I double checked that I had some in my work bag, which I did. So I tossed one on my bed. I flipped her onto her stomach, and got my cock hard as I checked her out. I looked around. I could barely believe where I was at. I put on the world’s best condom and…

+1 daygame.

The sex was delicious. I was very excited, and had to stop often to keep from coming too fast. I took my time as much as I was able. Then took off the condom, tossed it on the hotel floor, and came all over her chest and neck.

Jesus. What an adventure.

We took a shower. She was careful not to get her hair wet, as she was going straight off to dinner with her parents. She got out before me. When I came out, wearing a towel, she had her pants on and was just putting her bra back on… the black lace against her almost translucent skin… she looked a little distant, but absolutely beautiful.

She said she had to go, and she kissed me quick and walked out.

It was a sort of cold ending to hot afternoon. I would have much preferred to lay around and chat. We'd been in the room for less than an hour… and she was gone.

I took a deep breath and looked around. It was surreal. Who am I? What the fuck am I doing here??

Had she done all this before?? Some of it, I'm sure. The Snapchats?? I'm sure, sure, sure… that's not new to this girl. She was very smooth about all that.

On one of the department store dates, I learned she had fucked at least two other guys. One in highschool. The other in college. She could use "studying" as an excuse to get away from home. But as we fucked on the hotel bed… her hips… showed some experience. She can move her hips better than any girl I've been with in a long time. I'm going to guess she's had 5-10 lovers. That's a guess. We had no time to lay around and debrief… or maybe I would have been able to learn more.

I made sure I had my things. I checked my voicemail. Then I opened the door and stepped out into the hallway alone. My hair was wet from the shower. I had remembered to pick up the condom and put it in the trash. I clicked the button on the app to show I'd checked out. It was over.

This ^ was my room key. It was also the look on my face as I took the elevator back down to the street.

I walked around in an amused daze. I felt like a serial killer. I looked normal on the outside. Walking along the sidewalk like anyone else. Only I had had a very unusual sex-capade with very young girl only minutes before. That's not impossible, but I knew it wasn't "normal." It was rare and wonderful.

Thank you, Miss Tease. For one of the most wild little relationships of my life.

Viva daygame.

Triggering State | I-date with a Japanese Teenager

Nash · 30 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Wow, she was a cute one. 19 years old… But that was a surprise. I didn't figure that out until the quick street-date was almost over.

I'll get into the notes and that little date, but first… Some theory that's been on my mind lately.

It had been a rough day. Started out by having a client cancel my contract. It was almost a relief… The new person managing that position is a bitch on wheels. Glad I won't have to work with her… Even though losing the deal hurts my wallet a bit.

And that wallet-punch was a challenge to my state. I was gonna run some daygame that day, but knew it would be hard to feel confident and loose after the bad news. And even though the ax fell the next morning, I was in a much better mood by then… vs after that initial meeting.

As my vibe improved, a daygame session seemed more likely to be successful.

Which reminds me of some comments RSD Tyler said in this otherwise uninteresting free video. I heard it about two months ago, and it's been on my mind so I dug it up this week… It was a great point:

> "The biggest breakthrough for me, was really looking carefully at what triggered an amazing night and what triggered a failed night. And just like really fucking zeroing in on that."
> — RSD Tyler

Okay, he is talking about "nights" here, but we can easily translate this to daygame and seduction in general.

> "The biggest difference between an intermediate and an advanced guy, is an intermediate guy has sporadic great nights, whereas advanced guys consciously know how to trigger it. So get really fucking good at TRIGGERING a great night."

> "What triggered this? From the moment I walked out of the fucking house, what mental attitudes did I have, what behaviors did I have, and what could I have done to make this difference."

> "One of the biggest ones for me, and it's different for everybody, was just high-fiving people on the way to the fucking club. If I just did a couple of stupid little high-fives… my night would blow the fuck up."

> "Find ways to train yourself to let go. Be very aware of each little thing that'll trigger that in you. Whatever your unique way is, become super familiar with it."
> — RSD Tyler

This ^ is very good advice. It was worth my time to track these comments down.

He is talking about something important here — consciously triggering state. I am loving those comments right now.

Triggering state is about how you design your day. It's about the moments right before you hit the sidewalk and your rituals while you're out on the hunt. Did you get your shit done that day? Did you "clean your room?" Were you good to people? It's hard to spend all morning fighting and then suddenly step into "love" that afternoon.

EX: I physically stretch before I start to approach to get me to loosen up. I raise my arms to the sky and say a little prayer to the Daygame Gods… "May we be entertained!" I often clap my hands a bit, to pump me up, to be a little

obnoxious, to get into the “social freedom” of the day. I have written about how I like to help tourists as a means to dialing in my state. And how all the hired guns and social proof in my life help me feel socially connected.

These are ways in which I try to trigger a vibe that is conducive to picking up.

Another practical example from my life is also something I took from Tyler. He does this drill in his Hotseat at Home with the word “hey!” And I use that word as cue, as an anchor, as a drill… to focus me and fire me up.

As I hit the street… After the stretching and the Daygame God Salute… at that point, I warm up my “hey!” Or rather, sometimes I do. And I notice that when I do this pre-game ritual (just like Tyler’s “high fives”), I pop-off better.

“Hey!” Hey…” “Heyyy.” “Hey.” “HEY!!!” “HEY.” “Hey.”

Each of those has a different emotional flavor behind it. Dominance. Excitement. Rapport. Seduction. And then I usually try to settle into a calm, solid, seductive vibe.

So ^ this is not theory. It’s my personal drill to help kick-start my state. It works well for me, to dial in my vibe.

And as I was getting a little beat up at work, I used some state stuff to help me to clear it all out and get me to settle down. TD would say, “…to let go.” And Tyler’s comments were behind me making a conscious effort of that kind of preparation.

It worked… despite the tension in my life, I was able to “let go.” I found some freedom. I felt very on that day.

So… The insta-date:

She stopped pretty easily, took out her headphones and we dropped into the initial moments. She was cautious, looked around a bit. I told her I thought she had an interesting face, which was true. And that I liked her style, which was also true. She took the compliments, still a bit cautious.

As I asked her name it was clear she was Japanese. I told her so. She was surprised I could tell. I was surprised she was Japanese… as you might know from my other stories, we have a lot my Chinese girls here, but fewer Japanese. I used to have a preference for Japanese girls… Now I do not. Too many great Chinese girls out there.

Logistics… She is a tourist. Properly Japanese, but she is studying English in Oregon. She was here on break, visiting her little friend. She had two nights left, and I had one of those nights off so I was trying to angle for a date and maybe another tourist lay.

I also happened to have been at a Japanese market that morning, as I was cooking for Siren that night. She wanted to know the name, so we looked it up on my phone and I wanted to send it to her… But she didn’t want to give up the contact details. More caution.

I teased her and tried to plow a bit… “argued the toss,” as Krauser would say. She said it was “dangerous to give the contact.” I told her that giving me her Line App would mean I could msg, but that was it. But it wasn’t happening.

I was trying to move on to setting up a date for the next day, but the contact exchange was going nowhere. So I went for the i-date and she agreed.

Hmmm. Cool.

So arbitrary… that she would date me in real time, but refuse to give me something as meaningless as access to her via electronic msg. But just like that, I was on my 2nd i-date here in the US.

Took her to tea. As I walked her into the coffee place and the staff checked us out (they all know me), it felt like deja vu, as I did this so many times with girls in Japan (the staff there would check me out too). It was ironic to have my 2nd i-date here, and it was with a J-girl. If I didn’t know better, I’d think only Japanese girls like to i-date.

We got two cups of sencha and walked back toward where we met. At a certain point, she signaled to sit down (she

was leading a tiny bit there) and we did.

She's a lovely girl. Goes to University in Osaka. She has a boyfriend there, and I told her he was too far away to matter… And she smiled. I told some stories about virgins I met in Japan and asked if she was… She said it was a secret. Totally cute, but I bet she is not.

I assumed she was post-grad, doing some language work, and I guessed her age at 22… Her eyes bugged out and she said:

> HER: I'm 19!

I had no idea. She didn't ask about my age. In my experience, most girls don't ask until after sex.

By then the love bubble was in full bloom. We had done my now standard "routine" about how a good man will make a girl "comfortable," but not too comfortable… A mix of safe, but also "exciting." I had her right in that space.

I tried to kiss her… I mentioned it somewhat before I did it, but only barely, cutting myself off and going for it. She panicked a bit, but I body-rocked back, repeated "Comfortable! Comfortable!" with an exaggerated big grin on my face, and she relaxed and the bubble got even sweeter. She had a look on her face like she was in love. She told me that I really did make her comfortable and thanked me for "respecting her feelings."

This was fun (19, wow), but was going nowhere and I wanted to get back to hunting. I made her take a photo of my Line ID, so if she changed her mind she could add me later and I told her if she did I would take her out. She seemed very into me, thanking me over and over. Doggy Dinner Bowl Eyes.

Great experience. For both of us.

I walked off smiling about the magic windows of daygame. These brief little fantasy moments that happen out of nowhere. Just another day in the streets and a date with a little girl 25 years younger than me.

This… after starting the day by getting "fired."

Game is clearly a happy place for me. I used some state exercises to get me in the mood, and then game took that mood to the sweet sensation of a charming teenager's attention.

It's not always like this, but often enough. The street can be cold and cruel… But it can be warm and generous as well.

I had already taken two numbers that day. I rolled around and took two more.

Beautiful daygame day. Huge smile on my face.

Went home that night and had another incredible and emotional date with Siren.

Clients are like girls… They come and go like trains through a station. I am that station. I am the center of my life. Girls… are just passing through. And there will be more.

This is not a passive exercise. I have to take the initiative, I have to offer value. I have to lead. But when I do, great things happen.

And as I make myself the center of my life — where girls (and clients) are the "golden eggs," but I am clear that in my life, I am the "golden goose" — I can be less attached to any specific girl or client.

I can be free.

> "That's really what game is, it's training your mind to do two things: Take massive action and have a fucking blast by letting go just self amusing and having fun."
> — RSD Tyler

All hail the Daygame Gods! May we be entertained!

And bless all the little tourist girls. All the girls, really. With their perfect skin and curious-soft little minds. The one today was delicious.

Viva daygame.

Rust Removal and Encouraging Tornadoes

Nash · 14 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Cobrantula wrote a post recently about getting back on the hunt after some time off. He is clearly on the players journey, and the dude works hard. But he'd been at a wedding recently and his regularly scheduled quest for quim had been disrupted for a spell. As this thing called "life" got the fuck out of the way of his game, he got back to the most important thing in the world… chasing tail. Yes to that.

But the break in training cost him more than time on the streets:

> "My approach anxiety is almost back completely. The last couple of opens I've done were terrible. I was starting to wonder if I'm losing it."
> — Cobrantula

I know the feeling. I've been through that cycle many times. It's about a loss of momentum, in a game where momentum makes a real difference.. And it happens to me all the time.

You start to get going. You clock some solid days on the street. You rack up some leads, and you're working them, trying to get dates scheduled. And then you get a cold, and you're a snotty mess for a week… and things fall apart. Or it's a holiday and you're traveling (or the girls are). Or a friend comes to visit and you're entertaining him and you can't troll the concrete for numbers, let alone date. It happens regularly and it makes it hard(er) to get better or to capitalize on what you've earned.

And that first approach after you've been on hiatus for a week or so… can be remarkably hard.

Or maybe it's not that it's "hard"… I get rejected even when I'm super warmed up. And approaching isn't really "hard" for me anymore at all. But maybe you do seven approaches and none of them are longer than 10 seconds. And you doubt yourself or the potential to be effective. And that makes the eighth approach even sketchier than the first seven. You can get in a downward spiral of "rustiness" and negative feedback.

I've been there. I've been there a lot.

And like Cobrantula, you might be tempted to think you've lost it all. Like you're starting over.

But you're not. It just feels that way.

> "Dude… good on you for pushing some sets. I almost always feel rusty if I take some time off."

> "Sometimes I do a day, just to take the rust off. Zero expectations. Rust removal. That is the only goal. Have a walk, approach, shake off rust."

> "And then… next day, back to 'normal' goals."
> — Nash

This ^ is what I put on the Street Cobra's blog after his post. And I believe that. My first day back after some time off can literally be a "throw away" day for me. As in, I don't care at all what happens. It is about stretching out the daygame muscles… kicking off the rust… that is it.

> "Rust removal – holy hell yes that is what it is isn't it? It's not starting over from scratch (though it felt like that at the beginning) but then all of your learning comes back to you. Totally rust removal."
> — Cobrantula

Yep.

So then it was the week of Fourth of July.

And my sister was in town. So I took her out one night. And then I saw Miss Thick, so the next night was busy. And then I booked a day-drinking session with the Fat Italian, so that meant no game that day (nor time for a date that night). And then it was the Fourth, more time with my sister and the family. And while Wednesday that week was open, I was leaving for a road trip on Thursday for four nights… doesn't make sense to take leads and then leave town. Fresh leads are the best leads.

That schedule meant no time for daygame. It also meant that for the days leading up to that week, if I picked up any fresh leads, I wouldn't have any time to date them for seven+ days… which often means not at all. Again, fresh leads are the best leads. And stale leads usually go nowhere.

So I didn't game for a week, plus some. And that meant a cold start this week.

It is also clear that my girl tornado has flatlined.

Tornadoes need "food." They need the chaos of new intereactions to spin-up and start pitching out dates and pussy. And the natural propensity of a tornado is to run itself out. A tornado is a lot of energy, and that energy doesn't go on forever… not without help and influxes of energy from new approaches and the influence of the swagger of the player in the center of it all.

Tornados like action. And swagger. And activity. And they don't tend themselves… that's a player's job. Work for a quim wrangler.

As I had been taking time off, and girls were working themselves out of my life, my tornado of May and June is basically dead. All that energy… disappated. Gone. Flat. It's "calm."

Miss Thick has become a wonderful and righteous lover — she has quickly graduated to being some of the best sex I've ever had, and a very interesting and fun date in the non-sexual sense as well. We are really enjoying each other. But Siren is out of pocket… who knows if she'll be back (I'm not going to chase her). And I fired Good Smell (which I still think was a good decision). And the Recharge App girl disappeared (mostly, some odd messages, but she's basically gone). And Miss Xi'an is gone (also initiating messages once in a while, but mostly crickets). And the little Korean left the country after I had her in my bed. And I took 10 leads in the early part of June and all of them went stale (amazingly bad stats). And I did 30 approaches in late June… and never took a lead (wow!).

I'd hit a dry spell.

If a girl tornado is storm of "abundance"… then that "calm after the storm" is a girl-free period (mostly). And that's where I was this week as I got back from road trip.

No girls. Good!

To be honest, I want more practice "starting from scratch." That may sound ridiculous. But every time I build a new tornado out of nothing… I become much more confident in my basic skillset as a street seducer. I love the iteration on this daygame theme. It's like cleaning my gun… the repetition all counts toward experience. And the re-starts help me bolt down these skills in a way that will make me even more rock-solid.

So I got back from road trip (which wasn't about girls), and after over a week of no sex and the "masturbation starvation diet," I was pent up and ready to fight! I wanted to hit the street while I had all that intent. But… Miss Thick was busy later in the week and if I wanted her (and I did!), my "shot" was Tuesday… so I took it. Sex was… fucking great. She is amazing. Passionate, kinky girl. Orgasms. Squirting. Anal. My sheets were a mess. Good times. Goddammit, I like that girl. She is easy to like.

That Tuesday, before I had her long legs wrapped around my head, I hit the streets. I did six sets. And they… were not great. Not at all.

But this is how we knock the rust off. That was my only goal. It was a good start. I went out with YoungGuns. We talked to some girls. It was alright. Bread and butter daygame training. Not bad.

I took Wednesday off to handle some business (and to let the pressure in my balls build back up), and then it was Thursday. And while Thursday wasn't a great day, I didn't feel like I was on fire or anything… I had knocked the rust off, and it was time to build momentum.

> NASH: Daygame Checkin: Took a week+ off, since Jul02, took a road trip with Natural. Back at it Tuesday and again today.
> NASH: Did 20 approaches in late June, no leads. 6 on Tuesday, no leads.
> NASH: Part of that was that I wasn't doing enough approaches per day…
> NASH: Wanted a proper day today… Out with a wing. 15 approaches… Was a little frustrated, then closed two young Chinese girls back to back at set #11 and #12.
> NASH: That's how it goes sometimes.
> NASH: 2 leads in 40+ approaches…
> NASH: I'm warmed up…. Ready to do some damage this month…
> NASH: if the Daygame Gods would have it so.
> NASH: :]
> NASH: Wishing you luck, brother.
> NASH: Viva Daygame.

I sent ^ this to Runner that night.

He is a mentor of mine. He is THE guy that got me into daygame… but he never really got into it himself. He is trying to get going now. And I want to encourage him. So I sent him a little progress report. I'd love to tempt him into doing the work needed to make daygame happen for him.

I left the house that day and it was clean. And I took those nasty sheets off the bed from my Tuesday date with Miss Thick (all that come.. and her long, beautiful black hair) and had fresh sheets ready to go. I didn't feel like a SDL was in the cards, but life favors those that are prepared. And a "clean room" is the foundation for a clear-headed man.

That Tuesday I was out with Vicar, and I did 15 sets. That is a solid days work. And I broke a long streak of no-leads.

I am a strong advocate for the role of volume in game… we are nothing if we are not running volume. There are exceptions (guys that don't need volume to find abundance), but those men are rare (most men should assume they are NOT one of those guys).

I think part of why I didn't take any leads in the last half of June was because I wasn't approach enough sets PER DAY. I don't think total volume is the issue for me at this point in my game… it's sets per day, and getting warmed up within a given day. That is essential.

So I committed to a "big day" and I hit it. Started a little early. Got after it. And I took two leads. That's okay.

My first lead was a young Chinese girl taking summer school at that art college that feeds me so much pussy (Gods bless that school!). And then another young Chinese girl with fucking excellent legs and short skirt. Wow. Fun chat, and when I told her I'd like to take her for a drink sometime she said, "Actually, yeah." And she was convincing. Who know if those leads will stick, but I felt the post-rust momentum beginning to flow.

I made a promise to myself to hit volume. I met my goal. The Daygame Gods gave up some leads. The art girl and I are chatting. Things are as they should be.

And then it was Friday. Today. And I was out with Vicar again.

He has been making a real commitment to daygame and has put in some solid sets in the last 30 days (I think he's over 100… another man, meeting his goals). He was on an idate this afternoon as I started out — go Vicar! We caught up with each other at the mall, and he saw me take my first lead of the day. A lovely 20 year old tourist. Wow… very cute little girl.

I felt good about today and I did another update for Runner as I rode the train home:

> NASH: Friday update…
> NASH: Good day.
> NASH: 13 approaches
> NASH: 4 leads… 2 Chinese tourists, 1 Chinese language student, 1 Korean tourist
> NASH: Date set up for tmrw with one of the above
> NASH: One of the leads from yesterday is in negotiation
> NASH: Leads today came from set #7, #8, #10, #12
> NASH: I have intentionally been doing "bigger days"
> NASH: Today/yesterday… My leads came after I'd warmed up
> NASH: 6 leads in two days… And my dating life gets a "shot in the arm."
> NASH: #daygame
> NASH: It is worth the investment, my friend…
> NASH: All 6 leads are <25 yrs old

So this is how it goes. I had basically one regular at the beginning of the week… and nothing else at all. Now, four days later, I have six leads to work. And I have a date scheduled for tomorrow with one of the girls from today. And I'm working on a date for next week with one of the girls from yesterday. And I think I'll try to do an hour/two of number farming tomorrow as well.

No tornadoes in sight… but I know this is how it starts. We can build these from scratch. Doesn't have to take that long… as long as the Daygame Gods are willing…

All hail the Daygame Gods!!!

Meanwhile… it was fun out there today. I like girls quite a bit, my brothers. And I'm excited about my date tomorrow… first new girl in a month, I think. If the Gods be generous, maybe we'll get a new lay before the calendar drops another page.

> "I told the universe, "Listen you little shit. I'm going to keep sarging til I get what I want so you might as well give it to me, because I'm not fucking around."
> — Cobrantula

Fuck yeah. This is how the Street Cobra ended that post that I referenced earlier. I love it.

I'm not fucking around either, Cobra. Sarge Hard, my brother.

And viva daygame!

I claim my Macau Flag, +1 Daygame

Nash · 18 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Got busy shaking off some rust in my game this week. Looks like it worked, as I can claim a new daygame lay. And a new flag… a 27 year old Macau girl ended up in my bed on Saturday night. She is lucky number 13… 13th lay from daygame.

I didn't know Macau was its own "autonomous region." You learn a lot via game, and since I date almost exclusively Asian girls, I am learning a bit about Asia on this journey. And thankfully, quite a bit about myself, female psychology, and how to rope me some quim.

As I wrote in my post about "rust removal" this week, I had been coming back from some time off from game, trying to give my Girl Tornado a good kick-start. I'd done three **days of game** last week, and I met this one after I was sufficiently warmed up.

I took four leads that day. And that is what I would commonly call a "Super Day." And it's a funny thing about most of my super days, when I have a day when I take a lot of leads, I end up fucking one of those girls.

This girl had many of the right traits to catch my attention… she was Asian, slim, nice body, young (I assumed she was 22-24, she looks it) and alone on the street. As I approached, she stopped fairly easily… dead-center in the middle of the square. Opening girls in the middle of the square feels like being on stage. Like running game in a fish tank. Like a mating ritual at the zoo… so many people watching.

She is here visiting for about two weeks, traveling alone, and her trip was almost up. She had a few days left. She's a grad student, and was doing some research while she was here.

She was a bit odd looking as I approached… big eyes, inflated by oversized dark contact lens, but we had a good vibe. She had pretty hands (which is very feminine) and I told her so after she had hooked and while I was taking her number.

And then when she smiled… a mouth full of braces.

The braces thing is funny for me, as I have some unsatisfied longings for girls with braces from back in the day in middle school. Of course I do.

I liked a lot of girls back then, that is a common time for girls to wear braces, ergo… I liked a lot of girls with braces. And of course my game sucked. So I got time with almost none of them. And thus a mild fetish for girls with braces was born. As a grown man, I don't have many opportunities to work that out. There was the Thai Girl. And now this one. The fetish lingers.

There is something kinky-hot about a girl with braces. It is false-youth on 27 year old girl, but my cock doesn't really care. And my cock has a great attitude.

And then there was the fact that I hadn't had an orgasm in several days — about four days, to be precise, which is across the line in the sand where my libido starts to get rowdy. I was turned on as we talked, and I told Vicar that as

I walked back over to him after the set.

I could also “taste her breath.” Not smell her breath, but taste it. I have mentioned this before. This is part of what I was thinking of on my insta-date with Miss Good Smell. And I remember being able to taste Firecracker’s breath on the date where she ended up naked in my bed. I don’t know if this was about this girl’s hormones, my libido, or something else. When this happens… it’s always sexual for me.

She was my second lead that day, and I took two more before it was over, including another lead in almost the exact same spot at this one later that afternoon. Also in the middle of the square. In the fish tank. Where everyone could watch.

I took Miss Macau’s WeChat at the time, so as we got into the next stage of the model, it was yet again via WeChat.

The girls are all surprised I have a WeChat account. It’s usually a “bonus point” for me when I suggest we connect via that app — they are surprised and they like it. Same thing with Line App for Japanese girls. As I wrote this post I downloaded the Korean Kakaotalk App, so I am more ready for those girls as well. My forth lead of the day on this day was a Kakaotalk girl… and I was not prepared. I am now.

As for Miss Macau, I pinged her that afternoon:

NASH: Ouu, hey Pretty Hands
NASH: Really nice to meet you.
HER: Ye, me too

She has a Guinea pig as her WeChat profile pic, so I took a screenshot and messaged it to her, asking her if it was rat. I got the “haha” I was expecting. All I want from girls is an LOL. So I sent her a pic of my “Guinea Pigs”… my cats in response.

And we had a couple rounds of back-forth via text, which was easy. I like a minimum of two rounds before I ask her out. In this case it was like four rounds of me, then her, me, then her. All this was easy and a good sign.

I asked her to the art museum (my typical date), but she said:

HER: I have been there, I would like to go mission district

There it is… as rare counter-offer. Girls rarely help like this, but when they do, that is usually a sign of real interest.

As she gave us a new starting point for the date I wasn’t expecting, I had a moment of “how do I do this?” as I recalculated my plan. I jumped online and booked a table at one of my favorite restaurants (this place is easy to cancel by text, so it’s a good “insurance policy” to book it just in case). I told her to meet me in my neighborhood, that we’d go to tea, and then I’d take her to the Mission. She was affirmative and we had a date for the next day.

Next day, pinged her with another cat pic (one I use all the time), and she responded, and I confirmed the date. I set the cheesecake trap as well, and bought some fresh fruit (which I like to have in the house, in general). And as I walked home to prep for the date, I got hard just thinking of fucking this girl. That is rare for me. It had now been five days since an orgasm. So I was properly pent up. And I had been turned on with her as we met. I was randomly confident I would fuck her. I was right. And I was turned on thinking of it.

One of the most important parts of my game these days is saving my orgasms for dates, and dates only. It makes a huge difference in my street game and in my dates. I think part of why I had that slow down at the end of June was because I was getting laid too much. That had an impact on my physical and psychological intent. As my tornado collapsed, and I was only seeing Miss Thick, and sex about 1X per week, I was hungry. And in good shape to have more sexual intent. It matters. I can really feel it.

My buddy Natural was dating a girl, and she had an Italian grandmother that had a brilliant saying:

GRANDMA: You want to keep a man? It’s easy…
GRANDMA: Keep this full (points to stomach)…

GRANDMA: Keep this empty (points to balls).

That is a wise lady. Natch' and I talk about that all the time. If a girl can cook well and fuck you properly… you're sated enough not to want to cause any trouble. That is brilliant man-psychology. It's been true for me. When my balls are empty, I lose my edge.

For now… I think my optimal pleasure-to-intent "comes" when I get laid about 2X per week. 3X on special weeks, or to keep the harem going. But I'm glad I moved on from Good Smell, as that gives me more time, and more ball-lust, which is all jet-fuel for my continued education in mating and dating. I want to get laid, but I really want to learn. I'm getting old. Now's the time to get this education.

Miss Macau was on time for our date. She wore tight white jeans and an Adidas sweatshirt. Those slightly weird "alien eyes" were wide open as she arrived, like a deer in the headlights… her body half-turned away from me in shyness. She is a demure, quiet, reserved girl.

And she has a great body. There was an inch of bare stomach showing between her pants and the sweater than I found deeply inspiring. I didn't take me long on the date to drag my finger across that patch of creamy skin.

But to start, off to the tea place… I was "pacing" her day, asking how she was, getting comfort going. Tea at the coffee place right around the corner from my house. And I pointed up the street to my place, but didn't take her there.

I walked her off the park. I had packed some cherries in a jar, and a big sheet, and I sat us down in the middle the raging party-scene in the park. We had a rare warm day in the city with no wind and the park was packed. We sat down, she is quiet. I sat close, chatted, touching her often and easily.

She smelled great. Light perfume. I told her so, and used the occasion to pull her close and smell her more than once.

I walked her around the neighborhood, showed her some spots I like, including the café where I had my one and only art show.

It was still early (about 6 PM), so I told her about the reservation (which was at 8), and that we could go feed my cats and come back when our table was ready. She agreed.

My place, the cats, and… a makeout. "C'mere."

She was a little shy here as well. A bit of resistance, but the type a feminine girl would do naturally. I would lift her chin up. I would tell her to open her mouth. A kiss. Then I'd back off. More cats. We'd move around the house, and I'd stop and kiss her again. Eventually, I started grabbing her by the hair by her neck, pulling her head back and kissing her more aggressively. She would stop, often, and come forward and hug me, breaking off the kiss — no girl has ever done that with me before. And she would open her eyes mid-kiss, and look around the room a bit… the Taiwanese girl would do the same thing.

I had definitely considered fucking her before dinner, but our vibe wasn't particularly sexual. I was totally turned on, and would bounce my cock off of her hips to let her know. I decided to wait until after dinner.

Before we left for dinner I used a lint roller to get all the cat hair off her black sweatshirt… and I took that opportunity to touch her and to reach up under her shirt and grab her small boobs over her padded bra. It was playful, and she laughed, but I knew that playful sexuality would make her more comfortable with sex later.

At dinner, she was obviously much more relaxed. She had settled down into a happy-girl mode. We sat side-by-side, in the same seats I sat with Miss Thick at the same place last month. Her leg was bouncing under the table, rubbing against mine. She even asked me a question about me (which girls almost never do on my dates). The change was subtle, but significant.

After we ate (god that food is delicious), I called a car… back to my place again.

Here is one of the most interesting parts of the date for me: I wanted a shower before sex.

It had been a hot day. We were both sweaty. I like oral sex (giving and receiving), and I didn't really want to eat swamp-pussy, not did I want to put my sweaty balls in her mouth. We were both a bit over-stuffed from dinner, so I wasn't ready for sex and the house was still hot… so I made the move. I told her I wanted a shower and lead her past my bed into the master bathroom.

As I started to take her clothes off, she said, "shower together?!!!," and I said "yeah." And she resisted as I went to pull her sweatshirt off. I know all this is unusual… but that's what I wanted. It's an interesting test of your game if you can get what you want… even if it's a little odd.

So then I did something smart… instead of trying to undress her, I told her to take my shirt off. And she did. And that put her on a gentle offense instead of protective defense. And when my shirt was off, I took her sweater off with no resistance, and she was already working on my belt. Game on.

Fucking great, body. The most buttery skin. Almost flat chested, but thin, and slightly athletic. She is a full point higher naked… and I find that common in Chinese girls. They're hotter naked. More "beautiful" even. Firecracker was nerdy-cute until I got her naked, then she was fucking-a hot. Ummm.

That is a very good move. I did this for the first time four years ago in Japan with a 20 year old Korean girl on my first trip. She was into the makeout, but was almost frozen with fear and inexperience. So at one point, I rolled over onto my back and told her to kiss me… and she came alive. Just like this girl, her confidence shot up. I've used this several times since then, especially with shy or young girls.

So… I got my shower. I had a towel ready as she stepped out, and I wrapped her up. I walked her the five feet to my bed, and I prodded her until she sat back on the mattress. She said, "we're only watching a movie, right?," which is odd, as I'd never mentioned that, nor do I even have a TV in my room. Hmmm. I laughed, and said, "sure," and kept escalating. This stuff doesn't have to make sense.

Basically zero resistance at all. She said the word "no" I think two or three times, but almost completely at random. I pinched one her nipples and stared her in the eyes, talking to her in the third person I said, "Will she make a sound?," and I pinched harder until she did. Then I told her I liked that, that I wanted to hear her make noises… and she did. Not a super passionate girl, but she made some noise, particular as I ate that pussy.

And then I told her to suck my cock… and she was amazing. I don't know if she was trying to mimic what I'd done to her, but she licked and lapped at my thighs, sucked my balls, stroked me… full service. Very hot.

So then… that little walk to my bedroom cabinet, the world's best condom and…

+1 daygame.

Not the best sex of my life, but another good experience. And another full-run through the model. My second tourist of the year.

She was up and standing after I stood up… which I've also never seen a girl do. She wanted another shower. I thought for certain she would leave after the shower.

But as we dried off, she wasn't making any overtures to leave, so I invited her to stay and watch a movie after all. I put her in a one of my t-shirts (sexy look for a girl), and made us a little nest on my leather couch. She told me earlier that she likes chocolate more than cream, so I opted for some ice cream instead of cheesecake. She fell asleep, like a good "little spoon." A sweet, feminine little thing.

But I lay awake. I wanted a drink, badly. And a smoke. I wanted to get to "nothing," but the thoughts of the seduction ran through my head as I watched the rest of the movie. Then I got us both up, took her to bed… and eventually drifted off to sleep.

She was wonderful to sleep with. The cats woke us up around 9.

In the morning, I feed us some fruit and I took a shower — she didn't want one. I left this girl I barely know in my kitchen, vaguely wondering if she'd steal my wallet and leave before I came out of the bathroom. But she was there, and happy, and playing with the cats. This kind of fast-sex is strange… the intimacy of sex without knowing much at all about each other. I have her name in my phone, but I don't even know how to say it.

I took us to tea, stuffed her in a car, and sent her off so I could get some work done. She would leave for NYC and the next leg of her trip the next day.

And I wondered what this all meant to her? Another girl on a trip by herself. Seduced by a local man. This one, 17 years older than her (even if she never asked how old I am). Sex on the first date. Of course we'll never see each other again.

And it was good, but the date wasn't particularly emotional or "deep" for me. I felt fine… not particularly "love drunk" or distracted. I had a tinge of that "otherworldliness" I feel after fast-sex.

As I walked to get some work done, I thought that the moment was like drugs… you can never remember that feeling later, but it's always familiar at the time. Now, as I write this, I can remember the thought, but I can't really feel that "stranger in a strange land" feeling of the morning after a night with a new girl, from a foreign land.

Natural was texting me about what to message the girl he's seeing. I called him and we talked about girls and game for a bit. He's a good friend. He's getting laid a lot with a girl he likes and I'm happy for him.

I did some work, went home, and cleaned up all her long black hair… which was everywhere. I changed the sheets. I showered. And then at about 7 PM the doorbell rang… it was Miss Thick for our date. She looked beautiful and was excited to see me. I can tell she really likes me. She baked me a cheesecake. I put it in the fridge, pushing back the uneaten store-bought one I bought for my date with Miss Macau.

My night with Miss Thick was a great date, even though I wasn't particularly pent up sexually and couldn't devour her like I usually do. I took her on a proper "date," meaning… someplace other than my bed. Not just dinner this time, either. I took her to watch the sunset. We made out on the beach. Then back home… neither of us were hungry. I fucked her. And sent her home in a car as well. Second girl that day.

And then I was alone. And it felt great.

I smoked a big joint and had that beer I wanted the night before. For those few moments before I fell asleep on the couch, I found that "nothing" I was craving.

The fresh hustle and the new lay proved the rust is gone. I had another notch, and I'm still a notch hound at this stage of my journey, so I like that. I also had more evidence that Miss Thick is a better deal all these other girls (except Siren… who I have not heard from in a week). Just like my night with Miss Xi'an, Miss Thick was infinitely richer than the new girl.

My education goes on. I had some new experiences. That's what I want.

Viva daygame.

Leads, Critical Mass, Girl Tornadoes, and Optimization | Two Dates

Nash · 23 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Daygame feels very alive for me this summer. I dated four girls in the last eight days… fucked two of them.

I have had a limiting belief that I have no game in Spring and Summer. And that notion (like many others since I started to get my head above water as a player) is destroyed by the ever-present opportunities provided by the daygame model. It has been a fun week.

Part of the fun this summer has been in the winging. I'll stop and give props to The Cigar (who is locked up with a GF now, but was a great wing), Young Guns (who is working super hard and will be very good at this, I believe in you, man), to Vicar (who has game, and is looking to make more of the daygame opportunity), and most recently to Buckle (who is very new to this, but I have seen him in set a few times and he looks quite solid). And another shout to Cobrantula and Riv, who are not my wings, but are part of the gang of daygame outlaws with whom I am proud to associate.

Fine jobs, boys.

Let's get to it:

Tornado Cultivation goes someone like this: Hustle the street, take numbers, work the messaging, try to book dates, and spin plates. That's the basic formula. That, and "point any/all frustration back at the street" (which means, when in doubt, which will be often, "open more girls").

And despite a player's effort (and even solid game), a lot of the action falls out at each step… from blowouts in the hustle, to disinterested girls that don't reply, leads that go silent and stale, and sometimes… dates to nowhere. Or lays… that wander off and disappear.

The nature of the Girl Tornado is that it is wild and will fall apart as soon as you let it. Welcome to "girls."

But if you get through the funnel, let's say… to a solid dating situation (pre-sex)… then you start to have what I call Critical Mass. Well, not at first. That initial viable girl in your life is the beginning of a ball of momentum that might one day become a proper raucous tornado. But you're not done yet.

Even with an interested girl or two in your life, you wake up each daygame day… and start again with the hustle. Take more numbers. More messaging. More dates. And if you have your fundamentals down (and you can catch a bit of luck), you'll get a couple more girls in the fray. And they're not all at the same stage, but the "atmospheric instability" of all that girl-chaos is rising at this point… and good chance you have a tornado brewing.

All this should help your swagger… which should help you drive more energy into that tornado. This is upward spiral. A tornado is literally an upward spiral toward Pussy Paradise. Pussy Paradise is not a place. It's where you're standing. It's you… at your best.

Then… rinse and repeat. Tornados require a lot of energy. So you have to stoke them with regular effort until you hit Critical Mass.

Critical Mass, for me, is the point where I don't really have time to date any more girls. When you are looking at the calendar, and you have no time to squeeze a girl in… you've hit Critical Mass. You can still number farm the streets, but it's more and more irrelevant, as you can't fit the girls into your life. It's at this point, you can begin to Optimize.

Optimization can come in small ways… like if you have a favorite, and giving her first choice on date times. When I was in Japan, I would try to book The Nurse first, as I was really enjoying her (and fucking her), so I would plan other dates around times with her. Back in the US, Siren has always been my top priority. I really like her, and I've tried to lock her down first, before all my time was booked with girls I less.

And then I did some “heavy Optimization” by cutting Good Smell out. And I’m new enough to this, I haven’t done that often. I’ve cut out girls in the “dates to nowhere” (like the Thai girl), but Good Smell was the first lover I cut off — mostly because I wanted to see what else was out there. Good Smell got fired because I was solidly at Critical Mass, and while I liked her, I had some issues with her and wanted to see what I could do with the time she was occupying in my life. That was a good experience for me. Not an easy one, but life is not known for its lack of difficulty. With her out of the mix (and with Siren perhaps optimizing me out of her life??), I did get some free time, and that allowed me to get back to work, to connect with some new girls.

Two weeks ago I set about starting another tornado. I had the new daygame lay last weekend with Miss Macau. She left the next day, so while she helps my momentum and swagger (and adds to my experience), she doesn’t count toward my current Critical Mass. She was an isolated offshoot of the current tornado energy, and she escaped (not without getting fucked first).

But I took two other leads the day I met day Miss Macau (three, but one never replied to messages). I have since had a date with both those girls. And I took some more leads yesterday as well. And the tornado is spiraling up. I am approaching Critical Mass. And I’m starting to get more practice at the Optimization piece.

……..

MISS VAIN.

I met her last Thursday… in the same exact spot on the square where I picked up Miss Macau.

This girl was taller than average, and in a skin-tight knit dress from neck to mid-calf. Her hips were a winning feature and her walk was feminine and tempting. I vaguely remembered her boobs as I thought about her later.

As I opened her, she was smiling but backing away. This is common, in my experience. In this case, it was hot/sunny, and she was backing into a point of shade in the square.

This ^ was an interesting point for me because we tend to think the girl is backing away because she doesn’t like us or she’s too timid… and then our self-doubt kicks in and we eject prematurely. In this case, I pressed her a bit and we stopped in the shade and it was a good interaction. She had sparkling eyes and liked the pickup. I’m glad I didn’t run off just because her feet moved a little in the opening moments of the dance.

She is Chinese, from Chongqing. She’s here in my city studying English. Has been here for two months, with one month left in her trip.

As we moved into the messaging, I did something typical for me with Asian girls:

> NASH: Hey, Pretty Girl…
> NASH: Very nice to meet you today.
> NASH: You have a very feminine walk
> NASH: [pic of a classic feminine actress… recycled from another conversation just like this]
> HER: thank you

So this exchange… pretty boring on both ends. But, this is about the language barrier for both of us. I am being simple, as I know her English is not great at all. And her response *could* be disinterest, or could be difficulty with the language. For me, that’s a perfectly fine response as long as she is shy or not good with English. For a confident girl born in America, I would take that as lack of interest. As it is, it was my second chance to bail prematurely, but I did not.

The next day, I pinged her with a pic of one of my cats. I said good morning. She said “thanks.” I bet it is true that for all the girls I’ve fucked… they give me more back from this kind of “cat ping,” but not her. No mention of the cat at all. Which is fine, but this was boring, so far. I wonder if that is an indicator I will not fuck this girl? I’m not sure I care at this point.

Just when I thought to give up… she sent me a very hot pic of her, in a short white skirt, an off-the-shoulder top, and a sun hat. Long milky legs. And her pretty face looking back at the camera over her shoulder. Tempting. Ummm. Hot pic. That's better. Random… but better.

I did not want to be over-eager about the skin. I thought she might be baiting me into horny-beta territory. Soon after I hit her up with a dinner invite… and no response. I rolled off.

Two days later, I tried again. We went back and forth. I had her asking questions, and had sent her a pin to a spot downtown for a drink. She never said "yes," but she did send another picture, and then a video, of her cleavage and neck and lips and a bit of her eyes, as she modeled some expensive looking necklace. It was hot. Again, totally random, but hot. She is a hot girl.

So I did what I do these days when I like something…

> NASH: I love it when you send me pictures.

That ^ is good positive reinforcement. She gets positive attention when she does things I like. This is the opposite of "dread game" and I like it much better.

But she never said yes to the date, so I did a classic "non-confirmation confirmation" and messaged her, changing the time by 15 minutes… as a way of reopening the issue without saying, "Uhhh… are you coming??"

She said something like "sorry" at this point, but a few minutes later, asked where I was, which I took as a positive sign. We went back/forth, trying to set up a date for another night. Then she said:

> HER: you finished the shopping now?
> NASH: Yeah…
> NASH: You want to see me, don't you.
> NASH: Come see me.
> HER: :)
> HER: ten minutes
> HER: but my iPhone has no power
> NASH: Okay

So I thought I had it done… but… she never showed. Which is lame. I pinged her and she said she got hungry and ran out of batteries so she went home. Hmmm.

At this point I assumed:
— She is a vain girl (the photos)
— She's a bit "basic" (everything about her)
— She's selfish (standing me up after she agreed to the date)

The next day, I pinged her to see about the date we had talked about for Thursday, and she agreed this time like a "normal" girl. We had a lot of back/forth that day, with her sending me screenshots of her class schedule and more. It felt solid.

I did some approaching that day with a new wing I call Buckle. I broke off early, went home, cleaned up, had the house ready, got back downtown to the meeting spot, and… she was seriously late.

To make it more complicated, Buckle wandered by and saw me standing there. And it was embarrassing… we're getting to know each other, and here I am getting tooled by some basic girl. He told me to "cancel" and I said I'd give her a few minutes… and just then… she showed up. Looking hot. Meh.

I had already named her Miss Vain. Buckle and I had laughed about her earlier that day, and about her focus on pics of herself. About what I assumed from the pics were fake tits. About the whole thing. And here she was…

super late. Her excuse was “shopping.”

I introduced her to Buckle, and then dragged her off to dinner. Her English was difficult… really difficult. And she is feminine, but so self-centered, conversation was harder than other girls I’ve been with that have even worse English. I’ve dated a TON of girls that basically speak no English at all, and this was maybe the hardest date yet.

We sat in booth… and she showed me pictures on her phone for most of the date. Mostly of her. And travel. She is not a particularly deep girl.

But… amazingly, the date was alright, in the sense that I had a good time. Mostly… because she’s hot and my CEO wants to bury himself, balls-deep inside her. My CEO is basic and shallow, too, just like her. And she wore that same short, white skirt (from the first photo she sent me) on the date, and I had my hand on her bare thigh all dinner.

I kept telling her how hot I think her hips are… and poking at her as she sat next to me. It’s not supplication if you’re a dirty cad about it.

She smelled great, even though she claimed to not be wearing perfume. I used that to smell her many times, and get up in her space. This all went over just fine.

As we chatted and ate some Japanese food, I tried to kiss her. And she jumped back, a little concerned. But I calmed her down with very little effort, I’m used to this. And as dinner was over, I stood up, told her to kiss me on the cheek, and I pointed and waited, strong frame, and she said, “Oh my gawd…” and giggled… and kissed me. Cool.

It was cold, so we waited inside for a car, and she sat next to me, very close, thigh to thigh. She was obviously increasingly comfortable with me. I pulled her in, got my mouth on the back of her neck and tasted her a bit. And she said, “what is happening??!!” And I leaned back like a confident rake and laughed. We were comfortable… a ditzy girl and pussy hound, waiting for a car. I’m not the first man in this situation.

The car took us to her dormitory… she got out, I made her hug me, I kissed her neck a couple of times, and she giggled and ran off.

I have since told her to send me more pictures of her… which is part me trying to “speak her language” and partly me testing for compliance. She has yet to send me a picture on command.

Meh. Another experience… but meh.

Oh… and the boobs are clearly fake. That is -1 in my book, but perfectly consistent for what I know about this girl. Vain, vain, Miss Vain. I’d still fuck her. And I bet she would check her makeup mid-plow… she did during dinner. She’s that kind of girl.

……..

MISS CAREFUL.

I picked her up a day before Miss Vain, last week sometime. I was out with Vicar. She was young, cute, goes to that art school that feeds my bed so many girls… I liked her, but didn’t assume much about it. One of two leads that day.

On messaging, Miss Careful was responsive and cute. She is an illustrator and has great talent. Very nice work from this girl. I sent her some of my drawings. We had a funny exchange:

> NASH: [drawing of a girl]
> NASH: ^ my drawings
> HER: Interesting, haha, she looks tired
> HER: u are artist, too?

> NASH: Yes, I am… I draw “tired” girls
> NASH: Haha
> NASH: You’re so mean!
> NASH: :]
> HER: No offense… the most difficult thing is to draw the human face
> HER: I drawn a lot of porker [sic] faces
> NASH: Poker faces
> NASH: Porker = pigs
> HER: [embarrassed emoji]
> HER: my English is terrible
> NASH: [drawing of me]
> NASH: My ^ porker face
> HER: lol

Pig jokes. Laughter. Good stuff.

I moved on to cat pics and she “lapped it all up,” so to speak.

> HER: wow~ they are so cute! I love cat very much

That’s more like it. This is my kind of girl.

I started trying to get her out. It was a little hard, but she worked with me, so I kept going. She was busy. She doesn’t drink. She doesn’t go out at night (not often).

I eventually got her to agree to a boba tea after her class one day. And… she cancelled.

> HER: I’m very sorry to tell you that I may be not going with you this afternoon
> HER: [detailed explanation]
> HER: I am so sorry

First… note the word “maybe.” I’m fascinated by how girls use “maybe.” In this case, it’s not maybe at all… she’s cancelling, but she doesn’t say it. This is how feminine girls talk. Keep an eye out for “maybe.”

But… this didn’t feel like a blowoff. Too much detail in the explanation. She seemed genuinely sorry. We rescheduled.

She showed up. And she was… charming. And cuter than I remember. Petite. Bright, big eyes. Long hair. Knee-high boots. Her clipboard with all her fresh drawings. Delicious little art girl.

And the date was… awesome. I had sent her to the wrong meet up, which was my mistake and complicated the date, but I met her there and she was friendly and sweet and excited. We got boba, and she tried to pay. I walked her back to the square. We sat close and chatted.

She is careful and feminine and conservative. She doesn’t go out at night, except with her close friends. She drinks, sometimes, but only with close friends. She thinks it’s dangerous for girls to be out alone or late, and she rarely does either. These are conservative values, and she tells me all this with a cute, warm smile, and she’s totally charming.

We are funny together and have good chemistry. I told her so.

She took my touch well. I talked about kissing her, but didn’t (more of that gambit, which in this case, I like). I did my “comfortable, but not too comfortable” routine with her, and she ate it up.

At one point I notice a bit of color inside her shirt collar… she has a little tattoo… which is a surprise. That

reminds me not to think she is too “nice” and to look forward to the possibly of fucking her.

She was going to a “girls night” at her friend’s house that Saturday, and it was to be a “pajama party.” She told me she would wear a little tshirt… as that is “sleep clothes” to her. I told her I would sneak over and look in the window and check them all out. She laughed.

I walked with her and put her on the bus to go home. We messaged that night.

……..

Two dates. Both very cute girls, that I would like to taste. But very different experiences.

And now we’re on to Optimization.

I only have a few nights in the week. I have a mounting tornado spiraling up. In addition to the girls above, we have Miss Thick. I had an incredible date with her last night… she is increasingly securing her #1 spot (now that Siren is MIA). I also took some more leads on Friday before my date with Miss Careful. One of the leads is a Taiwanese girl here for work, and she and I seemed to hit it off. She was older, but dishy, and the messaging has been great.

So… we plan the week. We spin plates. And we Optimize.

The data I have in front of me, puts Miss Vain in last place. She’s hot… but she kind of sucks… selfish, shallow thing. I did have a good time, but I understand the nature of the type of girl she is… and I am interested in her, for experience and entertainment. Shallow girls are fine, just don’t get them confused for “deep water.” Her lack of depth is less of a concern than her selfishness. As it is, she helps momentum and to maintain my Critical Mass. I’ll take it.

I think I have a date set up with Miss Careful for Tuesday. And I like her. I did that first, in case she wasn’t free on Tuesday, I could offer her some other night, as I had a clean calendar. She’s “top tier” in terms of my preference, so we work with her first. And then I reached out to the Taiwanese girl, and we have a tentative date for Monday. I pinged Miss Vain after that was done… and we’ll see if she plays along. I will be offline Friday/Saturday as I book time camping with the Fat Italian. See how the week fills up? This requires choices.

So that leaves Wednesday/Thursday/Sunday. If I want to run more game this week (and I do, I have a lot of practice left to do at the street hustle stage)… I’m running out of nights for dates. I’m nearing Critical Mass.

And spinning plates and “Optimizing” go hand in hand.

As Miss Thick was everything I needed sexually last night (and this morning), my balls are empty and I have no intent right now. But tomorrow… I want to hunt. If that goes well, I’ll have more leads, and I’ll need to get them out quickly or they’ll go stale. Fresh leads are the best leads. If I get more leads, Miss Vain will drop back even further. Good.

Anyone in this level of game knows, that even with this many girls in the tornado, and more added daily, the storm can still peter out quickly. But if it doesn’t, I don’t want to miss a hot connection with a new girl (or a tourist, who might be leaving my city soon), as I chase around some empty girl and her selfies.

We know girls have options. A good street hustler can build options too… perhaps more high-quality leads than even a hot girl? That is a magical thing about game… to slowly work up to having more options in the sexual marketplace than even a hot girl. That’s what I aim to do for myself. A proper tornado allows me to optimize my way up to that potential. And beyond it.

It starts by having some Critical Mass. That’s where you learn. That’s how you get the experience you need to know what quality is, and to handle quality when it comes at you down the sidewalk. That’s how you build your swagger.

Then you add even more leads, get that tornado spinning, get it violently-thick with high-quality pussy, and you optimize out the time wasters, the shallow girls, and the weak leads. And you harvest the richness that comes from the efforts of your game, and the potential of yet another wild, feminine pussy tornado.

We shall see.

Viva daygame.

50 Hour Date with Miss Lips | +1 Daygame

Nash · 29 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Despite another serious cold, I bedded a new daygame girl. #14 from daygame. Let's call her Miss Lips. Another interesting experience.

The full arc of the story was a pickup last Friday. A first date on Monday. And then a 50 hour date that started Thursday night and just ended an hour or so ago.

I like writing this post now, because the emotions of the last couple days are still in my blood. It's increasingly normal for me to have sex with girls I've just met. But this one is a different in that we had two full days together. And of that, the past 24 hours felt very much like having a live-in girlfriend. I am glad to be alone tonight, but I haven't felt that "girlfriend" feeling in a while.

There is that moment, just after sex, when the sense of lust and impending conquest has left me, and I re-evaluate where I am and what I want. Each girl is different, and what she feels matters to me, but post sex there is a portal to the future. And multiple paths from which to choose.

As the deed is done, maybe she pulls her panties back on and takes off into the night. I've done that. Or maybe you pass out together, hold her tight all night. You fuck again in the morning. Get coffee and say goodbye. I've done that too. That's a good path. And although I've never had a "girlfriend" from daygame (I don't want one), I've had a couple girls turn into something like long-term lovers. And that has been a very good deal as well.

This one made it until the morning. And she even left for a business meeting, but we were back together a couple of hours later. And with that brief interruption, the 50 hours date continued.

You know those stories where a couple meets, one night turns into two. And then they move in together. And everyone can see how "crazy" it is, but it's true love. And the passion leads to a quick proposal. And they get married. Just like a movie.

Well, I'm a daygamer, not a movie star. And this isn't that kind of story.

(I interrupt for a second to give a hearty round of applause to my wing and new friend Buckle. As this story was unravelling, Buckle was out hustling the street and landed his first daygame lay. A SDL. Fuck yeah, Buckle. How many approaches was that? My guess is less than 1000 (which is how long it took me). Sometimes you rhyme slow, sometimes you rhyme quick. Props to you, Buckle. It's too soon to say… and if you're like most guys, odds are you'll quit, or get a girlfriend and put yourself out to stud… but we might be looking at the birth of a player. Baptized with pussy. Well done.)

Back to this seduction…

As I said, I met her last Friday. I was out with Buckle, running game. I'd taken one other lead that day (a white girl, a Russian) and Buckle and I were wrapping up for the day as he had a date. I left him, and chased her across the street and opened.

She was wearing shorts, and that was what caught my eye. Long, creamy legs. Slightly full thighs, and a great ass for an Asian girl. A great ass for any girl. I just spent the last two days looking at it, in various positions. This girl has a great ass.

She's tall. 5'7″. She's from Taiwan, here in my city in the middle of a two week business trip. She works for a major tech company.

She has shiny black hair. Semi-dark skin. She looks like my first daygame lay, who is also Taiwanese. She has "tropical" features (versus the relative sharpness of girls from Japan or Northern China). I think she looks like she could be Thai, and I told her so last night… she got a little bit mad. Asian countries are pretty prejudice against

each other. She has a lovely tint of brown to her skin, but dark skin isn't a premium in the Asian world, even if I like it.

And she has some amazing lips. A big mouth, and full lips, top to bottom. Unbelievable, actually. An almost vulgar mouth… one of the sexiest mouths I've ever been near.

As I opened her, it was really on. This was the day after my date with Miss Vain, and about an hour before my tea date with Miss Careful. I had a lot of other girls in the mix, as I was working up my Tornado, and I was in a good position to "compare girls" in a concurrent test.

The best time to really know women (and what they mean to you), is when you're getting laid regularly, and you're surrounded by girls at different stages of the model. The day I met this girl was one of those days. I was pretty sexually pent up, but had fucked Miss Thick and Miss Macau recently, and would fuck Miss Thick again the next day. Besides those two, I have fucked 10 other girls this year. I had the dates this week with the new girls I'd mentioned above. All of this was happening in my short-term experience, which means I could compare them relatively apples-to-apples. That is a good "test" for how a particular girl might register with you…

And I liked this one. Right from the stop, I was into her. Good chemistry.

The surprise for me is that she's old. She 37. I am very surprised by that. I had no idea when I picked her up.

As an aspiring player in the land of younger, hotter, tighter (YHT), that is almost a confession. Almost. When I picked her up, I thought she was 28-31. I still thought that, two nights ago, post sex, when she asked "how old are you?" We traded ages. Oh, wow. I've seen every angle of her since then. Her spotless, unbelievably soft skin. Not a single wrinkle on her face. Her boobs aren't that big, but they're full and sit perfectly on her chest. And again those legs… wow. She's no teenager, but she a very hot girl. She is still seven years younger than me, but I cannot believe she's anywhere near my age.

She's a good deal. My CEO approves. And it's his vote that matters.

I mention her age, as a type of anti-brag. To keep it real. This "girl" was sexier and more interesting than most of my recent lays. Much better than Miss Macau (who is 10 years younger than Miss Lips). The story is richer for me, as well. But this blog is about the truth. I suppose it would be cooler if she was a "19 year old model." Maybe. But it's not that kind of story either.

This "deal" rolled out over the next couple of days. It went down like this:

The initial texts were all teases about her name. So I'll omit those, here's where we go toward the first date.

> NASH: Hey Trouble [callback humor from a previous text]
> NASH: Any chance you're free for a drink tomorrow?
> HER: Monday will be probably busier than or not?
> HER: I don't know, let's see how's the situation tomorrow?

At the time, I thought this was about her schedule. But now I know she wasn't sure about me at all. She ended up saying so after the first date.

> HER: Do you live here or travelling?
> NASH: I live here… Over 10 years.

She was still screening me here. And that makes sense.

> NASH: As for tomorrow…
> NASH: I'll check with you after lunch
> NASH: Maybe you can be creative and make sure you don't to work late… And we'll have a little conversation

> HER: That works for me

I opened the next day with a picture of one of my cats. More “cat game.” Grounding myself… showing I’m a real person, with a real life.

> HER: Oops, I forgot that I am moving to another hotel after work today.
> HER: It would be harder to squeeze a time today.
> HER: So… guess today is not a good day for coffees

That sounds like a rejection. But we know how this story ends, so this bit is of interest to me. She is saying no… but as a hard working player, and a man with experience in situations like this, I kept at it. No doesn’t always mean no.

> NASH: Yeah… I’m not coming to your hotel… I barely know you!
> NASH: Wow… You move fast. :]
> NASH: Haha
> HER: Nah, just fun for checking hotels :)
> NASH: Okay, I’m free later tonight if you’d like to get a drink…
> NASH: Or maybe dinner on Wednesday

This is a sequence I’ve been using a lot this year. The main elements for me are: 1. An offer for a date right away, 2. The word “maybe” (which I use like salt and pepper in my conversations with girls these days), and 3. A second offer for a date a couple days later. That’s the structure.

This is a scatter-shot approach to getting her out on a date. What surprises me, is how often the girl will take the immediate offer. And in this case, she did, even after saying that this night was not a good night. I think the “maybe” helps, in some cryptic girl-code kind of way I still don’t understand. I think offering a second option a couple days off also helps — for basic logistical reasons of her availability, and for a lack of neediness (as you’re not showing a lot of urgency).

She had mentioned “two weeks” regarding her stay when I met her the previous week, but I wasn’t sure how much longer she was in my city. I did some more logistics:

> NASH: How long until you go back home??
> HER: I will take Friday flight

As it was Monday, that meant I only had a few days to get this done.

We had a bit more teasing about her changing of hotels and then she suggested we meet up that night, after all.

> HER: I just done my 3rd hotel reset
> NASH: Just to try new hotels? Or too many complaints from your neighbors?
> HER: I knew they gonna complain, so well prepared for my running escape plans
> HER: Anyway, I’m thinking of eat Italian or Spanish tonight, maybe u can join me if you want

You can see a touch of her sense of humor here. And… notice her use of “maybe.” That magic word. It’s like a covert handshake for those of us in the Secret Society.

And now we had a date.

For that first date… I made a recommendation for a good Italian spot, and she agreed. We met up. She looked great. She wore pants and some casual clothes. Some lululemon, I believe. She had obviously just showered. She smelled fantastic, and I used that as an excuse to get close to her and smell her neck.

She was funny, and comfortable, and smart. She is solid “business girl,” competent, successful. She’s never been married and she’s into her career. She lives with her parents in Taiwan (classic Asian style).

She was very different than most of the girls I’ve dated this year. The age difference, yes. But she has more “agency.” I have often said that girls rarely ask me any questions about myself. She was an exception.

Meanwhile… I had felt the beginnings of a cold two night before when I was out with Miss Thick. That unexplainable “off-ness” of impending sickness, like “static” in the signal, my state was somewhat corrupted.

It was now Monday, and I didn’t know it yet, but I was about to have a very bad cold. The date wasn’t as solid as it would have been otherwise, but she didn’t seem to notice.

Unlike almost every other girl I’ve dated this year, she drinks. And by the time we’d have a couple of glasses of wine, she was obviously into the date. I did my “comfortable/exciting” routine, and reached in and pulled her hair to emphasize the “exciting” part, and she took it well. She seemed to drop into state. We were the last couple in the restaurant, and I hurried her along so we wouldn’t keep the staff waiting to close up.

Her lips were now ripe with the redness of the wine. Purple-red. Full. Sexy.

Honestly, I wanted to sleep. I was barely interested in the seduction. I didn’t even feel like fucking her that night, but I tried anyway…

I told her she should come back to my place and “meet my cats.” She said, no, but was more demure at the suggestion than she was at dinner. I asked how she was getting back to her hotel, and she said she was going to call a car. I told her to do it. She did.

As we waited for her car, we were standing on a corner. I said, “c’mere.” Despite the “competent business girl” side of her, she went super feminine as I moved in for the kiss. A smokey gaze, through half-closed, un-focused eyes. She was in slow motion. And she pulled her arms up to her neck in a protective, girly gesture… it turned me on.

And the kiss landed. And it was very fucking hot. Best first kiss of the year. Made my cock hard.

Her lips are so full and soft. And whereas I sometimes almost pry a girl’s mouth open with my own in the initial makeout, her mouth melted open and her tongue was as soft as her lips. Wet, soft, dreamy.

Her car arrived and she left.

Later that night:

> NASH: …you, are a fantastic kisser.
> NASH: Wow. What a mouth you have.
> HER: thanks for the dinner :) i got a lots of fun on the meal, suprisly interesting
> HER: sorry i tought you were on of the someone but flirty man on the street……..
> NASH: Yeah… I thought you were just another hot girl… but you’re a little smart/funny/interesting too.

This ^ part catches my attention. She’s telling me about how her opinion of me changed from pickup to post- first date. I think I did a lot to comfort her via my text game. And she obviously liked that date. My stock was rising.

That was Monday.

On Tuesday… my cold was taking root. I had my second date with Miss Careful that day, and I didn’t think it went that well. So/so. Less fun than our first tea date. I tried to kiss her, of course, and she rejected it. I still don’t really know how that date went… the cold clouded my read. She is a very cute little girl… I’ll follow up with her this week. We’ll see.

But I only had a couple days left with Miss Lips. I pinged her about another date. I aimed for Wednesday, as that would give me a chance to move things to Thursday, if she wasn’t free.

After some chit-chat via Line App:

> NASH: Hey…
> NASH: I want to see you…
> NASH: Tomorrow. Dinner at 7.
> HER: Sorry- We will have company basketball games in the afternoon then dinner with my team…
> HER: I can't do it on tomorrow :/

Plan B:

> NASH: How about Thursday night???
> NASH: Last night… last chance!
> HER: Thursday night then

There we go. Nice set up. It was to be her last night in the city, we'd already had a date/makeout. No reason to assume it was a done deal, but this was not my first rodeo.

Now it was Wednesday. I was still sick. I had said in my last post that I was all fired up to get my Tornado roaring… but the cold had crushed my momentum. No game that day. I was working. Had separate chats with both Young Guns and Buckle that afternoon.

That night, she pinged me, saying she was done drinking with her team… and could we get dinner afterall.

> HER: Damn, stranger where are u now?
> HER: I m getting hungry after so many cups beers with my team
> HER: Can we still have dinner? I'm out of here.

I was sick. And I didn't want to deal with her if she was drunk, when I could have her fresh the next day. I waited an hour/so, and sent her something neutral.

Then it was Thursday. I picked up the messaging again. Some flirting. Some cold-reading of her based on our ongoing chats via the app (she loved the cold reads). We were set to meet that night.

We met at 7. I had her take a train to my neighborhood. I picked her up in my car at the station. Dinner in a great place, across the bridge. It was sunset and the view over the ocean was beautiful.

I kissed her again in the parking lot before we walked in to the restaurant. It was nearly as hot as our first kiss. Her mouth is like magic.

The guy that owns the place loves me. I introduced the two of them, and told him she was Taiwanese and it was her last night. When she went to the bathroom, he broke the frame and asked me how I know so many "Taiwanese" girls. He asked this, because I bring a different girl there every month. I told him they're not all Taiwanese. He asked how I met her, and I told him I pick them up on the street. He said I should get married. I told him I like being a bachelor.

It's true.

We sat side-by-side during dinner and it was the way she touched me that made me know we would have sex that night. The way she put her hand on my thigh. It was how comfortable she was leaning into me during dinner.

After dinner I drove back to my neighborhood and parked in the driveway in front of my place. I asked if she wanted to come up for desert and she laughed at me.

A quick tour. After about five minutes, I pushed her against the wall and made out with her. I took her by the wrist and pulled her toward my room.

No resistance. Hot makeout. Great boobs and big purple nipples. Flat, soft, but perfect stomach. She was feminine and sensual. She moaned when I pinched those nipples.

But as I started to pull her pants off, she said, “my period…”

I was fucking sick as a dog. Snotty nose and I could barely breath. She was on her period. I was happy to give up. We can only do so much…

But the look in her eyes was so hungry. I could tell she wanted it (reminded me of Miss NYU, she game me that same look, years ago). I asked what day of her period it was, and she said “four.” We fooled around a bit and I told her I was going to take her clothes off and play with her anyway. She got hotter. I told her I was going to put us in the shower and she smiled.

We showered. I played with her pussy some, and there was no evidence at all of her period. She seemed like she might squirt, and I think she did a tiny bit, but I’m not certain.

A cold does nothing for my sex drive. I hadn’t come in five days, but I wanted sleep more than climax. But I knew it was there, and I was going to work for it. I’ve had six colds in the last year (which is ridiculous), but a lot of my momentum and experience has come as I worked through being sick here and in Japan. This is another one of those situations.

And then something interesting happened… I wanted her to suck my cock. I mean, those lips! I told her so. I got us into position, with me on my back and her leaning over me… but she didn’t do it. I told her to, again, but she didn’t. She’d play with my cock (which wasn’t at all hard), but wouldn’t suck it. So odd. Her mouth was hanging open. So sexy. Just looking at this mouth, while she looked at my cock. Jesus.

I assumed she doesn’t suck cock. That must be it, but she didn’t say so at the time. So after a bit, I rolled her over onto her back. Did my walk to my cabinet to get the world’s best condom… played with her nipples a bit and then…

+ 1 daygame.

I was so fucking sick… but I claimed a new notch. And as I fucked her from behind, the orgasm was fantastic.

We showered off. In the shower I asked about the blowjob thing and she confirmed, she doesn’t not suck cock. She said, “I don’t like to look at it.” Wow. That’s new to me. I teased her about it all weekend.

We slept so close, touching all night. I tossed and turned, breathing and weazing through my mouth. She left early the next morning for that meeting.

But the night before she told me her flight was delayed. She told me a typhoon was hitting Taipei, and she would be here another night. She asked if I wanted to see her again. She wondered outloud if she should book another hotel (her company was paying for it), or if I wanted her to sleep over again.

It’s a bad idea to have a long date with a girl you don’t know well. I’d gotten my notch. And I was sick, and would have liked the rest. But I’d had a great night, and I agreed. I was slightly love-drunk from the feel of her creamy skin next to me all night. And I thought my cold might almost be done.

I was wrong about my cold (it raged on), but the next 24+ hours were a good time. And an interesting experience.

After her meeting, I met her at her hotel. She checked out. We went back to my place with her bags. We tried to nap, but just chatted… new lovers, getting to know each other. Another dinner. I was loaded up with Sudafed and I made it through the night. Peruvian food. A little walk as the sun set. Drinks at a bar after. Great conversation (see the comments for a side story) at that bar, as we pressed against each other and sipped cocktails.

Back to my place. In theory I was looking forward to fucking her. Meanwhile, our energy had shifted to something more like a boyfriend/girlfriend vibe, a surprisingly familiar sense of comfort. It almost felt like routine.

That is the most “interesting” part of this little adventure for me… she became a “50 hour” girlfriend for me. It felt very much like that. From that first moment in the approach, we were unusually comfortable together. I’m surprised that I agreed to extend the date to a second night. And even more surprised that I enjoyed it. That it was so natural. Not always blissful. It had its ups/downs. It was boring at times. Very much like a girlfriend.

That night we showered. She spent a long time drying her hair. Putting body-oil on her perfect skin. She had all her luggage with her, and she spent some time in my spare bedroom, doing her thing. It wasn’t that exciting. I was in the other room for part of that, texting other girls. I had many moments when I wished I was on the couch, alone, smoking a joint and watching a movie… and nursing my cold.

I knew I would fuck her again that night, and I did. I played with her. Fucked her. It was about 50% as intense as the night before. She passed out laying next to me immediately after I came. I took off my condom and shut off the lights in the house.

We didn’t sleep as close that night. She was a tiny bit clingy, to compensate for my distance. I warmed back up to her as we slept, and the night wore on.

In the morning… we did boyfriend/girlfriend stuff. Fed the cats. She was walking around my place in a skin-tight cotton dress and no panties. Those amazing legs. She was backing up into me, pushing her ass into my hips. She would purr when I touched her. She’d kiss me often. Wow, what a mouth she has. I was never hard for any of that teasing from her… still too sick.

We showered and I could tell she wanted it… so I fucked her again. It was something like a quicky, but the sex was excellent. I still had almost no intent, but my cold was a little better. Fantastic orgasm. I was surprised.

Tea/coffee at the cafe by my house. Picked up some groceries. I made her pancakes. They were delicious.

We went to the art museum… which is out of order for me. I usually do the museum first (my classic first date), then I fuck the girl. This time, the sex was already out of the way.

We found an amazing exhibit, this A/V piece with music. Unbelievable. We stayed in that space for an hour. Dancing softly. Taking pictures. Enjoying the effect. There were some hot girls in there…

We stopped by one of the hotels she stayed at… a ridiculously high-end place. She picked up a package.

I took her to ramen. Then home. We got her bags. And then… I took her to the airport.

I was ready to be alone. And I am. It was a long date. But a rare and wonderful experience.

I’m not sorry I don’t have a proper girlfriend… I don’t even want a girlfriend. But it was a nice “short term” thing with this one. I don’t know how we hit that domestic-stride so quickly, but we did. I am sated sexually, but also in terms of that “live in” vibe I’ve had with girls that have shared a house with me in the past (I’ve lived with several women).

And it’s over.

I am amazed that this stuff happens. 14 daygame lays in less than a year, and I’m still in awe at how quickly “strangers” can touch each other’s lives. That girls can be lead into experiences like this relatively easily. Fascinating.

I know it’s not actually easy. I remember last summer very well. How hard that time was for me. But I’ve progressed. I’m fucking at least two new girls per month from daygame and this is “the new normal.” The 50 hour girlfriend is a just another flavor of this lifestyle.

Hmmmm. Fascinating.

Viva daygame.

Metaphors: The Secret Society and Train Stations

Nash · 31 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

From Rivelino and I in the comments of a recent post:

> "I'm still in awe at how quickly 'strangers' can touch each other's lives."
> — Nash

> so beautiful and so true.
> — Rivelino

When Riv picked out that line from my most recent daygame lay report, it reminded me of parts of this story that I am still trying to mentally unpack:

> "As I was driving Miss Lips to the airport last night after our long date, I said "why were you so comfortable spending two days with me when we barely know each other…"
> — Nash

As I started to write the post about that girl… my initial idea was to tell that story from the point of view of "the Secret Society."

I love the concept of the Secret Society. I think about it all the time. In the case of my story of Miss Lips, RSD Tyler's post wasn't the right vehicle for the details of she and I.

But I like Tyler's theme very much. Here is where I want to go with it:

In the Secret Society… rich interactions with "strangers" (established quickly and easily) are normal. The members of the Secret Society (players and girls) know this to be true.

When you live in the world of the Secret Society, fast, rich experiences — like a "50 hour date" with a "stranger" — are normal. Normal for the girls, as they're used to interactions with smooth guys. And normal for the players, as they *are* the smooth guys and they're used to making this kind of thing happen.

When it comes to mating and dating… it's not exactly that "anyone in the Secret Society will do." Members are not simple, "interchangeable" parts. But fast-seduction happens so easily for members of the Secret Society, because they share a special way of looking at the world.

Which reminds me of my personal metaphor about my opportunity (and responsibility) as a man: My life is a "train station." I am at the center of that train station, I am the center of my life. To be the center of your life is an essential thing for a man to understand. I am the train station, and the "trains come and go." That's how train stations function. That "the trains come and go" is also essential.

For members of the Secret Society, the nature of the train station, the trains, the ease of their coming and going, the ease of the "next rich connection" as each train stops… this is the how the world works. That reality is something members of the Secret Society share and understand and appreciate.

This is life in the Big City.

To make this personal, Miss Lips could step deeply into my life, and do so easily, and so quickly, because she is a girl… and "all females" are in the Secret Society. She is in the Secret Society, so this all makes sense to her, in the same way the daily commute makes sense to a city dweller. And as she can see I am in the Secret Society, we are like amorous neighbors, and she can connect with me easily. This is normal.

And I am a man of Game, so I understand the nature of trains. And I can embrace her — deeply and quickly — because I too am in the Secret Society. I wasn't always in the Secret Society (most men are not), but I am now.

Members of the Secret Society recognize each other (mostly due to our non-verbal signals). It doesn't take long to figure it out. And we treat each other very well. Intimately (in every sense). That's the purpose of the Secret Society. "Good emotions," as Tyler would say.

The coming and going "trains" is normal for us. They appear in front of us as we sip our coffee. We stand there, and the doors open up… people spill out. Often we see someone from the Secret Society (it's the "sparkle" in someone's eyes). That's a lot of opportunity. We are very good at making connections, on the fly, even in that fast-paced world. Opportunities (for "good emotions") are all around us.

And we are very good at letting go. People get off the trains, but they also get on and speed away. They leave the station in the same way they came, and often as quickly. Watching trains disappear from our life… also normal. Trains come and go. There will be another.

And look, see… there is another one right behind the last one. More opportunity. Not everyone is in the Secret Society, but lots of us are. Walt Disney is shocked. I am not.

For someone like me, seeing his life as a train station and the daily patterns of trains coming and going… I am learning this is how life works. Many trains, coming through our lives. We make connections. We let go. We go about our business.

And yet it's not a "flat" experience. I may take some things for granted, but I don't feel jaded. This is all still very emotional for me. I like the train station and I like the trains. I even like that they come and go.

But I still feel the impact of each connection. I still get excited when I see someone I like step off a train and into my station. I still feel some loss when someone I like disappears behind the doors of a train bound for somewhere else.

A train stopped. The doors opened. Miss Lips stepped out. We connected. We dated. We fucked. She stayed with me for two days. It was deep, but it happened fast. And she left on another "train" a few days later.

I know there will be another train tomorrow. This is how train stations work.

…

Somehow, these metaphors help the small, tender animal in me understand the past few days. And I may be sated and raw now, but my animal will chill out. The trains will continue to come and go. More trains, more opportunity, more connections, more goodbyes.

Greetings from the Secret Society.

Viva daygame.

Realness, Rollcall, Comradery

Nash · 2 August 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I had a great lunch this week with Runner and Buckle. Some smart dudes. Good conversation and Japanese food. That's a strong formula for a memorable afternoon.

Runner was a major mentor of mine. We met over 10 years ago, when I was already middle aged, but was just starting to get into game. He pointing me to almost everything that I studied that helped me to where I am today. From Lance Mason to RSD Tyler to the Chateau Heartiste to the venerable Krauser. I study hard (and I'm motivated as fuck), but Runner did a lot to point me toward what to study.

But the best thing Runner ever did for me in terms of Game… was pointing me toward daygame. As I said, Runner was the guy that first talked to me about Krauser (maybe this was 2010). Of course I did nothing about it for years… middling along in nightgame. What a waste.

It was in 2014 when Runner and my old wing Hurricane started talking about actually making a commitment to daygame. I was really scared and threatened by that idea.

I did not think I had the balls for sober, cold approach in the daytime. I was afraid of that. Full stop. And I was afraid my wings would get good at street game, and I'd be left behind… it was "fear" that got me started. That's the truth.

Thank the Daygame Gods for that fear… it changed my life.

Hurricane and I started running some daygame and he got laid pretty quickly. Less than 100 approaches. I was jealous. He got laid again soon after in Japan (we were both there at the same time in 2015). I did some street game that trip, and dated some daygame girls, but I wasn't even close to my first daygame lay yet. I was doubly-jealous he closed so quickly there as well.

Meanwhile, Runner moved to NYC. Since I've known him, he has always had women in his life, but has been mostly online-oriented in recent years… he has good Tinder game. Hurricane would still come out with me sometimes, but would rarely approach as time went on. He ended up going the way of online too.

So of the two guys that basically scared me into doing my first daygame sets, neither became serious daygamers… but I fell in "love" with the opportunity and was hooked. It's the best thing that ever happen to my game.

These days, Runner is still in NYC. The home of Paul Janka, New York City has the volume of girls and the requisite anonymity to be a daygamers paradise. Runner recognizes this, and has been flirting with the idea of making a real pass at daygame. I am doing all I can to encourage him.

That's a lot of what this post is about… encouragement.

Meanwhile, here in my city, Young Guns introduced me to Buckle. Buckle has become a wing. From the first time I met him, I was impressed with the guy… he's solid. You get good at reading people in game, their intentions, their energy. And that means reading guys too. Buckle is remarkable solid, man to man. And then, I saw him approach… also, "like a rock." I was impressed. I predicted he would do very well, even as he hadn't had a daygame lay yet.

And this past weekend Buckle got his daygame lay. He pulled a SDL with a tourist. Fuck yeah. He and I had a text or two about it over the weekend, but I hadn't heard the full story…

Runner came into my city this week for work. He stayed at my place on Monday and Tuesday night. I was telling him about Buckle and his recent daygame success, and mid-conversation, I picked up my phone and I pinged Buck' to see if he might be free for lunch while Runner was in town.

He was. I set it up. We met up… and thus the inspiration for this post.

It was a great feeling to host those guys for lunch. To introduce solid dudes. To sit back and watch them share

stories.

My main intention was for Runner to get a look at Buckle, and for him to hear the story of Buckle's first daygame lay. I am trying to drag Runner deeper into the daygame community. To tempt him closer to spending some real time on the street. To "feel it," by seeing a new guy talk about a recent kill.

As the lunch went on, Runner was talking about "community guys" we've met along the way.

I have been a big fan of the Community (and the manosphere, for that matter). I'm grateful for what the community taught me about game and how game then changed my life. There is so much potential in the pickup community to help men "clean themselves up," to make them genuinely better men. And… to get them laid (mostly after that work is done). And also to connect us all to each other. So we can hear each other's stories. To inspire each other.

For a "real time" gauge of what is "normal" for other men… nothing beats this community. The real-time test of the girls. The no-bullshit feedback from other men. The environment is honest. That honesty helps. Hot girls don't give out participation tropies. If you're getting laid, it's cause you've done the work. And very likely… it's because other men have coached you.

At lunch we also talked about how not everyone is the community is that cool. I don't like to focus on it, but it's true… there are plenty of weirdos in the Game. As much as I want to hold up my affinity for the community… not all wings are created equal.

Runner mentioned at lunch that he thinks I'm "real." What he said is, "your realness attracts other real people." Something like that. That was a huge compliment. I want to be real. That matters to me.

I said then that that's a big goal of mine, for my role in the community… to bring some realness. I want my blog to be real. That's why I talk about my failures. About girls giving me fake phone numbers. About the endless blowouts. About how I get frustrated. And how I get hurt.

I know other guys are going through that kind of thing. Hearing another man's story can take the sting out of some shit-episode in your own life. Might even make you laugh. Laughing at yourself, or even the other guy, makes it easier. Krauser's stories about "toothaches" make me feel better about my endless snotty nose. Gives me perspective.

So then Buckle told his story about his SDL.

I think he felt it was a little too "easy" so he wondered if it "counted?" Of course it did. Classic cold-approach. Good work on his part to make the best of his logistics. The fact that he's a solid man is probably a lot of why it felt "easy" for him. He got this lay in about 150 approaches. We know my first daygame lay took me MUCH longer. I was a "hard case." I always learn things the hard way… same when I was a skater.

Buckle's questions about his own success were a part of the realness at that lunch. While I love to talk about taking down a new girl, the guys I'm closest to in game are more than icy braggards. And the personal details (our internal reactions) to the wins and losses of the street ground this lifestyle for me.

I hope Runner will close as fast as Buckle. I bet he will… once he ratchets up the approaches. (It's all about volume.) Runner also has a ridiculous foundation in terms of his value as a man and his knowledge of game. He will learn to use the Daygame Model to help get himself in front of young girls. When he does that, his value will speak for itself. And he knows so much game… daygame will open up even more opportunities with girls for him at that point.

I got to sit back and eat, didn't talk much for the first 1/2 of lunch, as Buckle and Runner traded comments and stories. Awesome lunch. So glad we did that.

All of this reminds me of Rivelino.

Rivelino loves the "brotherhood" aspect of game. Me too. I have learned a lot from Riv.

And Riv doesn't like it when dudes in the community use the opportunity of our shared lifestyle to snipe at each other, to undercut a man. To diss a guy as a cheap mechanism to stroke your own ego. I like that about, Riv… quite a bit. He's right. The fact that his blog is "diary style" means more realness. He shares a lot of his life… and that is a service to folks that are exposed to his story.

Rivelino's leadership in that area helped me to see the possibility of comradery in the larger crew of street seducers. That we might be "thick as thieves." And we have been. Certainly true of Riv and me.

And I feel proud to be a part of a clique of daygamers right now. I don't feel as much connection with the London Guys, although I certainly admire them. But there is a group of local guys I know and few beyond that. And new friends all the time.

This post is about Runner and Buckle. And it's about the community of wise and industrious men that inspire me.

Rivelino is at the top of the list. He and Yohami. (Goddamn, thanks again, Yohami.) And the good man with the ugly name, "Daygame in Shitsville." We've shared a lot on this blog. I am much further ahead on this path, based on the sense of community I have with those guys in particular.

I am stoked to know my buddy Cobrantula (although we've never met in person) and I love watching his journey. He is going to get laid from this soon. I already have a celebratory post written for him, and I'll post it as he claims this first street-notch.

Mr Xsplat and I got to know each other better this last month, via some spirited conversation on Riv's blog.

I'm stoked to read Alpha Jedi these days (he had a great post last weekend).

I have been getting a lot from the guy that writes The Red Quest (his Snapchat gambit really caught my eye last month, and reminds me of something Yohami said to me).

Goldmund was very cool as I reviewed his ebook a month or so ago.

I'm not tight with the London Guys, but Roy Walker and I have had some back and forth (he is the most badass thing in daygame right now, as I see it). Roy's "No Notch November" post was all realness.

Even dudes I know almost nothing about — like Alpha Teacher — their stories are part of my education.

And of course a shout out and some love to the local guys. The Cigar (may you enjoy your relationship… and maybe come hunt with us again). To Young Guns… who may move soon, but will have a daygame lay here on the east coast soon enough. To Vicar who is busy with school right now, but has real potential to make more of daygame. To Rauker, come hit the street, brother. To Pancake… another wing I miss.

And to the larger concept of what community can mean. To coming up together. To showing each other the way.

Post lunch… Buckle talked for a second about his emotional state, post-lay. It was raw. It was real conversation. And Runner and I got to share more on what goes through our minds post-lay as well. Not about the rejections. Or the breakups. But the sort of emotional component when our game is actually "working." That's what my post about trains stations is all about… understanding my emotional reactions to fast sex and the players lifestyle. Making meaning out of it all is the human condition.

We have a lot to share.

As I got home that night, I was back into some comments on my blog, that were related to some comments on Riv's blog, that ended up spawning a post on Xsplat's blog (which is a very good post, excellent).

That was an interesting coincidence of this post… a conversation among players spawning another conversation. More "group therapy" as a bunch of men balance the redpill experience and what that's like at the personal level.

I kicked off my Twitter account this week (also inspired by Riv), and immediately connected with Ilijas Jung. He had no idea I was writing this post, but sent me this via direct message:

> “Smart guys = high IQ, well read RP savages ?”

> “Having minds around that resonate together and think alike is a huge real life boost. Best wishes, keep the hustle!”
> — Ilijas Jung

Yeah, man. That’s what I’m talking about. Conspiring with smart, experienced guys. And sharing with each other as we all “level up.”

We are a rare segment of society. We have some of the same questions the “normies” have, but we have the experience to really be able to comment on all this dating and mating business – based on actual experience. We’re “first handers.” That makes us unusual men and unusual peers for each other. Our “love laboratory” is much more real-time and vast than most guys will ever begin to appreciate. I’d say we’re lucky… but we know this is much more than “luck.”

There is a lot of good work going on with this band of brothers. The hustle itself, yes (all those happy girls). But then the sorting out the “meaning” of it all that we do on the sidelines of the battle and between rounds. I’m very proud to be a part of this mess. I like what we have going on here.

Viva daygame.

Making Out With a Teenager | First Date with Miss Glasses

Nash · 25 August 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I met this girl 15 days ago. Tonight, we made out. After I'd kiss her each time, the look in her eyes — that "paralyzed," slow, breathlessness look — wow. She's 18… which makes her 26 years younger than me. It was a great date.

August has been a somewhat awkward month – I haven't been able to get any momentum going. Coming off my last new daygame lay, I was sick for a full week. As I recovered from my cold, I fired up the street hustle, did a lot of approaching. I would guess I've taken maybe 15 leads this month (that's conservative), and no new lays. Can't seem to get the tornado rolling.

As my wing Buckle and I were talking about game this week:

Sometimes you flip a coin… and get "heads" 15 times in a row. Doesn't make sense, but it happens. Whether that is dozens of approaches and no leads… or 10+ leads and no dates (Young Guns is feeling this in Bean Town right now)… or dating five different girls and no lays… If you've been in this "business" long enough, you've seen "cold streaks" like I'm talking about here.

August has felt like a cold streak, of sorts. I'm not the slightest bit bitter, it's been fun talking to girls this month, but I haven't had much to write about. Lots of time on the street. Some great girls. Some anecdotes. A lot of leads. Few dates… very few. That's been where my funnel has a big hole in it.

Meanwhile I've had the best sex of the whole year this month… but all with Miss Thick. She has been… epic. Epic. She is quickly becoming one of my favorite lovers of all time in terms of sexual thrill. The fucking look in her eyes… dirty, loving, awesome. She is in China right now, as I hammer on these keys. We sexted a bit yesterday. She'll be back in five days. But that means I have some time to work.

Good. I like to work.

So after being sick for a long stretch, and running a ton of mostly fruitless game… I went to a hippy party in Oregon to watch the eclipse last week. It was fucking awesome (the party and the eclipse). But that means a break from all the girls that were in the messaging-phase, and no approaching during that time. Tornadoes need care and feeding…. and mine went flat again from lack of time and attention.

As I rolled out of the festival and back into the civilization known as Bend OR, I checked my phone. It was lit up like Christmas with several days of voicemails and messages from all "20" apps on my phone. I had three messages that really caught my eye — two WeChats from young Chinese girls, and one regular text from a Russian girl I would like to introduce to my cock.

Of those two Chinese girls… they were leads from about a week or so before that festival. One, was a 20 year old math major at a prestigious school near my city. You have to be very fucking smart to go to that school… but the big brain on this girl isn't why I picked her up. I could care less if she is a math genius… but I am assuming she is exactly that.

The other girl was the one from tonight's date… and she is… 18 years young. We'll call her Miss Glasses.

I messaged both of the young Chinese girls after I'd had a good night's sleep. I had nothing but dead-air in return. That was typical of August… leads to nowhere. Reasonably strong leads, but not a lot of juice in the responses. So I moved on… hit the streets again.

But then today, as I was getting ready to hunt, Math Girl hit me up after three days of nothing. And I figured that lead was about stale, so I tried to close for a date right away… and she agreed. The Math Wizz and I have a date for tomorrow. Cool.

And then, just as I started approaching today… the 18 year old also responds after three days of silence.

After the dead-silence, she sent me this epic love poem:

> MISS GLASSES: hey

^ Silver-tongued goddess.

With all that "poetry" to work with, I do the same thing I did with Math Girl: pounce toward a date…

Actually… she and I have a relatively long history in terms of chats… a lot. We had a date set up for two Monday's ago. And she cancelled, as she said she had a headache. We rescheduled for the next day, she cancelled again. She then basically said, "don't call me, I'll call you," and while she didn't seem like your typical jaded hot girl, I assumed I was done. When I saw a message from her when I was back from the eclipse… I was surprised. Then more dead air, three days of it… then today, she's alive, just like the 20 year old.

It was like a coordinated attack between the two of them. When it rains it pours.

Time to get that date:

> NASH: Are you busy this weekend?
> NASH: Let's go to the museum on Sunday.
> NASH: Or dinner!
> MISS GLASSES: okay that's cool
> MISS GLASSES: do you have time tonight?

Tonight… okay. I like that.

It's a very good sign when she's like "how about tonight?" It is a clear pattern in my experience that when they are pushing for "sooner" rather than later, and you can make it happen, it'll be a good date.

I was pretty into my daygame session at that moment, and I have been really loving hunting with my wing Buckle. He is a very cool guy and the vibe on the street when we've been out has been awesome (you should have seen him stop this very hot Euro girl with her family watching across the street… hysterical). And as she pushed for tonight (after cancelling on me twice), I wasn't sure I wanted to give up a good night of hunting with an excellent wing, to head home early and get ready for the date.

We haggled about the time, and I kept offering Sunday instead. But was wondering if she might be up for something "late night."

> NASH: How about 9 PM.
> MISS GLASSES: 9 is a bit late… maybe we should make it Sunday

(Note ^ "maybe." That word… there it is again. Always there, lurking… that word.)

> NASH: Okay…
> NASH: 8:30 tonight… or 7 on Sunday???

I like this "now" or "2 days later" combo for date invites. It seems very successful to me. I usually do it as, "I have some free time tonight… or maybe Tuesday." That's my favorite combo. Let her choose. There is something about that that works for me.

> MISS GLASSES: emmm okay… 8:30 where?

And it was on.

I sent her a map point for my favorite ramen spot. And she asked what "ramen" was… which is odd, as while ramen is Japanese (and she is from China), I've never met an Asian girl that didn't know what ramen is… but now you can get a sense for what "18" means. It means "no experience." With anything. Like none. None at all.

I haven't dated an 18 year old since I was 20… which was over two decades ago. I've dated a lot of 19 year olds since I've been in this stage of daygame. And I've made out with a 20 year old in Japan. And I fucked a 21 year old in May. But 18… that is "new" territory, all over again.

There was some delay and BS, but we met up at my favorite ramen place around 9. And she looked… fucking cute. Little, young, bright-eyed, and delicious. And she was excited to be there. Great hug (which I initiated) to start us off.

Dinner was perfect. She wasn't that hungry and the service was slow, but they sat us side-by-side and we had a lot of time to chat. I could touch her easily. I did so, often.

As we ate I was trying to explain the whole Bill Clinton/Monica Lewinsky controversy, and I was attempting to talk about the "come on the blue dress" part of that story. And she looked a bit blank. So I said, you know what I mean by "come?" And she was a blank stare. But her English is not great, so I figured it was the language barrier. So I said a bit more, and she seemed out of her depth. So I asked if she has had sex, and she said "no."

Oh. A virgin. Okay.

> "I have been curious about virgins and the likelihood of me fucking one in the near term. I have dated several in the last six months, that I know of, and have not gotten very far with any of them. I have mentioned this facet of my experience in game quite a bit on this blog."
> — Nash, comments on virgin game

Earlier in her and my messaging history, I sent her a screenshot of her own profile pic (anime drawing of a couple making out) and I suggested that she was "romantic" (I was trying to "frame" her). And she replied that she and her BF (who is back in China) send each other those kinds of messages. So, she has a BF. I didn't panic, just played through. And I assumed she was not a virgin. I was wrong. I found out on the date that she only knew him for three weeks before she came here. They never had sex, but they did kiss.

I bet that is most of her experience.

So now… her age, the 18 year old part, is extra "juicy" for me. She does not know how old I am (she has never asked). She is nothing like the harsh, mature 19 year old I dated earlier this summer. This girl is properly shy, and sweet, and naïve, and wonderful.

And as for me… what a great web-tangle of emotions and judgements.

She and I are not peers, that's clear. She is 26 years my junior, a teenager, thousands of miles away from home, here in "Trump Country" for only three weeks… her first time here… her first time out of China.

While I know "all girls are in the Secret Society," she is a new member. There is no fucking way this girl has had much experience. So, I love it. I wondered if the staff at my ramen place could see the experience-gap? I felt moments of extra "responsibility." I felt moments of extra "kink." I felt moments of extra "trepidation."

If she had had sex even once, or was 22 (for instance)… I would treat her like "any other girl." But as she is actually on the edge of childhood, and has no experience sexually. It's not that I don't want to fuck her. I do. And I will, if I am able. But will I treat her exactly the same? Should I give her more opportunity to "escape?" Do I need to get her to "double opt in" as this is the only virginity she has? Because she is really fucking young and I am a bad-bad street seducer???

I came across the concept of “proximity” as it relates to the “age of consent” recently. She is over the age of consent, but I am the opposite of “proximal” to her age. I don’t feel particularly moral about it, one way or the other. But this isn’t the center of my comfort zone either.

I don’t know. And it all turns me on, to be honest. This is exactly the kind of rare-wonderful experience I wanted when I got into this “work.” I’m here. It’s happening. It’s no fucking coincidence.

At one point during dinner I said I thought she had great lips. I was really into her. We had a good masculine/feminine thing going. She said maybe it was the lip gloss, but the look in her eyes was that she was well into it. I told her that if we were alone I would kiss her, and she went demure, but liked it. That was full green light for me.

As dinner wrapped up, I asked when she needed to be home. When she and I met, I found out that she lives with a host family, and that family cooks for her, and wants to know when she is coming/going. She said she should probably go home “now.” I suggested dessert at my place… she could meet my cats. She said, “next time” (classic). I argued the toss, but she seemed solid on that point. I told her I’d walk her to her train.

As we got to the train stop (which is outdoors), it was a bit cold. Just as we arrived, my very sensible libido noticed how young/hot/tight she is, and wanted a makeout, so I went for it. It landed perfectly.

She leaned into the kiss right away, her mouth open, even with hints of our dinner on her lips. And then another kiss. And I could see she was genuinely affected by the making out. So I asked if she was sure she didn’t want “dessert.” She repeated “next time.”

I called us a car, and it arrived. We got inside together (I would take her home, then reroute to my house) and kissed some more. She held my hand on her own, holding my arm in a sweet, possessive way… great makeout. Charming, young girl.

Yeah. Fuck yeah.

I tried at least once more to get her to come back to my place. She was soft, lovely, but a firm no. And after yet another kiss, I told her “you like this,” and she was quiet, with a feminine charge that made me know she did, indeed, like what I was serving up.

We made plans for Sunday on the ride to her place.

I climbed out of the car first, to put her on the sidewalk. I kissed her yet again. I was hard. It was hot. She said, “see you Sunday.” I said good night. She repeated, “see you Sunday.”

> “If the Daygame Gods are generous, or are trying to make a point, it’ll be soon. If they want to make a different point… they will drag these young girls across my mouth a few more times, for a few more months perhaps, before I close my jaw on a girl that young, that… inexperienced.”
> — Nash on sex with a virgin

This is the bullseye of YHT. We’ll see.

Viva daygame.

Date #2 with Miss Glasses the Virgin

Nash · 28 August 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Ahhh, she just left. It was a fantastic night. We spent a lot of time in my bed, but she still has her flower.

Our last date, on Friday, was an awesome date. If there was one sign that particularly caught my attention, it was how she sort of "possessively" held onto me in the car ride back to her place, post makeout. I liked how she seemed to "come alive" as I kissed her… but it was the way she held me on the way home that seemed significant. Because it was a sign of how much she liked me and that date. And also what kind of "physical communication" she is capable of. Encouraging signs.

I wanted to get her out again relatively soon, as I didn't want this to fizzle. She's 18. It would be normal to presume she's fickle. We know emotions are the fuel in a girl's engine, and that emotions drive their decisions (from second to second). And we also know the immediacy of emotions fades quickly…

While time equals experience and mastery for me on my player's journey, time usually works against us with any particular girl that we have not laid.

I wanted to keep our emotional momentum going… so on the car ride home, I made plans to see her again on Sunday (today). I pinged her yesterday, telling her I had a good time on Friday night. I made some reference to sneaking into her host family's home to kiss her. She sent me this "demure bunny" image in response.

This morning I confirmed time and place. She was early. When we saw each other, I could feel a childlike grin spread across my face… that was the continuation of the vibe from last time. I like her. She's sweet. My calculating mind took a back seat to the sensation of the moment as I saw her walk up… I was happy. I was into her. Good.

She is nerdy, young Chinese girl. I don't know that many guys in the community would be that turned on by her, but I am. She was wearing super-short shorts, and a sleeveless shirt. A lot of skin. Perfect, teenage skin. If she was 28, I would be almost as into her. But at 18, she's a bit more goofy than she will be later in life, but also has more appeal. It's a little kinky for me when I focus on her age and the difference between where she and I are in life. It's extra kinky to know she's a virgin, and that it looks likely I will fuck this girl.

So, even though it was our second date, I took her on my classic "first date" to the museum. It was where I took Miss Lips on our last day together. And that day, Miss Lips and I saw this absolutely amazing musical/video piece. It's really a rich experience, and I was dying to go back. So as I dragged my little teenage date into that space, and we hung out in the dark, in the company of strangers, listening and looking… it was at least as magical, all over again.

Right from when we met, she was very easy to touch. She's little, probably 5'2″. And small little arms. So it's very easy for me to grab her around the bicep — which is my go-to move to touch a girl on an early date. It's somewhat "asexual" – it's that space between elbow and shoulder that has been a recommended spot for guys looking to get the touching going. But, as I go a little higher up, under her arm, getting close to the moist heat of her axilla, it gets more intimate and sexual. And as I squeeze, and lead her around, it's a bit dominant. All this was easy with her.

And as I lead her around the exhibit, I would pull her into me, hold her hands, stuff like that. And just like in the car that night, she would really "hold me" in return. At one point I pulled her back up to my belly, and she leaned her head back and sort of burrowed into my neck and chest. I debated taking her home immediately at that point… it was really on.

But it was a hot day… so I knew my place would be stuffy and sweaty until sundown, and it was only 5 PM. I asked if she was hungry, and she said she was. I took us to a great high-end pizza place. Pizza… not drinks, because, you know, she's a fucking teenager. Then a car back to my place.

Classic tour of my house. She loved the cats. She loved my art. And then… I just pushed her up again the wall and

we had our first kiss of the afternoon. And she immediately starting purring, just like at the train stop on Friday. So I dragged her to my room, pushed her back onto the bed.

More intense purring… her motor was revving at about 5500 rpm. I asked how she was doing, and she said, “a little nervous.” I said, “good, I like you nervous.” Sexy vibe.

She a super passionate girl, very much like Miss Thick (which is an excellent sign). And her version of “sexy” is also high in emotion, which I like. It was rich. It’s powerful. The kissing got better and better, right up until she left… even though her mouth is a bit cut up from the abrasiveness of the stubble on my face. I shaved today. But she’s a sensitive little thing.

Her shirt came off easy. She was shy, and clutched at her bra as I slipped it off, to see her small, young boobs. She looked extra teenager just then… tiny boobs on a young girl. Fucking hot. Perversely young.

For the most part, though… I forgot about her age. She was, as it turns out, like any other girl. I would have pushed harder with another girl, but moment to moment… she was just hot and fun and feminine. “18” was rarely on my mind. The seduction felt normal, a joyful, fascinating “business as usual.”

But as I was flipping her over, and pawing at her small but ripe ass, I could see her panties up the leg of her tiny shorts. And I could also see what looked like a pantie liner, as well… she was on her period. A virgin, on her period. That’s a lot of complication for our first sexing. So I asked her if she was, and she said yes, and that it was toward the end.

I told her I would put her in the shower. I wasn’t sure if I would push to fuck her (it was always a possibility, the whole night), but I was happy to play with her some more even if I never got my cock inside her tiny body.

She revs so high from simple kissing and sucking on her ears, I get the feeling this girl will come easily. As I got a bit aggressive with her nipples, she would say “stop stop!,” and I think that is her dealing with an impending orgasm.

I asked her if she comes easily. We are still dealing with a reasonably high language barrier, so when she said she didn’t understand, I wasn’t sure if that was coyness, sexual inexperience, or genuinely difficulty with the language. I did my best imitation of a girl having and orgasm. She smiled.

I told her I was going to put her in the shower, and then play with her some. She said no. She said no to many things. Mostly at the level of token resistance. But I gave this girl a little more space, as I think just about everything I did to her was a “first” today.

We got her into the shower after all. Her first time naked with a man. Her body is fantastic (all the “nerdy” Asian girls have secretly super-hot bodies). And then onto the bed. And then played with her clit… and I think she was very close to coming. But she was also getting overwhelmed. I could see we were almost at the point of “too much.” She started to look serious. She said she was very hungry.

We talked a bit more. I told her how I felt like we did a great job with her, this inexperienced girl. I told her body was safe (we didn’t get her pregnant, and nothing we did was particularly contagious). That her heart was good (because we kept track of her feelings). And that her mind should be good, as she had a good experience — exciting, certainly, but not too far. I reminded her how much pleasure she’d had, and she was quick to agree, smiling at me during the debriefing.

As for me… I would have fucked her, for sure. It was the period that was the challenge in the end. She was very shy about it. Even with her shorts on, and then a towel (after the shower), we still got some blood on my sheets.

She also wouldn’t suck my cock. I let it slide, but as we talked later, I coached her about how I want her to have a good time, but I want her to care about my time as well. About what it means to be a “generous” lover (setting frames). I asked her about it, and she said she thinks “doing that” is “outgoing,” and she’s not an outgoing person. We’ll see.

And beyond that… I'm completely proud of myself. I rolled around in my bed with a teenage girl. We showered together. She tugged on my cock. The whole thing was hot. She had a very good experience, and was basically clingy and very attached by the end of the night. I could have pushed harder. I could have made her suck my cock, or made her give me a handjob, just to relieve my sexual tension (I haven't had an orgasm in 10+ days)… and I am a hungry wolf tonight, but not overly desperate to get off. It was hot, but not a blueball experience or anything.

Next time… I bet I'll fuck the virgin. I told her so (which made her smile). I'll push harder next time. I bet she'll be more than compliant. She told me over and over tonight that she likes me. It was a big deal for her tonight, and I'm not surprised. We opened up her world, for sure. I'm just the man to do that for her.

And… while I love the possessive way she holds me ("possessive," that is the word I used in my first post about her)… she is actually possessive. Early in the makeout, she was asking me about other girls. And I told her I have seen some other girls (maybe one yesterday, but I didn't say that). And then I told her she was way too early to be talking about anything serious between she and I. And I got a bit stern with her, and told her I want she and I to be just that… about she and I. That I want her thinking about me, when she is with me… not about other girls. And I said again that I was serious about that. That that was a terrible pattern to get into, and that I will feel cheated if she is thinking about anyone else when she and I are together.

I liked ^ that. That's not bad. And that's all original (c) Nash material right there… I've never heard anyone say anything like that to a girl in "the talk" before.

And about that… she is the first girl in over a year to "have the talk" with me, and this is obviously too early. Perhaps that is only her age? I like that she wants me to herself… but I don't like jealousy in girls, at all. I'm a "don't ask, don't tell" kind of guy (I'll never rub my amorous adventures in her face), and I hope she doesn't keep that up.

In the book Practical Female Psychology for the Practical Man, they talk about an "early frame announcement." It's a powerful concept. They say a girl will "show her colors," often early, and give you a big hint as to what is to come. I hope this is not it. It seems like jealousy could be a thing for her… it came up several times. And it was heavy for her.

And if that is what I have to look forward to… I bet that won't be a big deal until after we've had a lot of good sex. And if she can't leave that jealousy shit alone at that point, that will be a good reason to cut her off. And it's very calculated to be that many moves ahead at this stage, but while she may be a teenage girl, I am a seasoned older man… and I know I have no patience for active jealousy in a relationship. No patience at all.

It could also be a good test of where I'm at as a man to see if I can keep all that under control. Hmmm.

Wow. Interesting night.

Just now, as I type this:

> MISS GLASSES: I am home now ;)
> NASH: You…
> NASH: Wow.
> NASH: Next time… I want you all night
> MISS GLASSES: we'll see ;)
> MISS GLASSES: goodnight
> MISS GLASSES: I miss you
> NASH: Ummmm, good. :]
> NASH: I will sleep in that bed tonight… and think of you.
> MISS GLASSES: yeah keep thinking about me~
> MISS GLASSES: and I will miss you~(>_<)~

That sounds like a good review. She's a happy little girl.

The adventure I'm on with this particular girl seems very much up to my standards: She had a very good experience tonight. I had a very good experience tonight. That's the goal of all this.

And I bet next time… I will get a notch. From a virgin. From a teenage virgin. Yes to all that.

Viva daygame.

Miss Glasses the Virgin, Is a Super-Squirter

Nash · 30 August 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Here's the run down… I supposed the bad news is, she's still a virgin (and I will not have a new notch in August). The good news is, she had a very good time tonight… many "firsts," including discovering that she is a super-squirter. Half my room is soaked. And I had a great time, even though I smell bizarre right now.

We met-up tonight around 6 PM. She has class tomorrow AM, so I figured early dinner, my place, and hopefully, a deflowering+++. That was the plan.

To begin, she tried to fuck up the date… twice.

First with the sex:

> MISS GLASSES: I don't feel like crossing too many lines today…
> NASH: :]
> NASH: You're cute

She made this comment after I said something via WeChat about kissing her. She said, "Me too!," and then gave me that message about "not crossing lines."

To be honest, I was pretty amped to fuck this girl and it probably showed a bit. I like her very much. I do. She is YHT, and all that, and sexy and delicious beyond the surface characteristics or the novelty of a virgin teenager (which is pretty fucking novel). And I want the experience of bringing her across the threshold. Yes, I do. I don't think I was "teenage horny" about it, but I bet I was a bit keen. I think responding that she was cute was an okay way to deal with her comment.

That was it. No debate, I didn't go logical at all. I didn't say I would or would not fuck her. Just "you're cute." Okay. Moving on…

Then she tried to cancel entirely:

> MISS GLASSES: what about we meet tomorrow… I am so tired today and I just want to sleep…

This ^ was three hours before the date. SMH.

At this point I was trying to back off of my more-than-sincere desire to penetrate that little thing… but not back off so much that I would let the date slip away.

Some things come down to the strength of your personality. This was classic behavior for a girl that knows she is about to get fucked. I've seen it before. She is doing a little of this and a little of that… trying to shake off the impending lay. This is womb management. I get it, but this is not my first rodeo. And I'm not Captain of the Virgin Preservation Squad.

> NASH: Ahhhh, cute tired girl.
> NASH: :]
> NASH: I have a plan for tomorrow…
> NASH: And our reservation is for tonight
> NASH: So…
> NASH: 1. Go take a nap
> NASH: 2. Wake up at 5…
> NASH: 3. Meet me for a fun night
> NASH: We'll have you home by 9:30ish

20 minutes later…

> MISS GLASSES: Okay…
> MISS GLASSES: see you then

Done. I like that.

Okay, that hurdle was then behind me. I got one more message from her around 5 PM that I thought might be her weaseling out, but it was just a random cute emoticon. Date was on.

Before I move on… I will say, I don't want to under-emphasize how often girls do stuff like this… try to derail the date. I think it is truly subconscious, but it's ubiquitous girl-behavior when the deal is about to close. She's trying to buck you off, right before you hit the "8 seconds" mark (bull riding analogy) and get proper a "score" (so to speak).

> "A woman wants to lose to a superior Frame, but she needs to test that it really is superior."
> — Tom Torero, Street Hustle

I do have a plan for tomorrow – a reunion date with Miss Thick – that was no lie. She is back from China tonight, and she came after me yesterday, setting up a date for Thursday, so that is all locked down for tomorrow. And she is the best lover I have had in years… I am in awe of what she and I are like sexually. It's fantastic.

But more importantly… she ALSO did this kind of thing. This derailing shit. Pre-sex shit tests. It's in my post about sex with her. She tried to stop seeing me — twice — before I got her into bed. I passed those tests and she and I became lovers. She has never tested me since. And it has been epic/beautiful since then… because of me. Because I successfully overrode her derail attempts.

Those were very important shit tests to be passed. And I had big returns because I was nimble enough to keep the train on tracks. This is a big part of the actual work of game. These crucial moments when your will as a player points the seduction toward glory… or it fizzles into something not worth talking about.

Perhaps I will look back at tonight and feel the same way about Miss Glasses' little tests today as I do about how I handled Miss Thick's tests back then. Tonight was about more than our dinner and romp through the sheets… it was a foundation for what might come. And if tonight didn't happen… maybe nothing would come of this.

But tonight did happen. And it was memorable.

We meet up at 6 PM… and she looked simple and cute. Those bangs. Her glasses. A lululemon style shirt. Jeans. Sneakers. Nerdy and simple on the outside, but I felt that same big smile creep across my face. I like this girl.

As I stepped into hug her… she gave me an endless, deep, emotional hug. Just melted into my chest. I and held her for about two or three minutes, whispering greetings into her ear, before we started the walk to dinner.

Dinner… was fantastic. A place I have taken many, many girls. The place I took Miss Macau the night I fucked her.

Car back to my place. She was very into the cats. 10 minutes of hanging out, playing with them. And then I pushed her up against the wall… and she went hot and tremble-y right away. She is a very emotional girl. Very intense, in a quiet, introverted, feminine way.

My room. And I took my time. She was revving up, but I was going slow. I was pretty convinced she was going to get fucked tonight. I was in no rush.

Got her naked. She was shaking and breathing shallow breaths. I asked if she was nervous, she said she was.

She did that thing again where she would close her eyes and turn her head to the side. That is her kind of shutting me out, as I see it. She is kind of "going away" there. And a lot of that is fine by me. But I made a point of making

her open her eyes a few times. Making her look at me. Telling her I wanted her to be “here,” with me. And she would do it. And it was qualitatively different, richer, when she would look me in the eyes.

She is very young. This is a serious game. And it’s all new to her.

So then I go down on her for the first time… and she rev’s to about 8000 rpm right away. And… she squirts.

I’m licking her clit, and I get a blast of hot, bitter “girl juice” on my chin. I know what that is all about, and she doesn’t seem to even know what is going on… she is too inexperienced to be self-conscious. She was blissfully ignorant about the mess she was making, and how rare this actually is for a girl’s first time.

So I just kept going, staying at her clit to keep that squirt-love out of my mouth (for the most part). This is a gnarly business, gentlemen. No place for the faint of heart. Lock and load, or stay at home.

And then… she squirted, and squirted, and squirted. Gushed, as the say. Flooded.

And I have never penetrated this girl (I’m sorry to say). So this was all clit-based squirting. Miss Thick can do that too, but it’s usually g-spot stuff that makes Miss Thick squirt. This one, full water-works, just from her clit. I have never put anything inside this girl… not yet.

I asked her how she was doing, and she muttered something affirmative from behind closed eyes. So… more.

I got up and grabbed a towel to put under her… she was at the edge of the bed, and that area was already soaked. Squirt, squirt, squirt. I’m on my knees, with “spray” all over my chin, my neck, her thighs, my chest, my arms. And I’m kneeling in a small lake of the stuff at this point.

I give her a break… come up, kiss her, and hold her. She’s exhausted, but a happy girl. She has never had anyone eat her pussy before. Never had an orgasm before. Certainly never squirted. I know Yohami says girls often bullshit on “this is my first time,” but… once again… I am inclined to believe the girl. Maybe I’m a fool. Or definitely I am a fool, and maybe this is proof of it?

Any other girl… I would have held her for a while (as she had just come for five minutes straight)… and then… fucked her. God, I wanted to tonight.

And I figured it was on with this one too. So I said, “I’m ready to put my cock in you, you ready.” And she got very worried and tense looking and her mouth was screwed up in a wave of emotions… so I backed off. I not-so-dry fucked her, rubbing my tool on her clit, and even that worried her. But she settled down. And started to get into a bit. I taught her a few things I like.

Who knows if I’ll ever see her again, but if I do… we’re training her.

She still won’t suck my cock, but I won’t make that an issue until after we fuck. I could have made her rub me out, but… I’d just as soon be violently sexual for Miss Thick tomorrow (it’s been 16 days since I’ve had an orgasm). I wanted the lay… but I’ll save my “O” for when I take her V-card. I told her so.

And we laid around, naked… and it seems there was, in fact, something a little special about the feel of her teenage body against mine. A lot special. She was back to high-emotion hugging me, holding me, and majorly passionate kisses.

I made her squirt one more time… soaking myself and my bed once again. And then we cooled down. She got up. Went to the bathroom (she was fascinated that her clit was swollen). Came back, and got dressed.

I fed her a couple of bites of ice cream while we waited for a car to pick her up and take her back to her host-family.

Now… it gets a little more complicated starting Saturday. She is moving 30 miles south of the city. Her school is there. She’ll be in a new host-family. The logistics are going to get harder.

But I think we might have her fully on the line now. Maybe I am fooling myself, but she and I have some real

emotional-history at this point, and some quality intimacy… to the tune of soaked sheets. She really enjoyed it. Told me several times how amazing it felt… and it's hard to fake a squirt session.

So… I think we have a date for Sunday. If she can take the train up here, I'll take her out, keep her overnight, and try to fuck her. I would love to sleep overnight with this girl… she's the right type for that. The emotional girls are great sleeping partners. Ummm. And then, I'll drive her home the next day.

Longterm, this could be great… as she's out of sight, out of the city, and I can date her once a week/so. And I love the idea of fucking her on a weeknight… and then driving her to school. "Have a good day in school, dear," with my tongue in her mouth and my hand on her ass. So perverse and sexy. I love it. I want that experience.

Wow. What a night.

And… at dinner, I had to explain a lot of things to her. She knows nothing about Latin culture. She doesn't know much about much… she's just out of high school. And… I liked it. It was great.

I know so many guys that want a "peer." They say they want to have the same interests. That she needs to have a good job. Or has to have read the right books. That's not me at all.

I love how different she and I are. And it was really charming to be "sexy daddy" tonight. In every aspect. It was hot. I loved it. I want more of her. I want more of this experience.

And for now… I will move the sheets (which have now been washed) out of the washer, put them in the dryer. And I will take a shower… to get the acrid, bitter-smell off my body before I puff some smoke and sit on the couch and wonder, once again, if I have hallucinated the whole thing.

I'm 44 years old. I never imagined this is what I would be up to at this stage of my life. I thought I would be married with kids. I am sincerely glad I was wrong about all that. We can sleep when we're dead.

The teenage, virgin squirt-machine had a good experience. This street-dog Regulator had a good experience tonight. That is the standard we strive to uphold. Nice work.

I am a proud man. Viva daygame.

The Red Quest | Early Frame Announcement

Nash · 13 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

> "For some reason, at least half a dozen women have told me on first dates or near first dates about abuse or "abuse," and with every one of them I did the same thing: no more dates, no more escalation. Don't need that shit. If she's sharing it inappropriately early, run."
> — The Red Quest

^ Dodgy situation… from the POV of a high-value man. A man with wisdom… and self-respect.

That is from The Red Quest's post from today. He's got a great blog. One of my favorites right now.

And good for you, man. Think of how many guys that would read that story the other way… guys that would want to fix her. Or protect her. Or happy those "jerks" were out of the way so he could take his shot. Many otherwise great men have fallen into that trap.

I can think of only one date like Red Quest references above…

She approached me and a friend while we ate at this high-end burger place. She liked my book, which was on the counter next to me as I ate. We exchanged names and I happened to have the same name as her grandfather. Her eyes sparkled. It was on.

She was "older" (33?), had a lot of tattoos (a red flag), but she was the manager of the place and seemed spritely and in her element. She looked confident… and rather hot. A tall, sexy girl. I gave her my card (because I was dumb back then) but she called (which never happens… she must not have had a lot of options), and by "call" I mean… she actually called (which shows her age), and left me a voicemail (freakishly uncommon).

I called her back. She picked up. We spoke and set up a date. I was just getting into game, at the time. I felt cool.

It was pouring rain as she arrived for our first (and only) date. She seemed "different." Her confidence was gone. Even at 5'10", she cowered a bit as she arrived. I was disappointed… but two beers later I was more into her. Another bar, whiskey… and then came her stories… the abusive, alcoholic ex BFs. More than one. Her low self-esteem leaked into the space between us.

We had a hot makeout in the bar (because I am ~~a dog~~ a man, and not as wise as Red Quest). As we prepared to leave, and we put our coats back on to brace against the storm, she said, "I feel like we should be taking our clothes off…" I was relatively inexperienced, but even then I was sure what she meant. She was a happy girl. And she was ready to get fucked… practically licking her lips about it as we left the bar together.

This was back in the days of cabs… so I stopped one, and put her in it. She had a look of total shock on her face when I didn't slide in next to her… she assumed we were going to my place. She was wrong. She couldn't believe I was sending her home alone. "Get home safe," I said.

I sent her a nice "validation" text as I took a separate cab home. And then… I never messaged her again.

About a week later, she sent me some slightly bitter text. I don't remember the details. Some accusations… a bit nasty, presumably because I never asked for another date. She felt the "pump and dump"… even though I never gave her the D. It was passive-aggressive, but I think she still thought I might ask her out again. The nastiness was her attempt to "seduce" me into more contact with her.

There was one more message, a few days later, fully bitter now. Talking about how I was broken.

Sure, babe. Whatever you say.

> "Everyone has a narrative. Most people's narratives leave some shit out. Whenever someone tells you some

> story, think about the dark matter of that story."
> — The Red Quest

Imagine the story she told her girlfriends about me. About how I was a dick. And the details she imagined about how I was too broken to feel intimacy… all said with confidence, but completely imagined by her, as I never mentioned anything like that. But there had to be a "reason" why I wouldn't see her again… it must have been me. Certainly. I was damaged goods. And an asshole… for taking her on a nice date and not even trying to fuck her… how rude of me. A real gentleman would have at least fucked her.

All the tattoos were the first clue. Her physiology as she showed up for the date was the second. The stories about "dysfunctional exs" told "inappropriately early" was the clincher.

I talk about this book Practical Female Psychology for the Practical Man quite a bit. Check this out:

> "Detecting a woman's self-esteem is strictly linked with a concept we have coined as the Early Frame Announcement (EFA). As a rule, a woman will say or do something early on in a relationship, by which she will unwittingly reveal the degree of her self-esteem and also what she expects from her relationships with men. Therefore, it is important that you pay very close attention to what a woman does and says at the very beginning of any relationship."
> — Practical Female Psychology for the Practical Man

As Seneca says, "But something that can never be learnt too thoroughly can never be said too often." I could read this quote again and again. So solid. Good stuff right there.

Compare that line to this bit from Red Quest's post:

> "Some guys are assholes. Some women are too. But be pretty cagey about anyone who paints their ex as a total demon. If the ex is a demon, why did she (or sometimes he) date him in the first place? There's some shit there that's not being revealed."
> — The Red Quest

Red Quest is dead on here. Wisdom from the tribe of men.

And he is cautioning us "not to believe" everything we hear. That is part of our task as we lead and evaluate women. But we also need to see and believe what is there "between the lines." That's similar to what Red Quest is saying, but from another angle…

Do believe what you hear and see, but look for the real show, the tells, including, but not only, the narrative that she lays out for you.

Look for that early frame announcement. Those subtle, or not-so-subtle red flags. Maybe what she says or does. Or maybe what is lurking behind her social mask.

How many relationships had the warning signs, but we were too blind (or too thirsty) for caution. So needy (or inexperienced) we had no time for wisdom.

Good post, Red Quest. Really loving your blog.

Viva Daygame.

The Education of a Young Girl | Sundance's Daygame Lay

Nash · 19 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

This is a story about Sundance's* latest daygame lay. About little girls and the Secret Society. And about the role of experience in the sexual marketplace… Who's got it, how it's earned, and what that means.

Let's begin with this POV: Imagine you're a young, 20-something guy, trying to date some cute girl you know from school or work or whatever.

I once was once that guy. Basically clueless, but trying my best to make something happen. This is most guys.

I knew I wasn't slick, but in those days, I didn't realize how inexperienced I was (I had no idea). More importantly, back then (and even now) I had no idea how much experience the girls had. Or why.

And while experience can be seen as absolute experience (vs "none at all"), here my focus is on relative experience… vs the girl.. and vs other players that are in that girl's life. For the average guy, I'm assuming that guy scores low on both scales.

What about this little girl he likes? Maybe he wonders about the girl's background, and he likely has some assumptions about her experience. Maybe his evaluation is as simple as "nice girl" or "slut." That Madonna/whore thing again.

For now, let's call her "Jenny."

Jenny is young, she looks (on the outside) to be a little conservative. Or shy and introverted. Maybe she seems less difficult to game, because she's not a Ukrainian supermodel or because she doesn't claim 5000 ~~followers~~ orbiters on Instagram. I mean, how much experience could she possibly have? This young, traditional, "naive" little girl??

Jenny might know a lot more than we think. And there is a good reason for why she knows what she knows… We'll come back to her.

"What about Sundance then," you might ask? "Wasn't this story about his lay?" Yes, it is. We'll come back to that as well.

…….

About four weeks ago I was out hustling sets. A cute, young Chinese girl caught my eye. She went into a store, I followed her in, approached, and took her number.

I mentioned her in my story about the teenager I was dating last month. Here is what I said:

> "[She]… was a 20 year old math major at a prestigious school near my city. You have to be very fucking smart to go to that school… but the big brain on this girl isn't why I picked her up. I could care less if she is a math genius… but I am assuming she is exactly that."
> — Nash

I called her Math Girl. I hadn't dated her at the time, but I did get her out eventually… the day after that teenager. That was a good weekend for me in terms of young girls in my life.

I never posted anything about that date, but I did start some notes about my night out with her. Here is something I wrote but never posted:

> "She framed sex in terms of 'relationships,' over and over. As in, she isn't into anything casual. I don't know how solid she is there… Could be expectation more than experience or personal preference, but she hit on that theme over and over."
> — Nash

There was ^ that… Word for word what I wrote about her two weeks ago. That supposed focus on “relationships” isn’t the point of this post, but it’s an interesting side note.

I also wrote this:

> “She is 20… And her first partner was an older white guy (like me), about 33-35. They met in an elevator, she was upset about something, he comforted her. That led to some kind of relationship. He was a western guy, in China on business, he travels a lot.”
> — Nash

I had more to say about all this, but for now, let’s leave it at that.

The date was fun, I had a good time with her. I tried to kiss her mid-date. She rejected it (normal, no big deal). We had dinner, which was delicious. I invited her to my place. “Next time,” she said.

I put us both in a car… Going to my place, and I kissed her on the way. And then again. Good makeout. She didn’t want to get out at my place, so the car took her to her train.

Okay, cool. Not a magical date, but a hot, young girl. I wanted to see her again. Interesting girl… Smart and sexy, by my standards. I liked her.

……

Now back to Sundance. This was from him to me via text a couple weeks ago…

> SUNDANCE: Cool. I’m setting up a date with Chinese girl before she leaves on Thursday…

Good deal. I love it when my wings are doing well.

That night he sent me a few more texts, as it was a long date, lots of hoops to jump through. He was giving me some updates.

A few hours later, after midnight, he sent me this:

> SUNDANCE: Got her :)

Okay, cool. +1 for Sundance. Go daygame.

He was away that weekend, so I didn’t hear the whole story… But I think that was his 2nd daygame lay, in a relatively low number of approaches. He’s doing well.

Fast forward to a week or so later and he and I met up to hustle the streets. I was curious about his lay, so he gave me the breakdown.

First, he claimed she was low quality. He showed me a pic. From that shot she looked like a “cute Chinese girl” to me. She was my type, and looked “perfect” (but I like nerdy Chinese girls). Sundance was less enthusiastic, but he liked her enough to pick her up and get her naked. We moved on with the conversation…

It was a long date (lots of logistical challenges) and eventually ended with him leading her to a motel. It was a great effort on his part, and he closed her. I love it.

Good story so far… I think it gets better.

As we walked off down the street talking about her, we had this exchange:

> SUNDANCE: Yeah, she’s only had one other real BF
> SUNDANCE: And she met him in an elevator and…

> NASH: Wait… an elevator?!!

In case it wasn't already obvious… I said my "Math Girl" also met her last BF in an elevator. Coincidence? No.

Now, Sundance had already shown me a pic of this girl… but I didn't recognize her. And I was digging thru my phone to find a pic I had of "Math Girl" and Sundance says…

> SUNDANCE: Well, was her name "Jenny?"
> NASH: What??!! Yeah. Wow. Same girl, dude. Wow.

I showed him my pic… Yes, same girl.

Okay… I am new enough to this to be surprised that my wing and I picked up the same girl, on different days, and both dated her. That seems remarkable to me (even as I've heard my heroes like Janka tell similar stories).

Sundance and I continued to compared notes…

When I posted about the Teenager, I said Math Girl had sent me some messages about her plans to come to the city, and then again when she arrived that day. I was at that eclipse party in Oregon (and offline), so I didn't get those messages until much later… And that was, of course, the day Sundance picked her up.

Amazing. I showed him the messages I got that day, and said, "Aug19?" "Yes," he said. That's the day they met. My date came after that. His date came after mine, and he fucked her. That's the timeline. And you can imagine her messaging us both during that time (while we didn't know it), setting up those dates.

As daygamers, we pick up a lot of girls. Being able to compare notes about a given girl with your wing is an interesting way to tease out who she really is. It's rare, but it happens. In this case, comparing notes with my wing showcased more about female psychology than about this particular situation.

For me, this whole story is about the war… not the battle. I feel like I learned something here.

…..

Let's look at Jenny's level of sexual sophistication:

We know the first guy met her in public, seduced her and fucked her (she told me so, on our date). I picked her up in the street, only had one date, made out with her (with decent prospects to get her out again). Sundance picked her up via daygame, one date, closed her (despite her being a "relationship" girl).

And the details above don't really match up to the facade of innocence we might see when we look at her. It's not a facade, not really. It's a "misconception" on our part. It is a mistake to see her like that. It's us, hallucinating a "virgin" (vs a "whore"), when in reality… even simple, normal girls are really someplace in the middle of that range.

So she may be nervous… or shy… or introverted… or young and childish. But she's not innocent. She's not inexperienced. Her sexual experience is about what has happens to her in the past, not what emotions she displays in the moment. And her sexual experience is driven by us… not by her own effort or actions.

There is no judgment in my voice when I say that none of these girls are innocent.

Elsewhere I have been making a point that hypergamy is a function of "better" men making "better" offers (thus, she branch-swings). A girl's experience in the sexual marketplace is mostly passive. When you see activity, it's because a man put that option in front of her. That's how it works. Hypergamy is a function of men, out-competing other men. And women, almost passively choosing from a menu of choices men put before them.

And I carry that logic over to how sexually sophisticated girls are, even very young girls. They have a tremendous amount of experience… Because of us. Men just like us, approaching her, making her offers, all through her life

(since she's been fertile). We are unwise to underestimate how much experience this is, and equally unwise to assume "innocence" where there is none.

To be real… I'm glad I couldn't see all this when I was that age. It would have been intimidating. I probably would have given up. I would have MGTOW'd it out of town. I would have become a fap recluse.

The meat of what I want to say is this: She is young and cute… So she can passively sit back and rack up experience as "world class" players try to get her naked. Nearly every day, with almost no effort on her part, players like Sundance step up to her and educate her. She is also a "student of game." And players are the professors. Each day is a chance for her to see her worth in the eyes of men, her opportunities to mate/date, and to learn, at the most expert level, how the game is played.

Outside of the Secret Society, almost no one can see the what is going on (that's the point of the Secret Society). The uninitiated see their own personalized version of the "innocent girl."

In reality, these "little girls," are likely getting "taught" by 100 guys per month (3 per day?), while she's out and about (from alphas/sigmas), and another army of weaker hands online (from betas/omegas) or in her social circle. Years and years and years of men (the most effective with deadly-serious game) trying their best. That's quite a training regimen.

As a man, is your personal training regimen keeping up with little Jenny's?? For most of us, the answer is no.

She is well-raised, and she knows what high-value men are like. She knows what sexual mature men are like. She has practice in the dance with men that know what they are doing.

And because of that experience with men that are a proper sexual threat… She is the equivalent of us. Even though she is less than 1/2 my age.

It is only as I step up and really push myself, that I am now beginning to approach Jenny's sexual maturity. The maturity Jenny acquired by doing basically nothing at all, but walking around looking vaguely cute, getting hit on, screening offers, and following the lead of men in the Secret Society. Day after day.

Players start to educate girls at an early age, and those girls have an "advanced degree" in game that those outside the Secret Society could never understand. The average little girl's education is beyond that of most players themselves… until those guys get deep into intermediate-advanced territory… Then they pull ahead.

At the end of the day… Nobody can see the sexual world like the experience player. But Jenny is close. That pack of intermediate-advanced players, plus all the "Jenny's" out there… that IS the Secret Society. A sexual mature (and active) subset of the population… that the average man is not a part of and cannot understand.

For guys the same age as Jenny… most don't stand a chance.

…..

So now we arrive back at that 20-something guy. And his complete lack of ability to measure up to expectations of a girl his age.

He likely has little to no practical education around sex, mating and dating. While she has been on the receiving end of sexual offers since she was in her teens, he's rarely been approached (and almost never by the girls he wants). He's got the larger culture in his ear, feeding him bullshit about "be more emotional" and "be nice to girls." He is likely "bluepill," believes the shit he sees in romantic comedies, he's drunk on the Disney narrative.

How does our 20-something friend get a piece of Jenny? The answer is… he doesn't. She has better offers. From "grown up" men.

That guy's opportunity is this: He can start down the path of the players journey. It's that, or live a life of frustration and sexual scarcity, the life of an average man.

He has the opportunity to start down the path of learning what we know… The nearly futile task of catching up to the level that Jenny, and Jasmine, and Jessica are at… The education those girls have… that they have earned, for doing nothing at all beyond screening offers from serious men.

Hey 20-something… welcome to the Sisyphean task (and the work) of earning a spot in the Secret Society. Girls are born into it… Men have to claw their way through the door. GRRRRRRRR!!!!

…..

As serious as I am in this post, it begins with proper respect to Sundance for claiming another seduction. Of a delicious little girl, 15 years younger than him. Fuck yeah. You're an excellent wing, and a cool guy. I'm proud to roam the streets with you.

Beyond that, this is me, coming to terms with how clueless I've been most of my life. This is me, slowly waking up to the challenge I've been facing for years… And am only now coming to understand. This is me, wading deeper into the reality of the Secret Society.

This is me… realizing how much I don't know. Even now. Just like that 20-something kid that wants a piece of Jenny (and will never get it), I too… have a lot to learn.

This story taught me an invaluable lesson about the level these "nice girls" are at… And WHY they have the education they have. Why their little-girl-game is so damn good.

And why even as we level-up again and again… It's so damn hard to be a street seducer (or any kind of seducer). Because we're not up against Jenny. We're up against all the players that came before us, and other men of game in her life right now, and how they set the bar so damn high.

When that 20-something guy can show Jenny that level of game, she'll say, "Ahh, he must be in the Secret Society." She'll be right. Jenny knows what she is talking about there. She likes guys in the Secret Society. They "get it."

What an education. What an opportunity for men (those who have the stones) to put in the work to learn to really "see" past the facade. What an incredible experience.

Viva Daygame.

* Sundance, BTW, is the daygamer formerly known as "Buckle." New "brand," same guy. Go Sundance!

I Gave Her My Number | Peruvian Wine Girl

Nash · 21 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Had a date with a new girl. The pickup was interesting. The date was great. I like her.

I met this girl a little over two weeks ago. It counts as daygame, but it wasn't a street approach. And I didn't take her number… I gave her mine. And through some miracle she contacted me. And I got her out. That's why I like this story… This date never should have happened.

She was vending at a daytime, public event, offering tastes of various wines. As I walked into the event, we made eye contact. She was bubbly, huge "popping" eyes, an exuberant personality, she was radiating youth and charm.

I thought she was Asian, but her genetics are mostly Peruvian, with 25% Japanese from her grandmother's side. The rest of her is that indigenous "native" that is easily confused with Asian ancestry – no body hair, oval eyes, straight dark hair.

I think she's 27, but looking at her, I'd guess 23-25. Not a wrinkle to that skin. And a soft girlishness that is very tempting. Simple on the outside, but with real allure. When we met she was the soft, supple bunny to my dark, hungry wolf. Hot moment.

I declined her offer to "taste her vino," but gave her some "tiger eyes." I made the rounds at the event. After a bit, I got into a conversation near her, and roped her in, chatting a bit. Big eyes from her. Anyone watching would have known that we were into each other.

In other circumstances, I would have gone direct. I love the unapologetic boldness of street game. I have heard Krauser and Torero talk about "indirect-direct" — where your intent and vibe are clear, even if your words are pedestrian. In this case, she and I were indirect-direct… as she was working and other folks were around.

As my conversation near her wrapped up… I borrowed a "pen" (a thing they had before cell phones and computers). And I grabbed a piece of "paper." And I wrote this:

> "Hey… I love that smile and I want to see you again. Send me a text. 555-555-5555 — Nash"
> — From the note I gave this girl

And then I walked up to her… Both of us reengaging in that deep, honey-coated eye contact… And I handed her my note… like a couple of 3rd graders.

> HER: What's this? *huge smile*
> NASH: You'll see. *cocky look*
> HER: *totally "on" look in her eyes*

And then I backed away, almost knocking over some wine… A touch of clumsy-nervousness to make it even more sappy and movie-like.

The only reason I gave her my number was because she was working. I didn't want to get her in trouble for socializing on the clock. Nor do I want her to have to be polite to me if she wasn't feeling it.

But with that said, I assumed she'd never call.

They never call when you give them your number. Don't do what I did here. Don't. It's a waste of time.

Girls don't want to lead. And it's not their job. They have too many offers from solid, confident guys. They don't need to work, and/or risk rejection, so they won't follow up. They never follow up… Basically never.

I fought that idea forever. I thought giving my card to girls (even in bold ways) was "game." It's not. There are

exceptions (I wrote about one in my red flag post), but they are just that, exceptions.

But…

But…

In this case… She messaged me.

> HER: Hey Nash, this is the XYZ Wine girl from the event. Thanks for the cute note, it made my day :)

Unbelievable.

I was really hoping she and I would get a date. In part because it was clearly on between her and me. But also… Because it amused the hell out of me that I gave some girl my number and she actually reached out. That's not really supposed to happen.

We can skip into the date and I can give you the reason she said she contacted me: spontaneity.

She mentioned that word a few times. She is a little bit "shoot from the hip." She liked the randomness of it. Good for her.

Giving a girl your number and expecting her to call is foolish (and a waste of a good interaction). But if SHE does call, what does that say about her? What does contacting me say about her options? Or her psychology.

That's not easy to answer. Maybe she has no other options, and I was her only choice. I doubt that. She is young and cute (and smart). She seems extraverted (even though she claims that in the Myers-Briggs sense, she is not). This girl can date if she wants.

Yohami says something very smart when he says:

> "If a girl goes out with you, you are her best option."
> — Yohami

I still like that line. Yohami delivers lines like this that sound simple but say a lot.

This is how the messaging went from there:

> NASH: Who?!
> NASH: Oh yeah… The Cute Girl that tried to give me a drink!
> NASH: :]
> NASH: You waited 3 days to message me… That's good game!
> NASH: Wow! You're a player!!!
> HER: Who, me?? Lol, I don't know the first thing about playing the game ?
> HER: I'm just a girl who likes her wine ?

I love that she called herself a girl. That's a good sign.

A bit more banter:

> NASH: I was going to call you "Wine Girl,"… But it sounded mean… And I am soooooooo nice.
> HER: Smart move on your part. Glad to know you're as smart as you are cute?

Super rare for a girl to call me cute before a date. So unusual, it is almost a red flag.

We did the usual logistics, and I had her meet me downtown. Before the date, she quizzed me a bit about where I was taking her:

> HER: Where are we going?
> NASH: I have three great spots near there… All different.
> NASH: Let's see how we feel and you can decide… Or I'll surprise you.
> HER: Lol, ok, I like surprises
> NASH: ^ This is cute
> HER: Btw, I like wine and a good cocktail?

And here ^, I could say a few things:

First… I don't like it when girls try to "supervise" the plan. Typically I think that means she's masculine, too "alpha female" for me, or she doesn't trust me. All of which make me less interested. In this case, I answered her question without answering it, and she went along. Good girl.

Then, there is my "that's cute" comment. I haven't mentioned this in a while, but in moments like this I am trying to "shape her behavior" toward things I like, that is what I am trying to do here. I did like her response, so I wanted to reward it. Positive feedback, immediately, when she does something I like… That should encourage more of that behavior. Good behavior… That's what I want.

And I included that last line about "BTW… Wine/cocktail" because I'm not sure if I should read anything into it. I didn't reply to it. At one level, it's good communication, and I like that. She's telling me how to be successful with her (even though I'm not asking, and don't usually want any help). Hmmm… Still don't know her well enough to ascribe much meaning to the words or her timing there. I bet it's indicative of something, but I'm not certain what.

…..

We meet up, she's 20 minutes late. Typical girl. If she does it again, I'll call her out.

I'd planned for drinks, but also made a dinner reservation in case we were having a good time (I need to eat). The reservation was for 1 1/2 hours later, in part… because I know girls are always late.

She came dressed for a "hot date." Shirt unbuttoned a few buttons down. Leather skirt. And high heels. It occurs to me that I haven't dated the "high heels" type in a while. All the foreign-born Chinese girls (and the tourists) that have come through my life lately have worn oxfords, flats or sneakers. Hmm.

The bar I wanted to take her to was a few blocks away and she was wobbling in those heels just trying to stand. I called us a car and had it shuttled us over to a great little bar.

She was good company from the start, but the romantic mesmer from the pickup had shifted to her screening me. I could see her "critics eye," I felt moments that were a bit like a job interview, and I called that out. I told her it was normal to want to look me over, but that is was fun to watch her do it. I told her I was looking her over too.

In general, I think she was a little under my weight class and she was fairly easy to spar with when she would try to step up to me.

Our drink at the bar was fun. As I had met her in the context of her being a bubbly customer service girl, I wasn't expecting much beyond feminine hospitality. But she is smart. That surprised me.

She went to a very serious school. And beyond that, she can read, and has, plenty, and can talk about books (Riv would like that). I never have bad dates and I enjoy women for a wide range of reasons… But I wasn't expecting her to be that sharp.

I'm not looking for a "peer" or my "match" (whatever that means). That's a formula for missing out on a lot of great and surprising qualities in these girls.

The way I attract women isn't overtly intellectual. I'm matching for certain physical qualities initially (her ass, the way she uses her eyes, or the way she walks). And because I am typically after femininity or my favorite physical

features (face, skin or lustrous hair), this kind of smart stands out.

Before I knew game, back when I was leaning back (=afraid to approach), I attracted a lot of smart girls that tended to lean forward. Now that I am leaning forward, I attract feminine, charming, interesting girls… Who may have some intellectual mastery but that's not their main selling point.

Over the course of the night she softened. There was less of that feeling of being inspected. She looked… more surprised. It was easier to lead her. We call this surrender. Over the course of the night, she surrendered. Almost.

I touch girls often and easily. I bet I hugged her as she showed up for the date. I know I grabbed her wrist many times on the date (starting in the first five minutes), grabbed her and physically moved her around. I touched her a bit over the drink at the bar.

At dinner I had the server seat us side by side. She commented as to such. I proudly said that was by design: so she could hear me (I am hard to hear in loud environments)… And also because it's easier for me to touch her. She smiled.

I've taken many girls to this restaurant. At the counter, we sit on bar stools. And the girl will always face the counter, and I will face the girl, pulling our seats close so I can straddle her between my legs. And I keep one hand on her back, almost the whole time. It's intimate. There's a "super bubble" every time. Very intimate.

The Wine Girl started off barely on the bar stool at all, she was hanging off the edge, as far away from me as possible. And this was her, still unsure, still screening me, adjusting to the new venue before the bubble could take hold.

But all that softened too, and… I felt it. That urge to kiss her. I bet I was staring at her lips at this point. At one point we both lost our train of thought, a tide of sex hormones and momentary infatuation over-taking us. The "'idiocy' of sexual desire." Very on.

And the "kiss her!" urge happened again. And again. I could imagine myself reaching out, pulling her in, and sucking the shine off her lips.

We were the last folks in the restaurant. She eats slowly, which I like. She was in no hurry.

We walked out into the sidewalk… Midnight on a Friday. I said, "C'mere," and laid hands on the girl and she balked. Her eyes got big as she defended herself from my amorous intentions. In that moment I had no "surrender" from her at all.

I laughed.

'Okay," I said. And I smiled, enjoying the sexual tension. "You should call yourself a car then."

She looked like a 16 year old… I had dismissed her. She had a wild look in her eyes. Her womb was on high alert (I told you she was smart).

So I tried again.

"No, no, no!!!!!!" A mix of real and feigned alarm on her pretty face.

I felt proud. I smiled some more. I was calm, into her, a little horny, and generally used to this part of the dance. This is not my first rodeo.

She tried to explain why we shouldn't be making out and I cut her off. "Hey, there is nothing to explain." And I smiled again. "I wanted to kiss you, so I tried… And I'll try again in a minute," I ~~threatened~~ promised.

We stood there, about 8 inches from each other, "new romance" drama playing out, on a Friday night, for all the passersby to see. I asked how she felt. She was partway back to surrender now. She said, "I'm nervous." I said, "I know. Good." And she spiked again.

She was too distracted to manage the app to call herself a car. It was taking forever, which gave me the chance to close the space between us again. Another rejection, but it was softer. I invited her to my place and I could see the temptation in her eyes… she declined, but looked mildly tortured about it. More smiles.

Her car finally arrived and I pushed her in that direction. At the car I told her "turn your head that way…" She tried to argue but I pressed her, she turned her head and I kissed her cheek. I stared her down and told her I had a good time. She turned earnest on me, and said she wanted a hug. We leaned in and she gave me a long, juicy one.

And she was gone. Good date.

She doesn't like texting. She told me so on the date. She likes voice. She had already tried to call me, before the date. I told her I would keep texting her, but I was happy to call too.

And related to texting… I know she does NOT online date. She said so. So, guys, if you want to meet a girl like this one… You have to do it person. Swipe right won't work. I like that about her as well.

I did text her, the next day… Some teasing and some validation.

And last night I did something very unusual for 2017… I called a pretty girl to ask for a 2nd date.

Before the call I was nervous (about calling, not the girl), but it went fine. She said she had to go and I hadn't brought up the date — so different than text, where I do minimal chit-chat and go straight to logistics.

> NASH: Wait…
> NASH: You know why I called, right?
> HER: Why?
> NASH: I want to see you again…

And I was back to being direct. I love being direct. Anything else feels like a handicap.

This whole pickup was atypical for me. Not really being able to be direct in the first place because she was working. The nature and flow of the date itself (perhaps because she is American born, and I almost exclusively date foreign-born girls). And then this business about taking on the phone. Che strano.

> NASH: Tell me when you are free.
> HER: I'm free Saturday… or Monday.

Parts of the call felt like being on the street with a girl. The immediacy. The moments where I'd vacuum and force her to reply. I really have no experience with girls via voice on the phone at this stage of the dance… Not in the last 20 years. Always text. And after sex, calls are more normal, but not before. Then, after we've tasted each other, voice makes more sense to me.

So that was last night. Today, she has deigned to text me a bit. And she was cute about it.

The Daygame Gods can be spiteful and mysterious… But I think Wine Girl and I have a date for Saturday. And I'll kiss the cute little thing (and hopefully more than that) or die trying.

Viva daygame.

NYC: Commitments, Daygame, and 150 Sets

Nash · 16 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Greetings daygamers… from the Big Apple.

I've been here a few hours. I'm excited. Life for me right now is a mix of promise and self-doubt. This is going to be a good week, a hard week, a wild week. I have hopes. I have curiosity. There is only one New York City and I am here. I want to run some game.

And I'm here because of some commitments. Here's one:

> Tokyo, I could do 30+ sets a day. Many were brief. But very doable. Day after day. In Oct, I'll do NYC. 30 approaches a day. I promise.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) September 29, 2017

My brothers, that feels like a gnarly commitment. Sometimes the girls intimidate me… and sometimes I intimidate myself.

The quote above is some evidence that I have been fooling around on Twitter a bit. I like it. It's been a great way to connect with others in the Tribe of Men. Flat Lander almost feels like a wing to me. I appreciate that guy. And I ran into this guy worldwidegame yesterday and I like how he thinks. There are many others. And it's a pleasure to run with this pack of wolves.

My 150 set commitment was in response to a TDDaygame post about a student doing "20 sets." It was inspiring to hear about a new guy smashing out 20 approaches (I assume, as Tom coached him). My results have sucked lately, but I've been putting in my time… I feel like a beginner… all over again. In some ways that's good.

One great thing about being on Twitter is watching other daygamers tell their stories. I love it. Not everyone wants to blog and in many ways Twitter is a more accessible avenue to barf your wins and insecurities about game/girls into this community. Hearing each other's stories is important.

I've been almost jealous of some of the guys that are just starting out. Some mix of envy and nostalgia about the days when I was in those shoes. And in fact, I'm not quite out of those same woods myself.

I haven't had a new lay in a long time. Two months.

I had been clipping along with one or two new lays per months for the last year, and then suddenly that wasn't so familiar. And in that sense, I could feel what the newer guys were saying in those twitter posts. I can really feel it. My lack of new lays has made it easier to imagine where they are at in their path, and to connect with where I was in the summer of 2016 (and the hunger of those days), as my results look like a beginner lately too. Not really. But in some ways that's true.

Doubts.

Doubts, because I've been inconsistent (in terms of lays, not in terms of work ethic). And doubts that I will be able to make anything happen on this trip here in this most famous of east coast cities.

In some ways, I feel small about all that. And in some ways… like those guys on Twitter, I feel free (even though I "doubt" that's how those guys see it). My streak is broken. It's a chance to start over. When you "suck," the only place you have to go is up.

> "Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose."
> — Janis Joplin

In some ways, I feel like that.

I should take a second to get real and say I've been getting laid. I have. I'm still no-fap, and I've been more than surviving, and it's daygame sex, but all "recurring revenue" from girls I approached earlier this year.

I had a return visit from Miss Lips, and she wanted some time and some cock, and I gave it to her. She's cool, but I'm not that into that girl. Even though I'm not doing that well… I only saw her once in the 10 days she was in my city. With her, I'd rather have the free time than get laid. She just doesn't inspire me.

Much more so, Miss Thick has turned into an epic lover — best lover I've had in at least 10 years. The dirtiest, most intense sex I've had in a long, long time. It's her eyes as much as it is her ass. And of course it's not just the sex. I've been so tempted to tell that girl I love her… she's been amazing. Not "I'm going to quit the path and go all monogamy on her," but everything up that point. She and I have taken what was once another notch and made it richer and deeper, and I'm very, very into what we're doing in bed and beyond.

Yeah. Miss Thick. I know you're a happy girl. And seeing that look in your eyes is enchanting every time.

But when I stop thinking about her, I can't help but notice there have been no new girls in my bed since the Virgin… and she… is still a virgin. And by that… I mean I didn't fuck that tender-young thing. And worse than that, she's gone. After the date where her virgin box squirted all over my chin, she disappeared. "Squirter's remorse," I suppose. Who knows.

I know if I want girls in my bed… I need to hit the street. Despite my fondness for the amazing, lovely, and talented Miss Thick… there will be no hiatus from street approach.

I have been out there, "giving my gift," daygame style. I've been approaching consistently, all summer (and especially in September). I've done hundreds of approaches. Hundreds. I've taken dozens of leads. There have been dates, but no new lays.

I've had some good stories in the last two months. The Teenage Virgin was an incredible experience for me before she disappeared. And I've dated a handful of other young, hot, beautiful girls as well. An instadate with a 19 year old Japanese girl that was beyond delicious by my standards. Wow…she was… wow. She was on a tight leash from the host mom and I couldn't get her out. And then another 20 year old Japanese girl – a total fantasy for me. I took her for "virgin" drinks at my favorite hotel bar one afternoon… and surprised her as I sucked her earlobe in the elevator on the way down to the street. I couldn't get her out before she left town (maybe I'll see her in Japan next year?). Another date or two, including one breakfast date where I kissed her on the sidewalk, but mostly… leads to nowhere.

How many new leads?

Goddammit, so many leads. Maybe 25? 30? Not every time, but most days… two to four leads per day. One day I took five leads. So many tourists. Three or four flight attendants. Several married women that didn't tell me they were married until later.

Here's an example:

> "Nothing. Just let it go. I'm merried woman. I should have said it early, I'm sorry."
> — Some "merried" Korean girl

(^ That's for you, Pancake. Very good to run some game with you this month.)

This is via message, later that night, after she'd given me her number and chatted with me all afternoon. I had at least three of those in the last two months.

Yeah… so many cute girls that would respond and then drop off. Too many examples to count.

And the Wine Girl not only cancelled our second date, but then… took the time to call me on the phone, to tell me, that she and I, "weren't a good match." Like voice to voice, on the phone, to say we shouldn't date. She said she didn't want to "ghost" on me. Weird. I asked her, "Do you do this all the time?" It was ridiculous.

Wow. August and September. Strange months.

This is what it feels like to "suck" again. Not really, I get it… but the scoreboard says "goose egg." 300 approaches maybe? Jesus. And a big zero. It can happen. It happened.

But… I have other reasons to be on this side of the country. The impending daygame adventure is the center of my focus, but I have other business her in the great state of New York.

Let's talk about commitments.

150 sets. In five days.

Can I get laid in five days? The answer is… I don't know. Maybe. In DC I took four leads in two days (and that was only 18 approaches, total)… and it seems reasonable to say I've gotten better since then.

I just finished Tom Torero's Street Hustle text book (I'll review it when I get home). I think somewhere he says the ideal "jaunt" is about two weeks, and he is quick to point out that short trips make it harder to close. I agree.

Not just the sheer lack of time, but the lack of time for busy girls to fit you into their week. There is also the fact that you're "one and done" no matter what… and not every girl is clamoring for tourist cock. Most importantly, you're not on your own territory… so you're at a distinct disadvantage versus native guys (of equal skill) in terms of local knowledge and date logistics.

If I want to get laid on this trip – and by God's Teeth, that is the goal – I know I'll have to get busy. I know ~~bastards~~ players like Roy Walker can close one in 30 approaches (or better), but my stats are nowhere near that. I think I might have the worst (and perhaps the most honest) stats in daygame. So if I have a hope of a notch, I'll have to be busy.

150 girls.

My previous record for approaching was 35 sets in a day, something like that. I did over 30 approaches several days in Tokyo, but that is a place where "every third girl was fuckable" (for a man of my tastes). At home in California, I did a 19-set day last week, and it was fun, not that hard. And my city is much smaller than NYC. There is a lot more foot traffic here.

So… 30 sets a day. That's the goal. Five days total on the street. That's 150 sets. That's my plan.

That sounds hard. I am intimidated.

But… we are more likely to make progress as men, when we make commitments to each other. Public commitments hold us accountable. That's a good practice.

And in a related sense, our inner game improves when we make and meet our promises. That's the basis of masculine integrity. Make promises. Keep them. Work hard. That's real. Do that and you can believe in yourself. And if you can't do that… well, I don't know what to tell you. Good luck.

This trip is part of my New Year's resolution.

In December, a three-part resolution came to me one night, crystal clear. For 2017 I wanted to: 1.) Study David Deida (for game and relationship purposes), 2.) Read about Austrian economic theory (a lot of men I respect are convinced by the notion of free markets, I wanted to learn more), and 3.) Get a particular art/business project off the ground (for love of art, and as an exercise that could lead to some business opportunities for me). All three of those felt right, so I started telling people that I was going to commit to each of those items.

I am committed. And here it is October, and none of them are done… but all of them are underway. I will fucking get them done.

In fact, all three of those New Year's commitments seem to be converging on this trip. I have already seen Deida speak this year, and he was beyond my expectations (amazing guy). I applied for a weekend program with him, but it was a huge chuck of cash, so I looked for similar alternatives… that's why I'm here in New York right now… for a men's intensive with a different teacher. And then I did get going on the "Austrian econ" bit, but as I researched it, I switched to Milton Freidman. He is American, but he is a good intro into free markets and is well respected by guys that value the Austrians' POV. I have his book here with me, I'm 50 pages into it. And I kicked out a big batch of stickers in advance of this trip… they are fucking awesome, and I will cover NYC with my art while I'm here. Those stickers are not the point of the larger art/business commitment, but it's very much related (and the completed stickers themselves represent a series of made- and met- commitments, promises kept).

Commitments… blah, blah, blah. No, it's more important than that.

Let's come back to the daygame.

Will I get laid? I have no idea. I can't totally control that. Part of making wise commitments is knowing how much is skill and how much is in the cards. I can't control the cards. And my skill is what it is. What I can control is my dedication and discipline. I can make commitments and keep them. That's not the destination but it's a sound path for a man.

So I will get my 150 sets done this week. If I do that, I will have made and kept a promise. I will have even more reason to trust myself, and that is the core of true confidence and inner game. That's the man I want to be.

And let's be honest… it'll be hard, but it should be fun. It's talking to girls, man. If that sucks for you, you shouldn't be in daygame. I like girls, and a lot of that "work" is going to be vibing with girls. Sounds good.

While 150 sets sounds like a bit of a grind, another way of saying that is… 150 girls. Just saying that makes me horny. 150 girls that are hot enough, and interesting enough, to make me lick my lips and approach. I will get blown out a lot (I'm the best BOA that has ever lived). But some of those sets will simmer. And some will boil. There will ice, but there will be heat. Could be some hot moments. Maybe some dates. Maybe a makeout. Maybe I'll sink my teeth into a new girl in a more carnal way.

We'll see.

That's what I am up to… I will hustle on my commitments this week. I will talk to some girls. I will win some hard-earned experience, some "away game" experience, on foreign territory.

And I will be… in many ways… just like those young cats on the Twitter. "20 sets" here and there. Reborn in the

Big Apple. Cutting my teeth… all over again.

So, who knows. I'm a player and players play. I've made a commitment and I'll step up to that opportunity. It'll be hard. It'll be fun. I'll be a good experience.

And most importantly, I keep my promises.

> "You can go home you've done your approaches"
> — GringoDaygame

See. Inspiration from the young guns. Fuck yeah. Blaze, young guns. Blaze. I love it.

That's what I got. Maybe I'll get laid. We'll see what the week brings.

Daygame as a test of my character. Daygame as crucible. Daygame as mirror.

Viva daygame.

NYC: Day 2, 27 Sets and a Teenager

Nash · 17 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

She was the first set of the day. Just looking at her, I got “that feeling” in my body and I could tell it was going to be a better day than yesterday.

Yesterday wasn’t bad, but I was rusty (hadn’t daygamed in a week) and I was intimidated by my first time running daygame in New York. I started off a bit rough (a blowout from a lovely black-clad Japanese girl), proceeded by several more blowouts and weak stops, but I approached more girls than ever before in a US city (Tokyo, is another story).

28 sets overall on my first day out running New York City daygame. 27 Asian girls and one lone white girl (she was lovely).

It was a bit ugly at times. I got blown out a lot. And very few sets stuck. But I felt myself warming up… my nervous system catching up to my usual stride and my expectations. Only one number in 28 approaches (?!!), but when it was over I had settled down. By the end of the day I was having fun. I often think the first day after a break is a throw-away day, and this one was just like that.

After my first nine sets near Lincoln Circle I took the subway downtown and I met up with Runner near NYC. He is a well-seasoned man of game, but has just earned his wings in terms of street approach. It was great to be out with him as he took me through is favorite route. He is a cool guy and the vibe we built together inspired us both. He set a personal record of approaches and talked to ten hot girls.

I woke up today, staring down the barrel of the expectation of another “30 sets.” Yesterday, that barrel was pointed at me. Today it was pointed at the girls. (Figuratively, of course… this is seduction, not coercion.) I felt better.

It wasn’t my town, but at some level, everywhere you go, the girls are the same. And so is the taste of the sidewalk. I could feel the truth of that as I had time to settle down.

And then this morning I was at a coffee place doing some work, sitting at the window, glancing over my laptop at the foot traffic. A dark-haired beauty, very young, lingered along in front of me. She seemed game and I liked her immediately. And then she walked into the coffee place. Bingo. I am 50% sure she did so because she could feel my eyes… it was the way she was moving that told me that. She was a bit self-conscious, in a flirty way. She could feel me watching her, a light smirk on her face. She left without buying anything, and I stepped out after her and approached.

She is 19. I said something about her catching my eye and she said “I’m Japanese!” with a big smile. Travelling alone. Charming. Bubbly. I pulled her back into the shop so I could keep an eye on my machine. Gave her a sticker. Chatted in broken English. Touched her a bit. Suggest dinner. She was buoyant and affirmative. After I took her Line contact I said, “okay, get out of here so I can work.” She smiled and ran off.

Cool.

I wrapped up work and dropped my computer off at my hotel. I had connected with a daygamer on the local RSD forum. We were to meet up at 1:30 near Saks (Fifth Avenue). I did my next couple of approaches on the way over there.

He was tall. Like 13 or 14 feet tall, or something I like that. So damn tall it hurt my neck to look at him. Worse, I couldn’t see the street and his face at the same time. Which meant I couldn’t see the girls if we were talking.

Didn’t matter much, because his first set hooked and he ran off for a coffee date with a girl nearly as tall as him, which was remarkable. As I watched them chat, both of their heads were like clouds floating above the more adequately erect folks that buzzed around beneath them.

I was on my own again. But unlike the day before, I felt at home. Those “what the fuck” looks from girls from the day before were gone. Today the girls were smiling. I was a proper predator and they would flirt with me like an antelope might flirt with a lion.

I did another 27 sets today. After two days of 28 and 27 approaches respectively, I’m five girls behind the pace I want to hit, but I’m very happy with myself. Hitting 30+ would have been easy today… But I had that date with the teenager. As I was out approaching, she and I messaged and I set up a time to meet. I wrapped up the day a little bit early to go clean up.

Yet another date with a teenage girl.

Before I met up with the RSD giant I had swooped by a Japanese soba joint and booked a reservation for the girl and me for dinner (and requested they seat us side by side, of course). I wasn’t certain she’d confirm, but that set was very solid. I could always cancel…

But she did confirm, so logistics were handled.

Around 4 PM Runner came uptown to join me and we prowled around together. Runner opens hot, tall, leggy girls. I predict he’ll get his first taste of streetgame flesh this Fall. And she’ll be hot. Yes to that.

I took five leads today, versus my single contact yesterday. And while I still got blown out here and there, the vibe was fun, the sets were much richer, and I felt like making out, mid-chat, with several of the girls. Good chemistry. I was feeling “on.”

NYC is a fantastic city for daygame. 27 approaches came easily. If I was nervy yesterday, and settled today… I’m perfectly eager for tomorrow.

Back to my hotel, I cleaned up and headed out to meet the little Japanese thing. She was right on time. I told her “in America, we hug” and I gave her a little squeeze. She was bubbly… and delicious, just like this morning. She was running the tourist gauntlet all day, her little camera still around her neck.

The date was fun… at first. Her English is sub-par, and just like when I was in Tokyo, we did a lot of the date via Google Translate. We smiled, I touched her a lot.

My plan was to do dinner at the soba place, then bounce to my hotel. Up to the room for “desert.” Or the hotel lounge first if she was shy. She’s 19, so… no taking her to a bar.

She is adorable in many levels, but there is something a little off about her.

She goes to a university in Shibuya, near where I stayed on my past three trips to Tokyo. As I hit on other girls today, I wondered why she was here fucking around in New York instead of pounding the books. I asked… she was a bit mysterious and dark about it. Out of character with the rest of her.

She is on a “leave of absence,” so Google Translate told me. And wants to go to Germany next year to study abroad. She was oddly vague about her major. There was a secret tightness about her I haven’t seen since the Thai girl (who was in my bed over and over, but wouldn’t fuck me, and I never figured out why). Hmmm.

As I began to take the conversation a bit sexual, I said she might end up with a German boyfriend. She laughed, and said she had a BF in Tokyo. When pressed, she’s only been with him two months. I made the “tiny” gesture and laughed, even as that rumpled my state a bit. She laughed too. But some of the magic was gone. For both of us, it seemed. A little more of that dark tightness from her.

I walked off to the bathroom and messaged some of the girls from today’s approaches. I am already trying to set up a date for tomorrow. I have two slightly-likely prospects. A Chinese textile designer I closed in Topshop (NYC, not London) and an actress from Hong Kong (she and I had a few hot moments, great eyes on her, very cute girl, hot set, Runner watched the whole thing).

I turned conversation back to safer topics. As I asked her who she was closer to, mom or dad, she said mom. Earlier

in the date she showed me a message thread between her mom and her. She had taken a pic of she and me in the coffee place this morning (she has since sent it to me, it's awesome), and she showed me she had sent it to her mom.

Turns out her mom is very young. 37. That's seven years younger than me. But she is so young, I bet her dad is younger than me as well.

I paid the bill and we stepped out into the Autumn night. I told her I would normally take her for a drink…. But "19." The vibe was lukewarm at best, but I told her to come back to have a no-alcohol drink with me at my hotel lounge. She declined. I stepped into to kiss her (might as well) and she expertly a turned her cheek and hugged me instead. I can see how I'm not doing Yohami's "ramp" here (I'm doing the opposite)… and I'm getting the expected low return when you do that incorrectly. I almost get it. I had nothing to lose, and if she comes out again, she knows what's up.

I walked her to a train station, hugging her again, not bothering to try to get her tongue in my mouth. It wasn't awkward. I didn't feel needy. It wasn't a hot date, but it was another good experience.

I know my game could be better. But I also know it's not that bad. With these teenagers, the Daygame Gods are approaching the level of cruelty… so many dates with teenagers (and virgins) at this point in my "career." All of them escaped with their virtue. What a shame. Good men get tested.

So I walked off into the night to explore some bars in case I need some date spots later this week. Since I couldn't get the little girl back to my place, I might as well take steps to lock down logistics for later in the week. I hit two bars tonight… a "speak easy" type of place on the Westside (super cool). And this rooftop lounge near my hotel. Good men know their territory. These are investments in just that.

A couple last comments…

I should focus on some same day lays. I have just three nights left (not counting tonight). Stealth was very on point when he said "The second she stops and listens, visualize in your mind the pathway to an SNL" (his words are in that post). He thinks the easiest time to have sex is right when you pick her up. I know he is right.

And the other thing I'd say is this…

As a tourist, picking up other tourists is a very good plan. Daygame and tourist girls… a magic combination. At home, but also when you're a tourist as well.

5th Avenue — especially considering where my hotel is located — is a great spot to connect both those concepts. Lots of tourists. And good logistics to bounce straight to my place. I should push for that.

Tomorrow… Another "30" sets. My nearly-full drink is right in front of me, and I'll leave it here unfinished. Being solid for tomorrow is much more important to me than finishing that drink.

Three more nights.

Viva Daygame.

NYC: Gutter Game | The Preacher's Daughter In Times Square

Nash · 19 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I "pulled" last night. It's +0 for Nash, because I did not fuck that sweet girl. I would say it was a close call, except it wasn't. Or maybe it was?? I don't know. It was a weird night. Opinions and comments on this one are welcome (as always).

Yesterday was my third day on the street running daygame in New York City. I had been feeling pretty solid. I had a good day on Tuesday, took five leads from 27 approaches. I had discovered the potential of 5th Avenue. I had a date with a Japanese teenager. And I assumed Wednesday would show a continuation of that momentum.

But Wednesday was nearly as rough as Monday. It was hot and sweaty on the street in the early afternoon (walking south on 5th), starring into the mouth of the afternoon sun. I did two approaches in an hour and then went downtown to meet Runner by NYU. I got social-stiff again as I interrupted my flow with the train ride to the new spot. It was an awkward start.

Runner and I connected. It was almost 4 PM and I'd only done four sets of my 30-approach goal for the day. But Runner and I can get a good vibe rolling and the day started to turn around. It's been good to share the street with him on this trip.

I did a half dozen more approaches. Some blowouts, a few smiles, nothing really stuck. I opened a cute girl that seemed to flash me an IOI. A high school girl, as it turns out. She was 16 and I excused myself when I figured out how old she wasn't. I gave her a sticker and went back to business.

It has been true with Runner (and also true with Sundance back at home) that I get a lot more IOIs when I'm out with a wing. Runner thinks it's a form of social proof. I think the conversation makes us less needy, less self-conscious, and that's attractive. A good wing will generally put me in a better state. We've been checked out a lot this last week.

Runner showed me some of his favorite daygame routes. He likes that area around SOHO, NYU and Cooper's Square. He lives nearby. And I agree, that is good daygame territory. If that was San Francisco, I'd be stoked. (I have since seen that area on a weekend morning, and it was really good). But this is NYC and I'd seen 5th Avenue and the energy there. No comparison in my mind.

I love high-density locales for their volume.

I told him that he could probably cut a year off his learning curve if he'd head to midtown to find more foot traffic. Especially as he likes a very fine, high-end type of girl (which can be hard to find). He likes girls like Krauser's "greyhounds." There are ~~lots~~ some of those girls on 5th. And volume really matters. Because of the volume, I learned more in Tokyo in a few weeks than I could in months at home in California (my favorite street in Tokyo is very much like 5th Avenue, maybe even more so).

He agreed and we jumped a train back uptown.

It was instantly better for me. More girls, better vibe, and the weather had cooled off a bit. It was already 5:30, and I was only at nine approaches into my goal. I had to get to work, and I did.

First set stuck and my vibe improved. I wasn't nearly as good as Tuesday, but I started ripping through sets looking for good connections, "yes girls," and magic moments. Runner was more motivated as well, and talked to a bunch of leggy girls.

It is amazing how a day can turn around. That might be the heart of this post.

5th Ave gets noisy during the commute (around 5 PM sharp)… very noisy. Unbelievably noisy. I took a WeChat contact from a cute Chinese girl, but almost gave up as two separate ambulances came by, stuck in that peak traffic,

wailing endlessly while I tried to be charming. She and I both plugged our ears and smiled. She stuck with me through the noise. That girl had great hips. I liked her, too. Sweet, a bit conservative, and feminine. Unfortunately, she was moving to NC the next day which made it a bit rough to get her out (I tried).

Runner left me around 7 PM and I ground out my final sets. I got all 30 approaches done, but it felt like work at the end.

And for the record… 30 approaches per day, for five days straight… is too much. I committed to it, but I don't recommend it. I have a very short window to try to get laid or I'd never push myself this hard. The pressure doesn't help your vibe. Lesson learned.

It was after 8 PM (6 hours after I set out that day) but I hit my goal. 30 girls. It shouldn't take that long, but it wasn't a good day and I had a few stops/starts.

I was exhausted. I went back to my hotel, showered off the sweat and the street-dirt, and went for some ramen and a tall Asahi beer near Times Square. I planned on reading my Milton Friedman book, but I spent all dinner texting girls and checking in with my wings.

As I walked outside after dinner, for some reason I felt remarkably buzzed from that beer. I had my book under my arm and an odd smile on my face. I was in NYC for first time in 10 years, and it was only 11 PM, too early to go home. I decided to have a drink, explore some more bars. As I was checking out my options on my phone, a cute young girl wandered by. A slow walk, in no hurry, unescorted… I opened. Gutter game. It wasn't my plan, but it felt natural.

I had done a few sets of gutter game in Tokyo and it felt sketchy and unwholesome at the time, but now it felt perfect. My first gutter-girl of the night didn't stop, but she gave me sly, encouraging smile and I decided to game some more. With dinner and beer in me, I was suddenly in a great mood.

The third girl of the night was an insta-date. My 33rd approach for the day.

It was 11 PM in Times Square on a Wednesday night. She was out by herself, clearly in no hurry. Asian, nice hair, great hips and kissable lips. She opened easy and I began to chat her up. How surprising that a single girl was comfortable getting picked up dead-sober, late at night, on the dirty streets of New York.

This girl was Korean, but she spoke her English with an odd accent. She has lived in Germany for over 10 years, studying music. She is a classically trained piano player and we vibed about music and art. When I asked if she was travelling alone she said no, that she was in NYC with a choir… a Christian choir. Hmmm. But she said she was by herself for the night, as the choir was in a nearby city at a different hotel. Green light.

I asked what she was doing "right now" and she said nothing. She doesn't drink (this is yet another girl that I've picked up that doesn't drink), so I offered to take her to tea and she agreed. All the signals were green lights.

We wandered around Time Square together. Given the time of day and her backstory, I was still amazed she was so comfortable. She was a bit reserved and kept her arms across her chest almost all night. She is conservative, shy, but was obviously at ease with me. Very feminine and compliant.

The first Starbucks was closed. The next one was open, but had no seating area. Logistics were a little off but the vibe was still solid. I was going to take her to a bar I'd checked out briefly after dinner (for some "drinks with no alcohol"), but I changed my mind at the door and asked if she wanted to check out the rooftop bar I was at the night before (where I wrote part of my last post). Much better atmosphere there… and a short walk from my hotel.

And just like that I was in a cab to a nice lounge, around midnight, with a new girl, in the Big Apple. As we arrived the bouncer carded us, as she looks young. The roof deck was packed, so we sat in quiet corner, sipping virgin mojitos and talking.

I was learning more about her: This girl is a missionary. Her choir is here as part of an effort to spread the faith. She's deeply religious. Her dad is a Pastor in Korea, but she has her own reasons for her faith. We're talking

seriously religious here.

I have read about Tom Torero's "pressure cooker" concept:

> "I've said many times that if you try to repress human sexuality, it surfaces in even more wild and wonderful ways. I call this the Pressure Cooker Effect – telling someone that sex is shameful, wrong and not allowed, leading to them diving head first into the Secret Society once they've got the opportunity to escape the societal / religious restraints on them."
> — Tom

Sure. Whatever. But in my experience, we are back to "girls are girls," even in this scenario. In my world to date… conservative girls are conservative. The error is in assuming they are all "good girls" (that don't like sex) or that the outside is always a match for the psychology of her inner world. Sexuality is always at the individual level ("within-group differences are always greater than between-group differences"). Conservative girls still have sex, but they are certainly not "more" eager than average. That's just mythology and wishful thinking on Tom's part… him being a salesman.

I asked about this girl, and she is not a virgin. I was almost surprised, she seemed the type that might be. She tried to wait until marriage, she said, she wanted to, but… and her eyes gave away a universal sign of having some knowledge of the flesh. She said he was her boyfriend, and she really loved him, that was why she had sex with him. I know the "I only have sex in relationships" line is very often bullshit, but this girl was congruent with her story.

And yet… in terms of "watch what she does, not what she says," all green lights. All of Yohami's coaching from last year was in my head:

> "She knows what's up. She went there for it. She was for the sex the whole time."
> — Yohami, talking about a different girl

I don't argue with Yohami about that stuff anymore. He is right. I've seen it, many times this year. They are not all "sluts." And they are complicated and inconsistent. They hook and disappear for no reason. But yeah, the sex is often right there, on the table, if you can lead and escalate with some level of skill.

We sat close, side by side. I touched her a lot, in a comfortable way, midway between social and sexual. It wasn't long before I was ready to test the vibe…

So I had my "c'mere" moment and tried to kiss her. She turned away.

She had the usual level of alarm as she felt the pressure of a seducer, but she smiled. I tried again a few minutes later and she was more serious in her objections, trying to explain… I cut her off. Just like I did with the Wine Girl, who did the same kind of trying to explain to me what was going on between us. I know perfectly well what is going on in moments like this one.

I'm at a stage of this journey where it's natural for me to cut off a girl when she wants to talk in a moment like this. There is nothing to explain. I'm supposed to try to kiss her. More than that, I wanted to. I did. I wanted this girl. She can kiss me back, or not. Either is fine. But we don't need to explain it. It a timeless moment between a man and a girl. I know girls know this, girls have much more experience than most of us do. I had the same moment the night before with the teenager (who also wouldn't kiss me). I'm quite sure I'll see it again (in fact, I did the next night as well, with yet a 3rd girl, but that's a different story).

It was one o clock in the morning and the Preacher's Daughter and I seemed like we could talk all night. I was having a good time. She is an interesting girl and I was enjoying her company. What an unusual night. I was in a super nice, comfortable spot, next to a soft woman, after a rough day on the streets.

But it was getting late. She wasn't going to get sexual and I believed her. I wanted to get some sleep and be ready to

“hustle” (that’s for you, Sundance) the next day. She was in no hurry, but I got her on her feet and we took the elevator down to the street.

She said she might walk home, but I convinced her to take a cab. As I was getting her to a corner and pointed in the right direct, we could see my hotel (all of this was good logistics on my part, just not the most ripe girl in terms of sexual potential).

As an experiment I said, “That’s my hotel… do you want to come over for a bit? You can’t stay long.” And she agreed. She seemed happy about it. I couldn’t believe she was coming back to my room… it was yet another green light. Hmmmm. Maybe I was wrong about her commitment to be “good” that night?

Upstairs to my room. I left her alone while I used the bathroom. She did the same and when she came back she took a seat next to me on the bed. Big doe eyes. I was touching her. I went for one more kiss which she also rejected. This was mixed with talk of Secret Society. Talk about sex, experimenting, and the anonymity of a big city. I did what Krauser would call a proper “bird song,” and it was working. She was entranced. She was very into me, but it wasn’t going anywhere. Her hindbrain was solidly locked in its chastity belt.

I have had some experience pushing things “too far.” And I am willing to explore the “edges” and to “flip the car,” but it can often lead to a bad experience for everyone involved.

Here is an example from a different girl… some texting with a married women from the week before I left for NYC. She had dodged me in a few different ways, but I was still gunning for it. She had introduced a moment or two that had given me some hope earlier in the thread, but here is how it ended.

> MARRIED KOREAN WOMAN: I think it’s enough. I hope you do not contact me anymore. We just met for a few minutes and you like fantasy. It’s not me. Or .. I feel unpleasant if you are fun of me.

She had thrown up a lot of road blocks, but had consistently returned each of my messages. Maybe the constant replies were a cultural thing, or just politeness. In this case I kept going as she kept going. I was hoping we’d break through to some other level of relating. I went direct again.

> NASH: I know you’re a good woman and I’m not making fun of you.
> NASH: I like you.
> MARRIED KOREAN WOMAN: I thought I met a good friend in the US, but I don’t think this is it. I hope to forget quickly because we have nothing to meet each other. I’ll block messenger. Sorry Nash and bye.

That “friend” comment is bullshit on her part. I was clearly sexual with her every step of the way. I’m not saying any of this is “good game,” but this is another example that I’m willing to push it. “Burn it down,” as Sundance might say.

But in any case, I don’t think the Married Woman’s response here was just drama or testing. I think I gave this woman a bad experience. I’m not above experimenting. This was just messaging and I assume girls are more robust than society might lead us to believe. But giving her a bad experience is not my goal. Not at all. Sometimes “no” really does mean “no.”

Despite all the green lights, I was mostly convinced my Preacher’s Daughter girl was giving me a real “no” as well. I liked her. And while I need to explore the edge here and there, good seduction is about “good experiences.” And I wanted my Preacher’s Daughter and I to finish the night in a positive way. I wanted to lead us both in that direction. That’s good masculinity.

So I told her I needed to sleep. I said I’d had a great night with her, which was true… but also gave her a quick lecture to never come to man’s hotel room late at night unless she is planning on having sex. She agreed easily. Knowingly. Comfortably. She said she felt very safe with me and she radiated warmth and trust as she said it.

Just before we left my room I “broke the forth wall” and asked one last time if she wanted to have “an experience.” I gave her one last wolfish moment, literally at the threshold of the hallway back out into the hotel. She gave me a sweet smile and declined again. As we got to the elevator and I pulled her in, told her she had “escaped from a dangerous man without getting fucked.” She smiled. It was fun to talk to that “good girl” like that. I asked if she was disappointed and she shook her head to show she wasn’t. It was 2:30 in the morning.

We rode down the elevator together from the 15th floor. I was happy. I would have loved to have eaten this girls pussy. To have bent her over and fucked her full hips from behind while she praised God. I really tried, but it didn’t happen. And it was still a very good night. Another good experience. Another remarkable experience. For both of us.

(And I’ll point back to my post about Sundance’s lay and say experiences like this are how “good girls” get a serious education from men like us. Do you think the boys in her choir are running game on her like this? Some, maybe. But most the guys that like her would never get this far. And even more would never guess you could push this hard and she’d end up loving it.)

As I stuffed her in a cab out front, I said: “Okay, get home safe. If you need anything give me a call…” And then we both realized we’d never exchanged contact information. I don’t know her name.

And there was a brief pause as the unusualness of it all lingered between us. The African cab driver sat there patiently as we looked at each other. And then I broke the spell and said, “Bye!” with a big smile and she smiled too. No clumsy attempt to try to stay in touch. I closed the door to the cab and walked back across the shiny floors of the hotel lobby shaking my head in awe and amusement.

Another train, leaving the station. I am the train station. They come. They go. This is the game.

And she was gone.

It had been a long day that ended with a good girl plucked off the street by a bad man… into the lion’s mouth and, somehow, safely back out again. Amazing.

Who you pick up, and how, and what happens then… says a lot about you. I’m learning more about myself and girls on this trip. It’s about “different bait to catch a different fish,” but it’s also about the nature of a particular fisherman. More to write about in another post.

Viva daygame. Viva guttergame.

Making Out With a Young Girl in Banana Republic

Nash · 25 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I interrupt my NYC stories, to bring you this… I just made out with Miss Tease. She is a sexy little girl and the makeout was hot. Kissing her was fantastic, actually. But the bigger win was another look into my education in the ways and workings of the minds of young, hot girls.

She surprised me when she texted me this morning.

This is the girl that I had a few very short dates with in June. She lives at home with strict parents (culturally Korean and serious Christian as well). She works in my city, but has to be home right after work… and claims she can't come into the city when she's not working. So it's very hard to get this girl on a proper date. I tried last June. Several times. And ended up making it all work in short bursts of hot moments… mostly in public places.

In that way, she has been good for me… she makes me creative. She forces me to escalate in unusual situations. I like that.

And who knows how much of that backstory is true. This girl is definitely a bit of a mystery to me. She looks so naïve and cute and "innocent," but those dates in June culminated in me taking her to a hotel and fucking her (all in under an hour, so she could make it to dinner with her parents). She is the one that sent me a series of explicit SnapChat pics before we had sex (she was my first "SnapChat girl"). And her responses after our hotel fuck were telling as well.

Here are some texts that she sent the night after we hooked up:

> HER: Oh my gosh.. when you were fingering me
> HER: I had to stop myself from..
> HER: You know.. :-p

This is her in classic form. The "gosh" line to give her a virtuous quality. The obvious strong sexuality of her reference (to squirting). And the unwillingness to be explicit (at least not initially, she likes to have all that coaxed out of her… it doesn't take long).

> HER: I like how you're rough ;-)
> HER: Making sure I don't move hehe

This is true of me in general. I'm not actually that rough, but I'm "faux rough." I choke. I pin girls down. I also pet their faces and tell them they're beautiful.

In her case, she wore tight black jeans to our sex date, and she has big thighs, and she was "faux resisting" as I got her naked that night, struggling against me as I took her clothes off. I pinned her down, and kissed her, as I peeled her jeans off with my free hand. She is one of those girls that says "no"… and grabs your cock and moans all at the same time. You can see from her comment above (which was after the date) that this was within the context of seduction, not actual force. Girls are complicated. And force is never cool… even as girls like "forceful" guys. Complicated. I know.

So those comments were from after our sex date. They came unbidden and were clearly affirmative. But I never had another date with her. Not until today, when she texted me out of nowhere.

Post sex in June, it was like we had "popped the balloon" and it was over. I was excited by her. I assumed I would see her again. But the reality was I didn't have much to say after we fucked. It was like we ran out of gas. There were no more SnapChats after that. No more long sexual exchanges late at night (not after the initial validation we gave each other later that night). And soon after that she stopped returning my messages entirely. It felt like a mix

of boredom and awkwardness. I assumed fucking had dissipated all the sexual tension, and we had nothing left in common (that might be true). At that point, I knew enough not to chase.

Two weeks after our hook up (in early July), she messaged me with:

> HER: Hehe hi
> HER: Hope you're doing well

I was surprised, but happy to hear from her. I sent a few messages and got some low-investment responses. And then nothing. I hit her up a week later… no response. Then, a week after that… nothing. I figured it was over. Trains comes and go. That's normal.

And we see each other on the street sometimes (when I'm out running daygame, which is how I met her). And I don't try to talk to her, I just smile. To me it's Secret Society stuff. If she wanted to see me, she'd "tease me," and/or respond to my messages. Since she wasn't responding, I left her alone.

So then this AM, out of nowhere:

> HER: Hope you're going well :-)

Her standard ping. Boring on the surface… but I was of course intrigued by what she might be after. Why ping me? What did she want? Why today?

I sat on it for a bit and then responded with this:

> NASH: Oh, it's the cute Korean trouble maker
> NASH: It makes me smile when I see you on the street
> NASH: Are you ready for some attention?

I figured she wouldn't be explicit about what she wanted, but if she responded at all, I was going to go sexual and try to get her out ASAP. That's what I did.

She did respond and I tried to set up a tea date. I wanted to see where we were at. I really don't know what she wanted, and/or how much is available if I were to lead properly. I know she's very hard to get out, and never for dinner or at night… no sleep overs… not even daytime weekend dates. I tried all that. I've only been able to get her out after work, before she goes home to her family.

(Maybe this girl is married? She's very young, but maybe that's the real story?? I have no idea. The truth of her is opaque, and it's difficult for me read what is true behind her big, sexy eyes.)

> NASH: Come have boba with me after work…
> NASH: It's a hot day
> HER: Where would we go :-)

^ It may not seem like it, but to me, knowing a bit about her, her last comment here felt 100% sexual. Like I should have taken her straight to a hotel again (some of the texts she sent me later tonight make me think that's what I should have done). That was what I thought when I read it. She is egging me on… in an almost dangerously feminine way.

I left her alone for a few minutes, as she often adds more to the thread when I leave her sit for a second. I did this all day, with her waiting a bit (her reserved femmy nature), and then adding some spice or other kind of encouragement (her underlying sexuality). And she did add more this time.

> HER: Gosh, you just happened to pick the day where I'm not wearing a bra hehe

Again, classic ^ Miss Tease. Here the sexual card she is playing is explicit, even if she sugarcoats it with that "gosh" aspect.

There was more back and forth, including this:

> HER: I do miss your touch

This ^ sounds gnostalic and sweet, but this girl isn't really like that. Not that I know of… that's just how she presents herself. There was no gnostalgia after we had sex, the one time I really did have a chance to touch her.

She is actually a charming kind of incongruent… drippy-sweet innocent on the outside, and hot-blooded sexual on the inside. It's the "gosh" mixed with the SnapChats nudes she sent me in June. That is her. A kinky child. No, smarter than that. She is a pink-veiled sexpot.

> NASH: Let's have tea… and we'll send you home before you get in trouble.
> NASH: I want to do some shopping at Banana Republic…
> NASH: You can come along.
> HER: Hehe :-) is that okay?

Of course it was. But damn that kind of response brings out the animal in me. So feminine.

Now, as I can hear her sweet voice in my head, imagining her only-vaguely hidden meaning behind the things she says… I want to fuck her. I want a week to do so many things to her. To see if I could get her to show me more than the very careful versions of her I have seen so far.

Before our date tonight I did a walk through Banana Republic, to scout logistics for my plan. I always stress that a man should know his territory. I was doing just that with my preparatory walk-though. I wanted to have the lay of the store mapped out in my mind… I had a plan, and I wanted to scout the location before I had her there. All of this adds to a man's confidence… and increases his chances of success.

> "Luck is what happens when preparation meets opportunity."
> — Seneca

We met at the mall after she got off work. She looked… the same. Which is to say, young, fresh, lovely face, curvy body… today, in a long dress. Images of her naked body from her SnapChats (which I saved, and look at once in a while, souvenirs from our fling) flashed through my head as I gave her a hug. Her big eyes were intense and fixed and something like trusting as we rode the escalator down to the boba tea place. She stood way too close to me and I wanted to fuck her immediately. That familiar sexual tension coming back again. I touched her. I tried to act like all of this was casual and normal.

But this was a surprise to me. And I'm glad to have another round with her. She is a sexy and fascinating girl. Who knows if I'll ever see her again.

I got my boba tea, she didn't want any. I walked her up to Banana Republic. I was not, in fact, trying to buy anything… this was an excuse to take her there. I had a sweater picked out from my dry-run the hour before. I chatted about nonsense with her, walked her to the sweater, and then led her back to the changing stalls.

She didn't know my plan, so this played out a little funny as I had to get her and the clerks to cooperate to get what I wanted. She started to wander off as I went to the changing area, and I called her over and she complied. Then she tried to sit on the bench outside and I made her stand up. And then I asked the clerk if they minded if "my friend" came with me into the stall to "see the fit." Clerk didn't object. Miss Tease complied again. I walked her into the

fitting room.

This ^… is leadership.

I'm still not sure she got what was going on at that point. This girl has an incredible poker face. When I took her to the hotel this summer, and we checked in that night, her face was neutral (almost bored) the whole way through the process until I had her pushed back onto the bed and started making out with her. Then the look on her face finally matched the situation.

Same here in Banana Republic. She tried to sit down again once we were alone inside the changing stall together. I hung the sweater on a hook. I made her stand up. I pulled her in and made out with her. It was… super hot. She didn't object and didn't look the least bit surprised. Her mouth had that kind of taste that makes my temperature go up and my cock go rigid. And she resisted in the smallest ways, like 10% resistance (this is part of her charm and femininity). And then she jumped into it. She was moaning and that guileless look on her face went from distracted innocence to heat and passion.

I rubbed her nipple thru her thin dress. I grabbed her ass. I put her hand on my cock.

And then… that was enough. There is a limit to what they will put up with at the Banana Republic. I wasn't looking to cross that line.

She asked about the sweater at that point and I told her this was just my plan get her alone. She smiled.

We walked out, put the sweater back, and left the store.

Talking with this girl face to face is not easy. She has an alert, feminine nervousness when she's not being sexual. She won't volunteer anything, I have to carry the conversation 100%. She is easy to text with (she is wild over text), but she and I are a bit awkward in person when we're not hooking up.

I like her. We'll see what she is like if I do a good job leading and give her space to relax.

But I was curious to know, if post-makeout, she would give me any insight into why she contacted me and/or what she wanted.

> NASH: So… what is up with you today? Why did you "wake up" and text me?
> HER: I was just wondering how you were…

This was zero "connection" in her response. Her words were "canned," polite, that same non-intimate, girly properness she uses almost every moment when I'm not kissing her. She didn't even give me a hint of what was going on her mind. I let that idea go. I had a feeling that was a dead-end. I went back to leading, to enveloping her, to my standard "Octopus Game" (more on that in another post).

Maybe at some point this girl might relax and get real with me… but I'm not counting on it. She is a very sexy girl. And our makeout was hot. Very hot, with almost no warm up… that is rare. We don't need that much time to connect when it comes to sex… it's there. And her comments about squirting and liking it rough from our little field trip to the hotel this summer show great promise of her sexual potential. We have excellent chemistry. I saw it again today. But she needs a guy that will do all the work, and with very little feedback other than her natural responses when she likes what you're doing. I can do that.

One last bit…

This morning, when she texted me, I was considering this as my response…

> HER: Hope you're going well :-)
> NASH: Ahh, hello little girl.
> NASH: I know this is a bit random… but have you ever been tied up?

This is NOT what I said (my actual opening lines are above), but that “tied up” line occurred to me. In part, as I have been tying up Miss Thick here and there, and I think I’m ready to make this a part of my lifestyle. But also… that line just jumped into my head when I thought of her. Even though I didn’t use that this morning in response to her pinging me… I promised myself that I would explore that with her if we met up. And I did.

Post makeout today, she didn’t want to leave. We sat on some couches upstairs in the Mall and chatted. My favorite topics… relationships, dating, sex. I broached fantasies and then said:

> NASH: Have you ever been tied up?
> HER: Oh… no!

And then I read her, and said, “yes you have.” And she smiled. And confessed. “Maybe once.” There is that word “maybe” again. I asked if she felt safe and she said, “yeah, I trusted the guy.”

This is what this girl is like. Faux innocent. Sexy. Incredible poker face. I would say she “lies” to me (like here when she said no, and then yes, to being tied up), and I’m sure that’s true. This girl is not telling me the whole story. But all this is in the spirit of her role as a full-fledged member of the Secret Society. She speaks in the language of girls and sexuality, not men and the proper waking world. She is complicated and spicy. This is the game I want to play.

This situation makes much more sense to me after the lessons I learn from Sundance’s lay and those moments of elucidation around these “innocent girls” and how they (passively) earn their educations. This one is young. She texted a bad man this morning, and hours later, she was pinned to the wall of a fitting room in Banana Republic with her hand on my cock. All the while, that pure, alert, proper wholesomeness on her face. This says something about me, yes. But I am not the only cool guy this girl knows. How many stories like this does she have? You guys know me, am I “super cool?” Not really. So imagine all the actually super cool guys that have hit on her since she’s been fertile. All the shit they have shown her.

I know this story is cool. I get it. I have some stories like this (a few with this girl, in particular). But all little girls have stories like this. And she is likely half my age. I have worked at this for years. She is hot… and men like me deliver these stories to girls like her… every day. This… is the essence of a girl’s education. Because they have had a chance to sample so many “cool guys,” they have a better education than almost every man (90%+) except the very coolest guys themselves.

Little girls… have seen it all. This is just another example of the stuff that happens to them all the time.

Her perfect poker face will never show how much she knows… all you’ll see is a quiet, timid, young thing. But that education is there. How many other cool guys have gotten into her world? What else does she know? Don’t wait for her face to show it before you figure it out… her face will never show it.

What a fascinating look into female psychology. Another great experience.

Viva daygame.

Dinner Dates, Fake Boobs, Calibration, and Yohami's Ramp

Nash · 1 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Just wrapped up a good date with an interesting little girl. I am working on a longer piece about the last girl I dated in NYC, but I'll interrupt again to talk about this new girl. Good date.

We'll call her The Scorpion. That's dramatic, but assume she earns her name for astrological reasons. Perhaps there is some foreshadowing here, but if so, that'll be in another post.

I picked her up last week. I had a record day on Wednesday, took seven leads… I think all of which have turned into so much vapor since then. The next day I took two leads, she was one of them.

She was "very well put together." I could say she "presents herself well." Those are both flat, but they're true. She is Asian, maybe only half… I didn't ask. She has long, beautiful silky-thick hair. Perfect skin, maybe a hint of freckles (think Lucy Liu) spattered across full cheeks. She is more beautiful than cute. She wore an exceptional dress the day we met. It was unusual, high-end, feminine… maybe more feminine than the rest of her. Her walk was sexual, proud, had some power. Those are some of the reasons why I stopped her.

After a bit of back and forth, and before I could get to it, she suggested I take her Facebook. I agreed, and had her add me.

When I left the set, Sundance said he thought that was the longest set he'd ever seen me in. We joked that I could see him walking back and forth behind her as I ran my game (he ran an approach or two while I was with this girl). The conversation wasn't that long, but it was easy to chat with her, and she gave me a mild "yes" reaction. It seemed pretty on.

She is Chinese. I think she might be American born, but did some part of her schooling in China. She is into being American. I can hear the slightest bits of an accent, but it's very faint. She went to high school here. And college, at a fairly prestigious university in the area. She is very professional. Has a serious job. She reminds me bit of Business Girl from Tokyo… and that's not a compliment.

She is confident. I'm interested in low/high self-esteem as a gauge to a woman's personality. She is high self-esteem.

When I met her, it was the day before her birthday. I have enough experience to know that a woman's birthday (week) is a shit show, and a new guy should stay out of that fray, and I did. I messaged her that night (which was a Thursday), saying hello:

> NASH: Have fun tomorrow… and let's say hi next week when your "birthday tornado" calms down. :]

And then I mostly forgot about her. And then on Sunday:

> HER: Hello! Thank you, and birthday was very fun!
> HER We can grab a drink next week?

Hmmm. So, I properly opened her, and I ran pretty good game. But she suggested the Facebook close at the time. And here she is suggesting the date. What do we know about her based on those facts?

As this date came up today, my reaction was caution. She's Asian, but not my typical type. And she's doing a bit of leading here, even though I did my job in terms of a proper, strong approach.

We went back and forth a bit about the date. It was smooth and easy. From her suggestion of a drink, I suggested a great bar in the area. She agreed. She didn't try to lead. She didn't try to fuck with the plan. Good.

And then I left her alone for a couple days.

And it's funny about this ^, because on the date she talked about guys that "text every day." And that was specifically what I was not. I left her alone during the run-up to the date a couple different times. I had two dates with Miss Thick (I love that girl) in that time period, so maybe that helped keep me from overgaming or looking needy. As she said it, not being clingy via text seemed like part of my appeal.

So today I checked in with her:

> NASH: Let's meet at that art bar after work… Or if you need to go home first, we can do dinner instead.
> NASH: I have a plan either way.
> HER: Hahaha how fun

I like that "how fun" bit from her. That's her being girly and cute, nice contrast to her polished business side.

As for dinner, the truth is I had booked a reservation on Monday, after she and I set up the drink date. I wanted to have a 2nd venue lined up… and I love this restaurant. I took Miss Thick there on Saturday. I was looking fwd to the meal, no matter how the date turned out.

And today before the date, YoungGuns and I talked a bit about dinner dates. He pointed out that dinner dates are unpopular with Community guys. I get it. Dinner can be a strong "provider" signal. It can be too "suburban" and boring. It can put a dent in your wallet if you're trying to date a lot of girls. All true.

But I like dinner dates.

I'm older. My wallet is fine with reasonable dinners, and if you read this blog, you know I take girls to dinner all the time… I have to eat. I'm not the wildest guy in the world, but I have no evidence that I give off a provider vibe. No girl has tried to make me a boyfriend in years (even though I've had multiple regulars). Girls know I'm not a typical provider at all, so the dinner gesture doesn't hurt me in that regard. In fact, if I can sit side by side (which I always do), I can run good game over dinner.

> HER: I'll msg you before I leave my apartment!

She did message me.

She was a couple minutes late, but not bad. She looked hot. When I said "if you need to go home first" as I set up the date, that was actually me intentionally giving her a chance to get out of her work clothes. There was no sex tonight, but if there was… I like the idea that she can clean up after work and "get pretty" for me. In this case, that's what she did. She showed up freshly showered, in tight jeans and a pink cashmere sweater. Her full lips shiny and kissable. And she gave me a little hug without me asking.

The hostess sat us at the counter, facing the kitchen, side by side. Started chatting. She paid attention, never looked at her phone once, all through dinner. She isn't overly warm, but I was having a good time.

LA came up, and I said I wasn't into the "LA look." And she asked what I meant, and I talked about "status," but then I said, "I'm not into fake boobs." That was meant as a bit of a spike and an intro into sexuality, but she quickly said, "I got fake boobs two months ago," and she laughed.

Ha. Okay. I blushed a bit as I put my foot in my mouth.

And she was cool about it. And we dove into a conversation about "why" and what that meant to her. I have a lot of stories about fake boobs, and I told her about girls I've known or dated that have "augmented reality" like she does. And it was cool between us.

I wasn't completely sure how into her I was at first. I had started out "cautious." And bringing out her femininity wasn't super easy, but I made it happen. She had a good time. By the end I liked her.

She told some stories where she was vulnerable. And I liked that she was willing to go there with me. I told her so. I

think her willingness to be vulnerable with me is part of her being secure, that she can be real. Another departure from what I had thought might be a dry, corporate girl.

Turns out this girl is into older guys. She asked when I picked her up how old I was, and I said what I often say, “at least 10 years older than you.” And she took that well. And on the date, she hinted again and I let that comment go by. And then she asked more directly. I told her I was 44. I didn’t hesitate or clown around. She held my eye contact. Turns out her last BF was 45. And the one before that was even older. I’m guessing she is 24-27. I don’t think I’m off by much. I said, “you have a thing for older guys” and she agreed. That is certainly fine with me.

I’m not sure about her sexuality. As she was talking about an ex BF, she mentioned affection a lot. And I played with that in contrast to her interest in sexuality, but never really got a good sense of that kind of hunger in her. I really don’t know. Affection was more of a theme.

She asked what a girl can wear that makes a guy think she is sexy. And I told her the clothes aren’t the important part. I brought it back to femininity. She said she thinks a girl’s sexuality is “the main thing” a guy is into in a girl. I asked what she meant, and she clarified that it was about her body, how good she is in bed, if she can “give head,” etc. And that brought me to say something I’ve never said before…

I told her I don’t care if a girl has any experience at all. I told her I have had experiences (and I never said when these experiences were, keep that at a distance and vague) where I’m only interested in the chemistry of what a girl and I are like together. And that’s true. I used Deida’s line about “making art” in terms of sexual chemistry. I told her a good sexual experience isn’t about the orgasm so much as it makes me in awe of the experience… and that’s cheesy, but it’s also true. I was in awe of the Virgin as she squirted on my face, and then held onto me after (she was beautiful and desperate about it), catching her breath. That was fucking sexy, and I’m not sure much of it even made my cock hard. She liked that, but I wasn’t trying to sell her on anything as I said it.

I touched her a lot. Hand behind her, across the back of her chair, most of the date. I grabbed her arm for emphasis several times (her wrist, her bicep). I did little demonstrations of “masculine/feminine,” and in one, she really lit up. I was trying to show her how “as the masculine goes forward, the feminine goes back.” And I pushed it a tiny bit, hand in her hair, other hand firmly on her wrist. Watching and moving up to her “line.” I pushed it just far enough to make her eyes pop open. And they did pop. And she was into it. And even though this was at the level of an exercise, when she lit up, I got turned on. I told her that. I told her, “you just got turned on, and then I got turned on.” And it was true. I could see it in her eyes. She agreed.

Not bad for a dinner date.

That’s when I knew I liked her. We have some heat between us. And this is why I think dinner dates are great for me. I can get a lot of work done at dinner… as long as I’m side by side.

The thing I liked most about the night was the chance to charm another girl. It’s not getting old. Not even close.

And the thing I’m most proud of was the way I calibrated with her through the night and the chemistry I was able to build. The way I moved in and out of her space. The way I turned up the psychological pressure, and then backed off, depending on where she was at and how much I thought she could handle.

This ability to move in and out with a woman… it builds trust.

> “…to be extremely respectful of another person’s ecosystem, and what they’re experiencing… and the second it goes negative in any way, shape or form, you backing off. You are always aware of where she is at. And by the way, that again, will make you so great at meeting women. Because they sense that you are aware of them. And because they sense you are aware of them, there is no downside.
> — RSD Tyler, from Hotseat at Home

As I got home tonight, Tyler’s quote was on my mind. I think that’s what she and I were up to tonight. And I think

that's also what the girls in NYC saw in me, and why I had trust, even if I didn't have sex. Believe me, I'd trade some trust for some skin, but the trust building is its own set of skills and will serve me.

And while I was trustworthy, I showed a good mix of masculine and romantic on this date. All that physical stuff. Knowing how to be "aware of where she is at." Several sexual spikes. I'm increasingly well trained.

When they turned the lights up a bit (breaking the mood-lighting they normally have in this place) it was time to go. We'd been there for three hours. Eating slowly. Talking. After the food was cleared, she wasn't going anywhere. She sat there very happy, leaning on the countertop, letting me warp the tentacles of my "Octopus Game" around her.

I said, "c'mon, let's go," and we walked out into the night. She made a comment about an early meeting the next day, which was cool… I really had no plans to push the date further. I was not the slightest bit eager.

In that sense, it was unusual for me. I had set the Cheesecake Trap, but I didn't even think to offer it to her. I told her to call herself a car, and told her I'd wait until it picked her up.

And then… I was thinking about how to kiss her. And about Yohami's ramp.

I typically just mug the girl with a kiss attempt. I don't expect (or need) it to work (even though it often does). The kiss landing isn't even the point… it's just a type of communication. So she knows this is about sex. So she's clear this is man to woman, and that if she sees me again, she can expect more of the same. But I didn't do that this time.

I was thinking about the ramp… how to "pre-load" her in a such a way that the kiss landing was a guarantee. How to "spike her" so she was ready, and then escalate with the kiss. To "take her at the flood," as Tyler would say.

I could have said, "I love your eye contact right now," which probably would have worked as the spike, and then kissed her. I could have just slowed down, and said, "I had a great time with you," and given her some intensity via my eyes, and moved in. I saw a moment, but someone else stumbled out of the restaurant and almost walked into us. It was a bit rushed… and her car showed up. She gave me a great hug and took off.

So this is one of the only dates in a long time where I didn't say "c'mere" and try to plant one on her. But I don't think I needed it. I think I got the sex across very well on the date. I think I looked very "chill" and leaned-back on this date, more than normal. If I get her out again, the stage is set.

She had a good time. So did I.

And I'm very glad to see myself looking for the ramp. Jesus, I've dated almost 20 girls since Yohami first introduced me to that concept. And I'm finally looking for it when it matters. Finally trying to level up away from using the kiss as a "statement" and getting to the point where I can make it hit the first time, with control. That will be a quantum leap for me. I'm looking for it. I haven't made that happen in a situation like this, but all the pieces are on the table now. It's only a matter of time before I put them together when it counts.

And she… isn't the type of girl that I "specialize in." She is more American than Chinese. She beautiful on the outside, but not super feminine as she flows. She is business-y. She's a bit of an extrovert, when I'm much more into introverts.

And in some ways, she reminds me of the Wine Girl – she and I had what I thought was a very good date, but she wouldn't see me again. And the sex-vibe and the bubble was stronger with Wine Girl, maybe too strong as I tried to kiss her several times that night. I was very surprised I couldn't get her out, and I doubt myself a bit more than before because of that experience.

Maybe this experience with the Scorpion will also end up in a sting.

Or maybe I blew myself out with the fake boob comment.

I'm not sure what will happen. We never know. "Maybe" we'll get together next week. She's a hot little girl. It seems like I fit the smart, older man that she likes to date. She fits the young, tasty girl profile that makes a grey wolf like

me hungry.

And it’s gift to run into another young, hot girl that likes older men. She is a type. I am a type. Sometimes types fit together. If not her, another of her type, perhaps.

We’ll see.

My education continues.

Viva daygame.

NYC: Chinese Fashion Girl vs Yohami's Greatest Hits, +0

Nash · 9 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

This girl is my last, and richest story from my NYC daygame trip. I'll do a wrap up later on broader themes, but this is the last girl-specific episode from New York. In this story we have another "close call report." It's another "pull" and another +0. And a mix of frustration and pride to end a difficult but interesting experience of daygame in NYC.

When I announced this trip I mentioned that while I'm having some great sex with Miss Thick, I haven't had a new lay in a while. Sex, but no new girls. The "notch hyena" howls with neglect.

It occurs to me as I write this, that perhaps I am in another "cocoon stage" of this path. That is: some dormant, non-thriving stage where I am going through a metamorphosis (collecting a new chorus of reference experiences), and changing from one state to another.

That is likely some mythical bullshit right there ^, but this story had a lot of learning moments in it. So did this trip. I'm still, very much, trying to learn from these days of game.

In that spirit, I was rereading some old posts of mine. Many aspects of the story about this girl — Chinese Fashion Girl — are almost identical to other girls I've dated and written about. I was looking at those posts and the comments from "the mythical Yohami." That guy has some red-hot knowledge about this dance. Several times on the dates with this girl I thought "WWYD" (What Would Yohami Do?)??

So this post is a story about a girl from NY. I'll go over my two dates with her. And it is also a showcase of Yohami's thoughts as they apply to my real-life situations with daygame girls. And how I'm trying to learn from what Yohami has to say, revisiting his lessons date after date. Again and again.

(EX: He has been kicking my ass in comments this week. It's humbling, but I'm grateful.)

First, some back story on her…

I was out with Runner on my 2nd day on the street. The Chinese Fashion Girl was the 26th girl of the day, 2nd to last. One of five leads that day. This was one of my best days out on the street that week, and I should would have kept going, but I had a date with the teenager, so I cut off game around 6:30 to get ready for my date… but let's stick to this particular girl.

Fashion Girl is relatively short (which I like very much), maybe 5'2″. She is thin, certainly under 100 pounds. She is not supremely beautiful, but in the approach, and in all the time I spent with her, I was unapologetically into her.

Runner and I were out on 5th Avenue and I was about to approach when she cut to her right and opened the large glass doors to Topshop (Topshop NYC, not London). My vibe flows pretty well for in-store game. I approached, she took it well… in a quiet way.

Quiet. That is a big part of what she is all about. I like that about her.

Right away, the spell was in effect. I think for both of us. We had good chemistry and
I felt drawn to her. At this point in the trip I had done almost 60 approaches, but the quality of the lines coming out of my mouth were different with this one. Not "great game," but more authentic game. Slower game. Richer game.

David Burn at LongBurnTheFire posted a few notes about winging me, and he says that I "found something about every approach to increase [my] state." David is a smart guy, a great daygamer and an excellent wing… but that is not exactly correct. He saw me in two sets back to back where something special was going on with the girl. Shorts sets, but special ones. Neither of the sets David saw me approach even hooked, but they both "did something" for me, and I came away feeling "alive." My Fashion Girl here was another of these "special" interactions. She lit me up. And unlike the two David saw, this one hooked.

I took her WeChat. I also gave her a sticker, one of a big batch I had brought to NYC. It looked a bit like her. She

liked it. We were connecting on art. She has a serious art background. Two separate art degrees from high-end art schools. She is currently a textile designer.

Here's how the opening messages went (a variant on Tom Torero's classic opener):

> NASH: You were very charming today.
> NASH: Are you always so kind to strange boys from California?

"Kind" is callback from when I approached her. And if you know Asian folks… they use "kind" a lot. And to the structure of Tom's post… I like this flavor of "question" as a way to engage her on the ping.

> HER: Haha, nope. I not always kind to people who chat me up on the street
> HER: But I found you are an interesting person so I wanted to stay and talk with you

By "street" she means Topshop (she is fucking up my story here). But you can see her "yes" in these opening messages.

> HER: Have you been walking around on the street talking with girls and giving your stickers all day?
> NASH: Haha… all the girls talk to me.
> NASH: I am so innocent
> HER: Innocent people never say they are innocent. :)

This ^ is a great example of what she is like.

She is deeply feminine, but she speaks her mind and shows her intelligence in everything she does. All this took place later that night, after the pickup, but this kind of energy from her is likely what drew me too her in the shop… that quiet, conservative cleverness.

There was more that night… and I reopened the next morning. I called her "shy" (something Sundance and I have been experimenting with). She rejected that… but hadn't gone silent. I might have been over-gaming her, but she was still with me. I offered a date for that night (the day after I met her), or "maybe" the next day.

> HER: I'm not sure I can meet today maybe tomorrow.
> NASH: Hmmm, okay.
> NASH: Maybe tomorrow could work…
> NASH: Let's have tea when you're off work…
> NASH: If we're having fun, I'll take us to dinner.
> HER: Sounds good.

More of the "maybe dance."

So, Wednesday I had no date (yet), so I hit the street, and had a long, painful awkward day, but ended up on the i-date late that night with the Preacher's Daughter. The next day was Thursday. Two nights left in the City… and I had my potential date set up with this Fashion Girl.

She almost cancelled (I know this only because she did not, in fact, cancel) because she had food poisoning (not sexy), but she came out anyway. I actually think she intended to cancel that afternoon, but I lead well. Sensing she was about to back out, I asked her where she was, found a meetup spot on Google maps between her and I, sent her the location, and made the date happen.

If I hadn't been confident, and hadn't led well in that moment, this story would be over at this point. "She cancelled. The End." But that's not what happened.

> HER: Nearly there
> HER: Come out please

She showed up.

Our first date started at a Starbucks on the east side, near 5th Avenue. Tea. Conversation. She was wearing delicious perfume and was generous about giving me her wrist for direct access to the girly smell she wore. In fact, she reapplied it all night, clearly for me. Good girl.

She went to art school in London. And her quiet voice comes out of her mouth with a slight British twang to it. She speaks slowly. I don't think she is a bubbly, or overly happy girl… but she was having a good time with me. I was enjoying her.

I put us a in cab and shuttled us over to the west side to what turned out to be an excellent Japanese restaurant, the best meal of my trip.

Cutting through Central Park, we made it to the restaurant. She got a bit queasy on the ride over, saying she still felt sick and that her blood sugar was low. She rolled down the window to get fresh air. She said she had intended to cancel, but didn't want to disappoint me.

By the time we arrived she was happy. We sat side by side, eating excellent food and chatting. I touched her a lot.

After dinner she said she needed to get home and I walked her to the train station.

Great vibe. I did my "c'mere" at some point and she rejected the kiss.

That was three girls in three days not kissing me. Fuck you, NYC. In some ways that sucked. In some ways, it made me proud.

As we took a long walk in the warm October evening toward her train, I tried several more times to connect to those lips. She rejected me each time, but she loved it. Like so many girls, she seemed to like it more and more each time I tried.

I had other girls messaging me that night (and was planning on running game all afternoon the next day, so SDL was possible…), but this was a good date. I liked her and she liked me, which made me want to invest more time in the potential of she and I.

At the station, I had made up my mind: I was going to offer her my last night of my trip (which was the next night). This was strategic… given the good date. The fact that I'd tried to kiss her (over and over) made the context clearly sexual. The fact that she liked it meant we had a good frame for sex if she'd see me again…

As we arrived at her train I asked if she had plans for the next night… and she said she did. I know my face betrayed some brief disappointment, which she seemed to enjoy. But she had an odd smile on her face. And then she said, "… with you."

Oh. She got me there. She is a clever little thing. Good deal.

So it was on.

The next night, we met at 6 PM. I researched yet another restaurant near her train stop and we ended up having a fancy dinner (which was more money, less fun, less comfortable, and less delicious, than the night before).

We connected easily and dinner was fun, despite the stuffy place I'd picked out. As we sat at dinner, I considered my options… she doesn't drink much. Some, but not much. And she doesn't like desert. Both those are classic bounces, and I knew neither were her thing. I was going to just go for the pull back to my hotel… that was my plan.

We walked outside and I did just that… pointing out that she doesn't like desert, but I wanted to spend some more time with her, so she should come to my hotel. It wasn't explicitly sexual, but it was as obvious as it is here.

She said no. And she smiled. And she said it was fun to watch me run my game (she didn't say that exactly, but that was the gist of what she said). She said she wanted to spend more time with me (and she was very soft when she said that), but that she couldn't come back to my hotel.

I didn't get a "yes," but she was a happy girl. She touched me as she told me she wanted to spend more time with me. She was into it.

Let's add in some Yohami lessons now.

Here is something I said in May when I was in a very similar situation with a different girl:

> NASH: I said… "Well, now I will give you two choices. You can come back to my place for desert…or we can take you to your train."

This ^ is shit game. And Yohami let me know:

> YOHAMI: See how I've been saying that you transfer the power to her and become passive.
> YOHAMI: Like this you're stopping in the crucial moment and having her decide what is going to happen. She's the one in power:
> YOHAMI: My read is that you're expecting her to do something so you can follow, as opposed to you taking the initiative and let her follow.

Excellent breakdown by Yohami here. I am very happy to lead, but I did give the girl in May "the power" on that date, when I offered her the next steps as a question (AND a choice between two things… one of which was her going home). That's fucking dumb.

Here he is saying it in another comment from February:

> YOHAMI: You transfer the power to her, and make her to be the one in command, so now if she wants the dick she has to verbalize it, which goes against her nature.

He's right, of course. But that was then. This is now.

In this case, I wasn't asking. I was clear and made her a straightforward, confident offer. So I had gotten past that level of mistake. I was leading. No "two choices" when that isn't necessary (or smart), and more importantly, not asking her to make decisions or "lead" in any way. I was (as Sundance would say) "doing my job."

Since she wouldn't come to my hotel, I had to come up with something else. I told her about that rooftop bar. The same place I took Preacher's Daughter the night before. She agreed.

And then, before we went to the bar… I kissed her. Her lips were closed and a bit stiff, but it landed.

> NASH: Okay, well, that counts. It wasn't a good kiss, but it was a good start.

I told her this ^ after the kiss. My chance to playfully play the critic.

> HER: You said my kiss is "not good."
> NASH: Yeah, you'll have to try harder next time.

I was "breaking rapport," but it was a tease and she knew it. And she smiled. We both did.

A cab. The two of us heading to that rooftop bar. As soon as I had her in the elevator, I kissed her again. And that one was solid. Wet and enthusiastic. I could tell she was much more into it when the kissing was private. Some girls are like that.

The host was the same guy as the night before, and he recognized me, and was very cool to me again. He put us against the wall, under the speaker where it was a little quieter. She drinks (a little bit) so we sipped cocktails. I told stories. I touched her.

She talked about how she is passive. About how she wants a man to do "everything." She's got a sophisticated eye and she knows what she wants, but she likes being passive. She loves that I can keep talking at will. She told a story about a guy that got nervous because she is quiet. "Don't you have anything to say to me?," he asked her on a date. She did not. What I loved about her (her quiet passivity), freaked that guy out.

And she told me stories about getting picked up. About how sometimes when white guys approach her, she pretends that she doesn't speak English.

She said she's not afraid to make it hard or awkward on a guy if she doesn't like him or if he's doing a bad job. Girls can be mean, she was basically saying as much, she took some pride in her rejections of those guys. She wasn't showing off here. She was admitting that we were both in the Secret Society… and that, in her eyes, I was not one of those guys.

And she talked about how some guy picked her up in a park, while she was sitting with her mom. She went out with him a couple times. He tried to "snake seduction" his way into her life by trying to paint with her. (I bet it was too much painting, not enough escalating.) He was boring. She stopped seeing him.

I pawed her thin body mercilessly as we sat on soft leather cushions in the warm air of the Indian Summer. And I held her hand. And I used the noise of the DJ to get close, and whisper in her ear. She was leaning in to me. The bubble was rich.

At some point, I knew it was time. I remember feeling serious.

I told her I was ready to take her back to my hotel. That's how I said it. And she started to shake her head (in a way many players have seen). I told her that just because she is coming back to my hotel, doesn't mean she is agreeing to sex. And I clowned a bit… "Maaaaaaaaybe we'll have sex, but there are no promises." And she smiled. And I took her hand, and she stood up… and we left.

> YOHAMI: …still asking and announcing. There's yet more margin for you to act and lead and take it. You can use your hands and your body and get it done, it's easier than to ask, takes less energy than to follow. Let it happen. See where you want to go and go. She'll come along.

This ^ from Yohami is about another girl, but I think I was close to doing what he is saying here on this date. Yohami likes "physical leading" better than verbal leading (better than giving her choices… better than asking… better than being a passive dumbass).

(I am really getting this ^ part as I write this piece.)

> YOHAMI: Yep, you're getting it. Let's isolate it here:
> YOHAMI: Non verbal communication takes an instant, doesn't consume your energy (since it's put to action as soon as you have a desire, you see the path, you take it), and it creates energy

> YOHAMI: The nudge is power. The question is not.

The physical leading is powerful. And the verbal-questions are not. I'm starting to get that.

> YOHAMI: Good game is when she never has to add a little energy to choose. That's what I'm referring to when I say that you take the accelerator and let her have the brake, but then you drive in a way she never has to use the brake. She has control but is never required to use it, because you're the one taking action.

^ Yohami magic, right here.

In this case, I could feel I was doing about half of the work with my body. Just standing up, taking her hand. I did some talking, but this was better than talking.

> YOHAMI: So, try it next time. Shut up and do. Tell her "let's go to my place" and leave it like that.

^ When I said, "Okay, that's enough, I want to take you home," I was serious, calibrated, and 100% committed. It really didn't occur to me she'd say no. But she did. She refused. Mildly. Just part of the dance.

> YOHAMI: Dont oversell, dont offer extra comfort, dont do any extra negotiation – there's nothing to negotiate.

Here I failed Yohami's test a bit as I said "it doesn't mean we'll have sex." It worked (I think), but is less than ideal. I did negotiate a little bit.

And some part of me still feels like this is decent game. I know I told her "I will definitely kiss you," and I still like that line. It's honest, and to me, this is like saying "I know you're not stupid." Maybe I should just STFU and go back to the hotel, but I think telling her something she already knows won't hurt you in this instance. It's a way to be real. You're not "tricking her." She knows what's up and you're treating her like a grown up.

When I was in Tokyo, I was using "gelato" (as an alternate to Cheesecake) as an excuse to come back to my place. As Yohami was coaching me about my efforts to get the Chinese Virgin to come back to my apartment in Tokyo, he said this:

> YOHAMI: She'll ask what for, say "same we are doing here but better" or "I have the best gelato in the world" and kiss her.

That ^ is great game.

My Fashion Girl was not into public affection, but I still like this line combined with his note about kissing her at that moment. And this is him doing his "ramp" (I believe), but in an atypical order… he's not ramping to the kiss. He's ramping to taking her home, but as he delivers a perfect line, he can then kiss her and she'll love it. The line is a ramp to the kiss. And the kiss is a ramp to the bounce. Good game.

> YOHAMI: When she's there and you go for the gelato you'll find, probably to your surprise, how much she's there for the sex and not the ice cream – even though you NEVER talked about sex.

Okay. Yes. He's right.

Anyway, Fashion girl was a yes at this point. And we walked the two blocks to my hotel. Across the shiny floors, up to the 15th floor, key card, and there we were… in my room.

I had her put on some music that she likes. And then I pushed her back onto the bed. I asked her one time if she was comfortable, and that was it. For legal reasons and more, I think one clear moment of communication where you check in with her is smart. But I have overdone this before:

> NASH: I had told her 100 times she could leave any time she wanted.
> YOHAMI: The question is why? what made you say that.

This is from yet another date with a different girl where I kept checking to see if she wanted to leave (that girl was a young virgin, and very nervous). I did it too much. That wasn't my main problem on that date, but I'll never do that again. The comments from Yohami there are painful to read, but he is right. And there are some basic lessons there I am still trying to learn and digest.

So Fashion Girl and I are back at my place. I have her on the bed. We're making out… and she's starting to warm up. I get her shoes off. I take off her dress. She is in tights and a tank top. The makeout gets hotter… but she won't let it go any further.

I get her bra unbuckled, but she won't let me take it off. I tried several times. I push all the fabric aside and suck her surprisingly large nipples (that are on otherwise quite small boobs). She is hot. She kisses me, and likes it when I pull her on top of me. She bites me and grinds on my cock… but will not let me take her tights off. I tried. A lot.

> YOHAMI: If you stop being willing to push against a resisting girl (which means acting before time, therefore making her push the brakes and take control), and instead tease and then double down when she's aroused (which means she never pushes the brakes, and you have control) you'll likely stop experiencing this stuff.

Here again I think Yohami is right. But I think I was doing some of what he recommends. I was teasing her. I had her turned on. She had a wall, and I'm not convinced it had much to do with me or my (lack of) game.

She was turned on, no doubt. But at each stage when I tried to get us "over the threshold," she was a real "no."

> YOHAMI: In the big picture you're telling her to follow you around to many places and she's doing it. Because she wants the cock. Make sure you make it happen.

He is right, in most cases. And most men underestimate themselves, the girl, and the situations. Most men fail to escalate. I know from situations likes Miss Macau that you lead, escalate, and fuck the pretty thing. But in this case, I don't know what else I could have done.

This is what was coming out of her mouth that night.

> HER: I want to have sex with you…
> HER: I know it would be amazing…
> HER: But I know that tomorrow I will feel bad
> HER: I cannot have sex with you because you are leaving tomorrow.

We spent some time in this stage. I'd kiss her, touch her, push my hand down the back of her tights, or pull them down across her hip and suck her hip bones, and then she'd push me away and make certain her tights returned to her waist.

And then she'd hug me. And kiss me. And bite my nipples. She was sweet, and sexy, and happy… but firm about not letting me go any further.

Goddammit I tried.

Eventually I made other offers… that she should sleep over. She smiled and refused. That we had two beds, and she should cuddle with me all night (if nothing else), but if not that, she could have her own bed (I was assuming that wouldn't last), but she wouldn't concede.

> YOHAMI: You're introducing a lot of noise here and disqualifying yourself.

This ^ was his comment from my story of the Chinese Virgin, where I played up not having sex, but just coming back "to fool around." In this case this was a last ditch attempt to get her to stay… not a perfect story, but dammit I tried. I really assumed she was going to say yes… but she did not.

> YOHAMI: When she wants dick all she has to do, naturally, is to put herself in a situation where you can make a move, and she can reciprocate the move by being receptive.
> YOHAMI: SHE IS GOING TO YOUR PLACE TO FUCK YOU.

Was she? Was the Preacher's Daughter there for sex two nights earlier??

Yohami's certainty is hard to argue with, and yet… not always so.

Here's what I think:

This girl was close to 30. She is somewhat conservative, but she isn't naïve. I think she has fucked a few guys, and maybe a few that weren't "long term" status. I think she has fucked and that was it. And I think it did make her feel bad.

I think she's right. I never said that to her, but now, weeks after this date, I am agreeing with her. I think the sex would have been great. And I would have enjoyed every second of it, and the sleepover after.

But I think she is right… this particular girl would have felt bad the next day. Her saying "no" was her being wise and self-aware. It was NOT "token anti-slut defense." It was real ASD.

And it's not that "fuck and run" isn't fun and a good thing for some women. I know some girls want exactly that. I know I've been with girls that had a very good time with me with fast seduction and a very short-term engagement. That is all true. I have no "purity fantasy" about these girls.

It's that it isn't fun for her. Not now. Not anymore. Not in this case.

I believe her.

> YOHAMI: All these promises of comfort because you think putting your big dick in her is something she'll have to suffer or endure or be uncomfortable about, instead of the very thing she craves and needs and came to the date for.

No, that's not what I think. Yohami gives excellent advice, as most men won't lead and won't pull the trigger. I did lead in this case. And I was more than ready to fuck this little girl.

But this one is not trying to ride the cock carousel. Good for her.

I did everything I could to fuck her that night. She liked me very much and sent me some very heartfelt texts after I left town (for several days). She liked me. But she's right. To get fucked and left in NYC wasn't going to make her life better. She didn't need another cocking. Some girls want that. This girl didn't.

I don't think I'm being soft or naïve here. I think she's smart.

Sex is a good thing. For us and for the girls. But there is another side of a man's knowledge that wants us to have 100+ lays but the girls to have "just a few." Krauser says he wants a girl to have two lovers: him and her future husband (something like that). I think Krauser and this girl are kind of on the same page here… she's already fucked a few Krausers. And I'm not her husband. She doesn't need any more extraneous dick.

> YOHAMI: But she did. She knows what's up. She went there for it.

Yohami is always right.

Except that even though she was in my room, she didn't want the cock on this night. She did not, in fact, come there "for it."

So what was she there for? And what about the girl the night two nights before? Preacher's Daughter wouldn't even kiss me, but sat on my bed at 2 AM while I ran my hands over her and tried to escalate. She loved it too. The Fashion Girl would kiss and grind, but wouldn't fuck. She'd lick my neck, but wouldn't let me get my hands down her pants.

Why were they there?

> NASH: I am operating under the theory lately that girls run a ton of completely 1/2-assed experiments. They're girls, not "master planners," so they throw up a tiny effort… and often, because of US… that is enough.

This ^ is from a response I gave to a comment on my story about the Preacher's Daughter. So… I think they liked me. I think I was like that last drink you have at the bar when you've already had enough… you don't need it, but you want it, because you don't want the night to end.

I think that's what was up with these girls.

Both those girls liked the buzz I gave them. I think, with more time, the Fashion Girl definitely would have fucked me. And maybe, with the right circumstances, the Preacher's Daughter might have fucked me too. But on this trip, it was not meant to be.

Fast seduction was too fast for those girls.

> I don't know why for some guys it's so hard to accept that for most of the girls fucking a random foreigner will never be a high priority.
>
> — tddaygame (@tddaygame) May 3, 2017

I argued with Tom from TDdaygame when he posted this ^ (he's since deleted that Tweet). But maybe he is right… they just weren't that hungry for out-of-town cock.

Fast sex is available, but in general, "six days" is a short timeframe to try to pickup and get laid. It can be done, cetainly, but it's sub-optimal and you lose a lot of girls as you're too transient to have much appeal.

> TOM TORERO: How long should your trip be? A long weekend is too short, one week is still too tight, but two weeks is the ideal timeframe.
> — Street Hustle

Tom thinks "any longer than two weeks, and burn-out/fatigue kicks in." I disagree. I was loving it at 4+ weeks in Tokyo… but I agree that one week was "still too tight." For a one week trip, you have to find girls that "only want sex." If they want anything else… or even "sex + a little something else"… there just isn't enough time. So you get maybe's turning into no's.

I had two seemingly close calls. Two girls in my room, on a one week trip. I don't think I was amazingly lucky (I think I was a bit unlucky, actually). But I'm proud of what I did.

> YOHAMI: She was for the sex the whole time.

Maybe. I know some guy could have fucked one or both of those girls. But I ran proper game. I'm no newbie. My inner game issues are fine, I put in the time on the street, I closed a lot of leads, I got three girls out in 6 nights (four dates total), but I couldn't close them.

Perhaps with more time.

And meanwhile, I know I'm not making the same mistakes I was earlier in the year. Some of the same mistakes, I'm sure, but not all of the same mistakes.

For the second time that week I took a girl back down in the elevator, happy (her) and unfucked (me). I sent the Fashion Girl home in a car. She left having had a very good experience. She messaged me for a few days after I was back in California… but I let it drop off. It was a NYC thing. It's over now.

I am left with her slow quietness. I loved the contrast of her slow, feminine quiet versus the endless shriek and wail

of the streets of New York. I did. She was charming. I wish I had fucked her. And that she had spent the night. And that we slept close. And fucked again in the morning. And that she was happy about all of it.

But that's not what happened. It was a bit frustrating. But it was fun. It was a good experience. I'd do it all again.

Thanks, Yohami. And thanks to all the pretty girls that give Yohami a reason to "put me on the anvil" and do his best to "pound me into gold." Thanks, man. I appreciate it.

You are fucking genius. And I am a willing and grateful student.

Viva daygame.

Tom Torero's NYC Daygame Infields || Volume and Warming Up

Nash · 16 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Have you seen this clip of Tom Torero doing daygame in NYC? Check it out. Highly recommend it.

Not only is it a very good example of daygame in practice, but the **consecutive approaches** help detail some of the basic tenants of the daygame learning curve. There is a lot to see here, and not all of it is on the surface.

Before daygame, I studied nightgame forever. Like, for years. A quick summary of those days might be that I learned to banter with bitchy, overweight, older girls in bars. And I drank too much. That's true. I was out with Hurricane and the Professor. It was fun… sort of.

Nightgame was never my thing, but I did get laid more often than my pre-game years. I didn't rely on my social circle for girls at all at that point, but my progress was at best a dotted line to the cold approach I had been practicing. I used the skills I was learning through my nightgame "practice" to pick up girls at restaurants, cafes, etc. I barely consider those days progress by my standards today, but I did get better.

It was only after I started daygame that I started to actually understand "the game." The difference was volume.

When I was into nightgame at bars… we would walk in, and look at all the couples and groups, and hope for a two-set of single girls to walk in unescorted. It mostly didn't happen. Really hot girls were rarely alone (or in pairs). I talked to 30 year old divorced women… or whatever was available. I had some fun. I had some drunk makeouts. I once went home with a girl that looked like Grimace from McDonalds (*humblebrag*)… but my "training" was mostly a bunch of weak interactions with girls for whom I felt little/no real attraction. And even then… if I talked to "six girls" in a night, that was "high volume."

I didn't get the kind of practice I need to really grow until I finally committed to daygame.

Daygame was a whole new deal. A steady stream of single girls, dripping down the sidewalk. More hot girls in a half hour than in ~~six whiskeys~~ six hours in a bar. If I did two hours on the street, I could talk to 10+ girls (every one of them hotter than the girls I was talking to in bars).

Daygame introduced me to proper volume. And that volume gave me a chance to really practice. To practice on girls that were properly hot. I learned how to take numbers. I learned more than that.

Volume changed game for me. Volume… is why I got ~~good~~ better. Daygame is why I got better.

So now I'm known for my strong advocacy for volume as the key to getting good with girls. It's true for nightgame as much as it is for daygame… but I don't give a shit about nightgame.

In the community we debate the concept of "a numbers game." That concept is controversial, only because that

sometimes sounds like there is no skill to it. That volume is the same as “spam approaching,” and of course that is not true. It’s not subtle, but I can see why some folks don’t get it. It IS a numbers game, precisely because you cannot develop the skills (of approaching, let alone seduction) without the practice that comes with doing this with a lot of girls.

A lot of girls. You talk to a lot of girls, or you never fucking get it. Period.

A lot of approaches. A lot of numbers. A lot of dates (like a fucking lot). A lot of lays. A lot of introspection to help tease apart what worked, what didn’t, what it all meant when something actually went well. A lot of sex. A lot of wondering about that too.

A lot of volume. Or you’ll never begin to understand this game. Anyone that says otherwise is a goddamn liar.

Yeah.

So back to Tom’s daygame infields…

I like his footage purely for its face-value. A daygamer in his element. Full yes to that.

But I like it even more for its progression. We can see Tom improve from set to set and that progression can show us something about how to train for this kind of sport.

> SET #1: 0:21… opens with “sorry.” Mechanical set. Tom is good at daygame (no doubt), but this one is clunky. You can hear him pumping a little bit of emotion into it (“thank God!” at 0:42). But he’s talking too fast. And the set is too short. He sort of forces the close. She rejects it. No surprise. As he would say, “First one, worst one.” Fine.

Then…

> SET #2: 1:20… opens with “excuse me.” The Mexican girl. This one is a little smoother. They go back and forth. Like his Stealth Seduction, I can (painfully) hear myself in some of his mechanical awkwardness… the feel of him rather lovelessly marching through “the model.” Her laugh is fake, artificially high. She is trying to get out of it. He rams in the close… she says, “this is too much, but thank you.” She is a nice girl, but that’s no love connection.

They can’t all be love connections. But the lack of flow in this one might not be “chance.”

Game is about “the cards” we are dealt as much as the skill of the player. So this isn’t just Tom… the random chance of ~~the cards~~ each girl is always a part of what we’re watching, no matter how good the player is or isn’t.

But, notice this: these sets are in order. You’re looking at him doing a number of sets, in order, in a row, in one day, over just a few hours. (It’s extraordinarily rare to be presented with infields in this format.) You can watch his “vibe” in terms of how many he’s done… and what warming up does for his game.

I’m pointing to volume. I’m pointing to vibe. And I’m pointing to Tom warming up.

> SET #3: 2:57… more “sorry.” I think I can feel him settling down a bit here… His pace is a little more “organic” sounding. I feel less “stiff” listening to it. You still feel him working (stacking through his stuff), but it’s getting better. He’s still talking too fast. She is a bit polite (3:58… “yeah,” fake laugh, then “yeah” again… sounds polite, but not into it). She volunteers some stuff after that, and is playing along. Her laugh is a little more real. Then he tries to close. It sounds weak to my ears, but she accepts.

3rd approach, and he is looking better. Tom is no amateur, but notice how this set sounds better. Not enough to inspire any envy in me, but he’s starting to sound more solid. That’s three…

Now check out this one:

> SET #4: 4:48… he's still "sorry," but listen to this set. "I love… your hair." Fucking solid. "Thank you so much." She gives him such a juicy response. Awesome. He's indoors, so maybe that is part of what helps him dial in his vibe. Slows him down. Chills him out. But as I listen to this set, it feels good. That is good daygame right there. This one is in a completely different league vs the first three. He is so much slower. His voice is deeper. Qualitatively better. More "bedroom-y." Closes much better. Good set.

Hot damn. Now I'm jealous.

He warmed up. This set, is in every way, better than the first ones. Could be a coincidence. Maybe this girl is just more into him, or more fun. Maybe she is just a "yes" girl. But notice the very first words out of his mouth… notice the tone. Before she can say much to encourage him or help juice his vibe: "I love… your hair." It's not the line (it never is). It's that "subcommunication." It's the pace of his voice. So much better here.

> Just remember, it's in the vibe, not the words
>
> — worldwidegame (@Amen8216) November 15, 2017

That comment from WorldWideGame is unrelated to this post, but the rule applies here too. Tom's vibe is better…. because he's warm.

For me… this is a perfect demonstration of the role of volume. As he gets a few sets under his belt, this one is suddenly rich, and slow, and creamy. This is the vibe that makes me want to get out there and daygame.

No. It's not a coincidence. There is reason that his first set wasn't that good. His "good vibe" doesn't really kick in until he's done a few approaches. He's obviously not a beginner. This is just how it works for most of us… most of the time… warming up, it's not just a beginner thing.

And volume matters.

He only shows us six of 10 sets here. He skips a few. #7 is okay (not as good as #4). He skips #8 and #9. Here is the last one:

> Set #10: 12:49… he's still sorry. But look at the pauses in that set. Go back and compare that to the pacing of his words in Set #1. He is racing to spit it out in #1. Not sexy. Nine sets later the flow of his words is languid. Nicely done, Tommy boy.

Not just total number of approaches… but total in the same day. You will get better with total volume… but your total volume will be more meaningful, when you do suitable within-day volume. 10 approaches per daygame session. More if you can.

This video is proof of what within-day volume can do to help cultivate and open up your vibe. And with better vibe, comes better sets. And reference experiences you can't get when you're not warmed up and you try to cherry pick a set here and there — always cold and clunky, never warm and effective. That's a formula to to remain robotic (like Tom's earlier sets).

Warm up, my brothers. Total volume and within-day volume. Both are important.

> "I don't bother with warmups anymore. The first couple can be a bit shakey but often my first set is also the best of the day. Last night I did 4 and the first set was the best."
> — RoyWalker

What Roy is saying here ^ is true. Sometimes my first set of the day is my best one as well. But rarely.

And lets be real… if you approach, you're warming up. "Warmup sets" are just sets… they still count. As long as we're hitting an appropriate number of girls per session, we're allowing for time to "warm up."

More importantly, "10+ approach days" will mean we're ensuring we get some measure of contact with the girls **after** we're warm. And the subsequent approaches will likely be smoother. It makes sense. We warm up. We do better. True in daygame as almost everything else.

> 3 approaches, 1 number. Still grinding as ever.
>
> — Jeff Tuco (@TheUglyDaygame) November 3, 2017

I'm stoked to follow guys like Jeff Tuco on the Twit. I am. I get inspired when I see him post about approaching.

But when I see "3 approaches," I know a guy isn't at the potential he could be if he hit "10" or "15" and really hit his stride. Jeff may be the rare guy that is "optimal" at low within-day approaches, but if so, again, he's an exception. Tom's magic set in this video is #4. If he had stopped at 3, he would have had one weak number. #4 was a solid one. And that set is one that shows me the best daygame.

> "I told him that he could probably cut a year off his learning curve if he'd head to midtown to find more foot traffic."
> — Nash

I made this ^ comment about Runner when he and I were out in NYC last month. This is maybe a better way of making my point…

Do you want to learn slow? Or do you want to learn fast?

There are no shortcuts. But what if more within-day volume meant you could cut a year off your learning curve? Same amount of approaches, but you'd be "good" a year earlier in your life. If that were true… that's a powerful opportunity.

I talk about "super days." A super day is a day when I get four or more leads in one day. With very rare exception, those are days when I do 15+ approaches. And it is also not that rare for me to date more than one of the girls from that kind of day. I do volume. I get warmed up and hit my stride. Sets start to click. I get leads. The quality of those leads are better on high volume days than the same leads might be if I had picked them off, one at a time, on a series of low volume days. And because the leads are better… I get laid more.

Daygame math. Volume. Cool.

Viva daygame.

NYC: Final Stats | I Broke My Promise

Nash · 28 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Here are the final notes on my NYC daygame trip… but first, a confession:

I promised to approach 30 girls per day, for five days. I was targeting 150 girls that week (I had my reasons for that number). I did not do that. I promised I would, and I did not. I want to own that.

When I tally up the numbers (and I just did), I talked to 127 girls in six days. That's a lot of girls… but 127 is not 150.

I am disappointed in myself that I made a promise and didn't keep it. And… that I was unwise enough to make the kind of promise I made (more on that in a bit). I can do better and I know it.

Making promises is a great way to hold yourself to the fire. My commitment did exactly that. And while I feel very good about that trip on many levels, I don't want to gloss over the fact that I said I would do something and didn't do it. I want the folks around me to trust me. And perhaps more importantly, I want to trust myself.

Alright. Confession is over. Let's get on with the post.

Here are my final numbers:

MON: 28 approaches, 1 lead
TUE: 27 approaches, 4 leads, 1 date with the Japanese Teenager
WED: 33 approaches, 2 leads, 1 i-date with the Preacher's Daughter
THU: 17 approaches, 3 leads, 1 date with the Chinese Fashion girl
FRI: 14 approaches, 3 leads, 2nd date with the Chinese Fashion girl
SAT: 8 approaches, 1 lead

So. 127 girls. Not bad for a week. It was an unwise commitment, but it did the job it was meant to do: I talked to a lot of girls. And I got three women out on proper dates. That's good work.

Why 150 approaches in a week? That's kind of insane… why do that?

I had a very short window to get laid and that was obvious to me. I really wanted to claim a notch while I was in NYC, and dammit I tried. It's totally possible to get laid in a week (or even an afternoon), but the shorter your trip, the more you're relying on luck. While "fortune favors the prepared mind," it's hard to be prepared when you're new in town. It takes time to become a "master of time and space" in a new location. "Amateurs talk about tactics, but professionals study logistics." I made excellent progress everyday, but I didn't have my local logistics locked down when I arrived.

I knew this ^ would be true before I left, so my plan was to compensate with extra work.

Since time was limited, the thing I could most control was my work output. So… I worked hard. And because of that work, I had some great adventures. 127 girls in a week is a bit ridiculous, but it did the job. I earned some stories and some time with cute young girls.

No I did not get laid. But the biggest issue I have with the week was the terrible approach-to-lead ratio. It's obvious my leads were very low given that amount of work.

I took 14 leads that week. That would be very good for a week… until you consider the number of approaches it took to get those leads. That was about one in nine approaches. That sucks. I am painfully aware of that. That is worse than at home (certainly), and worse than I did in Tokyo. But… in terms of total leads, it's great (great = 14 leads is enough to get something going). Again, even with a terrible conversation rate, the plan worked (to a point).

Should you get more than one lead in nine/so approaches? Yeah. You should. That's beyond obvious to me (at my level of skill/experience). In this case… part of my problem was that I freaked myself out.

Part of the reason why I didn't hit my goal (and why I could do it now, even if I think that's a foolishly over-aggressive work rate) is that the sheer weight of that commitment stressed me out. Days before I arrived I was already nervous. 30 girls a day is hard enough, and it's even harder when you've made a public declaration about it… and feel serious pressure to hit your number, every day, for five days.

Putting that kind of pressure on yourself makes your sets more "tense" and "forced" and that likely had something to do with why my approach-to-lead ratio was not great at all. I make no claims to being especially good at this, but I was even less-so with that pressure looking me in the mirror each day before I went out.

The girls weren't seeing the best version of me. That's for sure.

However… as the days went by, I loosened up.

This post is mostly all "business," so I'm not telling the stories about all the great interactions I had in those 127 approaches. Yes, I got blownout. But my wings could tell you all the times I "fell in love" or was charmed out of my sneakers by some daygame girl. There was the crazy-fancy power-shopper that I had a stare-down session with, the Chinese girls in the 50s dress, the girls that blushed… or made me blush.

And then there were the leads… and from those leads came four dates with three different girls in six nights. I dated four of six nights I was there. That's pretty awesome. I think that's better than I expected. This is the part of the story when I get proud. That is not easy to do. There is some skill there. All cold approach. No "pipe-lining" (in advance of the trip) via online game. Street hustle only.

And of those four dates, I had two of those girls back in my room. Not bad. If the Daygame Gods ~~weren't such cunts~~ were more generous… I would have had my notch.

As it is, if you're a skeptical spectator, I would imagine this would be more evidence that daygame isn't worth it. I talked to 127 girls and didn't get laid. True. And if you're one of the best in the world, I could also see you thinking this was lame… for those few guys, I humbly concede. There are men that are much better than me. That is for certain. Other men could have worked less, and gotten laid. Very true.

Once I got past the first few days (Monday was painful and Wednesday afternoon also sucked), I had a great time. Both on the street and on those dates. I did. Some juicy excellent moments. Overall, I am totally satisfied and came away more confident.

And while I broke my promise… I made progress in terms of my experience and education. And I collected more evidence that I can do this whenever, wherever. I worked very hard. And with more time, I know I could have produced more. And I know that if I could do those exact six days over, knowing what I know now, but starting over with all new girls, I also would have produced more… because I would have the confidence and logistics of a man with some local experience. That matters.

It was a great experiment. I'm quite glad I did it.

The place to get good at daygame is where you live, NOT while travelling. Period. But… if you want to "test yourself," test your game, "away game" is exactly that. A wild test of your ability to track, trap and close in a foreign land.

And beyond the experience with the girls, I had some great interaction with Runner. He and I have been friends for a long time, but we've never spent that much time together. I would have traded some of my results to ensure that time with him… but that wasn't necessary. We winged each other, and improved as daygamers in each other's company. And I also met and gamed with David Burn of LongBurnTheFire… also a great guy, and another chance to learn and share. And move forward.

It was cool to share the streets with my wings that week. Big thanks to both those guys.

So, NYC was awesome. It had volume, and volume equals opportunity. For a guy (like me) that likes Asian girls, the quality of girls was surprisingly similar to the girls in my little foggy town in California… but there were more

girls in general (NYC has a much bigger population than my town), and perhaps a few more Japanese girls, in terms of percentages (which I loved… Japanese girls… oishii desu).

And back to my commitment:

30 girls a day is totally doable. In Japan, I had no such commitment, and did 30+ on several days. But five days in a row?? I'd never tried that before… I do not recommend it.

30 girls a day, for several days in a row… is too much.

In other news, I'm going to Tokyo early next year. And I will approach a ridiculous number of girls while I'm there, I am sure. But I won't force myself to do 150/week. It may happen. But it won't be forced. That was a mistake I made in NYC that I won't make again. Goal setting is a great idea. But too much pressure is counter-productive. I will be wiser about that in the future.

30 girls a day… is too much.

About the stats:

> Time to fly back go mother Russia ??. A non-jaunt trip resulted with 2 daygame lays/2 new flags ?? ?? (3 dates & 32 approaches). I'll be back and hopefully get the ?? flag. pic.twitter.com/hMItdjXGwj
>
> — Seven Daygame (@seven_dg) November 24, 2017

See Seven pulling two lays in 30 approaches? I have never run game like that. Not even close. Obviously not on this trip.

In general, the stats I report are lower than other guys in the community (I'm thinking of Krauser, Roy Walker and most recently, those stats above from Seven). I'm not overly interested in comparing my stats to other guys. I want to compare my stats to my life BEFORE I had any daygame talent… and compare how I'm doing now vs how I was doing last month, or last year. The only competition I'm into is me vs my former self… and I'm winning there. No doubt.

With that said, there is a "story" in why my stats show low return on investment (I'm not complaining). I know I'm not that bad at daygame. I've seen enough other guys in the field to know I'm pretty solid. But I'll come back to this point in some other post. I have some theories.

BELOW I have more to say about this trip… In addition to my experiences with the girls, the NYC trip inspired some more thoughts about game and life. Below I go over a few loose notes I took on my plane ride home.

Alright.

Thank you, NYC. Thanks to my New York wings, especially Runner (great to hang out with you, man). Thanks to all the beautiful girls that danced with me on the sidewalk. It was another great adventure. Another chance to growth and to share some tales with this Tribe of Men.

I love this game. Very proud and happy to be a part of the daygame community.

Viva daygame.

"Different bait for different fish." This… is something that's been on my mind for a while. It was a vague formulation before I went to NYC. I thought about it a LOT while I was there. And will write about it more another time. EX: There is a pattern of how I end up with artsy girls… and with smart girls… and with high-end girls… and with sober girls. Over and over these are the girls I end up with. Both of the girls in my bed in NYC had advanced degrees in art. Fishing for femininity… all three girls I dated there were very feminine. Very much so. I ran Octopus game on them each time. More on this later.

“Leaning back.” The impetus of my NYC trip was a men’s seminar (the first weekend I was there). In an exercise at that seminar I got some feedback that I need to lean back. The man that was counseling me meant I lean in physically. I thought about it a lot, and I think it applies to me at the emotionally level as well, and at the level of attention I give women (but in those areas I’m less certain). I think “different bait for different fish” might help me make more sense of it all. Or maybe not. And then on the street with David Burn, he also noticed I “lean forward” (physically) a lot. David advised me to push my hips forward a bit to get me to lean back. That was great coaching. He has excellent presence on the street and I have been working to improve my posture and… lean back a bit more. I’ve asked Sundance to keep an eye on me and to speak up when I’m too “forward” with women on the street.

“Octopus game.” This is related to both of the points above. I have hinted at this a bit, but I’ll go ahead and spit it out now… This is about my “style” of seduction. The way I envelope the girl, both physically and emotionally. I’ve talked about the way I run my dinner dates… sit side by side, her facing the table, me straddling her, a leg on each side of her bar stool, literally wrapped around her. If an octopus could date cute Asian girls, I’m convinced it would look remarkably like I do on dates. It was the way I wrapped around Fashion Girl at Roof Bar. Or the way I held Siren when we slept. Or the way I used to feed my ex on dates when she/I were together (we’d only use one fork at dinner sometimes, we’d share plates and I’d feed her every bite). And the way I lean forward. I overwhelm these girls with words, with closeness, with knowledge, with leadership, with dominance in bed (girls are almost always passive/reactive with me… Even when they are active, it’s because I make them do it, pull them on top of me, tell them to suck my cock, etc.). Octopus game. Can an octopus lean back? Would it want to? I don’t know. I claim no innovations here… this is a description, not a breakthrough. This is me, exploring me.

“You get more IOIs with a wing.” It was very clear out with Runner that he and I had a synergistic effect when our vibes combined. If we each had an individual vibe of “3,” combined we were 10. And the girls could feel it. Runner said it’s because we’re having an interesting conversation, we’re “awake” on the street, we’re looking around, and we’re predators. Girls notice all that. I like it. I have never been into IOIs when I’m alone… they don’t seem to indicate much (I’d much rather surprise her). But when I get an IOI with a wing… much more indicative of something real. True also when I’m out at home with Sundance and YoungGuns.

“Venue game.” Another thing I took away from David Burn was “venue game.” At first, I hated the idea. I was daygame-centric, and assumed this was some kind of weasel to get out of cold approach. I was wrong. David runs cold approach, but sometimes a half-step removed from the sidewalk… and because it’s not out on the street, it’s a bit warmer. We did some approaches in his favorite venue (which I’m intentionally being vague about, out of respect for him… but the venue doesn’t really matter). I love his idea… I’m trying to find similar venues back at home. Warmer opens means more hooks. I’m 100% into sidewalk game. But David is onto something. I like it.

“Types.” For years I have been complaining that we often are too generic in our advice/discussion about game. We over generalize, meaning… we miss the nuance of “what kind of girl” vs “what kind of guy” and the “type of game” that best suits each combination. In marketing, the nuance of each “type” might be referred to as “segmentation.” But that word doesn’t work for most folks. Talking about “types” is easer for people to understand. I’m going to use that term more. The “Instagram” type. The “Business Girl/Career Woman” type. The “Shy Artist” type. The “SJW type.” Etc. A lot of interesting guys have written about types and I want to do a post on that topic soon.

“5th Avenue.” I did a bit of research and I didn’t see much emphasis on 5th Avenue as a daygame spot. A mention or two of Rockefeller Center, which is exactly where I mean. I was all about it. If I had to do over, I’d do 5th Avenue almost exclusively. High traffic. Lots of tourists. Lots of high-end girls… (goes back to “types”). Best time of day was 3-5 PM. 2 PM might have been good also, but it was hot when I was there (so I avoided the hot part of the day a bit). Gets LOUD at 5 PM… so many busses, but still very workable.

“Vibe by time of day.” You have your personal vibe, and there is also the vibe of the location… and time of day. I am more and more convinced that 2-5 PM is ideal for daygame. Most of us err toward 4 to 8 PM, as that fits our work schedule better (and that’s legit, I get it). But the girls on the street between 2 and 5 are qualitatively different than after 5. They are softer. Slower. Less of the “get home now!” after work crowd. I recommend that interval. I

would trade some of the volume around end of work for the “softer vibe” of early afternoon.

“David Burn.” The guy behind LongBurnTheFire is a cool, solid guy. It was interesting to be out with him, I felt like I was learning from him almost immediately. He hasn’t hung out with many community guys, so he never gets real-life feedback. He does a lot of things very differently than I do. From my POV, everything I should see in his game looked very good. Does a mix of direct/indirect. He might prefer less foot traffic than I like. He has studied several guys, including Roosh. Showed me “venue” game. Gave me good feedback on “leaning back.” He’s going to do very well. I’m stoked to know him.

“Jason Capital.” I stumbled into an old product by this guy about body language called “Advanced Body Language Seminar.” I watched/listened to this program while I did some client work in the mornings while I was in NYC. It was very good, and I have been thinking about his “OGSPE” advice when I’m on the street. I’m not sure Jason is coaching anymore. He seems cocky/conceited… but in a charming way. I bet he was very good in game. He’s a smart guy and that was a good product. Not sure that product is still for sale… if you can find it, it’s worth the hour/two to watch it.

“Joshua the Lift Driver.” As I was riding back to the airport to go home, my Lift driver was a Puerto Rican guy named Joshua. He asked how I was doing and I hinted at what I had been up to, he was interested, asked for more detail and I told him. He was then very interested. He went on to school me on game for the whole ride to the airport. Excellent head for game. I think he has studied a bit, but mostly, he comes from a culture that really gets male/female dynamics. He reminded me of Yohami, in many ways (Yohami would like what he had to say). One interesting POV was that he puts a lot of the emphasis on “she is choosing you, just don’t fuck it up.” And that sounds passive to me (and would be confusing to new guys), but I think that’s because he takes his approach for granted. He’s not worried about the approach (or himself)… so the focus is different for him. Smart guy. He’s in a relationship now.

“Gutter game.” On Wednesday of that trip I took my 2nd pass at Gutter Game (which I am not good at). I did three approaches after dinner that night and took the Preacher’s Daughter off the street, on a date, and back to my hotel (no sex). Gutter game doesn’t feel quite right for me yet, but that night I felt very “on.” I was looking for single girls walking around “with their eyes open.” That night is seemed obvious who was ready. And I wasn’t at all surprised when I hooked that girl and took her on a date. I tried this in Tokyo and didn’t go well (perhaps because I was in a terrible mood at the time). Did I just get lucky in NYC? Maybe I should try late night game here at home? I bet this is MUCH better with a solid wing… I’d like to explore this more.

“Morning Game.” We were out on Saturday at 11 AM in Runner’s neighborhood. So many hot, single girls. I’ve never done “morning game” before. It seemed very wholesome. Tons of beautiful girls. I should try more of this.

“Night game vs daygame.” I didn’t drink much on this trip. I didn’t go out at night at all… except to scout date spots or to be on dates. This is a theme of my game progression… I am more and more interested in trading the bullshit and booze of night game for better health/vibe for the next day when I can hit the streets again. In case it’s not obvious… I love daygame so much, I’m not at all interested in wasting time/energy at bars/clubs anymore. I love to drink with friends. And I love to dance (at clubs/festivals). But that’s not about game. For game… give me the day and the streets.

“Tourist Game.” I think the best odds of you getting laid when you are trying to game in a foreign city, is to game other tourists. I’m confident that’s not an original thought, but I’ve never heard anyone specifically say this before. Hitting on tourists is a good strategy if you’re a tourist. EX: Two of the girls I dated on this trip were tourists. And several of the girls I’ve fucked at home from daygame were visiting. You’ll do well with tourists as a daygamer, particularly if you can lead. Biggest disadvantage of being a tourist as a man, is your lack of knowledge/confidence in the local territory… Harder to lead local girls than it would be for a local guy with equivalent skill. You should be better than a local guy that’s low-masculine, low-leadership… but all else equal, his command of the territory will make him better equipped to impress with territorial knowledge and to be able to get around easy and take her home. Non-local guys should look clumbsy by comparison. But if you can catch a tourist, and you lead well, she

should notice no handicap.

“Logistical Notes.” Have good logistics, don’t underestimate this. You can out-game a local boy if you have better logistics. Logistics means… Having a good place for sexual isolation potential (private, no judgment, few roommates, close to central transportation to minimize her commute, to make it easier to go home after she has been back to your place, to make it easier to go out near your spot… all reduces friction for your trip). Having a place close to your hunting grounds make is easier to game, saves you time, allows you to pull if you have SDL skills, makes it easy for her to come to you, etc. Once you have your place nailed down, KNOW THE TERRITORY (immediately try all the food/drink/relax spots near your place, different lunch/restaurant spots every day to build a range of options and comfort with those options). You can even use your place as a talking point, and it gives you a reason why you’re out gaming (you live there) and you can accuse her (“why are YOU in my hood?”). You’ll know the food/drink, service people should be able to social proof you (and boost your state), you can pull easier (both SDL and post-date). Caveat is that this has to be a place with girls you like (see TYPES)… If you like hoodrats, all this needs to be in the hood… if you like young students, this needs to be near college area… if you like party girls, near the bars/clubs… fancy shopping girls, near the malls/shopping districts, etc.

“Attention, Affection, and Sex.” When I was out with the Preacher’s Daughter, I spit out some line that “relationships between men and women are about ‘attention, affection, and sex.'” I know I went this direction, as she was “no to sex” (for religious reasons). I said that what men and women need from each other is about getting high-quality attention (and I gave her the eyes), affection (and I demonstrated on her liberally), and that you can’t really know someone intimately without seeing what they’re like sexually (“there is an ease that comes post-sex”). All this was good “birdsong” material. She ate it up. I like it as more of “stuff I say to girls.” Sundance likes it too. I’ll use that angle again.

“Girl Tornado.” I did not quite get a girl tornado spinning in my six nights in NYC. But four dates in six nights is not bad. And I had girls texting me I wasn’t even bothering to read. That’s what the beginning of a tornado looks like… just not enough time to whip up a full “feeding frenzy.”

“No Daygamers in NYC.” I didn’t see a single daygamer out on the street. Not one. I’m sure there are many… but I never saw another guy other than me and my wings. I was out weekdays, but still. Hmmm. 5th Ave. Didn’t see a single guy out approaching.

“A Week Is Not Enough Time.” Six nights is totally possible to “get lucky.” Particularly via SDL. But, it was hard to warm up to a really aggressive “tornado level” game when you’re still adjusting to a city, and you don’t have time to build much critical mass and work your leads. In Toyko when I was doing idates almost every day, and eventually my SDL pull, I was super warmed up. So SDLs are the strategy for short term, but most guys don’t have themselves/town figure out short term. Practically speaking, SDLs are better for mid-long term trips… just like dates. For me, I’d plan to start with a long stay (2+ weeks), aim for a mix of SDL and date-based game, and expect things to “whip up” after a few days of number farming and pinging each day’s leads. By the time I got that far in NYC, it was time to go. I’m planning on gaming Vancouver next year… and I’ll plan for two weeks, min.

Cool…. that’s it.

Viva daygame.

Tom Torero is a Thief | Street Hustle Book Review

Nash · 14 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

This a review of Tom Torero's Street Hustle daygame textbook. This post is about his book. But maybe more so, it's an attempt for me to unpack why I don't trust or respect that guy. Not anymore.

There are different kinds of men in the world. I've met a lot of guys in the community. Some of them weird or sketchy. That's real.

Mostly, the guys I've met via pickup are solid guys. I credit Rivelino for emphasizing camaraderie among this community of players. I'm on board with that, 100%. We have a great opportunity to help each other, to share, and to get better.

I'll continue with a quote by a truly great man:

> "What is true belongs to me! Whatever is well said by another, is mine."
> — Seneca

I like that quote. And I have several smart and insightful quotes from Tom below… but unlike Seneca, in no way do I think Tom's a great man. That's where I'm going with this post.

I'll jump into the review in a minute… but before I do, I want to acknowledge that Seneca's quote is about how the truth can come from anywhere. And if it's sound, we claim it as our own. This is the nature of truth… it belongs to no one, and can be accessed and harvested by anyone with their eyes open enough to see it.

And there is also a difference between "claiming the truth" for yourself, and claiming yourself as the truth. Or in Tom's case, passing off the truth of others as your own. That's not subtle, it's easy to understand. I'll make that point in more detail below.

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Warming up…

It is very clear to me that in the small pond of the daygame world, Tom is a big fish. I don't doubt his skill as a daygamer for one second. In person or via his materials, he has moments as a great coach. We all know his stuff. And the reason we know that material… is because much of it is good. We can verify the "truth" of what he is preaching with our own experience.

Here are ^ some of the products from Tom that I personally own. If they look a little well-worn, it's because I carried them around and read every page. And I also paid good American dollars for his Stealth Seduction video product. I bought these not out of charity, but because I was interested in how Tom could point to the truth.

I continue to think Tom can point many of us in the right direction.

But over the last year or so… when I think of him, I get a little bit sick to my stomach. That's been the basic feeling. And I've been genuinely curious as to why? I used to love the guy. These days, as his name comes (and it does, so often), I'm constantly choking back the urge to spit when I hear someone mention him.

Why?

It's his character.

For me… he is (has become?) another shady guy in the community. It doesn't mean I can't learn from him. But more and more when I think of him, it's like asking a drug dealer for directions… he can tell you the way… but I wouldn't shake his hand. That's how I feel about "Sneaky Tom."

And after starting off as a serious fan of his contributions to daygame, I just about have it sorted out as to why I think so little of him at this point…

I bought Street Hustle over a year ago. I wanted to see what he would put into his first non-memoir book (Beginner Daygame was more like a pamphlet). But as my distaste for the guy had started to set-in… I wasn't super excited to read anything by him.

My reasons for reading this book at all were mostly about using it as a way to keep me thinking. I wanted to review his structure as a way to check my assumptions, to inspire me, and to keep me in the culture of daygame (which I love very much). Reading the book helped me in all of those areas.

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Getting into the review…

The book has very nice overall production value and is divided into three parts. Part 1., His "Introduction," which is

all context, what Krauser might call “windwank” or what is otherwise lecture-style material. Then Part 2., His “Toolkit,” which is an attempt to cover everything from the approach, to texting, to dating, to marriage. And then in Part 3., He lists and answers “The Most Common Questions.” That “question and answer” part does something smart… much better than just concepts. That’s definitely the best part of the book, by my standards.

Like Stealth Seduction, this book is NOT about daygame. It has good coverage of the topic, but Tom tries to bite off the entire mating/dating universe in this book. My wing Sundance comments that that range of subject matter should be done in a multi-volume set, not mashed into one book. I think Sundance is right.

I was disappointed in Stealth Seduction (his video product), in that is was hours of boring date conversation (like hours and hours and hours), when you might expect more daygame. This book is better than his video product (much better, actually), but has that same disconnect of relatively low amount of daygame. That is a weakness for me, and it could be a strength for some kid that has no dating or relationship experience.

I wouldn’t call anything about this book advanced. It’s a broad-spectrum primer. It is a “jack of all trades” approach, and that may be it’s strength, in some ways.

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Let’s get into the positives…

Here are some of my favorite moments in the book, things that caught my eye or that I was resonating on at the time:

> “Men advance; women retreat. Men go to leave; women block their exit.”
> — pg45

This is a good place to start for me. I first heard this quote in one of Tom’s memoirs (I think), and I loved it. There is a lot of male/female psychology in that line… and it explains a lot about how the dance progresses. We’ll come back to this quote later…

> “Between 2010 and 2012 I collected data from the hundreds of dates I went on, and I used the findings to determine my own dating model.”
> — pg57

This ^ is how he introduced the “Torero Date Model.” That is a rebranding of a product he did when he was at Daygame.com (which he doesn’t mention, hmmmm). It was called the Girlfriend Sequence. I saw the video product years ago. I’ve been on a lot of dates, so this was all a little too basic and simple for me… but could be a gift if you’re new to dating. Tom does a quick text-only version of “his” model in the book.

> “Game is a Trojan Horse that uses the promise of success with girls to break through to a better you.”
> — pg79

This is super wise. And explains the path of so many of us in game as we start with “tactics” (outer game), and limp into doing the personal change (inner game) which is required to get good with women. We eventually become better men… or we don’t get very far at all. I’ve referenced this as “alchemy” before, same basic concept.

> “It’s hard to judge where on the angel-devil spectrum a girl is at any point in time simply by looking at her… It’s important not to predict or judge, but to go and find out.”
> — pg85

For me, this is a reminder not to let myself weasel because she looks bitchy or whatever. This is a big part of why I

read the book… for this level of reminder. In comments like this, I feel like Tom is talking from experience, and I appreciate that POV. I still need to remember this when I'm on the street.

> "GIRLS BEHAVIOR: She stops for a second then carries on.
> FEEDBACK FOR HUSTLER: Paused before continuing on to Stacking."
> — pg129

This ^ is one of five examples of in a section on diagnostics. So this is about daygame (there is some specific daygame in this book). It's in Part 2: Torero's Hustle Toolkit > Street Hustle (which is his daygame section). That also gives you a sense of how the book is structured. The diagnostics are brief, but helpful.

> "I've found that having more than 3 girls in your 'harem' at any one time in the same location is enough. If you're sleeping with each girl once a week, it leaves almost no time or energy for going out and meeting new girls."
> — pg198

This is exactly my experience. This Spring, I had three girls in rotation for about a month or so, plus new dates with other girls… it was a little too much, and I certainly couldn't take on more. I didn't have much time or energy for daygame. These kind of notes from Tom can help to set long term expectations for what's reasonable.

> "Having more than one girl in your life, and multiple sources of affection, stops you feeling needy and inflating the value of girls."
> — pg198

This is a priceless lesson from game. This is still radically under-spoken and underappreciated. Most of us are trying to get *some* action, let alone multiple girls at once. And if you can get several girls spinning in your life… sounds like a chance to brag, sounds like a lot of sex (and it is)… but that really misses the point.

Lance Mason really taught me this lesson years ago. That "the first girl" quenches your "needs" at a chemical level. And then, once your basic needs of attention and affection and sex are met… each girl you meet, you can experience her for who she really is, beyond your needs. That is a powerful experience, and a very important milestone for men that make it that far in this game. Good stuff.

> "A good rule of thumb for a guy is to not get married and have kids before the age of 35… Sleeping around in your youth isn't just fun; it's also an inoculation against the common regret that married men feel at having left the field without having really played."
> — pg201

Great advice. Love it. Agree 100%. I'm trying to extend that out to 50 years old… and for the exact same reasons he cites here.

> "Pickup is just the outward manifestation of the core principles of inter-gender dynamics. It's impossible to complete or retire from the Game, because "Game" is the definition of biological life itself; how males and females interact on Earth."
> — pg208

That's some pretty jargon-heavy wording but I like that thought and I believe it. "There is no shelter from the SMP until the day you become totally disinterested in girls and social dynamics," says Tom. True, true.

Okay, that's some of what I liked about the book.

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In terms of basic “weakness” of the book…

Street Hustle is too much generic “how to” and not enough examples. A lot of writing in the community is like that. I believe that Tom *has*, in fact, been on hundreds of dates, and he could have told us more from the perspective of those dates. That is one-of-a-kind detail… but instead, he gave us generalities.

Personal examples are the best things we have to offer, as men of game. Because that is how we cut through the bullshit of theory, into what is “field tested.” But more than that, your personal examples are your own. They literally belong to you. Being original is not the point of all this work (it’s about girls and growth). And if you’re not full of “original ideas” (and there is nothing “original” in seduction) you can take a pearl of wisdom and add your personal experience to it… and you’ve created something new. I respect that.

Tom does some of that in Street Hustle. There are couple of examples of situations or techniques:

On pg118 his “humble brag” example is a solid demonstration and gives you a taste for his humor (Tom can be funny). Then on pg119 he gives an explicit example about how to “close strong.” There are some moments when he goes beyond “lecture” and “theory” with relatable experience… that helps.

But even when he cites specific examples they are pretty generic. Like “say something like this” kind of advice. There is a difference between “an” example and something real from your life… there is almost nothing personal and real in this book, and that’s a weakness from my POV. Tom has plenty of that material that would make this book more uniquely his, why not use it?

To get a bit “gory” here, let’s talk about sex with a girl on her period (Tom does in the book).

Here is Tom’s treatment of the subject:

> “It’s fine, we’ll put a towel on the bed.”
> — pg193

For comparison, here is part of a Krauser story from Adventure Sex:

> “I really dislike any talk of periods. As far as I’m concerned, girls are magical creatures who don’t piss, shit, bleed or vomit. Had this occurred a week earlier I’d have simply accepted it and arranged another date. However, I’d begun to buy into my own James Bond story. I wanted a conclusion. I asked her what day and if it was heavy, and she replied it was almost finished. ‘Have a shower,’ I said. ‘And see how you feel.'”
> — Krauser, Adventure Sex

They are different types of books, to be fair… but the level of personal detail Krauser gives in his comments (the “bloody details,” so to speak) make the education more valuable to me (and more interesting). And Krauser (::spoiler alert::) fucked that girl. So the details have context. You should read that book. It’s excellent.

Tom also mentions the shower, but it’s in this dry “textbook” kind of way. There is no story. That makes Tom’s book a less effective teaching tool.

And then I could point to a few places where Tom generalizes too much:

> “Once you’ve slept with a girl, the tables have turned and you’re now almost fully in control for a period of time.”
> — pg196

Really? Not only does this *not* match my experience with women, but it sounds remarkable like what a 13 year old might say, if he’d overheard his older brother talking and missed all the subtly of the lesson. Sounds totally

keyboard jockey to me. I wonder if Tom even believes that? I doubt he does.

I'll be personal here and say that in my experience, when I was AFC, sex meant something (usually because it took me forever to get there, and if the girl stuck around, she was really into me). But now that I can fast-seduce… I end up with a lot of girls where the sex is not a big deal or it was a "trial basis" only. They "hit and run." Tom's knows this, I'm certain. I think he's just passing out bullshit here. Out of laziness perhaps?? I don't know. Not good.

> "Create drama, not calmness."
> — pg270

So this… is some juvenile shit, IMAO.

> "The more drama you cause, and the more tears she sheds, the greater her attraction and addiction to you."
> — pg301

This is garbage.

At some retarded level it might be true, and on specific instances, I bet it is very true. With low self-esteem girls, perhaps. But for most of us… is this the men we want to be? Again, Tom gives us absolutely zero examples of how this might be true in his actual experience.

And meanwhile… even if Tom believes what he wrote, I call BS on this kind of game. Lance Mason's "Zero Drama Dating" sort of hints at different caliber of man ("Zero Drama"). And to practice what I preach here… I don't have any drama in my relationships. I don't. Drama is the reason I end relationships, it's not how I keep them going. And to be clear… it's the girls that bring the drama, not me. If you ever date Tom… I guess you'll know what to expect.

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Okay, that should give you a very good (and sober) sense for the nature of the book. I think I've been more than fair, up to this point.

Did I like it? Ummm, yeah, some. I wouldn't read it again. I might refer to it (and I have already)… for it's examples of daygame culture. And for a young friend of mine (he's 19, very little sexual experience), I did recommend this book.

If you want a very general, very broad review of game… this is pretty good. If you want hard-hitting daygame, there is a certain "potato head" that is a much better source in terms of textbooks. And even Tom has much better material in his memoirs.

Alright… that's enough.

…….

Okay. I did my review. I tried to be fair and show several examples of good material, along with some honest criticisms I have of the book.

The juice for me on this post is about why I used to like Tom (and I really did), and why it is that I no longer do. Let's get into that… and my rather intentionally insulting claim that Tom is thief — which I believe fully and will demonstrate below.

If he is a liar and thief (at some level), maybe you don't care. That's cool.

For me… I had been struggling to pin down why I used to like him, but now I want to "change the channel" whenever I hear his name. What changed for me?

The process of this post – and the thinking behind it – helped me sort that out.

…….

When many of us first encountered Tom, it was while he was at Daygame.com. The backstory was he was the "nerdy Oxford gent" turned seducer. I liked that story. I believed it. I actually think that part is likely true (maybe), and was charming in it's own way.

At some point, I think I remember Tom talking about how he had to change his wardrobe (am I making that up?). He was too "posh," and was getting put in the "nice guy"/provider box too often. This is all casual recollection here on my part, so don't quote me on this bit. But as I write this post, I think that is clue as to what happened to him.

Why does he make me sick when I think of him now? What is it that ruined him for me as a hero??

It wasn't only that I did a very painful review of Tom's Stealth Seduction video product. That product (which is the companion to this textbook) was gross to watch. Tom was gross. And I admitted over and over that I sound like he does on those dates in many ways. Maybe we're all gross to watch as we try to ply girls out of their panties. I'm sure I am, sometimes. But it's not just that…

There is something about his vibe…

I can't shake it… that feeling like there is something disease-ridden about him… this sense of "I don't trust that guy" has bubbled up around thoughts of him for the last year or so. What is that about?

I have been genuinely surprised and curious to change my mind about the guy.

Meanwhile… he is such a marketing whore that you can't get away from him. If you're into daygame (and I am), I would make the claim that no one in our space markets himself like he does. It's not just that everyone I know in the scene talks about his material and quotes him… even I do it. I cite him all the time.

So as the days go by, and I get glimpses of him… I feel like I'm seeing behind the curtain a bit. Stealth Seduction was part of that. But this book made it clear…

It's not just that Tom is a thief… but that is a clue.

Let's break that down. We'll start with the book:

It's little things, like this:

> "Tell her she has something on her face, and then pretend to remove it."
> — pg186

So that is part of how Tom teaches you "physical escalation." That's shit game, but that's not my point.

I've been studying game for years. I owe so much to the smart, active guys before me. If you read this blog, you know I am constantly quoting other guys. So in that example above, I believe that is ripped off from Mystery, straight out of The Game, by Neil Strauss. That irks me a bit. Partly because it's shit game and terrible, weak advice on how to get good with women. But mostly as that he is passing that off that "trick" as his own. Lame.

To be honest that's a weak example, here's another one from his book:

> "If you see a girl three times a week, she's your girlfriend. It doesn't matter what you say to her or what she agrees to – she's your girlfriend."
> — pg199

This is a really excellent point, and one that meant a LOT to me when I first heard it… but I first heard it in Zero Drama Dating by Lance Mason of Pickup101. This was almost 10 years ago. And that's not a generic point about girlfriends.

Here is what Lance said at the time:

> "The rule is: If you're seeing someone, three times a week, you're in love. Get over it."
> — Lance Mason, "No Drama Dating" (DVD2)

So Tom says "girlfriend" and Lance say "in love." Not a perfect match… but no way I believe Tom just happened to be so close to Lance on that thought. It's very specific, not a general pickup truism, and something I've never heard anywhere else but these two instances. It's possible that Tom and Lance both took it from the same source (maybe something like "The Red Queen??"). It's "borrowed" by Tom, I feel certain. And Lance said it better anyway.

As I read Street Hustle I kept having moments like this… these "borrowings." They pissed me off, watching him pass this content off as his own insights. He looks like an ass in those moments.

And I hate to see a former hero look greedy.

Greed. That could be a big part of the story. His genuine notoriety isn't enough for him. Despite his very real fame, he's running around stealing from his brothers and claiming it as his own… when he doesn't need any of that. And he is a long way off from camaraderie at that point.

This is a view into what I object to… he has no brothers. Everyone is a "mark" to him. Someone to rip off.

When I was writing about the Chinese Fashion Girl I picked up in NYC, I said I picked her up in TopShop (and I did). As I wrote that post, I was going to feature a comment or two about TopShop from the LDM guys. I never used a quote, but I did some research at the time:

Here is a guy named James Tusk talking about gaming in TopShop:

> JAMES TUSK: You're essentially in a brightly lit room, with a nightclub environment, because there's loud music playing, and only girls
> JAMES TUSK: Imagine if there's a nightclub on planet earth like this, and you're the only guy around, and absolutely loving it
> — Aug02, 2017

Okay, cool, whatever.

But as I was looking for another quote, I found this:

> TOM TORERO: Topshop's like a nightclub just without alcohol or men – it's three floors of girls all crammed into a small area, plus feel-good music pumping and zero competition.
> — Aug03, 2017

So, I'm not sure who James Tusk is, but I have a pretty good idea that Tom knows who he is… as Tom wrote almost word for word what James said, exactly one day after James said it.

No, I don't buy that as a coincidence. It's blatant, nearly word for word. What are the chances Tom would reference TopShop as a nightclub, exactly one day after James said it… when they are essentially competitors, in the same market as daygame coaches?

What does that mean to me? I am imaging Tom is out scanning other guys stuff, intentionally looking for things he can steal. Like he wakes up… goes to the internet… intending to steal. That's what he did on Aug03 this year.

Maybe some of these instances are, in fact, coincidences. But all of them? No way. It seems clear to me… Tom is a poacher.

He is so desperate (apparently) for content (maybe more than that) that he's out actively pulling "game" out of other hunter's traps. That's gross. This is a good example of why Tom makes me sick as I get to know more about his character. I think this is exactly what Tom "smells" like. It's foul.

So much for the "Oxford gentleman." He's plagiarizing. If he went to Oxford (and maybe he did not??), I'm sure he knows what it means to poach another man's intellectual property. It's small. And no matter how smart you actually are, it would get you kicked out of school.

And James is a relative unknown vs Tom's reputation, so maybe Tom figured he could sneak off with that idea (which isn't even worth stealing, but is clearly stolen, blatantly so).

How about this one, also from his book:

As part of the "10 Step Torero Physical Escalation Ladder" section (notice that he brands it "Torero," he very much wants credit for "his ideas"), he talks about "Three Criteria", and at that point, I already knew he was about to claim something that wasn't his to claim:

> "TOM TORERO: Tell her there are three things you love in a girl. The first is good smelling hair…"
> "Tell her the second thing you like is a girl who doesn't wear too much makeup. Say that the test for this is that if she kissed your hand and there's a lipstick mark…
> Finally, tell her you like a girl with a good taste in shoes…
> "Explain that good taste in shoes means a good taste in underwear."
> — pg185 (the book came out in 2016)

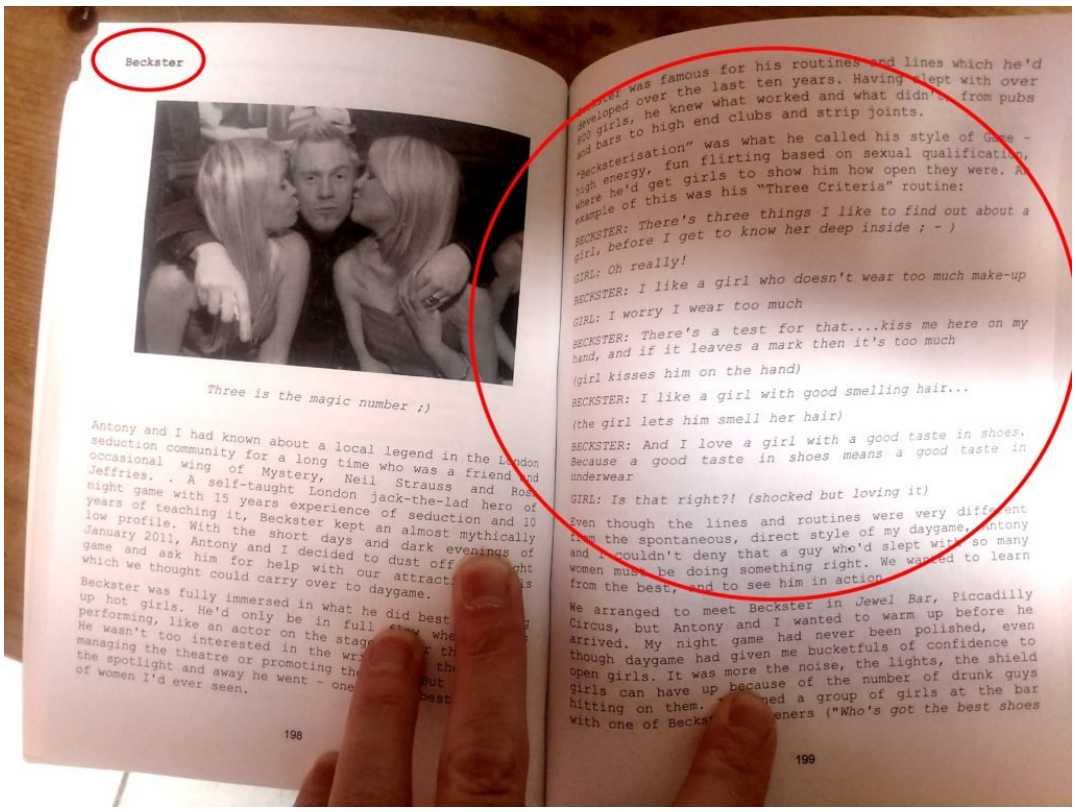
Oh really? That's a Torero technique, huh? Sounds pretty familiar to me:

> BECKSTER: "The first one is I don't like girls that wear too much makeup. There's a little test we do, put a kiss here and it leaves a lipstick mark…
> "I love girls with lush smelling hair…
> "I have a third criteria, I really like girls that have good taste in shoes… do you know why?
> "Because good taste in shoes means good taste in underwear."
> — From a London Saturday Sarge talk, 2012

So, for those of you that aren't old school about all this, this routine may have come from someone else, but it was made popular by Beckster. His version is much better, and is used in the context of qualification, not escalation… but from there, Tom copies Beckster nearly word for word. Tom "cleverly" swaps point #1 and point #2, but otherwise… word for fucking word. This so shameless on his part. Ripping a super classic routine and calling it his… sad.

Maybe Tom doesn't know who Beckster is, right?

Except anyone that has studied Tom (and I have) knows he studied Beckster. Like side by side in clubs together. This is all in Tom's book Daygame.



There it is… straight from Tom's book. It's got the word "Beckster" in the upper left corner, a pic of him, and the full routine.

Tom knows exactly where that routine came from, of course he does. Shameless. So, after learning from Beckster (winging him, I presume, at some level), Tom rips off his material and claims it as part of his "escalation ladder." That is a classic routine that has absolutely nothing to do with Tom Torero.

For comparison, Beckster gives credit to other PUA types over and over in that talk… including a note to Ross Jeffries as he demo's this routine. Not everyone in the business is a thief.

You warmed up yet? Let's do one more… and this is the one that made me know I wanted to write this post:

> "It's a magic line that you can use on text or in person on a date, it's a dirty trick and you just use the phrase 'How normal are you?' I use this a lot on text."
> — Tom Torero, Nov07, 2017

It's a magic line alright. And Tom may use it on texts, and he is selling it hard as one of *his* dirty tricks, but he isn't the slightest bit interested in pointing out where he got that line:

> "The quickest seductions occur when the woman is thrown back in the defensive crouch. In fact, the line "So how normal are you?" could legitimately serve as an effective, all-purpose opener."
> — Heartiste/Roissy, May20, 2016

Roissy doesn't give exact credit to the man that sourced that line (presumably to preserve the source's anonymity), but he *does* say it was sent to him by a reader. Roissy is happy to deal out credit where it is due… he's not such an ass he has to steal other men's thoughts. Roissy is a great example of a pillar of game that consistently cites where his premises come from, and then… expands on them. Often, with specific and personal examples.

Let's make no mistake here, Tom is very into getting credit for this stuff.

When he is busy stealing from Beckster in his "Escalate Ladder" stuff above, he makes it clear it's the "Tom Torero

Escalation Ladder." In his dirty tricks video, he wants you to know that the "Miami plastic surgery" bit is "his routine." He uses the word "patented" as well. Right after he steals that Roissy line, he talks about his "copyrighted" text opener.

So Tom is very aware that men have the right to recognition for their material… he wants that kind of credit for himself, that is obviously clear… but he will poach and steal from others.

Okay… so there is a fuck-ton of evidence.

The super weird part of all this is… Tom was already infamous for hiring an actress for a fake infield kiss-close (presumably to catch up to Yad… but Yad's kiss was real).

Who cares about infields? Only us. Who is he lying to? He is lying to us:

> "The latest scandal-of-the-week is that famous daygame instructor Tom Torero was caught out having hired an actress to appear in a "kiss close" video recorded outside Selfridges on Oxford Street in summer 2012."
> — Krauser, talking about Tom in Dec2014

The dude was already busted for lying to the daygame community. Why is he still doing shady shit? What the fuck, Tom? Seriously. It was a noisy big deal back in 2014, and he's still continuing his trend of bullshit. Maybe not faking infields (although???), but appropriating other men's work and passing it off as his own.

> "What's interesting to me is that over the years Tom has taught hundreds of students, and hundreds more have used the day game model he created with me (and others). Literally hundreds of people have seen Tom live in-set with their own eyes in unfakeable interactions. Hundreds have been live in-set themselves implementing advice they got from Tom and then seeing the effect it has on the girls. These people have enough direct evidence of their own eyes that (i) Tom's daygame skills are for real and (ii) the London Daygame Model works, that the fact Tom got caught red-handed faking one infield doesn't really matter. Yes, it was a bad thing to do. But no, it doesn't shake their confidence in the model or Tom's abilities as a coach."
> — Krauser

Krauser is correct here. It doesn't mean anything about the LDM. Daygame is real. And I believe Tom is a very real and successful daygamer (I did a whole post about Tom's NYC infields, which I assume aren't all lies and fakery).

So why is Tom such a poacher?

Could there be anyone else with more legitimate content? More tales to tell about girls and game? Maybe, but not many. Tom should have more real experiences to share than almost any other daygamer. And yet… he does this ghetto shit.

> "Tom is an elite-level daygamer, possibly more skilled than I am. You're well within your rights to cut him off your 'guy to listen to' list after this video expose but if you do so you'll be missing out."
> — Krauser

Even after what I know of Tom, I still agree with what Kruaser is saying here – although I sincerely doubt Krauser would say any of that about Tom today.

This is the point I was trying to make with that Seneca quote in the intro to this piece.

But if Tom is a recognized "king" in daygame… why would he run around and steal the towels from the hotels he stays at? Is that king-like behavior? No. It is not.

I'll take a guess as to what is going on as Tom steals from other community guys over and over and over:

Tom is broken. Maybe he always was, but in the early days of his path of self-improvement it wasn't obvious. But

he's broken now.

Maybe what is fucked up about that guy is crystallizing as he gains fame. This is an indication of his potential for a Britney Spears level melt-down. As he rises to the top, we see how shallow his roots are.

Perhaps he's arrested. He's *is* the "nerdy Oxford" type. He likely got picked on by other guys, including slimy guys, back in grade school. But he was never honorable. As his daygame career took off, he didn't want to outgrow those slimy guys that picked on him when he was young… he wanted to *be* them. And now that he's "made it," he is the slimy guy. He's arrived. These petty thefts from the pickup community aren't out of character for him… they are his character.

This ^, of course, is all amateur psychology and speculation. I'm just guessing about the dude's pathology.

But… we know the "stealth" and "hustle" and "sneaky Tom" shit has been beat to death by him. He is retarded about that theme.

> " I've always been a huge fan of the heist genre"
> — Tom

Yeah, yeah… we get it Tom. You like "stealing" references. No shit.

But Tom can't tell the difference between properly robbing a bank, and stealing a bartender's tips off the bar. We know he likes Ocean's Eleven, but he's not doing a master con on Vegas… he's breaking into parked cars to steal the coins out of the center console. What a fool. That's what I'm pointing to about Tom. I think that's nearly an apt comparison to the level of Tom's lowness.

> "It's the hustle rather than the sex that I've been addicted to"
> — Pg274

At last… Tom tells the truth. Maybe for the first time.

> "I think it's forgotten that successful pickup artists automatically have big egos, delusions of self grandeur, dark triad traits, are natural grifters, hustlers etc. To be morally outraged that a cad is a floozy is like being shocked that a magician is good with sleight of hand. C'mon chaps, let's stop the he-said-she-said tittle tattle as TheDonald said which is really just virtue signaling."
> — Victor, from Krauser's blog on an unrelated topic

Victor likes the "hustler" reference too. And so does my wing Sundance (who is a stand-up guy). I consider myself a hustler, as well… "hustle" as in work ethic. And hustle as in me vs the bluepill me… I want to "cheat" that version of myself out a of life of mediocrity. I want to cheat Disney out of another picket fence illusion. That's my level of hustle.

And let me spell this out… I have no morality issues with game, obviously. Unlike Tom, I don't have any interest in overplaying the "sneaky" part of this, I am proud of what we do as men of game (that's part of my inner game).

Guys that know me know that I will announce what I am up to, there is no false morality or shame about this for me. If we "steal another man's lunch money" (as Krauser has said), it's a fair fight, actually, of our SMV vs that other guy. We "steal" in comparison to the expectations of romantic comedies. We steal a girl's innocence. And we don't actually steal. We don't need to… the pussy comes along… willingly. That's the point. Charm. Willing "victims." This is seduction, not theft. With potential "repeat customers." No actual theft is involved.

And if Tom wanted to talk about stealing from the girl (and he does this, sort of, in his "first hustle" which is in the book) I would be cool with that… somewhat. It's still a symptom of a small, middle school mentality. But if that's what he meant, ahh, whatever. Grow up… but fine. But that's not what he's doing.

He is straight up with the girls (for the most part). He just steals from other guys in game.

He steals from us. He steals, it seems, exclusively from his brothers.

And then tries to fence his stolen goods back to us as his own creation. He steals – deliberately – from men that taught him. And then wants the next generation to pay him for "his wisdom."

Okay. Well this is part of his story too.

> "Play or get played. Hustle or be hustled. That's the name of the game."
> — pg209

He is talking about stealing from Roissy and from Beckster… and then rolling around with that knowledge… like a petty car thief trying to convince his parents the stolen Buick out front is from "his hard work."

The only "marks" here are us… that we believe this is his work. That's insulting. He thinks he is gaming us (I bet that is part of the thrill). And he has, in many ways. Probably much more than I am able to spot and document here.

What an asshole.

If Tom had any history of saying, "I don't know where I got this, but you should check it out," I would be more than cool with the examples above. Not everybody is a goddamn game historian. But we have basically no evidence of that. I know he credits Mystery here and there (in this book, and in his Daygame 3.0 video). He credits Cialdini (the guy that wrote Influence). But there is a trend of him as a thief and it's intentional, and he assumes we won't notice or care.

I care. In part, just as I can now finally articulate why I don't like or trust that guy.

This "smelling him out" is part of being calibrated and being good at reading people. If you're socially calibrated, you should get a "funny feeling" about someone when they're up to something shady and incongruent. This is our craft. We are supposed to be good at reading social cues (like desperation and incongruence). I increasingly read him as such.

It's not that he isn't a good daygamer. He is. It's that his daygame skill hides some other facet of his psychology… something ugly. I don't have it all worked out, but I am pointing to something real.

There are lots of guys in this community I show my back to, and at this point… Tom is one of them now. I'd roll my eyes if I saw him in person. If he walked into a room, I'd walk out.

But more over… I bet this stealing is just one of many examples where that guy is broken. This is the part that I can see, but I bet it runs deep.

I'll close out with this:

> "Catch Me If You Can: Great for technique and the hustler's way of bending perception. Bad for the unresolved inner game and eventual SMV change."
> — pg277

That part of his book was pure foreshadowing for me. This is the heart of it…

Tom has some inner game issues (who knows what from, I don't care)… and they leak out in his compulsive theft. He's the Wynona Ryder of pickup (what a joke)… doing stupid shit for no reason, just like she did… stealing stuff from Saks that she could afford to buy. She could afford to be a person with honor. But she is not. And neither is Tom. He is as low as a kleptomaniac swiping lip gloss from a drugstore.

Maybe he wants to get caught. That's another guess I'd make. Maybe he'll thank me for giving him that sense of completion – he is finally truly "seen." Maybe Mom and Dad never paid "Sneaky Tommy" enough attention… and

this is him, acting out… in an obviously childish way.

Oh well. I finished his book. I wrote about it. I even probably learned a bit.

And I'll continue to learn from him… despite his lack of character. He is persona non grata to me. Another lowlife. But as he cranks out more content than Buzzfeed… all in an area that I love and care about very much… I won't be able to avoid him.

So I will incorporate anything from him that has the ring of truth to it… and just assume anything that comes via him is stolen. I'll take the truth, and throw the shell of him away. That's fair at this point.

> "Whatever is true is my property."
> — Seneca

Seneca was an honorable man. I will study anyone. And the "truth belongs to me." Even if it touches Tom… if it's real, it's real.

I feel a little better with this out of my system. I have a clear sense of why I want to spit when I think of him. If I can find the truth some other place, I will. I'll certainly never pay for anything of Tom's again. I'm divesting from that guy… what a tool.

One last thing… I started out my review with a quote from Tom I have always loved, that line about "men advance, women retreat" and all that. Well…

> "Woman begins by resisting a man's advances and ends by blocking his retreat."
> — Oscar Wilde

Looks like Tom changed the order of the words… and otherwise, stole that from Oscar Wilde. Jesus Christ. Is any of Tom's material his? What a douchebag.

Here's to honor amongst thieves. Tom… I'm quite sure you wouldn't know what I mean.

Viva daygame.

Another Chapter with the Siren

Nash · 24 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The year is wrapping up. I've been recovering from a surgery so my hunting and dating life have been mostly on hold. It's been a tepid end to an otherwise hot year. But I have another story to tell. It's about the Siren.

As I drove down south today to see my family for Christmas, I was thinking about writing this post. And I realized that I wrote something about this girl earlier this year (after an especially emotionally wild week with her). I never pushed that piece live. And then, the events of life moved on… so the story sat.

At the time I didn't know if that was the end of the story, or somewhere in "the middle." I assumed she and I had seen the end. Another train, had left the station.

As things have revived with her this last week, I can sample from that post now… pickup where I left off… a post within a post.

……..

> >> This post is about Siren. And about relationship game. And about being the man I want to be.

That is one of the opening lines from that post, which I wrote back in June of this year. It is still true, six months after I wrote it.

This is still about the man I want to be. And my efforts to be that man. With Siren, yes, but with all the girls.

> >> I talk about Siren a lot. I picked her up last December. I fuck "sevens," but at the time, I was tempted to call her an eight. In my world, she's an eight. She is remarkable.

And she is remarkable. She's one of the finest, most exquisite girls I've ever known.

> >> She graduated art school the month I met her. She is a musician and very much a true artist. Her commercial specialty is scores for film.
> >> I actually picked her up twice. The 2nd time two days after the first. If I hadn't run into her that 2nd time, I would not be writing this now. Luck is always part of the story.
> >> She is 28, 16 years younger than me. About 5'5″, very skinny, "model" proportions with small boobs… Think the Chinese version of the Ukrainian teen porn star.

She is 29 now. And still very hot.

I like the story of how she and I met. Not only because it was a daygame pickup, but because it took that second approach to "set the hook." And then, the richness of the relationship that followed. And up until recently, I would say without hesitation, she was my favorite daygame girl ever (that honor now belongs to Miss Thick).

> >> And I remember thinking that back in December I had put this girl Siren on a pedestal, and that that would mean I had no chance with her. But that's not how it worked out. I fucked her in December. She is a passionate and "romantic" lay. Beyond that, post-sex, actually sleeping next to her is dream-like.

Many things about her are dream-like. That's a way to understand her.

> YOHAMI: Interesting. She's a feeler. She's asking her deeper conscience. She doesnt fit in the world, partially like Honest Girl, but this one is floating next to the world (not above).

That is what Yohami said when I first wrote about this girl… over a year ago.

But it's that pedestal thing that is most vivid for me. I did put her on a pedestal.

In many ways, I did better with "holding my center" with her than I had at any other time in my life. I know I was overindulgent. Below I write about how she and I ended up drifting apart… was that because I wasn't solid enough? Too interested and over-boiled? Was it simply events in her life, that had nothing to do with me?

I didn't know then. I don't know now. The only part I can control is me.

> >> Beginning with our first date, we've had a theme of "Independence." I like the concept of trance-words, and when she mentioned that word I took her seriously.
> >> I have always treated her like a wild bird… I call her, I love it when she comes to me, and I would never think to try to cage her. I am certain that would kill the magic in her song.

I'm pedestalizing her here ^. True. But I was partially right, in the way I read her, even if my mindset was a little off. Too much about her. Correct, in my reaction… even if I wasn't consistently correct in my leadership.

With that said, she has her own version of strong frame. It's that dream-like state where she lives. I've made some bold, strong, successful moves with her, but there is only so much I can do versus the swirling world of music in her head. That's not cowardice to admit that. It's sanity and caution. It doesn't pay to piss into the wind.

I called her Siren for a reason. Careful, sailor.

> >> Meanwhile… She is always seeding our time together with comments about other men. The guy that keeps trying to get her to play music with him. Someone at her job professing his love for her via Facebook one night while we were out together. Stories about the ex-boyfriend wanting to get her out for dinner.

This is the part of the story where I begin to sober up.

Yes, she's magical and beautiful. She had me (in some sense), in that first moment I saw her, lost in thought, gliding down the sidewalk, notes in her head none of the rest of us can hear. I find all that terribly attractive.

But I also could see her power. Not the music, but the potential for the abuse of her hold on me. The games of a girl that has played with boys before. And my very intense interest in her made me susceptible to her charms and pitfalls.

> >> In each case, I took the opportunity to tell her all that is none of my business. That I know she is a free bird. I would tell her I want her to spend time with me. That I know she is a hot girl, and the idea that other men like her seems obvious to me. Sometimes I'd comment on their game… But I never tried to process her.

This wasn't about me kissing her ass. This was a way for me to be non-reactive at some level. And I was. It wasn't "fake it 'til you make it." It was real. She had as strong an allure as any girl I had ever dated at the time… but I had more belief in myself than I'd ever had. I did alright, staying out of her gravity, remaining (mostly) in the center of my own.

I was fucking other girls the whole time. I was "in trouble" with this girl from day one, but this wasn't typical "one-itis." Not at all.

> >> I leaned into my game. I fucked Miss Thick while she was gone… Repeatedly. I met, gamed and banged the Mongolian in this period. I dated several other girls.
> >> I felt cool. Cool is attractive. To me, to her… And to the other girls in my ecosystem.

It's true. I felt very cool, much of the time. It was seeing the other girls that kept me "honest." Kept me from

making more bluepill mistakes than I might have otherwise made.

As our relationship went on, her career started to blossom. She was busy, making music, working, practicing. I would sometimes have a bit of troubling getting her out.

And the Siren is a deeply feminine girl. She doesn't really say "no." Not often. She just avoids answering. Or talks around the "no," so she never has to say it. It's part of her female ambiguity, and she's a master of it. It wasn't that she didn't want to see me… it's just that she was "busy."

Hmmmm.

And I could feel that. And I was advanced enough to know not to push against that. We seduce. If it works, great. If it doesn't… there are other girls. Those are the choices.

But I would see her again, despite the bumps in the road along the way… I would see her many times. Lot of great nights together. Lush dinners. Intense sex.

> >> I got her out. I met her at my door, took her upstairs and fucked her. It was late as we cooled down. I took her to a fancy restaurant. We sat in a corner, side by side. We were the couple that makes married people uncomfortable… Rosy-cheeked with post-sex glow. I fed her bites of the octopus-fennel salad.

These moments were so pungent, sophisticated, potent. Her, intense pink cobwebs. An incredible companion. For me as a seducer, epic performances. Her, a prize of a lifetime.

> "…she was clearly turned on, and we ended up in some very dominant kissing, me pinning her head to the bed, using a fistful of her hair to hold her mouth in place as I got aggressive and shoved my tongue in her mouth. I ate her pussy, but via candle light, dragging her pretty ass to the edge of the bed, candle on a stool next to me as I knelt on the floor… so I could see all my favorite parts. Hot and medieval."

This ^ was Siren and me in April. The sex… was incredible, much of the time.

But there was more trouble.

> >> Then… Another two weeks until I saw her again. I've mentioned this in other posts.

If I read the writing on the wall… I am sure she was fucking someone else. Maybe not… but I want to be a grown up here. It is a rule of my life, that I always assume the girl I am fucking… is fucking someone else. That isn't about me. That is about girls. And about the endless sea of options available to nubile women.

And I think it's false machismo to freak out about that. This is Secret Society stuff. This is real life, beyond the Disney filter.

> >> I felt vulnerable… But I know that "showing your emotions" is fools gold.
> >> I pinged her, and she put me off… So I gamed some more. And I fucked Miss Xi'an.
> >> I was firm in my assurance that I must lay back. She is a girl in high-demand. I actually do have options. I forced myself to not show any neediness…
> >> The next day, as I was preparing myself to fuck Miss Thick, she pinged me. Finally.

And we would do it all again.

I felt insecure. Not low self esteem, but more so that the relationship itself felt tenuous. I wasn't sure if this was the last hurdle before she surrendered, and things settled down… or if this was the last time I'd see her. Each time, I never knew.

I tried to be the man I want to be. I want to have fun. I want to hunt and kill… not chase. I tried to find some balance. It wasn't always hard.

> NASH: You are a busy girl, doing good things.
> NASH: But I feel a little bad for you…
> NASH: Because you haven't been able to see ME!
> NASH: You must miss me so much. :]

How do you initiate attention from an introvert, that is busy? How to do this, in a way that doesn't come off as chasing? We have to lead.

I'm not claiming this is great game… but this is an example where you try to lead on one hand, and avoid appearing to lick boots on the other. This balancing act, is one avenue down which game might take you if you want to see girls… beyond the initial conquest.

> >> It is an art to lead a high-status girl without looking needy. Part of what I did right with her was to get busy with other girls. And I have been. And part, was trying to lead in a cool way.

Trying… to be cool. To feel cool. This is what was on my mind at the time. Remaining in a state of "cool" was a lantern that helped me navigate these moments.

And I would see her again…

> >> We met… and she looked… Amazing. Form-fitting clothes… And the same hat she was wearing when I approached her on the street that second time.
> >> The vibe was a little different. So for the first time in a long time… I didn't take her upstairs and fuck her right away.
> >> We settled in. I got us both a drink. And we sat on the kitchen table to talk.

All of this was a test for me. A test of how well I could "hold the container." Her ongoing walls of silky obscurity to confront, to scale, to explore, to overcome. Her feminine trials. The examination of my own insecurities. Of the uncertainty of all of it.

That was it, mostly. Endless uncertainty. Showing up to that, with a hard cock and an easy smile, again and again.

> >> And we talked about even more job offers. And how at least one of the offers was from a CEO that had that twinkle in his eye that he wanted to fuck her… Those are my word, not hers. She would ever say anything like that.
> >> And I told her that I know she is scared. And all this is intimidating. And that I get it.
> >> And I did all this from the POV of what I call "daddy game." Calm, confident, wise older man stuff. I wasn't clingy.
> >> And I hugged her. And I stared in her pretty face.
> >> And something in her look changed, and she told me to kiss her. And I did.

I love that reaction from her.

These are the moments. This is a big part of the dividends of the work I do in game. The stamina to hold it together, to be a man, even as I could feel this relationship potentially slipping away. Even then, keeping the ship afloat in stormy waters.

And it worked. This time. It worked… for both of us.

I was being a leader. I was being a man.

> >> And then I walked her down the hall, just like I did for the first time in December, and I fucked her.
> >> And afterward…. She cried. She laid her head on my chest… That long black hair on me, in the pillows and the sheets. And she cried.
> >> And then she told me she may never say it again… but that she loved me. I told her, "I know you do." And that I loved her too.

Intense.

It's always intense with her. The "I love you." The tears. It was a lot to hold. Mixed with the sex… it was heady cocktail. So much.

The whole relationship was like this… this is what she and I are like when we are together.

> >> I told her she was safe. And that for now… All of that was far away. And that I could protect her. That she was safe with me… This nasty Beast. Her, the Beauty. She was safe in my castle. Safe in my arms.
> >> And we lay there for a minute. And then showered.
> >> And now she was a little girl. Her voice had lost its seriousness. She giggled. I held her as the hot water covered us. A little girl, childish, in my arms. I dressed her in one of my t-shirts and took her back to the kitchen.

It was like that. Sexy. Bad ass. Tenuous. Scary. A lot to hold. A lot to behold.

What a story. This too… from daygame.

……..

And then, sometime around the end of June, after almost 20 dates and as many sleep overs… I didn't see her again. One day, she simply didn't return my message.

Before that point, I had been asking her out… and I never heard the "yes" I wanted. It was one reason or another… which is her way of saying "no." It was the longest we had gone in that state.

When I sent that message she never responded to, no response at all… I didn't push it. I didn't need to, I could hear her message in the silence.

She went cold. So I let her go. Just like that. I didn't message her again either.

It was amazing. The radical ups and downs. No threats. No fights. Radical emotional wins and losses. Back to back. So much uncertainty.

And then… no talk. No explanation. I just let her go. And walked away.

I think that was the right move.

……..

A couple of months ago, I went through some of the messages I had sent her in the final weeks:

> NASH: Hello Special Girl, you're on my mind.
> NASH: I miss your pretty face, Sweet Girl.
> NASH: You are a beautiful and special girl…

^ From separate occasions.

There is a place for compliments, particularly with a girl that you are already fucking. But I was overdoing it.

> HER: You are the best beast!!
> HER: I am really happy to stay with you!!!

^ Also from separate occasions.

She was into it. She was into me. But I had sort of lost my frame. Again, I don't know how much of my "leaning in" was the problem. Who knows. We never know.

The girl told me she loved me just a week or so before she went cold. Maybe I mis-read the whole thing? We don't know.

> NASH: But Siren is out of pocket… who knows if she'll be back (I'm not going to chase her).

We may have a sense of why things work, but beyond the obvious beginner mistakes… it's hard to know why a girl says "no." That is true in the pickup. But also true down the line. This is something I accept about the game.

Knowing "why" is not the answer. That's not our job as men. Our job is to do. And to know when not to do. But "knowing why" isn't mandatory. It's probably greatly overrated. I think so, at this point.

……..

The entire engagement was an ocean of passion and vulnerability. An adventure of the heart… and the loins.

I tried to look at it as training. I tried to let it "stretch my nervous system," so I would be stronger the next time. This is how we grow.

She is one of my greatest teachers.

……..

She and I generally communicate via WeChat.

As things unravelled with her, I played a game, for a while, where I filled my phone up with new girls and more WeChat connections. Where she had formerly been at the "top of the screen" (= my most recent chat), now… she was further and further down the list.

Until… I pushed her off the list entirely. Out of sight.

But not, entirely… out of mind.

The day I noticed I couldn't see our last thread… I had a brief moment of half-hearted pride. I couldn't fix that situation. But I could pave over it with new opportunities.

Realizing this ^ is a powerful moment for a man of game.

……..

And that was all months ago. I had let her go. I really had. I have since had a lot of adventures with a lot of other girls. I would think about her, talk about her here and there, but I had moved on.

I never forgot her. Of course. When she would come to mind, thinking of her was like standing in molasses. It slowed me down. Sticky, girl-mud and a heaviness that stretched from my heart to my balls. A thought of her would make me pensive, and take the smile off my face. Not because it wasn't a great affair… but because it really stung to watch it end.

……..

It had been months. And then, a couple of weeks ago… I saw a quote about a piano. The quote made me think of her. I sent it to her.

She didn't reply right away. I remember noticing that, briefly, but it didn't mean much to me. I wasn't needy about her when I sent that message. My note to her was only a gift. If she never replied, I was fine with it.

But then… she got back to me. And not just about the message I'd sent.

She had been in a car accident that day. Nothing super serious, but she ended up in the hospital briefly. And she told me a bit about it via WeChat.

And then I was conflicted…

I care about her, very much. Of course I do. But I also know how she had "hand" in our relationship, in some ways. I knew I'd lost some control. It would be so typical AFC to jump in to "save her." Or to show too much care. Typical. Boring. Sad. Disgusting, for everyone.

So I didn't do it.

I didn't want "over game" the situation either. So I showed her some concern, but I watched myself. I did something like "teasing" her a bit. I took some of the sugar off what I felt the weaker side of me wanting to do.

And then… I mentioned my surgery, told her I was recovering, and sent her a pic I had taken of myself when I was in pre-op. Which sort of balanced the "needs" in the situation. And she showed some emotion about it, but I didn't explain what had happened. I just compared the injured states… hers and mine. I left some mystery to it.

I wrapped up the conversation, pretty quickly. I told her to go to bed. And I said:

> NASH: Say hello to me when you feel better

And the next day… she did. We chatted some more. I showed some care. But I lead the conversation so I wouldn't be too much of a Knight in Shining Armor about her state. I suggested lunch when we felt better. She said, "Sure."

A few days later:

> NASH: There is a woman in the subway singing opera. She seems a little crazy… but she has a nice voice.
> NASH: She reminds me of you.

On top of being a first rate talent on the keys, the Siren has a background in opera as well.

And I was doing something like a neg here. But I wasn't really trying to game her. I was trying to game myself. To not go too sappy. To show some restraint.

And also to explore an opportunity to see her again. To see what was there. Perhaps rejection? "Sure" wasn't a very enthusiastic agreement to my lunch offer. But I was curious to see what another dance with her might be like. I was curious to see if I might learn anything… if we saw each other again.

……..

So we set up a lunch. For last Wednesday.

But then… Sundance was leaving town for the holiday. And he suggested lunch on that same day. So I cancelled my date with her, and agreed to lunch with my wing instead.

It felt good. It wasn't "fake busy." It was "real" busy. And I liked that I put my wing before this girl that went cold on me last summer. That was a good choice.

And I cancelled on her, but then offered dinner instead… and she agreed.

……..

So last night, after several months, the Siren arrived on the steps of my front door. Yet again.

She smelled fantastic. She looked, charming. And graceful. She always does.

She was immediately complimentary about me. She talked about how I looked good… and maybe better. Her eyes sparkled.

And she was also fragile. She is a particularly delicate girl. Even fucking her, I feel like I have to be careful that I don't hurt her. Her music is big, and fierce, and bold, like a storm. But the exterior, is extremely sensitive. The film of emotion around her, is like the shell of a bird's egg. As she is still recovering from her car accident, she was even more so. It was her… same as ever, but further distilled.

We went to dinner. I helped her in and out of the car. I held her hand as we rode to the restaurant… I could tell it was on. It was.

……..

If I allow myself to wonder what was going on in her mind this last summer when things between she and I fell apart, my guess is this:

When she went silent on me… she had too many options.

Too many options around work (so many people were offering her jobs, to teach, to play, to compose). And so many men with active interest in her (co-workers, other musicians, directors, randoms in her life). I think… she was careless with me. Because she didn't need me. And she had better offers. And… because I got too sappy and AFC about it all. Not bad, not terrible, but enough to fall back in the pack.

Maybe I'm wrong. I'll never know.

At dinner last night, I learned she's had a hard few months. She talked about being lonely. She talked about some work set-backs. Maybe the initial round of offers fell apart… like one of my girl tornados might dissipate into disorder and disappointment.

And I think some of those work offers were connected with romantic interest… so perhaps… the whole thing came crashing down for her.

I don't know. I listened about her life. And shared mine. But never asked for any kind of explanation about her and me. I never will ask.

When dinner ended… I told her to come back to my place for some tea. She agreed.

We arrived. I took her upstairs. She put on some Bach variations. We sipped a bit of tea. Cats swirled around us… they like her.

And I kissed her.

She asked if I missed her. I shrugged my shoulders. And stared at her. Nodded a bit. Kissed her again.

Then I made her hold the speaker, and I took my laptop, and I guided her down the hall to my room. She was a bit hesitant as I set the music down. She said, "I don't want sex." I said, "you're okay," and guided her back onto my bed.

It wasn't that hot… not at first. I pulled her head and shoulders across my chest. I held her and we lay together. We talked. I kissed her some more.

And then… I felt her sink into it. The whole thing, she was into it. I mentioned above that when she is really into me, she becomes a little kid. Like an eight year old. I know that is a type of masculine homerun. If I am amazing, and make her feel safe, she age regresses. That is me, at my best. And she was doing it, last night. I was doing it. In my bed. It was all so familiar.

For my part… I had fucked Miss Thick the day before. I wasn't particularly horny, or turned on at all. Earlier in the

night, I had assumed I would fuck her. Not out of pent up sexual need, but for the opportunity to have that kind of dance with her. As she said “no” to sex as I lay her down on my bed, and then… the lack of spark in our first few moments laying down together… my mood had shifted.

Fucking her wasn’t a priority.

And I felt an instinct of self preservation. Along with a mix of curiosity. And some confidence. I felt the romance, but I wasn’t leaping back into it… like a fool.

And she told a lot of stories about our previous time together. And about how she would look at me while I was sleeping, and say to herself, “I am yours.”

And some of that felt like bait. The true work of a Siren, her sweet song, leading me into the rocks… again. I know she and I know true passion together. And I was flattered. But it was so much sugar. I read it as such.

And then… I felt her get hot. And I was a little more forceful. And I could see she was turned on. I told her so. I felt her flame up even more. I have made this girl dripping wet, so many times… soaked to her knees… I could see it in her eyes again, last night.

And then… I kicked her out.

It was easy, and sweet, and gentle. But I kicked her out. Got her on her feet. Held her, kissed her some more. Helped her with her coat. Made her call herself a car. Walked her out onto the sidewalk. Kissed her again. And she drove off… looking back at me. Waving.

I had a beer and some smoke and fell asleep on the coach. It was great. It was what I wanted.

……..

I don’t know if we’ll see each other again. I feel good having had a chance to write another chapter in her and my story. An interesting chapter. Another scene, to rinse away the sting of the way we ended the previous run.

Perhaps I’ll fuck her again. I don’t know.

……..

The big deal for me… is that I never asked her to explain herself, back in June, when I felt her pulling away. I was never even close. I knew I wasn’t “doing well,” but I didn’t need a lot of words about it. The truth was the truth.

I feel great about that. It is a weird milestone, but it is a milestone.

And I am glad I didn’t ask her to explain herself last night. I wasn’t even tempted. All of that “needing the words” seems childish to me. That’s not the man I am now. I don’t think that is how it works at the upper levels.

What would she even say? Would I believe her? Why not just read between the lines? We have been communicating… rather clearly… all along.

There was some measure of education and learning in my experience with her.

And for that… I am proud.

They talk about “purplepill” guys, that use a bit of game to get a girlfriend… and then slip into mostly bluepilled lifestyles. That’s not me.

I have fallen in love a couple times via this daygame thing. And had LTRs that really mattered to me. That spun me. That fascinated me. That made me wonder…

This is one of those stories.

Viva daygame. And happy Christmas, boys.

Back to Daygame, a Break Up, and a Close Call

Nash · 5 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

It's 2018. My shoulder surgery (which dominated my December) is behind me. It was the slowest of months in terms of game. I ended up taking a few weeks off to give myself time to heal up and feel strong again. I had expected a quiet, intimate end to the year… but as I prepared to head off for another adventure in Japan, 2017 managed to surprise me in the final days of an extraordinary year.

I'm on the plane now… a few hours from Tokyo. Here are my thoughts about the end of my year.

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Post-surgery, I gimped through December. That was a bummer. I had wanted to get some serious approaching in, so I would be warm and ready for all the many Japanese girls that await me when this plane lands. But in the days after the doctor cut into me, I felt surprisingly psychologically weak… at least as much as I was physically winged. Feeling vulnerable, it was hard to want to go out and hunt. I felt like clinging to the safety of hibernation and recovery.

A wounded man is not at his best.

I had planned to put my focus into my work and other projects. It seemed like a good use of the down-time… but I was starting to really miss daygame.

And then there was Miss Thick. Wow. That girl. I was going to write a "2017/2018" post for this blog, and it was going to feature that girl in significant ways. About how she was such an epic force in my year and my experience with women. Another in a small clique of legendary lovers, perhaps the apex of that group of extraordinary girls. And this post IS about her… but not in the way I imagined.

She and I have never had a "talk." When I was first trying to reel her in, she told me, twice, that we shouldn't date anymore. And both times, I talked her through the chaos of her own mind, and walked the two of us into an amazing relationship. It was to be one of the best man-woman exchanges I have ever known, or even heard of. We were remarkable together. Generous (she was always bringing me presents), respectful (we were very good to each other), artsy (we both make a lot of art, and although she is more talented there than I am in that sense, that was part of our connection), affectionate (it took her a long time, but she melted into me as we got closer) and fantastically erotic (her, on her knees, bound in a rope harness, sucking my cock, while I made her watch herself in the mirror… like that, and more).

She and I have been multidimensional. The relationship, has been rich.

And… the best sex of my life.

And yet the sex was increasingly all about the eye contact between her and me. I could look at her forever. And she was a kind of "doggy dinner bowl" in return, excited and "awake," every time. It would start when I would meet her the door to my apartment each night we would come together… but it was particularly intense while we'd fuck. That eye-fuck part had been building, week after week, consistently. We'd stare into each other eyes, as I pinned her arms above her head and slowly fucked her into blissful oblivion.

Amazing. I'm still in complete awe about that girl. About the moments she and I created together.

She's never been my "girlfriend" — more like, something "better," and creamier, than that. She might have turned into a girlfriend… maybe… but I certainly wasn't aiming for it. I have been fucking her since March of this year. It's been a LTR, but with no promises or discussion of our status as lovers. Not at all. It's not that I wanted to be monogamous (I do not), but I was increasingly into her.

I was sucked into an emotional connection with Miss Thick in much the same way that I described what went on

with me and the Siren. I think Siren is more “other worldly” (like a dream), and Miss Thick was closer to “heaven on earth.” She was more real. While I loved to show her tenderness, I could also be rough with Miss Thick… everything from dirtier jokes to pounding her pussy to smoking grass before bed. Compared to her, Siren was a little too delicate. And while at first, Miss Thick had less sparkle vs the Siren, in the end… Miss Thick was the queen in my kingship. I had Siren in my bed in late December as well… and with that close juxtaposition, it occurred to me that I would rather it had been another night with Miss Thick.

(I had a chance to do a lot of head-to-head “taste tests” last year. That is a good experience for a man. Helps you see what you really like… and what you really want.)

So, as the year came to a close, Miss Thick became a symbol of my success as a man of game (beyond just taking another notch). She was a gauge of where I was at in my ability to hold the “masculine pose,” even as the tonic of love and lust chipped away at my resolve, and sucked me into the vortex of something like a relationship.

I had a plan for her and me for New Year’s Eve. I would have been fine to do nothing (it’s a terrible night to party, in my view), but I wanted to have something planned, if for no other reason than to ensure she felt taken care of on that symbolic turn of the year. She has a lot of close girlfriends, and I wasn’t sure if she’d have plans with them. Almost as a placeholder (in case she was free)… I booked us a room on the coast.

It was to be a nice drive. Then sex. A tasty dinner somewhere. More sex. Private hot tub on the deck at midnight, naked in the steam as the year turned over. Then some smoke. And sleep. And pulling that girl up against my body until checkout time the next day. It was a good plan.

One night at dinner I asked about her plans for NYE… I didn’t give her any details, but I hinted at an opportunity to spend that night with me. She agreed.

But that’s not what happened. 2017… lots of surprises.

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As December clipped along, my recovery progressed and I was feeling much better. Out and about around town, seeing all the girls shopping and celebrating the holidays… I was very distracting.

It is true that I have a fair amount of my identity wrapped up in being a daygamer. And not being able to hunt challenged who I think I am. I don’t want to be a fucking spectator – I want to up in this game. I only had a little over a week before I got on the plane for Tokyo, but I wanted to hunt. I was better. I was ready. I wanted to get in there. I missed the girls.

I hit the streets on the 27th of December. I was feeling rusty, but I had a friend with me that was curious about the potential of street pickup. We set out together.

The first girl of the day was a cute Asian girl with a funny hat. She blushed as I approached. She loved it. I spotted her wedding ring in the first 30 seconds, so I pointed that out, and let her go. Her smile wrapped from ear to ear and her eyes lingered as I backed away from her. My buddy saw the whole thing. It was a solid demonstration of daygame, and a chance for him to see a little bit of what is possible… and how receptive girls can be to “bad men” on the sidewalk.

The next girl was a flight attendant. She wasn’t that into me, but I number closed her. I know the set looked pretty good, but I could tell it had very little juice to it. The next girl was much cuter, and also… a flight attendant. From Singapore. That set was sparkly. Ummm, I wanted her. We messaged a bit, but I couldn’t get her out. She randomly pinged me today… she’s a hot girl.

(I have taken maybe 20+ numbers from flight girls… never gotten one out on a date. They remain an unsolvable daygame mystery to me, with much allure. Someday I will “Fly the Friendly Skies,” but not yet.)

So after several weeks off from approaching (my longest time away from daygame in maybe two years), I was out hunting, it was going well, I was having a good time. It felt excellent to be back. I proved to myself, once again, that

I can do this thing we love to do.

I am a hunter. It's baked into me at this point.

I can't remember if I gamed Thursday, but I know I was out again on Friday with YoungGuns. It was a good day, and great to see him. I took a few more leads. Vicar joined us briefly. Another good session. I went to the gym for my first workout since I went under the knife.

I love daygame.

……..

Earlier that day, I had pinged Miss Thick. I was hoping to see her after Christmas, but I did not. My sense was she was a tiny bit distant… but as I had become increasingly attached to her, I was reading more and more into her comings and goings. I was attached, and it was making me a bit paranoid.

I want to lead the girls in my life. It's forever on my mind and part of my foundation as a man that really came together in 2017. Constantly reminding myself: lead, lead, lead. As I was unsure of myself in that moment… I reached into my foundation, the "best practices" of my life as a man, and… I went back to leading.

So I messaged her, told her I wanted her at my place early on Dec31. And that I would keep her late on Jan01, allowing us plenty of time to get back up the coast and enjoy each other. I teased her that I might not let her go at all (and in fact, my plan was to keep her at my house that night as we got back from our little trip). She laughed. I made some lewd comments. She called me "bad." It felt right again.

Okay, good.

But then… as I walked out of the gym that night, I had a message from her in a tone I'd never heard from her before… she said she wanted to… talk. Oh. A wave of insecurity. Doubt. It felt ominous.

I offered to talk that night. She said it would be better in person, the next day. It sure felt like a break up talk.

I was shaken, but I wanted to go back to leading. And providing the frame for her and me.

I told her I'd send her a car, that she should come over, we'd talk, and spend the night together. I felt rather certain the breakup was coming, but I was still trying to be the structure in our world. And, perhaps, to overpower her frame, nudge her back on track. Just making those moves made me feel stronger, more certain. I may not have overpowered her, but I had overcome my own timidity. I had no interest in being whiny and small and reactive. And I was none of those things… but she declined that offer as well.

I didn't sleep well that night. I felt like I was "in trouble," a feeling I haven't felt much since middle school. That "busted" feeling.

Fuck…

My girl of the year… a girl of a lifetime… slipping through my fingers. It seemed likely that NYE would be cancelled. And that was some negative momentum, with the change in the calendar adding extra significance to the events. This was sucking some of the wind out of my otherwise proud and confident sails. A shot of self-doubt before I headed out for my time in Nippon.

Why wouldn't she just wait a few days until I split for Japan? I was leaving for two months…. it would have been an easy way out, if that's what she wanted. I didn't know what that trip would do to our connection… we had never talked about it. I hoped I would see her when I returned… if she was still in my city.

Actually, I assumed she and I would have "a talk" on our way home from NYE. I was planning on it. All that time in the car together, it seemed an ideal time to check in on what her plans were for 2018.

She has just graduated art school. Over the course of the last year, she has mentioned going to back to China… to NYC… and also moving to LA to live with her best girlfriend. I always assumed she'd leave when she graduated.

The LA plan seemed the most likely… that she would leave. I was prepared for that, and I was going to ask about her plans for herself… after our New Year's night together.

But as I said… the night she asked for the talk, it was easy to read the writing on the wall.

Feeling like a breakup was coming, my self preservation and the sense of my options as an active daygamer kicked in. So… I started pinging my leads from daygame from that week… including a Japanese girl I had picked up that same day. I was laying on the couch that night, using some whiskey to crush me into sleep after this dark cloud from Miss Thick had eclipsed my day… and the Japanese girl responded. She was cute and affirmative about it all. We set up a date for the next day.

Cool.

In case the timing of events is a bit confusing at this point, I will clarify:

I set up a date, for 1-4 PM, for the same day my favorite daygame girl of all time was coming over to break up with me. I would date the Japanese girl at 1. Get home. Clean up. And then receive Miss Thick at 5 and see where that went.

Doing that… felt amazing.

I can't say I've ever dated a new girl on the day a significant lover was to dump me… certainly not purposefully. I doubt few men have. But if you've got the constitution for something like that, I highly recommend it. There is something robust and powerful about giving yourself that kind of a "reminder" on a break-up day… a reminder that there are as many beginnings as there are endings. And that we daygamers have the skills to create more new beginnings than most men.

Being willing to move fwd despite the bad news… luring yet another girl through the approach-number-message-date part of the model… seeing all this as practice for Japan… felt like the man I want to be. I've never had a feeling quite like that… I learned something from it all. I was still "in trouble," but I felt strong.

I met up with the Japanese girl… had her come to my neighborhood. She was no stunner, but I was quickly into her. Tea. Then some time at a park near my house. Then a walk to a second park. Then a train back downtown together. I was leading. She was having fun. I tried to kiss her. Twice. It wasn't obligatory escalation… I liked her. We talked about her eyes and her lips (both are excellent), and in each case I wanted her in those moments, and I moved in for a kiss. She rejected both attempts, but it was fun and exciting.

She has since messaged me to say we're too different to date beyond that first meetup. That made me laugh, as I hadn't asked for another date… but I had made a comment via message about her lips before she sent that reply. She's right, we are different. I bet I'm a little too much for her. That's okay with me.

So then I was home. And I sent Miss Thick a message. I told her: "get over her" because "I want to see you."

I knew this was not going to be a happy occasion, but I wasn't going to play along with a mopey frame. That's what I would have said if she and I were going to fuck that night. So I stayed in that vein. She said she was on her way. I sent another message saying the door was open… that she should just come in. I didn't want to greet her. I wanted to make her climb the stairs up into my house, and then walk the long hallway, and into the kitchen to meet me. That's what she did.

And she looked sad. It was a sad time. I'd never seen my lover sad before.

She said… she wants to get married and have babies. She said she knows I do not want either of those things. I don't remember saying much to her about those topics, but she is right.

And she cried. I'd never seen her cry before.

I told her I care about her very much, which is perfectly true. And that her kids/family goals were real and that I respected them. That I wanted all that for her… and that I bet she'll make a great mom.

And then I told her I wasn't going to let this be a sad thing. And I smiled. I told her that she and I were world class lovers, and that I had enough experience to know it. And her eye flared open as I said that.

I told her that she and I had made magic together, and we had. I reminded her that I was leaving for Japan. I said we should keep our New Year's plan, have another incredible night, use it as a way to say goodbye. I told her that I knew I would want to see her again when I get back… but she could have a couple of months to think about it.

And I told her, once again, how fucking sexy and amazing she is, and I said it all in an obviously hungry and semi-aggressive way. I told her I wanted her to feel my desire, even then. It wasn't begging. It wasn't pedestalization, not at all. It was me going for what I wanted. Being fucking clear about that. I was playful at times. And dominant, making her look me in the eyes. Forcing this frame on both of us.

I told her I would go out that night… and start fights! And get arrested! And she would wake up in the morning with a tribute of three dead dragons on her doorstep!!! And I smiled some more.

It's true. I would slay dragons for that girl.

But it was almost a game at that point, to be so cock-sure as she tore herself away from me. And it felt fucking great. I know that's odd — it's a very unusual stance — but it's true.

I was strong, and big, for all of this. I've never been like that for a talk like the one she gave me, in the face of that kind of loss. And I felt proud about it all.

It was a loss. A painful loss. It hurts still, even as I write this… but I handled it the way I want to handle these kinds of things. I led. I pushed her toward a place where I know she and I would have been happy again (even if only for another couple of nights). I showed some real respect for what she wants, but I was uncompromisingly me through our ending.

Increasingly… I am my own role model. I am doing my goddamn best to practice what I preach… and it is not easy.

As I put on my show, her face went back and forth… from sad to a bit of the sparkle she usually has when she looks at me. I know she had made up her mind…. but I'm sure she was surprised at the way I handled her. I was even surprised.

I told her to go home and sleep on it. To wake up, and to give me a call, to tell me she wanted that night with me, and that I'd take her on a little adventure. I smiled. I could see she was genuinely considering it at that point. My frame had had an impact on both of us… I almost won that battle… almost.

I held her head and brushed her lush, jet-black hair behind her ears. I kissed her a few times. Some long, lingering hugs. And then it was over.

I let her walk herself out, so she left the way she came… alone. This was her choice, and I had said what I wanted to say. I was happy to leave it like that.

I was the center of my world that night. She was, another train, a glorious sultry train… but like all trains… she was leaving the station. They all do, eventually. Trains come and go. I am the train station in my life. And that is the nature of trains.

I went out to dinner with a friend that night and was high on the feeling of coming through the woods with my head up. I then hit a party… but I wasn't feeling it. I was energized, but not really in the mood to drink and dance.

And, I wanted to have a big day the next day. It was to be the last day of the year, I wanted to do it right. Maybe Miss Thick would, indeed, wake up on the Dec31… and say she was with me for one last ride together. She should have done that.

But she did not.

……..

I woke up on the last day of the year, with the strong intention to walk through the day with my chin up and my chest out. The end of the year surprised me. It did. But I'd had a great year. I learned a lot. And I am proud of myself.

And all that time with her this year… fucking wow. Unforgettable. Every bit of it.

But it's over, and now it was a new day. I flirted with the idea of trying to get another girl (Siren?) to come with me on that trip, but how do you explain that you're available, and that you just happen to have a killer room by the beach with a hot tub on New Year's Ever?? It seemed too desperate and try-hard to fish for another companion for that plan.

I got up and cleaned the house. And then went to the gym again and had a hellish, kickass workout. I had lunch. I dropped off my bag at home and… well, I went daygaming again, of course.

Daygame (combined with my dedication and years of study and serious effort) had delivered Miss Thick (and a lot of other girls) to me in the first place. And I am grateful to daygame for that. And I also know that is where my romantic future lies. So I got after it. More practice for Japan… I was getting in a lot of sets at the end of the year after all.

I wasn't sure if my mood would allow me to "swing my dick" (as Yohami would say)… I told myself, "five approaches." And I met up with Vicar again. And I did more than five approaches.

My first four sets were noticeable rejections and blowouts… but the fifth approach stuck. A young and crazy Chinese girl (21 years of age), and we talked about maybe meeting up later that night (didn't happen, but she and I have chatted a lot on Facebook in the last few days). Then, I took a few more numbers.

The last set of the day was another married woman and Vicar was close to me when I approached, and by then my vibe was very solid. She hooked. She loved the approach and was very dreamy as I released her. She reached out and took my hand and held it. Vicar said my body language was great on that one.

Busted. Dissed. Dismissed. And yet… still a daygamer. Still out giving my gift and harvesting the rewards.

And that night, as I worked my new leads, one was pretty cute and responsive. I didn't have much time left before I had to get my act together and get out of town. But I tried to tempt her with a date… and she accepted.

……..

On Jan01, the first day of 2018… I hit the streets again. Vicar was with me. He was a great wing in those last days before this trip. I was very appreciative of his company, his support, and his good vibe. I also ran into Rauker, which was cool, as he and I were on the streets last year, on the first day of 2017.

My date and I met after my daygame session, at a tea place, and I bounced her to my favorite hotel bar. She looked fucking hot. Black, over-knee boots, tights, a cashmere sweater and little leather shorts. Very Asian style. She's Korean, and a very cute girl.

We had two drinks and some snacks at the bar. The touching was flowing both ways. I said it was time to go, and that we could share a car home as we both live in the same direction. As we got close to my house, I suggested she come up and "meet my cats." She did.

She is a fairly high-energy girl. None of the slow, milky sexiness that Siren can have. Or the deep heat and passion of Miss Thick. This Korean girl is bubbly. So the seduction had to overcome that giggly vibe… and that wasn't easy.

To kiss her… I had to reach up the back of her neck, and pull her hair so her chin would come up, and then give it to her. She kissed me back, mixed with more youthful laughter.

I walked her down the hall to my room. Put her on the bed. More making out. She was pushing me away as I tried to escalate the situation, but then chatting and being very affectionate as we would roll off.

I got her clothes off. She has a fantastic body and perfect skin. To get her to “get serious,” I would pinch her nipple with increasing pressure, and watch her face, until the pain-pleasure mixture was just right and she would purr… then, I could escalate. That worked.

One of the most important reference experiences from being with her was that one way to deal with her resistance was to give her fairly serious verbal commands. I would say, “spread your legs for me,” and she would stop squirming and spread them. Hmmm, interesting. Most girls will respond to the physicality, this one, responded to the words. There was something about that that I’ve never experienced in quite that way. At that point, I assumed I was going to fuck that girl.

But it was mostly a bit of a “fight.” Lots of resistance, and I never knew how much of it was token. As I reached down to that pussy… she was sopping wet. And I got my head between her legs and licked the taste of her off her clit.

First day of the year and I had girl-cream across my face. I like that.

And with that said… she never really even made me hard. Briefly, at the hotel, but only then. She was hot and delicious, but the scene wasn’t that sexy for me. Despite the ups and downs of the week, I was horny and very ready to fuck… but it wasn’t happening. She wouldn’t touch my cock, and even talking of that would cause her to squirm even more. After I ate her pussy, I got up, walked across the room to get a condom (like I always do), but she was back to full squirm and trying to put her panties back on by the time I had my hands on her again. I’ve never had a girl do that before.

To be honest… that kind of resistance isn’t that fun. I don’t like it.

We did another round or two of that… the nipple pinching, her revving up, me moving things forward. I thought once more that I would end up fucking her, but she was working to get her panties back on… I am only willing to push a situation so far. And it was getting late… nearly three in the morning.

Another very close call. I’ve had five girls in my bed in the last three months that I didn’t fuck… three of them at least 1/2 naked, but none of them went beyond what happened in this story. “Highschool action,” and nothing more.

And then we got her dressed and she went home. She messaged me that night, telling me she was home. I messaged her again, later the next day, no reply. I’m not sure where she and I are at, but it was a fun night. Another fast-seduction date. More experience.

She’s a nice girl. And sexy… when she stops giggling. I had a good time.

……..

A day or so later, I woke up after falling asleep on the couch and I glanced at my phone on the way to take a leak. I had a message on WeChat. I assumed it was Siren. It wasn’t. It was Miss Thick. Another surprise.

It’s a very long message. It scrolls on for several screens. It begins something like “I feel like I owe you more of an explanation…”

But I didn’t read it that night. I didn’t want to get into in the middle of all that in between moments of sleep. The next morning when I awoke… I didn’t read it either. I had a big day as I prepared to leave my city for two months to hunt Japanese lovelies. I had shit to do. I didn’t want to soak in the drama of Miss Thick. No thanks.

I’ll read what she wrote… of course I’m interested… but my plan was to wait until Japan. To arrive. Get my phone working properly. To go have dinner. And somewhere in the middle of my first Asahi… to see what she has to say.

And I am touching down at Haneda airport… right… fucking NOW!!! Boom… Tokyo.

And that is still the plan. Settle in. Grab a bite and beer. And see what that amazing girl sent me, in some many words, so late at night.

I miss her very much. I want her. But I'm glad I'm here. And I feel good.

……

So… that's the battle report, gentlemen. Less time with that amazing lover than I wanted. More time on the street and with new girls. It's not how I expected 2017 would end, but here we are.

I'm proud of my year. Of being a dedicated hunter and dragging down fresh, tasty kills. Of giving girls good experiences. Of pushing myself to find challenge, to overcome failure, to wrangle success out of the jaws of self-doubt. Of being a part of this community, our Tribe of Men. Of continuing to study game, the art of it all. Of all the in-the-flesh experiences I wrapped up. Of being inspired by the stories of my brothers. Of my commitment to sharing what I know, what I care about, here on this blog.

Happy New Year, boys. Viva daygame.

Muh Hypergamy!!!!! | Nah, Sometimes We Are That "Better Offer"

Nash · 7 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

What an odd day for this humble daygamer. First, Heartiste wrote a post about a comment I made on that very fine blog (much respect to CH). They completely missed the point of my comment, but some of the readers got it. And then, after I made a comment on Chris Shepard's thread, Chicken Little himself got after me for challenging his scared (cash) cow. This of course is all about the worlds most obvious concept: Muh Hypergamy!!!!

> "When I see guys that get frothy about MUUHHH HYPERGUUHHHMEH… I increasingly read all that as signals of beta reality/paranoia. And a waste of our time as men to go over this again and again."
> — Nash

I shake my head at this whole controversy. We are all much cooler than that concept. If this was middle school, I wouldn't let that concept sit at our table.

The Manosphere is a loose configuration of guys, with a wide variety of viewpoints. Some of them brilliant. Some not so much. And some of them… are an intellectual dead-end. Muh Hypergamy is in the category of less-than-useful concepts.

Girls go after status and aren't loyal. This has implications for society.

I get it. Yeah. If you've been in the sexual marketplace for more than a minute, you know that girls like status (or shiny things in general), and will swing toward benefits (perceived or real). Got it. It's hard out there. It is. Good men will face many challenges. Opportunistic, disloyal women may be one of the many dragons we have to slay.

Who is really surprised about that at this point?

Do women branch swing? Yes. Of course they do. Should you assume loyalty from your girl. Well, probably not.

I assume every girl I'm dating is fucking someone else (or has, or will). I know that's not always true (when I'm running very good game, maybe it doesn't happen at all), but it's a belief that keeps me "honest." Don't get me

wrong, if I even get the feeling she is with some other guy… she is kicked to the curb. But beyond that, I'm personally not that worked up about it.

Meanwhile, I'm also fucking someone else. Of course I am. Afterall, this is the Secret Society. And I know how the Secret Society works…

> "A secret society exists. Around 52% of people on this earth are a part of it. Of that 52%, 50% are women, 2% are men."
> — RSD Tyler

Tyler is saying that ALL WOMEN, and the class of men that earn the title of "players," are the constituents of the Secret Society. I think he's right (mostly right). And that's ALL women. So yeah, branch swinging for love or profit is real. Again, I'm not surprised.

Most of the bitter betas that howl about Muh Hypergamy are that vast majority of men that don't understand the Secret Society and are not in it. You can make a claim that you are holier than thou "Redpill Royalty" all you want, but if the "secret sexual dealings" of women are a surprise to you, perhaps you're not as advanced as you think you are.

Hypergamy is women looking for the best offer. And very often, that despicable "better offer"… is one of us.

That's the fatal flaw in the withering panic of Muh Hypergamy. Strong men are the real source and power behind that dynamic. If we weren't better than that other guy… what is her incentive to swing?

Without alpha Players and Patriarchs, hypergamy doesn't exist. That is the truth about that silly concept. Hypergamy is about men, not the whims of little girls. It's about us. We are that "better offer." This is actually what it means to be alpha.

That is a different take on it, isn't it.

Ironic, isn't it? All day long the manosphere is high on alpha, but then shivers with the thought of Muh Hypergamy… when those concepts are two sides of the same coin.

When we look at the sexual market place through the beta-lens of Muh Hypergamy, we're being reactive, and small. That is the position of doubt. Only the fear peddlers benefit by pushing that narrative. You should turn your back on that concept forever. It is not helping you.

Personally, I'm increasingly bored by this concept. The real version of hypergamy is that men of game (precisely because we are about working on our value) are the benefactors of that phenomenon. Us, and the girls in the Secret Society (= all girls).

Who's left?

Yeah, some guys get burned. Maybe more so in modern times (although I'm not convinced that's true… maybe the Secret Society is just a little less "secret" these days). And I feel for those guys. I want them to wake up. And I want them to find more useful strategies than the ones offered by Chicken Little and his crew.

And we already have a solution for that. In fact, getting burned by a girl is often the wake up call that brings men into game. It's a phoenix-like moment, and it is the redpill rebirth for so many guys. It was for me. Not because I got burned (I'm sure I did, I just was too "asleep" to see it), but because I read about game and I wanted in. I wanted my spot, so I did what good men do… I earned it.

(In some ways, I see Muh Hypergamy as the men's culture equivalent of SJW red-faced desperation and entitlement… guys wishing for "fairness" and "equality" in the SMP. Sad. And not gonna happen.)

And it's a pity that this concept saps the energy of so many of our brothers. All that thrashing around, completely wasted energy, ranting against "gravity," instead of learning to swim with the current of human evolution. Biting

our nails and chanting “Muhhhh Hypergaaammmmy!!” over and over is not the answer.

The alpha path is a much better solution. Or introvert sigma style, if that’s a better fit. The path of game. And if not game, something like traditional Patriarchy. Both will work to give a man currency in the SMP.

For those guys that are addicted to that nonsense… hooked on Chicken Little’s crack… what exactly do they get out of that concept for their efforts? They get nothing. It’s obvious. If hypergamy could potentially rob them of a connection with a women, endlessly masticating on the concept itself robs them further. It’s Buddhism’s “second dart.” It’s insult to injury. It’s a sickness to continue that patter.

I think the popularity of Muh Hypergamy — the functional “utility” of the concept — is that men that are looking to grind their axe about society, or women, or their divorce, or their low SMV… can use the concept as fuel for their bitterness. And as an excuse to give up. It’s fuel for the MGTOW class. That’s not us.

And I’m not trying to mock those guys. I feel for them. And for any man that is stymied and frustrated by women. And that is the point of this post:

How can we take the possibility of a woman branch swinging, or the fallout of such an event, and grow as men?

Or better yet:

What other strategies are there that would get us what we want, without ever having to drink Chicken Little’s poison “cure?”

Back in college I read Steven Covey’s book, The Seven Habits of Highly Effective People. Like most books, I forgot 99% of what I read, but I do remember this part:

> “Instead of reacting to or worrying about conditions over which they have little or no control, proactive people focus their time and energy on things they can control. ”
> — Stephen Covey

Huh, that sounds pretty good.

I have better things to focus on that Muh Hypergamy, but if I was looking for a way out of that morass… to me that says it all. But I’ll keep going…

Muh Hypergamy is desperately reactive. It’s about being at the “effect” of life and those girls choices… as opposed to being the cause of events in our lives.

> “Be at the cause, not at the effect.”
> — RSD Julian

I love that line. Endless magic in those words.

How is Muh Hypergamy being at the cause of anything? It’s not. It teaches men to worry about things over which they cannot control, in an almost hysterical way. If your whole business model was about selling fear… you might like pushing that kind of thinking. But if you want what’s best for men, you might scratch your head at the billions of collective hours we’ve spent rehashing that topic… if we can’t do anything about it? It’s most literally, not in our control.

More importantly… is that the way real men put their limited time to good use? Is all that hand-wringing the path of a Patriarch or a Player? No, it is not.

> “Proactive people focus their efforts on their Circle of Influence. They work on the things they can do something about: health, children, problems at work. Reactive people focus their efforts in the Circle of Concern–things over which they have little or no control: the national debt, terrorism, the weather.[.. Muh

> Hypergamy!!!]"
> — Stephen Covey

Right.

It's about knowing the difference between life events we can only get anxious about (our Circle of Concern) and the things we can actually do something about (our Circle of Influence).

What a girl does… we have zero control over. We have some control over why she might make a move (=our value, or lack of it), that is true. And we have even more control over our own mindsets and SMV. That later part is where our opportunity lies.

It's interesting to note that men that give solid, practical advice in game don't talk about that concept much. Think of the guys you know that are the best with women… how often do they preach "hypergamy?" Rarely, if at all.

Why would they? It's a fear based strategy that makes you smaller. It's "away motivation." If game is about growth, we need a different path. We need "towards motivation." We have to be FOR something.

Part of that "towards motivation" might be to try to be the guy that that girl goes after… but that is its own kind of middling strategy. It's basically reactive too. Like Muh Hypergamy, it puts her actions at the center of our lives.

The way you deal with the potential reality of some girl branching swinging (which is always a possibility), is to be a high value man. Period. To live life for yourself. To man up in all you do. To be up to "big things." To keep your edge sharp, always. And… to hone your game.

I have recent experience of losing a girl… and it was having options and game that was my solace. And it worked.

If game is a delivery mechanism for value… the value is where it all starts. First value, then game.

There is no such thing as security. But working on value and game is how we can be anti-fragile in the face of uncertainty.

For all the lamentation about Muh Hypergamy, some guys are winning in that game. If you're getting laid a lot, you are hypergamy. You are that shiny thing.

It's an obvious fact that you can be on the winning side of that equation… at least some of the time, with some girls. If you make your life about you (not the girls) and you arm yourself with useful concepts (that lead you, boldly, toward something), you have a life worth living. Chin up, chest out. That's attractive. And that kind of life will attract a range of upside: including friends, business, family… and even YHT.

Yes to that. Feels better, doesn't it.

Beyond just feeling better, the path of the Player and Patriarch goes beyond the bitter, lonely protest of the Muh Hypergamy advocates… working on value and game is real. It's a plan with teeth. It's action (and Pook likes action).

If Muh Hypergamy is about girls swinging to a better offer, the untold story is that some man, in fact, IS that better offer. We can be that man. We already are, much of the time.

Onward and upward.

Here's to working on ourselves. To increasing our knowledge of (and first-hand experience with) female psychology. To choosing strategies that carry us off in productive directions. To "being at the cause, not at the effect."

That's the man I want to be. And I'll look for leaders and others in this Tribe of Men that take me toward the light. Hopeful, bold, badass men.

Let's get into the light. And bring our brothers with us. Once we're there, don't be surprised if there is plenty of

“miniskirt” to go around.

I don’t care how often Chicken Little says it…

The sky is not falling, gentlemen. And it is by our own effort that we ensure that that is so.

Here’s to proper Players. Here’s to powerful Patriarchs. Viva daygame.

Paul Janka, Escalation, and LMR | Free Ebook Download

Nash · 12 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This post has sort of spiraled out of control, but has been fun to write. I'm going to showcase some ideas from Paul Janka here. I'll present him as one case study in the wide range of approaches we might learn from as men of game. He can be a controversial figure, and I like that about him. He is also a smart and deep guy, one of the most important influences on my understanding of game. And a man I respect, very much.

Before we get into the post, here is a little back story on Paul.

Paul Janka is a daygamer. He's famous for picking up women off the street in NYC. In fact, back in 2005 he wrote an ebook called "Getting Laid in NYC: Technology for the Single Man."

You can get a free copy of Janka's original ebook ^ here.

Paul runs a different version of daygame vs the London guys, but he's doing the same thing we all love to do… cold approaching girls on the sidewalk.

Here is a sample:

> "Prior to recognizing how effective a system for getting laid could be, I would take my opportunities where they presented themselves: poolside at a wedding, on the Chinatown bus between Boston and NYC, in a cab, in Central Park."
> — Paul Janka, "Getting Laid in NYC"

Notice he makes no mention of "daygame." When he was on Dr Phil in 2008 he was calling it "street game," but at that stage of his career, this was just "meeting women," his means of "getting laid."

> "I'd say that 90% of my game takes place on the street because I walk a lot (also keeps me thin and fit, a must for the hustler) and that's where the girls are."

> "Here, in NYC, they flow by like sardines in the ocean."

There are some lines from Paul's original work.

He's right. I had a chance to do some NYC daygame last October. There are so many girls there, it was a type of "pussy paradise" for me, beginning with that sheer volume of opportunities. That's where Janka cut his teeth.

> "In New York, we used to walk down 9th Avenue, like on a Saturday afternoon… And we'd just cruise down for like three or four hours and we'd collect numbers. Which was the first stage, obviously, of the whole process: texting them, getting them back to the place, etc."

This ^ quote is from an interview he did in 2012 with the Street Attraction guys from London, seven+ years after he wrote his original "pamphlet." That interview is also a very good look at Paul's thinking. I've sampled a lot of quotes from that talk for this post.

Back to his first book:

> "I have never done online dating. I can't recall the last time I was set-up. And after a few retarded episodes with blind dates, I refuse to do that. All my pulls are in the flesh, and I'm aggressive. I believe it's a lot about chemistry, and a privilege of males is that you get to choose. If you see something you like, go after it."

Ummm, yeah. I like that. Go daygame. And as Janka owns that "you get to choose" mindset, he shows he's among the rare men that see the sexual marketplace in that way. I want to learn from guys like that.

Also note that Paul calls himself aggressive. That will come up a lot in this post.

I see Paul as occupying one end of the spectrum. He is unapologetically trying to get laid. Fiercely so. And while he might go to extremes that are beyond my style, his mindset has shaken me up, and opened my mind to a perspective on game that few men can teach. He is very smart. Very articulate. And upscale. And the combination is fascinating.

One ~~lazy~~ common "criticism" of Paul's game is that he is good looking. He's tall, Harvard educated, and looks to have come from money. "That's not game," some guys have said.

A nice thing about this post, is it's focused on his ideas, not his looks. Below we'll look at some of his concepts. I'll give you a tour of Janka's head, and you can decide for yourself if he has anything to offer this Tribe of Men in terms of insight and innovation.

I'm quite sure he does.

Before we dive into it, I should say that in addition to his ebook, and the interview, I draw heavily from a talk he did at the Morten Hake Summit (also circa 2012), titled, "Do You Know Your Role?" It's an excellent talk, and one I have listened to over and over… including last August while I was on a long drive. And I was once again shocked at the unique perspective and relevance of Janka's mind. As I gain experience, more and more of what he talks about makes sense to me.

I don't know how you can find a copy of that Morten Hake talk for yourself, but that is actually where I started with this post… I've been meaning to write more about him. And as I wait out my head-cold here in Tokyo… I personally transcribed a lot of the best lines from that presentation to share with you here. You're welcome. I'll use even more from that talk in future posts.

And the last bit of the setup for this piece is that it was inspired by something my friend Rivelino posted on the Twitterwebs:

> "What no man should be doing is pushing past a girl's resistance point as a strategy for getting laid. When in doubt, 'Come here' and let her come to you is better than 'Here I go, reject me if you don't want it' move."

> -Yohami
>
> — Rivelino (@alpharivelino) January 7, 2018

When I saw that quote, I felt a sting of familiarity. Not only because I have ridden that line myself, but also because I remembered when I heard Yohami say it.

Janka might contextualize Yohami's words as being about LAST MINUTE RESISTANCE (LMR), a concept most of us know relatively well. In this post, we'll take a look at the kind of moment Yohami is talking about above. And we'll see how Janka sees it.

This is gnarly topic, and this has been an edgy post to write, but this is exactly the place for this kind of discussion. And we're the men to have it.

> "It's good to talk about this stuff, actually…"
> — Janka

Yes, it is. Every player I know brushes up against LMR at one point or another. It's in those touch-and-go moments when we are working to close the deal.

> "Last Minute Resistance… This is the single-most nerve-wracking moment in the seduction of a girl so expect her to act a little out of character even if she wants to have sex with you."
> — From Daygame Infinite, Krauser's advanced daygame textbook

Yep, we all know LMR.

I was there myself less than two weeks ago with the Korean girl in my bed on New Years Day. And to be honest, I am still conflicted about what went down. Did I push too hard? Did I not push enough? She kept trying to put her panties back on. In some ways I felt a little like a bastard after she left my place. And at the same time, I feel like I might have let her down. Maybe it was up to me to fuck that girl, and it was my lack of nerve that couldn't get it done? Maybe I went too far? I don't know.

That kind of ambiguity is what this post is all about. We'll let Janka take us through it. Let's dive in.

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Here is some Janka material I used to respond to Riv's Tweet:

> "It's cat and mouse. She has a comfort band… push up against that. We're the men, right? Guys have been pussified."

Here we are starting to get a hint at Janka's potential to be controversial.

> "You should know what the law is, and if you're horny, push up against the law. Don't rape the girl and don't go crazy. A lot of guys don't take the shot. And the guys that do take the shot are the guys that sleep with all the attractive women. Women will take a lot more pushing and lot more bold behavior than probably most of the men in this room realize. If you push that, that's what turns a girl on. We're animals. This audience could benefit from being a little more assertive."
> — Janka

That ^ is edgy. That is the line I heard in August when I listened to his talk on my drive that made my eyes pop open. It caught my attention. And that kind of thinking puts Janka beyond a lot of guys in the community. And he is consistently like this.

Is that too much? I mean, he's right. There is the law, and we can use that as a boundary. And he's also correct about what it takes to have more than your share of sex with attractive women… you have to "take the shot."

How far do you take that line of thinking? And is that the question we should be asking? Yohami might steer us in another direction altogether…

And yet there is also a very real "danger" of being so overprotective of the girl's "virtue" that we rob both the girl and ourselves of a good deal — "snatching defeat out of the jaws of victory" (as a friend of mine likes to say).

"Oh, another nice guy." "Fine… but boring." "Safe… but unsatisfying." And maybe that was your one and only shot. Maybe you missed your chance… not because she is leaving town, but because she's not interested in you anymore after that. She knows plenty of nice guys. "Respectful guys." Maybe you never see her again.

This is a proper dilemma… and both horns represent a chance to make a type of error. "Too much"… or "not enough."

> "Women respond to bold… why do 5% of the guys fuck 95% of the women… because the guys that put their hand up their crotch in a full, crowded bar, while she's talking to her best friend, and she pushes into it, and it turns her on, that's the guy she wants to fuck, not the guy that's waffling around. When you're bold, you signal something to a woman."

Janka isn't talking about the bedroom here, but he is making the same point.

> "…he desires her. No! He is bad news! She can't resist and is swept off her feet on a tidal wave of breath-taking excitement."
> — Also from Krauser's new daygame book

What does it mean to "sweep her off her feet?" That's not the same as "jumping into our arms," is it?

^ These are different things.

I cited Janka as "counterpoint" to the Yohami's quote from Riv's tweet. And I'll take this moment to say I think Yohami is pointing to being a kind of "attractive" that may be far superior to the kind of game that Paul is representing in those quotes. Yohami wants us to be super solid, to be the "masculine magnet" that draws girls to you… so there is no LMR. That is ideal.

> I like this… and the true "come here" line, where you actual hold still and make her come to you… is a standard I judge myself by. And I'm not there yet.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) January 7, 2018

It's true. Another bow to Yohami for his leadership in this community. I think he is right. And he is an incredibly rare voice.

> "If you stop being willing to push against a resisting girl (which means acting before time, therefore making her push the breaks and take control), and instead tease and then double down when she's aroused (which means she never pushes the breaks, and you have control) you'll likely stop experiencing this stuff."
> — Yohami

My game is not that bad, but I need to read that again and again. This ^ is where I want to be. I'm working on it. That is A+ game. I want that kind of game. That is Top Guy.

But a lot of game, real game, worthy game… is played in less ideal territory.

I want to acknowledge the place where most of us are at, something less than Yohami's level of skill (and insight). I want to get into the trenches of the experiences most of us have with girls. Girls that might fuck us, but don't exactly clamor after us. Girls that say, "no, no, no," over and over (I have seen that many, many times), often on their way to true and juicy "yes" moments later (I have seen that as well).

How do you know when "no" means "no?" Or when "no" means "maybe… but not tonight." Or when it means "maybe, but it depends on what you do next" (this is super common). Or when "no" means "yes," but only for guys that get it. This is complicated. How do you know the difference? How do you get expertise here while staying on the side of giving yourself and the girl a good experience?

> "I always knew what the law was. I wouldn't cross the line but I'd come up pretty damn close to it. There were a lot of mattress battles… that LMR… wear her down to the point I fucked her."

Another version of Janka's approach and another incredible quote. Some of us might talk like that, at least some of the time. And even more of us have had similar experiences.

> "I got her into the apartment, got us a drink and started kissing her. She put up some LMR for an hour or so."
> — Roy Walker

Roy knows what LRM looks like. LMR, yes… but the sex happens. Guy's with real-world experience know that is not weird at all. We're not talking about resistance every time… we're talking about resistance to the FIRST TIME. Which is as symbolic as it is carnal.

I had one girl in Tokyo last year that gave me strong LMR. I did not have sex with her and she left mad. I had another girl, very strong LMR on two different occasions. I didn't have sex with her either, but she loves me. We talked all year while I was back at home. She pinged me on this trip, as soon as I arrived. And Miss Tease said "no" the whole time, as I wrestled her clothes off. We fucked. She praised me over and over afterwards, saying she loved that I was "rough."

There are a lot of mixed signals. Between girls, but often from the same girl. And while there are some clear patterns overall, each specific combination of man, woman and circumstances is different. This is the reality of the dance.

In one of the quotes above, Janka makes a reference to "mattress battles." I would expect Yohami to reject that concept. I think he would see this as "tussle." And the behavior of Bottom Guy. The whole frame is a "fight" and not "seduction."

> "…she got you to reverse back to a frame where she's not crazy about you, a frame where you work your ass up to her, climbing uphill. This Tussle frame."
> — Yohami

I think that's a fair POV. Yohami is no pussy, he's an aggressive guy too, and very much about sex. And I think when he steers us away from "the tussle" he is doing us a service. Pointing to a more "mature" game. Not "mature" as in neutered and compromised… or boring and conservative… but "mature" as in better. Where you get laid even more often, the sex is hotter, and everyone involved has a better time.

But if you read between the lines there, Yohami's expectation is that she is "crazy about you." That she should be coming to you, like a fan to a rockstar. "Bieber Game."

But it's not always that ideal. Likely because most of us don't have the value (or the game) of a guy like Yohami. And other times perhaps because the girl has a more complicated relationship to sex than throwing herself at you. She is not going to simply purr when you put the moves on her. What looks to us like LMR is sometimes part of the

seduction for girls like that. Maybe she “needs” a little bit of LMR. That is a normal part of “being taken” for her, and if you avoid those moments that is “rejection” or “boring” to her.

Complicated.

The Asian girls I sleep with tell me “no” almost every time. Not Miss Thick, but the Tokyo Queen (my former live-in girlfriend of over a year), would tell me “no-no!!!” when I would fuck her, almost every time… and I fucked her for two years. And she would even mock me sometimes, after sex, for not pushing hard enough. She did that when I backed off of fucking her in the ass the first time. She mocked me because I took her “no” seriously… even though her “no” was serious… she doesn’t like it in the ass at all… but she would lose respect for me when I cared about her feelings. That is a true story. Sometimes girls are like that. How do we interpret that?

When we back off… sometimes, it doesn’t feel like “respect” or “decency” to the girl. It’s the opposite. She specifically loses respect for you. Shit tests don’t stop at the door to the bedroom.

> “When a woman can manipulate a man, it’s game up.”
> — From one of the guys in that Street Attraction talk

He is saying that when she knows “you couldn’t get it done,” that’s who you are to her… another guy that couldn’t get it done. Contrast being in that category to being one of the guys that can “sweep her off her feet.” No comparison. Different leagues. I’ve been both.

Back to Janka:

> “The girl will pace you. I would say, push for it.”

> “A guy constantly presses. There’s a legal system, there’s a law. You can’t do certain things beyond it. And she’ll leave. What I’m saying is, you can press, but she can pace it. She can say, ‘yes, I’m interested, but not right now.’ Often beautiful girls are very good at pacing. They’ll pace you. They’ll let you push, but they’ll say ‘I need more time, I need more time.'”

I like this. This sounds real, like a more “reasonable” version of what Janka is saying earlier. “What I’m saying is, you can press, but she can pace it.” That is getting close to a perfect crystallization of the “dance.” This is exactly what happened with me and Chinese Fashion girl in New York (I did not fuck that girl, but I pushed it). I really like that bit as an accurate reflection of the reality of trying to fuck a girl for the first time.

> “Women respond to guys that fuck ’em. I hate to tell you that.”

He is correct. Again.

> “You’d be surprised… scale up what you feel comfortable, like 200%. They can handle themselves. A hot girl has been put in so many positions, where guys are assertive, she knows exactly how to step away, to deflect, verbally, physically, I wouldn’t worry about it.”

This ^ line reminds me of the epiphany I had when I wrote about Sundance’s lay with Math Girl.

She’s was 20. A conservative Chinese girl. She is a math major at a serious university. She plays classical piano. Sundance didn’t know it, but I had also picked her up via daygame, and got her out.

When she and I had our date, she told me she had dated some other guy that was 35 and very smooth (he was her first fuck). Other stories made it clear to me he was a player. In completely unrelated circumstances, Sundance picked her up, escalated hard on the first date and fucked her. She made a point to tell me she was the “relationship

type," but "relationship girl" had one night stand with Sundance.

That girl looks young and innocent, but she is not naïve. She has met, and dealt with dangerous men before. There was the older guy that took her v-card. Then dangerous me (and I'm even older than him). And if my wing and I both picked her up on separate occasions in the same month, we have to assume it's normal for her to have players with real experience enter her life. Even at 20: how many times has she been pressed sexually by mature men that know what they're doing? That is a LOT of experience. We men have no idea… because that shit does not happen to us.

A girl's psychology is a complicated web of nuance and motivations. Not all the signals are easy to read or interpret. And yes… girls like to get "ravished" (girls use that word all the time, do you know what that word means?). We have seen girls "dance" with us in moments like this… I know I have.

> "Talking about man's need and right to behave normally. It creeps women out when we hide this stuff down. Look, a fully mature sexual woman, she can take care of herself. She knows the power she has in a room with her body and her attitude. She's had plenty of sexual experience. Being a full mature man isn't hurting anyone's feelings."

Again, Paul is dead on here. A girl's sexual education starts much younger than ours, because she is getting hit on by aggressive, experienced guys, almost every day, from the moment she steps into puberty and fertility. By the time a given girl is in your bed, how many come-ons has she seen? That is a lot of experience. I'm still not sure I can personally appreciate the sheer volume of even a very young girl's episodes of "education."

> "Fuck or get out of the way."

I know guys that would call girls that want to date, but never fuck, "time wasters." What Paul is saying is a bit harsh and direct, but it's not weird. It's not "only" about sex, but it is ALSO about sex. While men are usually pretty clear about what we want, girls do sometimes exhibit "game-like" behavior. They can be coy. They can hide their intent. They can extend subtle, conditional moments of opportunity, based on how well we handle ourselves.

Or they can live in a space of indecision. And count on us to help define their reality. And to lead them into territory they can't get to on their own. This is the history of men.

And just when you think Janka is nothing but a cold-hearted psychopath:

> "And of course, once you get through the interaction, and you're both naked, after having sex, everyone loves each other, and it's all warm and fuzzy and sweet."

Janka is in danger of sounding romantic here… and that's not weird either. This is also part of the story.

You have the stage of the dance BEFORE you part her legs… and then a very different stage after you've had sex. There is a co-mingling that happens post-sex that is often beautiful, but it requires something like a "breakthrough." You have to "penetrate" her world, as Janka might say.

> "It doesn't mean you have to be an asshole, per se. But in the initial dance, someone has to break, and the guy should always break the girl. Meaning, she gives into your terms and you fuck her. If the guy gives in, and chases her, and doesn't get anything, it never works."

Janka is pointing to a lack of respect from women for men that "can't get it done." Does she not respect you, so you don't get to fuck her? Or is it that you didn't fuck her, so she knows not to respect you?

Janka's language is drifting back into "tussle" here, but I find what he is saying terribly familiar. I call it "surrender."

I think that is exactly what this moment is all about, much of the time.

The “no”, the LMR, can sometimes be a test to see if you can get her to surrender. Not a deliberate test, but a functional one. She doesn’t necessarily know in advance, or even moment to moment, what the outcome of the dance will be. And she won’t always make that easy for you to navigate.

It is clearly not about force. I don’t personally think it’s about “the law” (although, that is the final guideline). It’s about how we handle ourselves.

Can we in fact hold our nerve, particularly under pressure? Are we at ease when the heat goes up? That level of mastery, of masculinity, of “soft dominance,” is sometimes the difference between token and real LMR. Between a makeout that goes nowhere and sex… and everything that is on the other side of sex. The joy. The romance. A potential relationship. This is the moment and there is a lot on the line.

> “It’s just like horses, you gotta break ’em. In other words, you gotta break the girl, and tame her. Then you can be nice, and do nice stuff. But that dynamic has to be established right away, if there’s going to be any polarity, and any sex.”

Again, Janka dropping wisdom on us with those words. I won’t run off on another tangent but take note of the word “polarity” there.

But Yohami might have his own counterpoint:

> “If you act from the ‘come here’ higher position, she still has the option to not go there, to do something else, to leave, it’s always her choice. But it’s never ‘I’m gonna keep pushing and you tell me where to stop’ (bottom guy), but ‘I’m having a party here, come’ and if she doesn’t that’s her problem (top guy).”
> — Yohami

That ^ is probably the best line in the whole post. That is my goal in game right now. I want to be Top Guy. I want to be that man.

I think Top Guy is truly the place to aim for in this game. But I’m not there as often as I want to be. And in fact, a lot of girls are happy to be fucked by guys that exhibit EITHER Janka’s or Yohami’s style of sexual leadership.

It’s complicated. No one said it would be easy.

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Whew. Okay. Edgy stuff.

Not all of us have the experience of Janka or Yohami. So how do we negotiate the edge? How do we navigate that space, before we have the reference experiences that would make that territory familiar?

I have some ideas, but first, here are a few interesting lines on the subject:

> “The more the resistance you get, the bigger your step back should be. If the resistance is of a strong character, step off completely and take a little break and restart escalating from the beginning again. However, in cases where the resistance is lighter, you can just take a small step back before proceeding.”
> — Alek Rolstad

That is great advice. It’s clear. “Of a strong character.” Is she giving you a mousy little “no… no…,” lightly brushing you off? Or is she firm and stern about it? I can see the difference. And this is a solid and very well-stated reminder.

I like Alek’s guidelines. And he has more to say:

> "This means that you will keep escalating (physically, or verbally in the form of sex talk), but you will only give her 'three shots.' Which means that you will persist only three (3) times. After resisting your third attempt, you can be somewhat sure that she is most likely not into you and that you should better move on."
> — Alek Rolstad

Now we are getting very specific, and that's helpful.

And this "three shots" concept is a good way of looking at it. I like it, because it's persistent. You don't shrink away at the first rebuff. This guideline gives us permission to "push it" (as Janka would say), to let her "pace us," but we have some sense of what is too much. And when I look into my personal history, this is close to what I have done many, many times.

This feels right.

Here is another reference point:

> "Even if you manage to blast through LMR and sleep with her she is very likely to get buyer's remorse the next day and she may not want to see you again. Note that sex after strong LMR is not very good usually anyway."
> — Some guy named Rocky, from Krauser's blog

Excellent points there.

And I can turn that around, make it about my POV:

When I've pushed really hard, and had sex, I've had more "doubt" about it. I'll second guess myself, and that will take some of the joy out of it. I almost felt that way with Miss Tease… that was a complicated seduction, first-time sex with a girl I barely knew. But regardless of the complexities of a girl's sexual psychology, pushing doesn't feel good to me. I can win the battle but lose the war. Pushing too hard does feel like Bottom Guy behavior.

Rocky's note also helps me see this more clearly.

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Another question I have in moments like these is about a look of shock/fear/surprise on her face… I always use a girls non-verbal communication to help me make decisions. But it's not always perfectly clear what those micro-expressions mean.

I really like to be dominant. But I am growing into that role, and I don't have it all figured out. Sometimes I am very rough. Sometimes I am fierce. I enjoying making girls nervous. Sometimes I see that in her face. Sometimes that "fear" is part of the fantasy for both of us.

Here is a real and recent exchange between me and Miss Thick. I'm paraphrasing a bit to keep some personal details out of this… the first line is a reference to kissing her:

> NASH: I want to break your lips
> MISS THICK: You want to hurt the nice girl. It makes the girl scared…
> NASH: Ummm, I kind of like that
> MISS THICK: Me too
> NASH: I = DANGEROUS
> MISS THICK: I like you make me scared

I want to "hurt her." She is "scared." I enjoy that she is "scared." She likes feeling "scared." I am "dangerous."

She likes all this. And so do I. "Negative" emotions functioning as happiness and sexual fulfillment… of the deepest kind when it comes to her and me.

In the context of an exchange between practiced lovers, this flows easier. But if this same exchange is with a girl you don't know well, one you're fucking for the first time… it's heavy. There can be a lot of uncertainty. And some risk.

This is real stuff. It's rare you can get a girl to spell out all the levels of psychology in so few lines as Miss Thick does above. She and I are role playing… kind of. But not really. I do like to see something like "fear" in her. And she does like to feel it. When I am less "scary"… it's less hot for her.

It's a "game," but is a very realistic one.

A lot of this dance takes place on at least two levels: One physical and literal…. the other, symbolic and fantastic. Which part of the dance requires your attention? How do we best play out our roles as men and leaders in these moments?

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As we start to wrap this up, I have one more note on this topic. Another tactical tip.

Lance Mason (of Pickup101) talks about dealing with LMR in one if his products. In moments like we're discussing here, he said he would sometimes say:

> "Oh, you're right. And you know what, you should probably go. Because I'm, like, totally turned on by you. And how you feel matters to me, but I don't think I can keep my hands to myself. You're so hot. You should probably go."

This ^ is a savage paraphrase of what Lance actually said, and my apologies for butchering Lance's grace. But that is close to the point. It's a bit like Janka's "Fuck or get out of the way," if perhaps a bit more civilized. It's a sort of "agree and amplify," and that is part of the magic of it. It has "push/pull" elements to it.

That's good game.

And maybe, if she's not willing to progress with you deeper into the relationship, maybe you'd rather have the rest of the night to yourself. I know I would prefer a good beer and some smoke to a LMR "matress battle." Not always, but much of the time.

But actually, Lance said that the girl would often be very surprised at that line. Not many guys would help shoo her out of the bedroom. Lance takes the LMR and puts himself at "the cause" with this move. And the girl is suddenly "at the effect." She is dazed by that reversal. And I like that too. It's powerful.

Very Top Guy. Yohami likes Lance too. Lance is another guy worth studying.

And after he said that line, he would stand up, and feed her clothes to her so she could get dressed. And she would sometimes soften, and come to him, and he'd throw her down on the bed and give her the proper rogering.

Nicely done, Lance. And maybe beyond just tactics, this is really good mindset stuff.

Forget the girl (and what might be her sexual power games). This is about having respect for yourself. For not dragging yourself through this kind of drama. You said, "c'mere." She didn't. So you show her the door. That sounds closer to Top Guy to me.

> "When I have certain terms… the guy who then breaks his own terms to satisfy her, what happens is, she doesn't respond, he loses the girl and he loses his self-respect. So then he's double hurt. He is without the girl and he feels he's betrayed himself, because he didn't want to do that. It's always better to stick to what your terms are, and do what you want, and the girl and come and go."
> — Janka

Lance's move is a way of not compromising. We don't have to fuck the girl, but that doesn't mean we want to compromise either. Because sometimes compromise means you feel like you betrayed yourself.

And the whole thing is slick. No anger. No "freeze out" bullshit where you "check your email" and guilt or isolate her into fucking you… that's not good game. Lance's move is 1/2 calling her bluff, and 1/2 choosing to make better use of your time. It's bold. It's smart.

This is about us. Not the girls. What do WE want? If we can't get what we want… what ELSE do we want? Let's stick to what we want here. For each of us, we are the center of our world.

And his advice is very specific. You could combine it with Alek's "three shots," then she's done, show her the door. That's fair. And actionable.

And if she turns back and fucks you after all… great.

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There is so much more I meant to show from Janka's fresh and diverse range of contributions. He actually has some amazing things to say about relationships. I'll tease you with this:

> "I am 34, my girlfriend is 22, I want a big family… I have an idea of being the leader of my family. For me, it's important I have someone of very high character. I need someone I can rely on. A flimsy girl is going to breakdown underneath me. I need a strong woman of high character. I want her young enough that she has a lot of child bearing years ahead. At 22, she can have a lot of kids. And attractive, good sex."

He sounds like a proper Patriarch here and I respect him for it. The guy has range. He is surprising, in that he is so merciless when it comes to taking the notch, but that is not all he has to offer. He's a poon hound, but he's a solid man beyond just getting his dick wet.

If you can find his materials, he is very much worth studying. Highly recommended.

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Alright… Janka, take us home.

> "It's all a male-sided thing… Men, by definition, are the ones who impact the life of the woman."

This is leadership. And this ^ BTW, is a perfect synopsis of what I was trying to say in my Muh Hypergamy post. It's never about the girls… it's about us.

> "That should carry through all the way. The theme of penetration. You gotta penetrate at every level, all the way to the sexual penetration. You have to penetrate her visual field, then her auditory field, then her, like, her stupid calendar… get in there. It's from that very first moment all the way to actual sex. It's not the woman's job to do it. It's the guy has gotta get in there. When I stop doing it, it's not like they carry the baton. They are fundamentally indecisive and it's the man who needs to go in and impact."

Yeah.

How you lead the dance of escalation is ultimately up to you. In those moments in the bedroom, there is a leader… and there is a little girl. We're in charge. Janka is right, it's up to us penetrate her world. All of us with experience know she's not going to do it for us.

Okay, that's all I got.

I'm grateful to Janka, to Yohami, to Krauser, to Alek, to Rocky, to Lance, and to all the eloquent seducers before me, for sharing their experience. For being in every way… a light in the dark.

I hope very much to get a chance to “dance” with some girls on this trip. Now or in the future, there will be moments when it’s all on the line… for physical sex and symbolic surrender. And I feel a little more prepared for all of that now.

My thanks to the great Rivelino, once again, for inspiring this piece.

Viva daygame.

Jordan Peterson on Channel 4 News: A Masterclass in Shit Tests, Frames and Masculinity

Nash · 18 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Jordan Peterson had an interesting interview with Cathy Newman from the UK news program Channel 4 News. This talk is interesting, not because of the content per se, but much more so about how he handles this particular news anchor, and her attempts to control the frame. The whole interview is a shit test and Jordan crushes it. And leads us way beyond the little traps she tries to set, to give us a remarkable look at masculinity in action.

A lot of the magic in that interview is in the non-verbals. If you know how to read people, you could watch it with the sound off. The most important interpersonal aspects of the talk could be seen in silent frames of the salient moments. We'll look at all that below.

Jordan Peterson is a proper Patriarch in this talk. It's not his powerful eye contact or the way he leans back in "set." That's also solid, but sits on the surface of his greater value and what he is doing for Western Culture.

And he is a Patriarch in this instance, because he leads this particular girl out of her own poisonous mindset (if only for a minute), correcting some of her garbage frames as he walks her into the light. And he leads us with a demonstration on how to conduct the dance between the masculine and the feminine, with girls like this one, and on our path as men.

He is an excellent role model. And this talk is a surprisingly great tutorial of solid game… played at the level of a Patriarch.

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Going back to the non-verbals, watching how Jordan husbands this woman really inspired me. I was going to do a quick graphic about her facial expressions, but there was too much here for such a light treatment.

My original idea was that I see a lot of similarities in this talk to what goes down in a masterful daygame approach on the street. It was fun for me to look at this interaction in that way.

If this interview was a cold approach on the street, she is certainly not a "Yes Girl." And yet, many of us have had extraordinary interactions with girls that didn't necessarily make it easy. Sometimes sets that start out rough turn out to be the juiciest ones.

This is that kind of "set."

Krauser talks about "giving the girl 'the rub.'" About how some girls need that, because they crave it, or that's the only way to get through to them. The interviewer in this piece came after him guns blazing, full "hit piece" style. Her tests are in everything she says to him… but mostly SHE IS the shit test. Can Jordan handle the "wild feminine?"

We can compare her to a hostile, but not necessarily unavailable, daygame girl. That is what I will do here.

> "In this case, I think she wanted 'the rub'."
> — Krauser

Yeah. Cathy Newman is that kind of girl. She is not just a ditsy, dismissive "club chick." She is an alpha female. She needed the "rub." And she got it in healthy portions.

As I continue to use the lens of a "pickup" here… it's not to say that she "wanted" Jordan Peterson's attention. But girls wants and desires are, in fact, somewhat malleable. Not for most guys, actually. But for masters… girls can go from "no" to "maybe" over the course of an exchange with a strong, masculine man. In this case, Jordan Peterson proves himself to be that kind of man. And he manages to take a girl from full hostility, from the aggressor role,

from a full “no”… to an adorable “yes.”

We can look more closely at the non-verbals below. And that is good work in itself.

But the bigger deal here, and in game in a more general sense, is about being a solid man.

The talk starts out, in terms of content, with Jordan Peterson talking about how men need to “grow the hell up.” To “clean your room” is at the center of Jordan’s basic lessons for “getting yourself sorted.” But he goes way beyond “conscientiousness” into a level of easy confidence that only really solid inner game can give you.

Jordan Peterson is a badass. And a proper man. There is more here than “tricks” and “techniques.” This is what Deida might call “Third Stage” masculinity in action.

Watch how he handles this girl… and watch how his solidity as a man, relieves her of the need to “be the man.” How that process makes her joyful… and (I would argue) turns her on.

I have no doubt, that if Jordan Peterson wanted to (if he had some access to this woman), he could fuck her. Not because he is “sneaky” and has some perfect opener, but because he is an oak of a man. He is a proper Patriarch. That is attractive. And he is a great role model for us all in this talk.

…….

Check this out:

I’m going to jump into my “daygame approach” analogy, and say that this ^ is him, sizing her up in pre-approach.

She is the target. He is light and carefree about it. He has no fear of “a cute little girl.” He is a serious guy, he has tremendous value on so many levels… but there’s a bit of a smirk here, as he is ready to play.

Maybe he can tell by her walk she’ll be a “firecracker.” There is concentration in his eyes as he goes to what Krauser would call “Code Red,” gearing up for the approach, but he’s already at ease. He has already proven himself… to himself. And compared to that level of work, charming her will be no great feat or challenge.

Here ^ he opens. And he makes a playful face. Sort of acknowledging this is man-to-woman, and using a bit of humor to begin to disarm her.

The dance has begun.

We see her wrinkle her forehead in a sort of “what the fuck?” look.

She has seen men try this before. I can imagine her as the bitchy sorority type… maybe even a leader of those types of girls. This is the girl at the club that has already been hit on six times in the last hour, and she’s cock-blocked several other guys as they have made ill-suited passes as her brood of hens. She is a formidable force packed into a skirt, and she is very aware of her value.

As the set gets going she is in full disapproval ^. A somewhat bored, but a cold “how dare you” forming on her face. Her sense of her own worth is through the roof, so she almost sneers at him. It’s early in the set, but this doesn’t look like “maybe.” This would melt most guys… which is sport for a girl like this one. She does this all the time.

Here ^ we have a wider shot. And lets imagine that Jordan has spit a few lines of game, and she is batting those lines back at him. Maybe giving him some short answers. Or talking about how “she has a busy day and lots do to” in a dismissive, self-important tone.

And that is cool, actually. These girls don’t owe us anything, and as many men in our space have said, it’s our job to

carry the burden of the conversation early on. At this point, we are the “sellers,” and she is the “buyer,” so the attractiveness of the pitch is entirely up to us to convey. That’s fair.

If a girl wants to give me a bitchy attitude on a cold approach, that is totally legit. Part of the game. In this case, Cathy was beyond a little “bitchy” in the way she treats JBP. But he shows that even then, there can be real opportunities for men with the talent and the stones to penetrate the world of a girl like this one.

Here ^ she is giving him what we in daygame call “the Russian Minute.” Let’s imagine that Jordan is telling her why he stopped her. Maybe talking about her walk. Or the brilliant contrast of her “elegance” and her “seriousness.”

“I like it,” he might say, with a cocky look.

It is about this point that she is beginning to take him seriously. She has properly stopped. It’s not that she likes him (because at this point in the interview, she does not). But she is digging in, and pulling out her big guns for a proper firefight. There is no doubt in her mind she can handle this guy. Who does he think he is? She’s ready to show him a girl like her can put a simple daygamer in his place…

And that over-confidence on her part, is also an opportunity. She could have walked away, which would have been fine, but she did not. And Jordan has the time to set the hook.

He knows he has room to work here ^, and he is gaining ground in the interaction. You can see he is far enough into her world that he can start to break rapport a little. That smirk is gone, for the moment. He is showing that he is multidimensional. And that he is strong. No giggles. No “uptalk.” No beta tells. She is not impressed, but he is already kicking ass.

All of this is having an effect on her, but it takes some time to gel.

She has no idea she is in the presence of a “dangerous man.” Not yet. And that is beautiful to me. I love it. Having watched this video a few times to produce this piece… I know this is where she really lost the game. If she wanted to “guard her womb,” this was the time for her get out of Dodge.

But she doesn’t. And Jordan can progress with the seduction.

Gun's blazing ^. There is no respect in that look. She's hostile and careless. She is a cunt.

She is totally unfair to him for the first 1/2 of the talk, unprofessionally so. Beyond being combative, she tries to put words in his mouth, twists almost everything he says as he says it, doggedly trying to trap him… but he remains civil, smart, even humorous.

I couldn't have done that. Jordan is a better man than me (than most of us), and he is non-reactive and goes where he wants. That is putting yourself in the center of your world… not spinning in orbit around some wild girl throwing a tantrum. This is a clinic in how to be a proper man in a tough situation.

And while I dislike her for who she shows herself to be, I recognize that this is still a type of FEMININE energy… the destructive kind. "Kali," as Jordan might say. Both in her style of communication and in the position she tries to advance. This is woman as hurricane. And she's fierce. And the dance here goes on at multiple levels of reality.

While I agree that this is a type of feminine, she is also displaying many masculine traits. That is a big theme of both the text and the subtext of the talk.

Jordan is beyond masterful, as he corrals her at both levels. He provides the structure for her chaos, and that on its own is an incredible way to understand the potential of masculinity. In his lectures, Jordan talks about these themes at a level I can barely begin to comprehend. But what really blows me away is to watch him enact those themes, here, in real time. To tame the tiger under the pressure of the public eye (like a street approach). And to do it with such style.

At this point in the talk, she is all hot and bothered about the wage gap myth (which, to her credit, she cites as only 9% in the UK, that is more fair than any number I have ever heard from a woman like her). And Jordan is talking about how this is a complex issue, with many factors, one of them being:

> JBP: "Women are more agreeable than men."

Which is ironic given the tone of her interview style and her complete lack of charm. And it gets more ironic in a minute… but for now she responds:

> CATHY: “Some women are not more agreeable than men.”

And he agrees with that, because it’s true and of course Jordan is on the side of truth. This is an important part of understanding why JBP is so important in the culture. He is not a partisan mercenary, bickering and pushing disingenuous arguments. He is a grown up, and a man of his word. He is principle-based. A man we can trust.

And now he gets serious with her:

It’s still early, but this ^ may be the turning point of the interaction. He crushes her here, and it serves her and the interaction incredibly well. His strength, is an act of service, and you’ll see how this all plays out as the conversation continues. Jordan can talk about the integration of the light and the shadow. And he lets some of his own fierceness comes through here.

In response to her comment above he says:

> JBP: “Yes, that’s true. And some women get paid more than men.”

He says that with an edge to his voice. And you can see his face in that shot.

She had been complaining about generalities and had been citing exceptions, and here he turns that back on her. And this moment is maybe the only time JBP rises up on her. He gets a bit hot here, and I think it’s well timed. I deeply admire the coolness in which he meets the unwarranted attitude from this girl, but this was a time to show his teeth a bit, and he does. And it has an impact on her.

This is actually HOOK POINT, as I see it. It was that move, that bit of strength, that got him solidly into the set. She really is that difficult. And it took this much “art” for her to begin to be real, to begin to have a more honest conversation.

And he's back to being at ease.

In the last frame he showed his teeth, but he doesn't need to over-do it. I think he knows he's already won the war. He is six moves ahead of her, and that's where that big smiles comes from. He's still on stage, but he's having a good time with it now.

Goddamn, I love this guy.

With the extra space he has now, he can begin to "stretch out." I think there is something fatherly in his look here. He's not condescending or mean, but he knows that he is in a class above this girl. He doesn't need to fight, ruthlessly, like a cornered rat. He can relax and begin to show more value. Continue into his "mastery topics" (a

great phrase I know from the LoveSystems crew)… not “saying” he has value with obvious DHV stories, but actually demonstrating value, on the spot.

He is teaching her here. The whole time. It just takes her a minute to get it. And Jordan has such good game, he creates time to give her that good experience. He creates the space she needs for his value to sink into the obstinate, thickheaded game she is trying to play.

You can see her, in fits and starts, begin to accept his reality, to slowly buy into his frame. This woman is a hammer made of ice. But she begins to melt… and to trust him. Good men can do that, even for women that barely deserve that kind of gift.

See ^, she softened. Look at those previous frames. No way you would expect a girl like this to suddenly lean back a bit. He has brought her to this moment.

Notice how she is beginning to look a bit pretty. This girl is not my type… but this is the first time I can see the beautiful side of femininity in her. And it is no coincidence that this is happening…

Proper masculinity creates the space for femininity to bloom. As David Deida might say, he is “fucking her open.” This is what penetration looks like. You’re seeing it right before your eyes.

Around 12 minutes in, he has started to wear her down… she is softening.

> CATHY: “What do you mean by that?”

She is almost curious now… you can hear it in her voice (13:34). He has slowed her down.

He continues to educate her, going into the depth and range of his personal vault of knowledge. And she is letting him lecture her at this point… a little bit. Here and there. At 14:24, she pauses, and thinks, and takes a breath… she is already done… she is his… but she doesn’t know it yet.

Now ^ here, in a last ditch effort for her to retain her frame, she doubles down. That bit of sweetness is gone. This is her, as ugly as in any other part of the talk.

…….

And it's no coincidence that she is raging about "The Patriarchy" in these frames. That narrative brings out the ugliness of women. She has no fucking idea what that concept means. Most folks in the current culture do not.

This interaction has endless levels of irony, but this is the center of it for me:

She thinks "the evil nature of men" is holding women back. She is playing the bullshit Marxist power game, or trying to, the whole time. More of the victim and oppressor frame. She wants to "tear down" all that "the bad men" have done to the world, and replace it with what? With her chaotic, nastiness? With her personal style of viciousness? She is quite an example.

And she is "miserable" in these moments… the ones where she is leading. Fierce, but far from happy. We'll see later what her potential for joy is, when she surrenders to a solid man… and a better plan.

Cathy Newman is a very smart woman. In another context, I would easily praise her, as her strength, her fortitude, and her smarts are impossible to miss. If you want the job done, hiring a woman like this is not a bad idea… essentially because she is so masculine.

And with that said, that woman has no idea what she really wants. I'm not saying she can't order herself a latte, I'm talking about the bigger picture. And the arch of society. The talk itself proves it.

Rewind back to the beginning of the talk. Where Jordan makes the claim that relationships with weak men are making woman miserable. That is a kind of truth.

I would say that women are miserable in the world view that Cathy Newman exemplifies. That is why she doesn't know what she wants. You'll see what she really wants at the end of this post.

This worldview makes women think this pointed, edgy, bitch-on-wheels perspective is the way to live their lives (and to raise their daughters). Cathy demonstrates with her tone and her childish attacking that she thinks this is her job, as a "modern woman." Of course that flavor of woman is graceless and completely repulsive.

But who gives a shit about all that. I'm sick of that conversation. We, as men in this community spend way too much time in the "terms of the debate" as set by that view of the culture.

The question is always this: What do we want?

That is a very difficult question to answer. And Jordan Peterson is maybe the best source I know that can help you begin to explore that question for yourself. Politics is a mere fraction of his many specialties.

Who cares about what does or does not "make women miserable." Women come later in our personal considerations. They are a subset of the larger plan, or we are on the wrong path.

This is about us. We are the center of our world. Where are we going? What do we want?

And… when we get there… the women we bring with us… the women we lead into the light… will shake off the misery of their own movements, and be happy. Again. Like women have always been… when they were around properly strong and able men that own their responsibility. That "provide the container." That lead.

> "I have been talking non-stop about personal responsibility, and about if you want to change the world you should bloody well get your act together and stop whining and sniveling about how horrible everything is and how people owe you more rights and more privileges."
> — Jordan Peterson

Men of game get this, at one level at least. We're not the MGTOW cultural run-aways, whining about "Muh Hypergamy" and forever throwing up our hands at how "hard it is." About some kind of "imperative" other than our own. What a fucking waste of time. I'll leave it to Chicken Little to babysit that conversation.

We know that to bang YHT we need to "sort ourselves out." We need to "grow up," as JBP says in this talk. And if we stay on the path, we do grow up. Game turns men into gold.

As daygamers, we "clean our room" (in both the outer/inner game sense), we get as ready as we can be at this moment in our lives, and we hit the street. And we bring that sense of our own power as men to the sidewalk. We make offers to pretty girls. And they don't always accept our gifts, and that's okay. But when they do, magic happens.

We lead them into safety, comfort, and rich interactions. And they add the sunshine of their femininity to our lives. And become the muse to our purpose as men. First we use masculine energy to bring them into order, inside the protection of the walls of our castle. And then their own light can shine. The color and the music of life. And they make our castles places we want to live.

> "It's a call to proper being. It's a call to heroic being. It's a call for people to adopt their individual responsibility and to straighten themselves out. And to find out what they could be like if they took on the burdens of existence like respectable, well educated, articulate, powerful people. That's to the benefit of everyone. That is where the responsibility lies."
> — Jordan Peterson

This is the sound of Patriarchy. And I am inspired.

Jordan is practicing what he preaches in this talk. And in the work he is doing in the larger culture. He can lead you to more of this kind of vision.

But, for now, let's get back to our little pussy cat and see how this wraps up.

…….

As we left off, he had pierced her armor (amour?), and she was now scrambling to get back on her "go girl" horse so she ride roughshod over the world he was beginning to show her. She is complaining about a lack of

opportunities for women, falsely suggesting that Jordan thinks it's hopeless that women will "ever get there," and then he says:

> JBP: "Look at your situation… You're hardly unsuccessful."

This is Jordan cleaning up her frame. He goes from her "focus on groups" ("women") that the Marxist simpletons rattle on about, and he points to her, as an example of "the role of the individual." This is a major split in conservative/capitalist versus leftist/socialist thinking. And he makes it personal for her.

And as she is as solipsistic as most of the fairer sex, this creates a quandary for her. Does she take pride in her own accomplishments and her level of personal power? Or does she stick to the party line?

He has her pinned to the mattress. And she is just figuring it out.

This isn't a frame battle of bullshit and sophistry. Again, Jordan is artful but there are zero "dirty tricks" here. Jordan is exposing her to the truth. He is red pilling this girl. It's fascinating to watch. He does it over and over.

Most of the reaction to this video is at that level. And that's good stuff, but again… there is more to see.

She continues to flipflop back and forth. It's part of the "shit test" of the double bind (classic female manipulation) that she offers him. It's intellectually dishonest bullshit. She tries to play both cards. Flaunting her strength and her pride in her INDIVIDUAL success ("I've worked quite hard"). And wanting to hold up her BS narrative about how all the womens can't make it past the barriers of the boys club.

And he gives her another smile.

> CATHY: "You've just said I've fought to get where I've got. What does that make me… a man, or something?"

She is almost confused.

Now we arrive at the climax of the interaction. He is about to break her across his knee, and he's terribly playful and gracious about it. He is "boxing" with her like he might with a child. Coaxing her out of her sourness. And it works…

> JBP: “Yeah… To some degree. I suspect you’re not very agreeable.”

With ^ yet another smile.

A lot of his power with her is that he makes the whole thing personal. It appeals to her conceit, that is true. But it also cuts through the haze and wakes her up… it’s not theoretical for her anymore when he does this. Well done.

> CATHY: “So that’s the thing, successful women…”

And she tries to keep going but…

> CATHY: *laughs*
> CATHY: “I’m not very agreeable.”

And she laughs some more.

And he laughs.

> JBP: “I’ve noticed that, actually… In this conversation.”

Now they are flirting. She is starting to fall in love. She is the “hot bitch” and he is taking her. It’s glorious.

She is also beginning to realize that her bullshit wagon has almost run out of gas.

Look at the look in her face here above… she is searching for something.

If I wanted to be mean, I could say “desperately searching,” but I’d be wrong. She’s not desperate. Maybe for the first time in this talk she’s not desperate at all.

She’s out of gas, but you can see in her smile that she likes where she has landed. Like a horse spinning around a post on a tether… she tuckered herself, pulling against the strength that is Jordan Peterson. And the exercise has calmed her down. She has found peace, despite herself, through the skill of her handler.

Look at her body language here ^. Compare this to the earlier wide shot above. You have to cherry pick a bit to find her at her best, but this is one of those moments. She almost looks fun in that shot.

> "It's just like horses, you gotta break 'em. In other words, you gotta break the girl, and tame her. Then you can be nice, and do nice stuff."
> — Paul Janka

That is a quote from my last piece about Janka and LMR. It's a bold and insightful remark. In the original talk I sampled it from, he even makes a comment that "this is not PC," and it isn't. This is a conversation for grown men… I don't expect everyone to get it. This whole talk is a deconstruction of the weakness of that PC worldview… and the reality of what her life would be like if she could outgrow this kind of thinking. Of what our culture could be like (even at the individual level), if we shunned the current trends.

More so than in my last piece, we can see here what Paul means. Jordan has her now. She is just about broken. And look… the "nice stuff" is starting to come through. We may feel shy at the idea of breaking the women we love (or could love), but the evidence is right there in front of your eyes for men that are ready to see. This is a gift he has given her.

Look… she's happy. Jordan is making this woman happy. This level of skill is what woman want. This is a kind of responsibility we can take on that can change the personal kingdoms we live in as men. This is proof of that level of potential.

But we're not done yet.

Presumably out of (bad) habit, she continues trying to harangue him. She tries wandering into the conversation about transgender pronouns. She is still trying to reframe his position at this point, to muddy his truth in bad-mannered rhetorical cuntiness, but her efforts are increasingly anemic. She is just teeing him up for more victories, enabling him to further showcase his skill.

> CATHY: "Why should your right to freedom of speech trump a trans-persons right not to be offended?"
> JBP: "Look at the conversation we're having right now. You're certainly willing to risk offending me in the

> pursuit of truth. Why should you have the right to so that?"
> JBP: "It's been rather uncomfortable."

Again he makes it personal. And she responds to that each time.

And see her offer him that A/B ~~choice~~ trap in the question?

Of, A.) "his right does trump trans rights" (which presumably makes him a bastard), or B.) to try to escape her venom in retreat (which makes him look weak in capitulation to her insinuation). More double bind tactics. "Do I look fat in these jeans?" Classic female psychology. Classic shit tests.

And he solves that (like great men do), by inventing a third choice (judo), which in this case is C.) to expose her own willingness to "push the boundaries" of others. By inventing a "third option" he proves he is immune to her technique… and he also wins her respect. Most men cannot do either. Another shit test passed.

And he says it's been "uncomfortable," but look at him here. He's just "running game" on an another appreciative girl. The primary shit test was passed long ago. This is basically foreplay at this point.

So he encourages her about how she is "digging a bit." He tells her, "more power to you." This is like a Lion playing with a cub. He is completely at ease versus her sweaty seriousness.

And he smiles once more.

And that comment is like her being tied to the bedposts.

She has given a champion level "nasty women" performance… but she can't keep it up. She is starting to forget her lines. She is not used to these kinds of moments. And she is stymied. Her, tongue-tied by a man at the top of a dominance hierarchy.

> CATHY: “I’m just trying to work that out…”

She sighs. She’s got nothing. She’s done.

And she’s broken. On ~~the sidewalk~~ TV. In front of everyone.

> JBP: “Ha… Got you.”

Fucking beautiful. It’s over. And he’s merciful and graceful about it, of course.

…….

And this ~~breakdown~~ breakthrough is interesting to me, in that this is the kind of conversation that might happen between a father and a rebellious teenage BOY (if the boy was lucky, and not completely rotten). Where he thinks "he knows it all," and has outgrown his need for Dad. But there, in some kind of crisis, he tries to resists the wisdom the Patriarch has to offer… but in a moment of openness and sincerity, he realizes Dad is right. Good for him. Smart kid.

That is what she does here (perhaps she is not completely rotten either?). The comparison to a teenage boy is fitting (and I've never heard that analogy for this type of woman before). "Teenager" like the Social Justice Warriors, mostly ~~dumb~~ naïve headstrong college brats, not actually worldly enough to know what they are talking about. And "Boy," in this case, as she is so masculine.

A feminine girl wouldn't have come on this way at all. And she wouldn't have taken this long to respond to strength. This is Cathy's adolescent masculinity, finally beaten. Jordan is helping to "straighten her out."

> "It is often wise to consider women to be like children."
> –Krauser, from Daygame Infinite

Krauser has made that point many times. Earlier on my path I was uncomfortable with that line. Now I am not.

I could soften it… and say it's often wise to consider most men to be like children, as well. Many men, certainly. Maybe most of them (if a different style of "child"). Most folks are "like children" versus the understanding of real Patriarchs. Myself included… some of the time.

One of the errors of the current worldview is the idea that all men are part of proper, real Patriarchy (again, Patriarchy as "the noble heritage of men that lead"). I even hear men say that in the Manosphere. That is a serious misconception. Patriarch means "head of a tribe" That is not "most men." In fact, that means only a few men in a given tribe. Just like most men are not Alpha (or influential Sigmas), most men are not Patriarchs. Period.

I like an alternate translation of that line, that is to say that "the Patriarch must looks after those in his care." In that way, everyone under his arm is "like a child." Think of a CEO. Or the coach of a football team.

When we consider the emotional nature of women, I think that's even more true. That is getting closer to the truth for me.

Krauser is a Patriarch, he leads so many of us. And Jordan Peterson is a Patriarch, but on a much more grand scale. I want to be a Patriarch in the realms where I have influence. I take that responsibility seriously.

This ^ is part of my path as a man. And part of the rewards of a job well done in this regard will be… "younger, hotter, tighter."

…….

> CATHY: "You have got me. You have got me."

She is still smiling and laughing as she does this confession. This is her being fair. And I like her in this moment.

And the relief starts to set in for her. That look of relief and real ease is important. It's a sign of the cost of all the bullshit on these women's psychologies. There is real relief to be free of the burden of trying to be "men in pantsuits" and of having to try to "lean in" all the time.

The game is finally over. Her guard comes down. Because the illusion that she IS Dad is now over for her. Because Dad is actually there, and she has shit tested him to death, and he more than passed. In fact, he has lead her into the light. A place she couldn't find on her own. Good Dads are like that.

This woman is likely naturally alpha. And has elements of a proper Matriarch, and I respect that too. But she is also poisoned by the political philosophy she spews in this talk. And poisons others that take her seriously. You can see the foul nature in the tactics she tries to use, there is little honor in her chosen game. And you can see Jordan's truth in that he doesn't retaliate with those same tactics. Higher level game from that guy. Higher ground, in every sense.

It's very hard to get her to settle down. I think we can safely assume her husband is a beta, and suffers under her thumb. I personally don't care about that guy. Men like that make their own beds. I don't like Cathy very much, but I am more interested in her, and how she suffers from a lack of masculine leadership in her life. How so many of the women around us suffer when we abdicate our responsibility, fooling ourselves that we're more "conscious" and that we might all be happier in some equalist paradise that we can't seem to find (and has never existed).

Men do need to grow the hell up. And we should do it for us. It is exactly how Jordan starts the talk. But it took him a minute to get his boots on and fucking prove it to her. To show it to all of us.

But now it's done. And you can see her finally relaxing into her spot in the pack… relaxing into the container he provides for her. She is a dominant female. But that doesn't actually mean she wants to lead. Most folks don't.

It's clear who the leader is here. With the women in your life, is it clear who is at the helm? Not always for me… but more and more often as I grow up and get serious about my role and my responsibly. That is what I tried to do as the lovely Miss Thick broke it off with me. Even then, I tried to be the container. For her. And for me.

> JBP: "It's about time."
> CATHY: "It took a while, it took a while."

And she laughs.

And she's pretty all of a sudden. The witch has been transformed into something cute. And that was no accident.

Ahhhh… that look on her face ^. Look how pretty she is now. Do you like to see girls at their prettiest? I do. I want to give women that experience.

It's a miracle of masculinity, what we've seen here. It's taken me a day or so to write this piece, and people are all over the talk, in appreciation of its "tussle-like" qualities. They love the win that Jordan Peterson does for us all on the sane side of the Marxist invasion. He has beat back the intellectual savages once again. And I agree to all that. It's great.

But the demo in masculinity is much more important. I, personally, can offer effective intellectual battle in this area sometimes. But I can't do it with the masculine gravity that Jordan shows us here. That's what I have my eye on.

What a moment. That is what this is really all about.

I made the claim earlier, that I think Jordan could fuck this girl, if he wanted to. And I say that in a theoretical sense, with no disrespect to Cathy or her (likely beta and beat-down) husband. Nor any disrespect to Jordan's family. This is only a theoretical point.

With that said, notice the look in his eyes in the pic above. What is the comment about that famous seducers "underlook?" I'm sure Sundance would know the source. Jordan has the look here.

He's all warmed up. He has a foundation in truth. He is a solid guy, and carries his share of responsibility. He obviously has a way with girls. And he could slay pussy from that position. Of course he could. I want to follow him on that path.

Here ^ she drifts back to her toughness a tiny bit. This woman is not very feminine, so it would take a tremendous effort to hold her in the feminine pose. Her eyebrows are clue for me… they're flat… none of the arch of classic feminine physiology.

But here… she is a serious school girl. She is rapt in attention of the professor.

He lectures a bit more for the rest of the talk. And I bet it is a kind of paradise for this woman.

A rare moment to be in the presence of a man that has forced her eyes open, and allowed a natural respect for him to bubble up. I bet she almost never feels this way… as most of the men around her are boot-licking pussies. But tonight, she has Daddy all to herself. And she is glowing with it. She is a happy little girl.

That's awesome. And in a sexual sense, that's hot.

This ^ is admiration. This is love.

You've come a long way, baby.

If he were to stand a little too close to her at this point…. maybe with no one else watching… and reach his hand up the back of her neck, across her pale, creamy skin, into the roots of her hair…

Full tingles. She'd be wetter than she's been in years.

Of course he could fuck her.

And this ^ is surrender.

Night and day difference from where she started out. And the difference is his masculine gift to the girl in her.

Just look at how happy he's made her. God knows she never in a million years expected this to happen when she prepared for this interview.

I wrote a post once about how in the process of a good seduction that a girl goes from being a critic to being a fan. This is what we're watching here.

Look at how proper masculinity… done via a true artist, a man of real mettle… look at how the "burning consciousness" of masculinity makes the feminine happy. He has "fucked her open to God", indeed.

Viva Jordan Peterson.

May we all find some time under his arm and his tutelage (through the gift of YouTube). May we all be inspired. He is a conduit of wisdom much older than himself. He is offering us access to the blood of Patriarchs. This has been a view into ageless masculinity, as demonstrated in what otherwise might be another episode of talking heads in the culture war.

May we step into the shoes we were born to fill. May we find good experiences as men, on the street… and in all we do on our path. May we give the girls good experiences, as they earn a place in our world, and we lead them toward the light.

Viva Daygame.

TYO: Three Dates, Spinning Plates, and Double-Booking

Nash · 22 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

As I write this I am eight days (of active game) into my latest siege on the girls of Tokyo. My trip had a wobbly start, and I am beginning to think that wobbly starts are to be expected. Since then, 50+ approaches. Many leads. Three instant dates. And three proper dates, with three different girls. It is near freezing outside tonight, but things are heating up for this daygamer in the Pussy Paradise that is Tokyo, Japan.

It took me a day or two to get used to just how many girls do NOT speak English here. And while I know it's not essential at all (I have fucked girls that barely speak English several times), sometimes basic communication DOES matter. I'm used to it (again) now, but it added to my initial awkwardness. Mild culture shock.

And then, four days ago, I was supposedly "warmed up," and I did 10 approaches and never even had a good moment. Some girls stopped, but I never felt cool, never felt any hint of a bubble forming for me and a given girl.

My friend and wing Sundance likes to say, "One. Good. Set." That is a reasonable goal for a day out chatting with nubiles. Versus that standard, on this particular day, I failed. Not even a good set. It was awkward. I was awkward.

You ever hit the street and people with their back to you are turning around to look because they can "feel you coming?' They smell the stink of your vibe that day… it's giving them the creeps, so they turn around and look? Four days ago, I was that guy. I was so "tight" that I was sending psychic shockwaves through the air. I (wisely) gave up and went off to finish my Jordan Peterson masculinity piece.

Sometimes you have to know when to quit.

But the next day, Friday, was better. Two instant-dates in one afternoon. Three leads total. I had been hustling for a date for that night and it didn't happen. And yet, it was my first really "solid day" of this trip.

Up until then, I had been having ~~"nightmares"~~ "fantasies" that I would write a post about how I got through this whole eight-week trip, and "never even had a good day." That is classic daygamer paranoia.

Rust is normal. And needing time to settle into a new city is normal for me as well (even without dumb goals like I set for my daygame trip to NYC). I know I am not excellent, but I am a solid daygamer. Ups and downs, yeah… but I should know that the Day Game Gods can't hold me down forever.

I had to pay tribute. I had to sacrifice my ego on the altar of my own expectations. I may have to go through that again on this trip. We'll see.

But, for now, that penance is over. I have atoned (= "at one"). And the Day Game Gods have pulled back the clouds. And let the sunlight of possibility shine on the girls and me.

Let's get into the dates:

……

I'll rewind a bit, back to Jan13. That was actually my first real day on the street. I did 11 approaches and I took exactly one number. I had no expectations (yet) and it was fun to be out warming up. I had taken one other lead already, but this was my first street lead of the trip. And she wasn't my favorite girl of the day, but…

As I was waiting at an intersection she shot me an involuntary IOI (which caught my attention). And then another one (which was why approached).

I chased her down, opened her… and she surrendered immediately. Her English was pretty good. I told her I noticed her eyes, and that she had looked at me, and that is why I came to talk to her. And as she agreed to all that, it was like most of the air suddenly drained out of her balloon. I'm not convinced I read it right, but the moment had a vaguely "sad" feeling to it. (I probably didn't read it right.) It almost made me like her less. It was an odd moment and an interesting reference experience.

My wings Sundance and YoungGuns were asking about my trip, so I sent them the profile pic of her from her LINE account. They both responded with the same line: “She’s hot.”

But for me it was like this: In person, she was cute, more than cute, sexier than that, but a mid-/high- 7 girl. Maybe “strong 7” is better. Most guys would look at her with some level of desire. But the pic was full makeup, classic “Instagram” type of shot, what I would call “paper hot”… which I am not attracted to at all. A lot of the girls I date wear little/no makeup. I wouldn’t claim the girl was “hot” at this point.

But we’ll call her Miss Hot Pic… in case we have to refer to her again.

I wasn’t that into her, and wasn’t even slightly over-eager about it. So when I didn’t message her right away, she pinged me. Sent me a cartoon image of a super hero. I got to work from there: leading, setting up the date. It was to be my first date of the trip.

When she showed up on the date… she was hotter (for me) than either when we met or that overly-made up face in her LINE pic. She’s too short to be “super hot” for most guys, but I was inspired.

I took her to a favorite spot in Shibuya, but they gave me a bad table (across from each other, interview style)… and that was my fault. I should have asked for “side by side.”

Conversation was very good, though. Some sex talk. She is 19 or 20. She is a student, and has a part-time job as a hostess at a Karaoke bar. Her last BF was… a 35 year old guy. That is likely why she shot me the IOI… older guys seem to be her type. And she is not that into her family… maybe some dad issues here? She wants to get out of Japan. In general, this girl is looking for “something different.” Hmmm.

After the date she had to run off to study. I meant to try to kiss her on the street, even took a better route back to the station that was quieter and more secluded… but I didn’t even try… just wasn’t on my game.

I made her hug me at the train station and it was a terrible hug. For some reason, that made the whole date kind of suck for me… even though I know she was into me based on her body language and the conversation. She likes me. I just didn’t like myself that night.

She messaged me later:

> HER: I had a great time today. Thank you:)

She is a polite and feminine girl. I like her. A little basic, but I’d take her out again, for sure. And she liked me. But I was still busy being hard on myself for my relative weak game.. and I was wishing I had done a better job.

I messaged back:

> NASH: Yeah. You are a little bit charming.
> NASH: I think I need to teach you how to give a more “juicy” hug…

This was almost like a neg… and it was more about my frustration with myself than anything this girl did or didn’t do. That word “juicy” wasn’t bad, it was better (and less bitter) than saying she gave me a “bad” hug (even though she did… the Japanese don’t hug much).

> NASH: …but as we say in America, “practice makes perfect.”
> NASH: Sleep well. Dream of warm places.

She ^ likes hot weather.

Ehh. I was frustrated. And my street game wasn’t going great yet. I figured she and I would fizzle, but we haven’t.

Lots of messages back and forth with her. She has finals, so I’ll see her this weekend. Maybe. We’ll see.

She is a good girl and very attractive, even if she is my least favorite of the three dates I'll write about in this post. The sub-par game I ran here got to me a bit… as you can see, lots of expectations.

But every big trip begins somewhere. And I was off and running.

…….

The second date was with a Chinese girl. Picked her up on Jan16. She was girl #14 of 14 approaches that day. Great slow walk. As I stopped her, she looked a lot like the Siren.

She is one of at least four or five Chinese girls I've stopped in my 50+ approaches here so far. I am definitely targeting Chinese girls. I know it is strange to go after Chinese girls in Japan… but my home city (and daygame) has gifted me with so many great experiences with Chinese girls, that I officially have a "thing" for them.

May the Daygame Gods bless the Chinese girls. May it be so.

This girl was a little surprised at the stop. I thought she wasn't into it, but I didn't run off right away. She would look away… and I know now (as I know her better), that she was translating from English to Chinese in her head in those moments.

Reading the signals a girl will give you, on the street or otherwise, can be more difficult than we admit to sometimes.

Her English is not bad. She was surprised, and a bit nervous, but a lot of the distracted/disinterested look I was seeing was simply "translation-lag" in her head.

I took her WeChat. It felt pretty good. I opened her via message later that night while I ate dinner. She came back, consistently, with brief responses.

If you could look at the back and forth between she and I in our very first messages, it's terribly one-sided, and would look like I am over investing versus her short answers. (I do that all the time… I don't know if that is a confession or a strength.) But she is very affirmative, and replies quickly… she just doesn't speak English well, so she keeps it brief.

I'm leading, she is soaking it up, and it's going well. We scheduled a lunch date for Saturday:

> NASH: Come to Omotesando and have lunch with me.
> HER: After 17:00
> HER: Weekend is better
> NASH: Umm, okay. Cool.
> HER: :)
> NASH: Saturday, I'll take you to lunch.
> HER: Confirm it on Friday.
> HER: Ok?

Alright, good. I agreed.

…….

As for "lunch date"… when we met on the street, she was slow, and quiet, and conservative looking (which I like), but I didn't want to give her one of my nights… I wanted to reserve those in case I found a "racier" date.

This ^ is the sort of "date prioritization gambling" that you do when you have a lot of early-stage leads and a mild Girl Tornado in the works. You have to guess where to put a girl, based on her/your schedule and the likelihood of a good time… or fast sex (depending on how desperately horny I am).

The more dates you successfully schedule… the harder it gets… as you run out of free time… which makes you

less flexible… and makes it harder for the girls to date you.

You make offers… and you don't even know if she'll get back to you at all… or accept the offer for the slot you've made available. I am currently trying to hold Wednesday night for the girl in the next story, but she hasn't gotten back to me, and that means I'm putting off other girls (I have yet another girl that wants that night) as I try to prioritize the girl below.

This is what spinning plates looks like. This is exactly what it looks like. And it's hard work.

I have been talking with Magnum, another guy I know from my city, another "International playboy" type. As I read him, he is a very alpha dude. Sort of strong-silent-still superhero type. And he is killing it with online game, even though he is nearly as old as me. And when I say killing it, I don't mean 35 year old cat ladies (no diss to cats, cats are cool). He just did a tour of Asia and cleaned up. He's been sharing photos with me… some really beautiful girls. Top shelf, young, feminine beauties. Girls he actually likes and is willing to put some effort into. That is quality. That is what we want.

Magnum is doing very well.

And Magnum double-books a lot… two girls for the same time, assuming someone will flake. I know that is standard procedure. Or how guys like Janka would do three dates in a night… 7 PM, 9 PM, 11 PM. Lance Mason would do an 8 PM and a 10 PM all the time. All this to combat flakes and/or maximize opportunity.

We know girls have no problem cancelling on us:

> 2nd 1st date of the year tonight with a girl i closed whilst grocery shopping. She doesn't drink and only confirmed 90mins before we were due to meet. Meh.
>
> — RoyWalkerDaygame (@RoyWalkerPUA) January 25, 2018

> FLAKED https://t.co/k9TDmboz0o
>
> — RoyWalkerDaygame (@RoyWalkerPUA) January 25, 2018

It happens.

But I still haven't taken my plate spinning to that level yet… even times like now, when I could potentially do it, as I have a lot of girls in the works.

I think guys that double-book are very smart, no challenge to their motives or methods. I just don't want to end up flaking on girls.

We are vulnerable in this game, and getting cancelled on sucks. I don't like getting cancelled on… it's almost always a blow to my self-esteem (even in very small ways). So I'd like the "cancellation buck" to stop with me. I don't double book. I never cancel dates, even when I'm sick. It's a type of karma thing for me. I know I lose lays and opportunities because of that… but so be it. That's the way I want to run my game.

…….

So back to this girl…

I pinged her on Friday, and she confirmed the date. And I get her out. And she's on time. And cute.

She shows up dressed in flats, tights, a skirt and a very nice cashmere sweater. She is wearing some kind of incredible perfume and she smells delicious (she says "smell is important"). She seems comfortable right away and I lead her off down the sidewalk into Shibuya, to the same restaurant I took half of my dates last year when I was here.

We sit down side by side and she has me order for both of us. I like that. It happens all the time on my dates… girls always ask me to order for them.

Conversation is what I am used to, mostly me leading the whole time, asking questions and peppering that with personal stories. She claims to be outgoing, but says she doesn't have that many close friends (maybe because she "studies too much"). She had a hard time answering my question about who her "best friend" might be, saying something like she mostly "goes out in groups."

She also spends a lot of time alone. I called her an introvert but she rejected that label.

She is in Japan studying Japanese, and plans to be here for three years. When I asked what she might do with that, she said she will likely end up working with her dad. They seem to have a good relationship. Her dad seems to be a successful business guy. Of course he is: he is paying for his daughter to hang out in Tokyo for three years post-college.

As we ordered, she was quick to point to gin and tonic on the menu, which surprised me. She says she drinks a lot, by herself, at home. We each had one drink at lunch, and she wasn't over eager. I got no signs of her being an alcoholic. I think all that is about her being 22… I'm not sure she knows what heavy drinking is all about.

And she has a tattoo somewhere. Hmmm. Another surprise… many things about this girl surprise me.

We'll call her Miss Surprise. That fits.

We talked about sex a bit. She has had four boyfriends, and seemed disappointed about that. Like she should have had more, in a vaguely irritated and impatient kind of way. Her first boyfriend, and first sex, was at 18 while she was still in high school.

And she could tell me what kind of girl she might pick out at strip club in Vegas (a question I often ask girls): she would pick a tall, blonde, white girl… but with small boobs, "maybe B cup." She has kissed her girlfriends before while out drinking, but I don't get any real sexual interest in other women from her. Who knows. Girls are mysterious.

It was easy to touch her, in a friendly/affectionate way… and also more than that. She would pull away and smile when I would lean towards the lascivious. I had my hand on her knee, all through lunch, each time her laughing and resisting my advances. One time I reached up to her throat and took her necklace in my hand as a form of a spike… She could see in my eyes that I did it on purpose and she gave me a series of tiny slaps on my arm.

I invited her back to my place to "drink tea and listen to music.," She told me she had plans with friends, but first she said, "of course not!" and smiled, and gave me a knowing look. A little bit of spice there as I hinted at my intentions. She got the message. Smart girl.

She was still following my lead but I decided to ditch her so I could go daygame and source some new girls to feed the Tornado.

I walked her back toward her train and I made her give me a hug… which was much better than the one from Miss Hot Pic in the date story above.

She wasn't trying to run off. So, I took her by the shoulders and pulled her in so I could talk into her ear, saying: I'm not going to kiss you here as I don't want to embarrass you in front of all the people at the station… and I went to plant one on her cheek. Right at that minute I bet she had translated the word "kiss" in her head. She laughed and jumped back and smiled, proud of her quickness in the presence of a dangerous man.

Great dance with this girl. Fun date.

As I left her I was in a great mood and totally into her. Not in a "uuuge" way, but in the way dating should feel much of the time. When we are lucky. Playful and organic, but with a sexual undercurrent. And like I wanted to sink my teeth into her.

…….

I walked off to my place and then headed out to do some afternoon daygame on the busy streets near my apartment. My logistics on this trip are very good.

I did 13 more approaches that afternoon. Maybe it was the drink clearing out of me, but I was exhausted. I have a nice route that takes me about 40 minutes for a complete loop. I forced myself to do one more lap as I had only taken one lead and it wasn't that strong. Last girl of the day was a tall, pretty girl. She is the girl in the next story.

After that, I was low and out of gas. I took myself to dinner near my place. I waited until the food and beer had kicked it before I got back into my Girl Tornado maintenance. As the calories and alcohol had their effect on my mood ("don't text when you're a bad mood," I told myself)… I started working my leads.

I had new girls. And I had pinged some of the open-connections from my last trip the night before… and my phone was lit up with unanswered messages.

For Sunday (the next day), I had a date scheduled with a girl I had picked up earlier in the week. Very cute young girl, dressed in all black. I had pinged her earlier in the day and she had messaged me while I ate to cancel our date. Her excuse being that she had a work dinner that came up. Hmmm.

I was a tiny bit disappointed, but things were going well and free time can mean more time for daygame… a chance to turn disappointment into opportunity… and the chance for more instant-dates (I'd had three already)… or the possibly to pickup someone new for a replacement date… and maybe even a SDL. I had met a girl on a Sunday in these streets before… and taken her, via a couple of bounces, to my house, and fucked her. It can happen.

Not bad for a days work. I walked home and went to bed.

…….

It was now Sunday morning and it was beautiful out. I had had a great night sleep. I went off to Starbucks to do some work. As I sat down I pinged a few more leads and chatted with folks back in my city on WhatsApp. I also pinged the girl whose number I'd taken on that last, exhausted lap through the streets the night before…

We'll call her Tall Girl.

My message to this girl was something light to get us started. And then I went back to working on some client business.

As I sat on my "throne" in a very comfortable Starbucks in the middle of a department store, a girl walked in… and there was just something about her. She was over 30 but there was something very on between us as she gobbled up my eye contact. She initially did a double-take on me as I stared her down, and then as she was sure I was eye-fucking her, she glanced back and gave me a little smile.

I tried to work, but I was distracted…

…….

Just then Tall Girl replied to my text. She said:

> TALL GIRL: By the way, I am in Omotesando now

Hmm. Okay.

I felt the bait of "now," but I was trying to work.

> NASH: I am working, but I'd like to see you.
> NASH: Are you free for dinner tonight? Or maybe tomorrow?
> TALL GIRL: I'm free now

Hmm.

> TALL GIRL: But not available tonight or tomorrow
> TALL GIRL: I can have a tea free time now

Hmm. I got this strange feeling like she was trying to say she wanted to see me “now.”

> NASH: Okay.
> NASH: I am hungry.
> TALL GIRL: now?

There is that word again.

> NASH: Meet me at this cafe in 20 minutes.
> NASH: [sent a map link]
> TALL GIRL: ok!
> TALL GIRL: arrived!

I was compromising my work here… changing my plans because some girl was asking for some time. That is -1 for masculine integrity. But I was hoping this girl was shopping for some afternoon adventure sex… she was definitely pushing for a the meet up in a way I don’t see often. It was worth a shot.

…….

But before I left Starbucks, I had this other girl to manage… the one right in front of me… the one that I had engaged in a staring contest a few moments ago… I still had her to wrangle.

I packed up my stuff, walked over and opened her. She popped open, and I squeezed into the space next to her and we chatted for about two minutes. Good vibe. The chemistry with this girl was so hot, I was less solid than I usually am… the sexual electricity in the air was making me something like nervous… more like “too excited.” I’m not always cool, but this was an unusual state for me.

I took her number and we talked about dinner for the next night, a Monday. She was into it. So was I. Even though the set was quick, it felt solid.

And I headed off to meet Tall Girl.

…….

I show up to the cafe and she was sitting on the patio, two sips deep into a Corona. She looked lovely. Casual clothes, a mild unassuming attitude, but very fine, clean, good looks. Healthy hair and a clear, soft face. A high 7. I sat down and started my usually mix of stories and questions.

She is from northern Japan. She has a job doing marketing for a major beverage company. I am guessing she is 25-27. She is also a student. She is back in school taking classes of some kind. She was charming, simple and sweet.

She isn’t certain Tokyo is for her… she seems like she wants a quieter life. Reminds me of a Japanese version of a mild-mannered Southern Belle. Demure and charming. She’ll make a great wife and mother, someday. She is a k-selecting girl, I think, and I liked her for it.

And she’s sexy… maybe not “hot,” but only because she doesn’t push her sexuality out at all. Delicious to look at, but polite, mild, and passive.

And almost as tall as me. I checked her out as I led her out of the cafe, pushing her ahead of me to squeeze between tables. Thin-long legs and an inspiring ass in tight denim. I made a comment about her being tall… and mentioned

her legs. Her eyes got a tiny bit bigger in recognition. Spike, spike.

After lunch, I asked what the rest of her day looked like… I was very sexually hungry, and fantasizing about sex, in the daylight of my apartment, with this tall classic beauty. But… she had plans that night (that's why she couldn't have dinner with me in the first place). I invited her back to my house to "talk and listen to music," but she said she had to study… and showed me her homework. It was very cute. She wanted to study with me while I did some more work, but again… daygame and new girls were calling me.

I took her down the street for the best cookie in Tokyo. She loves chocolate. Good girl. I held her hand. She said she needs to finish her exams this week and then she can see me again. We shall see.

Good date. I like her… and I would love to see her naked. Curious to see what she is like when she relaxes… I am curious to know if we can make that sweet kitten purr.

I hit the street and did 16 more approaches. Some interesting sets, including the Russian model (I mentioned on Twitter), and a dazzlingly cute girl from Hong Kong (that was leaving the next day, and had plans for her last night) and… some more stories I'll save for later.

…….

There we go.

I was sick for a week. Then, a little coffee shop game and some unfocused incidental approaches and leads here/there. Then the proper street sessions. And some instant-dates. And then these proper dates.

Nice girls. Not even a makeout. But a good start.

And the Tornado is rumbling and getting noisy with the hum and whistle of feminine energy. I like it.

I have another story already for tomorrow… more then.

Viva daygame.

TYO: Reinventing the Makeout | First Lay of My Tokyo Daygame Trip, +1 Tokyo

Nash · 24 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

When I left this girl after our first date last Saturday afternoon, there was a spring in my step. I had that kind of smile that is an indication a man is “love drunk” on good chemistry. I wanted to see her again. She is 22. It was a great date. Tonight, we had another excellent date. And the date ended with her ankles in the air and my cock inside her. The first lay in my 2018 trip to daygame (once again) in Japan. +1 Tokyo.

And more than the lay, I think I have learned some things from writing this post.

It is a long, involved post… in large part as I give it a robust and very thorough “Yohami treatment”… using his comments from other posts to learn, to grow as a man of game, and to turn this lay report in something more meaningful than another story of conquest.

……

The featured girl here is Miss Surprise. I wrote about how I met her in my last post about some daygame dates. She was the second of three dates last week. Definitely my favorite of the three.

As that date ended, my body was flooded with chemicals and hormones. She had gotten under my skin. I like her very much.

The next day I woke up with the plan to work a bit and then to run some more street approaches… and maybe try to score a date for that night. I went to Starbucks to get some work done. I was getting a lot of messages from other girls, both new leads and girls I had met last year and pinged the night before… but it was this girl, in that moment in time, that I was most enthused about.

> HER: Thanks for your lunch :)

This was from Miss Surprise after that Saturday date. It was now Sunday morning and I was responding:

> NASH: Ohayo Pretty Girl
> NASH: Yeah…
> NASH: I had fun with you.
> NASH: And you smell delicious.

She does. Again tonight, as well. And tonight it wasn’t just perfume.

……

Let’s say a girl has recently showered and is wearing some kind of product that makes her smell pretty… perfume, or lotion, or hair conditioner, or whatever. And you’ve had the kind of date where you end up peeling her clothes off. There is a certain point… where her smell changes. It’s not beauty product. And it’s not sweat or normal body odor either.

This is a specific thing. And wanting to document that smell is part of the reason I’m writing at this particular moment… I can smell her now… just minutes after she’s left my modern little apartment here in Tokyo. This is the kind of detail that is hard to remember, days later. But it’s one I can recall each time it happens with a new girl.

That “special smell” is not her pussy, or not entirely. It often seems to come from the back of her neck. I swear, it is especially strong as you get your face up near a girl’s nipples (like a nipple can give off a smell?). It’s got to be pheromonal.

Tonight, as I had her back at my apartment after our date… and I was just getting the seriousness of the makeout started… and I wasn't sure if this was really on… that smell made it very hard to imagine I wasn't going to fuck her. She wasn't even undressed yet. That smell doesn't always mean sex, but it usually does.

And that smell was right… I did fuck this girl. We'll get to that.

……

Back to her and my text exchange:

> HER: Thanks
> (This ^ is a couple of hours later)
> NASH: Did you just wake up??! You're so lazy.
> NASH: :]

We went back and forth a few times, and she got a chance to call me lazy as well, and the vibe was good. We were sending gifs at each other and I was telling her that I thought that she was funny… in part, so she had some clear reasons why I liked her. I do like her.

More SOIs. More elements of the ill-defined potential of my interest in "Octopus Game" (I am still working out what that means to me).

> NASH: Hey, Funny Girl…
> NASH: When are you free.
> NASH: Let's be funny together.
> HER: After school and weekend

She had told me this ^ before. I was looking for a specific time from her, but she wants me to make offers, not ask about times. Cool. I got it.

> NASH: How about dinner tomorrow.. Or Wednesday.
> HER: Tomorrow I have an appointment
> NASH: You're trying to tell me you'd rather see me tonight?!!
> NASH: Wow.
> NASH: You miss me so bad.
> HER: *crying/laughing emoji*
> HER: Next week

Hmmm, okay. Chinese girls can be dry and practical in some ways, but that is not raging enthusiasm. I rolled off for a couple of days, ever so slightly wounded and insecure about the possibilities of seeing her again.

It still felt on to me… but I needed to give the affair some space and not crush the sparrow. I can see, in several elements of my game, that I am giving everything more room on this trip than I did last year… and it's better game. Not being rushed by a short trip means you can run better game. You can let girls sit. It makes a difference.

Two days later I reopened, chatting about a big snowstorm that had come through the city and blanketed my neighborhood (and hers) with a half a foot of powder. We exchanged pics of the snow and I moved into the date set up.

> NASH: Hey… Let's get together.
> NASH: How about Wednesday or Thursday? When are you free?
> NASH: Let's have some fun.
> HER: Ok tmr

That short little reply… some small part of me took that as a lack of interest. But I was beginning to get the feel for this girl, and that's just her way. It's her no-nonsense Chinese style. And her difficulty with English. She likes me, she's just terse via text. She has more sparkle in person.

I had been spinning plates… and stalling two different girls while I tried to get my favorites locked into choice nights, and get some "quality time" with them. Because I want the notch, yes. But also because I want the experience of being with those particular girls… there is a reason why I like them more than the other leads I have on the back burner. This girl is very cute by my standards. Not as objectively hot as some of the others, but I liked her the most.

I still do. More so. No one-itis here. But I have simmering feelings of attachment for her already. Not neediness, but appreciation and desire. It's not a cold, calculating seduction… it has more juice than that… and it feels great.

……

I ran a solid, "cool" date tonight. I did a good job, more than making up for my first date of this trip (with Miss Hot Pic) where I made some logistical bobbles and made things harder for myself. I increasingly have my date routine handled and I'm running better game now.

Zooming in: I have been pushing myself to "know the territory." I have been trying new restaurants/bars/cafes almost every day, trying to build a working vocabulary of places near my apartment for dates. I also know all the spots in my old neighborhood, which is a few blocks away (I have been taking dates there too). Men know their territory. It's a huge advantage.

Today on a backstreet, I found a restaurant with a very limited menu. I checked it out anyway and… totally killer, cozy lounge. A+ vibe. Small, intimate, booth seats, no smoking, cocktails and a masculine interior, with a full bar. Apparently there is another like it in NYC. Imagine a small subterranean lounge at an old-school country club. Decorated with vintage photos of early American football players, hunting trophies and animal heads. No cigar smell to foul the place. Brilliant spot.

> "This is why, before you can start to date women, you must be able to DATE YOURSELF! That's right, DATE YOURSELF. Try going out to these places by yourself or with your friends first. This will: Make you more comfortable. You already know the place, are comfortable with it, and know what to expect."
> — Pook, from The Book of Pook

More from Pook in another post…

……

So I had her meet me at my local Starbucks. It was several degrees below freezing tonight, so I had to keep the plan tight so the extreme cold didn't freeze my chances of some warm flesh and a notch.

As I spotted her outside of the Starbucks window, she waved and jumped up and down a little bit. Goddamn that was cute.

She was dressed in cool-kid, high-end fashion… just exactly like the wealthy Chinese kids that visit my city back home… and the girls that go to that art school, that has been a source of so many great experiences for me.

She wore all black. A complicated, but very cool jacket, over a sweatshirt thing. Black tights, with black shorts over them… which you couldn't see, as the sweatshirt hung down to mid-thigh. Black boots that seemed modeled after riding boots, but more punk, and over the knee in the front. I am sure all of it was "designer" gear.

I was in black Vans hightops, black bootcut Levi's jeans, a black tshirt, a plain, black, long sleeve Varvatos tshirt over that, my black scarf with the skulls on it, and a black waxed cotton jacket I only wear in Japan.

Both of us, head to toe in black. I told her we matched and she gave me a cute smile. I made her hug me. She is tiny

and feels amazing.

We looked fucking great together… even though I am more than twice her age. We met in a high-end neighborhood in Japan, with each of us starting out in different countries… me, the United States, her, China… an unusual combination. And yet, a great fit. She is cool. I am cool. We're cool together. Daygame was the medium that allowed something so unusual to happen.

I took her to dinner at this simple, but proper Japanese place, maybe 5 minutes from Starbucks. It was awesome. I have eaten there four or five times now. It is my local, go-to spot. Delicious, authentic, easy to get in/out of, not expensive at all… and close to my house.

On the short walk to dinner, we were joking around right away and she was giving me playful slaps on the arm. She did that on the date last Saturday too.

> YOHAMI: "fake punching"
> YOHAMI: Means you're doing great.
> YOHAMI: Girls punching you on the arm want to escalate physically, want more touch, etc.

That ^ is a comment from a post I wrote last time I was here. About another Chinese girl that was putting that same move on me during a date on last year's trip.

After dinner I was asking Miss Surprise what kind of ~~cheesecake~~ gelato she likes (I have some in the freezer of my place, for "plausible deniability"). She was bouncing along happily next to me, and was responding. I said, "I have…" and named three flavors… perhaps too subtly implying that I was taking her to my place.

She was right there with me, so I walked her along, winding back into the neighborhood toward my place. It wasn't until we were maybe 50 feet from my door that she realized I wasn't taking her to a business… but to my residence. She balked. No, no, she said. I coaxed her a bit. Resistance… I wasn't sure how token.

So I walked her right past my door, teasing her a little, pointing to the light in my window as we walked by… and I took her to that "country club" bar I had found in my explorations earlier that day. I am glad I had a good spot prepared. Terribly cold walk… but not that far away.

We arrived at my bar cool…

I walked her down the stairs and… I tried to kiss her. She brushed it off. A look of seriousness and alarm on her face. As the stairs hit another landing, I tried again, I was more firm and she was more compliant. I had her against the wall and gave her a modest kiss on the lips.

Then… into that lounge. It was awesome. Only four other people in there, including the mellow, Japanese-hipster bartender and the skateboarder-looking waiter guy. Everyone was super cool. Drinks. This is the girl that claims to be a big drinker, but she was very reasonable behind the straw sticking out of her glass. She is a completely tasteful little thing, from a great family. Exactly the type of girl I want to date.

We left at 22:30, but I thought it was later. The staff was on the stairway closing up, so I pushed her into the elevator to get us alone and I gave her an aggressive kiss as soon as the doors closed. It was properly hot. I was impressed. One my best first kisses in a long time.

Then I walked her back toward my place, asking her how she was getting home. She said the train. I just kept walking to my place. The neighborhood is all little, twisty side-streets, I'm certain she had no idea which direction she was going.

She balked again at the main junction, very briefly. I repeated a line I had taught her on our first date… that I would "make sure she was comfortable." And I said it as if I was a little outraged she would accuse me of anything unsavory. I said, "you're all right," and playfully rolled my eyes. She was trying to show me a pic of the Mercedes SUV her dad bought her… because I had just correctly guessed that she drove a Mercedes. She is that type. She

was surprised at my amazing mind-reading skills.

She got antsy again as we turned the corner onto the tiny dead-end street where my apartment sits. I got her to the front gate. She said no, several times. A serious look on her face… with almost imperceptible flickers of amusement (which are easier to see in retrospect). She didn't walk away.

I continued to try to put her into a trance that would help my aims… You're alright, I repeated calmly. She said, what will we do? I said, listen to music. And?, she said. And talk, I said. And then what?, she said, feigning impatience. Talk a lot!, I said, with emphasis and a smile.

C'mon. I tugged her arm, in a light leading action, staring her in the eyes. And then it was her turn to roll her eyes in impatience, but… she walked through the gate. And for that moment, the false-struggle was gone.

My place, music, water. Her, suddenly mouse-like, sitting next to me on the tiny two-seater couch. My whole apartment is less than 200 sq ft… and the bed was six feet away.

I moved in to kiss her… and I got LMR. Of course I did. Because with some girls, it is just like that. She looked very serious. Again, I couldn't tell how token it was. But I had a clue:

> YOHAMI: All girls say and do has the ultimate motive of telling you what to do and how to seduce them.

When I originally approached her on the street, she was barely looking me in the eyes, often looking off into the distance. I almost walked away from her that day, thinking it was disinterest, but then… she would spit out an answer to one of my questions. And then look away… and then… show me a pic on her phone. In the freeze >> flight >> fight >> fuck spectrum of a girl in a dangerous moment, I think that is her "freeze" look… hoping against hope that the predator will just walk on by and her womb will be safe for another night.

As I write this post, I am starting to get that my goal should be to take her from that "frozen" look… to "aroused." A lot more on that below. That is where this post is going.

Yohami's comment above is from my story about Miss Nature… an odd, but interesting night I had with a virgin in my bedroom… but could never get her onto the bed. Could never get her to do much of anything. And… Yohami kicked my ass in the comments section of that post. I learned a tiny bit then… and I'm still trying to learn what Yohami is trying to say. And to expand his "stern read" of my game that night against the broader range of mastery and the reality that a player like Yohami can teach.

I will sample a lot from that post in the rest of this story.

……

Back to this date:

I have Miss Surprise in my pad, and I'm physically escalating her on the couch… and she was looking like a frightened rabbit… and I did what is normal to me, but goes against a lot of what is in the mainstream culture right now:

I heard her saying "no"… and I watched her closed off body language… but I tested the waters anyway.

As we discussed at length in my Janka/LMR post, I am perfectly confident this is often our job as men. It is a fucking balancing act. And it is not easy. And that is just the way it is.

She was giving me a serious look like I was in trouble. Or she was. Almost defiant, but in a relatively mild, hopeless way. Arms crossed in a X over her knees. Very closed off physically and emotionally… it would seem. But she was still looking at me. Very still, intense, and almost angry…

So I leaned back. The front door was five feet away from her, and I was not blocking her path. She had a clear route to escape if that's what she wanted. This is "basic, legal/moral consideration."

And I reviewed my options of what to do next. I didn't ask myself "WWYD", but I will do that now.

……

In the case of the story where most of these comments came from… the girl in that post (Miss Nature) was a shy, young, Taiwanese virgin, in my bedroom back at home, after a date. We had had a good date. I took her back to my place. We had made out a bit in the kitchen. And when I took her down the hall into my room:

> "…she stops at the entry of my bedroom, and literally hugs the door jam. Like… fucking hugs the door jam. Like my doorway is a teddy bear for virgin Taiwanese girls that might otherwise get some cock for the first time."
> — Nash

So she was another LMR story. Or as Yohami would clarify… "a resistance story." I can see some parallels between my dates with Miss Nature and Miss Surprise.

In that story from last year, I was concerned for the girl. I wanted to fuck her. I was more than willing to "push"… but I also was interested in her level of comfort, as a very inexperienced girl with a dangerous man. As always, I want these girls to have good experiences. And I also want to get laid. Sundance has been pointing to some Captain Jack material lately where Jack wants us to be clear that the girl and you are often on the same team (or should be)… you both want sex. And yet Janka is right that there is a lot of tension in these moments. There is a lot going on here.

In the case of that date with Miss Nature, I was using very lame "verbal communication methods." This is what we're taught by mainstream culture, but that is shit game. It is safe, but repulsive. And that's what I was doing. I was checking with her, verbally, to make sure she was okay and had a voice and all that…

> NASH: I tell her she can leave anytime she wants
> NASH: I told her over and over that she could leave anytime she wanted
> NASH: and despite clear and consistent escalation from me, she doesn't want to leave.
> NASH: I had told her 100 times she could leave any time she wanted

From ^ the post.

I hadn't read these comments in months, so they were not on my mind tonight when I brought Miss Surprise back to my apartment… except in the larger sense that I am learning from all this… and all the ~~beatings~~ lessons Yohami has given me as he's helped move me closer to Top Guy.

> YOHAMI: She's not there because she wants a way out – so offering it / repeatedly doesn't make any sense
> YOHAMI: Offer your dick instead, that's what she's there for. But she has to want it first.
> YOHAMI: The way to find how / when she wants it is all the courtship and push pull that precedes it, aka flirting, talking, kino, etc.

Yohami was starting to get through to me in that post. In very small ways. As I have more experience now, I am now able to take in what he was trying to say months ago.

> NASH: Yeah. This is right and I'm learning from this.

She is, or she is not, comfortable. But saying that over and over is not the tool for the job. Saying it doesn't even make her comfortable. All I did that night by saying that the way I did was communicate that I couldn't really read her. When I rely on the words, I'm missing most of the story. Not good game.

> YOHAMI: The question is why? what made you say that.

> NASH: Hmmm. Part of me likes this. I like it, as it deals with all the “mainstream culture” stuff. “Are you comfortable?” “You know where the door is, right?” “You can leave anytime you want, of course.” “You know how to call yourself a car, right?”
> NASH: You can *wink* at her when you say all this… but this is basic legal courtesy. I don’t do this every time, nor with every girl. But with timid girls, brand new girls, any hint of craziness, I make it very clear.

This ^ was my thinking for a situation like this, from almost a year ago. There are still bits that I like. Particularly in a Janka-mindset of trying to escalate super hard… keeping an eye on the legal boundaries as a form of guidance. A “bare minimum” reference point. It’s a reasonable backup plan… assuming you don’t know what else to do.

> YOHAMI: You’re moving on her which may make her uncomfortable so you want to balance things out by giving her a way out. Is that reading correct?

Yeah, that was what I was doing then. And I do a little bit of that again on this date.

For this post, Miss Surprise was acting something like “scared.” Her facial expression and body language were completely closed off. It was our second date, and first date after dark. Her first time in my place… I wanted to make certain she was clear of her options… but… I also want to do better than that.

> YOHAMI: Let me ask a better question. When you’re telling her that she can go, and you repeat that framing 3-4 times, is she getting aroused?
> YOHAMI: Are you trying to arouse her, or give her comfort? Which is it, and why?
> YOHAMI: When you’re moving to her – are you pushing towards her, or pulling her into you?

This is where Yohami is beginning to make a dent in my thick-skulled consciousness. This ^ is at the heart of the rest of this post. This is magic is he pointing to here.

Okay… so I learned something with Miss Nature back then… that I was never going to offer the girl a chance to leave like that, not over and over, as a band-aid for my lack of skill as a seducer. Certainly not in combination with “pushing” her, and escalating in what is basically an uncalibrated way. I know I am very “socially tuned” in many ways, but Yohami is trying to show me how I need improvement at this particular stage. And I still have a long way to go.

……

If standard American pickup teaches to “escalate hard”… to “run the train,” as RSD Ozzy would say… we know that IS, in fact, sometimes better than being a pussy. Most “soft” guys, and beginners, need a little of that in the mix of their game. But it’s clearly not “great game.” It’s the “brute force” version of pickup.

> YOHAMI: PRESSURE dude, no. No. No. No. No. No. No.
> YOHAMI: PULL.

From ^ yet another post.

He has been trying to teach me this for months.

Instead of just sexually pestering her before she really “wants it,” and making her “pump the brakes,” what can we do that might get us to arousal? Why run my game in a way where she has to hit the brakes? Not because she doesn’t like sex… but because I am running less-than-sophisticated “Caveman” style game.

And it should be no surprise that girls don't like that kind of game. And that cooler guys have shown them better game than that before. Caveman Game is what Ansari did in that now infamous story with the silly little "child" known as "Grace." That girl was a dumbass… and Ansari was a caveman. No crime in either, but we can do better.

Caveman Game works… sometimes, at some level… maybe more so in the short term. It's standard pickup advice, in many ways. But it's ugly seduction. When I do stuff that is even remotely Caveman, it doesn't help my inner game. It doesn't make me feel like Top Guy.

Yohami is pointing to a level up. Yohami is pointing to Top Guy. I want to be a great seducer. I want to be Top Guy.

> YOHAMI: The framework where you think that offering a way out is "comfort" is one where you are making advances that are not preceded by her arousal – she's not going to say yes, so you give her a safe out in case she gets too triggered by you. This is bottom guy. This is pushing against rejection, and giving her the power to stop you, or run away.

Caveman Game is making her "use the brakes." Caveman isn't "beta," but it is Bottom Guy.

One of my all-time favorite teaching lines from Yohami is this:

> "That's what I'm referring to when I say that you take the accelerator and let her have the brake, but then you drive in a way she never has to use the brake. She has control but is never required to use it."
> — Yohami

I've quoted that line many times. There is endless genius in that line. Watch me get more and more out of that line in this post (I get more from that line, every time I seriously revisit it).

And that line, my brothers… is our ticket out of Caveman Game. Caveman Game is my term, but I think what I am talking about works well with this comment from Yohami:

> YOHAMI: What this ignores is what girls want. The girl is not a passive thing that you conquer. The girl is a hungry beast. Instead of pushing when she's not ready and giving her a way out, move when she's going to say yes and use her hunger for you and give her what she wants.

This stuff from Yohami used to drive me crazy… but I'm starting to get it. If you can read that line "one time," and instantly apply it… good for you. I heard this a year ago. And I am just now getting it such that I can begin to use it "on the fly," in real life situations with YHT.

Q: How do I move away from "tussle" and "struggle"… into "hunger" and "arousal?"

This ^ is where I want to put more of my focus in terms of what goes down at the "sex location" aspect of the model… in the moments before "first time" sex (or "anytime" sex, for that matter).

I haven't even really tried to break down this moment before. Not at this level. We teach guys how to escalate, but not how to do it well. That leaves many of us clumsy, at the level of Caveman, or both. I have been both.

Writing this post is helping me see that "pushing" vs "pulling" distinction much more clearly. I can see it now. Maybe for the first time.

The question is not a choice between escalating vs being passive. Yes, we lead, we escalate. No doubt about that part. And it's not about "verbally barfing your uncertainty" on the girl ("Are you comfortable??? Are you comfortable???")… that's not it either. This is about the possibility for sensitivity around pushing vs pulling. This is the lesson I'm after in this post.

If I can see that distinction… if I can begin to tune toward her "hunger," and quit "pushing against resistance"… I

am a better seducer, at an advanced level, instantly. And now… I just need to think a little harder about what that looks like in practice… in terms of specific moves to employ… for a given girl, in a given situation.

……

Back to Miss Surprise…

I think I had a good head start on doing some of what Yohami would have me do here. It took me a minute to get it going…

I told her I didn't know her that well, and that I was happy to give her a break. I said all that with a big, smile on my face. And I did back off, way off, relaxing the scene, like a vampire retracting his fangs, in a moment of pause.

I told her how it's my job to give her a good experience (I had been saying stuff like this all night, and I truly believe it all). And that our first date was a good experience and she agreed. And I said we'd been playful, and gave her a little shove. And she laughed an easy little laugh. I was getting good reactions. So even this… was giving her "more of what she wants." It's not sexy, but it's on the right path… a path with no resistance.

The tension was gone (for a moment)… but so was the sexual vibe. I talked about how I taken care of her tonight, and she agreed again. And how this was playful too, and I made a big open gesture with my arms and she smiled.

In some ways, this sounds a bit like my date with Miss Nature again. All this verbal stuff. But the tone was very different. And I hadn't created much resistance yet. And the main difference was… that tonight, this verbal pacing was NOT my only strategy. Tonight, I wasn't going to "push" and then offer her a place to run if she wasn't "aroused by pushing." I was aware of more options than that.

> "What I'm saying is, you can press, but she can pace it. She can say, 'yes, I'm interested, but not right now.' Often beautiful girls are very good at pacing. They'll pace you. They'll let you push, but they'll say 'I need more time, I need more time.'"
> — Janka
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) January 7, 2018

I can see better now why Yohami would think that "pushing" is low level game. When "we push, and she paces" (which in many ways is good advice, albeit at a "lower level" of game) there is some utility in that… but Yohami is going to nudge us even further into "advanced game" here.

> YOHAMI: The way to find how / when she wants it is all the courtship and push pull that precedes it, aka flirting, talking, kino, etc.

If I read this correctly, Yohami is talking about a lot more pre-sex, "pre-foreplay" flirting. All highly calibrated, until she is so worked up, she will devour your attention as you move into sex.

I think Yohami means more "sexual negotiation," more pre-sex seduction, at the level of the dance, and then sex flows much more smoothly, as "it's already been decided." This isn't "covert," but it's unspoken and non-verbal… at the level of her turn-on… all of which is orchestrated by the seducer.

This was actually how sex was for me, when I was full AFC… as I was ONLY ever with girls that really liked me (by default, I had no skills with "maybe" girls at all)… and I took so long to ramp into sex that it was always a foregone conclusion when it was on the table. That model was unconscious, and far too passive. And I missed a million good experiences.

So to try to move toward arousal such that there is no (serious) LMR… to move into "Foregone Conclusion Game"… is a great plan. It's very advanced seduction. But I'm not sure how to do that in combination with a fast-sex model? To run this kind of game… and sweep her off her feet at the same time? I know Yohami sees no

conflict there.

I do, however, think I can work some of this into the way I currently escalate my dates… Maybe I don't wait until she non-verbally "signs on the dotted line." When Yohami says "it is all the courtship and push pull that precedes it, aka flirting, talking, kino, etc.," that IS already happening in my current dates. Maybe I can improve there? Experiment more? Looks for the "more of what she wants" that leads to her arousal… in a more conscious way.

This is Yohami's "ramp," but from another angle. The "courtship and push pull that precedes it, aka flirting, talking, kino, etc." IS "the ramp" into sex. I am starting to put this stuff together.

I don't really get this yet, but I can point to an example of "experimenting" and "swinging my dick:"

On New Year's Day, I had that Korean girl in my bed, and she was giving me something like LMR. And physical dominance wasn't getting her to submit… or, in Yohami's terms, it wasn't arousing her. It was the wrong move for that girl, so she would hit the brakes. And each time I made her hit the brakes, her resistance would increase… moving us away from sex… not good "advanced" game.

But when I said, "spread your legs," she would spread her legs. And that felt like a small breakthrough, at the time.

It's not a choice of words over physicality (because it is just as often the other way around, with other girls, on other nights)… in this case, it was "trying something else," aka "swinging my dick," and I found what worked… at least somewhat (I didn't fuck that girl). Instead of "pushing against resistance," I had found something she responded to. And she spread her legs and I slipped my fingers insider her… things progressed.

By trying various moves, I was "screening" (Yohami will use that word in a comment below) for what worked for that particular girl.

We can try things… other things… "flirting, talking, kino, etc."… other than repeatedly trying to pound our square "peg" into her soft, little, round "hole."

"Try other things…," that is a big clue. Sounds so simple, but it's a struggle to put all this together. If you have experience, I bet you know what I mean.

> NASH: How about this… what if I'm not quite calibrated to what her arousal looks like. This isn't how I feel I am, but maybe this is true. That I can only see massive GREEN lights, and miss more subtle ones…

This ^ was/is exactly my problem, in some ways. I can react to "massive green lights." And I can "push." But what about that space in the middle?

Part of the deal here is… it is NOT a "one size fits all strategy." It's in an entirely different category ("framework") of game than that. And no surprise, it involves calibration. If Caveman Game has little-to-no "advanced calibration," Yohami Game shows us a way out of that. It gives us another way to read the seduction, and other options for how to move the girls toward a good experience.

A responsive "ramp." One with subtlety. One that constantly bounces off of resistance very early on. Tries something else. Zero-ing in on all moments of arousal. Giving her "more of what she wants." Until she is "gagging for it."

> NASH: I am trying to connect the dots between "offer her your dick instead, that's what she's there for" and what she is like standing there, looking nervous, coat on, big smile, but all defense.
> NASH: Thinking about what you're saying about not creating resistance, I could keep backing up. Trying something else, less of that kind of escalation, as I am getting that kind of display. Try moving her around.

I was starting to get the concept ^, even back then.

……

Back to Miss Surprise, once a again…

At this stage of the night I had got Miss Surprise inside, escalated, bounced off my old solution of making sure she was "comfortable." But this time, I didn't stay there. I was ready to experiment. I was ready to be more subtle… and more calibrated.

I had given her some space, and then tried to get back on my game. She went back to that serious look. I started "trying some things." Little experiments, rather than constant brute force in the same direction. And this time, I got her to started to moan.

Okay. There it is.

Through a little experimentation I had found something that was closer to her sweet spot. That… and/or I had given her enough time (more physical and verbal "courtship") to warm up into a racier pace.

More importantly… I wasn't trying to "break through resistance." I was looking for arousal. And I was doing a better job.

I pulled one arm up over her head to the back of the couch, and pinned it down, opening her up. And gave her a forceful kiss. This wasn't about the "force," that was just the flavor of the move. "Force" was just another experiment here. I was testing to see what she likes. I already knew she responds to that kind of dominance… I'd already kissed her like this on the stairs, and in the elevator, at the bar.

Arousal goes up when I give her "more of what she wants." Surprise, surprise. She moaned some more.

I swooped an arm behind her back, around her tiny waist, and pulled her to me and the moan got deeper. Then… I backed off again. Turned down the lights. Gave us both a sip of water. In and out of it. Not too eager… I wasn't too eager.

> "This is the perfect place for you to look at it. Look at the difference of PRESSURE and PULL. When you unbuttoned her bra and played with her nipples, these things are actions that go in a direction and turn her on, you're taking her where you want her to be, that's a PULL. See how quicker she was assuming there was going to be sex, like multiplied by your leading force."
> — Yohami

This ^ is from a different post where Yohami was trying to clean up my game with Firecracker. And those words also stuck with me, nagging me to pay more attention and to be more subtle with these girls… and to notice what is working.

Miss Surprise was warming up, but she was still serious and quiet. This is also how she was when I approach her on the street. She isn't always a "massive green light." As I get more experience I can read these "amber yeses" better.

> YOHAMI: Girls role is to put themselves in situations where you can make a move, and follow your lead. If she's there standing with you and not running – she is helping with the seduction.

Now… with Caveman Game out of the way… this ^ applies again. If she's not "on the brakes," we can focus more on our role of controlling the accelerator.

So I knelt on the floor, pried her legs apart, and pushed my body between her knees. I pulled the hair on the back of her head to get her chin up and out of her chest… and I kissed her. Hard. And she moaned.

And that… was basically it. I'd unlocked "arousal." There wasn't much resistance to kill the vibe. I had her at the right level of arousal now, and she was ready.

I took her to the bed… and… I did all the things I love to do to young girls when I have the opportunity.

> YOHAMI: Your job is to arouse her, and when you do, you double down. When you do it like that, you don't find any walls – or you find walls but you don't crash on these, don't push forward against walls and rejection, **you keep screening**, swinging, and escalate / double down when she's aroused and will say "yes".
> YOHAMI: To fuck a woman you don't 'tear down her defenses with sexual pressure and game'
> YOHAMI: The woman will signal when she's ready and when there's no resistance.

A key phrase here ^ for me is this: "or you find walls but you don't crash on these."

This is part of the piece I was missing. When Yohami says you won't see resistance, I couldn't see how I was supposed to experiment and explore (="swing my dick") without ever seeing at least some "resistance" and/or something other than complete acceptance of each move. That is a frustrating part of trying to learn from Yohami, because it sounds like he thinks a girl should love everything you try… and that is not my experience… and that's not what he is saying.

Everything being perfect is not his point. The answer is, you will get "little no's." Maybe even just changes in her look. Shifts in her energy. And you can still play there (that is all good feedback), but don't "push." Don't fuck your night over by "creating resistance" with your pushing. That is Bottom Guy. You stay in the game, but change the experiment, as a point of calibration and mastery. That is closer to Top Guy.

Also note that word "screening." "Swing your dick" is the first part of how we "screen" girls for what makes them respond.

> YOHAMI: There's zero pressure put on the girls, there's nothing they could defend against – so they also have no defense for the arousal that they feel. The only pressure comes when standing up by your frame, there are a few iterations of that too. Pressure in the frames clash, but not pressure to get what you want from her.

So much here ^… I am obviously still trying to figure this out.

To go back to the "driving the car" analogy… maybe this is like her gripping the seat a bit (excited), but not so much that she is hitting the brake (wants to get out). Maybe that is the place where you tune your experimentation… with the goal of getting her back toward moaning and arousal and less death-grip on the seat?

Gripping the seat is okay… but if she's on the brake, you're doing it wrong. We "swing our dick" and look for subtle signs, both positive and negative, so we don't see "hard resistance."

The kind of LMR I am used to is about "hard resistance," to some degree. Legal, but counterproductive to seduction.

The goal is not to "defeat the girl" but to arouse her. Stay in that zone. Over and over. Until she is clawing at you. Then… fuck the happy little thing.

I feel like I'm reinventing "making out" here. And it's not because I don't know how to makeout. Of course I do. When it goes well and it's super on, we all know how. It's when we have this "dance"… it's that tenuous space of what we call LMR… where we don't have much information or trust. This is where Yohami Game is helping me move to another level. Of not just more lays (and I believe this definitely means more lays). But a better time for both her… and myself.

Arousal > tussle.

> YOHAMI: Each girl has an opening or several of them (pun intended) where there's no wall and no rejection as long as you match what they want and require right there, if you can match it, they want it more and more and more

In this case, I think I finally got it… to some degree… for this girl… on this night. I was "swinging my dick" to see

what she likes. And… as the Myths of Yohami have foretold… I found arousal and the LMR was gone. I didn't do it with persistence, I did it with experimentation. I was screening her… across the range of the ways I like to "swing my dick" (it was still about me, I love everything I did to that girl).

The difference may be subtle, but it's real. It's masterful. I could feel it on that date. I'd never been that subtle before. And then…

She was naked.

……

She is 90 lbs. Nearly flat chested. And a total turn-on for a beast like me. What a hot little girl.

I was very much enjoying watching her move past being self-conscious about her body, and shifting into the physical pleasure I gave her as I sucked her nipples and raked my nails across her pale skin. She would moan. She would look at me. There was raging heat in her eyes, in her stare… but she let me move her in any direction I wanted. Resistance was… completely gone. She was enjoying herself. I loved it.

I took my time pleasuring her. Holding her down. Choking her. But also stroking her hair. And laying next to her… going more sensual. Telling her how beautiful her white skin looked against the black sheets on the bed (this place is decorated in a perfectly masculine way). And then, I'd get aggressive again. Eat her pussy. And come up and kiss her, and smear girl-glaze that started between her legs across her own mouth. It was hot. And it was easy to throw her around… she's light as a feather.

And she said… "do you have a condom." I think that is the first time I have actually heard that line.

I hadn't even hinted I was going to fuck her, but of course we were well along that path. I was still fully clothed. I hadn't pushed my dick into her, nor taken it out. And when she said that, I said… "hold on, I'm not done with you yet." And I kept going, doing all the things I like to do. Even her pleasure is about me. It's all about what I want.

And then… I walked the two feet to my closet next to the bed, in this tiny apartment, grabbed one of the world's best condoms… and fucked her tiny, sexy, beautiful little body.

+1 daygame.

And the sex… was fucking hot. It was excellent first-time sex.

I did a lot of the things I do to Miss Thick, and they felt natural and smooth with this girl. I haven't said much about it, but this girl looks like she could be Siren's little sister… they are very similar (that's part of why I opened her). So fucking her, she felt to me, like she was in the Sorority of my other favorite daygame girls. A Chinese dream team. It was a fresh experience, a beautiful one, and even so, somewhat familiar.

(In the way of "new" experiences for me… at one point, as I had her on her back, she reached up with both of her little hands… and choked me. Hmm. Never seen that move before. It wasn't a turn on, not exactly, not at the level of my body. I'm a dom, and things like that aren't what excites me. But at the mental level, I loved her for it. 90lbs of youth, naked and smooth, a tiny Chinese girl, with both hands around my throat as I buried myself insider her. Good girl.)

I tried to get her to stay over. Even picked her up and took her back into the sheets, wrapping her in the comforter and burning eye contact into her for a bit. If I like a girl enough (and I almost always do), it's important to me that she knows I WANT her to stay over. I'm fine with it if she leaves, but I want her to have the feeling of being "wanted" post-sex. I do want these girls (like 90% of them), even after I get off. I wanted her to sleep with me, actually sleep. I told her that. And I wanted her to feel desired… that is a gift I want to give little girls.

But she was ready to go. I got dressed as well. Feed her a couple of strawberries I had bought at a local produce shop. As she got the second of her two boots back on, I pinned her to the door and we had a great last makeout of the night. And I walked her a couple of blocks through the freezing night, stuffed her in a cab.

As the cab pulled away she didn't look back or wave… all I saw was the dark shower of her hair on her little shoulders and that fancy jacket. I had a tinge of insecurity that she didn't validate me with that move, that lookback, which I love to see from girls. I am a sentimental retard sometimes, even now.

And I walked home smiling through the freezing dark.

As I write this… my fingers smell like that sour-sweet girl goo. I love that smell. It's vulgar and satisfying. Hot night. I love his game.

Thanks again, Yohami.

Viva daygame.

Daygamers Are the Best "Social Scientists"

Nash · 5 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Krasuer had a cool talk about daygame with the Street Attraction guys recently. And in this talk he goes off briefly about how game produces better knowledge of "the human courtship ritual" than any other source. Very interesting topic.

Here is how he kicks off that point:

> "To me, the daygame that we do is the best social science in the world right now."
> — Krauser, from the Street Attraction interview

That is a bold claim. And I agree.

I won't over-emphasize the "daygame" part of Nick's comment. Men of game in general can likely own the claim Krauser is making. The general public won't understand the level of experience Krauser has when he makes a point like that, but he is correct.

> "If you think of it as 'game as social science,' we are the modern social scientists."
> — Krauser

As we work to "find/meet/attract/close" women, we run more experiments, more "real life" experiments, with "intimate consequences," than anyone else. And that makes our "first hand" experience more valid, more "in-tune" with verifiable truth than someone in an academic setting.

It's a bit self-congratulatory, but the point is correct. And recognizing this POV, might help us see our "experiments" in a different light.

Of course running around on the street doesn't mean you'll get laid or that you'll command any insight. However, even if you are a novice, you'll quickly gain a much better-than-average read of social cues by approaching women. And when you start consistently getting laid from this kind of "studying," now you have demonstrated proof of something… and you have more credibility than most academics on these topics.

Is daygame easy? Is it easy to get girls to stop, to give you their contacts, and then respond, and then date you, and then spread their thighs in wonton relish?

I would argue daygame is not easy. I would argue it is quite difficult. Even though it is not easy (or obvious), we know men can learn this in predictable ways. I did. And daygame is a subset of our larger School of Game… where the lessons go on and on in every direction. Nobody knows more about mating and dating patterns in humans than we do.

Game is not easy… but it is something we can practice. And each practice session is another test of ourselves and of our theories. And a chance to notice and collect some data to help us begin to know the social world.

> "To understand the social world, you've got to get reliable and valid data. Most social science is just giving questionnaires to a bunch of graduates students in a university. You're not going to get valid or reliable data that way."

> "What we do as daygamers, we go out and we do thousands of sets. Every set, we've got skin in the game, we want to get laid. The girl has skin in the game… a risk of letting herself get fucked. Both sides have skin in the game. You're getting very valid information about the human courtship ritual."
> — Krauser

"Skin in the game." That's the key, right there. That is what makes us unique social scientists. We're not ~~keyboard jockeys~~ theoretical. It's real-time theory-testing with both immediate and long-term feedback.

Here is a perfect example of what Krauser is talking about in terms of how the mainstream world tries (and fails) to understand sexuality:

> "The researchers presented their participants with videotaped and written scenarios depicting two men interacting with each other. The scenarios varied on whether the male acted 'dominant' or 'nondominant.'"
> — Scott Barry Kaufman, pointing to a 1987 study of "dominance and the heterosexual attractiveness of males and females"

See that. They are trying to "study" attractiveness. And they aren't out in the field.

That study used video footage of non-sexual interactions (not infields) and written descriptions of those scenes. They presented that fluff to "46 women and 42 men enrolled in an introductory psychology course." That means the "judges of reality" here are college kids (many of them in their freshman year). From that "hard hitting science" they came up with "findings" that Scott thinks actually mean something.

That study is not unusual in its methods. When you see examples like this, about how academics "study sex"… Krauser's claim seems more and more like a simple fact.

Men of game have real data. Data on our own behavior, as measured against women's actual responses (and feedback from our wings). And we have data from the behavior of those women, captured live and on the spot, as we "twist and turn" their ~~nipples~~ dials to see what happens.

If you're getting started, and haven't claimed much flesh from daygame yet, you need more "data," as Krauser says. Even so, it's easy to see how you're already miles ahead of the dry, disconnected "paper experiments" that drive conclusions in most of the scientific literature. You are both literally and figuratively closer. You are face to face with real, live girls.

It's a beautiful thing.

> "In a follow up study, the researchers isolated various adjectives to pinpoint which descriptors were actually considered sexually attractive."

"Actually."

This ^ time Scott is pointing to a difference study, one that claims to answer the question: "Do Women Prefer Dominant Men?" They could have saved themselves a lot of trouble and just asked Yohami.

In this piece of "academic excellence," "One hundred and eighteen undergraduate females participated" in a study (for course credit) and "were asked to provide an evaluation of the man in the description."

We know one of the basic tenets of game is "watch what she does, not what she says." This kind of study is only about "what she says" and produces what Krauser would call "unreliable data."

From all this, Scott wants us to be sure to note:

> "In short, a simple dominant-nondominant dimension may be of limited value when predicting mate preferences for women."
> — Scott

What we know about dominance is of tremendous value. Full stop.

It's not the only thing to know about game, that is true, but Scott's line is a flat-footed conclusion. Of course it's

more than alpha/beta. But this kind of study can't compare with how Men of Game tease out a successful read of a woman or a sexual exchange.

The title of Scott's post is "The Myth of the Alpha Male." Let's not get into our version of that debate now. The point is, no matter what we Men of Game think of that argument… we come to our conclusions from a level of research that completely out-works and out-classes Scott and his "sources." And we do so, because of the reasons Krauser is highlighting in his recent talk…

We talk to girls. Lots of them. We more than talk… we put ourselves and these girls in situations where the truth bubbles to the surface. We turn up the heat… and the bullshit boils away.

Here is more from Scott:

> "In terms of the nondominant adjectives, the big winners were easygoing… and sensitive."

See guys? You "need to be more sensitive." This is what ~~"comfort"~~ "attraction" is really all about.

LOL.

This is worse than a bad study, or methods that generate unreliable data. This is about completely "sexually uneducated" folks (with "PhDs in cognitive psychology from Yale University") actually emphasizing the wrong core principles. It's bad research. With flawed methods. Generating sexually-lame conclusions. Garbage in, garbage out.

> "This analysis was revealing…"
> — Scott

No. It's the opposite of revealing. It's obscures the truth.

These studies are examples of beta researchers pushing false-insight based on bad data. Many in the mainstream crowd would love to hear that dominance and aggression and alpha traits aren't worth the work they take to acquire. That "game doesn't work." How many times have we heard that from guys with no experience? These researchers are pandering. And they are 100 miles away from the realities of the sexual jungle.

Some of the power of the kind of true social science that Krauser is talking about is this: You don't have to take my word for it. And certainly don't take Scott's. Hit the street, and run your own experiments. Krauser and the London lads have laid out a recommended path, but you are free to try anything you want. You'd be a fool to start from scratch… but you can.

Go talk to girls. That is where the rubber hits the road.

> "The researchers then asked women to indicate which of the adjectives used to describe John were ideal for a date as well as for a long-term romantic partner."
> — Scott

This ^ is an example of "self-reported" data. We know self-reported data is not quality data. Sometimes that is true because the subjects aren't honest (they say what they think the interviewer wants to hear). In this case that kind of data sucks because the subjects responses aren't nearly as accurate as they would be if you put them in a sexual situation, instead of asking them about a situation. It's not "reliable and valid" as Krauser would say.

We don't ASK girls if they like us… we test for compliance to find out. Compliance tests… maybe we should call them "compliance experiments."

There is a huge difference between what a girl might "say" she'll do, and what she actually does, when things heat up. The heat of real life makes their actions more "honest." Honest signals. If she is fucking you… she is fucking

you. You may not be completely right about why… but you are so much closer than "ivory tower" knowledge can ever be. You're skin to skin with the truth.

In a related way… I don't do much in the way of "post sex" interviews anymore (that is "self reported" data, and it's unreliable). In the last year, those kinds of "interviews" seem like a waste of time to me. Again, what she says is miles away from the truth of what she does. Even at the level of the sheets on our bed, we test girls and our theories… by moving them through the model, not by asking them questions. Her "self-reported" data is not nearly as valid as our own observations of the conditions under which she is willing to spread her legs.

Here is more from the Street Attraction talk:

> "We are directly experiencing it. Nobody is telling us about it… we're seeing it though our own eyes."

> "What we do is an amazing data collection exercise. The sample size is thousands upon thousands of very valid interactions. Then we're seeing downstream… which ones come on dates? Which girls will put out?"
> — Krauser

I'll echo one of my personal points of emphasis here, and say this ^ is about volume.

You have to talk to a lot of girls if you want any sense of mastery here… in the same way that proper scientific studies have large sample sizes. The fact that we run thousands of sets (I think I am getting close to 4000 street approaches) means we have a LOT of data. Compare that to surveying "100 freshman college girls." I can talk to 100 girls in a week. And that would make me an "expert" on exactly nothing.

We know volume of experiments here is essential. Not only are you more likely to find an "interested and available" girl in a "bigger study," but you are also more likely to learn. And the truth is, the % of girls you approach that turn in sticky delicious sex will always be low… less than 10%, that is certain. Closer to 1% for me. So most approaches are in fact, about learning. About calibration. About data collection… about ourselves and the girls. About becoming an expert.

> "What we have to say… is superior to every social science department in the world, because of the high quality valid and reliable data… and how we're organizing it… in this huge crowdsourcing operation, that we call the seduction community, which generates new hypothesis and then tests them."
> — Krauser

Actually fucking girls both tests and validates our theories. It is proof we are onto something real. And that our knowledge is applicable.

And when Krauser talks about our community (Game, and the larger Manosphere), now we are trading secrets and collaborating. And while there is no substitute for your own time on the sidewalk, the shared knowledge is a UUUGGE resource for all of us. I constantly reference "the studies of other men." And I add my own "case studies" here as my own contribution to the field.

We keep the invalid reporting in our community down to a minimum as we rip each other's FRs to shreds in the comments of forums and blogs. And all of the online bickering we do about game… is our form of "peer review."

I wrote this in the comment section for that video on youtube:

> "When I first started studying [game], I used to think the FBI (or something) must have some materials that would help us 'unlock' human interactions that I could use to get better with girls… some "secrets" I could use.

> "Guys like Paul Ekman have some very special things to teach, but… a few years later… I know WE ARE

> THE BEST SOURCE of this information. There are secrets, and we know them… we can feel them in our bones, in set.

> "Nobody spends as much time, in human interactions, nearly every day, with 'skin the game,' at the critical level, … as we do as men of game."
> — Nash

It's true.

I don't think (anymore) that there is a substantial body of men in the military or government or anywhere else, that knows more about this than we do. That would mean they spend as much time on this as we do… and nobody is accusing us of not spending enough time on girls. We are developing, and sharing, a rare skill set here.

> "What we are keying into is the human courtship ritual that is in our DNA, but which for evolutionary reasons is somewhat disguised from us. We are trying to lift the veil on that."

> "We are the people that can teach the social scientists about dating. We're on the frontlines."
> — Krauser

I wrote a piece on a similar topic over a year ago. I remembered the post, but I didn't remember that that too was inspired by Krauser. I transcribed this next quote from his theory-based lecture series, The Womanizers Bible:

> "Especially if you're doing daygame, cold approach generally, but especially daygame, is one of our really big, strong signs of sexual market value is our extreme calibration, our extreme social knowledge.

> Because we're literally having thousands of interactions with women. We're going thru the stages of the courtship ritual — certainly the beginnings of it, before we get blown out — thousands of times. Thousands of thousands of times. Way more than a normal man ever would. Way more than the girl ever will.

> That will generally engender experience. And that experience leads to extreme social savvy and calibration, which is, in itself, very, very attractive."
> — Krauser

Krauser has a perfect and inspiring read on all this.

All this experimentation and "extreme social savvy" goes beyond the streets… and continues through each stage of the model… including the bedroom.

I have been all over the concept of LMR lately. I wrote about it in my Janka/LMR piece. And then more so in my most recent daygame lay report from this trip in Japan. I'm very interested in how "resistance" works in women, and how to avoid it altogether and focus on arousal instead.

On this trip so far, I've had four girls in my apartment and three in my bed. I fucked the one. The other two were great makeouts where I played with each girls willingness to have sex. I played with her turn-on, and did my best to encourage it (and in other ways build connection with those girls). I was curious and tested what might make her aroused enough that she would lean forward into my advances. Both were awesome and delicious experiences. Both were precious experiments where I collected rare data in a first-hand way.

Those girls knew they were very close to getting fucked. Women love sex, but there are many good reasons why a girl won't pounce on any cock that can pry her pants off. Biological and social consequences are strong incentives

for a girl to give you very real feedback when you physically make a move on her womb. More “honest signals.” So any experiments I run in my ~~lab~~ bed should generate reference experiences (data) that I know I can trust… even if I can’t perfectly interpret what that data means in every instance (that too, will come with more experiments/experience).

The data I gather is about girls. And about “mating rituals.” But it is also about myself. I’m fascinated. I love it.

What a hot game.

More girls. More data. More salacious wenching. And more feedback to make me even better in future iterations of the “sexual research” we call daygame.

We are social scientists.

Much respect to Krauser.

Viva daygame.

Fast Seduction vs The Date Model

Nash · 11 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I can see two primary and very different strategies for moving toward sex after you've picked a girl up. I see FAST SEDUCTION… were you try to fuck her same day or first date. We get that. AND… I also wonder about intentionally implementing a DATE MODEL? Not because you're AFC, but because you think it works better.

Those are two approaches to moving toward sex that I want to discuss here. And it'll feature some thinking on this topic from RSD Julien, Smirking Soldier, Lance Mason, Steve Mayeda, Paul Janka, Rivelino, and Krauser.

So…

Which is better? Fast sex or a date model? Of course that depends on who you are and what itch you're looking to scratch. I can state what "better" means to me… and I will in a minute. And your "better" will likely be different than mine. And different men, with different wants, and different circumstances all call for different styles of game. But this "lens" into bedding girls has been on my mind lately. I want to talk about it.

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Let's start here:

> "What is the best way to get a girl friend? It's important to understand this…"
> — RSD Julien (from RSD's "Pimp Game")

Julien is talking "girlfriend" here and I don't want a GF. Not really. What interests me here is where Julien goes with that comment… and we'll see that he thinks it applies to more than just taking notches.

We'll come back to this in a minute.

……..

Back to me for a minute… what I want is this:

I want to have experiences, lots of them. I want the skills and philosophical guidance to make more of those experiences "good ones." And I want to give girls good experiences (that is part of the fun for me).

Those are my stated goals in game. It's not about being a nice guy (fuck "being nice"). It's about getting what I want… and not hating myself for how I do that. That's what I want.

I want sex. I want "new sex" (what the FatItalian calls "strange"). I want to meet and seduce new women, regularly. And I very much want to have more iterations of the "model" — from pickup to orgasms. Because I want to really understand it… and because it's a very entertaining and rewarding exploration for me.

And… I want some "recurring revenue," where a given girl and I get after each other more than once. Where I get to fuck a girl multiple times over multiple days or weeks. At least "three times," let's say… so there is some familiarity to it all. And for truly excellent girls, I want them in my life on an ongoing basis. I want to sample a lot of girls (their minds and their bodies), but I also want to "go deep" with them… work out a sexual rhythm. Allow time and trust to make things even nastier (Miss Thick is my favorite example of all time).

So no, I don't want a girlfriend. I want all this ^. And this is what "better" means to me. Notches. Yeah. But also some "recurring revenue."

What is the best way to get all that?

……..

Here is a CHALLENGE I am looking at as I try to work this out:

In my experience… girls "hit and run" a lot. We do the "r-selected" pickup. We fast seduce. We do, in fact, sometimes fuck these girls. And sometimes they stick around… but very often they are "one and done." They fuck… and then "ghost" (as the kids say). I'm curious about that.

I know the prevailing ~~myth~~ wisdom is that men "pump and dump." I am sure that happens a lot, but that is not what I see. I know almost no men that tell me stories like that. And I am talking about guys in the community that I care enough about to be in regular contact with (which is not everyone). Those guys, would often like to see the girl again, post sex. And often, the girls disappear (for a very wide range of reasons). Not always so… but often.

Maybe nothing can be done about that… but… I am curious enough to wonder about it.

Many men that are working through a decent volume of women, would like to see (some of) the girl they fuck more than that once. I think this is more true of men than the culture can appreciate it. It is true of me.

My QUESTION today is this:

If you want to MAXIMIZE SEX.. and everything that comes with it… does FAST SEDUCTION get us there? Is that just "fool's mate," as our friend in the Purple Hat would say? Or is a DATE MODEL the way to go for maximum sexual time with women? Can that be done without looking too "K" and chodish?

I don't think the answer is obvious. And as I have more experience, I have more questions.

Even if you only want one night stands (ONSs), I'm not sure FAST SEDUCTION is the best route to maximize that goal. Fast sex is the best way to have… fast sex. It might be a losing strategy if you want more sex in general, or if fast sex is not required by the circumstance.

Or… maybe it is the best way to get everything we want? I really don't know. I'm exploring all this.

……..

Here is more from Julien on that:

> "Fuck her as soon as possible. That is the best way to get a girlfriend."
> — RSD Julien

Let's take "girlfriend" out of this… and just say "recurring sex."

Here Julian is saying fast sex is the best way to get LTRs. And we can assume Julien would say that ONS and fast sex also go hand in hand. So it sounds to me like Julien thinks that fast sex is the hammer for any sexual nail you put in front of him. And he is advising us to do the same.

And he specifically makes fun of the idea to "take her out on dates." And I think he is mostly trying to shoot down the Disney style approach to women (which is fair). We know "movie and dinner" isn't the best path for ONSs or LTRs… it's the path to beta-orbiter hell. He is right about that, and I'm not trying to present his thoughts out of context.

But… the DATE MODEL idea is central to this post. Not chodish "dates," as in the AFC sense. But assume we're talking about relatively experienced seducers, running pretty good dates. If you don't fuck her right away… if you take her on 2+ dates of some kind… is that going to help or hurt your plan to maximize sex. Will it help or hurt getting your notch and ALSO toward a goal of seeing her again?

> "If I see a girl, and I want her to be my girlfriend, I go as fast as I can to… sex. That is the best way."
> — RSD Julien

Okay. That is what Julien thinks (as of the "Pimp Game" product).

There is another quote by Lance Mason (Pickup101) that recommends the same strategy. Lance argues (I am

paraphrasing) that you fast-sex a girl you really like, because that "GIVES HER AN EXPERIENCE" most men cannot give her. And that is how she KNOWS you're the right guy. Fast sex will get you a late night hookup as the bars are closing. And it is ALSO the "romantic" and "legendary" way to start a relationship (if that's what you want).

Lance Mason is the man. I wish I had his original quote for this piece, but I couldn't find it. I used Julien's quote instead… but Julien's reasoning is less sound, in my evaluation.

Here's more:

> "Once a girl decides to fuck you, what is she basically acknowledging? 'This guy is naturally attractive. He is sex-worthy. He is the alpha guy. This guy is the shit.'"
> — RSD Julien

This is the same rationale "sneaky Tom" used in his textbook that was a red flag to me. It really stood out in my mind as one of the weakest things in his beginner book. And I lost respect for him for including it.

I think Tom said that, because (despite the fact that he DOES have a lot of his own experience to point to), Tom mostly just steals and repeats things other guys have said. I don't trust Julien on this topic… nor any of the parrots that have this kind of rationale, because my own experience tells me this is not true.

My own experience tells me that girls (very often) do not think like that.

Here is another guy giving us a report from a recent trip of his:

> "I have only gotten 1 daygame lay (Korean-student 23yo, D1) who did not see me again."
> — Smirking Soldier

There ^ is very real example from another daygamer. This isn't only me and I'm not making this up.

There are a million reasons why a girl would fuck you and never see you again. But this "instant transformation" from quick-sex to girlfriend is a community falsehood these guys are repeating. It can happen. We all know examples… but there is no correlation here, as I see it.

> "'I am risking having a kid, and I'm okay with that.' Biologically, that is what she is feeling. It's a huge form of investment. And once she does that, making her your girlfriend is a fucking joke…. assuming you've structured the interaction correctly."

> "Ultimately, transition sex to girlfriend is easy as shit."
> — RSD Julien

I call bullshit. And Julien puts in that "get out of jail free card" there when he says, "assuming you've structured the interaction correctly." Yes… some guys, that are doing everything at a very advanced level can have BOTH fast sex and predictably get the girls gagging for more. Some guys. But for most guys, and I mean guys with some skill (I'm not talking about beginners here, I'm talking intermediate+), fast sex could very well lead to more girls disappearing on you.

Maybe not as a percentage, but certainly in terms of total numbers. And there is no way I believe that fast sex improves the rate at which you keep girls around. I'm not even sure it the best way to accumulate notches.

I'm not saying fast-sex specifically scares girls away (although that is possible too). What I am saying is fast sex won't lead to "a connection" or even "long term desire," in part… because if you're fucking a lot of girls, and doing it quickly, you're not screening them that well, and they are not screening you that well… it's an "adventure" not a

"connection." And our adventures don't always mix well with our everyday lives. Players, and girls, will do "one and done" under these circumstances. That is one reason among many-many… that fast sex is not a formula for recurring revenue… or even for more ONSs, as I see it.

Stop for a second… and look at your own hookups. For guys with a relatively high laycount… what do you see in your own life? Not anecdotes… but patterns. When you have successfully fucked a girl via fast seduction… was she all over you the next day? How often? How many never talked to you again in any real way?

I rarely have sex that involves alcohol these day (because I have some weird radar where I find girls that don't drink). Even my fast seductions are mostly sober… so it's not sobering up that makes them less "super into me" the next day. Girls disappear on me quite often. I fuck a girl quickly… we exchange maybe a text or two after that… and then, I never hear from her again.

You can argue that is just me. And you're right, some of the time. But again, the "fast sex is the best way to get a GF" is presented as the "truth" by many guys. I do not think I am below average seducer. And I am not "below average" in bed. I think I am better than average in terms of post-sex comfort. And yet…

Girls hit and run. To me it's totally normal. I'm not pissed off about it, I'm just curious. I bet lots of guys see this. I know many of my wings have had experiences like this.

> "What is the backwards rationalization going to do: She is like, 'oh my god, I fucked this guy this guy so fast.' What does society say? If you fuck a guy, that means you love him. If you don't love the person who you fuck, that means you are a slut. And then she'll rationalize, 'this guy was awesome.' 'And if I fucked him, and I followed my emotions in the moment, that means there that you know what?… there was something special in the air. It was magic. He is the man.'"

> "She will backwards rationalize and ultimately fall in love with you, because you fucked her, as soon as possible."
> — RSD Julien

Doesn't that sound retarded?

I don't buy it. I don't really buy this usage of "backwards rationalization" at all. Sometimes, maybe. This theory sounds like "autistic male thinking" to me. Like men that don't understand women… coming up with clunky explanations for things they claim happen often… which maybe rarely happen at all.

I'm not sure about all this… just kicking it around here. There is a lot going on.

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So now, let's look at another POV I like better. This guy is using the same approach in terms of FAST SEDUCTION, but is making a totally different point. I like his line of thought much more than what Julien has to say.

Steve "El Topo" Mayeda is a guy I know from the first wave of modern pickup. I've heard him talk about game many times. I don't remember where I heard him first… but he played a major role in The21Convention for a while.

As I have gotten older, I bounce off of some of these guys in my "hippy" life. I am one or two degrees of separation from some of these men, and we end up side by side in the comments on Facebook sometimes. In fact, I ran into an excellent talk by Steve, because I know one of the other speakers in that talk. This isn't typical "pickup talk," but it is an excellent conversation. Keith Paolino's comments in that talk are also fantastic (I have a half written post about them).

But here is the part I liked the best:

> Q: What are the keys to being successful on a date and also as a lover with a woman?

This ^ was a question to that panel from an audience member. And here is Steve's response:

> "Get laid as quick as possible."
> — Steve Mayeda

See. There it is again.

RSD Julien thinks it's about proving to her that you're the man, via "backwards rationalization." And Lance Mason thinks it's about how to create a unique and epic "first impression" as the foundation for an epic relationship. And Steve has his own reasons for advocating fast sex:

> "Look, everybody like laughs, it pisses people off… and they may not understand why I'm sayin'…

> "But, if you actually start dating somebody, and are on a date, and you think that you guys are honest with each other and haven't had sex… that is the biggest lie you could ever believe.

> "'In the absence of god, woman is the most spiritual thing,' or whatever… so, I don't always think that, but I have THOUGHT that when I am having sex, or having GOOD sex, and THEN I can see the full potential of her."
> — Steve Mayeda

"I can see the full potential of her," he says. This is red-hot "seducer" stuff for me. Steve is glorious here. Read past the "spiritual" line (if you need to), but Steve is saying something very cool.

This isn't about some of the bullshit and "birdsong" we do to lure and lay women. This is about our own sense of truly "penetrating" girls. Fucking their physical holes (yes to that), but fucking deeper into them. "Fucking them open to God," as Deida would say. As Steve says, "I don't always think that, but I have THOUGHT that when I am having sex, or having GOOD sex, and THEN I can see the full potential of her."

That is rad.

And that can happen with sex that comes after many dates… I'm sure. But he is talking about a level of intimacy and "honesty" that is missing until you get naked, as you tear away the politeness and artifice, as you "merge" together… even if all that is gone when the lights come back on, it is worth it when we find that space.

I warned you this was a bit hippy. But reach back into you mind right now… think of those times when a "door opened" as you hooked up with a girl. I can feel that. That is real for me.

And back to our goal:

If we want to maximize sex in our lives… would Steve's suggestion get us closer to that goal? If we aim to "get laid as quick as possible," quickly dipping into the pool of intimacy that can sometimes be on the other side of sex… would running our seductions with that in mind help us get more notches and/or more overall sexual experiences?

It's yet another suggestion to fuck ASAP, from a man that has been around the block a time or two.

> "And then the other thing, too… when I just start applying that — and not really get into any of this esoteric, awesome, philosophical stuff — and I was like, 'I just want to get laid, man,' and then you go, 'I'm going to do this,' and I go for it, and I get laid… without any of that beautiful hippy stuff around it… the crazy thing is then she is a lot more honest with me and I'm a lot more honest with her."

> — Steve Mayeda

This is brilliant, rare insight here. I have never heard another man say that. Props to Steve for articulating something ephemeral in those lines. Beautiful.

I have known since I was a teenager, that sex changes "the level of conversation" with a girl. The things I can say/ask BEFORE I have hooked up with a girl, are different than what I can say/ask AFTER I have made-out or fucked.

Like the very minute after sex… we can immediately share at a different level. I have intentionally saved questions for "after the make out" (I did this even when I was AFC). I have a girl in mind right now, and something I want to talk to her about… but I have to wait until I fuck her to say it. I can think of three examples, right now, where that sense of "what 'til we fuck" feels true to me.

There is a breakthrough of truth that is available after there is a breakthrough of fluids and skin. Yeah.

Partly because she physically relaxes. And I relax. But also because then she can be "a little bit" emotionally honest with you. Surrender isn't always about "conquest." Sometimes it's about making her truly available to you. And sometimes… that is completely about your skill as a seducer. Sometimes a little fast sex helps you get there.

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Here is a yet another angle:

> "When you're interacting with a woman you're never stationary… every decision you make and every minute that elapses when you're spending time with a woman is either bringing you closer to sex, or father away. If you're not moving the interaction towards sex, then it's probably moving away from it… and she's putting you in a different category."
> — Janka

He is right. Time often works against us… and that could be another argument for fast sex.

For instance, you can KISS A GIRL FOR THE FIRST TIME on the first date. Of course. And on the second, sure. And maybe on the third (for most guys, I bet that's the most common time). But on the fourth? Maybe not.

Per Janka's quote, now you're "in a different category." And even if she is still willing to date you by the fifth date… if you haven't kissed her by then, you are likely in the category of guys that will never be able to kiss her. You signaled major "Bottom Guy" status… and cool girls don't kiss bottom guy.

> "If you're indecisive, what happens is, the girl chooses. And she puts you in a category. If you become a category of guy… you have a very hard time migrating to another category, because you didn't make a bold move in the beginning, and she put you a category. If you're not bold, and make a decision, she's going to choose."
> — Janka

Sometimes… you want to get a girl over the threshold, so it "isn't a thing." You move through sex quickly. You get honesty. You get what is "available" after that physical-emotional honesty opens a door between you and her.

There… is another case for fast sex. "Beat the buzzer" thinking, as it applies to seduction.

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If you're working on your game, you'll go through many stages of skills and understanding of yourself, the girls, and the marketplace. And your tactics and goals might change as you grow… your mindset is not stationary.

Rivelino used this phrase on his blog recently:

> "Beta with courage"
> — Rivelino

I like that.

So maybe we start out as betas, many of us do. And we learn game, and we become "betas with courage." That means, we start to "go for it." We're not alpha/sigma yet, but at least we are taking responsibility for our own lives.

I think beginners confuse "going for it" with being "alpha." I know I did. This is about over-escalating in an uncalibrated way. This is what I was looking at in my post about the girl I fucked last month in Tokyo… was I escalating like Top Guy? Or like a "paper alpha?"

And this is what the Janka/LMR piece was all about… a lot of that was about not having enough experience to know how "hard to push," or that "pushing" isn't at all what Top Guy is doing when he escalates.

As we take our first steps as men of game, we often won't make moves on girls at all. Common problem for new guys (even if they are grown men when they find game). We won't ask girls out. And we won't escalate once we do.

As we get the courage to move ourselves forward, maybe we jump into the AFC "boyfriend model," we run the DATE MODEL, because we think it's required, because we know no other way.

We're not quite redpilled, at least not in practice, so we become "faster, more prolific AFCs." Same misunderstandings of the SMP, but we do more of it… with more girls. And that's progress at some level… it is better than our former, inactive days.

Then we become "betas with courage," as Riv might say. And fling masculinity against the wall, and call that "being a man." We are children, playing at being men. But it's also progress, of a sort.

I have been that child. I still am, at some level.

I don't think it's "childish" to run fast sex. That's not my point. But thinking "fast-sex = "being a man"… isn't being a man. That's a childish point of view.

I am trying to grow out of that stage of "sexual childishness." That's why I am looking at this the way I am. I want to be more sophisticated. So I am exploring this snake, poking it with a stick, to try to understand it better.

As recovering AFCs learn game, maybe they over use fast-sex. Maybe they avoid the date model, because they think that is for chumps. And maybe we have over-corrected there? I don't think I have been an "AFC" in a long time… but I am looking at my mindsets and what I may have misinterpreted as I have tried to learn game.

Maybe there is some utility in the date model after all? Not the way I used to do it… in a compulsive, retarded RomCom kind of way. But what if proper seducers could intentionally embrace dating as a means to tearing up more skirt? What if that was the better method, once you know what you were doing?

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Here's another POV.

> "I had a student say to me…"

> "[Student talking] 'I'm on a Eurojaunt, I need your advice…'"

> "Describe the set."

> "[Student talking] "It was 3 PM in the afternoon. I spoke to this [girl]. Bounced her to a cafe. Bounced her

> home. Got my dick out. Tried to fuck her after an hour. She left. Now she doesn't return my call. Where am I going wrong?"

> "You might have moved a bit too fast there. Middle of the afternoon. No alcohol. Getting your dick out within an hour of some girl just on her way home."
> — Krauser, from the Street Attraction interview

As he says that ^ last line… he has a great smile on his face. Like a lion watching his cub flail around as he learns how to hunt.

But here we have Krauser offering us a path back to the utility of the DATE MODEL. He is pointing out some of the foolishness in trying to close too soon.

And I see myself in that student. Trying to be "like Krauser." Thinking fast-sex is the thing to do. My willingness to "burn it down" (as Sundance might say) as I try to fuck the girl ASAP.

And I think that is a normal, but a "caveman" interpretation of a larger "truth." For beginners, and even intermediate guys like me… "we don't know what we don't know." And we hear stories and we try to be "that thing." And we lack subtlety… like most beginners do.

> "There are some girls you can fuck that quick. But those are the highlights. That's not the normal amount of game."
> — Krauser

Wow. I actually feel relief when I hear a man like Krauser say this. That it is not always "low skill" to not fuck on the first day I meet a girl (or on the first date). That it might actually be foolish to aim toward that when that goal is out of context.

And as we can see… there are plenty of voices that say we SHOULD be fucking girls the first time we get them out. And I'm not afraid to do that. I want to do that, much of the time. But is that the best way to maximize the sex in my life??

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I'll jump in with a personal story from today…

I was on the street. I haven't been laid in three weeks, even though I have dated several girls, and had three in my apartment (not including the girl I did fuck). I've been hitting daygame extremely hard. I've talked to over 150 girls in the last week. I talked to 37 girls today. I am taking four to nine leads per day this week. I have had many, many dates in the last few days (idate and regular dates)… and yet… no pussy.

Daygame Gods… cruel, cruel heartless bastards sometimes.

For now, assume that I am "very warmed up" and that I am "pushing myself" forward into what is possible for me. I am a horny and dangerous daygamer. And I'm actually having a ton of fun with the girls right now… really excited to be going out every day. I cannot wait for tomorrow.

So today… IOI from a conservative girl. I stop her. She is surprised and uncertain. We chat briefly. I get her to relax and take the stop. I move closer. I give her the eyes. I ask why she is in the neighborhood… what she is doing now? She says she is looking for a cafe. I offer to take her to one… she is a little shocked at how fast I am moving, but she agrees.

Instant date. We sat. We talked. We drank milky tea.

And… I started to give her sexual SOIs… saying that she is very feminine. And that I liked her lips. I held her

hand. She was very compliant, even as I introduced sex. And I told her I want to kiss her.

Since I don't want to burn a whole prime hour of daygame time on an idate-to-nowhere, I push it forward. I mention dinner… neither of us are that hungry… so…

I offer to take her to my place. For tea, I say. I tell her I'll kiss her, of course. And then… later… I'll take her for dinner.

That was my offer. This was all totally smooth and natural for me. Felt great. This was fast seduction. You may see a million mistakes in that… but I was confident and congruent. And she had a great experience.

And she fucking really considered it.

It was on in that moment. And my cock was at half-chub… which rarely happens to me unless I'm in the process of making out and having sex. And I could see the "hamster" in her mind spinning… she is a conservative girl… she doesn't do this… but she was thinking about it… It was glorious.

But she said "no." She said, "I can't…" She was in a little bit of pain at that moment. I enjoyed the whole thing.

I took her LINE contact, and told her I would let her go… but that I would make that offer again (via the messaging app) after I left. That would give her time and space to think about it. She could have a few minutes to herself, and accept then… if she was into it.

I made the offer again via LINE, and she didn't take it then either. She thanked me for a wonderful time.

So you can see (that as of today), I haven't abandoned fast sex as a strategy. That is the third time this week I have tried that. It's fun to try. I am learning and getting comfortable in that area. I am not morally opposed to fast sex… not at all.

I can do this stuff… or at least prove I can stomp on the gas pedal.

But would intentionally re-orienting toward the date model be a better route to more sex? Maybe I could have fucked this girl on the next date? And maybe now… she'll never see me again, as I was such a cad about it on the idate?

Hmmmm.

Back to Krauser…

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> "Clearly she must have liked him, or she wouldn't have come back to his place after an hour."

> "That girl might have taken four dates to fuck. Maybe getting his dick out should have waited until the third date, y' know."

> "But because he had it in his mind: 'I'm gonna get a same day lay, I'm gonna do the model, fast escalation is best escalation, it's a better set if I fuck her in one hour than two hours…'"
> — Krauser

This is a great story. And Krauser tells it in an awesome way. I have been exactly like that guy in that story. I didn't get my dick out in the cafe today… but I was fucking going for it. And perhaps, in a way that is self-defeating.

I am beginning to wonder… how many girls have I lost because I was trying to run fast-sex as "the only option." That I thought it was the "powerful" thing to do. Or that it was "the experience girls want."

Not always so.

> “It misses the point that you’re trying to seduce the women. And sometimes the women give you the timetable. You can’t impose your timetable on them.”
> — Krauser

Yes.

He’s right. Krauser is not a pussy. He is not afraid to fuck girls fast. But it is not always in the cards… even when she likes you. Maybe she needs a date or two?

Sometime… hesitating means you show you are Bottom Guy. And sometimes, logistics are such, you have to get it done… as the window of her physical availability is brief (if she is tourist, for example).

And other times… you just blow yourself out by being an uncalibrated horny guy… a slave to “the model” of fast sex.

And you might get less sex overall… by going for fast sex too often.

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Krauser tells a story in Adventure Sex where he dates a girl like six times.. and never fucks her. He liked her. He tried to fuck her, but it wasn’t happening. To quote him from above:

> “You can’t impose your timetable on them.”
> — Krauser

This is where I am particularly focused right now. I think I have been imposing my timetable on these girls. I think I have been a blind slave to the model. And I think some of that is “pushing against resistance.” I want to stop doing that.

With the girl on the idate… I didn’t push against resistance at all. I just got the car up on two wheels. She knew it was exciting. But I never made her hit the brake. She didn’t agree to “go faster,”… but I didn’t make her need to get out of the car, either.

She is texting me. Maybe I’ll get her out again.

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One more time, I come back to this quote:

> "What I'm saying is, you can press, but she can pace it. She can say, 'yes, I'm interested, but not right now.' Often beautiful girls are very good at pacing. They'll pace you. They'll let you push, but they'll say 'I need more time, I need more time.'"
> — Janka
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) January 7, 2018

Here ^ I am quoting Paul Janka again.

I like it. And I want to add a big dose of Yohami’s “don’t push against resistance” to Janka’s framework. I think we “push it,” meaning we move fast. But not so fast that she has to use the brake.

I like the idea that we “move things forward,” and we do that pretty quickly. That doesn’t mean we need to fuck her on the first date… but it does mean we basically try to do exactly that. So that is still the plan.

I think that Julien is probably insanely good with girls at many levels… but he has the worst advice in this review. And the other guys that repeat that “boy logic” are giving you a dumbass interpretation of what is going on here.

“Backwards rationalization” and “fast sex makes her want to be your girlfriend” is keyboard jocky shit… they’ve got the cart before the horse.

But Lance is right that fast sex gives her a rare experience. It shows that you, as the player, are an experienced man. It gives her a type of thrill that an overly-careful man cannot offer. If you do it well and with some style, she knows she’s with a man of the world. Top Guy doesn’t have to fuck her on the first date, but he probably shows her he can.

And Steve is right that fast sex can open doors for us. If fast sex is in the cards, in many ways it “can” help you find some planes of honesty quickly… and that honesty can then spin the relationship up into something magical, that might not happen otherwise.

And Janka is right that fast sex keeps you in the category of “sex-worthy,” and maybe more importantly keeps you OUT of the “Bottom Guy” category.

We’ll let Janka takes us home with another great quote.

> “Relationships can often come if the girl resists for three or four dates.”
> — Janka

Here he is saying almost the opposite of what Julien is saying. And I think he is right. I think it makes sense that LTRs (and recurring sex) come more often when the girl paces us for 2+ dates. That makes sense to me.

We know Paul would “push” things forward. And he says above that she will “pace us.” And here he seems to be admiring the girls for pacing us. Even if I would prefer to fuck her on the first date (and I know Janka would), I think Paul is right on here.

> “The reason why women do that, is that women with high self-esteem, they want to showcase their personality. They want to say, ‘Here, listen, don’t just go for the hole. I have a whole life I want to show you, I’m a great person.’ Because the guy gets very distracted. So they stop it, stop it, and they get to showcase themselves, over three nights, for example, until the guy says ‘Wow, this is a quality person I want to spend time with.’ And then they’ll give sex up, once they’ve shown you who they are. A lot of girls that give it up quickly, they don’t have a chance to show you how great they are. And after a guy has sex… he thinks, ‘Ahh, I’m not that interested.'”
> — Janka

This is great. That is a great analysis. This kind of stuff is how I know Janka is much more than just some dude running “good looking guy game.” He is so smart and articulate in lines like this… there is so much to talk about there… but this post is long enough.

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> Evangelist daygame at it's finest! Do you have a certain date model, Nash? (aka 2 date model/ 3 date model etc)
>
> — hunter ?? (@MATURE5MAN) February 9, 2018

Here Hunter is asking me about my date model? Well… I don’t have a set “generic” plan. I have a plan for each date, but not a “one size fits all” plan that I apply to every girl.

I want to “give her more of what she wants, and less of what she doesn’t want.” And if you’re following the theme of this post… I see a lot of utility in “fuck her as fast as you can”… and yet… I can see how I have pushed it too far. I know I have lost some girls for going too fast.

And that was likely actually decided, NOT in my “pre game” plan… but in the micro-moments when I was too focused on my plan (or my stats), and not focused enough about where she was in terms of her level of arousal.

UHHHHH!!! Even as I sit here now and write this… I am thinking… even if she is very aroused… and you COULD fuck her… even if she has not chosen to "pace you" toward another date before sex… there might still be some reason to make her wait for another day. I am sure that is true sometimes.

But I think my answer is… I should pace myself to her arousal… I should focus on her arousal… not on fucking her or not… and when she is aroused enough to be fucked… give that sweet girl a proper fucking. If that happens on one date… great.

And if I CAN'T get her to that level of arousal on one date… because she needs more comfort… more time… because she wants the chance to "showcase her personality"… then we wait for another date.

That is real. It takes tremendous calibration and experience to read all that… to get the timing right… but I think that is the answer.

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We are men. That means we drive the car.

And we're not ordinary men… we are extraordinary. And sometimes we drive really fucking fast. And we are comfortable at that speed.

But we're calibrated and attuned, as well. And that means, "we drive the car in such a way she never has to use the brake" (© Yohami).

That doesn't mean she never "holds on for dear life." It's exciting to be on a ride with us. And she might say, "Slow down! Slow down!"… but if we're doing it right, she is usually laughing when she says that. These are soft "no's." That's normal. And she is loving it. She is not trying to hit the brakes. She is not trying to get out of the car.

And she may make us take her home… instead of back to our place. She may do that… three or four times.

We may get frustrated. Maybe take a different girl, as that one isn't adventurous enough. That's fair… this is about us, about what we want. Depending on what you want, and how "quality" she feels to you… she might be a "time waster." Time wasters are real. I agree with that too. Moving on from a girl that is stuck in the slow lane… that might be best for everyone.

Or maybe you love it. Maybe you love watching how much she can take. And watching the pink rise in her cheeks when we give her a thrill. Watching her edge up on what is "too much," without taking her over that line into a bad experience.

And sometimes… we get to take her straight home. She's sold. She is ready for the final act. And we rip into each other's naked honesty and fuck and and see God and then have ice cream on the couch afterwards. And it's magical. And 20 years later she tell the kids, "yeah, your dad used to take me for rides in this car." And she winks at you while she says it.

And sometimes… we take her on a few rides first. We allow her a timetable that is best for her… and keeps her from needing to get away from us… that keeps her "safe enough" that she's willing to get back in the car each time.

And over those rides… we get to know her. And some of her deeper qualities come out. As do ours. And that becomes a different, but legitimate path to something hot and meaningful.

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For my part… the juice for me right now is in the calibration. I want to watch her as I increase the sexual heat in the air between us… and see how she takes it. I'm going to need a lot more experience before I am an expert. Which is cool… I love the practice of this art.

And… I happen to know a pretty cool way to meet lots of girls.

Viva daygame.

TYO: Frustrated Monster, 5 Dates and +0

Nash · 12 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I'm a frustrated monster tonight. I am posting this story, for three reasons: 1.) There are a lot of personal details and "date notes" here that guys might find interesting. 2.) I like to share my "low points," as a service to other guys. I am having a hysterical time here in Tokyo, but this isn't all "great stories." It's a ton of work and ups/downs. And as for 3.) I am open to ideas about what to do in a situation like this… I don't think I'm playing my "A" game right now.

No sex in five dates is frustrating. But that's not the "low point." The low point here is me not playing "A" level game, even if the cards don't always fall in my favor. Good men will get tested. I want to be the best man I can be. Period. I want that in general. And when I do that… a high quality sex life should be easy.

Here is the story about how I have dated a girl five times… and haven't fucked her yet. And what that has been like for a man at my level of game.

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Let's call this girl Miss Athlete.

The girl known as "Miss Athlete" has mostly been a great part of this trip. As I got ready for our 5th date tonight, I was more than aware that I hadn't fucked her. But I was happy to see her again tonight, even though I was pretty certain I wouldn't get laid tonight either. It would be at least another date before I'd get her panties off. This is overdue versus the timeline of most "normal seductions." I get that.

And at this point, I think this girl might derail the whole affair… and another womb will get away. And that is stupid on her part. But it is the nature of wombs to be squirmy about getting fucked. This won't be the last time I see a girl wiggling around as things progress toward the sexual threshold.

I want to know what I can learn from this seduction. I haven't done a "bad job" here, I'm not embarrassed. But I hope I can play my cards better next time.

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I met her many weeks ago. She walked into Starbucks and all my internal alarms went off. She is mid-30s. That puts her outside of the "younger" part of YHT (even if she is still 10 years younger than me).

YHT is a very good standard. It's still what I aim for, for certain. But in the final analysis, my cock doesn't not care about that standard. Not at all.

My cock (aka "My CEO") is either "into the deal" or "he is not." In the end, it's a mysterious girl-specific decision. And the decision my cock makes seem only vaguely related to input from my eyes or to a cold analysis of what I am "supposed to like."

My cock is a very independent thinker.

I like feminine girls, always. And Asian girls, yes. But which feminine Asian girl, and why… lots of mysteries. Lots of surprises at the level of my deeper sexual appreciation of women.

In this case, my cock is 100% into this girl. And so is the rest of me… she's great. And it's been a few weeks since I first met her, but I still remember those first moments:

The day I saw her in Starbucks, I stared her down so hard that she felt it from across the room… and she looked up immediately. And made sincere eye contact. And looked away. And then looked back. And I was burning my intent into her by then. And she look away again. And then back once more… a triple-take. With a little smile. She was demure. And charming. But sexier than that.

Maybe she was ovulating… it was fucking on. I wanted her. It almost made me nervous the way we hooked on each

other.

I had to run off for another date… but before I left, I walked over to her. After all that eye contact, it was a “very warm” open with this girl. I gave her a sticker, number closed her, and I walked off to date another girl.

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DATE ONE. It was the very next day that we had our first day. There was a very real and unusually heavy snowstorm in Tokyo that night. I had made a reservation for the two of us at a great restaurant I go to very often. As we arrive the sign on the door said “closed,” but I assumed it was a mistake. It wasn’t. They were closed. But… they had one cook and two staffers stick around that night… ONLY to honor my reservation. They stayed open, only for me and my date.

It was unbelievable. We had dinner, just the two of us in an otherwise completely empty restaurant… as the snow silently pounded into the city outside. It was very much like a sappy 1980s movie plotline… where some AFC kid has his friend keep the restaurant open late to impress some girl. I have very good rapport with the young manager there, and I assume that was part of why they choose to stay open for us.

An unforgettable date… right there.

And dinner was delicious. And it was a very good date, by my standards. Her English isn’t perfect, but we sat side by side, and communication was solid. I touched her a lot. She warmed up. It was blustery outside when we left.

She had to work early the next day, so I hugged her, kissed her check, and sent her into the subway tunnels to find her way home. I walked home in the snow. Not a super eventful date, but a very good one. It was my forth date of the trip, at the time.

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I got to know a little bit more about her on that first date…

Miss Athlete was once a prominent National champion in an Olympic sport here in Japan. She was “#1” in the country. After that, she was a coach for many years. Now she teaches and gives classes at a studio. This is an extraordinary backstory, but for me, it also helps explain why she has an amazing body.

It was her shape and her walk and perhaps more than that… that first grabbed my attention in Starbucks. Krauser might say she has a face like a chipmunk, which is true… but she has a phenomenal figure. And she dresses in tight jeans, with low-cut t-shirts, so her form is always on my mind.

She has a short haircut. Longer than mine, but not by much. Her ears are pierced a few times each. She has generous splashes of freckles across both her rosy cheeks. Slightly tropical features, a broader nose, and truly fantastic lips. Shiny black eyes. She is sweet and warm. A full-flavored “girl next store” vibe, but with a high-performance body.

We talked at dinner about masculine and feminine characteristics (something I always talk about). I wasn’t sure then where she fit on the spectrum. Her exterior isn’t all “pink and ribbons”… but she does wear a lot of color. The short hair is part of the story. She never wears skirts or dresses, always jeans, or shorts in the summer. External clues aren’t as important as a girls “internal energy,” so I kept looking…

I have since come to know that she is a very feminine girl (extremely so), with an athletic background and a tom-boy exterior (that is why her feminine core isn’t completely obvious). Athletes can be hard to compare to other “types” of women. The Tokyo Queen (a former GF of mine), was a champion swimmer… and I see some similar characteristics in this one.

Mist Athlete’s fashion is “urban” and hip… I have accused her of looking like a professional backup dancer. That’s about a perfect way to describe her look. She would look completely natural in the background of a music video. That gives her body context. She is an exceptional mix of “Asian soft” with “six hours of exercise per day.” If you

can imagine that combination… that is her.

When I would ask her sexual questions, she would say, “secret, secret” and giggle. She is not racy or bold… in fact, and I wouldn’t have said this at the time… she is quite shy.

As I talked to her about the way I picked her up, she said it was the first time that had happened to her. When I referenced the “chemistry” between us the day we met (and it was crackling), she claimed not to know what I was talking about… and giggled. Said she hasn’t had a boyfriend in a long time.

And that story works for me, against the background of what I know about her job. Teaching women’s classes could put a dent in her dating, as her day to day contacts are all girls. This is like how many teachers (while feminine and lovely) have trouble finding dates… no men in their day to day… just kids, other teachers (mostly women), and moms.

Daygame, by the way… gives us rare access to ^ these girls.

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DATE TWO. I booked her later that week and took her to one of my favorite places in Shibuya. We met up, she gave me a hug and little kiss on the cheek, which surprised me.

Dinner was great, although she was a little shy. I was tempted to think she wasn’t that into me or the date, but that read didn’t quite fit. She was a little reserved. At this point, I think that she also kind of liked me, and might have been feeling some pressure from that as well.

We sat next to each other. She doesn’t drink at all. I had a whiskey. The food was amazing. We sat side-by-side, our feet in a cut away section below the floor, at the counter, watching the cooks. I pawed her constantly… slipping my fingers up into the roots of her short, thick, black hair.

As we climbed the stairs back up to the street from the restaurant (it’s in the basement), I tried to kiss her. She laughed and pushed me away. I smiled, grabbed her wrist, and pulled her along up to the street.

After dinner I suggested taking her home to my place. She laughed and said no. She called me “abunai.” No, no, no, no, no and no. I teased her mercilessly. Giving her playful little shoves (the literal “push”) as we walked. I offered desert at another restaurant. The second restaurant… a little closer to my house.

We sat together… and she was visibly nervous. She arranged her limbs such that she had both “high-” and “low-guard” across her body… both her arms across her chest… and her legs crossed as well. That’s a tight defense.

I teased her about it. She would relax a bit, and then look tense again. She was having a good time, but this was a “high stakes” night for her, even if it was very casual for me. I wasn’t being aggressive… most of the pressure she felt was internal.

At this spot we began the metaphor of me as a “dangerous monster” and her as the “beautiful princess.” I do a version of this with almost every girl I date. I am a wolf. I am a vampire. I am a beast. She… is always adorable and vulnerable and pretty. Hot role play. And a way to lead both of us into enhanced masculine and feminine roles. Almost every girl I date calls me “dangerous wolf” or “big monster” or “mean beast”… and it’s a great part of my game, I’m convinced.

Of course I invited her home… her eyes popped and she said “next time, next time.”

I walked her back to her train. Tried to kiss her a few more times. She laughed and chastised me. It was light and flirty.

I was really surprised at how nervous she was after dinner… but I liked her. She is a grown woman, but acts, exactly like the young 20-something virgin girls I am so good at finding. It was two dates, and no kiss, but I was doing my job escalating and signaling the man/woman thing… and I had a great time with her.

She is a good girl. I was looking forward to the next date.

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DATE THREE. After she was so "tight" on date two, I worked on a plan to reduce the nervousness in this girl. And I know this is date three, so… you know… there is "THE OLD RULE"… time to move things along.

I told her I wanted her on her day off. And to make sure she didn't make any plans for later that day (girls do that sometimes, and fuck up the logistics for the latter half of the date). And I had her meet me in my neighborhood (which is killer). And took her to a great lunch. Then, I took her on a "little adventure" to the modern art museum (something I wanted to do). All the bouncing around, and taking trains, and finding our way together… sounded like a great way to ground the relationship. I was trying to dampen the "monster" vibe by doing something in the daylight. I wanted us to bond a bit… and all of that worked. We had a great day together. It was a good plan.

And mid-date, I pushed into an elevator and kissed her. And her lips were soft. Her mouth was wet. The kiss landed perfect. It was hot. She is a juicy and delicious girl.

I was planning on taking her to dinner, but I had set up the plan such that we had two-three hours to kill before it was time to eat, so… back to my place. She gave me a look but walked to my apartment with nothing more than very light, token resistance.

The plan was smooth…

Into my place. Kissed her. Made tea. Moved her to the bed (with her saying, "no, no!" the whole time). Then a two hour makeout.

It was excellent. Couldn't get her shirt off. But I did unhook her bra and ran my hands all over her. And managed to get a nipple up out of v-neck of her shirt and into my mouth. I even got my cock out… per Mr Rivelino's recommendation. I never do that, but it went over well. I had her softly purring many times as I turned up the sex. There is passion in this girl. She is responsive. It was hot.

But she wasn't going to go further than that. I have learned my lesson from Yohami that I am to be focused on arousal, not "pushing against resistance." That is excellent advice, and cleans up a lot in my game when I keep it mind. It's a fantastic mindset.

So I aroused the hell out of both of us. And I'm very sure she was soaking wet. She responds very well to deep eye contact. I taught her, quickly and easily, how I like to be kissed. She spent 90% of the time telling me "finished, finished!" and saying that she was going to go home… but she laughed… and she was seriously turned on in between telling me "no, no" and to "stop, stop." This was all flirty resistance. I never pushed too hard. It was playful and hot.

But she is most definitely another one of those girls that will constantly tell you "no" even as you turn her on. This is her way.

And we went to dinner. And I walked her to the train and she was gone. No sex, but a great date. I was horny… but happy.

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DATE FOUR. Had her come over again, on her day off. Her work schedule is irregular, but I got her out again quickly. This felt like it was to be the sex date (I thought).

I had laid all the groundwork for a girl like her… A very strong pickup. A couple of good dates, with sexual intent, to set the frame. We had the comfort date to the museum… and then a hot makeout. She had been in my place (and she was impressed) and in my bed.

It was time.

My plan was to bounce to a couple of quick spots before I took her to my place. We would go to my favorite cookie store. Then… to a kickass tea shop for a warm beverage. I wanted a stop or two before I took her home… so it didn't feel overly "teenage-horny." So we could rig a little comfort into the mix before we ended up in my apartment. This was my plan.

But… you know, a rough read of a woman's "cycle" will tell you have a one-in-five to one-in-six chance of catching a girl on her period on any given day. And it occurred to me that if the Day Game Gods wanted to make this more difficult for me… they would take our second long date and throw that challenge at me. And as soon as I saw her face on this date, I knew I had guessed right. She was a little stiff. Slightly pained look on her face. I didn't ask, but I knew…

We went through my date spots and I took her home.

At my place, music. I fed her tiny, Japanese strawberries. I made her stand up and led her to my bed. She protested. I told her over and over that she was okay, as I softly dragged her along. She yielded. She was still stiff, but had relaxed slightly. In bed I asked… and yeah, she confirmed… day two of her period.

We made out again… and she loosened up… and despite the "curse," it was a very good time. Got her shirt off (wasn't easy) and had her topless. Her body is wonderful. Her skin is super soft. Great tits, big dark nipples. We napped, falling asleep accidentally, for about an hour… her, "little spoon," curled up against my chest, my right arm between her boobs, and my fingers loosely across her throat.

When we woke up… back to making out. My cock was out again. She wouldn't put it in her mouth, but I tried that as well.

The sleep had done what actual sleep almost always does for a couple… it bonded us. We felt close. Our post nap makeout was heavy and beautiful. Very romantic. I called her my "lover"… I told her it was weird I hadn't fucked her yet (I said "fuck," I do that on purpose, with every girl), but… we were clearly lovers. She smiled. Part of that was setting the frame… part of it was real.

It was time for dinner, eventually. And all her stiffness was gone. Dinner was incredible… I had a reservation in one of the coolest places I've ever been, a lounge-y spot, with perfect food, and a huge corner booth for us to share… I touched her all through dinner… running a finger along the space between her jeans and the bottom of her t-shirt… tracing that soft skin above her hip.

Once more… to the train. Another great kiss at the stairs… and she was gone.

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She texts me just about every day. Some lovely little texts. This would be strong signs of the beginning of a very dear little LTR… if I wasn't leaving in a few weeks. She sent this:

> FROM A GIRL I'M DATING IN TOKYO:
>
> HER: "Today is sunny, I like sunshine"
> — A girl being FEMININE ^
>
> HER: "Please do your best"
> — A feminine girl being a proper MUSE ^ (so rare, good "girl game")
>
> NASH: "I like ^ this"
> — Me giving her positive reinforcement ^ pic.twitter.com/Kh0Co423L1
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) February 8, 2018

Her behavior here was heart-breakingly attractive for me. She is not a "fast sex" girl. That is clear. But I find the way she is to be deeply charming.

> "So they stop it, stop it, and they get to showcase themselves, over three nights, for example, until the guy says 'Wow, this is a quality person I want to spend time with.' And then they'll give sex up, once they've shown you who they are."
> — Janka

There's part of that quote I featured in my last post. I'm not sure how much of this is nervousness on her part… and how much is conscious pacing. But she seems to be more of "this" kind of girl.

No sex on date #4 either… but I assumed that transition was very close.

Later that night, after date #4:

> HER: Sweet dream and have a nice night
> HER: Good night.
> HER: Gentle monster Nash

Adorable. I'm a horny bad man. But this stuff makes me love her. She needs to get naked. But this is A+ game from her for my taste. This… plus dirty sex… and I'm in love.

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I rolled off for two days. And then one morning I sent this:

> NASH: Beautiful girl…
> NASH: I WANT TO SEE YOU
> NASH: When are you free?
> NASH: Come touch me.

After she finished work she sent this response:

> HER: Hello Nash
> HER: I am free the afternoon of 19th
> HER: Monday

That is cool and all… but it was the fucking 9th of FEB. So, she was proposing a date for 10 days out. WTF? She is gooey-sweet to me. I am a explicitly sexual beast to her. It's on… and now… a 10-day wait???

> NASH: Hi Pretty Girl
> NASH: 19th?!!!
> NASH: Too long.
> NASH: I need to see you sooner.
> NASH: Dinner on Saturday?
> NASH: Or Sunday night?
> HER: I hope 11th dinner.
> HER: But I work finish 20o'clock
> NASH: The monster wants to see you
> HER: really? :) ?!
> HER: Will you have dinner on the 11th?
> NASH: Yes… dinner… Sunday.

That was still a week after our last time in bed… and it was putting a damper on our sexual escalation… but it was

better than “the 19th.”

We talked on the phone that night… I wanted to get her properly wrangled… and she was sweet and wonderful, but made it clear:

> HER: I have work early on Monday, so only dinner.

Jesus.

I do think some of this is “womb management.” She is trying to derail the train so she “doesn’t end up pregnant,” even though the world’s best condoms will make that kind of “birth control” unnecessary.

Girls are chaos. Men are order. Maybe this is her trying to add chaos to my seduction. Maybe this is her… being a girl.

She likes me. It’s clear. And yet… she is still fucking it up. I got it somewhat back on track… but even then, it was “dinner only,” and my time in Tokyo is slipping away. Not only for the notch, but for all the “good stuff” that can come post-first-fuck… if we get that far.

So then, another few days of precious texts from her. She is like a perfect southern belle about the whole thing. I was annoyed at the delay, but she was still charming.

Meanwhile, I was daygaming harder than ever each night. I hadn’t been dating (the Gods are cruel) so I was over-the-top dedicated to approaching and taking leads. I took 20+ leads that week.

As our Sunday dinner date approached, she is asking cute questions and making sure she knows the plan… and I say:

> NASH: Hey…
> NASH: Also…
> NASH: Bring some clothes for Monday…
> NASH: So you can spend the night with me.
> NASH: Sleep over!
> NASH: So fun!

And then her:

> HER: I want only dinner tomorrow…
> HER: Is that okay??
> HER: Because I work early on Monday morning.
> HER: Please.

Fuck… alright.

I tell her she should bring clothes just in case. That she may find she WANTS to sleep over. And that I’ll take her for coffee the next morning early. She can go straight to work. And then I bragged about “what a good planner I am.” And sent a cocky picture of our lord emperor Trump (for comic appeal).

This is me… a man… trying to lead. And then:

> NASH: But I know you are a smart and wonderful girl
> NASH: Of course, you can do as you want!
> NASH: Me…
> NASH: I am a MONSTER.

And then:

> HER: I know you're a monster :)
> HER: But tomorrow
> HER: Only dinner!
> HER I will spend the night with you.
> HER: It is the pleasure until the 19th!! :]

What is up with the 19th? That was the day before she had a day off, I knew that… so she could stay over… I get that. But the day was otherwise arbitrary. I still feel like I am missing some detail about her emphasis of that day.

And "girls don't make 'contracts.'" I was in no way taking the "19th" seriously as any kind of "promise of sex." I was confused about what that day meant to her, and about what it should mean to me as I worked to make contact before then.

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DATE FIVE: She messages me when she finishes work. She is on time. This was tonight.

It's been a week since I've seen her. A long week. I have talked to over 150 other girls this week. I had three of four instant dates. I had a girl make a proper date, and then cancel, and then reschedule and show up (that was earlier today). And I had another great fucking date yesterday (if there is a part two, I will write it with relish).

It had been a long time… it seemed. There was a lack of familiarity as I saw her. She seemed a little withdrawn. But… she looked… even better than I remembered her. Lovely.

I had explored my neighborhood even more and found a killer place close to the station. We sat side by side. She was… a little quiet. It was a little awkward.

To be honest… all I did this week was work and game. So I had very little "new content" to share with her. Work is not seductive. And game isn't something I can tell her about.

I started the date wrapped around her, I like I like to do… but I relaxed that… as she was a little introverted, and in that mood, she was less tempting than normal. I turned away, gave us some space. I sat calmly through the bits of silence as we ate amazing Vietnamese food.

And then… I gave her some more of what I usually bring. I touched her. I kept sliding a finger up under her arm, invading the heat of her axilla. I touched her neck. I talked into her ear. Dinner warmed up a bit.

I wanted to get logistics handled for her and I for the next date. I fished about her work schedule. She told me it changes often. Sometimes early starts, sometimes late evenings.

I then recounted her offer of "the 19th." I clowned her about it. I pantomimed what it was like to receive that offer… "the 19th!," I would say, and bug my eyes slightly, and then roll my eyes… "the 19th?"… and I would push her a little and turn away. And move my chair away from her. We both laughed. I mimed messaging her on an imaginary phone, and I said, "better the 24th!" She laughed. I think she got the point.

I gave her another pointed look, and told her that when she really wants to see the monster, she has to take out her phone (and I mimicked her doing that), and message me and say… "I really want to see the monster!" I was trying to train her.

I wasn't begging. I was trying to lead.

If we "lean back" and let girls dictate the plan… the girl's plan often goes nowhere. And that sucks for both of us. I was communicating to her that "every 10 days" wasn't going to work (it really wasn't). And I was leading in the best way I could summon at that moment.

I teased her one more time, and then gave her a little shove, stood up, and went to the bathroom. The whole affair was starting to feel like work. To be honest… I was getting irritated. I was wondering if this was worth it.

At the table, I was very playful… but now that I was away from her in the bathroom… the whole thing made me feel tired. She was being a pain in the ass… and rather "cool" on this date… and I knew we both wanted more than this.

Yes, I want to fuck her. Yes, a thousand times yes. And I think it is fair to say that we were both invested beyond that. I want the fucking notch, yeah. But delaying the sex was also a barrier to us moving forward in any other capacity. It was blocking the "honesty" that Steve Mayeda talked about in my last post. We couldn't get there with "dinner only" nights together.

Maybe I could be patient with even more of this "courtship"… I like her… I do… but I am NOT patient with moving BACKWARDS. Moving backwards is a bad sign. And it was this moving backwards that was making me lose my cool.

As dinner ended, I said, "let's go back to my house." She said, no, only dinner tonight. I said, "one hour," and that I would send her home in a cab. I wasn't overly committed to a lay, but I wanted a makeout… so we didn't move backwards. She said no, softly, and I didn't press it. I really didn't. Just floated the option by firmly, and then let it go.

I asked for the check, and my vibe tightened up a bit. I paid more attention to the wait staff than her for a few minutes, which is noticeably unlike me. This was my version of a "freezeout," I suppose. A little bit of emotional consequences for her as she gave me so little on this date… and in the planning leading up to the date.

We walked out, and I said I wanted chocolate. She immediately said, "no, no, no." She was being playful, but it irritated me. I wanted a candy bar to clear my palate… at the convenience store… which was 100 ft away and on the route to her train. She was assuming I was making another play for my house, and I was not. I told her to calm down, and I lead her in the store. My vibe got cooler and I felt her sense it. I bought 82 yen worth of chocolate … a bar for each of us.

We walked the three or four minutes to the station though the chill of the night and the brisk breeze… mostly in silence. I really didn't have much to say to her. I wanted a beer, at that point, more than conversation. I had had enough of feminine energy. I wanted three or four beers… that's what I wanted.

As we got to the top of the stairs to the Metro, I said, "c'mere" and I pulled her in, gave her a hug. I didn't try to kiss her at all. She is a great kisser, but it seemed like a loser's consolation prize and I didn't want it. I really like the girl, but she was more work than she should have been on this date. She was all "no's" and I was getting sick of it. That's not charming.

And then… as I pull out of the hug… as I go to walk away and end the date… she brought a bag of very nice chocolate out of her purse and gave it to me… with some softness in her eyes.

Ahh. Uhh.

A present. Finally some "sweetness" from her on this otherwise flat date. But it was terrible timing as I was already over it.

I felt bad… she was trying to be nice… and she had pre-planned this move… and kept it as a "surprise" though dinner… but she ran terrible game on me tonight. As she tried to surprise me, it was incongruent with the stiffness of the rest of the date. The date ended weak for me and I was ready for it to be over.

I thanked her, and I took the chocolate, and put it my coat. I'm sure I had a tired look on my face. I took one of the bars we had bought at the Family Mart and put in her jacket pocket. I told her to get home safe, gave her one last, long, look in the eyes, and I walked away.

Sounds rough. I feel a little rough about it. I don't think it was that over the top at the time.

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This girl doesn't owe me anything, and yet, I'm bitter.

She made me work way too hard tonight, given all the time we'd had to bond in this courtship. I was pretty good, playful, and light… for 95% of this date. I dug deep to bring us some fun when it was quiet. But there were too many " no, no, no's" in the last week. She overplayed her hand as the "pursued."

And Yohami has taught me not to encourage "the tussle," not in myself, and not in the relationship. He is right. I know there are some signs of tussle here. And regardless of her behavior, I am responsible for my dates and my relationships. I own that. And it's up to me to keep the tussle out.

I am a little bitter now. It's true. Five dates with a girl I really like. I do like her. She's great. Great connection. But she is playing a little too hard to get. That can be true… and… I can still keep and eye on myself with the tussle.

I can't make ultimatums. I know that. And my bitterness is not the slightest bit attractive. I get it. I should swing my dick… find something she likes. This post is almost a meditation to remind me to do exactly that.

And I think she does like my show. But when she puts long gaps in between our dates, she runs out the clock, and limits what I can do as a man leading her. If I can get her face to face, I have a LOT more options. If she makes that hard… we will run out of time… and chaos will win.

If I can't use force here… and I cannot… my main tool is… to go date girls that are more into me. That is my option. Other girls. And to let things with her fall atrophy, if I can't get her out or get her alone… if this is all she's got for me.

And that sucks. I think she is into me. And she is fucking it up right now. But my life is about me. About what I can do. About my role. About my next steps. Always. This is on me. It always is.

The idea of just moving on to other girls is disappointing. And it is very hard for men… to face the idea of "giving up" and going back into the forest to hunt for some other girl. It's very hard for me to have the discipline to do this when I'm invested. But I get it. This is an important truth.

I have a lot of other leads in play. And I will run game tomorrow.

But… fuck. She is such a dumb-lovely girl about all this. So many girls are. Self-sabotaging, adorable little fools.

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She messaged me tonight when she got home. Thanking me. Being sweet. Saying she was going to bed.

I didn't want to reward her with my usual response… my usual mix of effusion, romance, and dominance. There is some tussle in me tonight. She is in trouble. And I don't want to over play that, but it's true. I can't yell at her, or try to "logic" her into spending time with me… but I can walk away. I can lean back… and let chaos consume our little thing we have. Fuck.

I waited until she was asleep and then sent her a pic of a princess asleep in bed. No comments from me, just that pic. That is a response… an attempt to minimize the tussle… but it is a noted step down from the Octopus game I have been giving her these last few weeks.

I bet she'll message me this week.

And maybe I'll try to get her out before next week? Or maybe that's a mistake? Me chasing… just losing value. To let it die… or to chase. The double-edged sword of feminine chaos fucking me either way. I know there are other options besides those two.

Maybe I'll invent some event to invite her too… as a way to introduce a new option (="judo"), a time sensitive one that requires us to get together before next week… and by doing that, maybe I can recapture the frame? Maybe I can "be at the cause", not "at the effect" of her delays?

I dunno.

Five dates. And I'm a frustrated monster.

There are other leads. I will be out tomorrow and my game is very warm right now. But this is not the path I want to be on tonight.

Viva daygame.

TYO: Seven Dates, Sex with Miss Athlete +1 TOKYO

Nash · 19 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Here is PART TWO of the Miss Athlete Story. It took about a week after "date five" (after the end of my last story), for us to finally have sex. And there's more to it than that for me. This story has more about the LMR situation (another remarkable example). Some specific examples of female psychology. More examples of complicated escalation. And some notes on how we "make meaning" in our sexual encounters (which is a new theme that I have been thinking about).

And there is more about this particular girl. And that is often what makes all this fun for me… the exploration of the uniqueness of each of these girls. I like her. She has been fantastic.

……

In the last episode of Miss Athlete vs The Frustrated Monster…

I was pissed off that we were moving backwards. Yes, getting my cock in this girl was taking longer than normal, but I had been mostly having a great time. She and I were a good "fit," so to speak. A natural match. She was turning me on and I liked the taste of her mouth. The dates were fun. It was a good deal.

As of date five, it was taking "too long" for me, only because she and I stopped moving forward. Despite my best efforts, we had "moved backwards" on that date.

And here on this blog, the guys have been talking a lot in the comments about these kinds of situations… and about "how many dates is too long?"

> "I'd also suggest having a cutoff where if you haven't had sex by a certain point, you write her off. It's worth it for your own internal frame and sanity. For me it's the third date."
> — Magnum

I think there is wisdom to that.

As I responded to my friend Magnum's comments to me, it was an opportunity to think about this and work it out for myself. I came to a conclusion I like:

> "It's about arousal… which is not a 'fixed point.'"

> "If I can't get her aroused… then I should cut her off. But if I can… play it from there."
> — Nash

So this is my new standard. This honestly doesn't come up that much… many dates but no sex… but I now have a new frame of reference when it happens again.

If I am turned on… and she is turned on… I'm probably willing to see her again (within reason). And up until the fifth date with Miss Athlete, we were moving forward, we were turned on, we were having fun… it was a good deal.

Date five frustrated me, because neither of us could get turned on at dinner that night. It is not ONLY about sex, but it is ALSO about sex. And I still don't understand that night. I suspect that was something on her end… it remains a mystery.

Date five was, in fact, just dinner. And that surprised me. I basically assumed we'd at least go back to my place and makeout. But it didn't happen. And she was too on about the "no's." And that wasn't fun. So I left her that night

without even trying to kiss her. I was a lot frustrated and a little bit bitter. That night after the date she messaged me with the sort of sweet, feminine, “validating” messages that are typical of her. I sent back only a picture (a bit of role play), but I had backed off of my usual more “passionate” frame.

I was disappointed with the date. And with her. I considered scrapping the whole affair, and pouring my efforts into more number farming and trying to find new girls. But I was still somewhat hopeful… she was still sweet… I still wanted to fuck her… and I was trying not to let my bitterness spoil any potential this relationship might have had for the future.

And it was to be another week until the scheduled date six, “the 19th,” when we’d see each other again. That was the date she had originally proposed (almost two weeks before)… that I had rejected. I pushed for more, and sooner. And we saw each other on Feb12, for “dinner only.” That was my frustrating date. And now I was potentially looking at another week until I saw her again.

I knew I could do better than that… possibly. That I could probably find a way to see her before Feb19. I also thought I had a fairly uncomplicated connection with this girl… we genuinely liked each other. I didn’t want to “over-tussle” a good thing. I wanted to get us back on track. Get us back to where we’d left off on date four.

……

I got my haircut the next day, and sent her a picture of me, from a long time ago, with a shaved head. It was some call-back humor from a story I told her on the Feb12 date. I knew she’d get the “joke.” And joking would be a change of vibe. It was some fresh air. And she liked it. I sent her a pic of a guy with a mohawk… she laughed. We had upward momentum. She was sunny and buoyant. I took that opportunity to see if we could move forward. I mentioned the 19th, and asked if she could see me before then…

This was Tuesday, Feb13. She came back with:

> HER: What are you doing tomorrow night??
> HER: I will finish the work tomorrow at 19:00.
> HER: Or after work on 16th?

Okay. So, I still don’t know what “the 19th” was ever about. She offered me that on Feb07. But I got her out on Feb12. And now she was offering me Feb14, or Feb16. I don’t know why these dates became available at this point. But this “availability” was how she and I started out… wanting to see each other… and it was organic and easy. “The 19th” was a wild card.

I do think she felt the change in my vibe on that last “dinner only” date. I had given her some mild “coldness” which was unlike me, and I think she noticed. And that this was her “restarting” our original pace. I think she was invested too. And she didn’t want to ruin it either.

So… Feb14, as we know… is Valentine’s Day (even in Japan). And I didn’t realize it at the time, I just agreed to her suggestion. I actually had another date scheduled for that night with a Japanese Mormon Virgin, so I did something I rarely do… I postponed that one, to have this night with Miss Athlete. I like her more than the Mormon girl.

On Feb13, I went by a restaurant, and made a reservation for Miss Athlete and me for Feb14. I then went next door to a different restaurant, and made a second reservation for myself and the Mormon Virgin for Feb15. Both places, a short walk from my house. Logistics, locked… for both dates.

……

DATE SIX with Miss Athlete started simple and seamless. A nice dinner. Afterwards, to Family Mart, for another of my favorite candy bars. She didn’t have an early start the next day, so she came back to my place for some gelato. And… we didn’t have sex.

I told you… it was seven dates. But we did “move forward.”

I did get her naked, but it was a major “fight” (a loving, playful fight) to get her clothes off. I was focused on arousal, and we had her very turned on, but it was a slow, drawn-out process of getting to her skin.

She had come straight from work, and was salty from the classes she teaches and the exercise of her day. I had been licking the salt off of her. She had been saying she was too dirty to go further. I had offered the shower. She would decline. I would go back to escalating. Arousal, arousal. We’d inch forward. And as I finally got her pants part way off… she said:

> HER: If you want to do this, we should shower first.

And she said that with an enthusiastic smile. As if the shower was her idea. I was surprised that she said it… after so many “no’s”… I had expected she would run off for home at some point… but she always seemed happy and we continued… no indication she was tired, or that she was going to “use the brake” on the escalation, or that she needed to go home.

There was very little “pressure” here. We were having a good time… what I call “high school sexuality”… it was fun. I was just about arousal… and it was a great place to operate from. A low-stress position for me. Arouse… and escalate when she’s into it. “Simple.” (It’s not simple at all… it’s hard!) And eventually, she asked for the shower.

If all this ^ makes Yohami smile, knowingly, I wouldn’t be surprised. Yohami said it would be like this.

But she was very shy about getting naked. Very shy… she made me leave the bathroom so she could get out of her pants and underwear. I left the bathroom door open, and stood a few feet away, watching her undress… and that was weird and hot too. And she was shy about showering with me. But she did it. And her body was fantastic. All of it was very comfortable and normal for me… even her nervousness.

When we got back in bed, I teased her some more, and she was sopping wet after a time. I ate her pussy… because I love eating pussy. And even then, it was part wrestling match to get her to spread her thighs. There was LMR at every stage with this girl. She was enthusiastic — every time — when I’d “win” a little battle and move things along. And she would smile more and more with each new round of resistance…. with each of my new victories.

She actually seemed to relax, to be noticeably less nervous, every time I won a “battle.”

And it turns out she is a squirter. It was mild, but it happened. She gave the pillow I had under her hips a mild soaking.

And then, after a generous tongue lashing and the wet pillow… I got up and grabbed a condom. I came back to bed and… and she gave me a sweet, but confident “no” to sex.

I was very surprised. I almost never see girls go this far and not fuck, but she seemed certain and real about it. I took her seriously.

> “I have never understood why girls will refuse sex even when you both have your clothes off, you are touching her intimate parts and she is touching yours. I have sometimes performed oral sex on some girl, with fingers inside her, and she has still refused sex. And sometimes we have slept in the same bed, but nothing. At that point I have to wonder, what are they protecting? What are they preserving? Their dignity, after that? ”
> — Tenet, from the comments of my last post

Tenet posted that comment after I had fucked her, but before I wrote this post. So of course, his words caught my eye. I feel the same way. And Riv liked his comment, too. Yeah. I don’t know why girls do this… but I’ll guess at “why” later in this post.

I wasn’t mad. And I wasn’t frustrated. But it was a bit awkward. It was confusing… I’m with Tenet on this one. And

I rarely see girls do this (although the Korean girl did this with me also, on New Year's Day this year).

So I climbed on her chest and stuffed my cock in her mouth. She resisted that as well, for about three seconds, before she eagerly took me in. And then, after a bit, rolled onto my back and she finished me off and I came in her mouth. It was not what I assumed would happen, but it WAS a brilliant orgasm.

And then… she spent the night. A that was also a bit awkward… without the sex. And… she didn't sleep "close" to me. She didn't lay on my chest or show me much warmth. She was a little stiff in bed all night. I tried to get more intimate, as we had slept great together on our nap on date four… but this time, not really. I wasn't sure what to make of it.

And then, at 5 AM, her eyes popped open. I could feel her move. And I woke up. And I tried to snuggled into her a little… and I dozed… but it was clear she was not sleeping, just lying there, stiff and awkward. So I asked her how she was, and she was polite, but I could tell she wasn't super comfortable. I asked if she wanted to go home, and she said she did. Okay.

So at 5:10 in the morning, I walked her through the darkness of Tokyo to the train. It was crazy early, and I hadn't slept much, but it wasn't a bad walk. I nursed a little bit of conversation along, as we walked. I kissed her again. And she went home. And I walked back to my place.

And I assumed… that I might not ever see her again. I assumed that she didn't like it. I thought about all that as I walked home.

My life is about me. My seductions are about me, they are FOR me… not endlessly trying to please the girl or anyone else. But of course I want to read the situation. And the post oral sex stiffness of the sleepover didn't feel ideal.

What kind of meaning would we both make from that kind of awkwardness?

I can't control what a girl does, or how she feels, or the meaning she makes from sexual acts. I was confused. But I was okay with it. I have experience being confused in moments like this… I think most players do. And I had the date with the Mormon Virgin lined up for that night. And other girls in the queue. And I was gaming a lot. My phone was full of leads.

And I told myself that it was all "experience." And it was. It was not a bad feeling… a little confusing… I felt a little awkward… but I accepted it. And if I never heard from her again… okay. So be it. I had had an amazing blowjob, but maybe the "beautiful relationship" had lost its luster.

And then, a few hours later, after the sun rose:

> HER: Good morning Nash.
> HER: Thank you for yesterday!!
> HER: Very special day
> HER: I was nervous&shy.
> HER: I was comfortable & fun with you!!

Hmmm. That was all unprompted.

And I take her comments literally. Who knows how she arrived in that state, but I believed her. That was how she felt when she sent those messages.

But the interesting part for me was… as she gave me this kind of positive feedback, I was immediate back into "the relationship" with her. I bounced back, emotionally, in that instant. I am referring to my own "emotional reactiveness" when I point this out. I'm not disappointed in myself… I'm just fascinated by my own psychology sometimes.

The stiffness in bed, the odd wakeup, and the early exit from my place felt like her having made a decision that it wasn't "right." And it had been a bit awkward for me, so that morning, while I hadn't given up… I was ready to accept that it might be over. You could say I was confused but "unattached."

And now, with these comments from her after the sun came up… the meaning changed for me yet again. Another wide, emotional swing. It felt good (and safe) to embrace the potential of her, of the idea of "us," once more.

I am not trying to present how tough I am here. Obviously. I am trying to be real.

It is a part of my sexual education right now, to watch "the meaning" of sex become "created" as I have experiences with these girls. And I'm curious to see what I can do to influence that "meaning." And in this case, her behavior in that early morning made the meaning "short term, odd, non-intimate" for me. That was my read. I emotionally withdrew a little, as I considered that I might not ever hear from her again. And then her warm texts a few hours later… changed the meaning for me back to "romance"… again.

Up and down. Up and down. Up and down.

It was the same experience… but the meaning was "flexible." It could change. It did change. Sex is like this.

None of this was about my self-worth. This was only about the "meaning" of the little "romantic art project" that was her and my relationship. And it was fascinating to watch my mind bounce back and forth within a few hours. I have a lot of experience… but this still happens to me.

And I replied:

> NASH: I think you're a very sexy girl.
> NASH: And you're cute when you're nervous.
> HER: Thank you :)
> HER: Nash is cool :) [thumbs up]

We exchanged some more texts that day about trusting each other… I was trying to set that frame. It was all back on. And it felt very good.

Here I am… a middle-aged daygamer, bouncing around, with some cute girl, in a foreign country. This is how I spend my life. And… I like it. Fascinating.

And then I had an very interesting date with the Mormon Virgin that night. I'll write about that soon…

And when I got home, more texts with Miss Athlete. We were cute and happy with each other.

Then, the next morning, Friday:

> HER: I have free time tomorrow lunch time.
> HER: If you have free time,
> HER: Will you go for lunch with me tomorrow?

She is initiating. We looked to be "very on" again. This is a happy girl.

And if you recall… at that "dinner only" date, I had told her to do exactly what she was doing here.

This is what I wrote in my last post:

> "I gave her another pointed look, and told her that when she really wants to see the monster, she has to take out her phone (and I mimicked her doing that), and message me and say… 'I really want to see the monster!' I was trying to train her.

> “I wasn’t begging. I was trying to lead.”
> — Nash

And here she was, a few days later, doing exactly what I told her to do. I have tried this with girls before… and it certainly doesn’t always work out… she may not have remembered the conversation at the “dinner only” date… but here she was… telling me she wanted to see me and when she was available… I like this from her. Of course.

And I set up what would be date seven.

……

DATE SEVEN. We met for lunch. I took her to the same place I took her for date one. And it is close to my house. I asked her to come back for tea, and she agreed. We had another of those great chocolate bars on the walk back to my apartment.

At my place… I made tea… and then… dragged her to the bed. Great, sexy makeout. Each time, we would start off about where we left off the last time, so this time the sexuality was coming faster and… somewhat easier.

But taking her pants off was completely ridiculous.

I had to hold her right arm behind me, behind my neck. While I laid my weight across her chest, and pinned her left arm down to the bed with my left hand. Then, with my free hand, I had to work to tug her tight jeans off and over her hips… as she fought me, vigorously. And she had her legs locked at the knees, the whole time. So at one point, I had her pants off her hips, all with one hand (which was insanely difficult, as she struggled), but they were gathered at her thighs, and above her knees… ridiculous.

What does a guy do in this situation? Is this normal? I think some of it is “normal.” This is crazy LMR… but in a fun, playful way.

My ex, the Tokyo Queen, would also sometimes require me to “wrestle.” At first I didn’t like it. I thought it was all bullshit and irritating. At some point I realized she liked the fight. And I just gave it to her, and she would struggle and say “no”… that girl said “no” every time I fucked her… and we fucked for over two years… and then… she would submit. She loved sex.

In this case, Miss Athlete struggled. And she laughed a lot. And told me no. And said, “finished, finished!!” several tiems. And… eventually released her legs… and I pulled the jeans off and onto the floor.

This was all mixed with making out, purring, her getting turned on. Me backing off, giving her space, letting her moan. But in that final push, I just fought her for the pants… and I won. And she laughed. It was epic, but completely token resistance. Once she was naked, she surrendered pretty quick.

More oral sex for both of us. And then… I got the condom again. And she said…

“No.”

And she used my name, for extra weight. She said, “Nash, no.” Wow. LMR. Again.

And she had a hint of a smile, but she seemed pretty serious. I opened the condom wrapper, using my mouth and one hand. And pawed her with the other hand. And I made her suck my cock, which she did, and it was wonderful. And I got between her legs, and she said “no” again. And I said, “are you sure… you look ready to me.” It wasn’t really a question. And I put the condom on. And I looked at her. I was serious. And she was going back and forth, from “95% serious” to “75%” serious but with some obvious play in her look. But it was mostly “no.” She said, “no sex… next time.” And she looked serious. And then she smiled, a tiny bit. And I push my cock against her… and I saw her eyes relax… and I buried my cock inside her… and she completely surrendered.

How’s that for LMR.

Seven dates.

In some ways this is an extreme case… and in some ways… this is completely normal. Welcome to sex. Not always… but very often… it is just like what I describe above. At at least for me. I see this all the time.

And this story is edgy to write. And there was a flash or two when I thought she was actually, completely serious… but I mostly knew she was not. Don't ask me how. I could just "tell" that I was supposed to keep going. For me. For her. For the seduction. That… is what sex is like for her. That it what it was like for us.

I can't tell you what to do. Your situation may be different in important ways from mine. But in this case…

I fucked her. +1.

And it was great sex. It was very good. Excellent first time sex. And it had a LOT of the "romantic" bits in it… as we had had so much lead-up. So much eye contact. We sort of "knew each other" by now, and we put a lot of that into the fucking. I fucked her in about 10 different positions. And then finished insider her, while kissing her. And it was hot and beautiful. She was very into it. So was I.

After all that… a wonderful experience.

……

As we showered, I talked with her about the resistance. And she smiled. She smiled like I had specifically passed an obvious test. I said, "you said 'no,' and you used my name, and you looked like you meant it…" And she gave me a cute, girlish smile… with a light gloss of "evil" to it.

The cute, bad, complicated, delicious, little-mature girl.

And then I mentioned how she had squirted on date six… and that that was a surprise to me then, as I had tried to talk to her about squirting maybe two different times, and she specifically acted like she didn't know what I meant. But… she is a squirter. She knew exactly what I meant in those moments. And I told her that… and she just smiled again.

Bad. Confusing. Beautiful. Awesome. Adorable. Sexy.

So much of it was a kind of test… or a kind of game. Making me grow as a seducer. Making me reach to know more about women. This girl is not malicious. This was all a major shit test… sort of. I assume it was partly subconscious… she really is shy. She really was nervous, so many times. And part of it was definitely intentional… like bullshitting me about the squirting. She was definitely faking me out along the way.

I think I definitely could have fucked her on date six. I think so. And maybe on date three? But I doubt it. And the difference was… I needed a few dates to "get to know her," so I could tell when she was real, and when she was faking me out… toying with me… doing her part of the seductions… layering in chaos to make the game richer.

Hmmmm. I don't know. But I'm learning.

And I said something to her about how it was amazing I got her pants off. That she did almost everything she could to make sure I didn't get them off… but I did. And she agreed. And I said a lot of guys would have quit. And she smiled. I said… a few years ago I would have quit too. And she smiled some more.

"But you liked it." "You were very turned on." "You wanted to fuck me. "

More smiles.

So I said, "next time, I assume we'll just get naked like grownups," and her eyes got big and she said, "Noooooooo, next time, it starts alllll overrr!!!" And a huge smile. She was excited. And happy.

The "fucking game" is a big fucking "game." Amazing.

And I kissed her. And smiled back. I'm okay with all this… this is what I signed up for.

She had work that night, so I walked her to the train… and then met the Korean Princess… but that is another story, as well.

This whole thing actually happened.

Amazing. I am amazed.

……

DATE EIGHT. I know this was about sex on the seventh date, and that is what happened. But here is what happened on the next date… the infamous Feb19th date that had been discussed 12 days and three dates earlier.

We met in the afternoon. We went to lunch. Then to the fish market… as a little adventure. Then my house… and we had smooth and beautiful, no-struggle sex. All the "testing" was over. We got naked, and fucked, and it was hot. And we laid around after. And then I took her to dinner.

The night was chill, charming, comfortable.

Back at my place, we were both tired. We showered again (she always showers before bed). And we put on a movie. And we fell asleep before it was 1/2 over. And she slept close, and intimate this time. Like that was how it had always been.

And in the middle of the night… I woke up, kissed her hard, we were both instantly hungry for each other, and then I fucked her once more. And it was hot, middle of the night, new-lover sex. Super hot. Totally natural. And we slept like babies after that. No 5 AM wakeup this time.

And in the morning… I took her to breakfast, and then sent her off to work.

She was officially my lover. This was something I had presumed, after she and I napped together on date four (the day of her period). She has quickly become a kind of "short term girlfriend," but in the richest way. She is wonderful.

……

What do I think of all this? I think if you fuck a lot of girls… you will see a lot of things you haven't seen before.

I am having more experiences now than I ever have in my life… but the surprises are still coming. This is what building mastery looks like. There is no shortcut to gaining all the reference experiences that lead to really, really, really knowing women. So we pick off experiences… one bizarre combination after another.

And there are patterns. And our experience matters. And we do get better. But these many girls are all a little different. This one is a lot different. And she is a great one. A special one for me.

I am having a wonderful experience. She is having a very good experience. This is me, hitting my "goals"… this is what I want. This is what I want for the girls I bring into my life.

When I wrote the "frustrated monster" post, I didn't not know this was going to happen. I sort of assumed the worst. That was real too.

And I have a LOT of unpublished writing… other stories that I never published, because there was no "part II." Where there was only fractured romance and fragmented meaning. The girls, perhaps, "ghosted" on me… and I ghosted on the those stories.

But sometimes it works out. Sometimes, at the end of the movie… the guy gets the girl.

It's been a beautiful little romance. Strange, and nearly exhausting…but wonderful. What an adventure.

Viva daygame.

TYO: Making Out with a Japanese Mormon Virgin

Nash · 20 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Tonight… was an extraordinary night. My second date with a 23 year old Japanese girl… a virgin… a Mormon virgin… a Japanese Mormon virgin.

We had a really hot makeout on a patch of sidewalk in Tokyo tonight. And then again, a minute later, in a dark enclave of a closed clothing shop. And a few doors down, I got up on that girl again, on the elevated landing of another store. And then, once more, in the shadows of a hotel, by the train station. And one last time… because it was delicious… and because by then I was compulsive about it… in the last few steps before I put her on the train.

> Had a very unusual 2nd date with a simple, but lovely virgin last night.
>
> Made out with her on the street and the memory is sticking to my consciousness like honey.
>
> Daygame… Will connect you with girls where you have nothing in common but chemistry. Amazing.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) February 21, 2018

Amazing. Extraordinary. Sugoi.

…….

I will say more about the girl, and the night, but first:

QUESTION: If you could fuck a completely naïve girl… would you do it?

It's not a moral question (not in this instance). It's a personal question. Personal, as in, what would you personally do?

Let say, she was one of the most naïve girls you've ever met. And let's assume you have met hundreds (or in my case, thousands) of girls. And with all that experience, a particular girl seemed to be in the "top ten" most naïve girls of your life. And in particular, naïve with a combination of childish innocence and compliance.

QUESTION: If you met that ^ girl… if she was virgin… if you had the opportunity… would you do it?

QUESTION: If it was going to be like most seductions, and you had to "run some game" to get it done, how hard would you work to make it happen? Would her innocence make a difference?

QUESTION: The most innocent girl you have ever met… would you "take her?" If you could?

…….

Let's call her Miss Naïve.

I'm the second "boy" she's kissed. Usually I'm not always certain about stats like that, but with this girl… that is easier to believe than most. Not because of the basic description of her religion and her sexual history. More so because of the specific qualities of what it is like to be with her.

I picked her up one night on the street, maybe two or three weeks ago. It was after dark. She was the 14th of 27 approaches and the 2nd of eight leads I took that that day.

She stopped easily and loved the stop. She is the kind of Asian girl that giggles a lot, and covers her mouth while she does it. She did that that night, on the street. Big eyes, showing surprise. And giggles. And compliance. In my notes from that stop I called her "goofy." I wouldn't call her that now, but that detail might help you imagine what kind of girl she is in person.

When I stopped her, I thought she was an artist, maybe… because her clothes were a little odd (art girls often dress

a little strange). We can begin there… on the surface, with the odd clothes… as we start out on the trail of trying to understand her personality.

Her clothes were a little odd… because she's a very conservative, sheltered girl, from a strict religious background. She is one of four kids in her family… I saw a picture, they are all reasonably good looking, wholesome folks. She lives with her sister, who is a couple years older. Her sister is a "childminder." They share a one bedroom apartment, somewhere in the city.

Miss Naïve went to vocational college. She has a skill-based job in a hospital, working with patients.

I wasn't that excited about her when I took her number. I sometimes date some edgy girls and some smart girls and some sophisticated girls, and this girl was none of the above. But I tend to work every lead. In part, as I get horny. Or I lack options. Or because the Daygame Gods (often enough) starve me for love and affection. And in part as…

You never know what will happen when you initiate an arc with a given girl. You never know what a girl is like… and even if you have an idea of what a girl might be like… I don't always know what it would be like to share time with her? Or to share a kiss. Or to share a bed. I am so curious.

When we met, I took her line. And I ran my game, using a rather generic opener:

> NASH: Miss Naïve.
> NASH: Hi.
> NASH: Very cool to meet you yesterday.
> NASH: Are you always so friendly to cool boys form California?

And what I got in response was… a modest "wall of text" in return.

(The "wall of text" is increasingly of interest to me. And I'll post more about this soon.)

> MISS NAÏVE: Hi.
> MISS NAÏVE: How are you doing?
> MISS NAÏVE: I was talked to California man who I don't know for the first time.
> MISS NAÏVE: So, You are the first time!

We chit chat some more, and then I move in for a date:

> NASH: I will be here for several weeks.
> NASH: I want to see you again. When are you free?

(This ^ is a variant of Yohami's text line, BTW.)

> MISS NAÏVE: I'm happy to help me study English!
> MISS NAÏVE: There is no schedule during the day 16th.
> MISS NAÏVE: At what time do you have time?

Okay. I've never been hustled for "English lessons," but I've heard the Brits talk about it. In this case, I wanted to be direct so the intention of the date was clear:

> NASH: Hey… I am a smart man with a lot of experience… and I can teach you many things…
> NASH: But I am not your English teacher.
> NASH: I like you because you are cute…
> NASH: And friendly…
> NASH: And girly.

> NASH: [And I sent an over the top girly anime gif]

This isn't saying, "Hey, wanna fuck?," but it is direct. I love the freedom and clarity of being direct. It may chase some girls off, but it puts the dates you do go on squarely on the tracks toward "man to woman."

Her response was remarkable. And even now, I'm amazed at how perfect it was:

> MISS NAÏVE: I am learning English conversation online.
> MISS NAÏVE: So I don't wanna teach English, I wanna talk with you!
> MISS NAÏVE: Because you are cool boy from California!
> NASH: YES
> NASH: That is a perfect answer.

And it was.

So we have painted the basic outline of the scene: An older, white man from America… picks up a young, inexperienced Japanese girl on the street. The man is direct, but not overly sexual. The girl is sweet, and is clearly showing interest.

She liked the pickup. So I took her out.

…….

On the first date I had her meet me at my favorite coffee place near my apartment… about five minutes from my place.

In person, she was cuter than I remembered. An imperfect, but very young face. Those same awkward clothes, terminating in tights and trainers. I made her hug me. She was very nervous… visibly shaking. I took her by the arm and led her along, walking her to my "regular spot" for dinner. We sat side by side. I have taken six or seven girls to this spot so far.

When she told me she didn't drink (very common for me), I had enough clues to assume she might be a virgin. I asked about her history of boyfriends. Her English is not great, and it took her a long time to respond, but she told me "one." And I asked if they had kissed (because with this girl, it was not obvious), and she shyly said "yes," a little shocked. And I asked about sex… and she said no.

A virgin. Another one. Maybe.

…….

An interesting part for me was asking if she ever wonders what it would be like to have sex? I ask virgins this all the time. I'm genuinely curious, especially for girls past 18. And they never confess to being interested in sex at all. I would expect them to be curious, but (with the exception of the Chinese Virgin) they mostly claim they are not. This one also easily dismissed the question.

In this case, I said, "Well, sex is all around you. It's in so many songs. It's in all the movies we watch…" And while she is mostly silent and smiley and attentive with me, only speaking to answer my questions, in this case, she jumped forward with, "I only watch Disney movies."

I swear that is what she said. Okay, virgin girl… you got me there.

Fascinating.

…….

We finish dinner that night, I walk her outside and ask her if she'd like to go to Starbucks with me before she goes home? She agrees. We walk about 50 paces and I pull her in. And I give her a kiss on her soft lips. She is quite

tense, and stares afterwards, but she took the first kiss. And the second. And the third. Her lips still unparted.

I acknowledge the kiss, smile, walk her another 50 paces toward Starbucks (which is very close), and I kiss her again. This time, prying her lips apart with mine. And I am tasting the mouth of naïve virgin girl. And it's actually a good kiss. I'm being dominant and going for it. And her mouth is soft and wet and it's hot. And my cock gets hard. Fucking hot.

I break it off, and she's stunned. Shoulders slightly hunched up toward her ears. She's holding my hand with no strength in her grip… like she is asleep. Her eyes are huge and her body is stiff, like she's in a trance. And she's 10% mistrusting, and 20% confused, and 70% swept off her feet. She's not happy. She's not sad. She's overwhelmed.

It's lovely. It's real. It's vulnerable. It's not pretty. It's sexy. To me… it was erotic… and a little amusing. I felt powerful. And turned on. It was all of that.

At Starbucks she orders… chocolate milk.

We chat a bit. I keep it light. I almost get her out of her trance… but she has a slightly PTSD look on her face for the rest of the night.

I walk her to the train. I tried to kiss her again, and she finds her voice and tells me no. I tell her that I am dangerous. I say it in Japanese, "abunai." And I give her a little shove. And I laugh. And she laughs too, a real laugh, and she agrees. She smiles at me. At the station I give her a hug. She gives me big warm eyes and thanks me and she is gone.

…….

I don't know how much I have exploited anything on that particular night. Have I exploited cultural differences? Was she being polite? Have I taken advantage of a girl that is so inexperienced, she can't defend herself from the advances of a much older man? I walked home calmly thinking about all that. Pleased to be facing such questions at the end of a day's work.

A part of me assumed I'd never hear from her again. But I did.

…….

A few hours later that night I get this:

> MISS NAÏVE: Thank you for today!
> MISS NAÏVE: I was able to spending good time tonight.
> MISS NAÏVE: But I am sorry I can't speak well, and I can't understand everything you say…
> MISS NAÏVE: I am going to speak English more well when we meet again!
> MISS NAÏVE: Thank you so much!
> MISS NAÏVE: Good night.

Okay. She is a happy girl it seems.

> NASH: Hey…
> NASH: I had a great time with you.

It's true, I did. It was an odd experience. But a good one. And kissing her was a complete turn on.

> NASH: And I know you're a good Mormon girl…
> NASH: But I think you're pretty, and sexy, and I really liked kissing you.

The way I said that makes me sound like I'm retarded. But it's all true. And it's positive feedback… which is essential to my version of game.

> MISS NAÏVE: Thank you.
> MISS NAÏVE: Sorry I cannot answer your hope…

If you don't know what ^ that means… then you and I are on the same page. What does that mean? I have no idea.

> MISS NAÏVE: But I like your personality.

(This is what we say to fat girls. Am I a "fat girl?!" to her? And if I am… is she a chubby chaser? If I hope so… does that make me weird?)

> MISS NAÏVE: Please invite me for dinner if you like it!

Okay. This is a raging yes girl. I'm not sure I have ever seen one like this before.

So I did invite her for another dinner. There was a delay of a day until she responded. But when she did, it was a clear yes. And we had another date.

And since then, I have had several other dates. I've gotten laid with a Miss Athlete. I had the Korean Princess in my apartment twice, and kissed her (I fucked her four years ago… I think she is hotter now). I had another sleep-over with Miss Athlete last night, fucking her twice, the second time in the middle of the night. And then I had a date with a singer from a minor Japanese "girl band" today… she was also in my place. Wouldn't kiss me, but it was a good date (she is an exciting girl).

…….

So by the time I got around to my second date with the virgin tonight… I was feeling pretty chill. I've been recently laid. My "open-to-lay" ratio on this trip is off-the-scale miserable, but I have dated so many girls, and learned a ton, I'm not complaining. I've had a great trip. Within the context of all that, tonight's date was very casual for me.

I met her at the train station. I took her to a pizza place I wanted to explore. She looked simple, but cute, again. Different colored trainers this time. I don't think she'd washed her hair today. I felt playful when I saw her. She was very excited, and giggling, all the way to pizza.

Dinner was… unusual.

I like to talk about "Sexy Daddy." For me that means embracing the age difference between myself and these younger girls. Embracing it, and making it a "feature." I don't talk about our ages, not at all, but I play up the differences between myself and these girls. It's about dominance and mastery. About youth. And about contrast. All of that. I love "Sexy Daddy" as an archetype. I think I'll have plenty of time in the next few years to grow into my Sexy Daddy role.

But this girl is so naïve… I actually felt genuinely fatherly towards her. I'm into all sorts of kink, but this wasn't exactly kinky. Her naiveite is almost sobering. She seems so innocent, it makes me feel more "responsible."

And that feeling of being "responsible" was a lot of why I had those QUESTIONS at the beginning of this post.

I like this girl. And I like what is going on between she and I. But she seems dead-simple. I'm not sure if she is very overwhelmed, or not that bright, or both. I like her, I really do. As a man of game, I am not trying to marry these girls… so that means I can love them for what they are, and the small space in my life that they require. And I do love this girl, precisely for what she is. I would freely and enthusiastically give her some space in my life. I am trying to do exactly that.

And I don't think she has much money, and not because she has said so. She is in stark contrast to the wealthy, sharp, invigorating girls like the Siren and Miss Thick. Or the Chinese girl Miss Surprise that I fucked last month here in Tokyo. I think this girl comes from a simple, religious family.

She doesn't have a computer. Her sister has one, but this girl never uses it. She uses one at work, but it's shared. I don't know anyone in my "inner circle" that doesn't have a computer. That's a small thing, but it's telling. Different worlds.

I asked if she watched TV and she said no… only movies. "Disney?," I said, and I smiled. Earlier in the night I told her that I remembered this from our first date. And that I had told some of my friends about a very cute girl I'd dated that only watches Disney movies. I smiled again, and she became a little animated and said, yeah, "Disney!" And I asked if she watched other TV… and she said, no. Only Disney movies. On DVD, I said? She said, yeah.

This ^ is a world I can barely imagine.

You want to guess what kind of music she likes? I asked about Taylor Swift. It's a fact that all virgins love Taylor Swift, and this one does too. But she also likes… Disney music. It's like that. She is that kind of girl. No overly sugary, or bubbly, but the canon of great movies for her begins and ends with the Disney collection. Amazing.

All of this strikes me as having grown up in an almost dysfunctionally religious home. She's introverted. And she seems to be horribly underexposed. But she also seems quite happy. And any notes of sadness in this story are from my viewpoint as a man that has seen the world… looking into her life with wonder, and perhaps some judgment. Not judgment of her, but at the very real contrast of my life and hers, from the viewpoint and intimacy of sharing time with a girl like this one.

She said she doesn't have many friends. She wasn't sad when she said it, but maybe I was, I little, for a minute. And then I sort of coached her on how to make friends. And she sat there, while I talked, full attention. Listening.

It sobered me up. I felt… again… responsible.

And I was talking to her about what a "lover" means to me. And as I talked about affection, I asked if her family was affectionate? Once she understood what I meant, she said no. I asked if her sister touched her, hugged her, etc. She said, no. I asked if her mom told her she loved her, hugged her, touched her… she said no. She was quiet and simple here too. Not sad. No shame. Just guileless and open and simple… and happy to be with me.

And I was touching her the whole time, as I said it. Kino… yeah. And also, genuine affection for a nice, young girl. I feel very warm towards her. She was affectionate in return. Not confident, but soft and easy to "reach" at the level of physical affection.

And I hadn't given up the seduction at all. But I could do both. That is what I want with most girls. Give her some genuine "love" at one level, and move her toward sex at another.

That is… if I want to fuck her.

As we left the pizza place, I wrapped the extra pizza in some tinfoil. I stacked the chocolate chip cookie I'd bought her on top of it (I'd already eaten mine). I handed them both to her, and told her to put them in her purse. She smiled and did exactly as I told her.

And I wondered if I would try to take her home? At that point, I had no idea. It wasn't yet time to decide.

As we hit the street, I still didn't know… but I did know I wanted to taste her mouth again… so I grabbed her, pulled her in, kissed her, and it landed. And it was hot, again. Extremely hot kiss. And she was 30% more confident this time versus the last date. Still passive. But some of the shock was gone.

I kissed her several more times. And each time kissing her, I was hungry for more… a vampire, figuratively licking drops of blood off of a virgin's neck… but somehow keeping his fangs from penetrating the juicer vein beneath the skin.

I was very turned on. As I kissed my little Disney virgin, her breathing changed. And while she was obviously nervous… she was getting turned on as well. I bet we made her virgin pussy wet. I was hard over and over… as I'd start and stop the makeout on our walk back to the train station.

Something about her really turns me on. Magically so.

I didn't take her home. I know I could have. And I probably could have fucked my first virgin tonight. Maybe. I don't know.

…….

And I'm sure some of this is good judgment (at least for tonight). And some of it was me showing I am naïve too.

Maybe she is very ready to give up her v-card? I sometimes wonder if I am disappointing girls by not being even more aggressive than I feel I am. Tonight, this girl was not disappointed in me. Was I disappointed in myself?

My life is about me. And my game is about what I want. I recommend we all look at our lives and our seductions like that. This isn't about what she wants. Of course she has a choice. But insofar as our thought processes go as men of game… our thinking should start with what we want.

Did I want to fuck her? Sort of.

As I strive to be a great man and an aspiring Patriarch… and… a self-serving rake… this is how I take a girls wellbeing into consideration:

If my stated goals are to 1.) Have good experiences and, 2.) Give girls good experiences… would fucking her TONIGHT be the experience I want to give her? One more time: If I fucked her tonight, and she felt "some kind of way," and I was sensitive enough to feel that in her, would THAT be a good experience FOR ME? And again: Would it be a better experience FOR ME, if I waited another night, let trust build, so she had a better experience, and then I HAD A BETTER EXPERIENCE because of that?

Romantic calculous ^… and the internal ~~struggle~~ calculations of an aspiring Casanova.

My answer that night was… maybe.

That was where I left it. And I did some of this thinking out loud… while I was with her… telling her that if I took her home, I'd end up taking her clothes off and fucking her. And I tugged on the hem of her skirt as I said it. I wasn't asking. It was communication. And mostly testing myself to see if I was ready. She is a very compliant girl… maybe the most compliant girl I've dated…

Responsible.

She is so passive. At least now she knows, explicitly, beyond any cloud of Disney infantilization what will happen if she comes back to my house. She has been warned. I'm not sure she has enough of a voice to stop me if I tried to have sex with her and she didn't fully want it. I think she might be shy, and mousey, and overwhelmed enough that she would take it if I moved toward sex… almost no matter what. And that might not be a good thing. Not even for me.

As I write this… for me… it comes down to "what kinds of sounds she will make?" That is a great guideline. And it's consistent with the theme of "arousal" that Yohami's teaching has given me.

Will the little noises she makes as I escalate be muffled and meek? Or will they be breathy and warm? Perhaps that is how I would know if taking her was only about my selfishness… or if I could give her a good experience as well. I am happy to be selfish… particularly when the girl and I can both be selfish, at the same time, together.

If she is indeed a virgin… and I fuck her… I think it'll hurt her, in relatively small ways, physically. I think she'll bleed. The only other virgin I fucked cried. I am okay with that. But I want her to know it's coming. And I want her to be relaxed enough to enjoy the lead up, if not the act of being split open for the first time.

So… I probably gave up a notch tonight. And I missed another chance to walk a virgin across the threshold of adult sexuality… which I really want to do. And I have seen a lot of girls that have seemed to really like me… and then disappear… even after good dates like tonight. But I don't think this girl is going to run off.

And I think I can fuck her next time. But that won't be the goal.

The goal will be… arousal. For her. And for me. I want to make her purr. And I want to extend that enough that she can feel some genuine pleasure, even if she is very nervous, which I am sure she will be.

And then… maybe I'll fuck her. Even if it hurts.

Maybe I'll fuck her, even if she's naïve. Even if she's off the scale sheltered and innocent. Even if she's simple.

I don't know.

……

It was an amazing night. What a great experience for me. I am sure she had an amazing time. These are the nights that make me legitimately proud of myself as a seducer.

And I walked home with all these questions in my head. And I walked slow. I felt good. I had been laid twice in the last 24 hours (Miss Athlete, both times), so I wasn't desperate. I'm sure that helped me to be so relaxed and contemplative, even as I had a tempting, delicious virgin within my reach.

These aren't specifically moral questions… but there is some of that too.

I think I have picked very good goals for myself. They shield me, in many ways. And they keep me on a path where I can feel proud.

Would I have had a good experience tonight? I don't know. I think it'll be better if it happens next time. I think she'll be less overwhelmed. I think her trust will be higher, and she'll have a better time. I think she will have had some time to think about it, so she'll be a more informed participant in her deflowering. In my judgment as a man, all of that will lead to her having a good experience. And all of that will make for a better experience for me.

I feel good about this. Quite good. Confident. I am sure I am still a bit naive (more than "a bit"), but I am growing up. At 45 years old… I am still growing up.

And I am left with a kind of profound "respect" for how different she is.. for what she is like… for where she is at in her life… versus my life. And I smile to think of how turned on I got tonight as I pushed her up against the walls of various buildings… to squeeze her little-soft wrists… and to suck on her mouth.

Unbelievable hot.

Next time… I don't know. But tonight, was a very good experience.

Viva daygame.

TYO: Sex With the Korean Princess, A Novella

Nash · 21 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Here is a long-read about a short girl. She is the third girl I fucked on this trip. This story is about some aspects of game. And the story starts in 2014, so it is also about long game. It is a story from my most recent daygame trip to Tokyo, but it is not about daygame. And while the story takes place in Japan, it's about a Korean girl. A Korean Princess.

And like a lot of what I am trying to do via game right now… the larger point is about what kind of man I want to be, what kind of life I am building for myself, and the role of women in that life.

……

I met the Korean Princess in 2014. It was my first trip to Japan and it was about six months before I ran my first daygame approach.

In 2014 I was terrified of the idea of approaching girls, sober, in the daylight, and on the street. I thought (then) that going to clubs every night and getting shitfaced was a better strategy for sexual opportunity. I ran that (failed) strategy quite a bit on my first two trips here. I ran that (foolish) strategy most of my adult life.

The night I met this girl in 2014, I was only moderately shitfaced.

It was my 2nd to last night in Tokyo. I was in a club called Womb, in Shibuya. It's small and loud. The music sucked and the room was smokier than an ashtray. I was hanging out with some Chinese guy I met in the club, chatting a bit… and I would occasionally excuse myself to go approach. I wasn't good… but I had talked to over two thousand girls in clubs/bars, and I knew the basics of night game.

I was something like an "advanced beginner," and I remember feeling so badass about walking across the mostly empty club to open cute, young girls. My Chinese friend was impressed. And that night… I was a little high on myself.

"Look at me… I approached three real-live girls in one night."

This ^ is the old me. It was a step in the right direction… but I am so glad I found daygame.

…….

As for this particular episode of my night game history….

Approach #3 on this night was a young, short girl, with long hair. She was in all black, wearing tight jeans… and boots that came up just below her knees. She had a great ass. She still does.

I know I opened her with, "Do you speak English," because that is my opening line for every girl in Japan. And she did speak English… not perfect English, but pretty good. And as you might have guessed, she was from Korea. A visitor to Japan, like I was.

This girl and I spent a few hours together that night. Just the two of us. We had a drink or two. She was with a couple of friends, but never introduced me to them.

My physical escalation and kino skills weren't then what they are now… but I know I touched her some. And I remember sitting next to her, telling her a story, and trying to casually slide my finger into the top of her boot. To me… it was hardly a "big move." But she slapped my hand away. And I rolled my eyes.

I figured her prudish reaction meant she was a dead-end… and I had had enough to drink… so a minute later, I told her I liked her, that it had been fun, but I was going to go home.

And… I asked her to come with me. She said no.

But she stopped me. She put her hands on me, told me she liked me too, and that she wanted me to stay. Hmmm, okay. One more drink, she said. So we had another drink. And then it was after 27:00, so I was really ready to leave. I told her again I wanted her to come home with me, and she declined softly…

And then she did something interesting:

She said she wanted to get my contact information… and she had me stand next to her… and she held the phone so I could see it, and she typed out:

> HER: [on her phone] I want to go home with you, but I don't want my friends to know.

I remember being shocked at how smooth this was of her. Standing there, with her friends, her finding a covert way to say she wanted to go home without saying it out loud. As I type this, it occurs to me she could have whispered it my ear, but perhaps the fact that we were standing in the middle of her friends had inspired her to get creative.

It was also true that her phone was dying, so we needed a meeting spot. She continued:

> HER: [also typing this out on her phone] Let's meet tonight, 4:30 AM, at the train station. After I leave my friends I'll come meet you. We'll meet at Hachiko.

This girl was 22 at the time… I was 40 years old. I talk a lot these days about how sexually sophisticated young girls can be, and I never think of this story when I say that… but this is an excellent example.

I left the club.

And if you think we met up that night and fucked… you have too much faith in the follow-through of young, drunk club girls.

……

I did go to the station that night… after I had a 2nd dinner to kill some of the booze. And after I had gone back to my place, showered off, and then dressed again. And after I had a Redbull on the walk to the station to keep my eyes open. I did all that. And then I stood around the station at the meeting point for 15 minutes, in the wee hours of the morning in the nippy Nipon air.

And then I went home. Alone, of course.

And I laughed. I wasn't mad at all. It was a good adventure. I had very low expectations about results back then…. and I had assumed she would flake… but it was still a fun night.

I slept. And I woke up in the morning. The hangover wasn't too bad. It was my last day. And I had a message from this girl on Facebook.

> HER: Im sorry i couldnt go to hachiko since i was so drunk

We exchanged more Facebook messages that day, and I did some more "comfort" work. She was getting into the examples of my artwork in my profile. I could tell she was impressed. Whatever she liked about me the night before was now magnified by the hints value she could see in my profile. I could feel her warming up. She was starting to feel like a "yes" girl to me.

> HER: Wow ! I feel kind of something in the drawing

Here from FB… ^ commenting on some of my art.

I tried to get her out that night…

> NASH: Tonight… 6:30, at the Starbucks, Shibuya Station, by where you pay. I'll meet you there and we'll have a drink before dinner.

…and she agreed.

We met in Shibuya about 8 PM. I asked if she wanted a drink and she said she was too hungover to drink anything. I took her to dinner… to the same spot I have taken many girls this trip.
We ate. She drank nothing. I had a whiskey. She didn't want desert.

When she didn't drink, and didn't want desert, I had no idea where to take her next. This was before I found daygame, and before I had dated dozens of girls that don't drink at all. I was out of ideas of how to bounce her, so I suggest the pull with no pretense:

> NASH: Let's go back to my place.
> HER: What would we do there?

This ^ is a classic ~~shit~~ congruency test from a girl. I am a better man now, but even then, I passed with ease. I said this:

> NASH: We'll listen to music… and I will definitely kiss you.

Yohami hates it when I say stuff like that… but this works for me again and again. My first lay of this trip, the girl asked me the same thing as I was about to walk her into my building, I said the same thing in response to her as well… and good times were had in both cases (and in many other examples).

Girls are fine with this kind of answer. I think it's strong, actually… particularly when this is a response to a shit test. The strength comes not from the line, but from the lack of retreat. She was testing for boldness and leadership and congruence. That's what I gave her.

She liked it. She said was ready to come home with me.

We walked to my place. I gave her the 10-sec tour. And I put on some music. And I got us a glass of water and then…

I started making moves on her. I stepped in. And I laid hands on the little girl. And I tried to kiss her, and… She didn't resist at all. She smiled. But her eyes glossed over. And she was stiff as a mannequin.

In the fight/flight/freeze/fuck range of responses to intense interpersonal encounters… she was in "freeze" mode. At the time, I'd never seen anything like it. I'd had seen girls run or reject me. And I has seen them fuck me. But I'd never seen one "freeze" before. She was overwhelmed.

She liked what was going on. She wanted to be there. There was no LMR, just a painful, unsexy stiffness to her.

Earlier in the night I had asked, and she told me she wasn't a virgin. But in the moment, it seemed very much to me like it was her first kiss. And with that painfully stiff kiss…. my expectations for the night instantly changed.

I dragged her across the room and pushed her back into my sheets. I was very conscious about wanting to loosen her up. I started to play with her. And as I did that… it was, in fact, playful. And then sexy… as I would show some dominance, kiss her with some fierceness, all that. And then… a bit playful again. Back and forth. Like that.

She slowly relaxed and loosened up. I wasn't trying to get past LMR (there was none)… I wanted her to relax so we would both have a better time. And it was working.

And I have talked some on this blog about how when a girl is really not "melting into you"… if she is very nervous, or unsure… I sometimes have her "do things" to me. In this case, I rolled onto my back, and pulled her on top of

me, and had her kiss me… I directed her to take over the escalation. And that woke her up, it really worked. It gave her enough "power" to get her to start coming towards me, rather than just "being taken." This was about making her a participant, rather than a spectator, in her own seduction.

As we progressed sexually, she was calmed down but still didn't seem particularly aroused. I wasn't sure this was "giving her a good experience." I had even decided I wasn't going to try to fuck her. She had to take the last train home, she wasn't comfortable yet, we didn't have much time left before I would walk her to her train that night… I didn't want to rush her (or me) into a fast fuck. I was just going to focus on giving her a good experience. That was my plan in the moment.

And I did. I got her naked. Took my time touching her, and trying to raise her level of excitement. I eventually ate her pussy. I kissed her over and over and everywhere. She was hardly passionate… but she got into it, in certain moments.

And then it was late. And by this point she was very happy. Relaxed. And smiling. And affectionate. And laying on my chest and hugging me. She was being very cute. She was finally completely comfortable with me.

And then she said…

> HER: I am going to take the early train instead…
> HER: I want to stay with you.

Okay. Looks like she was hooked… and wanted more.

This was four years ago, I had a lot less experience then, but… I had done exactly what I intended to do. She was emotionally leaning into the seduction now, and I was proud of the effect I had had on her. I had taken a very nervous, stiff, inexperienced girl, and I had given her a good time. And she came back to me in that moment with joy, wanting to invest more, wanted to take more risks with me. She was a happy girl. Suddenly sure of herself and the situation. And all this was tremendous validation for the flavor of game I wanted to master.

Now that she was "all in," and had invited herself to stay the night, I said:

> NASH: You can stay here… I want you to.
> NASH: But I'm definitely going to put my cock inside you.

And she just smiled. And cuddled into me.

So I did. I fucked her.

And… in terms of the raw physicality of it… it was some of the worst sex I'd ever had. That is true.

She was still stiff, again, as I fucked her. When we talk about a girl acting like a "starfish" in bed… that was this girl… even though I knew at that point she was into me and the night and the sex… all of it. Spread wide, wet, willing… but inanimate. It was like she was passed out, but with her eyes wide open, and she stared at me, and smiled in an almost disconnected way… while I fucked her very tender, young body.

She slept over that night, for the few hours we had left before the trains began to run again. We woke early, well before daylight. I walked her to the train, wrapping her in my down vest so she was warm in the cold Tokyo air.

Later that day, as the rest of Tokyo woke up, she and I both went home to our respective countries. I had scored a surprise lay… on my last night of the trip.

……

All these weird details, and yet… it is still one of my favorite sexual experiences of all time. There is no contradiction there, not for me. Even years later… I love this story.

And I am happy to tell this story now, because that night was a significant influence on how I want to seduce… and my goals as a player. I was "winging it" that night. At least half the things I'd done with that girl I had never done before… or never done with a girl like her. But much of what we did that night became standard moves in my playbook… some of the most important sexual reference experiences of my life. I have reused the moves and the mindsets I established that night many times.

I'd never been with a girl that inexperienced before. I'd never had the skill to get a girl back to place that quickly before. And sober. It was so quick… she was less sure of herself and what we would do. That meant new challenges for me… and new things to learn.

She was then (and is now), 19 years younger than me. This affair was a very good introduction for me to "seducing younger girls." I learned a lot.

……

After we'd returned home, we continued to talk. Often at first. She would call me on the LINE app. We'd have somewhat long, voice-to-voice calls (maybe once every month or so). We would talk about boys she liked. And about what she was studying.

That long game was mostly rapport… but not entirely. I was happy to talk about her life, but my interest in her was as a "cute young girl." Of course. And I would punctuate our conversation with sexual comments. She would often try to block that talk.

It was important to me to keep it man-to-woman between she and I, or to cut it off. I used sexual comments to signal to her so she could not forget that I am a sexual man. I wanted her to know it… but she often fought that frame. She was difficult and prudish sometimes. She would call me out, try to shame me into being "proper," or to censor my sense of the sexual connection between her and me. She would tell me I was being disrespectful. I would always double down, never retreat.

I wasn't looking for compliance from her. I was maintaining my own space… this was about boundaries. And it was not easy to hold that position with her.

I call her the Princess for a reason.

……

My use of "princess" here is not intended to flatter the girl. Princess qualities in a girl are not attractive to me. Mostly not. Almost never.

Our time together in Japan was fast and exciting… and I didn't get the full flavor of who she was until later. And the truth about her is… she is a pampered, spoiled, strong-willed girl from a wealthy family. A bratty, entitled, rich girl. It shows up in her lifestyle in many ways.

Like the night I fucked her in 2014, she showed up for our date dressed like an "old lady." Not badly dressed, just inappropriately for a girl of her age. Based on her outfit, I could tell she spent a lot of time with her mom… I told her that. And she confirmed it.

Her mom is a wealthy lady. And the Korean Princess takes style cues from her mom. Too much Barney's. Not enough Forever21. Her clothes are very nice and very expensive, but boring. And I bet her style isn't the only way in which she takes after Mom. As the Queen, so goes the Princess.

I could tell from her lifestyle that her family had money. In part, as she can bounce over to Japan whenever she wants. She spends cash freely… but doesn't seem to work much, if at all.

And she is a student… but has changed her field of study many times, remaining a student… year after year. She complains that this or that is "too hard," or that she doesn't like it. And she switches again.

Her dad runs a successful medical practice in Seoul. I wonder if he "loves his little princess"… or sees her as a

“hole in his wallet.” (Probably both.) She lives at home, but even so… I’m sure he has to keep his client load up, in part, to keep her in Chanel and Louis Vuitton.

She is an entitled, selfish little thing. It’s not cute. I didn’t really see this side of her until after we’d fucked, but I saw in our long game, and I don’t like that part of her at all. And it’s been part of our relationship for me to keep firm boundaries around her to keep her in a place where I can enjoy her… or far away when I cannot.

It’s been part of our relationship… for me to keep an eye on the frame… and on my boundaries.

…….

2015 was the first time I daygamed in Tokyo. I did that trip soon after I started this blog. And the Korean Princess and I were still talking. And she was to be in town the same time I was… again. There were hints of a sexual reunion.

I sucked at daygame at that time. I didn’t have the sexual options I have now… nor the hope that I could produce sexual opportunity, fast, and consistently, on the street. If she and I were going to be in the same city… I wanted to see her again. I was undersexed and wanted to fuck. When you don’t have that many options… a selfish princess has more appeal than she should.

But I knew she was a princess by that point, and I didn’t want any bullshit. I had only done 80 approaches that trip, but I was loving daygame. I had some dates from that work (three dates, with two girls, kissed them both). And I was still clubbing hard on that trip… thinking that might also turn up some pussy…. so I put her off, and dodged her first attempts to see me. Daygame had given me some sense of the possibility of a future where I had more options than her particular flavor of brattiness.

Eventually I found some free time and set up a date. I saw her for lunch… and tried to get her to come back to my place for “a movie” one afternoon. She declined. It was clear in her look she knew what I meant. And she brought up a boyfriend… which I vaguely knew was in the picture, but I mostly didn’t consider. And we made plans to see each other that night.

We met up for a 2nd time that day, and had a drink at the bar that is in the movie Lost in Translation (in Shinkuju). The seating was bad and I couldn’t get next to her… no physical touch, no intimacy. She was on her phone the whole time.

I wrapped up the drink quickly, and I took her by train back to Shibuya, my home turf. I walked her through backstreets to a very cool restaurant (which is no longer there). On the way back toward the train, I moved into kiss her… she rejected it. But she loved it. She was laughing and loving the vibe and pushing me away and it was all kind of fun.

I wanted to fuck her. I invited her back to my place. She said no. I kept that up… kissing her neck and all that… and she complained that it was public… but she wouldn’t come home and eventually I sent her off on a train.

She messaged me that night saying she regretted not coming to my place. It was after 1 AM. I was horny and dying to fuck. And I offered to pay for a cab for her to come over. I was almost sure she would do it, and I even showered in preparation… but she did not.

She told me later she regretted not taking the cab over as well.

All tension. No release.

……

I didn’t come to Tokyo in 2016, but we talked some. We were a bit like friends at this point. Her, a rather non-generous princess. Me, a horny cad… and one with increasingly good daygame skills and options.

She travels a lot. Often with her mom. And she came to the US that year, but not to my city. She might have even been in California… but we didn’t see each other.

And that was the year I got much better with women. I got my first daygame lay in September of that year. And two more by the end of the year.

It had been a long time since I'd seen the Princess. She was cool and all, but I mostly didn't concern myself with her, or spend any energy trying to keep the connection alive.

I was pretty sure I'd never see her again.

……

In 2017 I was back in Tokyo for trip #3… and I was beginning to look like the man you guys know now… a proper daygamer… the one that writes this blog. And the Korean Princess and I had some back and forth while I was on that trip…

I messaged her on Jan06, soon after I arrived. She read the message (LINE has read receipts), but didn't respond. That is part of what I take to be "princess" behavior.

I messaged her again on Jan14… also no response. I wasn't getting laid yet, so I was happy to keep trying.

I tried her once more on Jan17:

> NASH: Do you know this place?

I sent her a pic from the same restaurant I had taken her to back in 2014. I was eating there that night, working some leads, and wanted to see if I could wake her up. She responded.

> HER: Nope
> HER: What is that place?
> NASH: You DO know it!
> NASH: One time a cute American man took you there
> HER: Haha, yes he was cute

She was sweet and complimentary. She can be like that… sometimes. I like this side of her.

> NASH: The manager remembered me…
> NASH: Showed me a pic on his phone of the sticker I gave him last time I was here
> HER: Everyone remembers you ! Maybe becuz you're nice with good manner .

I am a sucker for compliments… I liked it. I pushed it on:

> NASH: I am always nice… unless you don't treat me well.
> NASH: [and I sent a pic of young boy, frowning and pulling a girls pigtail]
> HER: Hahaha nice pic

I was running a lot of game by this point. I wasn't getting laid on that trip (yet), but I was hopeful and not over-eager. I had not asked her to come see me, but she volunteered this:

> HER: I was planning to come to Tokyo, but I went there 7-8 times already…
> HER: [some more about money]
> HER: I will consider more, but my possibility is about 30-40 percent :(
> NASH: Don't come.
> HER: Hahaha

This was me ^ with a push. Decent game, and the right flavor of play with this girl, I figured. I was gaming her, but I mean it when I say I don't like princesses. I don't. So some of this push was real.

But… if I could get her in the right frame, it could be fun. So I continued:

> NASH: Unless you want to be kissed.
> NASH: !!!
> NASH: By a man with good manners.
> NASH: [and I sent a pic of some classic male movie icon in repose]

I am ^ calling back here to her comment ABOVE about my manners.

> HER: 30-40 percent! I already went japan on late October :(

This is just boring… it wasn't flirty or fun… it's just "no." I hadn't been laid in a few weeks, but I didn't want to chase. I was trying to game myself. To trust in daygame. To retain my frame. So I kept going:

> NASH: So don't come!!
> NASH: I didn't even say I wanted you to come. :]
> HER: Okay then . I won't

I was obviously teasing, but I had probably gone too far here. Maybe.

I said all this then… because I wanted to stay away from the version of me that would have tried to persuade her… the version of me that would have been over eager. I would have chased… and she still wouldn't have come… and I would have had that sour taste of having clearly been "bottom guy" once again.

I had done the push, maybe too much push. I tried some pull:

> NASH: But…
> NASH: I DO WANT TO KISS YOU!!!
> NASH: >:]
> NASH: And we have fun together.

There I was pulling… but with a sexual edge. This is Octopus Game (I think). It's flattering. It shows strong interest. It's pull. But it's selfish and intentionally base in a way that embraces the sexual.

But she spit it back. And I think this is also her being a princess.

> HER: Why me ? You also met Korean girl in us
> HER: And you can meet other Japanese in Tokyo
> HER: pout

Now we have princess pride in full bloom. It's negative. Not attractive. And I don't like this energy. In this kind of situation, I'll either walk away… or try to smash the frame. Here, I doubled down:

> NASH: I don't care about "Korean."
> NASH: You and I have good chemistry…
> NASH: And you know it.
> NASH: ….
> NASH: If you come… You cannot be a "princess"
> NASH: That's not what I want

> NASH: …
> NASH But if you come…
> NASH: Stay for two nights… and you can stay with me.
> NASH: In my tiny, but nice apartment.
> NASH: Only 2 nights… If you stay longer we will fight!
> NASH: [and I sent a pic of a 3 year old with and angry face making a fist]

As I read all this now… I like it.

In the first part, I come over the top and dominate her with certainty. Then I go further, and make it clear I don't want any princess shit (she knows I think she acts like a bratty princess sometimes). And then… I went back to more "pull" with the offer to stay. And that is leadership… cleaning up ambiguity with a clear plan. And then… another "push" with the limit on how long she can stay and the playful reference to the idea that we might fight.

That last part — "only 2 nights" — is about boundaries. I think I read the potential of this girl pretty well… that she and I have some chemistry… that we can get along, in small doses… but that I will get irritated with her easily. Two nights is a "long date" in almost any circumstances. And I am wise enough to know not to set up an overly long date with a difficult girl.

And do you know what she said in response??

Nothing. Nothing at all.

Okay, good. I may have lost some sex. But I had dodged a pain in the ass. And that gave me time to run daygame. And time to concentrate on new, fresh leads.

And my inner game about it all felt solid.

……

And I never saw her that trip… but I fucked three girls from daygame. All of them as cute as her, or more so. And two of the three were younger. YHT.

Not bad.

And then… towards the end of my trip… three weeks later… she came back, on her own… no chasing from me… and said:

> HER: Hey im missing you suddenly

Hmmm. Was this a result of the game I'd run?

I had given her a combination of boundaries and dominance and Octopus game… had all that increased attraction? I had been very willing walk away when I made my offer. I had given her conditions. I had pushed back when she gave me her complaints and that "30-40 percent" effort with me. I had called her princess bluff.

Had all that won her over? Or was it that she liked me enough… that she could forgive the "mistakes" I might have made in playing her in the text exchanges above?

I don't know.

And I didn't see her on that trip… but she was messaging me again before I left… and she was showing interest.

> NASH: Hello ;]
> HER: I was watching Mistress
> HER: And there's austriallian guy
> HER: *Hansome*

> HER: Like you

Big pull from her here. How much of this interested from her was good game on my part? How much was independent needs or wants in her own psychology? We never know. And it's likely a mix.

> NASH: Ou… You are missing me
> NASH: :]
> NASH: I like it.

Positive ^ feedback, rewarding good behavior… to encourage more of it.

> HER: Little
> HER: [she sent a cartoon that shows thumb and fore finger with a "little" space between them]
> HER: [and she sent a cartoon of a teasing, happy face]

And there is her "push." Some banter. She can play the game too. Good for her.

She was being fun here… THIS is closer to what is attractive for a man like me… a cute, young girl complimenting me and flirting with me. That's what I want. That will encourage me to keep playing.

……

So that bring us up to 2018… to this trip.

She and I had talked recently about me coming back to Japan. And she happened to have a friend getting married this year while I was here. It was a perfect storm of circumstances… an opportunity to see each other again without too much effort from either of us.

> HER: hey im going to tokyo at last.. haha
> NASH: Tell me when you're coming out with me.

She had told me she would be staying with the wedding party while she was in Tokyo. And just like last year, I didn't want to give her too much of my time… I assumed I would be busy with daygame girls (and I was).

I was happy to see her, at least once, as long as she was cool. And I was happy to fuck her… if I could get the vibe right.

> HER: this is my schedule :)
> HER: [sent me her itinerary]
> NASH: Pick a night before/after the wedding and I'll take us out
> HER: What is your schedule on the 19th?
> NASH: 19th is good
> NASH: Plan on dinner, and drinks after. I have some cool places to take you.
> HER: What kind of places do you know :)
> NASH: Delicious ones
> NASH: We'll talk more when you get closer to being here

But before she arrived… daygame happened. And if you read my saga of Miss Athlete… you know "the 19th" was at the center of her and my seduction. So I pushed the Korean Princess off:

> NASH: Hey… I think I am busy on the 19th.
> NASH: Can we do another day?

> HER: Hum… all day busy?

But I was so busy, in fact, I didn't respond at all to this message. She came back on her own, a day or so later:

> HER: How's 21st sound?
> HER: I have only 4 days…
> HER: I have plans for other days
> HER: I am available 19th lunch time, and 21st lunch time !!!

Okay… small window. That was fine. I wasn't killing it in daygame (yet), but I was happy to concentrate there.

> NASH: I want you for dinner!
> NASH: :]

This ^ is me, still angling for a night time date and a greater opportunity for sex.

> NASH: But let's do lunch on the 19th…
> NASH: Maybe we'll see each other on 21st too.

Afternoon sex works for me too. And that was a good time for a date, as it left my evenings open for the daygame girls.

> NASH: For now… 19th, daytime is mine.

But then… she changed the pace of our plans. We had a plan for the 19th… but on Feb16, she sent this:

> HER: Are you also available tmr ?

The Korean was now suggesting Feb17. Miss Athlete had booked me for that afternoon for lunch… and I ended up fucking her that day (for the first time). I didn't know I would take a notch that day as we made these plans…

> NASH: Are you here? Tmrw??
> NASH: TOKYO TOKYO TOKYO
> HER: Yes finally leaving tmr !!!
> NASH: Dinner tomorrow night?
> NASH: Let me know and I'll make a reservation someplace cool
> HER: Sounds great!
> HER: Or can i put my luggage in your place for a while and be around in omotesando ?

Now I had some logistical challenges ^. I planned on bringing Miss Athlete back to my place that afternoon… and I didn't want them running into each other when I was picking up and delivering girls to the train stations.

So I had the Princess go to one station… I met, dated, and fucked the Athlete… we showered off, and I walked the Athlete off to the station (she had to teach classes that night)… and was in a post-sex daze from the new notch as I set out to pick up the Princess from the other station.

I felt a bit frazzled, but it was a good day.

……

I met the Princess at the station… and she… looked pretty good. It had been three years since I'd seen her.

She was now 26, and had lost her obvious “young girl” status. But she had also been working out a lot, she was leaner, had lost some weight… she is not a super beautiful girl… and she had lost some of her “cuteness” as she had matured… but she was still hot to me.

She told me I looked exactly the same. As she said it… I could see attraction flash across her eyes. She was happy to see me.

I helped get her crazy-heavy bags upstairs, and into a cab, and over to my apartment. She loved it. I fooled around on my computer and she fussed with her luggage (making a huge girl-mess), then she changed clothes, and then I took her for a drink.

At the bar, things got more complicated…

She was to go to her friends that night (the wedding was the next day)… but it wasn’t clear when she would leave… and I could tell some of that was up to me. I could see how open she was to me leading. And then…

Over drinks she wanted to know if she could stay at my house Monday through Wednesday… three nights. She had gone from “one lunch” (on the 21st) to wanting to stay with me for several days.

As she was pushing to claim my time and my apartment… I became focused on boundaries (just like our text exchanges in 2017). I wanted to fuck her, but I also wanted to keep this little Princess Virus contained.

I told her that we needed to see how we “felt” together. That I was happy to see her, I wanted to see her after the wedding, but that I wasn’t going to suggest a long, multi-day date for us… as we hadn’t seen each other in years.

And I told her she should be careful inviting herself into my home. I reminded her I was dangerous. I told her that if she stayed with me… I wanted it to be clear it was not a “friendly thing.” She seemed to get that. And she seemed to like the sexual spike.

I told her to stay with her friends, and that she could come to my place on Wednesday (one night, instead of three). That I’d take her to dinner that night. And that she could spend her last night with me… and then head back to Korea the following day.

She haggled a bit… seeming to want more nights… but I was firm. All of this was better for me, and for daygame potential.

I told her part of me being a good leader, was keeping her out of situations where she would be uncomfortable. I told her she would be safe and happy with her friends. And that one night with a dangerous man like me might be wonderful… but if it wasn’t… she could escape the next morning.

This was all true. And I was doing a solid job of showing prudence and leadership. For her… and for me.

……

I showed excellent boundaries here… and this is the part of the story that makes me the most proud. I was being smart. And it was still looking very likely that I would fuck her.

She took all this very well. And I think that is natural. I was wise, I showed restraint… but I was also very much a sexual threat. She was getting the sober, measured part of “sexy daddy.” And that can make a girl feel safe. It’s not flashy and indulgent, but can create a different flavor of attraction. I was adding order to her world. My plan was better, and smarter, than the one she suggested.

Cesar Millan (the Dog Whisper) says dogs like “rules, boundaries and limitations.” And he says people do too. And of course he is right. I think that is part of what this Princess needs. It’s part of what she wants… “deep inside.”

The Princess feels safe… when the King is in charge. She feels safe, because his plans feel solid, consistently. And she feels safe… as she never has to be in charge. She never suffers when she “lets go” around the King. She can rest… in his protection and good judgment. This is a natural relationship between a man in a woman. This is

Patriarchy.

I was very proud of myself for how I handled her. And how I handled myself. This is the man I want to be.

……

After our drink I took her to eat. And back to my place for her to get what she needed for the wedding. And then… before she could leave…

I tried to kiss her. And she rejected it.

She squirmed. And pushed me away. And said no.

But I grabbed her by the hair on the back of her neck, pushed her against the cabinet, and tried again… and it landed. And she went floppy. And it was a great kiss. She loved it… and it turned me on.

I walked her to the train and she was gone. Another round of Princess Wrestling… handled.

……

That was Saturday night. I had fucked Miss Athlete at lunch. Then received and dated the Princess that afternoon and evening. Forcefully kissing her into submission before she left.

On Sunday, I dated two girls… at the same time. I had picked them up together, an indirect pickup… so I ended up dating them together, as well.

And on Monday the 19th… I had an incredible date with Miss Athlete. Best date we had. Fantastic sex, twice.

And then, on Tuesday, I had my first date with Miss Pop Band… she is a very hot, interesting, young girl… got her back to my place.

And then, Tuesday night… "honey slow" kisses on 2nd date with the Virgin.

And then… finally, Wednesday, Feb21…

……

Back to the Princess.

On Wednesday, the plan was to meet at 6 PM. She was 30 minutes late. We went back to my place, and she changed clothes, and "got fancy" and I took her to dinner. Dinner was fine and I relaxed as we ate and sipped drinks.

Mid-dinner, she leaned back, took a deep breath, and she said:

> HER: I think now we should have a little kiss

This ^ request came out of nowhere, and it was strange, but also very cute of her. I bet she was a little buzzed from the wine. She sort of folded her hands in this dramatic way as she said it.

I think the affair between she and I was (is?) a kind of fantasy that was playing out in her head. I was playing my role well. An older man (a previous lover), with a great little apartment, in an excellent neighborhood, in a fantastic foreign city, at a perfect bistro… time for the romantic touch of "a little kiss." That's what she wanted for her fantasy. I gave it to her.

And then, a few minutes later, as we left the restaurant, in the elevator… I gave her a much more serious kiss. Which she only slightly resisted. And then melted into. And then we walked home.

At my place… it was time for sex. And she fucked around forever. Packing. And taking a bath.

And it was time for bed… no romantic vibe at all. Just chores, getting ready for bed. She wasn't the slightly bit

sexual. And then we got in bed. I put on a movie. And… I proceed to escalate.

She said, “no, no.” She put up a decent front. She told me she was tired. She had dressed for bed in shorts and a big sweatshirt. I fished around the edges of her clothes for access to her soft skin. She turned her back to me, saying, “we should sleep.” She would knock my hands away as they wandered over her body.

LMR. I would get some brief, non-enthusiastic kisses from her, here and there. She was telling me “no”… that she had to get up early… all that. Resistance… but she was smiling the whole time… giving me clear clues that she wasn’t serious.

So… I pinned her down. And I put my full weight on top of her. And forced my mouth over hers. And… she melted again. She completely surrendered.

Good kissing. But beyond that, she was back to that “stiff doll” feel she had four years earlier in my apartment in Shibuya. But as I said above… that night back then in 2014 had taught me a lot. And I have seen bits of this kind of behavior since then with other girls. So I kept leading. And escalating. And her LMR was completely gone.

I got her naked and ate her pussy. I got mild reactions out of her, but she wasn’t fun about it. She told me later, I am the only boy that has ever done that to her (and I’ve done it both times she was in my bed). And I tried to get her to suck my cock, but she refused. I kind of wish I had made her do it. Had forced her to suck it… “breaking down” the Princess still further… but I did not.

After that… I put on one of the world’s best condoms (0.01s this time)… and I fucked her.

The best part was turning her over, and fucking her from behind. Her ass is great. Maybe her best feature. And she seemed to like it most form behind as well. But she was complaining (typical her), saying it hurt. And I couldn’t tell if that was real… or more princess bullshit. She is a difficult girl… even in bed.

I rolled her over onto her back…. sat up, and leaned over her, and fucked her some more. More noisy princess complaints. So I pushed her legs back, put her hand on my balls, and I stroked my cock… and shot a robust load all over her tits, her tiny pink nipples, up into her face, and across her neck. She said, “oh!, oh!, oh!” with each blast. She was shocked, but smiled, and loved it.

No +1 here… this notch was mine years ago.

It was a good time, but the sex was… not great.

It’s been years… she has had at least two boyfriends since I fucked her last… but she hasn’t gotten any better in bed. She is a selfish girl… self-absorbed. And not particularly passionate. You can get her to surrender, and she is genuinely sexy in that role, but she is not a sexual girl (not that I have ever seen). She likes the experience… she likes the overall story… but she is a bit of a dead fish in the sheets… one that complains while you fuck her. Not a good lay at all.

Coming all over her was precious, though. A great orgasm, physically and visual and emotionally. I’m 45. I can’t always spray a girl down… but I did this time. I drenched the little thing in come.

I was proud… and ready for sleep.

We slept on separate parts of the bed (no “lovers vibe”). I wasn’t temped to kiss her at all, as we slept (and I always do that with good lovers). In the morning, we got up early… 6 AM. She showered and packed up. I took her to the train. And I was happy to be free of her and her selfishness and requirements.

……

She likes me. I think she wanted to fuck me. Fucking her wasn’t the challenge here… it was keeping her under control… keeping her shackled with terms that worked for me… that is where I ran good game in this saga.

I did fuck her. I did like the experience of “managing” her. I learned, again, from this girl. And it didn’t cost me

much in terms of time… I was able to game girls all around her visits.

The game was keeping her in a box. I won that game. And because I won, she did too.

This girl… will make many men miserable in her lifetime. But I had her on my terms. And since it was my plan… and I am a good planner… it was a good date… despite how naturally hard-to-handle a girl like this one can be.

……

She and I talked about her coming to see me during this visit. I wasn't encouraging it. I kept putting conditions on it. "Well see," I said.

But she pressed hard.

> HER: On the plane now.
> HER: Thank you for yesterday and today.
> HER: Had a wonderful night
> HER: Surprised at your body

This ^ is her reacting to me being physically dominant. To me holding her down. She is bad lover, but she loved dominance… and I like that about her.

> HER: Hope to catch up in CA:))

I responded with some nice, validating stuff. I like her. She's a good girl, at some level. But she is the kind of project I don't want. Too much work… for too little reward. She will tool the hell out of some rich Korean guy soon, I'm sure. I wish him luck.

And then I got this, unprompted, two days after I fucked her:

> HER: [she sent me a very sexy shot of her from behind, in a dress]
> HER: Haha was it worth working out?
> HER: Will be back with this body in your city

Here ^ she is blatantly baiting me with sex. Which is unlike her. She has no passion, but she knows I'll fuck her if I can (I have twice now). I think maybe she was still a little "high" herself from being fucked… this was "post-sex" glow and exuberance.

And it was all quite validating… as I know she had a great time… and she was plotting to set up a "next time." I gave her the jet-set, rich girl, high-end fantasy she wanted. And even though I'm not convinced she likes sex all that much… I spanked her amazing ass as I pounded into her hips… so she got some sexy aspects too… and she got my come across her lips and chin and cheeks to finish it off. She got to feel some sexual dominance from a man with experience. She got her flavor of "50 shades" in Tokyo.

Good for her.

I won't see her in my city. If she follows up, I'll make an excuse. She is a nice girl. And I had fun with her all three times I saw her. And it's a cool little chapter in my experience… but I think it's over.

She was my third lay of this trip. She is a pain in the ass, but I had a good experience. And we know she did… specifically, I believe, because I gave her the dominance and boundaries that she craves.

Viva daygame.

Notches, Recurring Revenue, and Miss Lip's Dual Mating Strategy: A Lay Report

Nash · 19 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I am curious this week about two classes of sex available to the player: 1.) Fucking a new girl and taking a notch, versus 2.) Getting a previously lover back into bed for some "recurring revenue."

It's an interesting point that we in this community often care more about new notches than the total volume (or quality) of sex. We don't say that (not exactly), but in terms of what we like to talk about… we strongly prioritize the new conquest.

As my sex life bounces back and forth between notches and recurring sex with existing lovers… each experience gives me a chance to take a look at what I want from game. A chance to determine where my "heart is at" vis-à-vis the favorite metrics of the pickup community.

This is all part of a larger theme that's been running through my head. It is about how my time with Miss Thick last year was some of the best times of my life (with women, anyway). She was fucking amazing. Or rather… that relationship was amazing. And the specific space she and I created was infinitely more rich for me… than the night I claimed her as a notch.

The distinction between fucking her that one night when I got the notch, versus the incredible times we had in the months that followed… all that… that is the sentiment I want to point to in this post.

When I wrote about fast-sex versus the date model, in that piece I was asking questions about "what is better?" There is no correct answer. It is always "it depends." But as I tried to set up that discussion I had to define what "better" was for me. And I pointed to a mix of new pussy and recurring revenue. I want both.

This post is about what parts of this game give me the greatest satisfaction… and… it is about some extraordinary sex I had this week.

……

The community values notches above quality and quantity of sex. It's not a stated thing… but that is what I see. It's true for me too, much of the time.

Most of our time as players is spent looking to BEGIN something (to claim the notch)… not maintain an existing connection. And I often say VOLUME is the key to learning game. So I can see why the community has more focus on lay count than on getting laid.

I like stories about new notches and "fresh kills." I like reading them. And I like writing them. When a man can claim a new addition to his lay count, that is, in fact, some kind of accomplishment. And I do feel accomplished and competent when I get that far.

To stand shoulder to shoulder with real seducers, we have to be able to produce new lays. Fresh sex… "from farm to table"… with some regularity. That is close to the definition of what it means to be a player.

So let's talk about notches for a second…

For me, the RELENTLESS NOTCH COUNT HYENA is real. I feel that pressure sometimes. There are multiple forces at work for me as I pursue notches:

I want to prove something to myself (that was very true in Japan), and in that case, "the hyena" is me pressuring me. And that is combined with me wanting to prove myself to the community… in that case, the community itself is the insatiable hyena, demanding fresh lays if the player wants to remain relevant. And other times I add that "needing to prove something" to the pressure from the horny-ache in my balls… and yeah, I want a new notch.

> "Each lay is delivering a dopamine hit, placating Relentless Notch Count Hyena for another week, pouring more water into the leaky bucket."
> — Krauser

This isn't exactly how I feel but it's in the right spirit for me. I like Krauser's "Notch Count Hyena" concept. For much of the time I spent in Japan, that was me… clamoring after sex and fresh notches.

Claiming a notch is one kind of satisfying.

…….

But it is also true that the sex that comes from "regulars" is often better than the sex that comes with a notch… I would argue that that is almost always true.

There is more sex, and better sex, when we think beyond inflating our notch count. I want to keep all that in my view of game and my goals for myself as I move forward as a player.

…….

Recurring revenue is a business term that is similar to talking about a "repeat customer." The business community considers revenue "recurring" when it's regular.. and predictable. As I see it women are never predictable, but recurring sex is very much a possibility.

I love "recurring revenue" girls. I have a warm glow (and a half chub) just thinking of some of the regulars from my past. Without a doubt… the best sexual experiences I've ever had were always in the context of LTRs.

Multiple bedroom sessions with the same girl give you a chance to "work out a sexual rhythm" together. There is a space after a girl begins to trust you, and before sex becomes stale… where the hottest sex is possible. Miss Thick and I were in that space for months last year.

Notches are more glamorous than recurring revenue. True. But when I think about how much work typically goes into a new lay, the girls that I can tap into sexually more than once are often precious to me.

Think of the time you spend seducing a new girl as part of your "cost." And sex is the "profit." Recurring revenue girls are "high profit" investments. Lots of sex… relatively low incremental cost. That is boner-killing analysis, but it's true.

> "And then at some point you turn a corner, whether it's a change in your life circumstances, the result of conscious inner game work, a good trip on mushrooms….. the leaks get plugged. Then you hit your magic number and [the relentless notch count hyena] packs his bags and slinks away tail between his legs."
> — Krauser

I haven't hit my magic number. I am still a notch hound. But I think I have enough "heavy experience" in the SMP that I am sorting out my own aims as a player.

My bucket still has a leak. I will always respond to the thrill of new pussy, I don't expect that to ever change. That "leak" is my desire. And desire moves the world forward.

I will continue to love the hunt… but I feel a little more sober about that as I progress. And I specifically want these "ongoing flings" in my life this year. I don't think I've made a point of this before, but this is maybe my main goal of all this daygame hunting. I am saying it out loud so it becomes a focus of my effort.

Fresh leads are best leads… that is true. But for the best sex… most of the sex, and certainly the best sex… for me… that is from recurring lovers.

There will be more notches. But if the Gods are kind, there will be more LTRs as well.

…….

That is a long intro to a story about some sex I had this week. This was with Miss Lips. An older, but very sexy Taiwanese girl I picked up via daygame last year.

We had a bunch of sex last July, on a two day date (which was our 2nd date). She lives in Taiwan, but is in my city a lot for work. She was back in my city in September and I had sex with her again… but I wasn't that into it. She is a little high maintenance.

(In general, I usually don't pay that much attention to this girl. But… this week has me looking at her with fresh eyes.)

While I was in Japan earlier this year, we were talking about girls and mating strategies on the comments of this blog. Right as we were talking about that, Miss Lips started messaging me via the LINE app. That day in those comments, I talked about her as an example of how women pursue their goals…

…….

Her messaging me when she did gave me a chance to tell a daygame story I had never told before… a story about how Miss Lips watched me pick up a girl on the street one time (I wasn't aware she was watching). I used that story, and her ongoing interest in me, as proof that she sees me as a lover… not a provider.

> "In OCT, I was out daygaming and I approached a hot Vietnamese girl (I still remember her), had a great interaction, and when she/I split off… I turned around and ran right into MISS LIPS on the sidewalk. She was in town, and her favorite hotel is right in the middle of my daygame territory.

> "She watched my whole approach. She said, 'oh, you got another one.' The look on her face is hard for me to pin down… she was vaguely slack-jawed about it. My wing walked over right as I noticed her (he didn't know I knew her, didn't see it coming) and I introduced them… which helped me avoid the awkwardness of the moment."
> — Nash

I have worried some about having a girl I am into "catch me" approaching other girls. I'm sure girls have noticed me while I was out trying to pickup. And some "girls I've approached" have seen me approach (I think I lost a date in Japan after a girl I number closed saw me gaming later that week). But I think this is the only daygame girl I have fucked that has seen me approach other girls… and then fucked me again after that.

The conversation that day was inspired by a theory from David Burn about women's sexual strategies:

> "Girls' evolutionary directive is to find a good provider for a family, that's it."
> — David Burn

David Burn is a friend of mine and a man I respect. He and I have run game together before in NYC… he is quite good with women. And he is correct at some level, but I don't agree with how he stated that claim… and we went back/forth on this topic in that thread.

> "So she knows I'm some kind of a player. If not from how I picked her up… then by watching me pick up the Vietnamese girl.

> "Why is she putting up with that? Why is she still chasing, after I've been dismissive? What is the MOTIVATION of her DESIRE?

> "It's sex. Only sex. Sex, entertainment, pleasure… it's 'sport,' not survival."
> — Nash

This ^ is true. Each girl has her own impression of me, but I think I am clearly in "bad boy" territory for Miss Lips.

> "She is chasing me a bit… because she thinks I'm TOP GUY. She has zero reason to think I'll give her anything but fun/sex. And she'll try to keep me in the mix… because sex with TOP GUY (for my sperm, or just the pleasure of it), is a priority, and one she can afford to pursue, because she has her resources covered."
> — Nash

This ^ was part of my rebuttal to David's theory. David isn't into it ("I've been questioning the whole Alpha good genes / Beta provider model lately…"), but I think Miss Lips is a great example of the kinds of choices women make.

Here is a note on women's DUAL MATING STRATEGY:

> "The second set involves dual mating, a strategy in which women form longterm relationships with investing partners, while surreptitiously seeking good genes from extrapair mates."
> — Elizabeth Pillsworth and Martie Haselton

This ^ is how I see the world. Most men can easily see how women pursue RECOURSES, because most men, when/if they are pursued… they are pursued for the resources (money, protection) they can offer a girl (and her future kids… which may or may not be his).

All that is true, but we are missing half the story when we say girls only want a PROVIDER. Women want resources, yes. But women also want SEX. Not usually from the same guy.

When I was younger (pre game), I used to be the resource guy. Now, I actually have more resources… I would be a much better provider now than I could have been back then… but as far as what the girls FEEL from me… I am now the "sex guy."

…….

Miss Lips and I have had sex back in July (and again in September). I have taken her on some nice dates, but she is well funded and doesn't need a man to take her to dinner. I have been nice to her, but I haven't been overly romantic… and I don't call her much (if at all), even when I know she is in town. On top of all that… she has seen me out picking up girls, right in front of her.

And yet she still contacts me? Why?

For sex.

For the "experience" of being with me. I don't offer her resources. That latter part of the dual mating strategy has the most explanatory value for me here….

I understand my relationship with Miss Lips more clearly when I look at it from the POV of a Dual Mating Strategy.

…….

So on Wednesday of this week, I was doing some work downtown. She hadn't told me she was in my city, but I got a message from her. She tried to call me. I called her back. She was asking about restaurants…

Actually… what she was trying to say didn't totally make sense. It was another 1/2 baked plan from a girl… like most plans from girls. She was pinging me… she wanted to hook up… she wanted the experience that she knows I

can offer… but of course that was not what she said.

I couldn't really understand her on the phone (it was loud, and she has a thick accent), so I did what I recommend guys do: I moved to "be at the cause, not at the effect." In other words, I started leading.

I told her I was happy to give her a recommendation, and if she wanted to see me, that I would be available at 8 PM. She jumped on that plan. "Yes, yes. I am interested in you," she said. "Okay," I said, "we'll meet a little after 8."

I met her downtown. She looked great. She was wearing pants that looked like they were made of leather and I accused her of looking like Cat Woman. Her ass looked full and fantastic. And as usually, I love her lips… they are lush and amazing. I was turned on, immediately.

After checking on her level of hunger, I decided we'd have a drink before dinner… but she didn't have her passport with her. We walked back to her hotel together (in the epicenter of my daygame hunting grounds) and went up to her room. It's a nice place with an incredible view of the city. She shut off the lights… so… you know… we could see the view.

If I told you I kissed her would you be surprised?

It was a fantastic kiss… she is a great kisser. I always carry condoms in my work bag… and I considered fucking her right then. My cock was hard from the kiss. But I decided there was no hurry, and I spanked her ass and shuffled her out the door. We had to share the elevator with some tradeshow guy… or I would have kissed her some more. I love kissing in elevators.

We'd killed a lot of time by then, so we skipped the drink and I took her to dinner. Dinner was delicious and she was excellent company. She touched me a lot. I held her very soft hands. We are super comfortable together… like old lovers. Because… that is what we are.

After dinner I took her home. We were in the house for maybe 10 minutes… and I started making out with her in my kitchen… and it got hot fast… those wonderful lips. So I grabbed her by the wrist, dragged her down the hall and took her clothes off.

And I fucked her. And it was great.

That afternoon… I had had no plans for the night. She dropped into my life and I pounced on the opportunity. Windfall sex. More recurring revenue from that initial pickup… long ago. The night was low effort, high payout. Fantastic.

…….

And now I will shift gears again, and say… the sex, the night… was incredible rich. Some of the best sex I've ever had. She was responsive and delicious and I did everything I wanted to her before I put on the world's best condom and put my cock inside her.

So… just like my last post… no +1… I took my +1 for her long ago.

This wasn't about the notch. And it wasn't about proving anything to the community (she is a hot girl, but too old for me to score many points for fucking her). And I wasn't trying to prove anything to myself.

The juice for me in this lay was about the intimacy. That is what I got out of it. The fucking, yeah. The spanking her, and choking her, and pulling her hair, and dragging her around the bed so I could get to her warmest and wettest parts…. it was about all that. But it was also about the closeness, the holding hands, the laying together afterward.

It was unusually intense sex. It was wonderous and it surprised me. The combination of her and I that night… impressed me.

This is a perfect example of the upside of recurring revenue. We can see that while sex with this girl is not predictably reliable, it IS regular and recurring. There is something really great about that.

I love to take a notch… but there can be something particularly juicy about repeat engagements with existing girls. The recurring part allows for familiarity and depth.

And this girl is not my favorite of all time… but she was remarkable that night. I think the ongoing length of our relationship is a big part of that. And the next time… if there is a next time… might be even better.

The surprise for me was how much the sex touched me. The sex, the whole date, and the intimacy. It was wonderful and deeply satisfying. It's been a couple of days, but I am still high from it. Rich, rich recurring revenue. I love it.

And now… I could point to my own DUAL MATING STRATEGY as a player… yes, I want notches. And yes, I want the depth and richness of recurring lovers. Very different motivations versus the female mating strategies referenced above… but as I work to get my needs met….

I also have a two-part strategy.

…….

That night, after sex, we showered and I sent her home. It was almost 3 AM.

I am still a notch hound. But I am also very into setting up ongoing things with girls. There are opportunities for me to practice being an strong man in both kinds of arrangements.

Later that evening, from her:

> HER: I'm home safely.
> HER: Thanks for the night, I have a lot of fun!!

Thanks, babe. I did too. And "fun" isn't really the right word for it.

I thank the Daygame Gods for the "recurring" girls. And I thank this particular girl. I have increasing respect for our affair… she was charming beyond words this week.

Viva daygame.

“Cool Guy Game” vs Real Value | There are No “Hacks” in Game

Nash · 22 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

For the second time today, I’m inspired by the Chateau Heartiste. Both times related to “pickup techniques.” And the theme for me today is VALUE.

> So much of the pickup talk in our community is retarded… "tough guy" techniques pushed by guys that don't have the value to pull them off.
>
> But…
>
> Check out this HEARTISTE post that uses all those retarded concepts in a very cool way.https://t.co/bAeA2M9OYn
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) March 21, 2018

Posted ^ earlier today.

That is about a Heartiste’s post where Chuck shows us how to game a girl by “telling her how you will seduce her.” It’s a great post. And it looks like excellent game to me. It’s an example of exploiting “the fourth wall,” but in a clever way that could actually work.

And what I like about it is the ironic relationship that Chuck’s game has to the samples of game techniques that it draws from. Here is an example to show what I mean:

> CHUCK: “I can see your interest level is peaking. Here comes the best part. Right when I notice your interest level is high, I disqualify myself as a potential lover.”

In the post, Chuck says this ^ to the girl.

And that’s is hysterical “fourth wall” game, as I see it. Yes, it IS funny to point out to the girl the techniques you’re using to seduce her. But for me, it’s extra awesome to take a bunch of flat-footed pickup techniques, and run them all together, narrating your own game as you go. It’s funny for me… as it’s the “greatest hits” of newbie dreams of how to run pickup. And it’s funny to the girl… because she knows that stuff isn’t actually working on her, and his arrogant confidence in those techniques comes off as PARODY. It’s “I know that you know that I know I’m being a social retard” game… done so well, it’s social genius (aka, it’s “charming”).

All this is super funny for me… as many of the guys that advocate these techniques are actual social retards. When Chuck clowns all that, in a perfect way, I love it.

Per the example… here Chuck is specifically telling the girl he’s using disqualification to “make her chase.” She is not actually chasing at this point in the example. But she is probably terribly amused. It’s excellent.

But this is a vaguely subtle scenario here… as a lot of guys would take each of those “pickup truism” as gospel. They might get that this is supposed to be funny. But they might also falsely believe that those techniques are relevant to their own game… and for most guys… these techniques are not relevant at all.

And this gets me to the point I want to make in this post:

The pickup community, LOVES techniques where we are “elusive” and “mysterious” and we “neg” and we “give zero fucks” and “we say less than her” and of course all this… “makes her chase.”

There is some truth to all of that… but under one very important condition:

You have to have what we call VALUE… a LOT OF VALUE… or these techniques are empty bullshit.

For most guys… hungry guys… looking to get laid… who probably have few options and little experience or success… "make her chase" is completely irrelevant advice. It's total and complete bullshit for most guys.

These techniques are what I call "cool guy game." And they are cool… when high-value, cool guys use them. For everyone else (which is most times they are attempted)… they are demonstrations of poor social skills… or worse.

Let's look at some specific examples of community voices pushing this kind of advice:

> In any social interaction, the one who exerts less effort has higher social status. Learn the art of being concise but impactful.
>
> — pickupartist101 (@sexmanipulation) March 21, 2018

This ^ is from my Twitter feed today.

So, is that true? Is it true that in ANY SOCIAL INTERACTION, the one who exerts less effort has higher status? We know pickup guys LOVE to say this kind of thing… but is it true?

No. No, that's fucking retarded. This is dipshit PUA advice of the worst kind. And the community is full of it. I feel bad for new guys… trying to wade through this garbage.

Every single leader, that is actively leading, is exerting more effort than his followers, and has higher status, at the same time.

Every time the quarterback from the football team walks up to the cheerleader, teases her, calls her a "brat," snaps her bra and walks off with his buddies while she blushes and is passive and speechless… he was exerting effort, he was leading, she wasn't chasing… and he had ALL the status.

We are not all "quarterbacks" but this ^ is much more practical advice for guys that want success with women than "cool guy game." This ^ we can do. The "exert less effort" has some truth to it, but for most men, that is terrible advice.

And yet I see the "make her chase" platitude every single day. So boring. So "keyboard jockey." So "one size fits all"… when that is NOT how game works. Game is NOT a one size fits all phenomenon. Game is about calibration. About who she is. About who we are. And how to connect the dots in each of those unique combinations.

Until you have real value… "cool guy game" doesn't not apply to you. Not sure if I'm talking about you? If girls aren't paying a lot of attention to you (which doesn't necessarily mean they are chasing)… you don't have the kind of value that would make "cool guy game" applicable to you.

I am taking a hard look at myself right now… and I don't really have the kind of value that I need to make those techniques work. And I am a VERY successful guy in a dozen disciplines. Even in game… I'm a "proven" thing. I can find/meet/attract/close YHT… even in a foreign land. But even so… most "cool guy game" isn't made for me. And that doesn't mean I can't get laid from game… it just means that these techniques mostly aren't for me… I will run different game… if I want it to work.

Back to this example… what happens when you're low or relatively-low value, and you "exert less effort?" What happens? Nothing fucking happens. You get ignored. And you should ignored. You're a low value dude, doing nothing… that is not attractive and it never will be.

Most of us… myself included… A LOT OF THE TIME… and with almost every single girl that I cold approach (that didn't give me an IOI)… we start at "low value," or "unknown value," and we build up from there. That is real for most guys. That is the reality of game for most guys. It's not weird… but it's a long way away from a place where "cool guy" routines will work.

I think "cool guy game" is most often the "go to move" for to two very different groups of men:

First, 1.) actual cool guys. They, by definition, have value. Could be they are good looking, or famous, or naturals, or their game is practiced and solid, etc. They can "exert less effort" and look like "the buyer" and all that. And let's be real… this is NOT most of us. This is NOT me… in most situations. Sometimes this is me… but most of the time, no.

And the second group of guys that this "cool guy game" appeals to are 2.) Low value guys, that are looking for "tricks." These guys are mostly fools. I've been that kind of "fool" before… back when I thought some significant percentage of pickup was about "the line" or some "hack" that would "work" to help me "get the girl." I laugh at that shit now.

Over and over and over… game comes down to VALUE. Game is a way to "showcase value." Sometimes your game itself IS value… and that is sort of what is happening with Chuck in the Heartiste piece above.

Game is active. It's about going "towards." It's about creating something. It's about taking risks… which means being real, in some way or another. Game is not about "hacks." That whole line of thinking is "gamma bait."

Here are some quotes from Krauser about gamma qualities that is close to the heart of this post:

> "The gamma's strategy, fundamentally, is to climb, not though having value… but to have a 'secret system.'"

> "The gamma knows that he is not tough enough or courageous enough or athletic enough to be like, say, an alpha fighter… So he's got to sort his ego out to be tough in another way… so he figures out a 'secret system.'"

> "You can probably see why pickup attracts a disproportionate amount of gammas… it's a way to get the hot girl without really deserving them. And that is like catnip to gammas."
> — Krauser

Notice that reference to VALUE in the first line above…

I'll get back on track… but I think Krauser is nailing WHY this kind of technique is so overplayed, and has so much appeal, to so many community guys… they fundamentally don't get the VALUE piece. They avoid that part of the work.

They get feedback that they are low value, consistently, so they avoid the value game… and look for a "hack." I think this is very common for new guys (I did it… in part because I didn't know better at the time). But for some guys… for "Super Gammas"… this will always be the preferred path. And avoidance of building value… avoiding the real internal work of game… and a search for a "technique" or a "hack" that will work with women that will otherwise reject them.

And of course… there is no such thing. There are no hacks to game.

Here is another example of this "cool guy game" thinking in the community:

> "You need to show her you have all of that, and more… by being 100% chill, nonchalant, and non-reactive in the way you talk to her. No matter what she says, or does… you have to genuinely not give a fuck."
> — 66 Texts

See guys? Just "don't give a fuck" and she'll chase you. It's that simple.

Except it isn't. This "don't give a fuck" is another retarded meme from the community.

I'd argue 90% of the guys that say that… totally give a fuck. They really, really give a fuck. I know I give a fuck… I do. And saying "I give zero fucks" is a way of pretending. It's completely transparent, and no one is convinced at all. It's more lame "cool guy game" from guys that aren't actually cool. And the community pushes this

CONSTANTLY.

If you actually ARE high value, actually in demand, actually distracted by some kind of real abundance in your life… then your "not giving a fuck" will be a BYPRODUCT of your actual badass lifestyle. "Trying" to be a guy that just doesn't give a fuck looks like "trying." No one believes that stuff. It looks like a guy that is "laboring" to look at ease. It's fake, uncalibrated nonsense.

The thing about pickup advice is this… most guys aren't that cool. Especially not in the beginning. A lot of the time… even "cool guys" aren't that cool. Even very cool guys, when they are "taking a risk" will show "uncool" sides of themselves. That is normal. And when you're in an "uncool state," all this "cool guy game" will not work for you. You will look like an ass.

Chuck's "routine" in that Heartiste post is brilliant, in part because of that aspect of parody. A "straight" version of that could work… but it would be less over the top. And it wouldn't have a jokey vibe. And there would be fewer "techniques" in it. And it would work when a very confident man delivered it in a solid, professorial way. And she would get quiet, not giggly… and she would get turned on. The whole thing would be slow, and quiet, and seductive… if those techniques were being shown in a "straight" way… which they are not.

Chuck's version works… because most of those pickup platitudes are bullshit when implemented by "low value" guys… so they become a joke in this context… and she laughs. And then Chuck SHOWS VALUE, because he is breaking the rules, and she knows it, and he and she are sharing the joke, and his arrogance is humor (humor is a type of VALUE)… and she loves him for it.

Chucks shtick is bogus "cool guy" techniques transformed into humor. This ^ path will work for some guys that aren't quite "James Bond," but are close enough to parody "cool guy game" in an effective way. Their real confidence in this situation comes because they KNOW it's a parody, not because they believe the tropes in those lines.

For non-cool guys… and for guys that can't quite pull off the parody… don't try this. It's a setup to look like a clueless amateur. And don't try any of these "cool guy game" techniques. They will fail. You will inspire disgust… not arousal or attraction. Nobody likes a fake.

So this brings me to the last example for the day… fresh off of Heartiste's site. This is a brand new post called "Preemptive Rejection Game:"

> HER: Can I pet your dog?
> PLAYER: You're not my type

> HER: Would you like your receipt?
> PLAYER: Stop hitting on me

> HER: Press the button for 5th floor?
> PLAYER: I'm dating someone

> HER: Good Morning
> PLAYER: Too bad, I'm gay .. Try that guy

He is rejecting her as the opener. Is this ^ good game?

I think it's hysterically good game… for a very small group of high value guys that can pull it off.

Take the 2nd example: "Stop hitting on me," as said to the girl at the super market. What kind of "vibe" would it take to pull that off? What kind of man would you have to be to make that effective?

If you are a badass guy, that is getting IOIs all day long, that is dripping with sexual threat… and you roll up to the checkout girl… and there is tension because of your presence… everyone in line can "feel" you… and she offers you the receipt and you accuse her of hitting you… it works. She gets it… even if she is not flirting with you. She gets it… because you are a guy that stinks of sex and is generally badass… so of course the comment makes sense to her. It's arrogant, but it's rational. That guy really IS that badass. So accusing her of hitting on him… is funny, but it's also realistic… yes, she might want to flirt with a guy like that… most girls would.

The guy that can pull that off… is high value.

This mandatory quality that the guy be genuinely HIGH VALUE… is what is missing from all this game advice.

Now imagine some slightly nervous, average guy, with mediocre fashion, that is a bit unsure of himself when he drops that line… it will be flat. It'll be worse than flat. It'll be uncalibrated and weird. It won't be "1/2 a point of value," it'll be -10 value. "Too bad, I'm gay," from that guy, will come off as… creepy confusion for everyone involved. And more than likely, she'll think you actually are gay, and that you are inappropriate about talking about it, and it won't matter (other than you'll be a social pariah), because it won't be in the realm of flirting at all.

In the community, we do a terrible job talking about "types." Types… as in "not everyone is the same." Not the girls… and not the guys. We are all different types. And that means that we need game that applies to our specific place in the SMP.

We could start talking about "types" by saying there are "cool guys" and "intermediate players" and "game-aware newbies" and the totally clueless. Those are some "types." And most of the techniques we're highlighting in this post will ONLY work (in a predictable way) for the cool guys. And these techniques will work for the intermediate guys when they are "in top form" or with a girl that already likes them. And they will never work for newbies. Period. They will never work for gammas. Not at all.

Back to my point about BYPRODUCTS… I know from my own experience that when the girl already likes me (for whatever reason), I naturally do "cool guy game" without trying. It's a byproduct of the chemistry with a girl when I really am high value, and she knows it, and I know she knows it. I'm not forcing it. It's not a "hack." The value is real… so the "cool guy game" byproducts are real too.

This ^ is how "cool guy game" actually works.

One last example to take us home…

TRUE OR FALSE: Telling a girl "no" is good game?

I can't think of the source, but I saw this one in my Twitter feed in the last week as well. Some guy preaching how guys need to say "no" to girls more. So is that good game? Well… it depends.

I know, from my personal experience that I can tell a girl "no"… when she is already chasing me. There it is again… "chase game."

It really can't be done intentionally. Or rather… it will always be watered down when you try to "force it," because it's not coming from real value. Girls chase value. Girls will never chase sub-value guys using "techniques" that they are not ready to own.

This Korean girl I know… is a mess… and she chases me… and I tell her "no" all the time. And I can do that… because she is chasing me. She knows me very well, and can actually see all my real value (I used to be her boss, she has seen me "kill people" in business, she has seen my work drive real results in terms of big dollars, she has seen other girls chase me, she has seen my house, my art, all of it… this is real VALUE). Notice the order there… she knows I have real-life value. She chases me. Then… then… only then I get to say "no" to her in an effective way.

But how many guys point to the value that is required to make this work? Not enough guys.

For most guys that don't come off as "cool guy" from the start… in that kind of situation… our job is to hustle. Or job is to "exert effort." Or job is to SHOW VALUE. It's an active process. Then, and only then… can we start in with "disqualifying" ourselves and other "cool guy game."

Yes… we could get the value proposition right quickly. It happens to me, sometimes, instantly, right as I approach. And then I can jump right into "cool guy game." But again… be honest with yourself… are you that guy? Most of the time, I am not… not instantly. Very often I become "cool guy" after a date or two.

My recommendation for all the guys out there that aren't quite "cool guy" (yet) is… work on your goddamn value. That… is where the opportunity is for most of us. It's one part "work on your value" and one part "go talk to girls." We do both at the same time. We don't need negs. We don't really need more "funny lines." Disqualifying ourselves to the girls will go exactly nowhere most of the time… until we have VALUE.

Keep talking to girls (don't wait to start that… face to face skill with girls, is its own kind of value)… but beyond that… you need to work on developing value… and then REALLY FEELING IT, on the inside. This is INNER GAME. Yes, we back to that.

"Cool guy game" most works… when your inner game is so tight, that SHE CAN SEE IT… she FEELS how credible your value is… because you know it… you reek of value… you FEEL it… so then… and only then… does "chase me" game work.

Value… is a million things. Today… I talked to 17 girls on the street. It wasn't hard for me. I am genuinely confident and comfortable talking to girls. I EARNED IT… by talking to over 4000 girls in my daygame sessions alone. I did the work… and that VALUE is mine. So when I approach a girl… not always… but often… it's not my lines that she is responding to… it's my dead calm at talking to her… which is rare…and she knows it… but it's real… so she sees VALUE.

I strongly encourage guys to avoid these bullshit techniques… at least unless your "special meter" is maxed out. At least try to get WHY they work (when the work). When you're super on… or she's already into you… that's the time to use this kind of "cool guy" shit. Yes girls… strong Maybe girls… when you're feeling hot… those kinds of situations.

For the rest of the time… be real with yourself and the girl. Drop the cool guy gamma hacks. Be funny. Be bold. Step up and be earnest about something… earnest about your attraction to her… earnest about "giving a fuck," because you probably DO, in fact, give a fuck… or you wouldn't have stepped to the girl in the first place.

These "cool guy game" techniques are absolute shit advice… for 90% of guys. And yet, these techniques are "90% of the advice" in the community. Irrelevant platitudes preached out of context.

I love this community, but I would also like to help clean it up… brush some of the intellectual garbage off our streets.

Viva daygame.

First Date with Miss Tester

Nash · 27 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I want to get back to my Tokyo stories, but I have a fresh one from here at home… from this last Friday… let's do this story first. She is the first date I've had with a "new" girl from daygame since I've been back from Japan. No notch, but it was a great date with an interesting girl.

She needs a name so we'll call her Miss Tester.

I met her about a week ago, on a day I talked to 17 girls. I am not taking notes on my approaches since I've been back from Japan, but I know she was one of the first girls of the day.

She was crossing an intersection when I saw her. She is a short Asian girl, not super young, but much younger than me. I found out later she was 28. What I remember about those first moments was that she had lovely pale skin, a glimmer in her eyes, and that she wore nice clothes…

In Japan, I was talking about how I tend to date a lot of girls that make claims about being virgins, or girls that don't drink, etc. I know I have an usual amount of stories like that for a daygamer. What is interesting for me is that they all start with cold approach on the street… I pick them up based on their "look," based on superficial clues. Every girl is different, but those surface clues tend to lead me to a certain type of girl over and over.

And what is the "look" I am attracted to? The look is… that she is conservative. At least on the outside.

> It's my "filtering?" It has to be.
>
> Some of it is that these girls are Asians, from Asia (even when I am at home). But I am "filtering" to girls that don't look DTF. I'm guessing that is it. There is something about them I like. And they hook with me.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) February 21, 2018

Sometimes I need to state the opposite… so I'll say it now:

Of course I want girls that like sex. The point is that I am not interested in girls that wear obvious sexuality on their sleeves. I avoid girls that look overly "Instagram." I like the kind of sexuality that is in a girls eyes or in her walk. And I avoid girls that wear a lot of makeup… or ones that are "try hard" in their attempts to use sex to get attention. I am not into that kind of display at all.

I want girls that present themselves as "traditional." Not old fashioned, necessarily… but modest. I want what we sometimes call "classy," but I don't like that word… I like "graceful" instead. I like "introverted"… I target that too, in particular. I don't totally know how I got here, but I am a type of expert at having a great time with "nice girls"… girls that are almost always more exciting than their conservative looks might suggest.

I think all of this points back to good parenting… I think most all the girls I date have solid parents, and are thus… attractive girls… inside and out.

(As I write this… I don't think we have to go out of our way to look for "sexual girls." I think we should look for the "type" of girl we want… and then just assume they will be sexual. Sexuality in a girl is normal. I think that's why I can target "conservative" girls, and my date-to-fuck ratio is very similar to guys that don't attract "virgins" or "non drinkers" or overly modest girls. Sex, for girls, is normal… you don't have to target it.)

So I stopped this girl… and she was receptive. Right away, there was a little sparkle of acknowledgment in her eyes. I know very little about this girl at this point, but I have seen her eyes dance through several psychological states. I have seen her confident. I have seen her childlike. I have seen her irritated. I have seen her in a passionate frenzy. She has a complex personality. I like her.

Back to her conservative side: As we talked on the sidewalk, she told me she was from China. And that she is an auditor for a “Big Five” company. Based on those two bits of information alone… it was easy for me put together a semi-accurate profile of her psychology and her position in the social class. Those clues are not necessarily “attractive” to me, not at all. Being a very successful accountant from a good family… isn’t “sexy”. But… I want to fish in the pools where girls like this swim. High-end girls, from stable/successful families. Those characteristics are the foundation I like, as long as we sprinkle sexy-sweetness on top of all that good culture.

Even from the early moments on the street, I could tell she wasn’t “boring.” She has some “edge” to her. There is a “directness” to her personality… at least once I was in front of her, doing my thing. My vibe brought out her “A” game. She was showing hints of spicy right away.

I said something like… “yeah, I will admit, you look conservative on the outside…that’s attractive to me… that is part of why I stopped you.” But even as I said it, it was in contrast to a sexual twinkle in those eyes. I told her then that “the outside” wasn’t always a good indication of “the inside”… and she gave me another big smile as a reward.

I don’t know why, but I know I used some generic “qualification” question with her… something like “what do you like to do for fun.” I never say that kind of thing to girls, but I did with her… almost by accident. I could tell it was “on” between us when she complied with an answer… telling me she was taking dance classes. What kind, I asked? Hip hop, she said.

If you know that I dance, you might know that that is a perfect answer by my standards…. the Chinese, auditor that likes hip hop. Good girl.

I took her number, moved on with my day. I wasn’t super excited, but I was interested.

I messaged her the next day:

> NASH: Hey dancer… cool to meet up yesterday.
> NASH: I have a theory about what it takes to be a good dancer… ready to hear it?

I know it’s specific to the situation… but that is a very good ping text, IMAO.

We have the standard nickname (calling her “dancer”). That works well, as that’s not really her thing… that’s her side hobby, and likely a nice break from her self-image as a finance girl.

And then we have the hint at some “special theory” I have… but I don’t say it right away… I make her ask for more. I like “are you ready to hear it” better than “would you like to hear it.” That’s much better.

And then… regardless of the content of my ping… I like to ask a question as the last part of the message in my ping texts. It is true, we are not supposed to constantly ask questions. Especially not boring questions. But I notice I am doing a lot more questions now… and it’s going fine… I am using questions as a form of leading. I like ending my ping texts with questions these days… as it prompts a response. And I think it works to nudge her forward into conversation.

> HER: Sure

There was her reply. Not super enthusiastic, but we were off and running.

I gave her my theory: Good dancers have a base of rhythm… but that when a dancer can show he anticipates the changes in the music… that is what makes him stand out. I am correct about that. And this is good “mastery” to dump on a girl.

Related to my last post… dancing is an area where I have some VALUE to offer. Some guys will argue that ~~everyone~~ girls like value. Those guys are right.

> "Game is about building value and then learning to deliver that value."
> — TheRedQuest

That ^ is a truism from ~~life~~ game.

And while I agree that girls are not great at sniffing out your "hidden value"… value remains a huge part of what makes/breaks us in the SMP. And TheRedQuest is correct… we have to DELIVER that value… or it remains hidden and useless to the seduction.

This text exchange is an example of me having some relevant value AND getting it out in front of her so she can see it… and so she can respond. I am a good dancer, and that is still obscured from her (she has never seen me dance). But my "dance theory" is now something she can see… my game here is a "delivery vehicle" that transmits my value to the girl.

And she liked it…

> HER: Lol you forgot one thing
> HER: Flexibility

That ^ is a great response. More spice from her.

I don't know about you, but when a girl is talking to me about being flexible… in the context of man to woman… it's always sexual. I don't know why, but that is true for me.

> NASH: Haha
> NASH: Wow
> HER: It makes a huge difference
> NASH: Now I am curious how flexible you are
> NASH: I am trying to imagine the cute auditor girl… in hip hop clothes

See how I "always text less than her"… and "make her wait?" See how I am always working to "make her chase?" See how I am running "cool guy game" here? No… I'm not doing any of that tired stuff here.

I'm not "playing it cool" at all. I am on my hustle… demonstrating charisma. I am using game to deliver value, value, value. In my "performer/critic/fan" model of seduction, I am still in the "performer" phase… but I have her attention. She is in the role of "involved critic," and part-way to being a "fan."

> HER: Lol
> HER: Wait am I in someone's fantasy right now?
> NASH: You started it… with all that "flexible" talk

And just like that, she and I were "on." We bantered a little bit more and I asked her out:

> NASH: Hey… I want to see you.
> NASH: Dinner tomorrow? Or maybe something on Saturday during the day?

That ^ is two choices. That is my standard way to ask a girl out… give her two choices, usually (but not this time), two+ days apart… so she can take the near option (if she's excited) or a later option (if she is a planner).

> HER: Tomorrow sounds good.

I made a reservation and had her meet me at a restaurant near my house. It's a place I have taken several girls…

they are beginning to know me, and they always sit me side by side (which is a requirement for my kind of dinner date)… and it's a five minute car ride to my front door. Great logistics.

She showed up about 10 minutes late. She wore a big smile and a nice black dress.

The dress was symbolic as well… it covered her shoulders… and all of the skin on her arms, all the way past her wrists… just her little finger tips sticking out (very feminine and cute). But the neckline of her dress dipped down into her milky cleavage… and at her legs, it was cut up the front, showing some more pale skin at her thighs. More good choices from her, I continued to be impressed. Very tasteful… but plenty of sex appeal. There is that mix of conservative and "something else" showing up in her profile once again.

Dinner was perfect. She was easy to talk to and we fell into it easily. As the date bubble formed, we struggled to pay attention to the menu, the servers, and the food.

As we were side by side, I was touching her the whole time. I did the usual thing where I wrap both hands around her bicep… and slide my fingers up under her arm to more intimate territory. And then, my other hand on the skin of her leg below the hem of her dress. She took all the touch very well.

This is another example of how I can use dinner dates as the first date, and get way more physical (even while eating), than some guys can while having drinks at a bar. I would "lean in" (Rivelino!!!!) across her shoulder, talk into her ear, and she would lean in too… the bubble increasingly tight around us.

At dinner I could tell she liked me…and wanted to reel me in. She was working for my attention… and NOT because I was trying to make that happen, but because that is a BYPRODUCT of a good connection.

In the way of some sexualized bait for me… she mentioned being interested in "pole dancing."

So that is funny, right? All this talk about her being high class.

We make jokes in America about a girl being "on the pole," and for a man like me… that is never a good thing. But this isn't typical stripper-trash pole talk. She is a "good girl," from a conservative family, top of her class… doing "sexy exercise" on the pole at a dance studio. I tried to explain my amusement somewhat… without talking too much about how disgusting I think strippers are. "Stripper game"… is not my thing.

I am not impressed at her choice of exercise… but I think it's cute that she was using it to bait me. She thinks it's sexy… and she wanted me to see that too.

As the date wrapped up… it felt very good to me… and I had some signs it was time to take this girl home…

She mentioned that she had been approached on the street three times recently… in the last three weeks. I made a comment about ovulation, and said that if she is getting that kind of attention in the same day or so, it could be ovulation. But over three weeks… probably not. So then… toward the end of the date… she did this thing where she gave me "doggy dinner bowl eyes" and then "shivered," like she was cold, but more "enjoyable" than that. I asked if she was okay… she said, "it's all your touching… maybe I am ovulating."

That was a very big come-on. It was time to try to take this girl home.

We wrapped up dinner and I asked if she wanted to come back and "meet my cats?" She said "sure." Five minutes later we were back in my house.

I didn't even give her the tour… we sat in the kitchen briefly, I made her some tea, the cats spilled around us like charming ghosts… and I kissed her.

And right away she said…

> HER: We can't have sex tonight

We chatted about that comment… I can't remember what I said, but I wasn't overly logical nor was I over-eager

about the sex. I was calm.

We kissed some more… not the best kissing, not at all… but lots of potential in her general energy. I grabbed her by the wrist and took her to my room. Besides her little talk about "no sex," there was zero LMR (not at first) as I pushed her back onto the bed. She was ready for a serious makeout, if not more.

And as soon as I laid her down, she said something interesting…

> HER: Ouu… you're experienced

This ^ came out of her mouth like a sexy-slow "purr" from a perfectly stimulated cat. No girl has ever told me I was "experienced" as I was first beginning to sex her up.

She likes "the chase" in bed. She said, "no don't!" a couple of times… and at such random moments that the words were just props to the vibe as she delivered them. Yet it was easy to take her clothes off… I had I had her sit on top of me, and used that opportunity to lift her dress over her head. Perfect compliance from her for all that.

And as I got her dress off she said something about how she "wore the wrong underwear"… and that they were "maybe too sexy for me." That was meant to be almost sexually dominant (I think), but she was only half-confident with the line. It's true, she was wearing a hot little combination of bra and panties… but I am rarely if ever turned on by lingerie. I want skin. I laughed at her and flipped her onto her back… biting at her and working to raise our collective temperature.

But like her little comment about her underwear… so many times that night this girl would surprise me. She is "conservative" on the outside… but has more than that to offer. Her confidence isn't complete… but she does see herself as bold much of the time.

I took her bra off, was working my mouth down toward her boobs and she told me to bite her nipples. She has a sensitive body and she made wonderful noises for me. And much like when I fucked Miss Surprise in Tokyo… she had that "sex smell" coming off of her body… particularly around her nipples and the back of her neck. That smell is so hot for me. I was very turned on at this point.

I mention she likes being chased in bed… there were more strong signs of that. She did something I've seen before, but not quite to this degree: She wants to be "forced."

At the level of kissing, she would turn her head back and forth and make me pin her down and force my mouth over hers. This was not resistance… this was what she wants… this is what arouses her. I've seen that before, many times, but not as extreme as with this girl. This girl would really thrash around as I tried to find her mouth. She would kiss me back… and with passion… but only after I could successfully dominate her. That's what she wants. She did this over and over.

Even as she and I enacted her little "rape fantasy," I would have her arms pinned down… and she would make that very easy for me. Both of her hands were easy to hold down with just one of mine… All the resistance was a show. More "props" for the flavor of sexual mood she likes.

I like that stuff too, very much. I love how she made me "take her." It was sexy. She is sexy.

At then she almost randomly asked me about my "health report." She wanted to know if I had been tested recently (even if that wasn't exactly how she said it). I didn't answer directly, just brushed it aside.

The "no sex tonight" comment she made in my kitchen… and the questions about me being tested for STDs as we fooled around in my bed… all that is what Krauser would call hindbrain/forebrain conflict. She wanted to fuck me… but she is a "good girl" (at some level), and like most "good girls," she has plenty of reasons to say "no." She comes from a "delayed gratification culture"… she may not see me as a boyfriend… but she has some mild "K" like qualities…

I tempted her further… I rolled her up in a ball and nibbled at her from behind… biting the skin near the edges of her panties, and up between her thighs. She was squirming… she said she had to go.

And she said she knew she was "getting out of control." She looked desperate as she said it… as her hindbrain was starting to win the battle for her "virtue," and she was getting closer to getting fucked. Once more I heard her say… "I have to go."

There was some question in her eyes… she was looking for me to lead. And I suppose I could have fucked her… but I didn't push it. I even told her it might be a mistake on my part… but that I wasn't going to be over eager. I told her I was sure she could tell I was more than prepared to fuck her… and she agreed and flashed me big eyes full of attraction.

I kept at it… but in the end… she started moving faster… the LMR feeling got real… she was ready to leave. I made her go slow… I told her she could leave whenever she wanted… but she that I didn't want to see her run.

We stood up and she put her clothes back on. As we left the bedroom she calmed down and the date was peaceful and civilized again.

I told her to call herself a car and she did. She walked down the steps from my apartment to the street and she never glanced back (-1 point for her for that). She was gone. Confident and fast.

I liked her. I still like her.

No message from her that night.

The next day, before I could say anything to her, she send me this…

> "Hi – I had a great time… but do you mind doing me a favor and show me some sort of health proof so I don't keep thinking about it"
> — Girl from last night
>
> Response???
>
> She sent that this AM, after we had our 1st date last night. No sex, but had her in her panties in my bed.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) March 24, 2018

Hmmmmm. Strange request.

This is what I'm doing:

I made an appointment to get tested. I'm framing this in my mind that the STD check up is for me. I'm owning that. I am getting tested for me. If I never see her again, fine… but I will have had another check up and that is good for me to know my status and to keep "my house" in order.

But most certainly, yes, I want to fuck her.

I teased her in response saying, "How do I feel safe and reassured about you?" And she "lol'd" and said that she would get tested too. After that, this is what I said to her:

> NASH: We could have a date and get tested together… but that is too weird for me.
> NASH: Getting tested is smart… I'll do that on my own.
> NASH: And let's you and I have a "normal date" next week…
> NASH: Maybe Wednesday??
> HER: Maybe

With girls… is it always "maybe" until your cock is buried inside her.

I'm not sure that I actually need to get tested to fuck this girl… but I will anyways. Maybe all this is a mistake. A wild goose hunt…

I don't know.

……..

I'm excited about daygame right now. I can't wait to get out on the street today. I might have a date with another new girl tonight ("maybe"). I messaged a new lead from yesterday… we'll see if she responds.

Lots of opportunity out there, fellas. Girls…so interesting. I hope I have the chance to fuck this one. And if not her… if the Daygame Gods be generous… than some other tasty little thing.

We'll see.

Viva daygame.

TYO: Sex with the Virgin, +1 Tokyo

Nash · 9 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

It's been a month since I've been back from my trip to Japan and I haven't finished telling those stories yet. And this story… is my personal favorite. It's a Part II to the Making Out with Japanese Mormon Virgin story. And it's about sex. But it's also about my favorite girl from the trip. And that's saying a lot… as there were a lot of girls on that trip.

> "You never know what will happen when you initiate an arc with a given girl. You never know what a girl is like… and even if you have an idea of what a girl might be like… I don't always know what it would be like to share time with her? Or to share a kiss. Or to share a bed. I am so curious."

That ^ is a line from my first post about this girl. I called her Miss Naïve at the time.

> "Let say, she was one of the most naïve girls you've ever met. And let's assume you have met hundreds (or in my case, thousands) of girls. And with all that experience, a particular girl seemed to be in the 'top ten' most naïve girls of your life. And in particular, naïve with a combination of childish innocence and compliance."

At the time I wrote that story, I was hopeful about her and myself, but I didn't know then that I would have two more dates with her. Or that they would be some of my favorite dates of my life.

> "I didn't take her home. I know I could have. And I probably could have fucked my first virgin tonight. Maybe. I don't know."

This ^ is also from the end of that second date, and I was still drunk on the flavor of her mouth. And was lost in my own wonderings as to whether I should have tried to fuck her that night. She was very compliant… but also sort of childishly "simple." I wasn't sure how I felt about all that.

> HER: I'm lucky to you like a introvert girl.
> HER: Thank you!

She sent me this ^ after that date.

I know I couldn't stop thinking about her. If you saw this girl you be surprised I would make such a big deal about her. She is no stunner, but I couldn't wait to see her again.

So I set up another date. And as I was pinging her about times, she responded with this:

> HER: How about Tuesday?
> HER: If you are busy Tuesday, I will change my Monday's schedule.
> HER: Let's eat dinner Tuesday or Monday!
> NASH: I am busy Tuesday…
> NASH: MONDAY
> NASH: Me and you and dinner.
> NASH: I will take you someplace fun.
> HER: I changed my schedule
> HER: I can see you Monday!
> HER: Thank you so much always

All this is raging "Yes" girl stuff.

As I look back at some of the texts she and I sent… I know this is not "cool guy game." In general, I'm not into that kind of seduction at all, but even so… I realize the way I treated this girl would have probably been anti-game with some other girl. It would have been too much "pull," not enough "push." But the straightforward appreciation we had for each other was a big part of what I liked about her.

In any case, she had agreed and our third date was on.

……

The night of our third date, I was tempted to take her to my favorite neighborhood restaurant in Tokyo… but I knew it was too fancy for her. She is such a simple thing.

I took her instead to one of my other favorite places… the place I took the Korean Princess way back in 2014… and have taken at least a dozen more girls since then. It's a "funky" American style place. It's cool… but not particularly intimate. But for this girl's personality, it was a better choice.

We met at the Starbucks at the Scramble by Shibuya station (where I have met probably 30+ girls in Japan). And she was dressed kind of weird. Again.

She wore a coat and that little backpack with girly designs on it. A big, formless "sack" of a dress that would hide the features of much bigger girl, let alone her relatively tiny body. Bare legs, which you could hardly see as her conservative dress came well past her knees. A pair of trainers, like always. And her awkward haircut to round out the look.

……

I'm not trying to "sell" the girl here (obviously). I bet most men reading this would never look twice at her, and I get why. She was not what I would call "hot"… and still… I am fucking aching just thinking about her right now.

I sent a picture of her to two of my wings when I got home (Sundance and Runner). And in both cases, I prefaced the pic with a "confession" that she was my favorite girl of the trip… and she IS (most definitely) my favorite… by a wide margin. And I know it is a "confession" to be this into such a homely girl… but I am. She was phenomenal… weird clothes and all.

And it is a beautiful thing about game for me to test-drive and eventually love a girl like this one. Stopping her was part of me "drag netting" the sidewalk. Following up the lead was routine, almost mechanical. The first date was odd for me and seemed lame at the time.

But then I kissed her toward the end of that first date… and the world stopped spinning for a moment. And then the second date… and I was fucking hooked (even after thinking she might be a bit dumb).

There is a "honey-like" quality to her. This slow, sticky deliciousness.

So we change her name to Miss Honey. That's better.

I can't even put words to how I feel thinking about her… but let's go on with the story.

……

Our third date was a Tuesday night, and as we walked from Starbucks to dinner I asked about her weekend and she told me she had had a birthday… she was now 24 years old. She spent it with her parents. They came in from out of town to see her. I asked about the food and she said her mom cooked for her. I asked about desert and she said there was cake… a friend of her had joined them, and brought the cake.

On our previous date I had asked about her friends and she seemed like she didn't have many. She wasn't sad about it, it was just a fact. In this case, I asked "which friend?" I was wanting to know more about her life. The cake-friend was an older lady from her church. Her 36 year old church lady friend. This girl is a Mormon… and her church friend brought the cake.

All of this detail is more proof for me about how absolutely different she and I are… these details added strangeness to the affair.

In retrospect… those details were a kind of "set-up." It was building up to the "punchline" of what it would be like to get truly intimate with her. It was all part of the "push" of her… before the intensity of her "pull" as we eventually came skin to skin.

It's all a rich dream for me.

……

That dinner was the third time we'd eaten together, so I knew what to expect. It was great… but excruciatingly slow. I am maybe the slowest eater I know. I love to talk and take my time and draw a meal out. But she eats at about 1/2 the pace I do. I was trying to time my eating to hers… watching her finish a bite before I would take my next one… so we were "together"… and so she didn't feel rushed.

She never looked rushed, though…

She is so slow. So deeply, deeply slow… like honey… dripping off a spoon.

> "I like this girl. And I like what is going on between she and I. But she seems dead-simple. I'm not sure if she is very overwhelmed, or not that bright, or both."

That ^ was how I described her after she and I had pizza on date #2. And part of why I felt unsure about fucking her that night was this feeling like she was not that bright. I felt bad. I felt bad for even thinking she was a "dumb" girl. And I felt bad… because it was like I was taking advantage of a girl that didn't have the brain-power to defend herself.

But I was wrong about all that.

She's not dumb… not at all. Over time I would notice she does everything in a perfectly "alert" way… but at 1/2 speed.

I came to understand her better as I would text with her across those many dates: her texts lack nothing. They may be extra sweet, but they are plenty "quick," and they have all the nuance that I would expect from a girl I might date.

She is "different" and "strange," but not dumb. Not at all.

It's just that, in person… she doesn't "multitask." She is 100% into whatever she is doing. She is "present" (as the meditators say), in an almost savant-like way. Alert, but slow. Calm. Unbelievably calm. She eats so slow, in part, as during those meals she would give me 100% of her attention… staring at me while she ate… her soft, little fingers barely extended beyond the sleeves of her dress.

Goddamn it… once you "get" her… that quality is beyond charming.

I can't be "typical me" and be with her. I have to slow to her level. It takes time. Beginning on date #3, I would intentionally try to "get on her wavelength," and then… the experience was like the sweetest of opiates. A slow, tranquil, honey-high. Magical.

……

> "At least now she knows, explicitly, beyond any cloud of Disney infantilization what will happen if she comes back to my house. She has been warned."

One of the thoughts ^ running through my head after our second date.

And as we left dinner on the third date, I asked her to come home with me.

She stopped and stared as I said it. A long, slow, but intense stare. Almost like I'd insulted her and she was indignant… but a little more playful than that. How much of it was real and how much was show, I don't know. But by then I had caught her rhythm, so I waited her out for a long series of silent beats… there on the sidewalk… like a staring contest with a cat.

Finally I acknowledge the standoff and admitted to her that yes, "I am dangerous," but she should come back to my place for a little while, see how she feels. She gave me a bit of real-to-mock outrage, and then seemed to submit as I grabbed her soft hand and dragged her into the Lawson convenience store for another of my favorite candy bars. We nibbled on chocolate as we walked the backstreets to my apartment.

I could barely wait to taste her mouth again.

……

I don't know if it was the third or the fourth date, but I know one of those dates, I asked her a question as we sat on the little two-seater couch in my apartment. By then I had learned that she gives a very subtle facial cue when she intends to give me an answer to a question. This is important to knowing how to read her, because when I ask her a question, sometimes she goes a bit blank-faced and looks up into her head… and then… we wait… and we wait some more… for a really long time… waiting… mired in honey… frozen time… that is her pace.

I've never seen anything like it.

I remember on the first and second dates I thought she was "translating." There is a common "lag" when a person is looking for the correct word in their head when they are trying to respond in something other than their native tongue. At first, I thought that was what was going on with her. But now I know it's something more than that… the slowness is just her way.

In this case, I asked some question (it doesn't matter what it was)… and I saw that flicker across her face which I now know is her intention to respond, and this time… I committed to waiting. And… I bet we sat in silence for almost two full minutes before she responded.

And she was dead calm the whole time. So was I.

I was like a student waiting for wisdom from a sage. It was as if we were both listening for the sound of strange animal off in the distance. And I was beginning to get used to this nearly "alien" girl, so I embraced the personal customs of her speech… and I waited out the two minutes to get a one or two word answer.

It doesn't even matter what she said… to submit to her pace was it's own reward.

And I loved it.

There is nothing on earth like this girl.

……

So I went back to making out with her. And I moved her to the bed. And I started to undress her.

And I had the usual-unusual feeling of "oh… wow… I am about to fuck this girl"… but it was a little more complicated than that… as I assumed she was a virgin. And I have been working up to fucking my first virgin (from daygame) for a long time. All signals were "go." And I assumed her flower was mine for the taking.

So I took off her vest and then the strange, conservative dress she wore (which had been a birthday present). That dress starts at her neck and goes down past her knees. There are maybe "100 buttons" that help to seal the fabric around her young body…. I undid each of them… one at a time. Her big, doe eyes stared at me as I underdressed her.

She wore a black tank top under her dress. As I reached that layer of her outfit, she looked "normal" for the first

time… and also increasingly lovely… her smooth, white skin… and her delicious little body in view for the first time. And I took off her little, warm shorts she wore under the dress. And then her bra. And I kissed her. And sampled her smooth, young skin with my mouth. Including her tiny nipples.

As I went to take off her panties she squirmed and gave me the first real resistance. She was nervous for all the previous undressing and making out, but here she was more serious. But again, so feminine and compliant… the panties came off and…

She was on her period. She never said it, but there was the tell-tale sign of a tampon. A "girls day," as they say in Japan.

The tampon surprised me. I assumed "virgin" meant "unbroken," but she had certainly been penetrated. The technicalities of it all were beginning to unfold.

From there I know we kept making out. And I pulled her naked body on top of me. And I unbuttoned my pants and put her hand on my cock. And then, I told her I wanted her mouth on me. And again she complied and… the blowjob was fantastic.

And once again I felt "naïve" myself, thinking this girl could be a "virgin."

And now… a virgin, on her period. I had been brimming with pre-sex anticipation since the last time I'd had her out… I had dreamt about what it would be like to have the chance to take her… and now, me, insanely turned on… I decided to try to fuck her anyway.

I got a condom and told her to go to the bathroom and take the tampon out. She said no. She didn't really say no… she just shook her head and looked a bit anxious and resisted. I thought that might be "the wall," and that I might have overshot the moment, but we continued to heat up. Any plan I might have had earlier was out the window… but we kept "fooling around."

I flipped her over and rubbed my cock against her ass and she was oddly comfortable about it. It was dark. I barely knew her. We don't speak the same language. She is incredibly unusual. And with all that said, I could tell she was something like "comfortable" with me getting after her ass. She was face down… I couldn't even see her face… but it felt "right."

So… I fucked her ass.

+1.

I remember leaning back so I could actually see my cock in her ass. I needed clear, visual confirmation, as the whole thing was a bizarre fantasy. Even now, it's like a very strange independent movie… the whole story. I wanted to "see" so I could be sure it was real. And it was. I was fucking a Japanese Mormon Virgin in the ass.

I pulled out after a while. I put her on her back, and fucked her some more, so I could see her face while I was buried inside her. And then I pulled out one last time and came all over her young, smooth, little body.

It was an unbelievable sexual experience.

I had my first virgin in 20 years. And I had her ass. All while she was on her period and protecting her "virginity." It was remarkable.

……

We lay there for a while and there was nothing weird about it. She was sweet, and intimate, and emotionally available.

As I stood her up, and I walked her to the shower to rinse off, she staggered and clung to me. She gave me big, shocked eyes, that again had a hint of playfulness in them. More mock-outrage. How dare I?!

In the shower she just stared at me and barely moved. I took the removable shower head off the wall and moved it

over her and let the warm water run across her body as she looked up at me. I soaped her up, washing my come off of her. And then rinsed her off. More shameless compliance. More radical acceptance of my lead. I toweled her dry.

We put her clothes back on… that odd, old fashioned dress with 100 buttons. I offered to let her spend the night but she wanted to go home, so I walked her to the train.

> HER: Thank you for today
> HER: I arrived at my house
> NASH: Okay, Pretty Girl
> NASH: Get some sleep
> NASH: I had a wonderful time with you
> HER: I really sleep and tired because I did something I was not used to…

This ^ arrived as I sat on my couch and drank beers in the post-sex zombie trance of a satisfied daygamer.

“Not used to…”

I feel like it’s a safe bet that I am not the first guy to put a cock in her ass (she took it all way to easily… physically… but even more so at the emotional level). But that comment added pride to my general feeling of overwhelm.

What a strange night. What a great night.

……

> NASH: Hello Pretty Thing
> NASH: I am smiling and happy… still thinking of last night
> NASH: Can you see me on Thursday night?

I sent this ^ the next day. More of me being “uncoolly” into her.

> HER: Thank you for dinner, a chocolate and more…
> HER: I can see you Thursday night.

She is a little slow to respond via text… often waits until the end of the day, close to her bedtime, and then… she and I would go back and forth for a few messages. With some girls, I would wonder if she was off the hook… but with this girl, it was more of the strange customs of her personal world.

> NASH: Hello Delicious Girl
> NASH: I made a reservation for us for dinner tomorrow
> HER: Good evening!
> HER: But I am not pretty and delicious…
> HER: Especially not delicious :)
> HER: Thank you for reservation.
> HER: I’m looking forward to seeing you again.

She almost always refuses my compliments. You can see that never stopped me from issuing the next batch of praise, even as I knew she would brush it off each time. In person, I would grab her wrists and dominate her in those moments, and she would surrender and get flushed and turned on… and take my forceful kissing with no protest. But via text, she always bats back the compliments.

I would not say that she has “high self-esteem.” Certainly not. But I don’t think she has low self-esteem either. She one of kind. An incredibly odd, but healthy little girl. She is of her own breed. I have never met one like her.

……

For the fourth date, I decided to take her to the fancier place after all. I was even more certain it wasn’t her style (she was very much at home in the simple pizza place on date #2)… but I wanted this spot, as I knew it was endlessly comfortable.

I knew they would give me “my seat,” as I had already had so many dates there and the staff knows what I want. And as she is so slow-beyond-slow… the lush space of that restaurant would give us a place to melt together and enjoy the night.

We met at the train station, same spot as pizza night. And she wore her usual odd combination of clothes… but in this instance, she had added a plain, dark beanie on her head. And big, complicated headphones. The beanie and headphones made her look even more like an artist (which is why I originally stopped her)… but she is not.

Here are some notes from that date I typed into my phone the next day:

> “Miss Honey, again… insanely slow, languid dinner. I love how slow she is. Very in the moment. Still lots of giggling and seeming insecurity. She served me food, and showed some strength in insisting that she do that.”

It’s true. She is childishly wonderful, and soft, and easy, and compliant. But she would insist on serving me food.

It’s a Japanese thing… not every girl, but many of the girls I would date insist on serving me, putting the food on the small plates that are common in Japanese restaurants. She would do this… and would give me a stern, disapproving look each time I would try to serve myself. It was the “strongest” side of her I ever saw… and she did it each time we were in a proper restaurant.

So charming.

> “Then my place… insane sexual vibe.”

I had her back at my place again, and quickly out of her clothes. It was only three days since our last date, but her period was gone. I ate her pussy, which was sopping wet.

And since her period was over, and I had already fucked her ass, I assumed it was time to fuck her pussy as well. But I was wrong.

I put on a condom and she looked a bit more anxious than otherwise. And her movements increased in speed, they were almost “jerky.” And as I would try to get my cock inside her, she would rapidly shake her head back and forth in the “no” gesture. I tried a couple more times and then gave up… flipping her over, once again… and burying my cock in her ass for the second time. And then, again, coming all over her.

Another shower. And this time she slept over. We put on a movie and fell asleep with her as “little spoon” and me as “big spoon,” wrapped around her tender, little body.

I was in Honey Heaven.

……

In the middle of the night we woke up and we were ravenously hot for each other.

Actually… being with her… sleeping with her… was one of those experiences where you never really sleep. You doze, but the vibe is too smoldering to actually rest. More touch than slumber. But in the middle of the night we properly woke up and went after each other… hands everywhere, mouths open and wet, warm bodies pressed against each other.

Once again, I thought I would fuck her. I put on yet another condom. And she shook her head. Again. Again… no.

I tried. Several times. Not forcefully… but over and over. And she was so hot… so turned on… and so was I… it was unbearable.

And I felt then… I still feel now… that if I had "thrust" in just the right way, at just the right time, I would have slipped inside her and properly taken her virginity. Some small part of me thinks I was meant to do just that.

And some other part of me knows that is not true. In fact, she worked herself into a frenzy in that middle-of-the-night session, shaking her head "no" almost violently. And her intensity was so serious, I gave up the sexual vibe, and pulled her onto my chest and talked to her.

She was shy and odd and removed after the abandoned sex attempt. And she was in my arms, but almost trying to burrow her head into my chest. She was hiding. She was "closed off."

I made her look at me. I talked with her about having a closed vs open heart. I breathed with her. And she barely speaks English, but she got it. And she slowly relaxed. More long, strong eye contact. Her body relaxed. And she smiled. And she opened up again. And there was a glow in her eyes.

Amazing.

I believe she IS a "virgin" after all. She is a "technical" virgin, meaning she has never had a cock inside her pussy. As I said, I think it's more than likely I was not the first guy to fuck her in the ass… that's why she was so comfortable as I made that move the first time. But her "virginity" is important to her, likely for religious reasons. Very important, it seems.

Someday… she will marry some nice Mormon boy, and she will look him the eyes, and tell him he is the first guy to "fuck her." And in a ridiculous way, it will be true.

Good for her.

……

The next morning I fed her strawberries in bed. And we laid around playing with each other in a sexual way. Kissing. Touching each other. I would mount her chest and put my cock in her mouth and fuck her pretty face as she looked up with those huge eyes. I didn't come that morning… as I had a date with Miss Athlete for that night and I wanted to have some bullets left in my gun.

But I will never forget that morning. Perhaps most especially a moment right before we finally got out of bed… as I lay on my back… with her in the crook of my arm… kissing me… and she stroked my cock as I edged near orgasm. We held that state… that peak of sensation… for what seemed like forever. I wouldn't come. And I wouldn't let myself get soft. And she eagerly played me like an instrument in that state… sucking on my mouth and ensuring I could never forget her or that morning in my bed.

I didn't want that moment to end. And I will never forget it.

……

We showered and we put on her clothes.

I remember as we left the house I invited her to spend my last real night in the city with me (which would be two nights later). I could see in her eyes the answer was "no," but that's not what she said. She said "maybe." She is almost too sweet to say no to me.

I walked her to the train. I kissed her and sent her off. I was in a daze. I am drunk even now, just remembering her particular brand of magic.

> "Best date of the trip."

From ^ the notes I wrote that day.

> "And I am left with a kind of profound 'respect' for how different she is… for what she is like… for where she is at in her life… versus my life. And I smile to think of how turned on I got tonight as I pushed her up against the walls of various buildings… to squeeze her little-soft wrists… and to suck on her mouth. Unbelievable hot."

That ^ too, was from after the second date, before I'd ever been inside this particular little girl. But even after having fucked her ass twice, I had that same strange reverence for her and the experience. Something like respect. And deep appreciation.

It is easy to love that one.

……

It was not the best sex of my life… that honor is reserved for Miss Thick. It wasn't even in the top three girls, sexually. But my last night with her is near the very top of the list of nights I've ever had with a girl.

She is certainly the strangest girl I've spend this kind of time with… and she left a mark on me. She had power in a way I can't describe. She is no way "dangerous," like some of the girls I have called "Siren." But she could summon an effect on me that is like no other.

What an unbelievable experience.

> "I love her. She is my honey dream."

Yes. She is. She is an amazing girl. All this… from stopping some "goofy," odd girl on the street one night. What an amazing surprise she was… one of my favorite girls of all time.

Viva daygame.

A Close Call with a Married Woman

Nash · 21 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

She just left my place. I am covered in her perfume. And I am definitely a little sexually frustrated… but I am smiling. It was a good time.

I will post soon about doing 30+ days of daygame in a row. Today… was day 33. She was one of the last girls of the day.

It was a glorious day on the street. It's a Saturday here in my city, and that means it was a complete circus of daygamers on the prowl once again. I meet up with Vicar and YoungGuns. The three of us ran into a new guy ("Philly") that has become a good wing after spotting Sundance and I a few weeks back. And we ran into another guy I've known for almost a year now, and he had an old wing with him as well. All solid guys. We collected a couple of lower-tier randoms that wanted to join the wolf pack. And each time we'd run into each other, we'd make a conscious effort to split back into smaller hunting packs.

Too many dudes… typical Saturday. It was a scene.

But the weather was very nice, lots of girls out, and we all got to work. I think I talked to 10+ girls. Several lovely, charming ones… including the one that is at the center of this story.

She is a "conservative" looking, high-end Chinese girl… my favorite type (for now). She was wearing flats, a flowy skirt that came down almost to her ankles, a silky shirt that ran from her neck to open sleeves at her wrists. There was some kind of jewelry on her neck that I have seen many girls wear… I can't name the designer, but I bet many upper class girls would know it immediately. I bet I have dated 10 girls that have worn that same design on dates with me.

I approached her, got the compliment out, and planted my feet. She smiled, but never really stopped moving, so she slipped past me. This is commonly how it goes for my style of approach.

I don't properly front stop, not exactly (I rarely do full front stops). As I approach from the side, girls commonly slide past me… and then they have to make a choice. Stay or go? I like it that it way. All this is very normal for me when I approach. A big gap between us in those short seconds as she is considering her options… and then… if it's on… the space between us slowly closes.

That is a classic moment for me on the street. Many times, I smile, inwardly, as I watch her make the careful, tentative choice to stay in set with me. Watching her and I square up. Watching her relax and shift from caution to curiosity to attraction. Watching her accept me as I move in closer and stare into her eyes.

I see this every day I talk to girls. Even when I'm not getting laid, it's a beautiful part of this lifestyle.

But that didn't really happen with this stop.

She got past me, and it was peak Saturday afternoon traffic and she was a little too far away… maybe six feet. I can work with that, but there was an exceptionally thick crowd around us… they were all watching the pickup, trying to part around us like water around a boulder in a stream. This was too much for her. She smiled. She dropped her eyes. She turned and walked into Uniqlo.

She was gone. But… I wanted to try again.

I don't always do this (in fact I rarely do), but I went back after her. I don't know what you call this… but I call it a Double Stop.

Open a girl. And if she likes you but the circumstances kept the first stop from sticking… immediately approach again. This is something Yad taught me when I took my lesson with him. I rarely do it, but there is a lot of utility in that technique.

The point is not to re-approach a girl that isn't into you. This isn't "pushing against resistance," as Yohami would say. This isn't a technique to try on "no" girls. But for "strong maybes" that drift away… or even girls that are very curious, but manage to slide by… sometimes it's worth double stopping her. It was this time.

In this case, as I reopen her in Uniqlo, she took it well. Off the street, we had a slower pace. We chatted. She is in my city on vacation, by herself for now, and meeting a friend in a couple of days in another city. She works with "Luxury Brands" – which means she sells the kinds of clothes she was wearing when I picked her up.

We'll call her Miss Luxury.

I did not have a plan for tonight. I made sure my house was presentable (as usual) as I set out to run game today, hoping for a insta-pull from the day's hunt. And that is something I hope for all the time… even though I have never been able to make happen in the US.

As it was… I asked what she was doing "tonight?" She said nothing… which is a type of "yes" to a man like me. I asked if she'd like to join me for dinner. As I said it, I shut up and stared at her. She beamed back with interest. It felt pretty on.

I took her WeChat. I told her I would message her and then she could take her time and decide. I smiled and left. Spicy set.

As the guys and I finished up the day… I started messaging back and forth with her. And the strong signals from her distracted me enough that I didn't approach much after that, and I wasn't a terribly attentive wing.

> NASH: Hey lady
> NASH: Very nice to meet you
> NASH: You're a little bit charming

This ^ is a typical opening ping for me.

> HER: Hey Nash
> HER: I am flattered
> NASH: If you're free tonight, come have dinner with me.
> HER: Haha okay I'm free
> HER: FYI I am married. If you want to make friend, we should share the bill. :)

Ahhh.

I didn't notice a ring when we talked. And she didn't mention her husband when we were in set together. Only later, as I moved to make something of our meeting did I hear about her relationship.

My friend and wing Pancake is surprised when I tell him stories like this one… about girls that don't mention BFs or husbands until much later (sometimes on the date). But this happens to me a lot. I am often very deep into the set before she says she's is involved. Happened four times today, actually.

EX: A different girl from today… long chat, it was clearly "man-to-woman." I went to number close her, and took her WeChat. Like many Chinese girls, she has an "American name." I was asking her about how/why she chose that name and she said… "my boyfriend gave it to me." Oh. Five minutes into the set. And only then because I asked a question that sort of trapped her into mentioning him. Hmmm.

Anyway… back to this girl.

> NASH: Okay
> NASH: I am not worried about the bill
> NASH: I am a tiny bit dangerous for a married woman…

> NASH: :]
> NASH: But yeah, I'd like to see you again

It's true, I don't care about the bill… but I am not interested at all in agreeing to a frame where this is about "friends." Fuck that.

But the truth is… she is a charming high-end girl and I had a free night. That is exactly the kind of girl I want in my life, even short-term, for an evening. Life… is a series of evenings. On this particular night, I would have dated her even if I was sure nothing would happen… but in this case, I wasn't sure at all that "nothing would happen"… and there is only one way to find out.

I mentioned "dangerous" to keep away from the "friends" frame. Saying "I'm a tiny bit" takes most of the "threat" off the word, so it's all symbolism, no adrenaline. But even then it does help reestablish the frame. And it's also a sexual spike (a "soft" spike). I add the smileys for more comfort.

> HER: Are you

Can you imaging the smile on her face as she plays with me here?

She likes the frame I set. She has told me she is married and I have come back with even more intent. She has done her part of making sure I know she's married (so now, of course, nothing that happens is "her fault"). And I did my part of letting her know I don't care. And I raised the stakes with that light sexual threat. And she bats at me, playing along.

Looks good. Fun girl.

> NASH: Maybe a little bit :]
> NASH: I can get us a table at a delicious place for 8:30
> NASH: Does that work for you, Charming Girl?

She didn't say yes right away.

Instead… she quizzed me here, briefly, about what I do for work. That was her looking to make me a little more "real." Look at the timing: She was already in, but asking me about what I do at this point in the conversation was a chance to watch me dance. The answers matter… but more so… she gave herself a chance to watch me for a few more moments where she could decide if she wanted to take any risks with me… and I passed.

She agreed to the plan. We were on for 8:30.

I left the guys, went home, cleaned up a bit more, changed clothes, and walked out the door toward the restaurant.

I got there a minute before she did, confirmed they had my reservation, and that they would sit us side by side… "no problem," they said. When I walked outside again, she was there. Tiny, cute, dressed in black.

Over dinner she surprised me many times. That is one of the greatest parts of being a player in this game… all the surprises.

To begin with, I had called her "conservative." I told her that when we talked in Uniqlo. I have been telling girls on the street lately that I noticed them, that they look a little conservative, and that that is very attractive to a man like me (that last bit of the phrasing is lifted from Krauser).

Since we know she is a married woman, and she came out on a date with an American man that calls himself "dangerous"… I guess we could already assume she isn't as tightly-bound and conservative as I might have initially thought.

All of us have an exterior… and then somewhere beneath that, there is the truth of who we are. Wise men can read

that truth through all the layers of pretense and subterfuge. Men like Yohami can see this much quicker than me, and even I am quicker than most. But more of her truth came out on the date.

There is a very edgy server at this restaurant, and I always point her out to my dates. Tonight, the server was wearing fishnets and little denim shorts. And through the fishnets, you could see one of many tattoos on her thighs. And Miss Luxury mentioned the tats right away. And I asked if she had any. Actually, what I said was, "you have several." Stating it that way is good way to turn a question into an assumptive statement. I didn't think this girl had any tattoos… I expected her to say she had none, but I was wrong. She has several.

She rolled up her sleeve to show me a big, relatively fresh one on the inside of her elbow. A flower design… very nice work, actually. I'm really not that into girls having tattoos (I like them less and less each year), but this one suited her well. More than that… her soft, creamy skin up her arm was more interesting to me than the ink. Beautiful skin. The temperature between us was heating up.

By the way… she wasn't wearing any kind of a wedding ring on the date either. Beautiful little hands. A recent manicure. But no ring. I wonder if she has made some kind of conscious decision to be "a little bit single" for this trip to America?

I could feel some "edge" from her right away. I pointed out that she was surprising me and she said "everyone has nine personalities." I'd never heard that, and she confessed she'd made it up. I told her I loved that she was tiny, and feminine, and sweet, and conservative… but that I could see her other personalities too. That I could tell she had a mean side. Good push/pull. All of this was flirty. We were enjoying each other.

> The "no dinner" thing is good advice when 1.) A guy is full blue pill, and dinner signals provider game, and/or 2.) When you're dating a lot and budget is a consideration.
>
> If you're a proper seducer, and you're not worried about your wallet… dinner can work fine. We all eat.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) April 20, 2018

Here ^ I was quipping with Troy Francis this week about dinner dates. He was advising against them. There is wisdom to that. But I love dinner dates, and this was a perfect example.

We were side by side. And it was very easy to touch her, all through dinner. I had my hands on her constantly. Grabbing her little, tiny wrists (she is maybe 90 lbs?). Turning my head past her to whisper in her ear. Resting my hands on her thighs… and she was resting her hands on my legs as well. Not bad for a dinner date.

The whole thing felt pretty on. After dinner, I said:

> NASH: Hey, why don't you come back to my place and I'll make you a cup of tea?
> NASH: I know you're not that into cats…
> NASH: But if you're not too mean… if you promise to be nice to my cats…
> NASH: You can come over and drink some tea.

This was maybe the most "indirect/direct" phrasing I have ever used to get a girl home. I think she was into me, she was already sold, but I like the wording.

The words… aren't sexually explicit at all. But I was giving her a look like I was making fun of her the whole time. The words said "tea" and "don't be mean to my cats." But my look said "I'm making fun of you." And the moment said, "this is about sex." Of course it was. And because I was talking about tea and cats and teasing her… it was good Secret Society stuff. I am not trying to trick her, she knows what is up. All those extra parts were part of the show so she can see my razzle-dazzle in a classic moment when a man is trying to take a woman home.

Yes, she knows this is about sex. I touched her all through dinner. And while I like being super direct (I think it

works well, much of the time)… this time, I was enjoying putting several layers of "art" around the sex offer… and each of the layers made the offer that much more obvious. It sounds complicated and ridiculous, and it is. But I've been in this situation now so many times, I'm getting better at the dance of it all.

She gave me a knowing smile and agreed to come with me. I called a car and we sat at our table as the restaurant closed around us.

A car ride to my house… less than 10 minutes from the restaurant (good logistics). Cats met us at the door. They liked her, flipped on their backs and showed her their furry bellies. Excellent Cat Game on their part… their ability to charm Asian girls is one of many reasons to love these beasts.

Upstairs. A little tour… and at one of the windows in a room of my house near the street… I stepped in… and kissed her. It was slow. A light kiss. But dominant, as I held her tiny face between my palms. After the first kiss, I hovered over her lips. She was compliant, and stayed with me in that frozen moment. And then I kissed her again.

I broke it off, led her through the house as if nothing had happened. I was thinking it was a pretty solid chance that I would fuck her…

I was wrong. Again.

Back in the kitchen, I saw her shake off the spell. She collected her purse, said she had to go. She was making moves like she would leave, but she wasn't completely serious…

It is an interesting practice where you see a girl in this moment… just inches from sex… she is pretending to leave… and you want to lead… but you don't want to seem over eager, overly horny… you don't want to crush the sparrow. I rode that line very well tonight.

How many of us are crystal clear what we want in a situation like this? Tough, solid, alpha men… maybe they are clear quite often. But little girls?? Come on. If she's not a clear "no," then she is probably not clear at all… and a man of skill has some room to maneuver.

More making out.

I was focused on Yohami's instruction to use her level of arousal to make her want the sex so bad, there is no resistance. I worked at it. I kissed her several more times… and the kissing got better. I'd turn her head and bite her neck and suck on her ears. I wrapped an arm around her tiny waist, picked her up, set her on the tabletop. I push her thighs apart and stared into her eyes. I stepped in between her legs to kiss her once more. Hand on her little throat.

She was fucking turned on. I told her so. I was getting there myself… I wanted her.

But she stood up. And she "packed up her purse" again and again…. except there was nothing to pack up. It's a purse. Everything was already in it. But she kept doing that. Fumbling with her purse and spending nervous energy that might have otherwise gone into sex. She opened and closed the flap… She is mature, but there was something young about those movements. There were moments where she was serious, and her want to go seemed real. Then moments when she would let my advances take over, she'd relax and let me molest her.

I slipped my hands down her cleavage and put my fingertips to a nipple and pinched it. She was starting to purr. Her smell changed, and hints of that "sexual pheromone" I love so much were beginning to compete with her perfume. Both of which were intoxicating.

But she stood up again… and worked her way down the hall toward the stairs that would lead her to freedom.

I stopped her, turned her around so her back was to my chest. I reached around and turned her mouth so I could kiss her. And I talked in her ear, telling her to imagine all the places I wanted my mouth to go, and I slid my hand down to her pussy, rubbing her over her skirt. She purred some more.

I took her by the wrist and pulled her toward my room and she went with it… I thought it was going to happen. But

as soon as I got her around the doorway, she saw where she was headed and she woke up again and found the energy to break free and to turn away.

She was serious. It was over… but it was still hot, and juicy, and we were both into it.

I never really hit any "walls" in this seduction. She didn't comply and I didn't fuck her, but the escalation was smooth and sexy and fun for both of us. It was a good time.

I walked her down the stairs… pinning her to the wall every few steps. More tastes of her little mouth. My hand on her ass. She called a car. It probably took us 15 minutes to make it down my staircase.

On the street I reminded her that she would be here for a couple more nights. I actually have a date with a different conservative Chinese girl tomorrow, but I am free Monday night. I told her, "don't make any plans for Monday night…. I want to see you again."

She agreed… but with women, there is no such thing as "yes"…

Excuse me while I quote myself:

> "In the land of girls, there is only 'maybe.'"
> — Nash

As I get deeper into game, I'm convinced that should be the primary rule of women. They are creatures of "maybe." So I have a "maybe" for Monday night with a sexy, little, Chinese married woman.

We'll see.

This is the second date this week with a married girl. On Monday I had an idate with a 22 year old that is married (also Chinese). And then last week, I had a date with a girl with a boyfriend (uhhh…. also Chinese). It's been a while since I've found "involved" girls that want to play. I have some stories about girls like this from Japan I'll tell soon, but here in the US… it's been over a year since I've found girls like this… and now… so many in a row.

All of which is great experience for a man of my tastes. Good husbands, faithless wives and dangerous players are part of the ecosystem of the sexual marketplace. This is real.

Sundance says if she's married and travelling… he is willing to play through. But if she's married and local, he's not interested… it's a waste of time. That's a pretty good standard. I like it.

For my part, I am happy to play with girls that are involved. I want to see life through their eyes, to poke into that realness. I am also happy when they reject me and try to stay "loyal-ish" to their men. For the last year, that is mostly what I've seen, even though I have tried my best to tempt them into sexual misconduct. For the most part, I have seen girls that — at least with me — tried to stay true.

This one let herself stray into making out with me, and getting pawed a bit. If the Daygame Gods are generous, perhaps I will split her thighs later this week. If my date finishes early tomorrow, I may try to surprise her and get her out again before Monday. She's hot. Sexy vibe for her and I. I want to get her little body naked.

We'll see.

Ahhh, I can still taste the perfume from her neck on my lips.

Close call. Hot date.

Viva daygame.

Sex with a Married Woman | Miss Luxury, +1 Daygame

Nash · 23 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

35 days. I didn't think it would take this long. And when I started my daygame streak, I didn't even intend to have a streak. It was three days. Then five. Then a week, straight – which was a record at the time. Then I was saying, "I'm going to game every day until I get laid." And a few weeks went by. Dated several girls. A few in my apartment. One in my bed. More days of game on the street. 20 days. Then 30. I met her on day 33. I had her back to my house that night. And again last night. And tonight, on our third date… I fucked her.

35 days.

I was out this afternoon with Sundance (welcome back, man) and the mighty YoungGuns. Sundance had been sick for a week, so it'd been a while since my gang was in full force. And we were chatting. And I talked about last night, which was my second night with this girl — which was hot, and juicy, and rich, and wonderous. And I said it was all because I "double stopped" this girl two days ago.

I don't double stop often, less than 20 times in almost 5000 approaches. When I did the first half of that stop, and I watched the crowd part around her and me, it was unusually vivid, and it was instantly a solid reference experience for me (who knows why, but I can see it all perfectly, even now). Then the double stop itself was another reference experience. The smoothness of our initial chat in Uniqlo was yet another reference experience. The cooperation between she and I as we negotiated her confession over text that she is married. The first dinner, the first kiss. Then another date yesterday.

I told the guys that I had scrapped together enough new reference experiences to fill a small book with stories. And all because of that double stop… a "second bite at the apple." That decision turned an ordinary approach into a stash of memories.

As we left off on the first date, she and I had plans to see each other on Monday night (her last night in the city). But…

> "If my date finishes early tomorrow, I may try to surprise her and get her out again before Monday. She's hot. Sexy vibe for her and I. I want to get her little body naked."
> — Nash

I wrote that ^ at the end of my first post about this girl. And I wasn't over-confident that I would see her again. "Same-day action" with a tourist is typically more likely (in my experience) than trying to date her a day or two after the pickup.

I originally picked up Miss Luxury on Saturday. And then I had a date with a wonderful little Chinese grad student on Sunday afternoon (yesterday). And as I said in that quote above, my plan was to ping Miss Luxury if my date with the grad student ended early…

About 5 PM on Sunday, in the middle of my afternoon date, she pinged me all on her own:

> HER: Today weather is so good

See? That ^ is all it takes for a girl to run game. Literally talking about the weather… and then it's up to us to take over. I can handle that. Girls always have, at best, half a plan… because that's all they need.

She and I went back and forth about the weather (which was unusually nice, she was right) and then I tried to take a run at setting up another date:

> NASH: If you're free now, let's get together

> NASH: Or make a plan for tomorrow night???

I like giving girls two options ^ to get together.

It's my favorite way to pitch a date. This structure has me leading, minimizing her work, but I am also giving her multiple options so I don't set up a "wall" (to use some Yohami terminology) to crash into if she says "no" to the first options and has no other place to go. Two options not only decreases the possibility of hearing "no" due to a schedule conflict, but it also sets up a semi-open frame of "planning," from which you can bounce to a third option somewhat fluidly… that's my theory anyway. I like it.

> HER: I am having dinner in a Chinese restaurant
> HER: Did you eat?
> NASH: Not yet
> NASH: Is it tasty?
> HER: Well
> HER: It's ok
> HER: Maybe tmr?

We are mixing food critique and date logistics here ^. I'll point out the "maybe," once again. Always maybe. Girls… live in the Land of Maybe.

> HER: I am free though

Ahhh, there ^. She gave me a soft "no" for the night, but then opened it up… inviting me to pursue (if I wanted her bad enough). That is a pretty strong "yes" actually. That is a fem-speak (as Pook would say).

> HER: [Link to her Chinese restaurant]
> HER: I am here
> HER: See if you are into Chinese food
> NASH: I hear the food is just okay :]
> NASH: How about a drink after dinner??
> HER: Hahha ok for Chinese but good for you
> HER: Yeah we can grab a drink

She is a little funny here… that little dig at me implying that because I am a dumb American I wouldn't even notice the Chinese food was so/so. I like it. Funny almost always equals smart… and she is a smart girl. And the smart girl gave me a solid "yes" after all.

> NASH: Okay
> NASH: [Link to a bar that I knew would be dead-empty and comfortable]
> NASH: Maybe 9.
> HER: Ok I'll see you there

She showed up in a much different outfit than the previous day.

High heels with studs on the straps. Loose fitting, high-waisted pants. A logoed t-shirt from a high-end brand. And an equally high-end jacket from a famous designer. As she slipped off her coat, the tattoos I heard about on our first date were in full view. Again, I'm not that into tattoos on girls… but they managed to make her more tempting. They helped bring her look together. She was no longer the "prudish conservative girl" I had first assumed she might be (which is already a look that turns me on). She was now a colder, almost bitchy looking "hot girl" (which

is a different type of sexy). Big dollar clothes and rebellious markings… but with a very warm eyes and a mischievous smile.

The “prudish-conservative,” tatted Married woman, with stud-covered heels had come to meet me a second time… and she was into it.

Hot. Hot. Hot.

She is one of the few girls I have dated lately that drinks. We had a drink, sitting side by side on a padded lounge area in the bar. After an hour I was talking about my interest in street art and I said, “come back to my place, I’ll show you.” She gave me another big, knowing look and agreed.

We bounced to my place. She reunited with the cats. I showed her some art and then… I started escalating. Standing in the kitchen again (shout out to Flat Lander… this is just how I do it, man). Making out. I grabbed that tiny-tiny wrist (like Siren, about the size of a golf ball), and led her to my room.

The sheets were fresh, but not for this girl… I changed them for the girl I dated earlier that day (the grad student). I also had the student in my house on this same day, just three hours earlier. I tried to kiss that girl over and over and over and she ran the most flirty defense I have ever seen… it was excruciatingly cute, and so much fun, but she wouldn’t kiss me… and after a while I walked her to the train so she could head home.

It was after walking the student to the train that I returned Miss Luxury’s “nice weather” text… and now… three hours later, Miss Luxury was warmed up and back in my room. I like both of the girls I dated that day, very much, and Miss Luxury is older… but she is also much sexier… more of a “race car” in terms of her sexual psychology.

As we ended our first date the night before, Miss Luxury wouldn’t let me bring her into my room. This time… no problem at all, she walked in smiling and happy to be there. I pushed her back against the white expanse of my bed, rolled her onto her side, and slid a knee between her thighs from behind, physically dominating her. And then…

We had an epic makeout. It was so hot. So deeply “personal.” It was exceptional.

I took her shirt off… and I spread her out like a crucifix across my sheets. I had my big-solid hands pinning her tiny-thin arms to the bed and out to her sides. She was “on the cross.” And I leaned back and stared… for a man like me, she was a vision. Tiny. Naked from the waste up. Helplessly spread across the bed. And she stared at me with an openness that captured my emotions.

This is where I really hooked with this girl. And I did… I really hooked. It was dreamy.

In retrospect… I was probably a little love-starved. I don’t mean sex (but that too), but more so I mean that I hadn’t been this close to a woman in a while. I had had some makeouts, and gotten the consultant naked (two seperate times) in this same bad not that long before…

But Miss Luxury was both physically AND emotionally open to me. Those are separate things… and each of those surrenders can be glorious to command. I’m not trying to make this “hook up” extra significant (it IS a hook up), but in that moment… the openness we had for each other, led to a closeness I hadn’t felt in a while. And it was savory in a full-spectrum way that I think I “needed.”

I sucked at her nipples and bit her neck and dominated her little body. She climbed on top of me, kissed me, biting at my chest.

I tried to undo her pants several times… and she resisted that part. She said she was on her period. I actually asked her if she was really on her period, or if that was just a way to keep me from fucking her? It was a friendly question and she took it that way. I told her I knew that girls sometimes communicated in “mysterious ways.” She smiled and said “I swear.”

Despite her putting the brakes on sex that night, I was quite happy with all this… with the seduction, as it was, even without getting to fuck her. The whole experience was wonderful for me. I was very turned on. But I was also

having such an unexpectedly rich time, I was getting that heavy emotional exchange. I felt “taken care of,” in a way. I didn’t feel demanding or impatient or undernourished. Not at all.

We let things cool off. We collected her bag, her coat, her phone… and we sent her off to her hotel once again. As she left, I told her I still wanted to see her “tomorrow” (which would be today)… her last night in the city.

After she left, I went online and booked two seats at the chef’s counter at an exceptional Japanese place. It’s about 40% more expensive than I typically like, but it’s very “authentic Japanese” and in this case… I wanted to “complete the fantasy” for both of us.

I believed her about her period. And there was that little problem of her being married. And I knew she had a somewhat early flight to another city the next day. I wasn’t sure I’d even get her back to my place… but I didn’t care. In this case, I was in full “romance mode,” and I wanted this accent to an otherwise fantastic few days of serendipitous daygame joy and short-term connection.

This morning I pinged her:

> NASH: Good morning, Lady
> NASH: If you’re available, I’d like to take you to dinner tonight…
> HER: Sure

That doesn’t look like much… but it was on.

We met at the restaurant today. It was a cool night and I was surprised to see her in tiny little shorts. I reminded myself she was on her period, but wow… great legs. And I tried to block out that increasingly nagging thought as I imagined what it would be like to get her fully naked… which I still assumed was not going to happen.

Dinner was amazing. We were very comfortable and familiar with each other right away. The makeout the night before was remarkably intimate (not all makeouts are), and it did a lot to bring us closer together. It was easy to notice that closeness as we ate that night. Even without fucking her, she had somehow become a “lover” after that time in my bed the previous night. This last meal together was a seamless, comfortable date… with a lover.

As we finished eating, I said… “so, you have an early flight, and you have to pack, I’m sure… but come back to my place for an hour.” She gave me a beautiful smile. 30% little girl, 40% happy grown woman, and that final 30% was sexy and bad and wanted to fool around as much as I did.

My place. Kissed her a tiny bit and then led her down the hall and dumped her back into the sheets she had been in the night before.

She was perfectly comfortable. She climbed on top of me, and I took her shirt off. Then her bra. Put her nipples back in my mouth. She is very sexy girl. So skinny, but she has some of the best boobs I have ever seen. Not objectively “large,” but full and perfect for her tiny 90 lb frame. A gorgeous girl… in miniature.

She wouldn’t let me take her shorts off. I tried. And despite the mild resistance she offered, her mouth was twisting up in agony as I worked to raise her temperature. She made some foreboding comments about how, “you know, this time, a girl’s period, some girls can be very horny.” That is not what we commonly say, but here she was… selling that idea. That was a big clear sign I had room to go further.

Mr Rivelino is an advocate of PYCO Game (Pull Your Cock Out). That move is not part of my traditional seduction. I like to eat pussy. And then, after “an hour” of that (I really do like to eat pussy for an hour), I get a condom and fuck the girl. But the period thing put that plan on ice… so I undid my belt and she raised no objections. I put her had on my cock and she eagerly touched me… pushing the urgency of the night further toward “no return.”

So then… I was all in. I took off my pants, pushed her back onto the bed, crawled up her chest and stuffed my cock in her mouth. Last year, that was something I had only really done with long term lovers like Siren and the amazing

Miss Thick. But in Japan, it became a more standard move. It's dominant and nasty and hot and it sort of surprises me, but… girls seems very into it. I pinned her wrists down, and let her get me harder and harder until I was close to coming.

Earlier today I had a fantasy of a moment just like this one:

Her sucking my cock. But at the time I assumed I wouldn't fuck her (period, husband, all that). And I had the insane-but-normal inner dialog of imagining telling my wings that I got a blowjob, but no sex, so "we all know that doesn't count as a notch." And I imagined writing a post (similar to this one) where I would talk about getting a blowjob from a married woman, but couldn't claim to have fucked her… and how the Daygamers' Notch Lobbying Association had taken my case and was fighting to make this one count.

A little absurd humor ^ in the bureaucracy of seduction community notch-ranking technicalities.

As it was… letting this tiny-hot Chinese girl touch me and suck me took HER over the edge. She was now all in, as well. After she sucked my cock I moved back onto her chest… and I kissed her and rubbed my cock between her perfect tits, and it was obvious she was ready.

So I stood up, told her I was going to get a towel and we were going to "play" with her.

I assumed it would be messy because of the period, but I didn't care. Last Fall I had invested in some dark colored towels specifically for messy sexual moments. I slipped off her tiny shorts, her underwear came off as well, and there she was… completely naked. I had fantasized about seeing her like this several times. In reality (very much like my day dreams) she was fucking crazy hot naked. Tiny, smooth, perfect skin. The tattoos fit her (and her mood) very well.

I crawled up between her legs and rubbed my cock on her clit and she purred and said "ahh fuck, ahh fuck" over and over.

I put my fingers inside her, and she was very responsive, twisting on my hand. She was especially into me playing with her clit, but this girl seems to like it all very much. She is a passionate, hot girl, with a very sensitive body. She likes me. She was completely turned on… a girl in full bloom.

I was so wrong about this girl being conservative. And I was so right that she was my type.

I walked to that cupboard near my bed, grabbed one of the world's best condoms… I took one more ride on her face, getting me nice and hard… and then… I fucked her.

+1 daygame.

The sex was excellent. Not epic, but I never expect first time sex to be epic. It's often too surreal. In this case, definitely so.

It was a short session, as she kept claiming she was about to come. And I was very turned on, and I wouldn't fuck her for long without pausing or changing position to keep me from popping before I was ready. She wanted to ride me… which is something I don't usually do (nor especially like). She climbed on top. She moved her tiny hips against mine… grinding her clit into me as she fucked me. She looked me deep in the eyes and said she was coming and I climaxed inside her.

As far as I know… we came together. If that was true, it's the first time in a long time that that has happened.

Fucking awesome. And not the slightest bit messy, actually.

I'm not entirely sure she was even on her period. I am pretty sure I felt a pad as I felt her up earlier in the night… but who knows. When I took off her shorts, her underwear came off too… there was nothing to see. Not even a spot of blood. And nothing of the smell… not on her breath or anywhere else.

We laid in bed for a few minutes. I held her. She is so small, and so soft, she felt ridiculous in my arms. I was in no

hurry. I knew she would want to go home to pack up before she left the next morning. After sharing three nights in a row, she really did have proper lover credentials with me, and I was very into soaking up those last minutes together.

I stood up to walk around the corner into the master bath. I took of the rubber, wrapped it in tissue, and put it in the trash. When I came back to my bed, she was just slipping those thin, prefect legs into those tiny shorts. Then her bright-colored long-sleeve t shirt (cropped at the bottom, so you could see a few precious inches of her flat belly).

She looked like a teenager. I told her so. She called me a pedophile and kissed me. Good stuff.

She grabbed her things and called a car. I walked her out onto the sidewalk in front of my flat… kissed her again, held her, and she was gone.

Thank you, Miss Luxury for an amazing three-day affair. You are delicious, charming, and a very sexy little thing.

And thanks to Yad (oddly enough)… for teaching me that double stop. My game includes much more than that… but without that stop… I would not have had my cock inside a married woman tonight.

> "If the Daygame Gods are generous, perhaps I will split her thighs later this week. "
> — Nash

From ^ my first post about her. I did not actually think that was going to happen. I was almost reluctant to write it at the time.

I cannot tell you how many times I have had fantasies of "part II" stories that never come true… quite often (fantasies aside), I never see the girl again. After my second date with this girl, and her mentioning her period, I was actually resigned that this story would end with a rich and romantic few dates, some moderate blue-balls, and a pile of reference experiences to add to my ever-expanding knowledge of the inner workings of girls.

That would have been a win for a man like me. But I was wrong again. The Gods WERE generous. I did manage to split her open and claim the notch.

My heart, more than satisfied. And the Lay Count Notch Hyena was happy as well. Victory all around.

She told me last night, on our second date, as we had our first makeout in my bed:

> HER: You're very good at this

Her eyes were wide and convincing as she gave me the kind of compliment that an aspiring Casanova wants to hear.

> HER: You are very good at this… or I wouldn't be here.

I know my game needs work. I confessed to Flat Lander today in the comments of my last post that I think the final parts of sexually closing a girl is an area where I clearly need to improve (good problem to have). But yet again tonight it all worked out. My balls are empty and the scoreboard shows a +1 for me. And while I know this is an area where I want to grow and improve as a seducer, tonight… I was good enough.

What a beautiful experience.

Viva daygame.

Guest Spotlight: Magnum Game | Black Dragon Influence

Nash · 2 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I got into game to get more chicks naked. That is true. But… it's a side effect of game that as I run around the internet yammering about girls and pussy all the time, I have ended up meeting other players. Sometimes that sucks (I have met some weird guys, and that is saying a lot considering I have low standards). Other times… it can be a real pleasure. My friend Magnum is one of those guys that is genuinely cool in real life, and the man has game that consistently impresses me.

This is a story that features a bit of Magnum's game.

The idea for this post started as Magnum and I chatted via WhatsApp when I was in Japan:

> MAGNUM: 2nd date with a freshman from [an American University]. Dinner at my place. But couldn't close
> MAGNUM: She came with her mind made up on her line on the sand. Will get her next time :)
> NASH: Awesome
> NASH: I would love to see some of your pre-date texting
> NASH: If you want to share the sequences that get girls back to your place
> NASH: I'll do a post on it, if there's a theme
> NASH: Guys are craving examples
> MAGNUM: Ah ok
> NASH: We'll do a "Magnum Game" piece

That's how it started. And here we go. But first, a little more about Magnum:

We first met up sometime last year. He contacted me and we had a drink, traded stories, talked game.

My first impression of Magnum was that he looked like an "approachable" superhero. He is close to my age… in his 40s, but a little younger than me. He's tall, athletically built. Good style, carries himself well. Very solid presence to this guy.

In fact, I only mention his age, as he and I have yet another thing in common… we both like young girls. He is consistently fucking girls 15-20 years younger than himself.

Magnum runs mostly online game. He has sent me pics of some of the girls he's fucked… I'm always impressed. I'd say his quality is usually better than mine, with girls as young or younger than I date.

All of this got me curious about his "text game." That is the point of this post… digging into his texting to see some fresh examples as an opportunity to learn.

If we know he starts online… and we know the doorway to IRL from online is "messaging" of some kind… then we know the first half of what lures these girls to him is his text game. Let's assume he has good pictures… (I've never seen them and I don't care, as his pics are mostly irrelevant in terms of learning potential for the rest of us)… but the texting… that made me curious.

What kind of messaging game is this guy running that is getting young girls into his bed?

I asked him to send me some of the texts that led to lays, and he did. We picked one example that we liked, and we'll feature it below.

But first… there is this:

> "My online game is literally by Black Dragons book so not worth a post. But that's where the first few exchanges take place."
> — Magnum

Okay. Magnum may not think that is worth a post, but a lot of us reading this want to see the whole thing… from the "root to the fruit."

The inclusion of Black Dragon theory made the post conceptually even better for me, because… I really don't know much about Black Dragon's game. I have read his blog here and there, but he's not someone I have studied. But he IS someone that is well known in the community… I hear him referenced all the time.

By the time this post is over, we will have watched Magnum run some game, and also had a brief introduction into some of Black Dragon's coaching we well.

> "A lot of guys try online dating with high hopes. They stress out while making a profile, trying to get every word right. They pore over their photos, trying to find the best ones. Then they wait for all the hot babes to email them…
> "And they get nothing."
> — Black Dragon

That ^ is from the sales page for Black Dragon's Ultimate Online Dating Manual. I am no expert on Black Dragon's game, but I took a look at that online dating product so I could produce this piece.

I will confess I didn't expect much. No disrespect to BD, but I have seen a lot of "how to get laid on Tinder" kind of products and I'm rarely impressed. With that said, I was surprised to see how much of BD's product looked like very "good game" to me. I like this product better than what I have seen on his blog, and the process of writing this post did a lot to generate real respect from me for his work.

Right on, Black Dragon.

But let's get back to Magnum, and girls, and trying to get laid…

> "Example 1: Summer 2017. 24 year old Chinese girl, just moved to my city the week I opened her after being in the US two years. Slept with her on the 2nd date. We dated from July until the first week of January where frankly I let her drop out of my regular rotation to have more time to chase other girls."
> — Magnum

That is a great intro. We get a sense for the girl. And that part about dating in an ongoing way is a personal goal of mine… that is exactly the kind of scenario I think has the highest "payout" vs the effort we put into this type of work. Not just a notch, but "recurring revenue" with YHT.

The example Magnum sent me is a good place to start to understand his game. We get to see that it took him two dates to close (more on that below)… and we can see he is the kind of man that is willing to risk the "safety" of a given lay for the opportunity of novelty and new sexual adventures (because he dismisses her)… and we also can see that girls he is dating come back for more (which says a lot about his level of quality as a man).

> "I'm excluding the first few exchanges online because it's straight from Blackdragon's http://www.onlinedatingsuccessnow.com/."
> — Magnum

Okay, so as I indicated above… I think this story is not as cool if we can't see the opening comments.

Magnum didn't supply them, and that is okay with me… I'm happy to keep his particular lines private. I'm also happy to save the bulk of Black Dragon's system for guys that want to pay for that product. But I will sample a few lines to give you a sense of how Black Dragon coaches guys to hunt.

> "Honestly, openers are the least important part of the entire online dating process. Your photos and profile are

> far more important. Your messaging conversation technique is also much more important. Your date pitching is more important. If you're doing all of those things correctly, tweaking your openers is a waste of time (provided you're already doing it correctly) and is very unlikely to improve your results."
> — Black Dragon

This ^ kind of comment makes me trust BD. That's solid.

I don't do online game (not at all), but there are some clear fundamentals that cross over from online to night game to daygame. In this case, the first impression is more important than "what you say." That is true on the street as much as it is online. Daygamers don't have "photos" or a "profile"… we make our first impression with the swagger we have on offer as we approach. But it's an excellent point that "what you say" is a fraction of why she might find you attractive. BD is on point there.

With that said, I want to show this process from start to finish… so here is more from Black Dragon on how to open:

> "Formulating the ideal opener for maximum response and minimum wasted time is very simple. Just follow all of these rules:"
> — Black Dragon

Again, I want to respect BD's intellectual property, so I won't list his rules. But I will vouch for them. That product is full of good content. There were several notes that reaffirmed things I already know and helped me try to show more discipline in the messaging I send to girls. Good stuff.

> "Here are some real life examples of some openers I've successfully used in the past:
> 'Hi ! You seem interesting. Take a look at my profile and if you're curious, just say hi.'"
> — Black Dragon

There ^ is something specific.

Is that a "secret hack" to pussy paradise? No. (There are no hacks.) But again, as BD says in his comment about openers in the quote above, the opening line is hardly the crucial bit. And I would add that it's not about what BD is doing in that simple example, it's a lot about what he is NOT doing… he has more to say about all that in his product.

> "The rule of thumb is to pitch the first date within three exchanges of messages between you two."
> — Black Dragon

That ^ is hardly a secret either, but it helps to know that BD likes that structure as well. "Rule of thumb" is a great way to say that… as in "this is a guideline."

For my part, I usually try to get to the date invite pretty quickly. I like two-three exchanges as well. I was talking with a new wing of mine last week (Mr Philly, great guy, also runs online game), he asks the girl out on the opening message (and his rationale for why is excellent).

In the way of some contrast… I am reading Krauser's Daygame Infinite right now, and Krauser can draw out the process for many, many messages… and Daygame Infinite has some insanely brilliant examples of how and WHY Krauser would take that route.

There is no "correct" structure here, but BD is in good company when he recommends "within three exchanges."

For now, we know Magnum run's BD-style game, so let's assume something like that opener above, and we'll get back to Magnum's case study.

> "After 2 exchanges in the online app I pitched the date."
> — Magnum

Here is where Magnum's game gets a little more personalized and he starts sharing specific details with us. Below are some actual texts from this case study.

I don't know the exact messages that lead up to this, but we can assume he opened in the BD style, a couple of comments were exchanged, and then this:

> MAGNUM: Let's find out over a simple drink.
> MAGNUM: Saturday afternoon or Monday after work are open for me at the moment
> MAGNUM: Let me know if you're up for it and I'll pick us a nice place

This ^ is straight from the screenshots of messages with the girl that Magnum sent me.

> "I give her two options and also let her know I'll be choosing a place. All she has to do is tell me what works."
> — Magnum

And I almost laugh to see it… as it is very close to how I pitch dates.

Here is an example from me from when I was in Japan:

> NASH: How about dinner on Sunday… Or a drink on Friday afterwork?

If you notice, Friday and Sunday are two days apart. That is a common strategy for me. Magnum and I have never compared notes on that aspect of the process, but we're doing similar things. I pitch a specific day (which is strong, clear leadership), and then I pitch a 2nd day two+ days later, to give her another option.

Here some more from BD's product:

> "Just giving her two days with no times attached gives her a wide open opportunity to find time within those two days. Much higher odds of success."
> — Black Dragon

Of course I like that, and BD strikes me as articulate in his rationale.

I sometimes DO say: "Friday, 7 PM, XYZ Bar." And it works. And Yohami has been coaching us to say "tell me when you're free and I'll take you out." And that works too.

But I like BD's comment that two days (in my case, with at least a day in between), with no times, is a perfectly good strategy. You can see how even as a committed daygamer I could learn from Magnum and BD's online game via these examples.

Back to our case study:

> HER: Late Saturday afternoon might work. It's weird for me to drink in the day tho…
> HER: XYZ works better for me – my place is close to it
> HER: Got my first plant today :)

There ^ is her response to Magnum's date invite.

Another thing I like about this example is that she rejects the "drink" concept. If you know my game and the girls I like… they mostly don't drink. And the London Daygame Model is very "have drinks" oriented. This is a good

example of how “taking her for a drink” (and/or expecting alcohol to be a part of the seduction) can be a narrow view to the full range of scenarios that lead to sex.

I happen to know that Magnum doesn’t drink, but he DOES use alcohol venues… and so do I. I know several places with “virgin” cocktails where I can take advantage of the “adult atmosphere” of a bar, and still get time with girls that don’t drink (and/or… are too young to drink).

> “She also picked the neighborhood which is rare for girls to do, and normally I don’t like when they pick a place, but in this case it was convenient enough for me and knowing it would make her logistics easier I rolled with it. In retrospect she doesn’t have a car so she likely wanted to ensure the date was walking distance.”
> — Magnum

His response:

> MAGNUM: Saturday at XYZ it is. Let’s meet at this place:
> MAGNUM: [Link to date spot]
> MANGUM: 5pm work?
> MAGNUM: Nice plant btw
> HER: See you then Magnum:)
> MAGNUM: Message me your number in case something comes up.

There you go. The date is on.

> “This is where we transitioned from online app to texting. I prefer getting to text and off the online dating app as soon as I can. This allows me to do photo pings and this also mentally increases the intimacy, as it’s now the same format as her friends and other men she’s dating. On text I’m no longer one of the randoms on the online apps.”
> — Magnum

Here they switch to the phone (instead of the app) and reengage:

> HER: Hey Magnum it’s [her name]
> HER: Happy Friday lol
> MAGNUM: [Her name] the buyer of flowers
> MAGNUM: Morning :)
> MAGNUM: [pic of the sunrise]
> MAGNUM: Caught this nice sunrise from my place this morning
> MAGNUM: Going to be a beautiful day
> HER: You’re such a morning person :)

> “Above after her saying hi you can see I skip being boring and spike things a bit by giving her a nickname (‘XXX the buyer of flowers’) based on the photo she shared with me of a flower she bought for her new place. Then I snipped and stacked with a ‘window to my world’ photo (hattip to Krauser).”

I will do yet another plug here for Krauser’s Daygame Infinite. For this kind of messaging… all this pre-date message exchange… Krauser is beyond masterful. In Infinite he shows pages and pages of transcripts like we’re doing here, but with excellent side notes about WHY he does what he does… and WHAT HE LEARNS from the response from the girl. That guy is a genius and I cannot recommend Daygame Infinite enough.

I’ll do a full write up on that book soon, but for now… back to this date:

> HER: Just ran to [train system] from [train station]… out of breath :)
> MAGNUM: [photo ping of a cat passed out, on its back]
> MAGNUM: Hmm I'm picturing you on the train something like this :)
> HER: [she responds with her own cat pic]
> HER: Lol tried to use sunglasses to cover my tiredness and stay cool lol

We have two "LOLs" in the same sentence here ^. Looks like we have a happy girl on the line… she is into it.

For all the reasons he mentions above, Magnum is smart to move off the dating app to his phone. I also do a TON of photo pings with girls. I did several today. I have a folder on my phone with 100+ images, some I have used over and over and over. Cat pics. Cocky shots of Donald Trump. Gifs of wolves howling. Some sexy shots.

I am a big believer in the idea that a "photo is worth 1000 words." And more than that, images can inspire emotions, and we want an emotional response from these girls. If your personality can mix well with this kind of photo game… I recommend you make an investment in getting good at using pictures to invigorate your seductions.

Next, Magnum rolls off for a day, and then pings her again the next morning:

> MAGNUM: Just back from the gym and feeling ready to take on the world ;)
> MAGNUM: See you at 5 kitten

> "She hooked on the sunrise and shared about her morning, which I then used to tease her again and give her a new nickname "kitten". I used this for the full five months I ended up dating her. Note she took the name well and continued with the frame…huge green light."

> HER: Ready to take on me ? Lol
> HER: Just had dim sum :)

A few hours later…

> HER: Hey sorry I'll be 10 minutes late
> MAGNUM: See you soon
> MAGNUM: At the back table

> "It took me 30 minutes of my standard 60 minute first date to win her over with a strong frame, positive vibe, teasing, and challenging before moving in to more comfort and making her qualify herself."

Let's pause and note this ^. He does a "standard 60 minute date."

> "This girl is on the high end of Asian attractiveness (I'd put her at an 8 but I'm bad with the 10 point scale) and she knows it. She's from a well to do family and was a bit of a princess who needed to be knocked off her pedestal."

> "She shit tested me by saying, 'I could have been a model you know,' and I laughed at her and said 'yes so could I.' This worked because I didn't skip a beat."

> "I won her over on the first date and did my standard ending of the date after an hour. I also didn't try to kiss her or extend the date after that, and I could tell that left her doubting herself when I hugged her goodbye (she

> confirmed this months later)”

> MAGNUM: Enjoyed our time together yesterday
> MAGNUM: [her name] liked how you laughed more as we spent more time together
> HER: Lol really?
> HER: That means I was getting more comfortable and opening up as we spent more time together ;)

> “Majority of time the man needs to text after the first date. If I want to see her again, I do this 24 hours or so afterwards.”

> “Note my ping after the first date is brief, and I call back an element of the date. This gets her memory back into the positive emotional state from the date so she wants to come out again.”

It’s rare we get to see another man’s game at this level of detail.

That kind of text, where Magnum say “Enjoyed our time together” is what I call a “validation text.” I assume girls are a mix of feelings (I know I am, much of the time) and as I see it, this kind of text helps her classify the date as “good”… you’re both “checking in” to keep the seduction cohesive and also doing emotional leadership.

> “If a girl texts you first after a date that’s a huge IOI and then it’s OK to schedule the next date right there. But otherwise always wait 24 hours or so after the date to text her.”

Totally agree. In fact, I give a girl a “+1” in terms of value if she’s the kind of girl that sends me a “validation text,” thanking me, telling me she made it home, or saying she had a good time. I like it… it’s good “girl game.” It’s also a sign of politeness and culture. And… a good indication she’s leaning toward “yes.”

> “I knew I had her attracted, and my goal at this point was to get her on the 2nd date for which I always pitch dinner at my place. I knew in this example the 2nd date was just a matter of nailing down logistics and then leading her to my place.”

There is some more back/forth where Magnum teases her about being a “party animal,” and then:

> “Once the attraction is there the game is played in comfort, but you still have to lead like a man.”

> MAGNUM: Let’s meet up again for dinner miss party animal.
> MAGNUM: Tomorrow or Wednesday after work are open for me right now
> MAGNUM: Let me know what works best and I’ll pick us a nice place

Here ^ he is setting up date #2.

> “I almost never ask a question in my texts unless it would be weird not to do so. This communicates leadership. Girls either comply or push back, but then you know where you are and you filter out the ones who aren’t interested in you enough to be compliant, or if they present small objections you roll with them on a case-by-case basis.”

> HER: Hey I’d love to, Mr Palm Reader lol
> HER: But I’m usually exhausted after work
> HER: And it’s usually pretty late after I commute back from [some city] around 7ish :)

> MAGNUM: Ah yes the tired kitten :)
> MAGNUM: Let's make is Saturday for dinner. 7p work for you?
> HER: I have a better idea if you are free in the day this weekend

> "Here I pitched the 2nd date but she snatched the frame by saying she had a better idea. This was a red light and I had to consider how to respond."

> "In this case because I could feel I had won her over on the 1st date and because there were so many green lights before the red light of her pitching a different date and not following my lead, I decided to roll with it. She pitched an afternoon event she came across, she was new to this city and I sensed she wanted to explore the city and have some masculine company during the day and not just for dinner. Sometimes you have to lose a battle to win the war."

> MAGNUM: Hmmm ok, but only if we do dinner afterwards. I'm a man and need to keep up my strength ;)
> MAGNUM: Let's meet at this little place for an ice cream. It's a short walk from there:
> MAGNUM: [Link to ice cream place]
> MAGNUM: 4:30 Saturday work?

> "Note that I showed reluctance by starting with 'hmm' and then also put a condition on my acceptance: that we still do dinner after the event. This was me maintaining the lead but also showing flexibility and social acumen."

> HER: I couldn't tell you an ice cream guy lol
> HER: Yea 4:30 it is
> MAGNUM: I'm very mysterious
> HER: I'm obsessed with solving mysteries

> "Note the huge green light again with her saying, 'I'm obsessed with solving mysteries.' This was a 'Yes' girl."

The date is set and she's obviously all over it. Looking good. This is all on TUESDAY of that week.

On SATURDAY, Magnum pings her with a pic:

> MAGNUM: [pic of a cute dog]
> MAGNUM: Just made a new friend :)
> MAGNUM: See you at 4:30 at the ice cream place miss curious

> "I waited four days before pinging her the dog picture. In retrospect that was risky and I should have texted every 2 days instead during that week, but the attraction was strong enough this didn't end up mattering."

> HER: Awww look at her innocent eyes
> HER: See you soon Mr. Mysterious

> "2nd date went to plan. We met at the ice cream place and walked across the street to the event."

> "My goal was to keep it short without it seeming so, and then uber her to my place where I made her dinner. I seeded this during the event by mentioning the Korean BBQ I had at my place to cook up, so the 'excuse' was ready when it was time to uber. During the ride I small talked and kept it positive and light to preempt any ASD. Then at mine it was the quickly cooked dinner and chat on my couch, and after dinner kissed her and escalated to sex. No ASD whatsoever."

+1 Magnum Game.

Okay, there you go.

The interesting part for me is inviting her back to his place for dinner as the second date. He didn't kiss her on the first date, nor before he brought her back to his house.

I know Yohami has coached Rivelino to try to kiss her before you bring her back to your place. I personally often try to kiss the girl in the middle of the first date. But as I think about it, I have waited until we were back at my place to try for the kiss several times since I've been back in the US… but that's not my usual plan.

In this case, I think Magnum read her attraction level very well, knew he was in charge, lead strong the whole time, and so sex was a natural conclusion for that date.

Looking back across his texting, you can see him leading well the whole time. I find that vibe very familiar, as I try to lead constantly. And he is right that his flexibility around both the timing of the 2nd date (Saturday, instead of his original proposal of weeknight) and then accommodating her request for some walk-around time likely helped him get laid.

Why did she push to go to that event that day instead of dinner? Did she know she was going to get fucked and her hijacking the plan was some "womb management" meant to derail the seduction? Maybe she was just "coming up with something fun to do," and it was basic entertainment planning? But I don't think so.

I think she knew she was going to get fucked… and her FOREBRAIN wanted a little more comfort while her HINDBRAIN put up the tiniest bit of resistance to getting naked. Magnum ran good game in the daylight part of that second date, and any resistance was gone… after that, he led well and +1 for him.

…….

I like this example of Magnum's game.

We were going to use a more simple date-to-lay that Magnum sent me, but as he and I talked about this post, he was right… this example has more "game" in it. It's less straightforward and that is a good thing… as so many of our seductions do have twists and turns. Magnum negotiated all that well here.

And I like this kind of post because it's very "in the trenches" of what it's like to take a girl from lead to +1. Texting is a crucial bit of what gets us laid. He met this girl online, but everything we show here would be about the same if he met her via daygame…

So much of our love lives are in the spaces between the characters of our texts. I wanted to show more of that "work" in this post.

What am I taking away from it? The leading, mostly. That is what I see most clearly in this example. He does an excellent job of leading every step of the way. Well done.

And Magnum is using light, flirty teases, quite often. I would do the same. And I would point out that when those kinds of exchanges come easily… when both you and her can joke/tease back and forth… yeah, that is a strong set up for "yes" and potential sex.

And then the "edge" for me is the dinner date. You could almost call dinner their third date here. She got him to do the daytime thing… and that was almost like another date. And then he got his dinner. He was very smart/solid as

he ties her daytime event back to “only if we do dinner afterwards.”

“Only.” That’s strong. That is a risk. I’d be curious to have seen what he would have done if she had pushed back on that? He had good compliance, she liked him, so she doesn’t confirm the dinner part, but she passively accepts the frame. What if she resisted on that date? What if she had said, “I’m kinda tired,” etc., and didn’t come back to his place for dinner? We don’t know. But again, she liked him…

The attraction he created throughout this thread is a lot of why we don’t see resistance. “Resistance,” as Yohami would say, “is for Bottom Guy.”

Inviting the girl to dinner at your place… I still think that is bold/risky, and me feeling that way is a sign of inexperience (and perhaps weakness) in my game. And it’s interesting as I have introduced Pancake and Magnum, they are friends now, and they both do that dinner date at their place. It works for both of them. Makes me curious to try that.

I do dinner dates all the time… often at the first date… but never at my house. Magnum doesn’t do dinner first dates… we saw his model:

Date #1 is one hour. No kiss. It’s all a set up for date #2… which is part of what we wanted to show here. And date #2 is dinner at this place.

And the dude gets laid.

…….

Cool.

This post was a good exercise. It took me a while to put it together, and I have already incorporated a couple of small tweaks to my game based on what we’ve seen here.

Big Props to Black Dragon. I am grateful to have seen some of his stuff and I feel good endorsing that product we link to above.

And my sincere respect to Mr Magnum. First off, as a friend. I like the guy, and I’m very glad to share thoughts and stories with him. When I was in Japan we were messaging a lot and we have some brotherhood between us even though we’ve only been face to face a couple of times.

I am grateful he was willing to share his game with us, and give us a little peak in BD’s offerings.

Viva Magnum Game… and my thanks to you, brother.

A Totally Different Married Woman, Kiss Close

Nash · 6 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This is another story about a married woman. Not the one I fucked last week. This one is new… and she's local.

I picked her up about three weeks ago. I approached her one afternoon when I was out with my wings. And she stopped, and gave me a big smile. And then… I ran pretty bad game. I asked three dumb questions in a row. And I knew it was lame game, so I let her go before she even flinched. I told her it was nice to meet her, she knew our interaction was over, she smiled… and she walked away from me.

I stood there for a minute, frozen in place as she walked off, contemplating my lack of skill in set with her. I have a lot of experience… and I have had a lot of success… but I still run pretty bad game often enough.

But… a week later I was out on the street. I passed by a young girl, and I didn't take that much notice…other than the fact she IOI'd me. I ran back around and opened her. I was just starting to say "I noticed you back there and…," and she had a familiar look in her eyes, and I said… "we've met before, haven't we?" Her face was all lit up. She was attracted. It was then that I knew I had stopped her before…

"Oh, I remember… red dress, right?" She smiled and nodded.

As we stood there chatting, I caught a flash of gold on her ring finger. I hadn't noticed it the first time I stopped her. "I just noticed your ring," I said, "Are you married?" She said she was, and that she tried to get me to notice the ring the first time I stopped her. She was flirty and "on" as she said all this.

Hmmm.

She is very young, 23. She's Chinese and her husband is Italian. They live together… here in my city. No, he doesn't travel much. I know this because I asked (part of how I screen married women for sexual opportunity).

I would normally walk away from a girl like this… too complicated. But I had just had a really great instant-date the night before (with a Korean tourist… she was crazy hot, super beautiful girl). With that other idate in mind, I was curious to know if this girl would have a drink with me. She seemed very attracted. I asked. She said, "yeah, sure."

So we had a drink.

She's super smart. That might be the thing that is most true about her. She is a bit bossy. She moves fast. She interrupts a lot. She's from China, but did University here, and you can really feel the "Western Girl" quality to her… that is obviously not what I like about her.

Let's give her a name… let's call her Smart Girl.

Beneath all that… she's very attractive to a man like me. Round face, nice lips, and long, truly beautiful, raven-black hair. And the vibe between us… very good.

It was odd to date her… different than any other date I've had in months. It wasn't because she is married (in general, that changes very little for me when I am attracted to a girl)… this was different… as I know her husband lives in this city, and that fact had an impact on what I was willing to do publicly.

When I think of dating girls that have boyfriends or husbands in the vicinity, I take almost all my cues here from Krauser:

> "I tried to kiss her on the park bench but she wasn't having it, saying there were too many people watching. It was a reckless move."
> "…I reminded myself of the secret society rules: don't do anything in public that the girl can't easily deny if caught."

> — Krauser, from Adventure Sex

That ^ is a good example of what was on my mind as I had my first date with her.

And that is good advice. And a proper skill to practice if you want to play with this kind of “fire.”

So I didn’t escalate with her. I didn’t touch her much at all. I don’t give a shit about “plausible deniability” in terms of what she thinks. I’m very direct. But in terms of what someone might see… this was the chance for me to practice “plausible deniability” in terms of what others can see (where it really counts).

I like her. I want to see her. And I want every girl that is with me to “have a good experience.” So that means I need to take care of her reputation. I need to keep my sexuality off of her as far as the public is concerned. I need to get her alone if I want more (and I do… and that would have to come later).

It was a great date. Afterwards, I walked her toward the train, and stopped her to take her WeChat so we might continue the budding relationship… maybe see each other again.

She gave me her contact info and accepted my WeChat request as we said goodbye. I was pleased with myself, but I wondered if I was “supposed to” have taken her home right then and there??

……

I was having a good week. I’d had a date or two, my daygame streak (approaching every day, for weeks) was in full effect, so I wasn’t overly needy about her. I was intentionally planning on giving her space, not to play games with her… but more so that I would not “crush the sparrow”… and also so she would know I can show “restraint” even though we had obvious chemistry.

I wanted her to see my careful side. I think I did that well.

I messaged her a few days later:

> NASH: SMART GIRL
> NASH: Hey… Happy Thu.
> NASH: [I quoted something specific she said]
> NASH: I am near that place you talked about…
> NASH: Reminded me of you

And then… nothing happened. She didn’t reply. I wasn’t too concerned. The situation was complicated. I noticed her lack of response… but barely, as I didn’t expect much.

Then… three more days later:

> SMART GIRL: I was betting you were one of those guys who follow the three days rule

Hmmm. That’s ^ an interesting response. Traditional Chinese girls don’t often cite “Cosmopolitan-esque” dating tactics. Her ability to quote that reference shows some of what she knows of American culture. Her saying it… shows you something of her style. She’s abrupt. Rather direct herself. She not afraid to push a line like that at me, to see how I’ll react.

> NASH: Oh… Is that a rule???

I played it coy.

> NASH: Actually, I wanted to message you right away…
> NASH: But there is something about you that makes me a little shy. :]

Super coy.

> SMART GIRL: Sure! Let's just go with that

We had started the dance.

I immediately asked her out again, and she ignored it, and was throwing random questions at me… trying to lead me around. Her mom is strong and successful, and is a big influence on her. She is the type of girl that will try to set the frame, every time… every instant.

> SMART GIRL: Why do you like using "…" so much?

This ^ was her response to my date request.

She is right… if you read this blog… you know that I use "…" a lot. But my punctuation isn't really the point. What she is doing is leading. She is testing. She is stealing the frame. This is central to who she is, how she works in the world… and I'm quite certain she runs her husband around.

She is very smart, and her English is strong, so I can bring more "intellectual power" to the seduction than I would with the more passive, sweet, nice girls I usually date. I actually prefer those sweet girls, but this one has some visceral appeal, and I started to use my own smarts to knock her frames back at her.

> NASH: "…" is where I indicate all the profound thoughts swirling around inside my head.
> NASH: And I can see you are very curious about me…
> NASH: I like it. :]

This ^ is me stealing the frame back. I say, "Let's date." She changes the frame to, "explain your punctuation." I transition off of that to, "you're very interested in me."

This is what this girl needs, I'm sure of it. She might not be worth the effort (we shall see), but I am of the mind that this girl would love to be "well handled" by a strong, smart man that is quick on his feet.

Actually… "to be 'well handled' by a strong, smart man"… is what all girls want.

I did get her out for a second drink. It was a couple of Wednesdays ago. I invited her out for that Thursday, but she said she was busy… and asked "are you free today?"

……

The odd part was… I had a date that Wednesday afternoon with yet another hot girl that has a BF. We'll call that girl Miss Shoes.

I dated Miss Shoes, near my house that day. She wouldn't come into my place… she likes me, but she knows I'm trouble.

As I can't get her alone… and I can't touch her public… I have been basically verbally explicit with Miss Shoes. On this date, we sat across from each other at the cafe, and I told her I thought she was hot, and I wanted her to "come meet my cats." She said she wants to be loyal to her BF (she doesn't live with him), and that she knows I'm dangerous. We left it at that.

It is not my goal to seduce girls away from their partners. I'm not trying to target girls that are attached at all… however… I respect this aspect of my education. Girls fooling around on the side is a big slice of the Secret Society. I intend to be well educated in mating/dating, so I study as best as I am able.

If you know where to look… there are hot moments in the shadows of the sexual marketplace. And I am enjoying the practice… and the insight into these girls lives and minds as I tempt them to play with me. This is a precious

education.

Miss Shoes left after a while… and sent me a hot pic of her legs as she got a pedicure that afternoon. She may want to remain loyal to her BF, and she is saying "no," but she is tempting me at the same time. She knows I will fuck her if I can. So far, she has been careful not to be alone with me… but she has come to my neighborhood twice to date me. We'll see.

As Miss Shoes is clever enough to know what I want, and wise enough to not be alone with me (until that is also what she wants)… I ended that date and went downtown.

……..

And this 2nd date with Smart Girl was yet another good time. A drink at a hotel bar (my first time there, more "exploring my territory"). Sitting next to each on a very comfortable couch. Talking about her wanting to kiss other girls. I didn't touch her much at all, but we were close and the vibe was sexy. She is a fun and exciting young, little thing.

I was curious to know if I could take her back to my place… and I asked when she needed to be home. She said, "now." She stood up. She was a little bit serious about it. She is 23 years old and flirting with the circumstances of an affair with a man twice her age… who knows how many times she has done something like this, but that's serious work.

She wasn't coming home with me on this particular evening, so I said, "okay." And I didn't even stand up. I just stared at her. And she stared back. Half over-confident. Half-interested. Definitely attracted.

And she said, "you're going to stay?" I said, "yeah." She said, "now you're meeting the next one?" I said, "Yeah… hot Tinder date," and I smiled. She smiled too. Half amused. Half… maybe jealous?

I didn't have another date. I wasn't really trying to make her believe that… as it was bullshit, and I think she knew it… but it was a fun game to play.

But I had had two dates that day… and I took a minute to soak in my life. And I liked this Smart Girl, quite a bit. I sat still, deep in thought about this girl, about what I wanted, about what to do next.

As I walked toward the train to head to the gym I had this thought:

"Okay… so with BOTH those girls [Smart Girl and Miss Shoes]… I know I need to move things along. I have maybe one more date with each of them to make something sexual happen… or the tension will fizzle."

I could be the kind of man that can "get it done," or I would be one of the lessor men whom no one can remember… because they can't get it done. I have tremendous respect for all my brothers in the game… winning or losing (and I have done plenty of both)… but I know what kind of man I want to be.

> "When you're interacting with a woman you're never stationary… you're only doing one of two things, you're moving closer to sex, or you're moving farther away… every decision you make and every minute that elapses when you're spending time with a woman is either bringing you closer to sex, or father away."
> "If you're not moving the interaction towards sex, then it's probably moving away from it… and she's putting you in a different category."
> — Paul Janka

I am trying to learn from men who know ^, and this seemed like an occasion where a quote like what Janka is saying here might apply. I needed to make something happen, and relatively fast… or like over-ripe fruit, my moment with these girls would expire.

……

The next morning I pinged her via WeChat. We had some banter that was so excellent, it deserves it's own post. I

did a great job.

I am convinced that our best game comes when the girl likes us. So, maybe your game is like a “C+” level on average. And some girl likes you. And your game suddenly transforms into “B+” level game. I see this in my seductions all the time (even in my approaches). When she likes me… the best lines I’ve ever said come out of my mouth. And my work with controlling the frame with this one… was really nice.

If I get to fuck this girl… that post… will just be the banter from her/I this week. I hope I get to write that post.

Anyway, after the banter, I sent her this via WeChat:

> NASH: I know we can sometimes find time for a drink afterwork
> NASH: Do you ever have free time on weekends?
> NASH: Maybe during the day?

What I was trying to do here ^ was get her to tell me how to seduce her. I know her domestic situation is complicated. We have no agreement that we will hook up (it’s early in the seduction), so I am testing the waters about sex… and I am also indirectly asking her to tell me how to get around her schedule with her husband.

If she has to be home relatively quickly after work, I would have to find the best time to see her… could it be lunch? Maybe she can see me early AM, go into work a little late? Or maybe weekends? Could I get her to tell me what my best options were? Could I do that more smoothly than by saying “when can we fuck??”

And she responded with:

> SMART GIRL: Only if your cats have free time on weekends too :)

Okay, she is pretty much in. My cats are charming… but let’s assume she wants more than feline attention.

We went back and forth as I tried to set up the date. I explicitly asked her to have coffee with me in my neighborhood… thinking I could bounce her to my house from there. If she wants adventure sex with me… then I just need to protect her reputation (“don’t do anything in public”), isolate her, and escalate. That was my plan.

She dodged two attempts in a row to get her out on a 3rd date. I could feel that we had solid sexual chemistry between us. I had done a decent job of setting up a scenario where we could be isolated and out of the public eye. But she wasn’t helping me close the deal. I had done my job… and now I had to back off… or risk moving into “Bottom Guy” territory by “pushing against resistance.”

This was Friday morning. And I remember feeling interested, excited, a little frustrated, and teeth-gnashingly close to creating something sexual with her. I felt like a caged bear.

She and I left off on a thread about what kind of kisser she was, and I dropped it there… I let her have the last comment and I didn’t come back. I wanted her to feel me walk away… I’m quite sure she knew what she was doing by not committing to this third date. And I didn’t want to “cooperate” with her dodging the next steps between us. I let her be.

I had all this energy. I wanted to do more. But sometimes the move is doing nothing more at all. It was a bitter feeling. But that’s what I did… I moved on with my day.

I did some daygame that day before a date with a different girl (with a super lovely Chinese tourist). Having a date that night distracted me from Smart Girl and I was grateful for it. Spinning plates is a lot of work, but it’s a successful strategy to find some emotional-/sexual diversification AND (maybe more importantly) keep you free from “oneitis” with a given girl.

After a few sets of daygame to continue my daygame streak, I met the tourist, and took her on a great date. As the tourist and I ate dinner that night, I got this message:

> SMART GIRL: Sunday then?

Ahhh, she came back after all.

I was happy about it, of course. I like her. And she turns me on. But seeing her come back on her own… seeing her reopen the thread about the date… seeing her finally agree after dodging it twice… more so, she was suggesting the specific day… all of this was a kind of proof she was into it.

In the land of "Maybe," we can never be certain of much… but the signs were giving me indications that I was on the right path.

……

So today was Sunday. The date on Friday with the tourist was a such a fantastic date, that I got the usual wave of "emotions" that stuck with me for a couple of days after. As I woke up this morning, that "love drunk" state had passed somewhat, and I was focused on the potential of Smart Girl.

I pinged her about 20 minutes before the time we had agreed to meet and she said she was on her way.

We met at my coffee place. She looked… pretty hot. I ordered a tea and she didn't want anything. I made her sit with me in the cafe for a bit, and she had to use the bathroom. That place has an unusual bathroom situation, and she didn't like it, and I offered to take her back to my place (three minutes away) and… she agreed.

And just like that… I had the second married woman in a one week in my apartment.

She loved the cats. And she was getting cat hair all over her clothes and I was already thinking that she might have to explain that later. The cat hair was evidence and I felt like we were already "taking risks."

And she was a bit of a pain in the ass… I would try to lead her around and she is not the best follower. I know the frame battle with her is important.

At one point she told me to get her some water. And I just pointed to the kitchen and calmly stared at her. It was a kind of standoff where she expected me to do it for her… and I won again, and she walked back to the kitchen. I opened the cabinet and pointed to a glass.

This girl is constantly testing me… and for the benefit of her and me both, I want to hold frame and lead us someplace glorious. I am in no hurry to have any kind of "tussle" with her, but I feel certain that if I let my frame collapse she will walk over me as she walks out the door… nothing glorious about that.

I hadn't really touched her yet (nor on either of the dates, as they were in public). And I hadn't made a move yet in my place. So she confronted me:

She asked me, "what do you want from me?" And I told her… "you're a hot girl, you're very smart, I want to eat you, and I want to spend time with you, it's all that." I moved toward her and she sat back putting her legs between she and I (good defense)… and she smiled.

This ^ was a good moment, as we were explicit. I didn't need to do this verbally with her. I had no plans to "talk" about sex (Yohami has mostly broken me of that bad habit), I was very happy to simply physically escalate as soon as I had her in the right position… but she had called me out. And I see talking about it as a way of "agreeing to the rules of the game," as Sundance likes to say (and he gets that from Captain Jack).

I got her to stand up a minute later and I went in for the kiss. She almost took it, and then pulled away. No big emotional reaction… only a mild rejection of it. I rolled off and we kept flirting.

She walked into my living room and threw herself down on the couch… all laid out. It was a provocative move.

I was on my way to get a book she was interested in, but I turned back, climbed on top of her, pinned her arms down and went toward the kiss again… but I didn't fully commit. I expected her to pull away so I got close and then

just held that position. She was still a “no,” but the domination worked a little and she was obviously a little more into it.

And I said, “you almost took it that time,” narrating the scene (which I like to do). And she agreed, and then had a conflicted look on her face, and she said, “I’m not sure how into you I am physically.” And she meant it. That teasing-smart quality was absent from her face. I said, “okay,” and stared a bit more.

This was THE make/break moment in the date, as I see it now.

Then she said something about me being “hurt” that she wasn’t into me in that way. And I told her that I wasn’t hurt. I said I was “vulnerable,” to some degree, and that was true. And I told her that I’m not at all into getting her to do things she doesn’t want to do. It’s my job, I said, to get her to do things she DOES want to do. She lit up a little bit.

And I was affected by her comment about not being that “physically” into me. I have heard stuff like that before and in similar situations. In general, I’m not sure about the “realness” of a comment like that? If she wasn’t into me… why was she in my place? Was saying that another test? I don’t know.

But I was being solid here. And the words about getting her to do the “things she DOES want to do” was part of the birdsong… verbal charm to move us through these sticky spots in the seduction. It seemed to be working.

And then I did something I’ve never done before… I said:

> NASH: Hey, I’m not wounded by you saying you’re not sure how into me you are physically…
> NASH: We both know this “goes someplace”… or we both get bored… and I’m glad to have tested you today.
> NASH: I want you to feel my desire… and I think you do. But there is also this…
> NASH: Don’t ever make a comment like that to me again.

I was solid and serious about it. We stared at each other for a long second. And it had an impact on both of us.

I told her that I’m not worried about her not liking me. She does, or she does not. And I told that part of why I’m not worried about that is because “I know other women,” and I’m sure she believes that.

But, I said, “cool guys don’t spend time with girls that give them that kind of feedback.” So, I said she could stay, and we could get to know each other, fool around… all that. I told her I wanted that. But I didn’t ever want to hear her say anything like that again. She doesn’t have to see me. But if we’re going to spend time together… it’s about celebrating what we like about each other.

“I’m too cool,” I said, “to hang out with girls that don’t want to be with me.”

That was quite a speech. I don’t know exactly where it came from… but I said it, on the fly, when I needed to. And it also seemed to work.

More importantly… I believed every word I said.

I can’t be certain she would agree, but I felt like that was the moment she surrendered to the idea of fucking me.

She shifted gears and started laying out ground rules for what it might be like if saw more of each other. No “sexting” her, she said, she doesn’t want her husband to see. And I told her that I’m not trying to take her out in public, as I don’t want to damage her relationship. I told her I want her, I want to get her naked and do things to her, but that we can do this in such a way that it never takes away from her and her husband.

And then she said…

> SMART GIRL: You know, I’ve only ever had sex with one guy

I’m not certain why she said it… I assume she was sort of thinking out loud as the seriousness between us increased.

And the look on her face was suddenly the softest I've ever seen. This smart, demanding, bossy girl was actually vulnerable with me. No games. The "smart talk" was gone.

I clarified it and said, "you've fooled around a lot… but only had proper sex with your husband." She agreed. And her more complicated/edgy self was back again on her face, as she said she'd done "everything" with several guys, except fuck them, and gave me a big, confident smile.

……

All of this reminds me of another married girl, Miss Shanghai, from years ago. I had her in my house back in 2014 (before I knew much about game), I didn't make a move of any kind that day… and I hated myself for it.

I got her back in my house two years later, made a move on her, and she didn't like it at all. She left almost immediately… but that was an important step for me. When I reviewed my pledge of "200 in the Fall" on this blog, I pointed to that moment as a serious highlight of the year's adventures. I'd pushed the issue, finally. It wasn't good game (it was a clumsy, amateurish escalation), but it was a baby step in the right direction… at least I didn't hide my dick.

I may have been less-than-smart about how I did it, and she rejected hooking up with me… but the "unspoken conversation" between she and I was finally spoken.

With Smart Girl (who is very similar to Miss Shanghai, in many ways)… I never let it go "unspoken." This was THE moment to do it. I'd arranged the set-up very well. I'd made my move. She was not easy. She tested me like crazy. But based on the look on her eyes… I seemed to have done reasonably well.

……

After my speech on the couch, she said she had to go.

As she was covered in cat hair, I took her into my bedroom to use the lint remover to get the hair off her clothes. I asked if she wanted help… and she smiled and extended her arms so I could run the lint remover all over her body to clean her up. It was sexual. And at a certain point I tossed the lint roller aside, I stepped in, I hooked a strong arm around her waist, I pulled her in and…

I kissed her.

She resisted about 25%… but I got in there. And then… then she really kissed me back. Solid, all in. She put her arms around my neck and pulled me toward her and we properly kissed.

It was awesome. She is a great kisser.

As she was "rejecting me" earlier on the couch, I told her then I like her, that she's hot, but she hadn't really "turned me on" yet. I told her it was sexy to have her in my house, but that she hadn't made my cock hard… and it was true.

But after that kiss, I was turned on. I told her she had gotten me hard after all.

She called herself a car. I walked her down the stairs… kissing her again before she stepped outside. And she was gone.

Hmmmmm. Interesting girl.

……

She knows I'm 45…. twice her age. And we know she is married. She and I are from very different backgrounds and cultures. It's complicated… but here she was, fooling around with a daygamer in his apartment on a Sunday afternoon.

And my education gets yet another chapter. She's a great "sparring partner" in the game of sex and romance. An exciting girl. And yet even more yield from my ongoing harvesting of the streets.

She was also on her period today (or so she said). That means, that in a four/five days, she'll be post-period and likely more into getting in trouble. She is still hard to date… she does not have a lot of free time. But maybe I can get her back on a weekend? Or… perhaps get a hotel downtown after work???

I have a plan… we'll see.

Viva dayame.

The Assistant, Kiss Close | Masculine/Feminine Polarity

Nash · 10 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Another “single serving” connection. Chinese. Tourist. I picked her up on Tuesday… after I met Miss Tease (for our 2nd episode of afternoon sex in hotel). I was only out running game because I wanted to continue my “streak.”

Let’s call her The Assistant.

She was the 5th of five girls that I approached that day. Slow walk, nice hips. Stopped easily. She had arrived in my city that day. Good chat about travel and China. Tried to close her via WeChat.

Her phone was out of juice, so she wrote down my ID… but she did add me later. Green light. Three pings later we had a daytime date set up.

Met her downtown. Got tea. Took her to the park… Right away it felt a bit “on.” She asked me lots of questions… that is very rare, in my experience. On dates… I lead almost all the conversation. We were 15 minutes into the date, it was broad daylight, but I was already touching her a lot.

Then… the art museum. I told her they will only give us free tickets (I am a member) if she is “cool enough.” I teased her that they would test her… She pinched my arm. We were heating up.

I think she was just barely into the art… more so into the date. And I wanted to kiss her right away. At this video exhibit I took her hand and played with her fingers. Pressed my palm to hers. Soft hands and strong chemistry in the dark.

Another video exhibit… She was taking my touch so well. I asked if she was wearing perfume, she said yes. I smelled her neck, she took it all. Urgent need to kiss her… So I did.

We looked at more art… But the vibe was in the air. As we left, I put us in an under-used elevator and gave her a solid, deep, proper kiss. All the lights on my dashboard were flashing… so on.

It was 6 PM. I asked, did she “want to meet my cats?” She smiled and shook her head. I took her for a drink at the fancy hotel bar. Big kiss in the elevator on the way up to the bar. Drinks on the couch, lots of touching, very close.

And she told me some stories about getting picked up:

In Vancouver once… a guy approached her at Starbucks. Told her he thought she was beautiful, wanted her “mobile number.” She gave it to him because she thought he wouldn’t go away without it. He wanted to date her. She wouldn’t do it. (Or so she said.)

Another time in Vancouver… some guy was on a date with a different Chinese girl… “but she wasn’t too pretty.” As that girl went to the “washroom,” the guy approached, said he thought she was very beautiful, wanted her number. She declined.

Yet another time in BC… a guy approached her on the street. “He ran and stopped me, just like you did.” “He said I am very beautiful and he want to take me to dinner. He wanted to date me, but I say no.”

I asked if guys in China stop her… and she said no. But then she said, “I don’t really like Chinese boys.” I asked again. She said, “they are a little shy… and when they try, I am not interested.” But of course there are daygamers in China… all countries have their share of cool men.

As she finished those stories she said, “you are very lucky,” implying she had choosen me from the crowd of suitors. I shook my head. I told her I liked her, that I was obviously having a great time with her, but that it wasn’t luck.

I told her I could tell she really liked me… that too was obvious. And that she was the lucky one… Not because I am “so cool,” but because she was so happy. And it is lucky to have this kind of experience.

She went doe-eyed. She was “all in” at the level of her heart. I told her I wanted to get her alone. That it was so difficult not to kiss her… that we needed to be alone. We were both aching for it.

She said no to my place. I said, “let’s go to your hotel.” She said I would lose control. I told her I would not… That I would kiss her, hard. That it is true, I wanted to take her clothes off, but that I would be fine… Unless we wanted to go further. I told her “you will lose control.” She agreed.

Her eyes were desperate at this point. She was having a “movie like” romance with an experienced man… And she was loving it. She said, “I want to… but I will lose control. We need to wait.” I said, “I understand.”

> HER: I don’t want it come fast go fast…

As we left… I hoped that we would be alone in the elevator, and we were. I held her head and tasted her mouth. As we hit the ground floor, no one was there… I made her wait… the door closed on us and I sent us back up. Another long kiss. No one. Back down… our mouths met yet again. My cock was hard. I put her hand on it.

“Let’s go,” I said. She told me she could find her way back to her hotel on her own. I said I would walk her. She said… “can we go back to the park?” I said I’d take her to the Square.

In the Square, we sat side by side on a bench. We held hands. She was completely “floppy” (as Krauser would say). She was campaigning for me to visit Beijing (instead of Shanghai) if I go to China this year. She said… “we need to wait.” And her eyes were tortured with the want to move forward and the competing feeling that we needed to slow down.

I didn’t push at all. I didn’t need to… She was more than attracted, but she was resisting the reality of fucking a man she had only spent about three hours with in total. I walked her back to her hotel.

> Men have to create their value.
> Women have to protect their value.
>
> — Rivelino (@alpharivelino) April 28, 2017

At the hotel, she was in a mild sexual panic. I could see her mind racing. She wanted it, badly. In between the kissing I would ask her, again, if she wanted me to come up to her room. It was a simple, confident offer. I fucked two girls in the two days before this date… I was not at all over-eager. I made my offer. And stared at her.

She led me around the corner… I wasn’t sure why. She said, “too many people can see us.” She wanted to extend our goodbye… and to kiss some more. The sun hadn’t set yet. Her tongue in my mouth. Up to her room, I asked? Her eyes were tormented by the hindbrain/forebrain conflict. This was ASD, not LMR, but result was the same.

> HER: You know, when I really like someone, I don’t hope things come fast go fast. Many beautiful things last an instant. But, I hope some beautiful things are long lasting in my life.

From later ^, via WeChat. This is her… explaining ASD to a daygamer. And this is also her, positioning herself as “K selected.”

She asked if I would forget her? She pushed me again to come to Beijing. She said we had to wait until… until she could come back to my city and we could be together again.

I kissed her again. She went inside.

> I am amazed over and over at how "compatible" the girls and I are in these situations… strangers, immediately connecting.
>
> It's because of MALE/FEMALE POLARITY. When you run the dance that way, connection is very

> predictable…. shockingly common… and "rich" each time.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) May 1, 2018

This ^ is from a different girl… a Japanese tourist from two weeks ago. Also "single serving." Also… great connection. Sexy, comfortable, romantic… all this in the space of a few hours. How does it happen so fast? So easily? So often?

With The Assistant… here it was again. Nearly desperately strong connection (from a dead start) between… complete strangers. We had one drink on this date, but we were locked on each other before the alcohol hit our lips. How does it happen like this… So intense, so fast?

It's me… that is part of it, of course… it's what I've worked to learn… it's all the dates, all the practice. It's the art of charm. It's game. It's learning how to be the masculine version of "geisha." To use our skill to please girl after girl. For her pleasure… and most certainly for our own.

But more so… it's the masculine/feminine dance. My ever-increasing experience might explain why **she** hooks… But does not explain why **I** hook in these moments. I hook… because I am playing my role well, and the rhythm of the dance is intoxicating. That is all masculine/feminine polarity.

That dance… is greater than the dancers themselves. And the power of masculine/feminine polarity is the best explanation I have for how I could wander into a date, on a week when I am exhausted, and yet… BOOM, connection. When the opportunities are there… this happens again and again.

Viva Daygame.

PS: And for the record… I did three approaches before this date… which means 53 Days of Game in a row.

Sex with Another Married Woman | Smart Girl, +1 Daygame

Nash · 29 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

For the second time in two weeks, I claim a notch from a married woman. This is the one I am calling Smart Girl… and I already posted about her, and the circumstances around when I first kissed her. Here is the lay report for this girl. And I hope to have to more to say… as I'm trying to set up an ongoing thing with her (which looks very possible, at this stage).

I like her. She's a sexy, young little thing. This is a messy position to be in, I realize that. And while I have done it before, I don't recommend hooking up with married women.

However, a long standing claim of mine about WHY I am interested in game, is to learn how things "really are." And married women DO fuck other men, and they do so for a host of reasons. I have said many times that I don't want to be a spectator in this game. I want "skin in the game," as Taleb would say.

I want to be credible. I want my knowledge to be credible. I want to personally test well-worn assumptions with my heart and my cock. And that means being a "first hander." I am doing this for the sex. And I am doing this for first-hand knowledge. Because I want to be a man who really knows.

And with that said… I think this is one of the best "seductions" I've ever been a part of. By that I mean that while she was a curious girl, she wasn't a typical "yes" girl. And she and I have a lot of "friction" in terms of our compatibility (compatibility is mostly bullshit… that's bluepill talk, but I'll give it some credence here)… in that she is less than half my age… from another country… and married. That's a reasonably high degree of challenge, by traditional standards.

The Daygame Gods were clearly with me on this one. No Daygamer gets laid without their blessing (all hail the Daygame Gods!). But either in addition to that blessing, or as a result of it, I had some "seducing" to do. Some of that was "convincing" her (aka "showing value")… getting her over the fence in terms of attraction. And also some work to do in terms of "clarifying the game" and nailing down the logistics to get this (love-) affair started.

……

As we left off on my last post about this girl… I had her at my house, she had both refused my physical escalation (several times) and even verbally told me she didn't think she as into me, in terms of physical attraction. We had something like a frame battle that day… and I won.

But perhaps "frame battle" is the "tussle-like" POV… perhaps it wasn't like that all.

Maybe I "crushed her frame"… or maybe each "test" was a chance for me to show her my sex-worthiness (aka "value") in a new context. And perhaps I now have enough experience to both SEE those points of view AND to act on them in ways that enhance my appeal. I make no claims to having been born with natural skills with woman, but I do make claims about working harder than most men are willing to work. And I keep racking up reference experiences. And perhaps those reference experiences are starting to pay off.

I think I have won this girl over. I think this story is a good example of "game," in the sense where "game is turning 'maybes' into 'yeses'" I think this story is culmination of something very much like that.

……

I said in the previous post that this seduction has given me a chance to practice being "discreet." Smart Girl is local. She lives with her husband in my city. She is a very young girl, just 23, but she has fooled around to some degree before. Despite that history, her relationship with her husband is "traditional," they have no agreement about open-access to other people.

I don't want to fuck up her life by doing anything that would expose this to her husband. I bet her marriage serves

her (probably in many ways), and I'd like to help her preserve all that… while she and I have something juicy and ephemeral on the side.

> As a man, I want to add ORDER to the world… and I realize, being the cad to a married woman is disorderly conduct.
>
> But… it's a little extra hot. I'm very curious about women and extra-marital activity.
>
> And… for the record… no way I am ever getting married.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) April 30, 2018

It's true.

So… we met (via daygame, of course). And then we met again… I insta-dated her the second time I opened her (which we can call the "first date"), took her for a drink. And then we had a proper date (also a drink) another night a week later.

At that point, I knew I had to 1.) Get her alone soon and 2.) Make something physical happen. You don't get a million dates to kiss a girl (I think you get two… maybe three, max). She is no "child." She is racy and an "adult pace" was appropriate. And I got all that done. Got her back at my place on our third date, got us alone, got us away from the public eye… and I got my tongue in her mouth.

It was complicated, but it happened. I am proud of my skill in handling those objectives. That was last Sunday.

……

On Monday, I said hello… and that I wanted to meet again "to say hi." The point of that was to talk face to face (I'm trying to keep evidence off her phone). I wanted a quick meeting to tell her that I wanted to to cut back on "public dates" with her, as they increase the chance she'll get caught… and I'd like to be the kind of man that can lead in ways where that doesn't happen.

There is dangerous and then there is stupid. I'd like to avoid the latter.

We met on Tuesday. I watched her walk up the street toward our meeting spot… and she looked hot. She has nice hips. She isn't the kind of girl that most guys would lust after, but she checks all my boxes and I am very into her (the fact that she is 22 years younger than me helps).

And as I said in my last post about her… she was vulnerable with me on Sunday. And that "realness" was charming, and it made us genuinely more intimate. So as we saw each other again on Tuesday, I felt an even stronger draw to her.

It was very hard not to touch her. I'm a brazen and proud seducer… I'm not used to this "being careful" or secretive.

As we met, I explained to her that I want to cut back the "public dates," because I want to help protect her reputation with her husband. And I told her I was going to be less explicit via message as well. She was very warm in this meeting… less "severe" in her smartness, she was softer. Very charming.

As we stood face to face on the sidewalk, not touching, I I told her this:

> NASH: If I can find a place for us to meet around here… someplace private… where we can be alone… would you like that?

I said something like that and she looked at me, and she softened again, and she said, "yes." No challenge. No shit-test. Just the beginnings of our cooperation as lovers… secret lovers.

We wrapped up our mini-date quickly. I told her:

> NASH: Okay…
> NASH: We'll talk and I'll set something up for next week

And then we walked away without so much as a hug.

……

That "next week" part from that line above is also an element of "good game," as I see it.

Earlier in my education as a seducer, I might have been too horny, too over eager… I would have rushed it. As it was… I've had dates almost everyday for weeks. Lots of girls. So I'm genuinely a little bit "abundant."

That is not a "strategy" (it doesn't work that way). My lack of eagerness was a genuine BYPRODUCT of me running so much daygame. I'm doing a lot of work, I am talking to a lot of girls, they are talking back. You can't fake this stuff. You do the work. And then the "results" tell a story that's beyond words or technique.

So on Wednesday, she said:

> HER: I kinda wanna see you before next week… is that bad?

I love this ^. We all like validation (*nod* to Sundance), even if that's only to help her scratch a sexual itch. Win-win, as I see it.

And I like that comment from her even more, as she was cooperating with the seduction. This isn't a game of me chasing her, her soaking up validation, etc. She is leaning into it. It's mutual. And while that seems like a requirement for a good thing with a girl (and it is), we have all been in situations like this where we get tooled for chasing something that was never ours. This scenario was more promising than that.

So I responded:

> NASH: It is bad…
> NASH: But I like it.

I had planned to wait a few days to set up a sex date… but with her leaning in, I was happy to go for the close.

> NASH: If I can find a place to meet tmrw afternoon, do you have an hour or so?
> HER: Yes tomorrow sounds good

And it was on… or at least it was "on the calendar."

Felt pretty good, but who knows… girls live in a "land of maybe." And they never make "contracts" in matters of the heart or the bed. It is always "well see."

We'll see… is where I left it yesterday.

……

Today is Thursday. As I awoke and let the daylight find its way into my eyes, I considered all that I had to do today… and I remembered that, yes… I might have a date with a married woman. And that we might meet at a hotel. And I might fuck her.

I was excited. And a little nervous.

……

I had actually done this before… the "hotel sex" part. It was with Miss Tease last summer. But in that case… she

and I had made out a few times. She had sent me a bunch of nudes via SnapChat. She wasn't married, but her logistics made it hard to get her alone as well (she lives with strict, Christian parents that won't let her date), so we did the hotel thing. It was an unusual and very sexy time.

But I didn't take her quite as seriously as I take Smart Girl.

And I still wasn't sure if Smart Girl would actually commit, if she'd show up, if she'd let herself be fucked… or even if she properly understood where I was taking this thing between her and me.

Girls "know," and yet even after all this education I still wonder if they "gets it" in situations like this.

We did some soft confirmations via WeChat. I tried to avoid being too specific via message, but she's very sharp, and I assumed she understood what I meant. I told her I'd "find us a meeting spot." And when she asked questions, I told her I wouldn't know the location until later… Recharge App allows you to rent high-quality hotel rooms by the hour. I had to wait until I was sure she was going to meet me before I booked the room… so this was all "down to the last minute," in terms of planning. I wasn't even sure there would be rooms available as the time approached…

There was a lot of uncertainty. And that uncertainty meant I was burning extra emotional calories all day.

She gets off work around the normal time for a girl with a career. So around 4 PM I went downtown. I wanted to check out the hotel in advance, and…

I needed to run an approach or two to keep my daygame streak alive:

> And for the record… I still got two approaches in before the date. Took a number of a tall Chinese art student.
>
> All this means my DAYGAME STREAK continues.
>
> == 46 days in a row
>
> If you do ^ this… You will have a lot of stories.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) May 4, 2018

So, with everything else in the mix… I still took a new contact today. And I completed day 46 of my daygame streak… I'm not even sharing half the stories from this work. I'll write about my "daygame everyday" commitment soon, but I have too many good stories right now. It's been an amazing run of game.

……

A little before 5:30 I ended up in the lobby of the hotel. And I pinged her:

> NASH: What's your ETA?

My plan was laid out and I was where I needed to be, but I still wasn't sure she would do it. We have all been flaked on in situations much less complicated than this one, so I wasn't convinced it would happen…

But she is a bold girl and she replied and said she was on her way. I booked the room. And I walked 15 feet to the front desk, processed my check-in, got my key, and went to the room… it was very nice. I turned the air conditioning up so it would be cool in the room as things heated up.

The key ^ to that room.

And then I messaged her:

> NASH: Room #313

And I was pretty damn nervous.

This wasn't going to be a normal date. No "drink" first (not even a cup of tea). No dinner. No little errand or experience to let us tune into each other. It was a sex date. Only sex. And with a girl I barely knew and had also barely ever touched. With a normal girl on a dinner date, I would have around two hours to tell stories and also to touch her all over and everywhere. That is "bonding time." This date had none of that.

And as I sat in the room waiting for her to come up… the lack of familiarity was obvious. I was more nervous than I have been for any date in years. It was all rather unusual. And I didn't have much in the way of reference experiences to prepare me for this kind of meeting.

……

There was a knock at the door, I opened it, it was her… and she looked great.

She was dressed in all black. She doesn't wear much makeup, but she was wearing some on her eyes. And her long, beautiful black hair was shiny and inspiring.

I said hello. I really looked into her eyes to start the bonding process. I stood very, very close to her… because my strategy was to let the physicality of the sex cut through my nerves and "bring me down to earth." I may not have a lot of experience fucking young married girls in hotel rooms from a dead-start, but I do have a lot of experience fucking girls. I wanted to rely on the part I knew best… and to build from there.

We moved across the spotless room together. I pulled her body to me slowly, held her close and in a moment that was almost (but not quite) "calm" I told her I was… nervous. She said she could tell. And she smiled, in a slightly muted version of her usual confident, whip-smart kind of way.

I said this to her so I could be authentic. I was calling out an elephant in the room, but I was also being real in real moment. When I am authentic she can trust me… and I can trust myself.

I recapped our meetup from Tuesday. And I told her how hard it was not to touch her. She said she was surprised and impressed I was able to play it so cool. I stepped in again to lay my hands on her as I said all this, and her arms came up over my shoulders. She was warm and affectionate. We drew each other in close. We kissed. And it was underway.

I was still not "in my body" yet. But I knew what to do next.

I put her on the bed. Kissed her some. And then started undressing her. The carnal qualities of her body were just what I needed to begin to feel grounded. And soon I had her naked. And I was kissing her again. Feeling her warm, soft, creamy skin. Tasting her mouth. And I could feel the sex starting to take hold of me… making everything more "real." And her smell… that pheromone smell I love… was now in the air. And that also helped bring my attention from my nerves, and my head, down through my body, and into my guts and my cock.

She was playful and confident. As I underdressed her for the first time, she was perhaps the most confident girl I've ever seen in this part of a seduction.

Yohami called her an "alpha chick." I think that is an apt description. She is young… but she has plenty of power.

And then… I told her I was about to do "what I love to do."

On our second date I told her that I love to eat pussy… and I assumed she remembered. So I slid down her body… and again the smell of her sex, that warm musk of her pussy, also helped bring me deeper into the scene. I was almost myself by now.

I hadn't eaten any pussy in weeks… and she was creamy and wet and delicious. When I fucked the other married girl last week, she was on her period (if only barely), so I used my hands a bit, and then fucked her. With Smart Girl… I had a chance to really taste her. To take my time between her thighs, in the privacy of our rented room. And I love to do that. I'd been fantasizing about having my mouth on her all day.

And I looked up at her, from her between the softness of those thighs… and she was often looking back. She would occasionally smile, which is charming, but not the sexiest vibe. And then she would moan as I'd "strike gold" in her most pleasurable places. I don't know if she came… but she was shaking when I was done. And I was happy. And I was proud.

I was still fully clothed… so I got naked. And I told her to suck my cock. And I wasn't hard… I rarely am (at first) when I don't know the girl well. She commented on it. She wasn't mean, but I can see how another man would be bothered, by both his limp cock and the girl's comments. In my case… I am 45. I know I'm not a teenager. And despite my confession that this date made me nervous… I'm not at all insecure about my cock or being hard or anything in this realm. It's been a beautiful part of getting more action that I have almost completely relaxed in these moments.

I did my new favorite trick of climbing up on her chest and stuffing my cock in her mouth. And it was as magical as it sounds and I was hard at once. And I told her I was ready to fuck her… the condoms were on the nightstand… I leaned over to reach for one…

And she said "no."

I was very surprised. We had had zero LMR up to this point, and now… it looked like I wouldn't fuck her. She reminded me that she had told me that she has fooled around with several guys, but only fucked one man (her husband). She said, "I don't think I want to do that today." She seemed clear and confident about it. I backed up a little.

I talked about "trust." I smiled and told her that she should fuck me… but that of course, she had a choice. I told her I want her and I to be good lovers to each other, and that that means we give each other pleasure. It was a cute

little speech. And I believe all that.

But I also told her that I wanted to establish this affair as something that would happen again. I told her I was more interested in seeing her again than in pushing her too far this particular time.

In case it's not obvious, my nervousness was long gone at this point. I was saying and doing some things I've never done… but I was in a space where I could let what mastery I have flow forth. And I was handling her well. She was having a great time. And she was listening to me, letting me lead her… which is not easy with this one… she's bossy and powerful, when she wants to be.

I have really learned from Yohami that we "don't push through resistance." This was my major takeaway from my weeks in Japan (and that lesson alone was likely worth the challenge of that entire trip). All that practice focusing on getting her and I more aroused… instead of trying to "shove and coerce." Those were great lessons and I am a better man now that I know them.

In this case… I made her suck my cock some more. And I got between her legs and rubbed my cock on her clit. I even put on a condom… but she was still a "no."

I backed up… and ate her glistening little pussy one more time. More wonderful noises from her. Even more shaking as I pushed her deeper into pleasure. Her belly was a little moist with a thin layer of sweat as I finished. And I worked my fingers inside her tight little box… gently, slowly, just getting to know her body. Letting her body get to know me.

And I was hard by now, so I rubbed on her clit again. I put on another condom. She was still telling me "no." But that grinding on her clit was getting to her… and I let my cock dip lower and lower between her thighs… and her eyes were closing now with the intensity of it all… and then… I was inside her.

I watched her eyes… and they were a mix of shock and something that looked emotional. I really didn't know if I had broken her trust. Or if she was suddenly feeling some regrets at having crossed this line. I didn't know.

I assume I should not believe that she has only fucked one other guy… but as usual, I do believe it. Yohami will laugh (and he's right to laugh), but it was the look in her eyes on my couch last Sunday that made that comment real for me.

It is not easy to get this girl into a position of vulnerability… but she was very raw and available after I lectured her on how she was (and was not) allowed to talk to me that day a week before. And she seemed real, and younger, and much softer in those moments… and softer still that afternoon as she told me she has only had one cock inside her.

And she was vulnerable in this moment.

I hadn't gotten that "second pump" to hit the comically-specific standard of what counts as lay (The "Two Strokes" Rule)… but I stopped and looked at her. She and I have brilliant eye contact, it's one of the things I love about her. And I stopped, and poured it on… and she gave it back, in a soft-slow way. I still wasn't sure, but I pushed the rest of the way into her.

+1 daygame.

I fucked her slowly for a while. When I paused the first time, she asked if I had come, but I had not. I moved her around a bit. Fucking her softly and taking her through a couple of positions. I asked if she was ready, and she said she was… and she looked me dead in the eyes as I thrust into her soft body and came inside her.

It was hot. It was beautiful.

Then we lay around together. And it was very easy to be with her post-sex… and that is not always true. At this point, it was as if we'd done this several times. We chatted, and I stared into her eyes and stroked that long, beautiful hair back against her head. And my cock grew soft, still wrapped in the one of the world's best condoms.

It was time to go.

……

As she was getting dressed, she sort of ordered me to hand her her pants. I say this to help fill in more of the qualities of her psychology. I felt the lack of softness (and respect), and I gave her a serious look and I said "say 'please.'" And she got it right away. She gave me her 'please,' as I asked. And I softened, and I said, "it's my pleasure, beautiful," rewarding her for understand what I wanted from her in that moment.

She is a challenging girl. It's a challenging situation. But I like her.

And it was a great time.

……..

Last time I fucked in a Recharge situation, I remember the surreal feeling afterwards:

> "I walked around in an amused daze. I felt like a serial killer. I looked normal on the outside. Walking along the sidewalk like anyone else. Only I had had a very unusual sex-capade with very young girl only minutes before. That's not impossible, but I knew it wasn't 'normal.' It was rare and wonderful."
> — Nash, from my post about Miss Tease

That's ^ right. I felt like a "killer" that time. It was high energy, almost hyper… uncomfortably so.

This time I felt very different. I think being so nervous really drained me in a way I couldn't feel completely until it was over.

I took myself to dinner and had a beer. I was daydreaming at my table, and my food was getting cold as I sipped my beer and did my own particular version of a "thousand yard stare." I had to force myself to focus enough to eat and I posted this to twitter:

> I have the the sour-sweet smell of pussy on my face right now. And I'm in the post-sex haze. I feel proud, a little emotional, and tired.
>
> This is a complicated one.
>
> I'll post about it on my blog in the next week.
>
> + 1 daygame
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) May 4, 2018

I had some work to do for a client, or I would have had several drinks to numb me back down to the normal vibrations of a less emotionally volatile day. Instead, I grabbed a cup of coffee (which I never drink), and walked home from the restaurant to try to spend and release some of the post-sex energy and thoughts from the experience.

……

This Saturday, I guy I barely know and I will meet up in real life to talk about game. He found me via this blog, and a few weeks ago, we had a call to talk about his game and some practical steps for him to move forward into a fruitful daygame practice.

As we were trading emails about logistics for Saturday, I said:

> NASH: In other news… +1 again tonight. I haven't posted about her yet, but you're among the first to know.
> NASH: It's another interesting adventure, and I'm surprised again and again by all this. Some parts, are becoming routine and predictable. Other parts, endlessly new.
> NASH: This is a great "game." It's rich, and fascinating.

True. True.

Another amazing adventure… one that started with approaching a girl on the street.

I love this game, so much. And I am so interested in these girls, in their bodies, in my reaction to them (which is also a never ending surprise), and in their motivations for why they do what they do with me.

Fascinating, indeed.

> "A true man needs two things: danger and play. For that reason he chooses women – the most dangerous plaything." – Nietzsche
>
> — GotPickup? Gary PUA (@gotpickup) May 4, 2018

This is complicated and ill-advised… but I like her. I hope I see her again.

It was a great experience.

Viva daygame.

What To Say To Girls | A Structure for a Daygame Stack

Nash · 12 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I don't usually write "how to" posts on this blog. There are a lot of "how to" articles out there, and most of those posts are generic, impersonal and dry… repetition at that level is not what I want to do in this space. But I get a lot of questions about "what to say" from beginner daygamers (and sometimes from my friends). It's coming up a lot, so I'm ready to try to put down my thoughts about the "words" I focus on when I talk to girls on the street. I'm ready to talk about "my stack."

Below I'll lay out my notes about "What to say to girls." I'll say WHY I use the structure I do. And I'll give some examples from my own pickups to illustrate why I would recommend something like this structure for guys starting out.

…….

If you've been in and around the Community for a while, "what do I say to girls?" is a question that might make you laugh… it's a classic. Or it might irritate you… as you know that "the pickup lines" are actually such a small part of this game (which is very true). But for new guys, it's their starting point and a fair inquiry.

I have been talking about this structure with my wings for a while, and I am taking the time now to lay it out in full detail. To get that process started, here is a preview of the structure I like, taken from a conversation I had with Runner on this topic last year:

> NASH: Your stack = logistics
> NASH: This is efficient and smart… Logistics are everything, so make them the primary stack… And riff from there
> NASH: "Why are you here?"
> NASH: "Where do you live?"
> NASH: "Are you a student or do you have a job?"
> NASH: ^ This takes a while, fills space, gives you material, and… helps you know how to game her
> NASH: ^^ This + "color" (=teasing) and some DHV = 5 mins is up, take the number

Okay, there is a very quick version of my stack. That is the outline, and I'll go through other examples of that basic structure several times in this post.

…….

First, some general comments on a "stack."

I don't personally think that much about "my stack." When I see a girl I want to open, I don't walk in with a plan about what to say. It's good if I have some comment about what I noticed about her, but beyond that, not really. In many ways, anything pre-planned will hurt your game.

If you walk up to a girl with a canned version of what you want to say, it will take you out of the moment, make you less authentic, limit your responsiveness… and none of that is good for your game. Later this summer I will quote Swingcat ("GOAT") on this topic extensively. For now, keep in mind that pre-planned conversations are not ideal at all, and are in many ways the very opposite of good seduction.

But for new guys, the idea of a stack is a way to limp into the game. It's a temporary tool to help you break the ice ("the ice" of your own social progress). You'll use some pre-planned stuff at first…most guys do. And then you'll get past some of your initial fears and self-doubt, you'll rack up personal reference experiences, and you'll be ready to move forward with a more creative, "alive" version of you.

This ^ is all a normal stage for most "non-naturals" to work though (I went through this stage). Don't worry about it.

But before we dive deeper into this structure, take a mental note about how overly-rigid stacks are something you want to avoid in general and certainly aim to outgrow.

……..

Now let's make a distinction between a "script" and a "structure."

The exact terms for those concepts aren't important, but it's the distinction that matters to me here. Let's say that a script is LINEAR (each line, written out, all in a row, trying to anticipate how she'll respond) and a structure is more like a "framework" and is more FLEXIBLE than a script could ever be.

I'm not interested in helping anyone script a conversation out… that's a tool that won't serve the job. Don't do that.

But a STRUCTURE… maybe something like "goals" for the approach… could serve the pickup in a larger sense on one hand, AND help with "what to say" on the other.

There are an infinite number of things to say and directions to take the conversation. If I had to advise a new guy about "what to say to girls"… and we could theoretically pick any place we want to start… I vote for LOGISTICS as the backbone of any specific structure in that guy's stack.

When I approach girls on the street, I typically don't know what I'm going to talk about. But there are PATTERNS that show up in my approaches. And one pattern is that I often probe the girls LOGISTICS for the meat of that first chat on the sidewalk.

My "stack," if I have one… is based on LOGISTICS.

…….

Choosing logistics is not arbitrary. Logistics give us important information about the "when" and "where" of how we might seduce the girl.

> "Amateurs talk about tactics, but professionals study logistics."
> – Gen. Robert H. Barrow, USMC

For game, when we say "logistics" we're talking mostly about the "when" and "where" of sex. This may sound non-intuitive, but for experienced guys, "who" is often less crucial to sex than "when" and "where." In much the same way that a "perfect line" on an uninterested girl is useless, an "interested" girl that is unavailable is also useless.

We screen for logistics to help assess topline probabilities that we can get this girl in bed. Of course we are deeply interested in her looks and her personality, but we can address that at the same time while we map out when and where we might be able to fuck a given girl.

Here is an example:

> NASH: Hey…
> NASH: I saw you walking by and I love your walk
> NASH: My name is Nash
> HER: Hi…
> NASH: What's your name?
> HER: Hot Girl
> NASH: Okay Hot Girl, nice to meet you
> NASH: What are you doing in my city today?

Brilliant, right? That stack is sure-fire mPUA material, right?

No. Of course not.

This is super basic stuff, but this is exactly how I start out much of the time. We'll do some examples with more flavor below, but that dialog above is close to a basic stack for me. And what I am saying is not arbitrary — particularly that last line.

Right away, I am digging into the probability of fucking her when I ask "what are you doing in my city." You can customize this concept anyway you want (it's a structure, not a script), but I'll use examples like this to talk about why I think choosing logistics as a point of focus is a very smart move.

Let's keep going:

> HER: I am here on business

This ^ is a great example of the utility of a logistics-based stack.

I asked "why are you here" and she has told me she's here on business. Right away I know she's likely not here for long and that I'll have to move fast if I want to make something happen with her. That's good to know. I can now ask where she's from (which I might), or better yet… keep it on logistics (where she is from is less relevant than other questions), and I can move onto:

> NASH: Okay, cool.
> NASH: You're here for a conference or something?
> HER: No. My boss and I flew in for a meeting with a client.
> NASH: Oh, hit and run on my city, huh? [flirty smile]
> NASH: How long will you be here?
> HER: I leave on Saturday

I'm not trying to show too much style here (we'll get to that in other examples later). I am focused on "when" and "where" in this example. I am showing you a flavor of "what to say," but we are also screening her and looking for "openings" (credit: Swingcat) to make the seduction happen.

With those lines above, I have a good start on knowing how feasible this girl is for a date (and potentially for some profane nakedness). I know she's with her boss, and that there is a decent chance she will have "business dinners" and possibly early meetings. All of this helps me decide how I might go about trying to get her out… or, if I want to bother at all. That is very good information, and because of my choice of structure I am getting that intel right away.

I am talking about the kinds of things I say to girls, and the structure of WHY I steer conversation in this direction… and I'm also showing you how I use what she is saying to help me take action post-set:

EX: The girl in this scenario told me she is here for business and leaves Saturday. If I open this girl on a Wednesday afternoon, and I have plans with friends on Thursday night, and a date on Friday, it's going to be tough to date her. I can try a daytime date, perhaps. Or try to get her out that night (maybe after her dinner with her boss). Or I might end the set and let her go (which I do all the time), as I don't have much time for a girl like this (this is screening, more on that below).

You can see how getting after these questions early helps me make good use of the time and helps plan how to game the girl.

I do a lot more than this, but this is the foundation. This is my basic structure.

…….

I will anticipate a bit of debate here, and I want to address what guys like Krauser call "hairdresser questions:"

> SOME GUY: But, I thought we weren't supposed to ask the girl a bunch of questions?

True. We do tell beginners not to hammer the girl with retarded questions. Doing that is a way to “take value,” and that’s not charming.

Here is a reference to that concept:

> HAIRDRESSER QUESTIONS:
> — What are you doing today?
> — Where are you from?
> — What’s your name?
> — Where do you come from?
> — What are you doing now?
> — What are you doing later?

From ^ Krauser’s book Beginner Daygame (no longer for sale, as far as I know).

Krauser is saying those kinds of questions suck, and yet here I am advising guys to consider exactly those lines for their stack. More than that, I am telling you I use exactly those kinds of questions in almost every set.

Yes, it’s true that peppering her with questions (particularly ones that lead to short answers) is not good game. But that doesn’t mean questions are off limits.

The way we can use questions and not bore ourselves to death, is to use them sparingly and to space them out.

We can also use ASSUMPTIONS, which are questions disguised as statements. The daygame.com guys used to teach “assumptive stacking” and that is good material.

> QUESTION: Are you from America?
> vs…
> ASSUMPTION: You’re from America.

Framing that question as an assumption will likely get a similar answer, but doing that work in the form of an assumption can offer variety to your phrasing, and that might help keep things interesting for you and the girl.

So, yes… a few questions are fine, they’re natural. And you can toss in a couple of assumptions to mix it up. And you can add some “color” to anything you do to make it more fun/sexy.

> QUESTION: You’re staying in London for the whole weekend?
> vs…
> FUN QUESTION: Are you here only for the weekend… or will you marry a local guy, have 15 kids and stay here forever?

That second “fun” version is still a question, it allows us to get after her logistics… but it’s not a boring “interview” or an interrogation.

We can ask our questions, keep them flirty and fun, mix in assumptions… and also use our eye contact and our body language to add a sexual vibe that can supplement the words.

This post is mostly about the WORDS, but the NONVERBALS are crucial to our value as players. The stack I’m offering is a framework, and we can “hang” the exact words, the funny stories, the crackling sexual energy on the framework as we probe her for details.

So… yeah questions can be fine. And if you’re boring the girl, it’s probably because you’re missing some of these other elements.

……..

My game is a little different when I am travelling versus when I am here at home. In part, as I'm only abroad temporarily (so I don't have as much time), but also because I tend to game harder when I am on a daygame trip. It was in Japan in 2017, and again this year, that I really felt my use of LOGISTICS.

And it also seems true that at the end of each trip (as I was super warmed up), I ran better game and used logistics even more. This is something I don't have my head completely wrapped around yet, but it's true… when I am running better, more aggressive, tighter game… I used logistics even more. It's not intentional, but it's a clear pattern I can see in my own game. When I have more abundance… I run logistics as a higher percentage of my stack.

Here is an example of the structure I used extensively in Japan:

> NASH: Hey… do you speak English?

That ^ is my opening line, and is ALSO basic logistics. "Can we communicate?" That question is not (as) relevant here at home, but terribly relevant in a foreign land. Just that opening line is a great example of how using logistics can BOTH give you "something to say" (I never had to think about my opening line in Japan) AND begin to sort out the feasibility of the pickup (if her English is really terrible, it's time to move on).

I dropped that line hundreds of times in Tokyo this winter (it was actually hard to stop saying it in my sets when I got home).

Let's start over…

> NASH: Hey… do you speak English?
> HER: [she shakes her head 'no' and giggles]
> NASH: Yes you do… [cocky, accusatory vibe]
> HER: [huge grin]

Here ^ I start with the "logistical" question of "do we speak the same language," and I am adding a little bit of "color" by arguing with her about her command of my language.

This is a good example of how I can start with a "hairdresser question" and still manage to have fun and tease her at the same time. When I say "yes you do," that is playful dominance. And when done with a big grin, I am doing dead-simple logistics with my WORDS… and something closer to seduction with my NONVERBALS.

I am pointing to how a lot of players accomplish their objectives. This is "what they say to girls," but it's also how they combine words and nonverbals to show a lot of value and to lead the girl toward a situation where her clothes end up on the bedroom floor.

Here is more, and this shows how I might start to work a little bit of "STORY" into my stack.

> NASH: I noticed you walking by…
> NASH: And I thought to myself, "Yeah… really great walk"
> NASH: [big, expressive body language]
> NASH: I wanted to meet you
> NASH: My name is Nash

What I've show you in this section of the post is almost exactly, word for word, my basic opening sequence for Japan (and not that different from what I say here at home). It's the same outline as earlier in the post, but specific to Japan and with more color.

I haven't gotten that deep into logistics yet, but I will. What I have done is stopped her, created a bit of a sexual vibe, explained why I stopped her, and told her who I am. That is addressing a lot of unknowns for her, very

quickly. Notice it's not all questions. I've started the charm… and… I've filled the first 30 seconds or so of my five minute "set."

A lot of guys "run out of stuff to say," which is to say, they can open… but can't "fill the time" while they try to vibe with the girl. The art of vibing is beyond this post, but we're setting up this structure as a way to "fill the time" with enough words to give us space to vibe. And we're getting all that intel about her logistics along to the way.

Here is how I go on:

> NASH: What's your name?
> NASH: [take her hand]

This is the first bit of compliance. It's what the Mystery boys would call a "small hoop." The first "small hoop" was getting her to stop. Now I'm asking her for something (her name) and it's a small start towards compliance if she gives it to me. It begins the pattern of her giving me what I want. If she gives me her hand, that's another hoop she's jumped through… and we're on our way.

Nothing too deep and mysterious… but we are answering the question "what do I say" and we're doing it in a smart way.

Now we dive deeper into logistics:

> NASH: Why are you in Tokyo today?

This is a great question ^, IMAO.

This might be my favorite question (in a practical sense) that I ask girls on the street. And it's one I use almost every time I approach a girl. It's very close to one of Krauser's "hairdresser questions," but I'll make a case for why I use it so often.

Most of us run our game in big cities. Girls come into cities like Tokyo (for instance) for work, to shop, to get their hair cut, to see friends, etc. Her response to this question very quickly tells me a LOT about how easy/hard it will be to get her into my bedroom… which informs what I might say next.

> HER: I just finished class…

Or…

> HER: My boyfriend and I are going to dinner…

Or…

> HER: I'm here for my friend's wedding…

You see how that question helps guide my next response? I am standing in front of a cute girl, we're chatting, I am filling time, but I am taking a lot of notes on her potential as a lead. And I'm using what she's saying to help me move the conversation based on her responses and the overall vibe.

Let's go with that last sample response from the girl for now:

> HER: I'm here for my friend's wedding…
> NASH: Hmmm, cool…
> NASH: You're going to get to dress up, aren't you?

> NASH: All girls love to get dressed up
> NASH: Will you wear a pretty dress?

This ^ is all color. It can't all be logistics… and the "color" part is often the fun part of the pickup or where you'll find the sexual sparkle in the set.

If you can imagine the look I give her when I ask if she'll "wear a pretty dress," that kind of nonverbal flair is also a part of a successful "stack." I obviously didn't plan to talk about weddings or girls in dresses when I approached, but when she answers "what are you doing in this city today," that often gives me clear direction about where to take the conversation.

We're showing an overall structure of "get after her logistics," but also showing how that is a basic framework, and we can hang other bits of conversation off that framework relatively easily. Of course I didn't know i would use that "all girls love to get dressed up" line in advance. It bubbled up in conversation… conversation that I was driving via questions about her logistics.

> HER: Yeah… blah blah blah
> NASH: Yeah… I can see you now…
> NASH: You, pretty dress, fancy party, lots of flowers…
> NASH: [flirty grin]

More color ^ here… it's not a "job interview" and I want this to be fun (for me, as much as for the girl). But with some of that sprinkled in, I can now get back into logistics:

> NASH: Cool… so the wedding is this weekend? You'll be here for a few days?
> HER: Yeah, it's Sunday
> NASH: Hmm. Cool.

Okay, we have more information here ^. Sunday… probably impossible to date her that day. Does that change how interested I am in her? It might. And that likely means Saturday night is also out. So, if I want to date this girl… it's got to be Friday night, maybe Saturday day (unlikely), or after the wedding… if she's still around.

Wondering if she's going to be in town past the wedding sets up another "what to say" moment… we'll come back to that.

Something I also do quite commonly is give her a little backstory about me. I am a shiny, amazing, seducer, but it helps to be a bit "grounded" as well. At home, but especially in Japan (where I am obviously gaijin), explaining a bit about my life helps make me more of a "real person." This is comfort material.

> NASH: Yeah… I'm visiting too
> NASH: I am from California
> NASH: I have been here for six weeks, and I have two weeks left in Tokyo
> NASH: I love this place…

Here ^ is more good material for "what to say." I'm "filling time", yes. I am also letting her into my life a little. I am showing a bit of my backstory. I have given her a break from the "questions." And I've set her up with a lot of "conversational hooks" she can ask about… if she's interested in me.

> HER: California?! Oh! I want to go to California!
> HER: You are here on vacation?
> NASH: Not really… I'm on a long stay, not really doing "tourist" things

> NASH: I'm just "living" in Tokyo
> NASH: My apartment is right over there a few blocks

We have some back/forth now. Nothing magical, but you don't need that much "magic" to close a girl and set up a date. Sinn once said, "Daygame is a test of how normal you are." This is an example of me being "normal" in the set.

Back to logistics:

> NASH: You're not from Tokyo…
> HER: No, I'm from Osaka
> NASH: Osaka, huh? I've never been.
> NASH: So I'm guessing the wedding is this weekend, you'll be here until Sunday, and maybe go back to Osaka next week?
> HER: Yes… I will leave Wednesday morning

Okay, cool. I've opened. We're chatting. I have successfully "filled the time," showed a little bit of personality, and grounded the set. But with that last line, I have a key piece of information… I now know my window for the seduction (I have until Wednesday to get her out). Brilliant.

These logistical questions were a much better choice than prattling on about "weddings" for five minutes. By focusing on logistics… I have information I can use.

In my experience, logistical topics are much more useful to us than many other topics. We can get deeper into her personality if we have time, but these questions are setting up the dating scenario where that "get to know her" will take place. We're showing leadership with all this and we're being efficient with the time we have.

All this gives me a lot of detail I can use to help plan a chance to get her out. And notice… look how much time we have used up.

My questions have not only given me "something to say," but I have learned a lot about her. If she's here for a wedding, that is typically a less-than-on scenario for hooking up with random guys (at least guys that aren't also in the wedding). She has "official plans" the day of the wedding, and probably unofficial plans with friends before/after. She might be staying at a friend's house, or sharing a hotel (which means she's less anonymous, as the people in her life might notice if she's "out all night"). I'd obviously prefer she was "traveling alone," but the realities of her logistics are good to know.

I built this interaction around a logistical framework, but it has been customized to the girl as well. And because I know a lot about her via those logistical questions, I also have a LOT to talk with her about via text message (I could talk about Osaka, for instance)… if it goes that far.

It is also very possible that the set has gone well… and there is some hope of getting together, even if she doesn't have a lot of time. I know her logistics, so I can make effective offers. And she's had a chance to see me being smooth, she has gotten a feel for how I flirt… and she might know what I'm doing (realizing I'm screening for hookup possibilities), and that might be a signal to her that I'm an "experienced man."

My stack has allowed me to spend my time very well.

…….

Now I'll compare my recommendations to some notes Krauser suggests for guys in the beginner to intermediate stage:

> "The big challenge on the opener, moving from beginner to intermediate, is to use the structure, but have your own creativity, so that your vibe is better (because every set is fresh…), that the girl very subtly realizes you're

> being more authentic (you're not just telling her what you tell every girl), and that because it's specific to her she can connect… which makes her feel more invested in the interaction."
> — Krauser, Black Book

So based on Krauser's notes, how is my logistical stack structure looking?

We are using a logistical stack as a framework, and haven't tried to use a rote "script" (scripts won't work). As it's only a loose framework, we ARE able to customize the set to her. Maybe we know our opening line (in my Japan examples), and my tease about her speaking English is a bit scripted, but I quickly jump off into a normal conversational flow customized to her, why she is in that city, and what her logistics are. I've done even BETTER than that, as I add some comments about myself, sexualize things with my eye contact and body language, and mix in some "color" with some teases, etc.

Not bad. Not bad.

…….

Here is a more "advanced" comment on why LOGISTICS can be a great way to structure your time on a the street with a girl:

A SIDE-EFFECT of this kind of structure is that you can position yourself as the "chooser," if it's clear through the vibe that you actually are using these questions to screen her.

If you need a girl that is available "tonight," that means you'll have to reject some YHT that doesn't fit your timeline. If you spend an afternoon sorting through girls, with real logistical criteria that actually matter to you, you will end up rejecting a lot of girls… and rejecting girls that might have otherwise been somewhat interested in you. Actively screening and "rejecting" girls all afternoon will create a very different vibe than when you can "take it all" and run after every lead.

I could particularly feel myself doing this LOGISTICS-BASED STACK when I was running high volume game in Japan. The beauty of this kind of logistical SCREENING was very apparent to me as I was running out of time toward the end of my trip… I had a lot of dates booked (so I wasn't too available), and I had less interest or patience in weaker leads or difficult logistics. All that "focus" from me is a form of me having specific standards each girl had to meet. Having standards you actually care about, and having that come out through your game on the street, can be a signal to the girl of you being genuinely "high value."

The screening was not a "technique" in this case. It wasn't being employed to get a reaction out of the girl… it was real, genuine screening, so it was congruent. And that behavior from me changed the power dynamic quite a bit. I was aggressively screening , girls had to meet my standards or they'd get rejected. I didn't have to tell them that… everything about my conversational flow was hinting at that reality in those moments.

I was hyper choosey in those last few days in Japan (maybe the most choosey I have been in my whole life)… and it made my game much better. I am convinced the girls could tell.

If goal #1 is "what to say." And goal #2 is "say things that help establish workable logistics." Then goal #3 (which is more of a "side effect") is "effectively screen the girl" for logistical compatibility. By focusing on logistics… I could accomplish all three of those goals at once. The logistics structure helped me find girls that could date on my timeline. But it ALSO made me the "chooser" as I screened.

…….

Now we'll go through it one last time…

This is based on a set I did in Tokyo this year that ended up as an "insta-pull" SDL, where I took the girl right off the street for an idate, and then walked her home. I haven't written about this girl yet, but here is a roughly accurate version of what I said as an example of a stack with some logistics in it:

> NASH: Hey… [big smile]
> HER: [smiling]
> NASH: Do you speak English??
> HER: Little… [smiling]
> NASH: See?!! Your English is great. [more flirty looks]
> HER: No, no, no!!!! [smiling]
> NASH: Okay, okay…
> NASH: I saw you walking by and you caught my eye…
> NASH: You have great eye contact
> HER: [lol]
> NASH: I wanted to meet you…
> NASH: I'm Nash
> HER: Hi…
> NASH: What is your name? [taking her hand]
> HER: I'm HR Girl
> NASH: Okay
> NASH: Yeah, so I am from California…
> NASH: Omotesando ni todomatte imasu ["I am staying in Omotesando"]
> HER: Ouuu… good! You speak a little Japanese!!
> NASH: No, no, no!!!! Only a little.
> NASH: Although I have been practicing every day…
> NASH: … and I have been here for several weeks
> NASH: I love Omoteosando
> NASH: In fact, my apartment is over that way, a few blocks
> HER: Oh, yeah… I love this neighborhood too
> NASH: Do you live in Tokyo?
> HER: Yeah, I live in XYZ area
> NASH: Cool
> NASH: Why are you in Omotesando today?
> HER: I came to get my nails done… [she shows me]
> NASH: Ahhhh, lovely [I took her hand, examining her nails]
> NASH: So…
> NASH: It's a Saturday night in Tokyo, the biggest city in Japan…
> NASH: You have your nails done, they look very girly…
> NASH: And now?
> NASH: You have big plans tonight? Drinks with friends?
> HER: Uhh… not really [popping her big eyes at me, a little shy all of a sudden]
> NASH: Oh. Me neither. [big smile… it's on]
> NASH: I met a friend this afternoon for a lunch date… but I don't have plans tonight
> NASH: I was thinking about going for a drink at a great place I know over there…
> NASH: Come with me.
> HER: Okay…

That's basically what I said. We talked more on the way to the bar, but that was all I said to get her on the date… and after one drink I walked her to my apartment and fucked her.

She was definitely a "yes" girl, but very often seductions are "cooperative," and we just need something basic to get the man-woman vibe going.

What is important in that stack was that: 1.) I approached, 2.) I had an opening line that was comfortable and

relevant, 3.) I gave her some context for who I am, why I was in her city, 4.) I found out why she was in my neighborhood in Tokyo, and used that to stack further into the set, and then… the most important part… an innocuous but strategically logistical question:

> NASH: It's a Saturday night in Tokyo, the biggest city in Japan…
> NASH: You have big plans tonight? Drinks with friends?

You can see I set it up with some pacing about "it's Saturday night," but it was asking about her logistics for "right now" that gave me a perfect opening. It was Saturday night, she had freshly done nails, but no plans… and here I was, a dangerous man ready to take her on an impromptu adventure. That's a great "score" for a girl with nothing to do. And it was a pretty solid score for me too.

I could read into this a little more, and say that a relatively young girl with no plans on Saturday night is probably a certain "type." She's not a party girl. She's not overly popular. She probably doesn't have 1000 cool guys trying to get after her… all of that is more information that tells me she is ripe for an invitation from a capable and experienced man like me… and +1 daygame.

…….

Okay, so there you have it.

You need to say SOMETHING to a girl. There are endless possibilities, but I've made my case for why LOGISTICS can offer a better than average structure for you to work around.

Logistics can provide a framework that will help you come up with something to keep the conversation flowing. And from there you can add "color" and body language and sexuality to spice up the interaction. Focusing on logistics is better than other more random topics, as it will feed you applicable information to help you close the girl.

And as a bonus… as you get better at this, your focus on her logistics can be a type of screening that will not only make you more efficient, but can put you in the position of "the chooser" (in your own head, if not also with the girl), and that can give you an edge in terms of the power dynamic with the girl.

Okay, that's it. Now… go talk to girls.

Viva daygame.

The Escalation of Miss Slow | +1 Daygame

Nash · 15 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

It took five dates… and even then, she said it was faster than she would have gone if she had more time. But she didn't have more time. She would leave for a summer internship in two days, so this was it… and a darling girl surrendered to a dangerous man… and I fucked her.

Let's call her Miss Slow.

The arc of this seduction stretches out over six weeks. I dated her all through my 60 day daygame streak, but never posted about her. I'll start at the beginning.

……

When I look back into the history of WeChat messages between she and I, I know this all began in early April. This was sometime in the early part of my streak. I vaguely remember the day I picked her up:

I was out with my wing, the infamous Mr Sundance (you are a great wing, man… cheers to you, dude). I was just about to wrap it up, and Miss Slow walked into the drugstore in the basement of the mall. She was little. Asian (obviously). Had many of the external markings of what I would call "conservative" (I like socially conservative girls). I followed her into the store and opened.

She blushed. That is a very good sign when that happens. I still remember how cute she was in the moment.

This girl is an absolute master of "the cuteness."

We chatted. Warm, sparkly vibe. She was demure, but with some zest and a notable spark of intelligence behind her dark eyes. She is Chinese, and she taught me a little trick about the geography of China (one I have since used in dozens of sets with other Chinese girls). I had her add me to WeChat. She didn't accepted my WeChat add that day… and I was somewhat disappointed… seemed like a nice little connection.

But the next day she did add me to WeChat. And the game moved to texting…

Texting, messaging, the "digital message" (by whatever name you call it), is where so much of this game is played.

……

I said hello. I included a question and she responded. I replied to her reply. She did not reply to mine.

If I had let her go after she dropped the conversation (way back then, six weeks ago), I wouldn't have fucked this

girl. I will note here that a little persistence… can keep your bed warm.

I rolled off and reopened her three days later. She was responding, but wasn't over eager.

She doesn't live in my city… which is a very bad sign. I don't think I've ever closed a girl (before this one) that wasn't living in, or staying in, the city where I picked her up. And there were additional delays before we could meet for the first time. Lots of them. More friction.

But I was "working my lead:"

> NASH: When will you be back in the city??
> NASH: Let's get together… Tea? Or maybe dinner?
> HER: Hey Nash, I'm not sure… Busy with my homework right now
> NASH: You're a good student, I like that
> NASH: [pic of a girl studying]
> NASH: Maybe this weekend?
> NASH: Think about your schedule and we can consider some plans…
> HER: I'm not sure if this weekend works… maybe someday when I have less assignments

This ^ all sounds like a "no," doesn't it? If this was someone else's lead, I would assume it was just about dead. As it was my lead (and the initial stop felt so solid), I wasn't certain. Was this logistical difficulties or actual "resistance?"

I pressed on:

> NASH: Oh… no fun. :]
> NASH: We'll have to see if the little "spark" from when we met can last…

This ^ is exactly where I was at in my seduction… and this is me, thinking out loud. I was pacing my own reality here. I do that in times like this… "say what you see" works beyond the initial pickup (and can help you game yourself).

> NASH: But I still remember you… you blushed when I first talked to you.
> NASH: That is feminine. And very cute.
> HER: [blush emoji] [blush emoji]
> HER: You noticed that…..

She is hooking a little here ^…

> NASH: I know we don't know each other well…
> NASH: But yeah… I noticed.
> NASH: We had a very good reaction to each other.
> NASH: That is why I am interested in you…
> NASH: You're cute, yes.
> NASH: But more than that… We had "good chemistry."
> NASH: That is rare.

If you think this is a lot of selling here, I agree with you. I'm not kissing her ass (this is about "us" not "her"), but I am "working." If you think this is all a bit cheesy… I agree again.

> HER: Did you always say these words to girls?

She thought ^ it was cheesy, too.

Or, perhaps, this is her feeling my game working (and her forebrain resisting that momentum). And also her playing the critic… judging the "playerness" of my effort. She was still engaging… so I did what cads do… I dumped on more "birdsong."

> NASH: Hey! I just told you this I rare!!! Are you listening?
> NASH: :]
> NASH: You're a student… You're into software… You are around a lot of boys…
> NASH: So you always have the kind of feeling with them that we had?
> NASH: I don't think so.
> NASH: Rare.
> NASH: :]

This is me… laying it on THICK. I have done this before. When I know the set was especially good, I'm happy to point it out to the girl.

And while this kind of talk is natural for me… I don't claim this is necessarily "good game." I include it, however, because I think this kind of stuff actually does gets me laid. I think it did this time.

> HER: [laughing crying] [laughing crying]
> HER: No…
> NASH: Okay.
> NASH: :]
> NASH: I like the feeling we had when we talked…
> NASH: That is why I am interested.

This ^ is a "statement of intent" (SOI) from me. I am telling her "why" I like her. Sometimes girls want to know "why."

> NASH: When you have time… Let's do something simple…
> NASH: Food, some tea, maybe the art museum.

As I type this ^, I can remember that this was the point where I had decided to give it a rest.

I like the exchange above, in some ways… but I was "leaning in" pretty hard. It is a feature of my style of game that I run high effort seductions ("Octopus Game"). I am happy to do it. But I can tell when I'm over-reaching, and this was my personal limit. She would get in (at this point) or I would get out. I had played my hand, and now… we would have to see.

> HER: Will let you know when I go to your city the next time

Okay. Good enough.

Because of my commitment to my daygame streak, I was gaming every single day during this period. I had other leads. I was getting new leads almost every day. I was very thorough with this one, because I liked her. And with my work done… time to let go and let the Daygame Gods handle the rest.

……

And then, two days later, the Gods delivered:

> HER: Hey, I finished my homework!! Maybe will be in your city on Sunday's afternoon

Bingo. And note the word “maybe.” Maybe, indeed.

> NASH: Hey Miss Slow, happy Friday
> NASH: Homework is finished and you’re coming to the city… lucky you.
> NASH: Sounds like a fun start for the weekend.
> NASH: I have some time on Sunday… how about some tea/coffee?
> HER: Yup, fun start! Feel relax now.. I think I could have time for tea or coffee then

I was on a date with another girl, so I let the conversation roll off to the next day.

> NASH: Hey Miss Slow…
> NASH: Okay, tomorrow sounds good.
> NASH: I have a couple of ideas…
> NASH: Let’s meet at 3 PM and we’ll see how we feel.
> HER: Hmmm.. looking forward to your ideas

Okay. We got her.

She was slow to add me to WeChat. She dropped our first conversation thread. She called me out for “gaming” (or overgaming) her. She had several delays due to her school schedule. And yet…

In the end, she came forward on her own. And she’s showing eagerness and compliance with that “looking forward to your ideas.”

I had enough to work with, and our first date was set up.

……

FIRST DATE was tea. I met her at the Gap, walked her to this tea-robot thing. Then walked her to the art museum. As we had fresh tea, they wouldn’t let us go upstairs, so we sat on a padded seat in the lobby and chatted. We never went into the museum… just sat there chatting for an hour+ until the museum closed.

> Had a 1st date with a daygame girl today:
>
> We got tea, went to the museum. We sat in the lobby while we sipped our tea and talked… Museum closed, we never even went in.
>
> Excellent date. The main attraction was… Her and I.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) April 16, 2018

Then I took her to my favorite hotel bar, the same place I have taken so many other girls.

I mentioned that she looked a bit conservative when I picked her up. She is conservative, in a darling way. She doesn’t drink (yet another girl I picked up that doesn’t drink), so we sipped non-alcoholic drinks on a comfortable couch in the fancy lounge.

How conservative is she? Well, I tried to get her to sit close to me, and she moved over, and intentionally put her handbag between us. She did it in cute way, kind of “showing off” how solid her defense could be.

And then, I was talking some garbage about how I have a warm body and most girls have cold hands and feet, and I tried to take her hand… and she wouldn’t do it. But again, she denied me in the cutest way. I held my hand out, open, palm up. And she leaned back like I was poisonous, but then she poked one finger into the center of my palm and then pulled it back… and gave me a sly smile.

This is her flirting. Prudish flirting. And it’s glacially slow… but it’s glorious. She is a adorable little thing.

……

> And after I sent her home… I did three approaches to continue my STREAK:
>
> == 27 days of daygame in a row.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) April 16, 2018

……

> NASH: You were very charming today, Conservative Girl.
> HER: Haha thanks
> NASH: I know you want to touch me soooooooo bad…
> HER: I'm not that conservative, when I know more about the person
> HER: I'll feel more relaxed
> NASH: But you have excellent self control!
> NASH: :]
> HER: hahaha
> NASH: Sleep well, cute girl
> NASH: We'll talk this week
> HER: Good night

……

SECOND DATE was a week later, also a Sunday. I met her in the same spot, and then took her on one of my favorite daytime dates… to the tea store across town. It's the same spot I have taken so many daygame girls, and it was the same place I took my first ever daygame lay, almost two years ago. It's a proper Chinese tea shop, and I like taking proper Chinese girls there. And the tea is fantastic. I am still drinking the tea she and I bought that day.

Then I walked her around that neighborhood, and into a bookstore on that street. I made several moves to pin her to the wall in that bookstore, but her "escalation radar" is so good, it was hard to even get her in a position to make that move. She knew what I was up to, of course. She projects school girl innocence, but plays the game very well.

Afterwards, I managed to get her to my house. She was a wee trepidatious, but the promise of my cats helped bait the occasion. Inside… fuck yeah I tried to kiss that girl. So many times. And she would do this thing I've never seen a girl do:

She would retreat up against the wall away from me, pull her shoulders up to her ears, and then… she would put her tiny hand over her lips as a "physical block," protecting her delicious little lips from my vulgar maw.

Fantastically cute.

And she would look me in the eyes when she was blocking the kiss… I can't say enough about this girl's eyes. Her body language was a "no," but her eyes would range from a forest-fire of excitement to blatant flirting.

The looks Miss Slow can administer… potent. A tiny, shy, prudish girl from a good family… shooting lasers of femininity from the sockets of her eyes. The beast in me felt well met.

She was excited, but seemed quite comfortable defending herself as we did the no-kiss dance in my hallway while the sun set behind us. And as she was wearing a hooded sweatshirt that day, when she would raise her arms to protect her face… I could get my fingertips on the skin near her waist… which would make her explode with more girlish, under-ripe sexuality. And then I'd go for the kiss once more, and she would kung-fu that little hand up and block my attempt once again.

Charming. Charming girl. Charming date.

……

THIRD DATE was another daytime date.

[BTW: Snuck in two sets before this date started… to keep my daygame streak alive. It was hard to do, dating this girl 3 -7 PM (multiple times) cut into prime daygame hours… and I was determine to game every damn day during my streak… even when I had dates.]

I have mentioned before how we have to take chances, and try new things, even in the middle of a seduction that isn't perfectly solid yet. For this date, I wanted to try a new spot… a place I'd never been before (and actually, a place another girl had recommended… never got her out, I stole this spot from her suggestion). So I told my adorable Miss Slow we would go on a little adventure together.

The new spot was a Taiwanese tea house restaurant. It was strange, but interesting. We had Taiwanese milk tea and some salty pork snack… excellent.

In contrast to our first date, on this occasion… she sat quite close to me… and even joked about keeping me at a distance that first time, saying, "This time… no bag," and she gave me a another teasing smile. She is clever. She is a fantastic flirt, in a "G rated" extremely "K" kind of way.

And as we sat… we had a spicy talk on the theme of: "How fast should a couple have sex?"

The conversation was centered around her little friend, who is a virgin. That girl is probably about 23, and she has had some BFs, but thinks sex should wait, and even six months was "too fast" for her last relationship. I explained to Miss Slow how I think most couples have sex in about "three dates." And I'm sure we were both aware that this was our third date, but she never called it out. And I told her… "cool guys don't wait around forever." That's true. We said all this in a friendly way, and she took it well, but looked a bit pensive.

Good date. And she and I had field tested the Tea restaurant, so I can take other girls there… so that was a good experiment. Mission accomplished.

Then, after we left the place… something a bit unusual happened:

In my notes above about date #2, I talked about the "no-kiss dance" we did in my hallway. And I mentioned that she blushed when I picked her up. Well this is her natural way. She is a "scared little rabbit"… and it shows. Her being "scared" is a type of sexual energy. It turns me on… and it's also very easy to see in her body language.

So post Taiwanese tea house… I had her coming back to my place to "see the cats." And we were on the train together, on a somewhat crowded late afternoon… so we were standing (no seats). We were still talking sex, and while she was playing the role of the "scared rabbit," I was playing the role of the "dangerous wolf." And as the train rocked back and forth, I would support her a bit, holding her shoulders, "showing her my teeth" (like any solid wolf is want to do). And she would do these teasing, demure looks when I would go wolfish, pulling back a little, in her harming way.

I was loving the energy… wolf vs bunny… masculine vs feminine… man vs woman… and then:

> WHITE KNIGHT STORIES: I got "white knighted" again… while I was on a date.
>
> It was our 3rd date. She is little, young, very feminine. On the train, we were talking sex and I was touching her lightly, she was "pulling back" but smiling… some dude came over to "save her."
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) May 3, 2018

Fucking unbelievable.

I let the White Knight ask her if she was okay. I explained to her that, "he is trying to save you." And she was embarrassed.

And then I gave that guy some shit (what a fucking tool), telling him that he was interrupting our date, and that he sucked at reading people, and he should improve in that area before he tries to “save” any other girls. He would barely look me in the eyes… and the entire train was on edge. I wanted to put a fork between his eyes… and if I ever see his dumb ass again, I might.

But all this unnerved the girl. We were on our way back to my place, makeout was looming… but the mood was cooked (at least 1/2 of which was my fault). I talked about it with her, somewhat, but she was very shy now, and a bit quiet. Fucking A.

There is no “good” response with these fucking White Knight cocksuckers. A bit of humor is probably best (which I didn’t do). I advise all of us (myself included), to try to minimize the interruption (if you survive it). There is almost no way to be cool in that situation… you’re wrongfully accused… not a lot of upside there.

We made it back to my place, and of course, it wasn’t romantic.

She lives over an hour away from me (which is another reason why it’s amazing I got this girl out so many times). I offered to drive her home that night (it’s much quicker by car), but she declined. We agreed, instead, that I would drive her to the trainline that is a direct route to her place… which I did… and I took her to a scenic view along the way.

The mood settled down. We were doing better. We were back on track. The seduction had survived.

At the train station, the mood was quite warm again, so I went for a kiss, but I didn’t muscle my way in. I tried a proper “c’mere.” The kind where I didn’t move toward her. I told her she was a lovely thing, and it was time she gave me a proper kiss. She shook her head “no, no, no,” but she had calmed down on the hyper-rabbit defense… her resistance was less certain.

She leaned in and gave me 0.001 millisecond kiss on the lips. Then a big smile.

I smiled too. Third date. This… is why we call her Miss Slow.

……

> HER: For this semester, we don’t have Friday class
> NASH: I can kidnap you on Fridays… and take us on a big adventure!!
> HER: [crying laughing] [crying laughing]
> NASH: [sent a pic of a man protecting a woman from wolves]
> NASH: You and me ^… next Friday!
> NASH: Do you like wolves?!!!

I was completely dying ^ when I sent this cute little girl that line about the wolves. Hysterical.

> HER: It’s really scary……
> NASH: Not a good date?? Oh.
> NASH: :]
> HER: Haha
> NASH: Okay…
> NASH: Well… On Sunday, I promise…
> NASH: No wolves.
> NASH: Maybe one.
> NASH: But no more than one, I promise
> HER: Hmmmm.. Yeah you should promise

#wolfdate

#mpua
#daygame

……

On the FORTH DATE… I can't remember what we did. Which is good… this post is long enough.

But I do know I got her back to my place again. And that I got a proper kiss from her… finally.

And I know that I did it by saying "c'mere" and making her come to me. And that she still ran that "tight defense," arms up to her neck. And that I had to lift her chin to get her lips pointed toward me. And that once we started the kiss… I had to tell her "open your mouth for me." It was like that.

That may seem odd (it would have to me, a year ago). But it was great to be in my shoes in that moment.

The actual kiss was probably a five out of 10. But the experience of being with this charming little "K" girl, was wonderful… eight out of 10. This kind of girl is what I want. This is the reward I want for the work I do.

I had offered to let her spend the night. And I had been "future projecting" her sleeping over for several dates, describing the whole thing… from the "crazy monkey sex" to cuddling to tea the next morning with the cats.

She gracefully rejected that offer. I gave her a ride to the train station. I kissed her again in my truck before I let her go.

……

And that brings us to the FIFTH DATE.

It was a Wednesday… three days before she would leave for three months for an internship in southern California. I was running out of time to get this delicious little thing naked.

I picked her up, took her to my neighborhood. We got tea at the coffee place near my house, and then I walked her back into my place. Some time with the cats (she loves them). And then… I started escalating.

She was shy and demure, as always… but she would kiss me back. And I led her down the hall to my room with no real resistance.

And then… I slowly turned up the heat on her. Got her into my bed. Making out. Slowly loosening her clothes. She "resisted" all of this, but by now we know that that is her style. Her eyes were alive. And she was heating up a bit as I managed to slip my hand under her bra to one of her nipples… as I pinned her down and kissed her with more weight… as I got my hands down the back of her pants to her round little ass.

And then… I was at a spot where I knew the sex was close, but I was still "pushing" her pace a little too fast. She was into it… but she hadn't surrendered. I hadn't hit any walls… and I wanted to keep it that way.

So… I did some more "thinking out loud" and I told her:

> NASH: This might be a mistake…
> NASH: But I am going to give us a break and take you to dinner
> NASH: I think you're almost ready for me to put my cock inside you…
> NASH: So let's go to dinner and we'll see how we feel afterwards
> NASH: I want you to spend the night

I literally told her all this ^.

Sometimes… you go for the kill. Sometimes… a real killer is in no rush, and he can take this time. I'm working all this out at this point in my game. I really wasn't certain if breaking things off the way I did was wisdom or foolishness. I don't know. It's seemed like the right move at the time.

And Miss Slow smiled. And she was soft and trusting. And I took us to a killer dinner. And then…

Back to my place. No resistance as I dragged her back to my bedroom… and I picked up where I left off.

Maybe two hours later… I had fucked her.

+1 daygame.

……

She is one of several "nerdy Chinese girls" I have dated that is at least a full point higher naked.

I am not certain about her age, but I'd guess she is 23. She was beyond tempting naked… delicious and young. Not "stripper hot," but fresh as Spring, perfect skin, soft yet firm… the pristine landscape of a chaste girl's body.

It was a good deal. And for a man of my tastes, in every way, it was "worth the wait."

But taking the notch wasn't the most important part of this seduction for me. I still definitely care about "notches," but I can feel that part of the "thrill" fading into the background… replaced by topics that interest me more.

……

I have had a lot of sexual experiences this year. And when I think about what I have learned in terms of my sexual leadership as a man in 2018, my mind moves toward the concepts of capturing "low hanging fruit" vs "pushing our edge."

If "low hanging fruit" is the "easy stuff" (girls that are perfectly your type, super "yes" girls, predictable seductions, etc.), than this girl was the opposite of that. It was a very satisfying, but somewhat difficult game. And if the slow pace reminds me of the seven dates it took me to fuck Miss Athlete (in Japan this year), the quality of the sex reminded me more of Honey Girl (the "virgin" that takes it in the ass).

Recall that when I first tried to kiss Miss Slow, she put her hand over her mouth and ran a flavor of defense I had never seen before. It was fun, it was friendly, but it was thorough.

As I got her closer to sex that night of the fifth date… he defense was similar. And as sex is a higher stakes game, and her defense was less "fun" and higher stakes as well.

For each bit of "sexual territory" I claimed that night, she had real, physical "tightness" to surrender before I could get there. Shoulders all the way to her ears, arms nearly up around her neck, real tension. Her eyes ranged from excited to trusting, but her body was tight as a drum. This was not a show.

And at each stage… I would push only up to her own willingness to surrender.

I "pushed," I led, but my goal was about her surrender. I told her that. I told her over and over that I wouldn't fuck her until she was ready. And that her eyes would tell me when when the time was right.

Yohami's advice to me to focus on arousal as you try to close the girl (as an alternative to "battling LMR") is one of the best lessons of my life. I did that in bed on this particular night. But in addition to listening to the rev of her sexual inner workings, I watched her precious eyes to see if her "heart was open."

I would see those eyes lock up, or go distant, or look away… and I'd point it out to her. I'd release the tension a bit, make her look me in the eyes, I'd say "come here, come back, where are you… ohhhhhh, there you are," and she'd smile and the trust would dial up and we'd move forward another inch. If I saw her "go distant," I'd say, "your heart just closed up," and I'd back off… and rinse/repeat until her heart was available again.

It was like ^… for two hours.

I am using some admittedly hippy terminology to describe the work I did that night… but this is completely valid stuff for men of seduction. I wish there were more lessons like this in our community.

All of this was like the second night with Honey Girl, where I thought I would properly take her virginity (and not

just her ass again). Honey Girl and I were beyond turned on that night, we were on fire. And yet, she seemed to freak out (to the point of shaking her head back/forth almost violently) as I (unsuccessfully) tried to finally get my cock in her virgin box.

As Honey Girl "went distant" that night, and her "heart closed," I did this "patient" thing with her as well. I made her connect with me. It was conscious and intentional. I know what "connection" feels like. I would coach her until she was "back with me." I'd make her "come back" until she and I were on the same psychological plane. I didn't fuck Honey Girl after that (I had already had her, a few hours earlier), but this kind of "psychological leadership" was new territory for me then. This was "pushing my edge" as a man.

With Miss Slow… I was back in a place very similar to the vulnerable spot I had discovered with Honey Girl. It's some of the most interesting space I have ever shared with a woman. It was one of the most fascinating times for me as a man that leads women… and as a seducer. Fascinating to lead a girl like that… to really "hold her" in this way.

> "The masculine value is to lead her someplace deeper than she get to on her own."
> — John Wineland

I have never been so patient as I was leading Miss Slow. And I loved the experience. Taking a notch is one thing. Giving a girl like Miss Slow an experience like this was quite another.

Beautiful. One of the best experiences of my life… no doubt.

……

And after sex… she fell asleep.

I had eaten her pussy extensively before sex and that seemed, on it's own, to exhaust her. Then I put on the world's best condom and fucked her to my satisfaction. And when that was over, she was done, spent. I had given her "the little death" and she slipped off to a post-sex coma in my arms.

I smiled, pulled her into the crook of my arm… and fell asleep beside her. I dreamt proud dreams. The dreams of a man that truly enjoys his work.

……

She woke up an hour later, maybe around midnight… alive again.

And she found her little backpack and pulled out a full kit and began a belated pre-sleep ritual of girl creams, and makeup removal, and the brushing of little white teeth.

Astute men might notice at this point… is it a coincidence she had all this "girl gear" with her on this date?

No. Of course not.

The next day I teased her that she knew she would fuck me, and she partially agreed. I asked how certain she was that we'd fuck that night and she said "40% sure."

Good girl.

……

Another note about this girl… and her particular flavor of sexuality:

In the morning, I fed her some fruit in bed and then fucked her again. And just like the night before, I had to get her to "open up" and "stay with me" before I'd put my cock inside her. It was much, much quicker than the night before… but she had that same sense of tightness in her body, even if her eyes were a little less guarded.

I did the same as the night before, managing her mood using the quality of her eyes as my dashboard and feedback

mechanism… and I slowly got her to "unfold," to psychologically "blossom."

And when I got my cock in her… she was wide open, her heart was on full display for me. That was true the first time, too, as I penetrated her. Slow, resistant, protective, and then, as the threshold was crossed… wide open, like the wind.

I asked her about that "openness" as I had her lovely young-20s body in the shower with me post-sex. I told her that she seemed much more available and "expansive" once my cock found the mark… and she quickly and comfortably agreed.

She said, "yes… it is different when someone is inside you."

This seemed simple and easy and perfectly true to her as she said it. Amazing comment.

I know that comment is not true for all girls. I have seen girls go "away" in those same moments… but it was true for her.

Beautiful. Beautiful. Beautiful.

……

As I said earlier in this post, I have learned a lot this year in terms of girls, sexuality, and my own capacities and interests as a man. And I know it's unusual for a player to wait five dates to fuck a girl. But this year has greatly expanded my point of view on this topic.

I though I had already stated this position on this blog, but maybe I have not:

MY POSITION: As long as I like a girl, and we're having fun on these dates, and are "progressing" sexually, I am perfectly fine waiting for sex. All of those conditions must be true, but if they are… I am fine to wait.

I was in this case.

> "I'm not saying some girls aren't worth four dates and that those girls can't lead to being something special. But I am saying if it's taking four dates or more you've got room to improve, and things could have progressed faster. It means she wasn't sure about you and needed more time."
> — Magnum

I like this comment from Magnum (whom I respect very much). It makes me think. And just like in the story where that comment came from, I will disagree with him again on this point.

I think I fucked this girl specifically because of my game. I think she is significantly "K" (which I value in girls, very much). I think her outward signals would create disinterest in many players. And her rigidly slow pace would scare away many more.

I think I played her very well… especially in those last minutes before I got my cock in her.

> "For me it's the third date. Last year for example I closed a virgin on date 3, so this is a reasonable cutoff for all girls."
> — Magnum

Cutting a girl off (at any point) is a reasonable consideration for me. We are men, we set our own personal standards. But this is my second "extended seduction" this year (beyond a reasonable wait of two to four dates), and it was also a terribly good seduction. Beyond rewarding.

I like this girl. I like how she "is" and I wouldn't change a thing about her. I fucked other girls right before and right after her (with less effort). But she was wonderful in all she required to step into that space with me.

She is hundreds of miles away from me now (at her internship for the summer)… who knows if I will see the insides of her thighs again… but either way, I am deeply grateful for the time I spent with her.

My deepest appreciation to you, Miss Slow.

I won't tell another man what to do… but there is magical slice of heaven hidden in the slowness of some girls. This girl was never playing "games" with me. She is just slow. She is Miss Slow. And she was a fantastic experience. What a remarkably lovely girl.

Viva daygame.

Krauser the Elder | Daygame Infinite Review

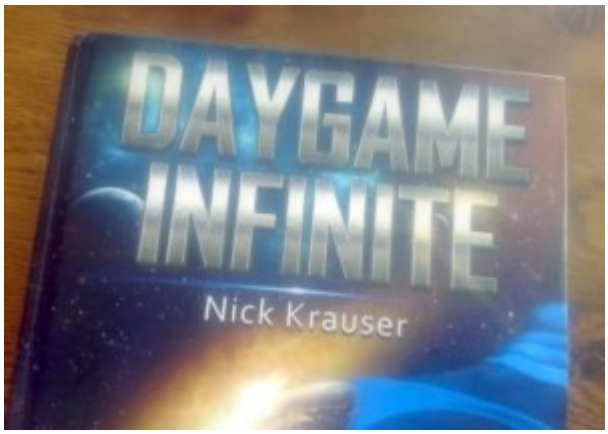
Nash · 25 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

It is my great pleasure to present a bullish review of Daygame Infinite, a fresh edition from Nick Krauser detailing the "how to" of daygame… and quite a bit more. For serious daygamers, this is top-shelf education. For me, it's a 10 out of 10. And I'll add that it is possibly the best combination of theory mixed with examples I have ever seen in pickup coaching.

> "That's why my type of daygame is so effective: it's a weaponised connection system."
> — Krauser, Daygame Infinite, pg 30.

That quote is dramatic, but I like it. It's sales-y, and it wakes us up a bit before we dive into what is actually a hype-free, sober presentation about daygame… and perhaps more so, about reading the psychology of women.

Much of the book works though the nuance of female psychology. Through concepts and case studies, you'll find instruction on how to effectively advance from the pickup, to messaging, to early dates, to taking the little girl home and fucking her.



This book is for us, for daygamers… but even for guys that have never run up to a girl on the sidewalk, there is much to learn in these pages.

I took 17 pages of notes as I read it. This review is the "greatest hits" of those notes, focused on the aspects of Krauser's opus that hit me the hardest… the areas that most appealed to me as an intermediate daygamer, from where I am at today, with my understanding of game.

Let's dive in.

……

INTRODUCTION.

> "[Y]ou are calibrating her intentions, her r/K disposition, and then trying to sync it with what you want and thus how you'll position yourself. This is constantly evolving as she provides you with more information."
> — pg 337

That ^ line throws us deep into the meat of what Krauser is teaching in this book. If I had to pick one line that sums up Daygame Infinite, that's where I'd start.

The practical application of taking the "information" she supplies, and using it to read her and advance the seduction is exactly what a guy like me is looking to master. This book is full of that level of content.

> "The latter two-thirds of the book represent a course in advanced calibration. At each stage in the seduction, I present a variety of actual scenarios with girls and then discuss how I sent my probes, how I analysed the data, and then why I chose a particular route."
> — pg 11

Yes ^. It's all this, and more.

Reading the book offered me a series of "wow" moments, watching Krauser demonstrate his thought process with girl after girl… over and over, shining a light in the direction I need to go as I try to move into more advanced levels in these days of game.

……

WOOO.

Most of Daygame Infinite is about how to explore and read the psychology of the girl. That is how I'd say it, and I think that is true. And there is precious content on those topics.

But the opening section of the book is more about OUR psychology. It's about the mindsets, behaviors, daily practices and internal psychology of players… specifically as we touch the sidewalk. As we try to "flip the switch" and turn on a vibe that is seductive. Within that context, Krauser is trying to teach us how we can set ourselves up for a lifestyle focused more on the "joy of daygame" and less on "the grind."

> "While the intermediate becomes addicted to getting results, the advanced daygamer becomes addicted to the joyful process of the sets themselves."
> — pg 27

I was reading these ^ lines at the beginning of my last trip to Japan. I was alone in a foreign land, where I didn't speak the language, I had no local "friends" there, and I was dead-set on working up a Girl Tornado and getting laid. I'm orderly, I'm type-A, I have goals and (sometimes) insane discipline. These are some of the reasons I've been successful, and I don't need help there. While discipline might be a "beginner" problem, it's not for me.

But this "tone" from Krauser, was exactly what I needed. As I prepared for weeks of "the grind," the book was like a veteran's hand on my shoulder, telling me to chill out a bit. To get into the "flow of it." Good advice.

> "Sink back into the daygame river and let the daygame just happen. Anything that forms a barrier between you and a direct authentic connection to the street and the girls on it will make your daygame more tiring."
> — pg 54

Are you surprised to hear this ^ from Krauser? I was. And after reading his blog for the better part of ten years, the change in tone was hard to miss… this is "Krauser the Elder."

As you read the opening section, and you'll feel Krauser putting you into a kind of trance, setting you up to absorb his notes on vibe. And as I read those pages while I was in Japan, it had an immediate impact on how I carried myself on the street.

……

VIBE.

> "Vibe is the "x factor" of seduction, both the most powerful and the most elusive element in the game."
> — pg 59

This section… might be the most important section of the book. And it's the "purgatory" between the "woo" of the

first section and the “nuts and bolts” practicality of the latter sections.

> “The primary paradigm shift in Daygame Infinite is making vibe the central driver of your pick-up and allowing everything else to fall into place around it.”
> — pg 59

For myself, I had already come to this conclusion. I have been specifically working on my vibe for almost a year. I was working on this everyday in NYC last Fall. And I still work on this now, every day, before the hit the street.

“Vibe” starts at the level of your daily habits… like what you do right before you head out to pick-up. I had a habit of getting into political fights on Facebook all morning, and then, when I’d head out in the afternoon to game girls… I’d spend the first hour shaking off my “fight vibe,” trying to dial into something seductive and “open.”

Vibe matters.

> “The foundation of your daygame session is to dial into Good Vibe FM and stay there as long as possible. Your wing’s job is to help you stay tuned in, for as long as you remain in that sweet spot, everything becomes easier and more fun. Your technicals don’t count as much as your tuning: when your vibe is weak, it’s like the girl is hearing music obscured by static.”
> — pg 77

I’m dropping in these quotes here, but Krauser is much more specific than this. If the first section was about softer mindsets that will set you up to feel “at ease” with your game, here he gives you practical suggestions for how to get in the right “mood” while you’re out approaching.

> “Vibe is the most powerful accelerant of daygame, so we’ll focus on how to maintain it while on the street.”
> — pg 96

This is “advanced,” because beginners won’t listen to it… that’s part of why they are beginners. And when they have worked up to a level where they are genuinely curious about how to go “deeper” into the practice and how to increase the “crackle” with girls… they’ll be ready to “hear” all this for the first time.

……

IOIs.

> “First, there simply wasn’t much technical advice on how to recognise girls who will be amenable to your approach. There are all kinds of signals to read and actions to perform before you open that let you choose your targets wisely, yet very little has been written about them. Infinite corrects that.”
> — pg 10

Krauser’s talk about “indicators of interest” (IOIs) is an original, straightforward set of lessons, based on his quite sophisticated view of street game. I have never seen this material anyplace else, and for me… this is all dynamite for game.

> “Roll the dice and play the numbers game, opening blindly; or 2. Apply a pre-open filter of your own devising to load the dice. Option one will produce many interesting scenarios, and the beginner is so enthused by the novelty of them that he’ll have a high tolerance for wasting his time (and often won’t realise he’s chasing no-hopers). A more seasoned player has worn out his tolerance and is looking for a more sustainable energy spend, and therefore, option two has greater longevity.”
> — pg 104

I “open blindly.” Not a “blind stop” (where you never saw the girls face, and you open based only on her body… I don’t recommend that). But “blind” in the sense that 1.) The girl didn’t IOI me and/or 2.) I have no discernible reason to believe she is either “interested or available” (see pg 160 for more on that).

I don’t “spam” approach every girl, I’m more choosy than that… but I still open “blindly,” and that explains several things about my stats. I fuck maybe one in 150 approaches (maybe better than that, but not much). And that’s (partly) because I don’t “pre-approach filter” much at all.

> Interesting line in Krauser’s new book Infinite where he says his game is increasingly played in the YES girls… Because of target selection.
>
> I’m very into this target selection concept.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) January 15, 2018

> “Something I’ve noticed over the course of my own player’s journey is that with each passing year, Yes Girls make up a greater proportion of my lays.”
> — pg 105

Krauser’s content on IOIs and pre-approach help explain the disconnect between my stats and someone like Krauser’s (“one in 30 girls”). Krauser isn’t opening nearly as many girls as me, but he is “reading” them better in the pre-approach, and opening girls that are more ready to be gamed.

> “Whatever your situation, applying a pre-approach filter will improve the cost-benefit ratio of performing daygame. This is why smart daygamers pay attention to the pre-approach game.”
> — pg 105

He is talking about “energy conservation.” This is related to the “woo” stuff in the first section, but now we’ve taken theory down to the level of the street. Krauser is showing you, specifically, how to tightened up your “conversion rate,” how to save energy, and how to buoy your state… all at the same time.

And there is more:

> “A daygamer doesn’t let fate determine which girls notice him – he proactively creates his own opportunities. We’ve already discussed how vibe and street presence increase your odds of drawing favourable attention, but both are still somewhat passive, a shotgun blast at women in general rather than one girl in particular. Let’s get more specific to the girl you want.”
> — pg 128

This isn’t just about “noticing” IOIs…. it’s about creating them.

> And I am very interested in what KRAUSER is teaching about how to better FILTER for girls AND to FORCE INTEREST. He writes about this in Daygame Infinite… but he has been saying this for years… I am just now hearing it.
>
> This ^ is on my mind right now.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) February 15, 2018

Krauser’s IOI stuff is unlike anything I have seen elsewhere. I am sure Jabba influenced him in the early stages (check out Jabba’s Secret Society product), but Jabba can’t lay it out like this. Excellent stuff and very specific.

……

PROBING.

Now… we're solidly into the "nuts and bolts" of technique:

> "The advanced player knows where the girl is at psychologically and what she wants to happen next. This means the player will send out probes to collect information and then sort it according to his cumulative knowledge in order to make good decisions."
> — pg 11

This ^ is "upper level" game. And he is extremely specific, drilling this level of technique throughout the rest of the book.

> "Read back through the chat with a focus on the key text game question: what does this tell me about where she's at? That's the question that guides your calibration and thus fine tunes your text game."
> — pg 226

Here ^ he is reading between the lines of the text exchanges with girls, but as we read on… we'll see him do this in real time, face to face with the girl. Reading her, gathering info, setting up that intel to help him move the seduction forward… and sharing all the post-game analysis with us.

> "It is crucial to base your dating on your calibration, and thus send out probes to collect the data upon which your calibrations decisions rest."
> — pg 289

Okay… now, show us exactly what you mean:

> [sent to the girl] "'Send me a photo of you'"
> [his note to us, his analysis] "Compliance test and probe for how she wants me to see her."
> — pg 230

When I first read this ^ example, it sounded to me like "send noodz!" But that is not what is going on here…

> "The type of photo a girl sends back gives you a ton of information about how she wants you to see her."
> — pg 231

This ^ is an opportunity to watch a very smart man at work, doing something few men can do. It's not about the photo… it's about reading what her choice of photo says about the way she wants to present herself… and what that means about how to game her. Excellent.

> "The dates with Olya and Diana are already diverging in a likely outcome. While Olya began with a challenge, Diana began with compliance. Olya's body language was of a self-possessed girl enjoying the entertainment, while Diana's was of a sexually interested girl anticipating some sexual polarity. You can collect a lot of data in the first few minutes and spend the next hour testing your conclusions."
> — pg 287

There ^ it is. Want to see it again?

> "Natalia had dressed to show skin and was padding along beside me to the cafe, suggesting she was in follow mode and waiting to see where I'd lead her. I always prioritise physical/behavioural data over the verbal, so

> seeing this move in my direction meant the verbals wouldn't need to carry as much weight. I could proceed to testing her physical compliance."
> — pg 290

I have so many examples of this in my notes, I'm holding back here… there is so much more of this "advanced calibration" in the book. Before we go on… re-read that part about what he "prioitises." Solid gold.

> "… the all important question: where is she at in the seduction?"
> — pg 422

Over and over ^, he drills this kind of thinking.

This is EXACTLY what I need in my game… this level of setting up moments to observe, "probing" for details/intel, and then reading the girl… it's a masterclass.

> "Lena had a very bright, bubbly energy both on the street and in her messages, so again I'd placed her as at least a Maybe. As I see her waiting for me, I notice her denim shorts showing a lot of leg and lots of care in her make-up, causing me to revise my estimation of her keenness upwards a little."
> — pg 377

I was running a lot of game while I read the latter half of the book… I was deep into my 60 day daygame streak, and I was applying much of this material within 24 hours of reading it. I think I've internalized a layer of this… and will keep working at this as I game through the summer.

> "By placing all of these examples together, it's quite easy to see the pattern. Each girl will be slightly different, but the basic themes are always the same: spike, lead, comfort, chit-chat, be interesting."
> — pg 378

I close the section out with this ^ line… these "basic themes."

This is some of what he's doing on dates. Those five things are back down to an beginner-intermediate level of awareness. They are simple and "how to." He is doing those five things as he "processes" each girl… and the advanced part is how he is not just "doing them," but using them to probe into her psyche, and mine out datapoints to help him penetrate her world.

"Weaponized connection." Can you see it?

……

CALIBRATION.

> "At each stage in the seduction, I present a variety of actual scenarios with girls and then discuss how I sent my probes, how I analysed the data, and then why I chose a particular route."
> — pg 11

It's not necessary to separate the probing from the calibration, and we have already seen him doing both. For this section, I'm focusing on some of Krauser's lines about calibration, so you can see his emphasis on the concept:

> "Calibration is the foundation of advanced game."
> — pg 11

Yes. And a seducer has more experience with social calibration than almost any one else. We are "social scientists."

And calibration is where the game is played.

> "I present this section by walking through a series of real conversations with girls representing a cross-section of different interest levels and personalities."
> — pg 194

You will particularly see the "play by play" of his game in the dates. For instance, later in this review I'll mention Inga… fucking A, that was an amazing case study where you see Krauser's "decision making" and calibration each step of the way.

> Hey… I'm still working my way through Krauser's very excellent Daygame Infinite. And I am on the section where he breaks down the opening moments of several first dates… and he is pointing to this exactly.
>
> Reading between the lines = calibration. Great stuff.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) May 19, 2018

If giving a guy "a basic plan" is level one of learning game, then "diagnosing the action" is a full step up from there. Advanced game here. Rare and valuable instruction.

……

COFFEE FILTER DATE.

And then there was the section on the "Coffee Filter Date." This section does two things for a guy like me: 1.) Shows me that for Krauser, a "coffee date" has a specific function, and then, 2.) These dates become a set of examples for him to demonstrate his concepts.

> "While far from conclusive, it's another small data point for the calibration decision on how to move her forwards. The whole Coffee Filter Date is about collecting data to inform that decision."
> — pg 287

Here ^ we see a repetition of the themes above.

We'll need time to have these concepts sink into our consciousness, and the format for how Krauser presents his examples does that perfectly. No crap to sort through, just clean examples to illustrate what we need to learn.

Separately… I'll add that Krauser's treatment of "coffee dates" (and daytime dates in general) shows you some of his own "biases" toward dating. These dates are in the daylight and are less likely to involve alcohol… in that way, they are closer to "filler dates" for Krauser, they are "second best" options where he is screening girls when he doesn't have enough evening spots available, or the girl doesn't merit that kind of date.

I'll be personal here and say I'm not 100% with Krauser here. Yes, nighttime and alcohol can help toward the likelihood of getting the girl naked. Definitely. But I'm less sold by this viewpoint, as I date shy, chaste girls, many (most?) of which don't drink. These girls sometimes "filter me" into daytime dates.

However… I can create romance and escalate in broad daylight, no problem. (And I am quite certain Krauser can as well). For me… a daytime date is as solid as anything else (and can surprise the girl, as she's not expecting sex at "lunch"). Keep an open mind here… particular about the emphasis of alcohol (it's really, really not necessary).

……

FEMALE PSYCHOLOGY.

Here are a couple of lines where I see Krauser pointing to female psychology… which is a big part of what I love about game.

> "It's better to think of women like a child sitting on the floor playing with a toy. Whatever action or event they experience fills their vision, and they focus exclusively upon it. Their sense of space and time shrinks to right here, right now."
> — pg 71

Smart. And there are a million applications of a comment like this ^.

Consider that line in the context of a concept like "muh hypergamy." The most angry of the red pill guys see a woman's propensity to "branch swing" as devious and calculated… and sometimes it is. And other times, she is a "child" absorbed in the shininess of what's in front of her. This is part of seeing women for what they are… and it's also an opportunity to see how to game them (be the shiny thing).

Here is a fantastic section specific to the types of girls that respond best to daygame:

> "In addition, many girls are more amenable to the type of value daygame can convey in general. As a rule of thumb, daygame is appreciated by women who value an interpersonal experience, but it falls flat on women who value social status. This is to be expected when considering what type of value can be conveyed through daygame: it is an intensely personal experience in which conversation and body language conveys your charisma, confidence, and personality strength."
> — pg 114

For daygamers, the game is played in the quality of the "personal experiences" we can generate. And it's girls that specifically like "experiences" (as opposed to "things")… that will eat up the show we put on out on the streets.

One more:

> "Highly feminine girls are quite likely to exhibit these traits because all that cute feminine energy that makes girls delightful comes at the cost of the masculine energy that makes them logical and accountable."
> — pg 462

Excellent analysis of "girls" and "femininity." Do you want her to be bubbly and cute? Or to "show integrity?" I know what I want. And that means no expectations that she will have the honor and discipline I respect in men. I want my girls to be girly (and compliant)… I'll take care of the rest.

……

SOME WEAKNESSES.

I should show some level of critical read here… so I will.

> "You'll escalate her through the three-venue structure…"
> — pg 369

If you read field reports of players, and especially guys that have studied the London Model, you will see religious dedication to "three venues." I get it… I have heard all the "time distortion" theory, and there is likely something true about some of that.

But it's terribly rigid. And bouncing the girl around appeals to a "strength" of solid men (handling logistics), but perhaps at the expense of looking for the soft-spots in women (getting intimate). I can see moving the girl around a lot as being as clueless (or more so) than dragging out a given date in one spot. Multiple venues are fine, but they are never my focus. The PURPOSE of the venue (even if it's only one), is much more important than multiple venues.

For my money… if I take a girl to only one place, and get the "love bubble" around her and I going… that is 1000X more effective than dragging the girl all around town.

And again, to be fair… Krauser shows more nuance in other areas of the book:

> "The milestones impose a logical structure and discipline onto the date, giving you a direction… When reflecting on these… you will tend to drift into logical thought. This is okay, as it's part of the male role to provide direction and keep things on track. The engine of seduction, however, is in the flow of energies in moving a girl's mood. On each plateau, your mind should drift towards the ephemeral moment-by-moment energy of the interaction. This is how you balance the logical with the emotional."
> — pg 374

Here he brings us back to what's important: "The engine of seduction, however, is in the flow of energies in moving a girl's mood."

That ^ is exactly right… and it supersedes venues, certainly.

> "Light, alcoholic bar…"
> — pg 369

Alcohol… I made some comments about this above. I already commented on this… but I think the emphasis on alcohol is overplayed in game in general. I know it is. At 45, I have never had more sex with more girls… and alcohol is less and less a part of my game. In Japan this year, I drank much less than I do at home… and dated more than most men should even try to do.

You don't need alcohol to fuck girls. The girls don't need it. Some of Krauser's transcripts show the girls rejecting alcohol, and I see that in my experience too.

Next:

> "The key to walking her home is distraction."
> — pg 488

Hmmm… do I believe this? Mostly, no.

I have walked girls back to my place while being conscious to not over-talked the "why" of why I'm taking her home. And I have used conversation to be charming so the walk doesn't degrade into pre-sex anxiety. But because I don't believe we're slipping anything past the girls, "distracting" them is a lesser form of game. I could red-flag a couple of comments like this in the book as less than ideal, as they hint toward being "sneaky."

And from his notes about sex:

> "[Eating pussy is] unbecoming of a man."
> — pg 510

This is more personal, but I think this ^ is bullshit (on one hand) and an interesting view into the minds of men across the Community (Krauser isn't alone in his take on chowing box).

And to be fair, Krauser put this comment in a section titled, "Please yourself above pleasing her." And that is dead-on excellent advice. I have noticed my style of sex has moved in this direction since I got better with women… but mostly at the level of my attitude, not the actual things I do with girls in bed.

I eat pussy, as often as I can. I love it. (I wish I was doing it right now.) It's intimate, it's nasty, it's sooo "in there." The smell of pussy all over my face… nothing like it. But to Krauser's point, I specifically tell the girls… "this is for

me."

Here is more nuanced criticism:

> "The big difference was Natalia knew she wanted to fuck me from the beginning, whereas Lyuba had the complex storm of emotions wanting to fuck me, but her own logical brain was resisting it."
> — pg 189

I will quickly admit Krauser is head and shoulders better than me at bedding women. And (of course), I've never met any of these girls (so I am guessing), but… there is something "off" for me in the particular explanation of Natalia above.

"Natalia knew she wanted to fuck me from the beginning…" Hmmm. I don't think girls think like this.

That is too "goal" oriented, as I see it. I think girls are basically "going forward" (toward you) or "going backward" (away from you and the seduction). So maybe Natalia was really moving toward Krauser… and assuming they'd fuck is a safe bet. But for the girl, in her mind… I bet she wanted "more," not specifically "to fuck." It's a subtle difference, but the distinction is real for me.

I provide these examples to show that while I'm obviously convinced Krauser is one of the best minds in game, I'm not blind in how I read him. I am a critical fuck sometimes… but I also know when to shut up and listen.

This whole book is a "shut up and listen" opportunity. I have basically nothing to complain about.

……

FUNNY.

Here is an example of Krauser showing some charm and humor as he teases a girl on a date:

> KRAUSER: Men have a really big brain, and it has to be pushed in, like–
> KRAUSER: [makes creaky noise and gesticulates forcing a big brain into a small head]
> OLYA: [laughs]
> KRAUSER: They have to properly push it into the head, right, because it's so big and powerful
> KRAUSER: Apparently that is the biggest brain, and the next biggest is an orangutan, and then chimpanzee
> OLYA: [laughs]
> KRAUSER: As you go down, you have bird and mouse and squirrel, and then finally you've got the…
> KRAUSER: female human brain
> 0LYA: [Laughin][Shocked tone] No!
> — pg 314

I love it.

……

ADVANCED.

I want to show a couple of lines that strike me as "advanced:"

> "The quality of your eye contact is not something you can micro-manage with technique alone. It's mostly determined by your vibe, your intent, your conviction, and your long-term inner game work."
> — pg 138

Eye contact is a "surface marker" of "the quality of your attention." Don't underestimate how effective "high quality attention" can be with women. All the factors Krauser relates to eye contact will impact the "quality" of her

experience… that's how I interpret that line. And another "yes" to the reference to inner game.

> "Much of the verbal game is about probing her character and availability, while our non-verbal game is probing her physical acceptance of us. It doesn't need to be flashy when your sub-communication is on point."
> — pg 155

For more of this ^, see page 135 for some notes on "In Set Dominance." Excellent. I use that stuff almost every day.

> "There is no single piece of information from which to judge your odds of banging a girl that is more informative than her very first reply to your feeler text."
> — pg 196

Hot comment ^. I can think of exceptions… but this is mostly true.

> "Few things excite a girl and move her from Maybe to Yes than seeing or touching a man's hard dick."
> — pg 360

Rivelino ^ would approve. And I have been doing this more and more this year… it's terribly effective. Highly recommend it.

> "Don't confuse The Switch with horniness. Although both frequently occur together and reinforce each other, they are not the same. The Switch is a mental decision in which the forebrain agrees to leave the field ('Ok, I can fuck this guy now'), whereas horniness is a heating up of the hindbrain ('I'm so hot right now') which may still be blocked by the forebrain."
> — pg 484

His comments about "The Switch" are excellent. This is a great section about how to spot when a girl is past resisting the idea of sex and has "switched" to being into it. Great topic, great examples.

……

HOW FAST SHOULD YOU EXPECT SEX?

We debate this topic a lot on this blog, so here are some comments from Krauser on the topic:

> "Assuming an artfully-applied texting filter, a baseline expectation is that the strongest twenty-five percent of girls will have sex on the first evening date."
> — pg 254

There ^ a number. 25%. I think I'm a bit lower than that, and that makes sense… I'm not as good as Krauser is, but even for him… without other info (which is what PROBING/CALIBRATION is all about…), 25% chance a girl will fuck on the first date.

> "Do not confuse extreme interest in dating you with extreme interest in fast sex. You can blow a K-select Yes Girl by escalating her like an r-select Yes Girl and vice versa."
> — pg 240

We need to hear this. I know I was not moving fast enough for a long time… and then, I was moving too fast and scaring girls off…

…not all girls are the same:

> "A girl's propensity to put out on the first date depends a lot on context, unrelated to whatever personal qualities you may have. A major influence is where she sits on the r/K spectrum."
> — pg 253

This is what I see. It's not "one size fits all," and arguments that suggest that are tired.

> "Most seductions, most of the time, will go the same way. You'll get her number, send a few flirty texts, and then set up an evening first date… you'll escalate and kiss her somewhere after the mid-point, perhaps an hour or two into the date. You'll text her some more over the next few days, set up a second date, and make out some more. Perhaps you'll take her home that second date, and if not, the action will probably happen on the third date."
> — pg 369

This ^ is reality. Guys that claim otherwise are most not helpful, as this ^ will be how it is for MOST GUYS… most of the time. Your skill is key. But so is the girls "timeline for sex," and much of that is "unrelated to whatever personal qualities you may have."

This quote matches my experience exactly.

……

CONCLUSION.

Daygame Infinite delivers killer content and it was a pleasure to read. Nothing generic, all fresh, specific and personal… which is more than we should expect from most products in the Community. I'm thoroughly impressed.

I'll end this review the same way Krauser ends the book… with the story of Inga.

> "I present her story to show how good calibration can light up opportunities that would be hidden from the average man. Taking Inga's messaging at face value would indicate a girl who was absolutely resolute about never having sex with me. Clearly, that wasn't the case."
> — pg 505

I could see a lot of Krauser's game in how he tells that story. In the things he does, and specifically the things he does that "we're not supposed to do," and how Krauser used his calibration to know when to break the rules. Excellent… and totally entertaining.

Buy the book. Buy it for the notes on vibe and IOI. Buy it for the instruction on probing and calibration. Buy it for the exposure to all the hundreds of razor-sharp lines about women in those case studies.

And buy it to see how Krauser closes Inga… fucking brilliant.

…….

One ancillary benefit of game for me has been to be in the company of smart men… Reading this book has been such an opportunity. I salute Krauser the Elder. And my thanks for the truly rare and radical education on seduction.

Congratulations, man. You killed it. Thank you.

Viva daygame.

Recurring Revenue, Sex, and Notes on Four Girls

Nash · 10 July 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Recently, I am experiencing a windfall of attention and sex from girls that I picked up months ago. I categorize sex with girls from previous pickups as “Recurring Revenue” (in contrast to “taking a new notch”). Repeat sex is good sex. And it is better, I’d argue, than that first bite.

Even if it’s not better… it’s still very fucking good.

I am an advocate for repeat action with girls, and that is a goal of mine in seduction. Other than brief references like, “I saw one of my regulars,” this seems like an area of game we don’t talk about that much. Since a few of these girls have popped up on my radar in the past couple of weeks, I have some fresh notes to share on this topic.

……..

For reference… RECURRING REVENUE is a business term I apply to game.

When I pickup a girl, I am trying to get her out. When I get her out, typically, I am then working to get her back to my place. At my place… it’s about getting those panties off her body and onto the floor where they belong (Bad panties! Get in the corner!!). When the Daygame Gods will have it… +1 for the Daygamer.

A notch has been claimed. And I get to run around the block with her panties on a pole, a flag of pride celebrating the great art of seduction. Hurrah! Hurrah!

And then??

Recurring revenue is when I get a second taste of her body, beyond that taking of the notch. A repeat engagement on another day. That’s what I mean.

> My Relentless Notch Hyena always wants the new notch…
>
> …but the rest of me knows RECURRING REVENUE (=ongoing sex) from the right girl is infinitely better than taking notches. That girl Miss Thick I was seeing last year was one of best things to happen to me via game.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) May 18, 2018

If you’re a pure-bread notch hyena, you’re “one and done.” Which is cool. For some guys, that scratches their itch.

That is completely valid, as far as I am concerned… but I want more than that.

I like to get laid about 2X per week. (Or maybe 4X… night/morning… couple of days off… then different girl… night/morning again.) But my point here is that I like the hunt, I like the conquest, I'm interested in my n-count… but I also like the sex itself. Not just "novel" sex, but the overall volume and opportunity for sex in my life beyond the conquest.

Getting laid is good for man.

And deeper than that, I like the "quality" of the (s)experience with the girl when I get her naked more than once. Both the quality of the sex… and also, the way an affair with a girl can "deepen" with more time, attention, and exposure to each other. Personally, this is where the real "gold" is at for me.

This ^… is recurring revenue. This is enjoying the fruits of your labor in an episodic way.

And I am convinced that repeat sex with girls is typically better sex than "first time" sex. The corresponding non-sexual aspects are also better, with time, with "trust," as you experience each other and figure each other out.

I'm not talking about commitment (not at all). I'm not even suggesting making these girls "girlfriends" (I haven't had a girlfriend in years). But I am arguing for the real benefits from a prolonged state of "lover-ness" with these girls… when such an opportunity is available… when your game can sustain it.

It means more sex overall (if that's your thing, and it is for me). And it means better sex. And that includes the emotional side dishes that come with even very casual, spacious LTRs. Repeat sex… with low "acquisition cost,"… where the fruit is sweeter still, as they voluntarily come back for more of the amorous/sexual exchange.

I have some stories about "taking the notch." Every affair starts with a first encounter. But here are some recent examples of adventures with girls in that space beyond the first time… in the land of Recurring Revenue.

……..

Miss Lips is a 30-something girl I picked up last year. From Taiwan. She has tropical features. Great lips on this girl, juicy lips, excellent kisser. She travels to my city for work, quite often, and when she is here, I'm happy to take her out.

I fucked her on the second date back in July of 2017. She ended up staying with me for two nights, back to back. She is a bit of "work," in some ways… I like to see her, the quality of the sex with her varies (in March of this year, she was exceptionally vulnerable and ripe)… overall, I like that she is in my life.

She pinged me last week, saying she would be in town and we set up a plan for the Fourth of July. She wanted fireworks. I wanted dinner/drinks/her. I tried to put together a plan (men = order) that would make us both happy.

She raised the stakes by saying we should take a boat ride across the bay. This request seriously complicates the date (women = chaos). The boat ride was a bit of a pain in the ass, but she has asked me to do this before, and I thought I'd get it done this time.

I told her:

> NASH: If we want to do the boat ride, we have to be there by 5:50… it leaves at 6
> MISS LIPS: Okidoki!

My "chaos radar" was tingling, so I made another pass at "order:"

> NASH: Okay, let's aim for the boat at 5:45

Miss Lips is a very professional girl, but after-work, she drops her "type A" work-mode, and settles into a flitty girlishness. I like that side of her (it's feminine), but it's hell on scheduling.

Hitting a dinner reservation with her is tough, as she'll make it my house with little-to-no room to spare. I have taken to lying to her about the time of the reservation (telling her it's 30 mins earlier than it actually is), to overcompensate for her lateness.

We can yell at girls. We can drop them from our lives. We can try to use psychology to shape them into more low-maintenance companions. All of this is part of the exploration of women… and of our own capacity to "rope the wind."

For our boat ride… I arrived on time, had our tickets ready, as well as a cup of tea for each of us. And… she showed up at 6:01, just in time to hear the deep bellowing horn of the boat as it pulled away. WOOOO-WOOOOOOOOOO.

Chaos wins. I should have told her 5:30. Or fucking three o'clock.

Oh well. The whole thing is another case study in the trials and tribulations of herding pussy cats. I was tempted to be irritated, but I had the rest of the night to think of… the show must go on.

As she arrived and realized she had FUBAR'd the ride, she was talking quickly, apologizing, and a bit embarrassed. I wasn't surprised by any of this, so I was on to next steps right away… managing her lateness, her own disappointment and the sheepishness of the moment.

I brushed her fuckup aside, smiled, and looked her deep in the eyes. I slowed us both down. I welcomed her to my city. I paused while she took a breath. And I gave those lips a kiss.

We had plenty of time now before the dinner reservation I had arranged for later… so we lounged around the dock, drank our tea, and then walked through the city toward dinner with time to spare. She "sunk" her own boat ride, but dinner was fool-proof, delicious, intimate… a great time.

I walked her back to her hotel through China Town, at peak fireworks hour. All the fireworks in this part of town were illegal and unsanctioned, but it was very cool to see Fourth of July from that POV, as I held her hand and walked past the rows of upset cars, all their car alarms blazing from the dangerously loud explosions going off from block to block.

Back at her hotel, some more fireworks from the window of her room, and then…

I dragged her to the bed, got her naked, and fucked her. Mission accomplished.

She slept very close to me in the big, comfortable hotel bed. When we work up, I was sporting morning wood, and she climbed on top of me… so I fucked her again. She had a call for work at 9. I rinsed off, and did the walk of shame back to the train and to my place.

It was a good time. This is like the seventh time I had this girl in bed…

#recurring revenue

……..

Maybe a week or so ago, I woke up to a Snapchat from Miss Tease. She is early 20s (I think?), a Korean-American girl from a very conservative family. She lives at home. She works in my city, but supposedly needs to be home right after work (who knows if any of this is true… she is a mysterious girl).

A few days after I picked her up, I walked her around a big department store one night and made out with her. And then, a couple of weeks later, we met at a hotel and I fucked her after work. I had never done anything like that at that time… it was racy and an excellent chapter in my education as a seducer.

We cooled off after that, but I see her on the street from time to time. She's a little thick, but I am struck with attraction each time I run into her. Her face has a fresh glow to it, she is quite beautiful. And, like the girl in the story above, she also has amazing lips… wow.

I wondered, after that first round of sex… if we'd date again. With girls, it is always and only, "we'll see." Always "maybe… maybe."

I don't chase this girl (even if I wanted to, I don't think it would help), but she pops up on my radar now and then. Who knows why she chooses to reach out when she does, but she has sent me dozens of great nudes via Snapchat. We have had several rounds of sexting each other. And last Fall I got her out one day after work, dragged into a changing stall at Banana Republic, and made out with her. She is a fantastic kisser, and very submissive when I get my hands on her.

In May of this year… more recurring revenue from her:

> "I have an hour…," she said. She let it trail off… because she is a very feminine girl.
> I took her to a hotel for a noon-er. RechargeApp (by the hr). It wasn't a new notch, but it was a very satisfying lay.
>
> Same girl (and same app) as this story:https://t.co/SMsRJOnwEQ
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) May 8, 2018

That ^ was only the second time I'd fucked her… and it was (per the intro to this post), much better sex than the first time. And if it's of any interest to anyone (and it is to me), the emotional connection was much better. Better vibe afterwards as well. We've been "tighter" ever since that second time.

At this stage of my affair with her… I feel increasingly affectionate towards her. And each time I see her, I think her face is more beautiful than the time before.

Meanwhile… via SnapChat… pic after pic of her full, soft boobs (they are near perfect), her neck, her juicy-full lips. As I said above, she sent me another naked-shot last week, which kicked off a new round of teasing and sexual "table setting."

From Friday:

> NASH: I want to get my big, strong hands on you this week…
> MISS TEASE: Just thinking about you
> MISS TEASE: I'm getting… ;-)
> MISS TEASE: Mmm gosh

This ^ is how she talks… she has a wonderful mix of faux-innocence and vulgarity. She is a very sexy girl.

> MISS TEASE: I'm completely naked right now
> MISS TEASE: My legs are spread open

Also ^ from her on Friday. This is her in full "tease" mode.

> MISS TEASE: I'd go nice and slow
> MISS TEASE: Get every inch of you in my mouth
> MISS TEASE: Feel how tight my mouth gets
> MISS TEASE: And how wet
> NASH: The look in your eyes as you take it all in
> NASH: That's what I want
> MISS TEASE: Mmmmm gosh
> MISS TEASE: Mmm I'm dripping right now

Yes… she is easy to like.

Even if I never got this girl out, a girl that will send me nudes and sext with me like this… is a good girl. If nothing else, this kind of attention is great for my vibe.

> MISS TEASE: I would love to deepthroat
> NASH: Ummm, yeah
> NASH: I'd hold your head
> NASH: And look at those big, beautiful eyes
> NASH: As I pushed it all the way down your throat
> MISS TEASE: Mmmmm yes daddy
> NASH: Good girl
> MISS TEASE: I'd want you to come in my mouth

When I fucked her in May, that's exactly what I did ^.

And calling me "Daddy"… I have never asked how old she is (and she has never asked me), but I think she is about half my age. The "Daddy" thing sounds great, but it's a little weird in practice. With that said, I confess… I like it.

As I have gotten this girl into (a hotel) bed as recently as two months ago, Miss Tease has also already crossed into the territory of recurring revenue for me… and she has sent me a couple of more salacious nudes since the sexting we did on Friday… we're working on getting together next week.

This girl is not my main focus, but she's one of the 11 girls I've fucked so far this year and seeing her again sounds fantastic. The idea of making her a little more regular, seeing each other every few weeks or so for the next several months… sounds like a lifestyle I could get used to.

#recurringrevenue

……..

A couple of posts ago, I wrote about Smart Girl. She is a 23 year old married woman. She is one of my favorite seduction stories from my personal catalog of experiences. Her situation is complicated. She wasn't "easy" to bed. I ran some decent game in several instances, or (I am convinced) I never would have fucked her. But I did.

And since then, I have fucked her several times. I have a pocket in my work bag that is full of hotel room keys… most (one set is from my last tryst with Miss Tease in May), from the various times Smart Girl and I have fucked after she gets off work.

We meet at a hotel each time. I give her the room number via WeChat. She comes up to the room via the elevator on her own. She knocks. As she enters, she throws her arms around my neck as she comes in the door. We say hello… and I get her naked. We chat briefly afterwards and we leave. And it's good. Very good.

All of this is excellent experience for me… and helps "stretch" the boundaries of what I know to be possible for me with women.

Recently, she went off on vacation to Hawaii with her husband. I didn't message her the week she came back, but I did a week after that. She was a bit harsh and abrasive via text as she responded (which is her style), and I slapped her down with banter and a strong frame.

The things I have said and done with this girl are quite unlike my experiences with other girls. There is something about her particular psychology that calls out a different flavor of seduction. In some ways, she evokes my best game.

This week, however, I didn't enjoy her little jabs via text at all. I don't want abrasive, horsy girls in my life. I want sweet. I want feminine. And even though I carried the exchange with her… her lack of charm in this instance had

me considering cutting it off with her entirely. Her situation is “dangerous” – to her marriage, if not also to the sense of order in my life.

But as I let her stew a bit after our little sparring match, she came back, and said:

> SMART GIRL: I am free all weekend.
> SMART GIRL: You wanna do something together?

Hmmm, okay. I don’t want girls to lead… but there seems to be something about this girl where it’s good to let her ask for it.

Because the situation is complicated (as is her psychology), I lean back with her more than I do with most girls (I am learning from all this). We have semi-harsh banter quite often, and I manage to “win” each time. She “likes the rub,” as Krauser would say. And each time, post word-wrestling via WeChat… she softens and asks for attention.

That softness is what I am after. If she didn’t show me this side of her… she never would have become a “recurring revenue” girl for me.

In the case of this week, her husband is travelling in Europe. I have never taken her to dinner, but this time I figured I would.

> NASH: This weekend sounds good
> NASH: How about Saturday evening?
> SMART GIRL: Perfect

Okay, good deal. For all her difficulties, logistics are never an issue.

> SMART GIRL: I can come when I’m ready?
> NASH: I am at the hardware store…
> NASH: Doing MAN STUFF
> NASH: Come at 6
> SMART GIRL: haha
> SMART GIRL: Like what
> NASH: It’s a man thing, you wouldn’t understand :]
> NASH: See you at 6

She was a little slow to reply, and I wasn’t 100% sure she’d come over. I hadn’t seen her in maybe three weeks. Perhaps more than some other girls, there is always a bit of uncertainty with this one.

But she did come over. I pushed her against the wall as she came through my door, gave her a long look in the eyes, and then a solid kiss. “Hello,” I said. And she came inside and I made us tea. And she said she was getting hungry, and that we should go eat… but that wasn’t my plan.

I stood her up and made out with her some more. I pinned her arms to her side, turning her, and took her down the hallway to my room. I pulled her little white dress over her head, took her bra and panties off… and spent the better part of two hours fucking her. Fantastic.

I was dripping with sweat afterwards, so we rinsed off, and I put her in my truck and drove her out of our city (I don’t want anyone she knows seeing us out) for a great dinner a few towns north of where we live. It was a beautiful night.

After dinner… she said:

> SMART GIRL: Should I stay over?

I had considered it already, of course. I had considered it from the moment I first set up the date.

But more and more in these situations, I have been saving my options in the logistics and choices for later in the night. If she was too difficult, maybe I'd send her home after dinner. Yes, she is a very psychologically rowdy girl, and she needs the challenge (she needs to LOSE each challenge, actually), but I was interested in what was transpiring between us (I still am), in the larger arc of the relationship.

We went next door to a drug store and bought her a toothbrush and some bottle water (she won't drink tap water). Then I took her home. I poured us each a whiskey and rolled up a joint. We sat on the couch with a movie playing in the background and talked for two hours. As the weed took her (and stole some of her edge), she was increasingly charming… more girly… I could feel her working a little bit for my attention.

I took her to bed and she was pillow-soft to sleep next to all night. She has some breakouts on her face every time I see her, but the rest of her 23 year old skin is like a puddle of milk: creamy, liquid, flawless… and so soft.

We woke up early. I went to the kitchen to feed the furry beasts that share my house. From the kitchen, I watched as she walked the full length of my hall toward me… naked, pale skin, long, perfect dark hair almost to her waist. She wasn't the slightest bit self conscious… not about walking around naked, nor spending the night with me while her husband was out of town. She is interesting.

I cleaned up and we started to go get coffee. But before we could get out the door, I sucked on her ear, got us both turned on, took her clothes back off once more and fucked her again. Wonderful.

Then I drove her down the coast to a "little town by the sea" (that's for you, Twitter Dudes). We drank coffee/tea along the drive. Then, back to her place and she was off to see a girlfriend of hers.

She is complicated and prickly… but I navigated her thorns once again. In the process, I earned some more lessons from a rich example of female psychology… and drained my balls a couple of times while I was at it. Another very good experience.

#recurringrevenue

……..

The last girl in this story is little Miss Slow. She is the darling little K-girl I fucked in May, at the end of my "60 Days of Game" daygame streak. She is a grad student, and two days after I closed her, she ran off to southern California for a summer internship. We have been chatting since… and I have wondered how to keep the spark alive until she is back near my city.

I like her. I'd like to keep her in my world. I have had a little bit of practice with this as I tried to keep the sexual tension alive with the Siren (I was successful) and Miss Thick (I was not) while I was off for several weeks plundering panties in Japan.

In terms of Miss Slow, it just so happens that I have family in southern California. I don't ever recommend that guys travel to fuck a particular girl. "Jaunts" and hunting expeditions in foreign locales are one thing, but I think it's almost always a mistake to travel across the state (or the country… or the world) for some sex… that's a lot of effort (and it's the kind of effort that shows). In this kind of situation, you're literally flying over hundreds of thousands of girls to see one in particular. Not ideal.

But in this case, I could make it a trip to see family and rope her into it. I could also get some time in the waves. It could be a cool adventure… no matter how it turns out.

Weeks ago, I started setting up this plan:

> NASH: This weekend I will talk to my family…
> NASH: I am going to see if they are available in July
> NASH: I want to come to that part of the world…

> NASH: Maybe buy a new surfboard…
> NASH: See my family, surf in my family's neighborhood a bit
> NASH: And…
> NASH: Is there something I am forgetting???
> NASH: Hmmm??

I was teasing her here ^.

And, in the way I was framing the trip, I was also making sure this plan was about me. About my goals. In her eyes, but also in mine. Part of me growing into being a more solid guy is evident in how I handle expeditions like this one.

> MISS SLOW: Let's think about what important part you forgot
> MISS SLOW: Maybe you can surf in the neighbor city?? [where she lives]
> NASH: :]
> NASH: Hmmmm, maybe I can.
> NASH: I will have to think if I know any smart, funny, beautiful people in the neighboring city??
> HER: Hahaha, I think must be one there
> HER: One person whom you always think of and also think of you a few times
> NASH: A FEW TIMES?!!!!!!!!!!

She is teasing ^ me back. We're flirting. This girl is adorable… and the trip seemed on.

Then… in terms logistics, I did something I have never done before, which was… probe her about when she was on her period. It may seem odd, but I have thought about this many times, as various girls from Japan have dropped hints that they wanted me to bring them for a visit to my city (after I fucked them in theirs).

Imagine planning a trip, booking a flight, getting a decent hotel room… only to catch that girl in the middle of "the red flood." If that happens to a man in a situation like this, it's his fault. If I am a man with a plan (and that man, I am), I would need to account for that… so I did.

> NASH: Now we must do some careful planning
> NASH: When does your period come??
> NASH: As you know…
> NASH: I will definitely eat you when I see you
> MISS SLOW: [bashful gif]
> MISS SLOW: I am a little worried about doing…
> NASH: When you are with me, you Darling Girl…
> NASH: You don't have to worry about anything

A solid guy… taking care of everything.

In the moments that followed these ^ lines, she let me know which weekends would work. And that… is how I reached into her mind and got the info I needed to put my plan together.

My trip to SoCAL has been planned for two weeks, and it will be two more weeks before I see her. Yes, it occurs to me that a lot could go wrong with this plan… but a lot could go right.

If she plays along… I will take her to dinner, and then back to my room and I'll get her naked again. She is a conservative little one, but I happen to know that her K-girl body is precious and perfect when she is in a state of undress. The next day… I'll take her surfboard shopping (which is a cool plan, something I want to do). Then, if the vibe is right… back to my room again. On the third day, I'll visit family and surf. Surf again in Mexican waters the

fourth day. And fly home that afternoon.

If she doesn't play along… I'll run aggressive daygame in her city on Friday, looking for a SDL, or some spicy interactions with women to fill that time. I'll have all day Saturday for that as well (if I feel like it). It's very hard to get laid with terms like that, but it's a good backup plan… I could have a great time gaming that city. And then, the time with my family is real, and the surfing opportunity is as well.

I don't like the idea of men like us going out on a limb like I am in this situation… if she bails on the plan, my vibe could take a hit. But I have a backup plan that I like. And if the trip goes over well, not only will I get my cock inside her again, but I'll bridge the gap of the summer, and potentially have her back on rotation as she returns to my city this Fall.

No risk… no reward.

It's a complicated plan, but I like her quite a bit… and the potential of turning her into a regular is a challenge I'd like to accept. The whole episode is good "jet-set" practice and a level of "advanced game" that intrigues me.

If nothing else… family, daygame, tacos, and surf. If the Daygame Gods are generous…

#recurringrevenue

In July ^, and perhaps beyond.

……..

I have been in the shadow of some great players… Mr Krauser, of course, is top of mind.

When I first started daygame… I was focused at the "top of the funnel." I wanted numbers. I wanted dates. I wanted to get laid.

In the memoirs of the really solid guys (books like Krauser's Adventure Sex), those players point to the kind of recurring revenue that I am pointing to here. Girls they would fuck again and again. In their home towns, or as they came back to foreign cities… or as those girls came back to them.

I loved those stories. As I made my first gains along my personal journey, I would think of girls "flying in from Prague" (or, in my case, Taiwan/etc), and it seemed hard to imagine I would be looking at my own multi-episodic adventures with daygame girls. At the time, I was still looking for my earliest notches from the street. My game wasn't ready, back then, for the ongoing dividends of "attention, affection, and sex" from these daygame girls.

Those memories go back to about two years ago. I have fucked a lot of daygame girls since then. And I have fucked many of them more than once. The legendary Miss Thick seems to be gone, but she was the richest vein of gold I had ever struck… recurring revenue, wicked sex, true intimacy, over and over… and it all started on the street.

Two years later… I find myself in similar situations to the Daygame Legends before me. I'm surprised… and not surprised.

There will be more notches, it seems certain. But if I show the dedication that the Gods demand… if I practice a level of game beyond the initial sexual take-down… if I master the wrangling it takes to "keep chaos on a leash," returning to me open and asking for more… I will see a lot more recurring revenue as well.

Viva daygame.

Boundaries and Sex with the Assistant | +1 Daygame

Nash · 18 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I have taken a break from this blog, but I want to get rolling again. This is a long overdue lay report, from back in May. This lay has its own interesting aspects for me – every story of taking a new notch is a kind of "victory lap." Of course I like that. And yet, the story of the visit with this girl, has greater interest for me than the sex itself. This was another chapter in my understanding of women. And my capacity to wrangle the wilds of their nature.

I wrote about this girl already… she is The Assistant. We had an afternoon date in May, a time when my game was flowing strong.

With this one, within the first hour of our first date, she and I were making out in the cultured-darkness of the art museum. She wasn't the cutest girl I'd ever dated, but the chemistry was full-on, and the more of her I had, the more I wanted. We ended the date around the corner from her hotel. She wouldn't come back to my place (oh, had I tried). And while she was more than eager to have our mouths pressed together (extending the date as long as she could), she wouldn't let me come up to her room either (I tried that, over and over, as well).

I left that day knowing I had done my job as a man of seduction. I hadn't gotten laid, but I'd taken my shot. I'd added richness to another tourist girl's trip to my city. And I'd had yet another visceral experience of leading a girl through the experience of fast seduction.

She left my city, and traveled south, to Los Angeles. As she arrived in LA, she was sending me pictures of her and cute little notes… she liked me, and she was showing me who she was and more of her life.

> HER: Here are three photos of me in Canada
> HER: Love to share with you :)

Charming ^.

She is a conservative girl. The shots are tame, but attractive. The middle of the three (as they arrived via the app WeChat) was her in a pink, sleeveless shirt, and a small, tight denim skirt. The hem of her skirt was cut above mid-thigh, and her long smooth legs made me hungry. She is an imperfect girl, but that shot turns me on… and at at the time, reminded me of the ready-made chemistry we'd discovered on our date.

I am amazed at what really turns me on. Several times this week, I talked about this topic with friends. About how my "eyes" crave one thing (and I think this is the part that is most subject to cultural influence), while my body

often responds to something else (and I think that is always “real” attraction). There are parts of her that I am reluctant to brag about…and also parts that makes my cock hard, even now. That photo is a great example… but the best parts of her are below the surface, in her character.

> HER: I feel good with LA, the city full of color and energy, so nice.
> HER: But, whole day and all the way I have been thinking of someone and the wonderful time yesterday…

It’s becoming clear to me that I am angling deeper into the romantic side of seduction. And these kinds of comments fuel that perspective in me. The Spring Season this year… was a series of romantic episodes. I like sex, and dirty sex, and I’ll do that, any chance I get. But it’s in me to have this romantic side too, and I hooked several girls that respond well to that flavor this year. She was one of them.

> NASH: I want to rewind and do yesterday over…
> NASH: With a different ending…
> NASH: Where you spend the night with me.

This is cheesy, but true. And I was enjoying pointing the romance back in toward the bedroom.

> HER: I know, I understand you.
> HER: But, when you know you really like someone, I don’t hope things come fast go fast.

This is a nice Chinese girl saying she doesn’t want a round of “pump-and-dump.” And even as I translate her sentiment into something more locker-room and crass… I love the phrasing she used. I am reading all these messages from back in May, and I remember thinking that was a charming way to say something so many girls have said, so many times.

She couldn’t fuck me that first night… it wouldn’t have felt right (to her). And I have seen this many times before (so many of us have). But a couple of days into her trip to LA, the situation took an interesting turn:

> HER: I will come back to China on May 22 from your city.
> HER: So, I will come back to your city on May 21…

This ^ is classic “indirect-direct” from a girl. It’s not signed-and-sealed at this stage, but she is saying she wants to come back for “more.”

And I am tempted to say, “she wanted to come back and fuck me.” I think she did want that. And that would be normal for a post like this… the way we talk, telling stories between men. But this moment reminds me of this line from Krauser:

> “The big difference was Natalia knew she wanted to fuck me from the beginning…”
> — From my Daygame Infinite review

The story I am telling here isn’t the same as where Krauser was going with that quote above, but I am interested in moments when we tell ourselves, “she is coming to fuck.”

I think she was… but I think wise men that know women can see more of it than that. That’s not how these girls would say it, and that’s not how they feel. They want sex, specifically. Yes. But I think, in their own minds… they call it “more.” Something like that.

To say she was thinking of coming back to fuck me… would be to miss a lot of the nuance of it. It would be to miss “the dinner,” the meal, but also the conversation, the drinks afterwards… and only see “the roast.”

At this point, she and I had a lot of logistics to sort through (psychological, as much as geographic), but yeah, I assumed I'd fuck her. And claiming the notch wouldn't be the hard part… it would be "the rest of it."

This post is about the rest of it.

Over the next several days, the plan sat, and marinaded in the "indirect" assumption that we would see each other again. She sent me regular updates from LA. The places she'd visited, stories of Hollywood, Rodeo Drive, and Santa Monica. She would wish me "good night" each night. She would tell me she wished she was with me. But I never pressed for the close.

I would stoke the romance, and then "spike it" with overt sexual talk. Giving her some food-for-fantasy about what it would be like if we were "on the beach together," how afterward I would take her back to "the hotel," how we'd shower together, and then…

I didn't explicit invite her to stay with me. I feel like I've been needy in this area before, and have chased girls off. But in this case I encouraged the vibe. A few days of this and she got less indirect:

> HER: I want to change my travel plan.
> HER: I want to come back to your city earlier, to spend more time with you, okay?

Ahh, now it was official. And I was honored (at some level), that I had given her the kind of experience that made her crave "more." And I was a little turned on at the idea of fucking her. And I'm always amazed when a girl will voluntarily enter a strange man's world… with all the attendant danger and insecurities of that kind of decision.

And I paused to think of it… this wouldn't be "super casual" hookup. I don't mean that it would require any commitment, but I assumed she meant a "long date," more than a night.

If you haven't been laid in a while (or even if you have), the idea of new girl on tap for a weekend can sound great. It sounds great to me, right now, actually. And it might be. But "more than overnight" can be a looooooong date.

I have seen men fuck this up before… stuck with girls that they were not that into, where the thrill of sex was not enough to overcome the lack of interest beyond the bedroom. And while I like the romantic side of our opportunity as seducers… I also know that sometimes as soon as your balls are empty, you're ready to change the taste in your mouth. Sometimes… I like it when they leave.

So this is the guts of this story for me: How do I LEAD myself in a situation like this… in such a way that I have a good time? How do I LEAD her in a such a way, that she has a good time? How do I put together a solid plan, and predict "how much is enough" in advance? How do I communicate all this to her?

This is about boundaries. It's about some "wisdom" in the ways of women and the fate of flings. While I had been effusive and fueling her fantasies for the last few days, it was time to switch gears… it was time to be practical. It was time to "create a container" where she and I would have a good experience. Where she would feel safe and could explore her fantasy… and where I wouldn't be trapped with her, if I didn't enjoy the time.

I barely knew her. We'd had one, quick afternoon date. And now… it was up to me (always, and only me) to set up a plan for another drink of her. An episode that would last at least a couple of days.

> NASH: Yes.
> NASH: :]
> NASH: Maybe spend the last two nights with me

There, I'd set it up. I have had at least one two-day date with a brand new girl before. I figured I could handle that much, no matter what. I wasn't sure what she meant by "more time," but I figured I could put in the effort to make sure we were both happy for 48 hours. Much beyond that, I didn't know.

But… that was less time than she was thinking:

> HER: Why
> HER: You don't want to spend more time with me?

Here we see the "emotional" mind of woman running into the "logical" mind of a men.

I had stoked her fantasy, not really expecting anything would come of it. And while I was excited about the idea of seeing more of her, I know boundaries are often the key to happiness. I had offered a "container," and it had disappointed her. And that is okay. This was the opening round of negotiation. If she's going to get wound up, if this isn't going to go well, I want to do that now, explicitly… not while she was spread all over my apartment (with nowhere else to go).

> NASH: Oh?
> NASH: I don't know how much you mean?? :]
> NASH: In general…
> NASH: If I am a smart man, I will want you to be very comfortable
> NASH: Two nights with me… I know we can have a very good time

Here I am being literal, and direct, and explicit. This is a down-shift of romantic energy, but it's attractive (as I see it), in it's own way. Most of all… it's "attractive" to me. I was being smart here, and I was glad to be doing it. I felt strong. I had an idea in mind, I had my boundaries, they were there for a reason… and I was sticking to them.

I could stop here with this post… this ^ is the most important part.

This was exactly what I had done with the Korean Princess in Tokyo. She had also invited herself and wanted to spend the better part of week with me. I did the same thing with her, cut her suggestions down to a bite-sized plan, and she took it well, and I was happy with my decision. The Korean left me very happy (and well fucked). I did good work there. I wanted to do something similar here.

(As a side note… framing myself as a "smart man" (in those comments above) is decent elementary work with frames. And that sentence, "If I am a smart man, I will want you to be very comfortable" is very good work. She can't argue with the latter half of that, and if she even finishes the sentence in her mind… she tacitly accepts that I am a smart man. And putting it all together… a smart man is making her comfortable. That's a great frame that explains the boundaries and sets up expectations in her head.)

> HER: okay
> HER: As you know, I will come back to China on May 22
> HER: I will head to the airport on May 21's afternoon.
> HER: So, I will stay with you on May 19&20?

She is demonstrating some decent logistical skills here herself. She is helping me nail down the plan. Good girl.

> NASH: I think that sounds very good
> NASH: It is a "long date"
> NASH: But I think you and I can create something beautiful together
> NASH: We will spend some time together, explore some of California… And
> NASH: You will get kissed a LOT!
> HER: Okay :) [lip emoji] [lip emoji] [lip emoji]

Ahh… there we go. I added that bit of "kissing her a lot" to bring back some of the romance… and also to stress

that this will be a sexual date. She hasn't said she expects to be fucked… and I'm okay with being a little indirect, but I want her to know that I'll be all over her in my place.

We seemed like we were on track. I had some vague concerns that two days might still be too much, but again… I have enough experience with women to show control over 48 hours. I don't attract drama, nor do I create it… we could get bored, but I didn't think we'd get messy. Good enough.

> NASH: Come to me… I'll take care of us

So, that is how we left it. We had several days between the agreement and when she would arrive back in my city. I filled the space with more sexual prompting… the logistics were cleared, now I could turn back on the emotional/sexual potential.

Just before she arrived:

> NASH: I am a little happy today
> NASH: Do you know why?
> HER: Why?
> NASH: Because a very lovely girl will visit my city this weekend
> NASH: And…
> NASH: I think she likes me
> NASH: [super cocky pic]
> HER: :) yes, and she changed her travel plans for you…

Some flirting here ^. This is also an example of what I sometimes call "Octopus Game," where I am "pulling" pretty hard with those comments, and then "push" with accusing her of "liking me" and then the cocky pic to rub it in her face a bit. Good tension there.

> HER: :) :) :) You should be very happy, not a little happy
> NASH: [pic of a little kid jumping around smiling]
> HER: :) :) :)
> HER: [lips][lips]

She gets the joke of the push here, and tries to rub back. The vibe feels good heading into the weekend.

And the day had arrived. I woke up… a mix of feeling the responsibility of the task of making sure I enjoyed the table I had set for myself, and the excitement of doing exactly that. And, of course, there was a very good chance… I would get laid.

> HER: What time shall we meet today? 3 PM?
> NASH: That's great…
> NASH: When you're ready, let me know and I'll send a car for you…

This ^ was a reasonable plan. She had luggage with her from her trip. We'd want to get her out of her hotel, and into my place. I can send a car to pick her up, bring her to my door. Good plan, but…

> HER: You don't come to see me at the hotel and help me with luggage?

Ahh… and for a moment, I felt a nagging sense that she would now begin fucking with the plan. She had been near perfect so far, letting me lead, doing her part very well. But now, pushing back.

> NASH: Hey, that sounds great.
> NASH: We can take a car together
> NASH: And you can hold my hand
> NASH: And tell me how happy you are to see me!
> HER: :) :)

I didn't want to have any tension for the onset of our weekend, so I agreed. I put in some more future-projection stuff ("you can hold my hand"), where I narrate the future to her. And some more "ego" material ("tell me how happy you are to see me!") as a bit of "push" to balance out my compliance. And with that, I took a train downtown and went to her hotel to pick her up.

When I saw her… she looked good. She wore the same black leather jacket she had on for our date two weeks before. And a long, black dress. In fact, outside of the bedroom, I have never seen this girl in anything other than a dress. And her lips were a bright red. She looked a little serious. And a little sexy.

I called that car after all, but now, with me by her side. We put the bags in the car, and a very inexperienced driver took the longest route possible to my place. We offloaded her bags onto the sidewalk… I remember it was sunny and nice in the city that day as I walked her up the stairs into my place for the first time.

We put her bags in the spare room. I gave her a very quick tour. It was around 4 PM. Peak daylight in the front room, facing West, in a room that is attached to my bedroom. I hadn't kissed her yet.

My plan was to get her out of the house. Tour around the city a little. Then dinner. Then fuck her after dinner. I would have been happy to get her naked before that, but I had a long weekend ahead of me, and I was ready to pace out the sex a little… that was the plan.

But there, in the sunlight of mid-day, I kissed her. And she jumped into it. She pushed her hips against mine. And in those next few moments, I knew that the time for sex was "now."

I walked her the few feet into my bedroom and she did something I've never seen before with a new girl… she immediately started taking her own clothes off. That is great, of course. Nothing wrong with it. But in all the girls I've gotten naked in recent years… they all look into my eyes and (often after some LMR) let me "take them." This girl was stripping down and jumping into things. She wasn't bold. She's a deeply feminine girl… but she was ready.

I intervened and pealed her clothes off… it is my job, after all. Her body was long, and lean. And with the fantasy fully metastasized in her mind, she was "all in." It has been weeks since this episode transpired, I don't remember all the details… but I know I did the kind of things I like to do to women when they are in my bed. And I walked over to the cabinet near my bed where I keep the world's greatest condoms, and then…

+1 daygame.

As for the sex… she makes great noises, but her particular passionate utterances sound like, "ou!!! ou!!!" As in "ouch!!" And several times I would pull back some, assuming I had hurt her. I don't have a huge cock, but I know I've made girls uncomfortable before as I stabbed into them. In this case, I took in the look in her eyes, and realized that if she was in pain… it was certainly mixed with ample pleasure. I kept going.

She told me later, that no, it wasn't pain. That was all pleasure… that's just the noise she makes. And that I "give her great climax." Cool.

As it turned out, I fucked her several times over the next few days. She was eager for it each time. And she would say "ou! ou!" each time I was in inside her.

She was eager for the sex, to be touched, to be kissed. She is very affectionate. Eager, but never pushy.

In fact, she is one of the most feminine and accommodating girls I've ever dated. She gave me lots of space. I got some work done, took care of some business. In those moments, she would run around my house, in the

background… doing girly stuff. Her luggage was stuffed with a series of bags within bags, as if everything was individually wrapped. (The Korean girl that stayed with me in Japan was like this too.) She spent some time practicing English (which is important to her), and at one point, she surprised me with several pages of handwritten notes to help me study Mandarin. And she had brought little gifts for me… some face lotion, and a rose-flavored cake she wanted me to try (it's her favorite).

She had a series of makeup and self-care rituals that took up a lot of her time. It was curious and interesting to have all this going on in my house. She took long baths, put on lotion, applied and removed makeup. The routines of a woman that was mostly unfamiliar to me, going on, for several days, all around me.

There was a "separation of space" in those times… the "men" (me) in one part of the house, doing man stuff. The "women" (her) engaged elsewhere. I have had several live-in girlfriends. And while this was only a weekend, it was different than any experience I've had with a woman before. This strong traditional flavor. The clear male/female respect for space.

And so the weekend progressed. Sex the first afternoon… then some tourist stuff. She took a lot of pictures. Home that night… hours of her personal rituals… and then, I fucked her on the couch. Fucked her again in the morning, her, attentive, and happy to suck my cock at any time. We drove down the coast to the beach on the 2nd afternoon… pulling over for a makeout in the fog, and blow job behind tinted windows in the back of my truck. Dinner. More sex. Intimacy as we slept.

She had mentioned that her flight was very early on Tue AM… so, she said, Monday, she would go to the airport. I thought that meant "early" as in 1 AM, but it was to be 10 AM Tuesday morning before she left. She was planning on staying in the airport her last night, and working. She never even hinted at staying we me an extra night. Not even vaguely.

I knew I could offer to keep her that third night. But – and for the same reason I originally only offered her two nights with me – I let her assume we would stick to our plan. If I wanted her another night (even as a friendly gesture between lovers), I could always offer it later.

And I did offer to keep her another night, turning two nights into three. It was toward the end of the second night that I told her she would stay with me on Monday, and I'd send her off to the airport early Tuesday AM. She argued that she knew I needed my space. And that I had work, and my work was important. (I don't play up the importance of my work, but I love it when girls do.) And I told her I knew what I was doing, and I would take good care of her one last night, that she would stay with me. She loved it. She was graceful and something like elegant through this last round of negotiations.

No drama. Win-win again. This is how it should be.

It was a flawless weekend. I'll take credit for being prepared, for knowing what I wanted, for having good boundaries. And I'll give her credit for being an absolutely charmingly-feminine, compliant, and generous woman. Thank you, sweet girl.

Last year, I kept Miss Lips for two days after our first time in bed. She pushed for a third night (after she missed her plane), and I waved it off… that would have crossed my boundaries. Not the amount of time, but her vibe, the way she handled herself… not nearly as easy and wonderful to be around as The Assistant.

And a few weeks ago, I went down to Southern California, where I booked a nice hotel room, and hosted Miss Slow for two nights. It, too, was a "risky venture" (I was very unsure about how that weekend would go), but it was also very successful. And Miss Slow is cuter than The Assistant, but not as fun to be with… and despite me being more attracted to Miss Slow at a "surface level," the sex with the Assistant was also better, richer, more passionate (for certain).

I am surprised to say this ^… again, I have a conflict between my eyes and my cock. But, in these times, my cock is always right.

I call her The Assistant for a reason — that's her job — and I think her career says something about her. She is an executive assistant to a powerful man in a corporation in China. If you don't know much about this job title… these girls often have real responsibility and make very good money. Often six figures. And they work for (as far as I can tell)… mostly abusive people.

I have dated several Executive Assistants now (they make excellent dates). And a good friend of mine has been an executive assistant at several super–well-known corporations here in California. The stories about the Executives they work for are almost always the same… abusive, impatient, demanding.

So what kind of girl can work for an abusive boss, year after year, in an ongoing way? Well, I can tell you: These girls are "conservative" to some degree, mostly in that they are orderly, and are great with details ("conscientious," as Jordan Peterson would say). They're attentive (they have to be). They can predict the needs of powerful men (which is part of why they are great to date). They are not always "low self esteem" (the Assistant wasn't, neither is my friend), but you can see how a girl that was very competent, but had a low opinion of herself, could endure abuse better than a girl with high self esteem.

In Japan this last year, I dated a gorgeous girl, super-super beautiful, refined girl… but I couldn't connect to her, as she is clearly LSE. It came out in our one-and-only date. I made out with her a couple of different times as I walked her to the train that night (her mouth was lush, wet and delicious), but I never saw her again. Over dinner that night, we talked about how her boss went through several assistants… they would all quit… but not her. She could take it. Why? Because her mom has been abusing her (verbally) her whole life, training this particular girl to be highly competent, attentive, successful… and to always put herself last. To get the job done, despite the abuse.

If you know my relationship to women, the classic "treat her mean to keep her keen" philosophy is not for me. I have boundaries, and am increasingly good sticking to them, at being selfish when I need to be… but grinding on girls is no fun for me… and it's not necessary for the kinds of girls I have in my life. I like to "do dirty things with nice girls," but I treat them very well. If the girls in my life needed "dark triad" bullshit… I'd find different girls.

So the two-day date that turned into a three-day date with this particular Assistant went perfectly. She is high self esteem. And I am a strong man, centered, romantic, but with boundaries (probably not all that different than the men she is used to working for). And this turned out to be a perfect combination. She is a pleaser. In my romantic life, so am I. And as I can dominate her (and I did), the vibe between us had an edge, was never saccharine.

For my last day with the Assistant (a Monday), I brought her with me for a version of my regular routine. We had a great lunch. Then I took her to my gym, got her a guest pass, and we both swam. And I did a bit of work downstairs while she did another lap of feminine primping after the pool. I took her to a cafe. We sat side by side, for several hours, working silently. She'd kiss my cheek every so often. I'd squeeze her hand. Or run my fingers up under her skirt into her inner thigh, under the table, where no one could see, and she'd give me a look… part fake-mad, part ready to get fucked again. That night, once more… dinner, sex, we slept close.

Easy. Comfortable. Very good.

I sent her off to the airport in a car early that last morning. There was no sense of "relief" because there was never any pressure. We had a very solid frame of masculine and feminine, good boundaries, I kept our plans reasonable but fun… she had a great time, I never over-reached.

I felt proud as she'd left. She was a very happy girl.

I don't recommend long dates. 24 hours (or less) is usually plenty. But I have had these opportunities (particularly when the girl is traveling) to have intense, concentrated, short-term flings. This was another. And it went well.

It went so well… I get massive Wall of Text messages from her every couple of weeks. Ego-stoking tributes to me, to romance, to the time we had together.

Here is a recent shorter one:

She is lovely girl.

If she were local, she would want too much from me (I bet). But as she is half way around the world, our romance was exactly the right proportions. I gave her a fantasy of a love affair with a strong man from California. She gave me another chapter of rich experience handling a lovely and feminine women… and all the sex I could handle for three days.

Well done.

Here's to great experiences… so many of which start with chatting up a girl on the street. It doesn't always work (it mostly doesn't, actually), but when it does… amazing.

Viva Daygame.

“Brilliant Text Game” | Win some, Lose some

Nash · 26 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I have a theory that “The game is played in the text messages.” It’s true, but I don’t want to oversell it.

There are a lot of opportunities for artful practice in text, but I don’t think we really “convert” that many girls via our “brilliant text game.” Nevertheless, the text messages are the bridge that connects the initial “meet” phase to the dates, so that stage is a crucial step. And while most of her attraction was likely decided when you originally picked her up… almost all of the opportunity to keep the ball rolling (and occasionally give it more momentum) happens as you message the girl.

> “Daygame Infinite focuses on the specific over the abstract, so there are many text chats with real girls, and I walk you through my calibration and decision-making.”
> — From Krauser’s Daygame Infinite, pg 171

Krauser most recent textbook features a ton of text exchanges with girls, which is part of what makes it a joy to read. That kind of instruction is an obvious and relevant way to showcase game, as we spend so much of our time in the texting. And while it may not be where we make the most gains in terms of raw seductive power, it’s in the texting where we find out if she’s really into us or not. It’s where we find out… can we get her out?

The game is played in text messages.

In this post I’ll show threads from two girls. One where I “win” the exchange. And the other where I lose.

We rarely really know for certain why a girl did or didn’t do a certain thing. With that said, below I will show what “I” was trying to do – the emphasis is on what “I” thought was happening, and how my level of experience influences how I read the girl and the choices I made. I’ll show how I tried to game these girls, based on what I could see from her messages, and what I know about women in general.

Let’s jump in. We’ll start with the one where I lose:

……

Most of this thread was all in one text session, over an hour or so:

> NASH: Hey Miss Shanghai
> NASH: Very nice to meet you yesterday… You are an interesting girl.
> NASH: And, a little bit charming. :]

There's a typical opening ping for me. Nickname based on something I know about her. Some validation (I like validating girls). And a slight tease/take-away with "little bit" in the last sentence. That "little bit" is also a test I float out to see if the girl is playful… very often she'll banter with me over the "little bit" element. In this case, she did not.

> HER: Oh… hi, thank you

Dry, simple response, but not terribly bad… and it came fast.

I date a lot of introverted girls from foreign countries. Often their English isn't strong. I don't expect much from text from these girls. I have had girls respond like this that really liked me… at this point, it was too early to tell.

> NASH: You interested me when you say you don't want to look "cute"
> NASH: I am curious to hear more from you
> NASH: I am going to San Diego/Mexico later this week, but I want to see again
> NASH: I have some time tonight… Or maybe Tuesday?
> HER: OK

That first line is me calling back to something she said when I picked her up… she rejected the label "cute" in set, and we had an interesting moment of conversation about that. It's true, it did interest me. And I was curious about her.

But… I gave her two options. And while she seemed to accept… she didn't pick either of the choices.

> NASH: Cool
> NASH: Tonight or Tuesday? Tell me when you're free and I'll make a plan for us.
> HER: Tonight works better for me
> NASH: Okay, great.

Ahhh, seems like she's jumping on it. This seemed to me like a girl that was at least a little bit interested. I didn't assume it would "go this well," but I was happy to try to capitalize on it and keep it moving.

> NASH: [link to a hotel]
> NASH: Let's meet here ^.
> NASH: Nice place, quiet, we can have something to drink.
> HER: What?

Okay… I think she read this wrong, and that's my fault. I think she assumed I was trying to take her to a hotel… instead of the HOTEL BAR, which was my plan. It's a misunderstanding, but it's possible this was a big deal for her, and that it soured the mood.

I said in the intro that I don't think we really "win the girl over" via text that often (very rarely, I bet). But we definitely lose girls in the text phase, all the time. A lot of game is about having a good start, and then just not fucking it up.

I have a theory of "womb management," where girls have to constantly steer dicks away from their wombs… they disqualify us for any and every reason… which is smart… or they'd be on their backs their entire lives. It's possible

this misunderstanding derailed my seduction… but I don't think so.

> NASH: 5th floor… very nice lounge.
> NASH: Have you been?

I didn't try to explain my gaff. I could sense she was judging me here, and it was no time to back-peddle or offer wormy apologies. I clarified about the lounge. And I stacked further, asking if she'd been, assuming everything was normal.

She parried again:

> HER: I don't want to drink tonight

Does this seem charming or graceful? No. It doesn't. -1 for her. She is showing defence and screening… she is not being warm or attractive at all.

I was starting to get the feeling she was a pain in the ass. Sometimes a girl is locked in "defense mode": She met you on the street, and she's not going to show you her soft side until you've made her comfortable or shown enough value. Chinese girls can also be a little bit "pragmatic." But even so, it was increasingly hard to like her.

> NASH: Okay… We don't have to have alcohol.
> NASH: They have some tasty non-alcoholic drinks.

This ^ is true. And I picked that lounge in particular, because it's all ages and serves non-alcoholic drinks. This whole date is designed for nervous, non-drinkers like her. With that said, I wish I had teased her here.

> HER: Can we do dinner?

Hmmm. I have satisfied her no-alcohol thing, but she's tooling me again. "Moving the goalposts." I like taking girls to dinner… but if it seems rare that a girl will ask for dinner… it is. Another red flag. I could feel this set quickly fading into bullshit. As she was fucking around, I was getting ready to change my approach… treat her less like a "partner" and more like an adversary.

> NASH: Ha
> NASH: Maybe? :]
> NASH: Are you picky about what you eat?

What she did was socially unusual, so I am kind of calling her out with that "ha." And I throw in "maybe" – because I like it, and also to balance her forwardness with some ambiguity.

But that next line… "Are you picky about what you eat?"… that is maybe my favorite line in this post. I wish I had started the exchange with this attitude.

"Picky" is a bit pejorative and I was qualifying her a little bit. I was also constraining her, setting up a boundary. I was getting her to commit to something so I could have a little more control in the next round of conversation. I like that line a lot.

> HER: No

Okay, good. Now I have her in a box that she should accept my dinner suggestions, no matter what it is. At least on the surface…

> NASH: If I could find us a table at a delicious place for 7:30… Could you do that, Miss UX Designer?
> HER: Nothing fancy plz

I try to constrain her again when I pre-qualify the dinner spot. I had a tab on my computer open with the reservation, but I didn't want to confirm it until she did.

But she did it again… trying to disqualify for "fanciness," randomly throwing up criteria for me to react to. This is how girls treat "Bottom Guy." The set was cooked at this point, but I was holding my ground at least. And since I had set her up when I asked if she was picky… now I get throw it back at her:

> NASH: I thought you said you weren't picky? :]

If she had a sense of humor, or was a "fair" girl, she would have LOL'd and started to cooperate here. I had shown good handling of her bullshit and had successfully trapped her, and I had done it with some skill. I was flexible, but had boundaries, and was funny about it. All of this is a way to try to show value as you handle shit tests.

But… she's not a cool girl. Not to me she isn't.

I stack fwd, ignoring her comment.

> NASH: Does 7:30 work?
> HER: Yes
> NASH: [link to the restaurant]
> NASH: Let's meet here
> NASH: It's not too fancy, but I love the food
> HER: Ok
> NASH: You can walk there easily from XYZ Station
> NASH: Cool :]

Okay, there she says "Yes." One word answers. She's still being dry and difficult. But I assumed I had her at the time. I thought I had passed enough tests, maybe I'd see a cooler side once I could get her face to face and run other aspects of my game. But…

> HER: Ummm sorry I just realized I have a movie tonight
> HER: Can we do another time?
> HER: Promised my friend before

Nope. A proper flake. This ^ came an hour/so later. She sucks. This is just a girl tooling a guy. Over and over.

There are better ways to handle girls than what I am capable of. Of course. Some other guy could have done better… I agree. But this is her being a cunt about it. Not because she cancelled… but because of the whole thing.

> NASH: Ahhh. Well, if you're the kind of girl that tries to keep her promises to a friend…
> NASH: I can respect that.

I try to reframe it… but it's a rejection/cancellation. Not much I could do at this point.

> NASH: If we were to try again… You'll have to tell me when you're free.
> HER: Ok
> HER: Sorry

I left it here. No need to follow up with this girl. I doubt she would have replied. And if she did, high likelihood she'd tool me again. It's not, actually, just a "little more effort" to try again with a girl like this. It's about vibe. This girl is a vibe killer. She's gone. Good riddance.

……

Okay, there is my loss for this post. It happens. And I am happy to show when I take an "L." It happens to all of us and I'm real enough to show this side of my game.

But what I am also trying to show is a man that is in the process of learning to read women, even difficult ones. And I am increasingly solid in my skills at trying to hobble a girl like this when she is running Chaos Game back at me.

That "picky" line… it's not much of a victory, but it still puts a smile on my face. I want to dance with women, not "fight." But if they're going to throw punches, I want to counterpunch in effective ways. Not to "win," but to get the seduction back on track… so the fighting can transmute into rolling in the sheets.

But not this time.

……

> "Read back through the chat with a focus on the key text game question: what does this tell me about where she's at? That's the question that guides your calibration and thus fine tunes your text game."
> — Krauser's Daygame Infinite, pg 226

So Krauser is not talking about me. That line above is in reference to one of his own exchanges from his book, but I love this kind of talk. "What does this tell me about where she is at?" I won't revisit that exchange above, but Krauser is pointing us toward greater skill when he encourages us to think like this.

Let's get into the next one… a story with some wins in it.

……

This girl has a more interesting backstory. I picked her up last year. We messaged several times, but I couldn't get her out.

Then, about two months ago while I was out with Magnum, he pointed her out, said she was my type… and even though I didn't recognize her… yes, she was my type. I opened her, it was spicy and fun (great set), and as I tried to number close her… her number was already in my phone.

As I started messaging her, she was flirty and cool. She told me she had a BF. I tried to get her out anyway.

> HER: I have a boyfriend already, is it a date?
> NASH: A date????
> NASH: With YOU??!!!!
> NASH: Yeah. Definitely. :]
> NASH: I understand you're seeing someone…
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> HER: OK :)

She is clear and frank about the boyfriend, but this girl likes me. She is what Krauser would call "interested, but not available."

There was more back and forth with this one. Stuff like this.

> HER: We can be friend, if u want
> NASH: I think maybe you are too cute for me to pretend to be friends

> HER: Well, thanks :) but I am not interest in seeing someone else
> NASH: Of course, of course…
> NASH: I can tell you're a good girl
> NASH: I would stop now…
> HER: :)
> NASH: But when you and I were face to face…
> NASH: A little bit interesting.
> HER: You are definitely an interesting guy

We can see her caught in the dilemma here. She likes me, but is trying to show some loyalty to her BF. That makes her an interesting girl to watch.

I am not trying to argue with girls about how much they like me… unless I can see that they are conflicted. (This same kind of situation came up when I kissed the married girl earlier this year.) I don't think she wanted to date anyone else… but this girls was into me. She was actively communicating with me and giving me "room to move," despite me being a scoundrel. So I pushed it.

> HER: I would like to have fun with you, but not date, haha :)
> NASH: I would like to have fun with you too…
> NASH: But you are VERY CUTE
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Here I do a little more of my "Octopus Style" of push ("it's better if I keep you away from me") combined with a strong pull ("I will definitely want to touch you") to make it crystal-clear I have sexual intent. And she continues to flirt.

> NASH: I think I'm going to message you in two weeks…
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I really was going to back off, that was my intention… but I could feel her encouraging me, helping me "to see openings" (Swingcat).

And I had said something like this with Miss Thick a year ago, before I got her into bed. She too was pushing back on me, but I didn't panic. I told her I'd reach out to her in a week, and she seemed to warm to me in how I handled it. I ended up fucking Miss Thick, and she became my favorite lover of all time (for a while, I miss that girl).

I could feel her tugging on the line, so I tried to get her out despite the pushback… and I got her.

> HER: Tea is okay

Hmmm. After all that. I have clarified that I will touch her, that I'm not a friend. Clear sexual intent declared. And she is still coming out. Very interesting.

I handled the logistics and then said:

> NASH: I promise I won't try to kiss you unless you beg me.

That's ^ another good line. There is a lot going on in a line like that.

As it was, we had tea, and I got her into my place. And at one point, I stepped up to her, like I was going to kiss her… and I said, "Are you ready to beg me to kiss you yet?"

Saying that felt fucking fantastic. It was a good way to keep my promise, and escalate on her at the same time. It felt dominant. It was a somewhat difficult situation, and not bad work given the circumstances.

And as I said that, she held her little tiny fist up toward me, and shook it, in a playfully threatening manner. That was awesome too. She is a cool girl. I laughed at her, pushed her away. It was a good "dance."

(BTW: She told me that the reason she didn't date me last fall was because she had just met her BF at that time. And she also said that when I picked her up the second time, she knew exactly who I was, and just pretended not to know me. I love that about her too. She is awesome.)

We wrapped up that date.

And BELOW I continue the seduction, trying to get her out on the second date:

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I had pinged her, we were chatting about seeing each other, and then:

> NASH: The museum is open late that day…
> NASH: Come hang around with me.
> NASH: Or Friday… Let's have tea!
> HER: Friday works
> HER: What time

She and I have a bit of history at this point. I know she is interested. And she is being compliant above.

> NASH: Afternoon.
> NASH: How about 4:30?
> HER: Where are we meeting?
> NASH: Let's meet at that same coffee place.

I wanted to get her back to my place again, and this coffee spot is very close to where I live. Notice this time… I am making no promises about not kissing her.

> HER: Why?

Ahh, what is this? Suddenly, she is being a little difficult… or so it seemed to me at the time. I assumed she knew this was close to my place, and that I would make a move if I could. But for now, I needed to get past this friction:

> NASH: Because I said so. :]
> NASH: And…
> NASH: Because they have good tea.

I doubled down. I am showing strength, but also trying to show that I can be playful and that this is about a good time… not me "winning" the fight.

> HER: That takes me a long to get there

More friction. She is being lazy… and not complying.

> NASH: okay, okay :]
> NASH: Tell me again where you live?

Here ^ I'm doing something like what I did in the with the first girl. I am pre-qualifying her. I am trying to get her to cooperate with helping me with the plan.

> HER: XYZ and ABC St

There ^ is a little bit of compliance…

> NASH: How about if I get us both tea and then pick you up… We'll take a drive.
> HER: To where?

That ^ is a fair question, but again, I take this as bullshit from her. And I was starting to feel tested.

As I type this, I assume this is actually all about her boyfriend. That is my conclusion. She doesn't care where we meet, not really. And the trip to my neighborhood (which really isn't a big deal, even by bus) wasn't the issue. This was her dilemma again… she doesn't want to cheat… and she is on her way to exactly that if she sees me again… so she's kicking up dust trying to slow me down. More womb management.

> NASH: You ask a lot of questions. :]

There is a little smack. Also very similar to the exchange above, where I call her out in a slightly indirect way. I want her to get in line, so I'm calling out her difficulty here.

> NASH: Right now… I would choose down the coast, toward XYZ City
> NASH: Or across the bridge to the North
> NASH: No place in particular… just ride and sip tea and talk.
> NASH: Sounds good to me.

So, here ^…. I just relaxed and told the truth. If I couldn't get her into my place… a drive down the coast sounded like a great afternoon. When in doubt, take her on the date YOU want to have. And this trip was something I actually wanted to do.

> HER: That sounds good
> HER: I would like to go to XYZ City

And she gave in. Done. And I think she was not only being compliant with my planning, but also indulging the part of her that likes me, that does want to spend time with me. It was a type of surrender.

Were the incidents of pushback above shittests… or just honest questions? I don't know? It's hard to know… all you can control is yourself.

If I had given up, I wouldn't have seen her. If I had over-reacted, she would have had all the evidence she needed to "guard her womb" and disqualify me. But I didn't freak out, I weaved through her tests, I held my ground, I showed some strength. Not bad.

And I took her on that drive.

We talked about men and women. And about sex. And the chemistry between us grew, and I got turned on. And at some point I pulled over, I said, "c'mere"… and I really made out with that girl.

And it was a fucking great makeout. Really good. She is a decent kisser, but more than that, I think she and I have excellent chemistry.

We made out a few more times, I took her back to her place, I kissed her one last time… and I went home.

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> "Text interactions are measured in days not minutes."
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> — Krauser Daygame Infinite

I agree. I agree. I agree.

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> THE GOOD NEWS: I am 43 and dating two pretty, feminine girls, 25 and 26. I met them doing #daygame.
>
> THE BAD NEWS: It took me over five years, thousands of approaches, thousands of hours, and thousands of mistakes to get where I am now. And I'm still barely an intermediate PUA.
>
> — Rivelino (@alpharivelino) August 25, 2018

I like that second part of Rivelino's tweet from this week. I wouldn't call it "bad news," but it's the truth.

Mastery is no joke. It's not "a few interactions." It's hundreds of interactions. These two girls are part of how I fill-out my experience. How I "get in the ring" over and over and test myself, my real-time skills of routing and rerouting the energy a girl throws at me toward something constructive. This is how I sharpen my leadership skills… and work at being a better seducer.

It's a wonderful game. I hope to play for many, many years to come. And it starts, each time, by talking to a girl on the street.

Viva Daygame

Tags:day game puadaygamedays of gamedaysofgamefemale psychologytext gamewomb management

“Brilliant Text Game” | Win some, Lose some

Nash · 26 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I have a theory that “The game is played in the text messages.” It’s true, but I don’t want to oversell it.

There are a lot of opportunities for artful practice in text, but I don’t think we really “convert” that many girls via our “brilliant text game.” Nevertheless, the text messages are the bridge that connects the initial “meet” phase to the dates, so that stage is a crucial step. And while most of her attraction was likely decided when you originally picked her up… almost all of the opportunity to keep the ball rolling (and occasionally give it more momentum) happens as you message the girl.

> “Daygame Infinite focuses on the specific over the abstract, so there are many text chats with real girls, and I walk you through my calibration and decision-making.”
> — From Krauser’s Daygame Infinite, pg 171

Krauser most recent textbook features a ton of text exchanges with girls, which is part of what makes it a joy to read. That kind of instruction is an obvious and relevant way to showcase game, as we spend so much of our time in the texting. And while it may not be where we make the most gains in terms of raw seductive power, it’s in the texting where we find out if she’s really into us or not. It’s where we find out… can we get her out?

The game is played in text messages.

In this post I’ll show threads from two girls. One where I “win” the exchange. And the other where I lose.

We rarely really know for certain why a girl did or didn’t do a certain thing. With that said, below I will show what “I” was trying to do – the emphasis is on what “I” thought was happening, and how my level of experience influences how I read the girl and the choices I made. I’ll show how I tried to game these girls, based on what I could see from her messages, and what I know about women in general.

Let’s jump in. We’ll start with the one where I lose:

……

Most of this thread was all in one text session, over an hour or so:

> NASH: Hey Miss Shanghai
> NASH: Very nice to meet you yesterday… You are an interesting girl.
> NASH: And, a little bit charming. :]

There's a typical opening ping for me. Nickname based on something I know about her. Some validation (I like validating girls). And a slight tease/take-away with "little bit" in the last sentence. That "little bit" is also a test I float out to see if the girl is playful… very often she'll banter with me over the "little bit" element. In this case, she did not.

> HER: Oh… hi, thank you

Dry, simple response, but not terribly bad… and it came fast.

I date a lot of introverted girls from foreign countries. Often their English isn't strong. I don't expect much from text from these girls. I have had girls respond like this that really liked me… at this point, it was too early to tell.

> NASH: You interested me when you say you don't want to look "cute"
> NASH: I am curious to hear more from you
> NASH: I am going to San Diego/Mexico later this week, but I want to see again
> NASH: I have some time tonight… Or maybe Tuesday?
> HER: OK

That first line is me calling back to something she said when I picked her up… she rejected the label "cute" in set, and we had an interesting moment of conversation about that. It's true, it did interest me. And I was curious about her.

But… I gave her two options. And while she seemed to accept… she didn't pick either of the choices.

> NASH: Cool
> NASH: Tonight or Tuesday? Tell me when you're free and I'll make a plan for us.
> HER: Tonight works better for me
> NASH: Okay, great.

Ahhh, seems like she's jumping on it. This seemed to me like a girl that was at least a little bit interested. I didn't assume it would "go this well," but I was happy to try to capitalize on it and keep it moving.

> NASH: [link to a hotel]
> NASH: Let's meet here ^.
> NASH: Nice place, quiet, we can have something to drink.
> HER: What?

Okay… I think she read this wrong, and that's my fault. I think she assumed I was trying to take her to a hotel… instead of the HOTEL BAR, which was my plan. It's a misunderstanding, but it's possible this was a big deal for her, and that it soured the mood.

I said in the intro that I don't think we really "win the girl over" via text that often (very rarely, I bet). But we definitely lose girls in the text phase, all the time. A lot of game is about having a good start, and then just not fucking it up.

I have a theory of "womb management," where girls have to constantly steer dicks away from their wombs… they disqualify us for any and every reason… which is smart… or they'd be on their backs their entire lives. It's possible

this misunderstanding derailed my seduction… but I don't think so.

> NASH: 5th floor… very nice lounge.
> NASH: Have you been?

I didn't try to explain my gaff. I could sense she was judging me here, and it was no time to back-peddle or offer wormy apologies. I clarified about the lounge. And I stacked further, asking if she'd been, assuming everything was normal.

She parried again:

> HER: I don't want to drink tonight

Does this seem charming or graceful? No. It doesn't. -1 for her. She is showing defence and screening… she is not being warm or attractive at all.

I was starting to get the feeling she was a pain in the ass. Sometimes a girl is locked in "defense mode": She met you on the street, and she's not going to show you her soft side until you've made her comfortable or shown enough value. Chinese girls can also be a little bit "pragmatic." But even so, it was increasingly hard to like her.

> NASH: Okay… We don't have to have alcohol.
> NASH: They have some tasty non-alcoholic drinks.

This ^ is true. And I picked that lounge in particular, because it's all ages and serves non-alcoholic drinks. This whole date is designed for nervous, non-drinkers like her. With that said, I wish I had teased her here.

> HER: Can we do dinner?

Hmmm. I have satisfied her no-alcohol thing, but she's tooling me again. "Moving the goalposts." I like taking girls to dinner… but if it seems rare that a girl will ask for dinner… it is. Another red flag. I could feel this set quickly fading into bullshit. As she was fucking around, I was getting ready to change my approach… treat her less like a "partner" and more like an adversary.

> NASH: Ha
> NASH: Maybe? :]
> NASH: Are you picky about what you eat?

What she did was socially unusual, so I am kind of calling her out with that "ha." And I throw in "maybe" – because I like it, and also to balance her forwardness with some ambiguity.

But that next line… "Are you picky about what you eat?"… that is maybe my favorite line in this post. I wish I had started the exchange with this attitude.

"Picky" is a bit pejorative and I was qualifying her a little bit. I was also constraining her, setting up a boundary. I was getting her to commit to something so I could have a little more control in the next round of conversation. I like that line a lot.

> HER: No

Okay, good. Now I have her in a box that she should accept my dinner suggestions, no matter what it is. At least on the surface…

> NASH: If I could find us a table at a delicious place for 7:30… Could you do that, Miss UX Designer?
> HER: Nothing fancy plz

I try to constrain her again when I pre-qualify the dinner spot. I had a tab on my computer open with the reservation, but I didn?t want to confirm it until she did.

But she did it again… trying to disqualify for "fanciness," randomly throwing up criteria for me to react to. This is how girls treat "Bottom Guy." The set was cooked at this point, but I was holding my ground at least. And since I had set her up when I asked if she was picky… now I get throw it back at her:

> NASH: I thought you said you weren't picky? :]

If she had a sense of humor, or was a "fair" girl, she would have LOL'd and started to cooperate here. I had shown good handling of her bullshit and had successfully trapped her, and I had done it with some skill. I was flexible, but had boundaries, and was funny about it. All of this is a way to try to show value as you handle shit tests.

But… she's not a cool girl. Not to me she isn't.

I stack fwd, ignoring her comment.

> NASH: Does 7:30 work?
> HER: Yes
> NASH: [link to the restaurant]
> NASH: Let's meet here
> NASH: It's not too fancy, but I love the food
> HER: Ok
> NASH: You can walk there easily from XYZ Station
> NASH: Cool :]

Okay, there she says "Yes." One word answers. She's still being dry and difficult. But I assumed I had her at the time. I thought I had passed enough tests, maybe I'd see a cooler side once I could get her face to face and run other aspects of my game. But…

> HER: Ummm sorry I just realized I have a movie tonight
> HER: Can we do another time?
> HER: Promised my friend before

Nope. A proper flake. This ^ came an hour/so later. She sucks. This is just a girl tooling a guy. Over and over.

There are better ways to handle girls than what I am capable of. Of course. Some other guy could have done better… I agree. But this is her being a cunt about it. Not because she cancelled… but because of the whole thing.

> NASH: Ahhh. Well, if you're the kind of girl that tries to keep her promises to a friend…
> NASH: I can respect that.

I try to reframe it… but it's a rejection/cancellation. Not much I could do at this point.

> NASH: If we were to try again… You'll have to tell me when you're free.
> HER: Ok
> HER: Sorry

I left it here. No need to follow up with this girl. I doubt she would have replied. And if she did, high likelihood she'd tool me again. It's not, actually, just a "little more effort" to try again with a girl like this. It's about vibe. This girl is a vibe killer. She's gone. Good riddance.

……

Okay, there is my loss for this post. It happens. And I am happy to show when I take an "L." It happens to all of us and I'm real enough to show this side of my game.

But what I am also trying to show is a man that is in the process of learning to read women, even difficult ones. And I am increasingly solid in my skills at trying to hobble a girl like this when she is running Chaos Game back at me.

That "picky" line… it's not much of a victory, but it still puts a smile on my face. I want to dance with women, not "fight." But if they're going to throw punches, I want to counterpunch in effective ways. Not to "win," but to get the seduction back on track… so the fighting can transmute into rolling in the sheets.

But not this time.

……

> "Read back through the chat with a focus on the key text game question: what does this tell me about where she's at? That's the question that guides your calibration and thus fine tunes your text game."
> — Krauser's Daygame Infinite, pg 226

So Krauser is not talking about me. That line above is in reference to one of his own exchanges from his book, but I love this kind of talk. "What does this tell me about where she is at?" I won't revisit that exchange above, but Krauser is pointing us toward greater skill when he encourages us to think like this.

Let's get into the next one… a story with some wins in it.

……

This girl has a more interesting backstory. I picked her up last year. We messaged several times, but I couldn't get her out.

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I agree. I agree. I agree.

……

> THE GOOD NEWS: I am 43 and dating two pretty, feminine girls, 25 and 26. I met them doing #daygame.
>
> THE BAD NEWS: It took me over five years, thousands of approaches, thousands of hours, and thousands of mistakes to get where I am now. And I'm still barely an intermediate PUA.
>
> ? Rivelino (@alpharivelino) August 25, 2018

I like that second part of Rivelino's tweet from this week. I wouldn?t call it "bad news," but it's the truth.

Mastery is no joke. It's not "a few interactions." It's hundreds of interactions. These two girls are part of how I fill-out my experience. How I "get in the ring" over and over and test myself, my real-time skills of routing and rerouting the energy a girl throws at me toward something constructive. This is how I sharpen my leadership skills… and work at being a better seducer.

It's a wonderful game. I hope to play for many, many years to come. And it starts, each time, by talking to a girl on the street.

Viva Daygame

A Bad Date that Never Happened | Inner Game and Integrity

Nash · 7 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Here I present a case study from the Land of Daygame. This is about a guy on his daygame path, how he met a cute girl, and tried to take her on a date… but it never happened. I like this post because it's not just another "victory lap" full full of platitudes. It's a messy story where I show what I see in terms of female psychology and how I am responding based on where I am at with my game. I am part of the mess. If you're out trying to seduce women… you probably are as well.

Here's how we met:

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It was about a week ago, late on a Sunday afternoon. She was quite cute by my standards. Wearing a hat, with silky dark hair streaming out of it, framing her face. She was carrying some shopping bags. As she made it across the intersection, I opened her. She stopped.

She stopped completely and I had her full attention, but she wasn't flirting with me. She was surprised, and had a partially frozen expression on her face (that's a fairly common reaction). We all know the expression, "fight or flight," but I like "fight, flight, freeze or fuck" (I think that a better range of responses). In her case, she gave me a calm, slightly judgmental "freeze."

I think I opened with "you caught my attention, I wanted to meet you." After some of that freeze-face from her, she asked where I noticed her. I told her across the intersection. She then made some gesture like she wanted to know what I wanted, I told her in a straightforward way that I was hitting on her. Very direct. That comment seemed to help drop her deeper into the interaction. It gave her some context, I was clearly not trying to bullshit her… all this seemed to loosen her up a little.

As she stood there looking at me, I said something I sometimes say in situations like this, "Is this too weird for you?" This is one of those "elephant in the room" kind of moments, and in my experience, it seems to increase comfort. It did with her.

She opened up a little, and volunteered that she was just coming back from a workshop. It was "emotional," she said. As she said it, I felt an internal "ping" that was a kind of "red flag." I like emotion in girls and I wasn't sure why I felt that way at the time, but I believe she was doing what guys I respect call an "early frame announcement:"

> "Detecting a woman's self-esteem is strictly linked with a concept we have coined as the Early Frame Announcement (EFA)."
> "As a rule, a woman will say or do something early on in a relationship, by which she will unwittingly reveal the degree of her self-esteem and also what she expects from her relationships with men. Therefore, it is important that you pay very close attention to what a woman does and says at the very beginning of any relationship."
> — From "Practical Female Psychology for the Practical Man"

This concept is fascinating for me, and I think this was a good example. This "emotional" thing she mentioned… she was kind of confessing. It felt like a "tell" of some kind. I bet there is more to that.

In response to her comment, I told her that I don't often do "workshops," but I did one this year (it's true), it was three days, and by Sunday afternoon I was also exhausted. The chemistry between she and I wasn't what I would call "magical," but she was still standing there, taking a long look at me, so I kept going. I told her that that workshop was about masculinity and femininity (it was). She asked if it was by David Deida (some free audio in that link)… which surprised me.

I am a big fan of David Deida ("fuck her open to God"). And in fact, the workshop I had taken was with a guy named John Wineland, who is a student of David Deida's. I took the course with Wineland, particularly to learn the masculine/feminine stuff that guys like Deida and Wineland teach (great course). This is more "hippy" than I would normally go with a girl on a pickup, but I told her all this… and she seemed to hook. We had common ground with the seminar thing. And I was hoping the masculine/feminine reference was a good foundation for us to start from.

As I went to number close her, she showed some caution. I told her I'd take her number, ping her, and if she wanted to come out she could. She said she'd like to hear more about my workshop, and seemed genuinely interested. This is not the kind of girl I normally date, but okay, I thought… it's a lead. She pawed her number into my phone, and I walked off to meet my wing and do some more sets.

I pinged her on the spot that day. Not to test the number, but just to get the message into my message queue so I'd remember her (and she wouldn't be another contact floating around my phone). I went off to hunt some more, and she pinged back right away, enthusiastically.

> NASH: More later…
> NASH: – Nash
> HER: Nice meeting you! Sure!

A good sign. Maybe it was on?

……

24 hours later, I got busy working my lead:

> NASH: Hey girl… Sitting down to dinner with a friend.
> NASH: Interesting chat on the sidewalk yesterday. Have you recovered from your workshop??
> HER: I'm still getting over a painful separation of connection from the last few days, so to be honest, I am not available to date.
> HER: I do appreciate you checking in on me.

Blah. Not a hot response… more red flag material. And she framed my interest in her in this "nurturing" way (which is not hot at all, not "man-to-woman"). I figured it was a lost cause, so I sent one more text before I moved on:

> NASH: Hmmmm, okay. Take care of yourself.
> NASH: And when you're ready for some high-quality attention… let me know.
> NASH: I'll take us for tea.

I was just fishing here. My offer of "high quality attention" was real, but was also more "hippy talk" (if that is her thing). No big deal, and I was happy to walk away… but I left the door open.

She responded quickly:

> HER: I can still meet, just not romantically?

Hmmm. What does that mean… with the "?" at the end, like she isn't even sure what she's saying. A shit test? I didn't know. I doubled down:

> NASH: Well… this whole thing started with my confession that I think you're an attractive girl
> NASH: But I can behave myself for a cup of tea.

That ^ is not hyper sexual, but I'm not hiding my dick either. No "pretending to be friends." I was working with what I had in front of me.

> Losers get friendzoned. Men get rejected.
>
> — tddaygame (@tddaygame) August 1, 2017

Really like this ^ from TDdaygame, it's a great line. I am happy to get rejected, but I have no interest in falling into the friendzone. I think I had shown that in my response.

I had a plan in mind that would fit my schedule, so I continued to lead:

> NASH: Do you have a normal 9-5 schedule?
> HER: Nope!
> HER: If you're around XYZ neighborhood area let me know!

Solid responses from her. But what to make of this girl?

I had a couple of red flags. And it felt like she had tried to push us into the friendzone earlier. But here she is, leaning forward. And these messages were coming quickly. She was encouraging me. And she is telling me roughly where she lives, which is not something a girl will do if she is trying to get rid of you.

I took these comment as more encouragement and I went back to leading:

> NASH: I am camping this weekend…
> NASH But what about Friday afternoon?
> NASH: I have an appointment at 11, but after I'm done…
> NASH: Come with me for lunch in XYZ city.

I had a "maybe" girl on the line. I wasn't acting needy. I felt like I had passed some tests, and that she had recognized I had passed them and was giving me some room to work. Perhaps this was moving in the right direction?

> HER: That may work, I don't know how to drive though
> NASH: In that case ^, I won't let you behind the wheel. :]
> NASH: How about I text you when my meeting is over, then I'll come through and pick you up.
> HER: Sure

"Sure."

I never like that response. I don't want to read too deeply into something like that, but that could be another small red flag for this story.

And it was another odd comment. She is a grown woman, with perfect English (she's not a foreigner). It's odd that she doesn't know how to drive. Very odd for California. But my plan was to pick her up. And that last comment had a hint of cuteness to it (or so I felt at the time). I thought, perhaps, I had her softened her up a bit. And it sounded like we had a date, after all.

The morning of our date, I got this:

> HER: When were you thinking?
> HER: I realise I may have a meeting with my lawyer thought I'm not sure if he will cancel last minute.
> HER: I can do later after the meeting 2/3.

> HER: Let me know and thanks for organizing.

There is a lot of information here ^. She is following up on her own, which I like. The comment about the lawyer is another red flag (she doesn't need to tell me that). She is changing the plan (which I don't like), but she is encouraging the meetup despite her appointment. It wouldn't be lunch now, but she is showing some gratitude. The delay meant some friction for our date… but I wasn't bothered.

I went to the gym to work out and a few hours later I responded:

> NASH: Good morning.
> NASH: My meeting is about to start.
> NASH: What's the status on your flakey attorney?
> HER: He hasn't responded which means the meeting is on.
> HER: Can you do around 4pm today?

Another change of plans. I caught the faint scent of BS at this point, but I still wasn't too concerned. That would mean I couldn't daygame that afternoon (which I wanted to do), but I could get a few things done before we met (and before I left for the weekend to camp).

> NASH: Hey… sounds cool.
> NASH: I have some work to do for my clients.
> NASH: Let's check in later and I'll come pick you up.
> HER: Ok after 4ish works for me.
> HER: I can even do 5/6

Hmm. Now it seems it might be a evening date… which might be better.

As you can see… all this time… I'm trying to read into her psychology. Her talking about being "emotional." The pushback on "dating." The changes in the plan. And the intermittent encouragement. Each contribution from her was a chance for me to try to wrangle her… and to show how I can move through the social circumstances.

Sinn (a pickup guy, and a student of Mystery's) used to say: "Daygame is a test of how normal you are." This girl and I had had a lot of back and forth. It was mostly logistics, but reading between the lines, I assumed this back/forth to be a type of comfort. The exchanges were mutual. We were able to communicate. There was a rhythm to it all. I thought I had felt her showing a softer side. She had seen some calm strength from me… I assumed, that in her mind, I had become a "real person." And maybe she was ready for a real "date," an evening date, despite the chatter to the contrary.

> HER: I'm heading back now so around 4:30/5?

And she came back again, putting in effort. Seemed on.

> NASH: Great. 5ish.
> NASH: I'll be drinking tea… can I bring you some?
> HER: Where are we going?

As we were originally going for lunch the plan was now more than a little disjointed. It had become an early evening date, but I said "I'll pick you up." I still wanted to take that drive, chat in the car, get to know her — because I like those drives, and, my car is comfortable and a good space to talk. The view is gorgeous. This is a route to some of my favorite casual dinner spots. I have taken dozens of girls on this drive…

> NASH: I still like the idea of a drive… Head north. Any excuse to see the bridge.

And then:

> HER: How about we meet at XYZ Coffee on Main St first?

And here… after all the run around… I was done. Time to stop negotiating with this girl.

She had postponed twice, and now, she wanted to take over the planning, so that we end up on a lame coffee date. I am fine with coffee dates… but not with this kind of momentum. Under other circumstances, yes… but not this time.

The biggest issue here… she is showing she can't/won't follow my lead. Along with all the other issues with this date, that's a deal breaker for me.

Our initial "hook" had happened when we had Deida in common. And he is all about masculine/feminine polarity. So am I. Her refusing to follow my lead means we can't get that polarity going. If I allow this connection to proceed with her showing low- to no- willingness to follow my lead, it's broken from the start, and not worth my effort.

I called off the date:

> NASH: Lady… I am interested in you, but this is starting to feel like a bad job interview.
> NASH: I am going to do something else.
> NASH: If you're still interested… Send me a note next week and I'll try again.
> NASH: Have a great night.

This ^ is how I handled it. I have done something like this once before, under similar circumstances. I don't love it, but I'm okay with this response.

Maybe I fucked this up. Maybe it would have been a decent date and the start of something interesting. But I don't think so. Not at all.

I think this was a type of (unconscious) shit test from her… and/or a chance for me to become roped into the bullshit of her inner world. So I didn't comply. She had moved the plan around so many times, I wanted to push back. Not to "punish her for bad behavior," but to turn my back on her, take my attention away. After all the bullshit, this response from me wasn't artifice… I was ready to turn my back on a weak opportunity.

I believe strongly that "how it starts is how it goes."

And this girl first said "no dating," then agreed to a date, postponed it twice in the same day, and then wanted it her way. That was more baggage than I was interested in "picking up." As the hippies say, this wasn't feeling "organic" to me.

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Was her response to my suggestion of a "drive" just about her safety? Maybe. And that's fair.

But that also shows a real lack of attraction.

> > to get girls wanting to fuck you enthusiastically
> – Mark (from a comment on my blog)
>
> That ^ is interesting. Yes, guys want to get laid. But what makes her want you ENTHUSIASTICALLY?
>
> Great comments from this guy.https://t.co/d30BIIuerB
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) August 21, 2018

I don't know that guy Mark other than the comment I linked to above… but his use of "enthusiastically" strikes me as some of the best guidance I've had in game in a long time. That is an excellent standard. How do we get girls to want to date us (and fuck us) "enthusiastically?"

I have had that, many times. I get it. And trying to use that comment as a light that leads toward growth: Was this a girl that wanted anything from me in an "enthusiastic" way? What kind of guy do you have to be to get enthusiastic responses from girls? And what kind of guy am I if I am willing to date (or worse yet, actively pursue) girls that aren't showing me enthusiasm? What does that do to your state… running around behind girls that aren't excited about you?

What would that say about my inner game?

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This girl and I had a pretty intense pickup in the first place. And lots of time for comfort. Text isn't everything, but she had a lot of time to check me out over the week as we set up this date and did our back and forth. And she had already agreed to the lunch plan… but was now changing terms.

Yohami has tried to teach me not to create "tussle" in these situations. That really wasn't what I was trying to do here. This wasn't about my pride. I wasn't trying to be "badass" and "flex" just because I didn't get my way.

For me, I think my response was about 1.) Filtering away from red flags (I already had my doubts), 2.) Proving to myself that I won't chase a "so-so" opportunity down a hole to nowhere, and 3.) I was genuinely convinced the date would suck.

I could have taken her up on her plan… and I bet 1$ I would have ended up sitting across the table from her, on a "flat" date, in a corporate coffee place, the whole affair stripped of any sexuality. It would have been like that, and it would have been my fault… for agreeing to that plan. I wasn't the slightest bit excited about any of that.

Fuck that.

> "A man is devastated, when a relationship ends, to the exact degree that he compromised his terms. The girl is not the problem. What we lose is, we lose integrity. Because we gave something up that we cared about. When you are just trying to have sex, you never want to that. The sex isn't worth it. She's going to eat into you, like a corrosion."
> — Paul Janka

Janka is talking about "relationships" here, but this quote applies well to how I felt in this situation. He is nailing something important: How much are you compromising to see a girl?

I was into this date, even though there was some friction, right up until she turned it into a lame coffee meetup. If I had gone, it would have been my "thirst" driving me, my lack of other options, not any kind of excitement, not any leadership or power on my part. It would have been from a place of weakness. And it would have been a compromise…. I really didn't want go. If I am a cool guy… why am I compromising what I want to date some "red flag" girl?

"How it starts is how it goes."

Even if we had turned that date into some kind of ongoing thing… is this how I wanted it to start? Would any of this be okay if it became a pattern for her/my relationship? No. Not at all.

And if I had gone on that date… and had a mediocre time… who's fault would it be? Mine. Of course. It's never about these girls…. it's all about us as men.

She replied. I didn't respond back. Case closed.

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Now… there is a (remote) chance she'll ping me. I specifically gave her that instruction… maybe she'll follow up "next week."

When I refused that last step in the negotiation, I was doing it for me… but it might have caught her attention. I don't like doing these kinds of things as a way of seeking a reaction, but it is possible she will think about it (men rarely tell women "no") and come around.

"How it starts is how it goes."

And if she comes around, willing to follow my lead… that could work for me. If she can't do that, I'm not interested.

And if she comes around, no… we won't do coffee in her neighborhood. I'll make her commit to a real date. And we'll know she wants it if she comes around again. I'm not betting on it. But if she does… perhaps then we'll be on a path worth staying on.

……

Again, thinking in some Yohami terms… there is TOP GUY and BOTTOM GUY.

Top Guy would have had her showing better behavior in general. She would have been more attracted, and we would have seen "enthusiasm" instead of "tests." More open doors, fewer "puzzles" to solve. I wasn't getting Top Guy treatment from her… and I was wise to recognize that.

And Bottom Guy… Bottom Guy would have done a lot of things differently than I did in this case study. I don't think he would have handled the pickup well, or taken a number from a Maybe Girl in the first place (he wouldn't have known what to do with her "freeze face"). And I think he would have staggered around when she said she wasn't available to date (showing weakness and uncertainty). And while he would have agreed to all the date reschedules (like I did), he definitely would have taken the coffee date… even if it wasn't really what he wanted.

In the end… I was sure that Top Guy wouldn't have ended up on that coffee date. Bottom Guy would have. Bottom Guy would have showed up, like an eager guy at a "job interview," begging for a job. It would have been "okay." And there would be zero attraction. And he'd never see her again. Or worse… she'd agree to date a guy she could completely control (for whatever reasons), she wouldn't be that into him, and he'd have to deal with that in an ongoing way… some guy, kept around to carry her "baggage."

And if, like me, he felt like he "compromised" with all the "agreeing," then not only would he have not had fun with this girl, but he also would have shown HIMSELF that he truly is Bottom Guy… no standards, all thirst.

No thanks.

……

I am okay with how I responded that day. I was a little irritated at the time, certainly. Disappointed. And I didn't have a lot of time to think about it.

If I had it to do over, I might have said:

> HER: How about we meet at XYZ Coffee on Main St first?
> NASH: Oh, you want to turns this into a bad "Tinder" date? :]

I like this ^, as it does some of what I did, but keeps the "dance" going. It pushes back on her fucking with the plan, it judges her, but it does it in a more playful way. That would have been better.

Or maybe this:

> HER: How about we meet at XYZ Coffee on Main St first?

> NASH: Would a cool guy say “yes” to this^ ??

I like that last version best. With that, I could still walk away, but it gives her one more chance to see me working from a strong position, showing some acuity in how I read the social dynamics, giving her yet another chance to get with the program and show some willingness to follow my lead.

Hindsight… 20/20… all that.

……

In the end… I don’t want to date a girl that won’t follow my lead. I am so clear on that. It feels good to know that… as an internal standard… and to have stuck to it. Like Janka said in the quote above: Integrity.

This is a messy case study, but this is me showing my inner game work in real-time. I am much better than I was a year ago, and yet, I’m not a finished product. This isn’t about this girl. It’s about me. It’s always about US, as men. Am I the kind of guy that will endlessly chase a “so so” opportunity? What would that say about me? Even if she was a “10” (which she was not), would I agree to those terms? No. I would not.

It’s not about being stubborn… it’s about knowing what a good “connection” looks like (and how to create one). It’s about knowing how important it is that a man can lead, and that a quality girl follow his lead. This is about me working on my foundation, getting my inner game straight.

Maybe she’ll “feel” this attitude from me, and get that it’s a signal of the kind of man I am. Maybe she’s been on enough dates with luke-warm guys (that do whatever she asks), where she has felt the boredom of that lack of polarity, and she’ll sense the difference in the way I handled her. She may not be a 10, but I doubt many men have walked away from dates with her before.

Maybe she’ll get it, but I don’t care. I did what I needed to do that afternoon for me.

The truth was… I had something else to do that afternoon that meant more to me than a “boring date.” I hit the street to talk to girls. And it wasn’t a great day on the sidewalk, but I felt no sense of having compromised myself. That was clean. I spent that evening with my wing The Vicar (you’re a great wing, man). We drank tea and walked around. And we talked to some cute girls… continued to invest in our craft.

We are all works in progress… this is where I am.

Viva daygame.

Daygame for Middle Aged Blokes

Nash · 17 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A couple of weeks ago, Krauser had a guest post featuring Jimmy Jambone's thoughts on "getting out of the game." On the back of that, I got any email from a guy we'll call Mr Steadfast. Steadfast had some questions, as well as some comments about his experience as an older guy running daygame. I am a man in my 40s, with a clear passion for pulling YHT off the street (as often as possible), so… of course all this meets my criteria for good conversation.

Let's start here:

> "I was recommended to contact you by Jimmy Jambone here in London. He says you are about the same age as me. It is the age factor I wanted to ask you about, as I sometimes feel it may be too late a start for me at this age."
> — Steadfast

Okay. That's honest. I like starting with honesty. And that's a vulnerable thing to say. I appreciate that too. Steadfast, let's you and I have a call sometime, but for now, let's make this a larger conversation. I think a lot of men can get something out of this… myself included.

I can't tell how much of Steadfast's comments here are because he's relatively new to daygame? Or how much of this attitude is coming from his age?

Let's get right into the age bit:

> "I started only a couple of years ago, trying to focus on day game. However, my progress has not been great, to say the least. I've been getting poor reactions from girls lately (perhaps mostly in my head), which make me feel that I am too old and they look at me as if it's some kind of joke trying to hit on them."
> — Steadfast

As we get going here, I want to separate Steadfast's inquiry into two aspects: 1.) "My progress has not been great," and 2.) "I am too old." Those are separate considerations, and we can get bogged down when we don't discriminate the various aspects of our troubleshooting.

Let's take these one at a time, break them down and attack each issue separately.

FIRST PART:

> "My progress has not been great."
> — Steadfast

Okay. I hear that. I have felt that myself, many times.

Here is a Tweet from a young daygamer… this is a good reference point to begin this discussion:

> Back from holiday… leads I thought were solid flaked / did 2 sessions with no hook point / a wing I met in August told me he got his evenings booked with dates and already got new 2 lays while I was gone. I'm feeling like shit. DG requires solid mental game to keep one going.
>
> — Costello The Kid (@CostelloTheKid) September 8, 2018

Ahhh, I love this ^. Savage honesty.

There is a lot of bullshit and braggadocio in men's culture. But there is a lot of realness too. Costello here is painfully honest. And that is super helpful for other guys… as we can feel the "normalcy of disappointment" in all this.

There is certainly GLORY ON THE STREETS. I felt it many times this week. But there is also the dull punch-to-the-nuts ache of rejection and failure. And that is NORMAL. And it helps to talk about it.

I responded that day:

> You, Sir… sounds exactly like a daygamer to me.
>
> This is what we sound like when the Daygame Gods are cruel, and are testing us. (I am in the same boat as you… at least for today). And then… The Gods loosen up, and the adventures flow. Cycle. Up/down.
>
> Stay solid, brother.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) September 8, 2018

I think that's true. Doubt is a dead-normal feeling for beginners. I have seen a lot of beginners try to get traction in the SMP, and this sentiment is common. We should expect to face this flavor of demon on our path.

Is it your age, Steadfast? Or are you going through the same beginner pains everyone goes through?

Maybe a given guy won't make it. Maybe he's hideous (inside or out) and will never find a way to present himself as "attractive." Maybe he has some deep-seated issues that he won't overcome… because he won't work hard enough (won't approach)… or no matter how hard he works (due to some broken inner game, etc). But to be honest, I've never seen it.

My experience is… daygame is one of the most accessible paths to pussy there is… as long as you keep developing yourself and put in the time to approach. Available, to almost every man… but not easy. Doable. But not at all easy.

My wing YoungGuns is 24, and he is a believer in daygame.

He was not an instant success. I'm going to guess >1000 approaches before he got his first lay. And he's had a few

now, solid daygame lays. He has also taken hundreds of leads and has been on dozens of dates with hot, young girls. Yesterday, he rolled up to what the London Guys would call a “stunner.” She was a solid 8, hot Russian girl in platform shoes. I watched him approached… and I was impressed.

But it took him a minute to get to this level.

Young Guns is not middle aged, but older guys could learn a lot by watching his story as a daygamer. Was YoungGun’s progress “great?” I don’t know. The dude is dedicated, and it took him a year on the street to get laid. But yes, it was great… in that he was racking up experience, set after set. He was steadily improving. And now he has proven the model to himself. It works. YoungGun’s impresses the hell out of me.

We have a 20-year age gap between us, but our experiences are remarkably similar. He is my peer.

Was “age” holding him back as he worked toward progress? No. In theory, older guys might envy his youth. But the truth is, his youth was a handicap as much as an aid… girls 25+ would be less likely to take him seriously (and I have watched him approach a lot of them).

(For the record: His first daygame lay was an 18 year old… so I guess we should envy him a bit! Go YoungGuns.)

My point is… this “my progress is not great” is a normal feeling for a daygamer. Don’t personalize it. You’re part of a great club of guys that are working on this… getting our asses kicked… but just as often, we enjoy our work.

My buddy Runner in NYC is 35. He has a great background in game in general (initially night game and online), and has inched along on his path as a daygamer for about a year… then recently, BANG (!!!), he “got it”:

> RUNNER: Number closed two Lavian sisters here for a week
> RUNNER: Fire!
> RUNNER: “Wall of text” from the model, too

He has his own questions about his age (those kinds of questions are normal), but he actually got a year older before he “got it.” If it was “age,” he should have gotten worse over the year, right? And that didn’t happen. He got better. Much better.

It’s not age. In general, “demographic” filters are a low-fidelity way to see the world. There are a 100 factors to being a good daygamer… almost all of them are more interesting than “age.”

Like YoungGuns, it took me >1000 approaches to get my first daygame lay. I think I was 41 at the time.

This calendar year, I am 44/45… and even if I don’t fuck another girl this year, I will have fucked more girls than I ever have in a 12 month period. I’m old. I’m older than I was when I got my first daygame lay. And I’m also much better at game than I was back then. I’m a better man, overall (and that is no accident).

For me… my age is a proxy for progress. In many ways, I get better every year. Not at skateboarding… I had to give that up. But at almost everything else.

YoungGuns at 24 years, Runner at 35 years, and me at 45 years… all had similar challenges. That is to be expected. It was about our status as beginners, much more than our age.

Steadfast… if you’re a beginner, you likely have a LOT of upside that will come with experience. Upside from working on your OUTER GAME… basic things like style, how you approach, your text game, escalation, etc. And you’ll also improve with the kinds of INNER GAME gains that come as you work on your value as a man… and

then, again, more inner game boosts… as you get some success with women to verify your worth as measured by the SMP.

I suspect there are big pockets of improvement waiting for you to discover them, and you'll conquer that territory. Don't dismiss this. This is work any man would have to do to get reasonably "good" at game. And you can join those men at the table… if you do the work.

I would call myself a "very experienced" intermediate daygamer… and I am still doing all of the above. I am still working on my game, still studying, still working on my lifestyle, and my body. Some of that has little at all to do with my game, but leveling-up as a man is part of how improve my results as a seducer.

Now let's move onto that second part, and take on "age" a little more thoroughly.

SECOND PART:

> "I am too old."
> — Steadfast

I know how you feel… or at least I used to feel like this. I really do, man. I get it.

When I started out, I was very shy about talking to younger girls. It felt "inappropriate." I thought it was "more acceptable" to hit on girls maybe mid-30s. And I tried that. And I dated a few. And I liked some of those girls. But there was a lot of limiting belief in my head in those days.

The age thing is much more flexible than I first believed. This year, I have fucked 21 year old girls and 38 year old "girls." I don't see a lot of correlation with age (mine or hers) and my successes.

These days, I still get rejected often… but my wins come when I run good game on a good opportunity… and not because the girl and I "match in terms of age." Compatibility is totally over-rated. Sexual polarity trumps demography compatibility… certainly.

> "I've been getting poor reactions from girls lately (perhaps mostly in my head), which make me feel that I am too old and they look at me as if it's some kind of joke trying to hit on them."
> — Steadfast

I hear you. And I predict you will dig your way out of that thought, if you keep at it.

Another BIG CLUE of my potential to find success hitting on girls much younger than me… was in the memoirs I read from other daygamers. Krauser, of course, in particular.

By the time I read Adventure Sex (great book), I think I was sold on the potential of the young ones… but earlier exposure to Krauser's stories of him hitting on "18 year old girls" while he was late 30s… were difficult to relate to. I would flinch as I read them. Not because I didn't believe Krauser, but because I couldn't see myself in that situation.

This ^ was almost all "social condition" in me that I needed to let go of.

I remember the day I broke through some of this. It wasn't conscious. I was out on the street, and a very hot little French girl walked by. I opened her, she stopped (she stood unusually close to me, actually), and she looked me right in the eyes, big smile, crackling sexuality in the air… and the first thing she said was "I'm 18." And then she stared at me. I was probably 24 years older than her at the time.

And the thing was… her age never crossed my mind. Not when I started to go after her. And Even when she said "18," I didn't care. It was about my desire. It was about the chemistry between us. And my ability to use daygame to

showcase my value to her. I didn't even get that girl's number, but I had scored a huge victory that day for my inner game.

My desire trumped all the "shoulds" about her age or what Bluepill-normal thinks is "appropriate" for men my age.

Steadfast… you know what "they" think men like you and I should be doing with our sexuality? "They" think we should be marrying busted, 36 year old women, that want to squeeze out a kid before their eggs turn to dust. I may do that some day (I may!), but I don't have to do that now. And I don't give a fuck what normies think is "appropriate." It's about me and the girls. That's it.

And that doesn't mean I don't get rejected. And I that I don't get rejected based on my age. And that it isn't specifically my age that is the problem.

Last week I rolled up on a hot, curvy Asian girl with a great ass packed into tight, white jeans. She had a ridiculous look on her face, and I told her so. She stopped. And she gave me a serious look-over. And then said, "how old are you?"

It was about my age.

And I said what I always say, "at least 10 years older than you." And I said it confidently, because that is how I feel. And she said, "maybe more than that." So I took a step forward (this was mostly rejection, but we were engaged… she was seriously going over it in her mind), and said, "you don't usually date men my age?" And she said she didn't. And I believed her. She was disqualifying me, and she was giving me "age" as the reason.

Age comes up. It matters. Sometimes. But so what.

Dude, men that hit on girls often will MOSTLY NOT have their offers accepted. That is a fact. But this game is played in the yes's, not in the no's. We should work on our value, be the best men we can be to maximize our SMV, we should approach, and at that point, we're on a hunt for yes's.

I have never fucked a teenager (which at this point surprises me). But I have dated dozens of them…all since my 40s. This time last year, I had a bonified (or "un-bone-ifed") 18 year old virgin in my bed on the second date. And on the third date, she squirted all over my face as I licked her clit. I never fucked her, but she was as close to being fucked as more "age appropriate girls" I've had in similar states of nakedness.

I dated a 19 year old in NYC last Oct, and her mom was 6 years younger than me at the time.

Two years ago in Tokyo, I pulled a 20 year old off the street, and I was making out with her in Starbucks, mid-day, 20 minutes after I met her… while she killed time before she had dinner with her BF.

And the biggest point I would make here is… five years ago, I would have said "I can't do this… those girls won't go for it." And now, I am dead-certain those girls are as gameable as girls much closer to my age. The difference is not about me getting younger… it's about improvements in my inner game, improvements in my SMV… and about a ton of experience I earned the "old fashioned" way… one approach at a time.

So again… we're back to sharing the same "growth curve" of younger guys. Our inner game issues hold us back, just like theirs. We have to optimize our "objective value," work on ourselves, get better physically, financially, and socially, if we want to be able to prove we are "upwardly mobile" men. And our lack of effort and approaches is likely the biggest limiting factor that holds us back.

Here are a couple of stories of other men I can point to:

My buddy Magnum is 42. This guy… is killing it.

> MAGNUM: Turns out one of the girls yesterday is a Virgin.
> MAGNUM: Had her in my bed but couldn't get past 2nd base
> MAGNUM: My second virgin this month
> MAGNUM: But I closed the deal with this feisty cutie. 18 years old.
> MANGUM: I fly tomorrow to Singapore to close the other girl I sent you a picture of

These ^ are some comments from Jan/Feb of this year, as we talked about running game in Asia. I assume Magnum has fucked some 6s and 7s (just like every man in game), but the girls from these comments were extremely hot by my standards.

And to be clear… this is game. No money exchanged. No abuse of power. No promises. No bullshit. This is man-to-woman seduction of YHT.

Right now, I am looking at a picture of Magnum and this girl he spent some time with in Hanoi on a recent game trip. This girl… is fucking stunning. I don't know her age, but I'm going to guess between 20-24. Beautiful black eyes peering out behind heart-shaped sunglasses. Shiny red-pink lips, parted half-open. She is behind him in the shot, draped over his shoulder… and she is a vision. She is not "Instagram trash." She is clean, sultry, young and delicious.

This ^ is a reward that is available to high SMV men… regardless of age.

Magnum does this over and over. Mostly online, but the medium isn't his secret. (And he/I have run daygame together). It's him. He is post-40, and a sexual threat in every way. And the girls know it.

And here's another note about a daygamer that's in our age group, Smirking Solidier:

> "40-yo world-traveling businessman on a mission to bang 8s and 9s half his age."
> — Smirking Solidier

I like that ^ a lot.

Like all of us, Smirking Soldier has had his ups and downs, but he's another case study of grown men exploiting potential in our own lives and in the SMP:

> "So during the 2 years I was roughly daygame active for 12 months: 6 before I turned 39 and 6 after I turned 40.
> During that 'year' I made around 850 approaches resulting in 11 purely daygame lays (did not record number of # closes and dates)"
> — Smirking Soldier

From ^ his blog. Not bad at all.

> Had sex with 20 girls in the last year of my life:
>
> 8 daygame
>
> 5 loose social/business circle
> -2 friends' dates friends
> -2 conferences/business events
> -1 friend of a friend of a friend
>
> 5 tinder (all in asia)

> 2 nightgame
>
> — Smirking Soldier (@smirkingsoldier) August 19, 2018

Here ^ is an update from a recent Twitter post.

And another update:

> Got 20 last year. But a bit burned out from it.
>
> Want more quality going forward, less volume.
>
> — Smirking Soldier (@smirkingsoldier) September 14, 2018

This is a man, in his 40s, that has fucked so many girls recently, he is "post notch" to some degree… and is now working on other ways to tweak his results and optimize life toward what he wants… quality.

Excellent.

Magnum, Smirking Solider and I are all post-40, well beyond what men our age "should expect," and we're clacking YHT. And I actually don't think this is about anecdotes. I'm not saying the "average" guy should expect "above average results." Of course not. But I will say that age isn't the deciding factor… not when you're young, and not when you're old.

> "At my age I think it is all the more difficult to change your personality, to erase the negative thought patterns, to learn new behaviors etc."
> — Steadfast

Maybe it is "difficult." What better choices do you have??

My proof that there is a "type of normal" in what I am pointing to is when I compare me to me.

I was half the man I am now when I was in my mid-30s. Finding game was part of the path of me beginning to approach my potential. Getting into daygame gave me an arena where I could "prove myself" more often, and practice more consistently than I ever had before. All those approaches proved I needed work. And I did the work. And eventually… my path proved that I too could live like this.

The men that make it in this game… regardless of their age (that is not the factor), are the guys that burn for it. The guys that are willing to work for what they want.

If that sounds like a universal truth… it is. Life is a meritocracy. We can't control our age (not exactly), but effort is something most of us can control.

Work for what you want, Steadfast.

Now for some tough love:

> "I see the community full of all these young guys running around all day – I get tired walking around, I can't keep up with their level of energy."
> — Steadfast

Here… my brother, my fellow daygamer, I want to kick you in the ass a bit.

I really appreciate your vulnerability. I do. This is the place to be vulnerable, with your friends, with your wings, with other men. But “I can’t keep up” is a self-imposed death sentence. This is where age matters… but mostly because you think it does.

I want to be clear, we don’t want to really compare our progress to other guys.

For instance… I sometimes compare myself to Roy Walker, and it’s never good for my vibe. That guy… is much, much better than I am. He might be a fundamentally better man in terms of game. That is likely true, as I see it. His game certainly seems better than mine, and his results are radical. Some of this can make me doubt myself.

So I can’t “keep up” with Roy. But that’s only one way to look at it. I am still, very much, one of Roy’s peers.

I have a dumb golf analogy where I talk about “being on the tour.” I am on the “professional level” daygame tour. If there was a way to rank us (an International standings of some kind), I would be on it. Roy would be too, ranked much higher than me. But I am “keeping up” in the sense that I can predictably drive results via daygame, I’ve earned my place in the imaginary rankings of “the tour”… in a similar way to Roy, or Krauser, or Seven, or other men I respect in this community.

But back to you… if you’re saying you can’t handle the walking… you got to solve that. That is the easiest part of this whole thing. You may have a medical reason why you can’t stomp around the streets… so what. Take a seat someplace with high traffic, and “sniper” approach one girl a time. Problem solved. Whatever it is… find a way.

It’s not a matter of some ABSOLUTE level we have to hit or “keep up with.” It’s about what we can do to get better RELATIVE to ourselves. It’s about hitting the potential of right now.

> I am in my mid-40s. Never lifted before.
>
> 6 weeks ago I got a personal trainer. Lifting 3X per week. Immediate change in my physique.
>
> It's not about "your peak" (mine is long gone). It's about the POTENTIAL of RIGHT NOW. I am getting closer to that potential.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) August 14, 2018

So… at 45… I have callouses on my hands from lifting iron for the first time in my life. I am also starting to looked a bit “muscled up.” My body is not better than it was when I was 25 (although I might be stronger now than I was then), but it’s definitely better than it was at 35. And much better than it was last year at this time.

What is your potential right now? What are you doing about getting as close to that potential as you can? If you got closer to your potential… do you think you might also getting better with girls??

These are the questions to be asking.

Back to that post from Jimmy on Krauser’s blog:

There were parts of it I liked:

> “You can be 50 and date a 21 year old 9…”
> — Jimmy Jambone

And parts that didn’t:

> “The thirst for new skirt and just getting laid in general will wear off. You’ll always look at girls tits on the tube

> in summer, but sexual adventure in general will just slip down the priorities list. Likely far from your top three, it will likely not even be in the top ten. Of course it's supposed to because by your 40s you're supposed to have a family of your own."
> — Jimmy Jambone

This ^… isn't how I feel at all. I am "supposed to" XYZ??? Fuck "suppose to."

I have a ton of respect for Jimmy. I do. In part, from sorting through the thoughts he put down on his blog (which is very good). I may be wrong, but I thought he was going to write a book, and I would lay down real money to read it… in an instant. He is a cool guy and he has unusually strong knowledge of game.

But now Jimmy is talking about getting out of the game. Good for him. The post on Krauser's blog is a well-written piece, and he lays out a solid argument for leaving game… solid for him.

And reading that post gave me a bit of breakthrough, but not in the direction Jimmy was leading:

> "My guess about Jimmy's POV here, is: Jimmy was (is?) 'Chad.' Am I wrong? Wasn't Jimmy both the leader of men and quite tempting for women… when he was in his 20s/etc? He was peak of the hierarchy. Being 'past his prime' is real for him, as he peaked like the guy in an 80s movie, gloriously."
> — Nash

Jimmy is a great example of how many of the "TOP GUYS" in this space can teach us so much, but beyond lessons… many of us have little in common with the POV that Jimmy represents.

> "No disrespect to Jimmy… but most of us did not have that experience. Over and over I see guys in game, particularly daygamers… as acting out a second chance at life. That is certainly what I am doing."
> — Nash

This is so true. Jimmy is 40 now. He was likely very, very good at 35 (and probably still is). For me… I discovered game at 35. It opened my eyes to the potential of the SMP for the first time. I have a lot in common with younger guys (I have winged guys as young as 16), but I think many of us are in this category of "discovering game late." Could be "late" in our 20s. Or like Krauser and Magnum, in our 30s after a divorce, etc. Or for guys like Midlife Daygamer… in your 40s.

I don't know Mid-life Daygamer well. But I'm interested in his story.

> "The cost of hesitation is the life you could have lived."
> — Midlife Daygame

I like that. Hesitation in that moment when you fail to stop a girl you wanted to approach. But much more so, that hesitation where you think you can't get started at all.

Even if I never again crack open the thighs of a teenage girl, I think I will fuck many more young-20s girls (I've fucked a few already in 2018).

And I have also had an great time with some girls around 30 this year. I bet I can fuck lovely, high quality girls in their early 30s… for another 15 years. Not because they are gagging to get in my pants… but because I have done the work — inner game and outer game — to feel confident to step in and successfully drag those girls to the bedroom.

> “And so at times I feel perhaps I am just too old for this shit… Anyway, would be good to get your opinion on this.”
> — Steadfast

I don’t know where you’re at, Steadfast. But I bet you can do better than you’ve been doing. That ~~should~~ could be your goal. That’s my goal.

We’re not dead yet, brother.

Steadfast… what are the alternatives to working this out? We don’t have to “keep up” with anybody. But in terms of you vs you? In terms of goals that feel real to you. What do you want? How are you going to get there?

You can likely get married (if you’re not already, or if you haven’t been). And you can try online dating (which I think is particularly challenging given the demographics of guys like you and I… plenty of dates… but rarely the girls we want to date).

Or you can “rebuild” yourself. You can raise your value vs last year. You can clean up your presentation. You can work out. You can start earning your reference experiences, on the approach, on the dates, in the sack. You’ll get better. I did.

I don’t think I’ll ever get laid like Roy Walker or Thomas Crown. But in terms of where I was 10 years ago… I’ve had a goddamn sexual revolution. I think many of us have the chance to do just that.

> There is some aspect of the chatter that is repetitive/ridiculous… myself certainly included.
>
> But…
>
> For all those "MIDDLE AGED BLOKES" out talking to girls, mixing it, up causing trouble in the SMP, and even sometimes (ooo!) GETTING LAID…
>
> I salute you!
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) September 15, 2018

Viva Daygame.

Love vs The Libertine | Comments on Redpill, Tradcons, & The Secret Society

Nash · 29 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This piece was inspired by my good friend MovingTarget, and his feelings for a former lover. They are no longer together, and yet he continues to feel for her, as if her blood was somehow in his veins. Many of us have been there. And while I too consider myself a type of romantic, this essay would serve to share with MovingTarget some uncommon wisdom from Men of the Game in similar circumstances.

While MovingTarget inspired this post, my knowledge of his relationship to his former lover reminded me of a piece of writing I read years ago. The book was so terrible, I won't even mention the title. And while it's one of the few books I didn't finish reading (I finish 99.9% of the books I start) the introduction to that book was written by a very talented man named Michel Feher. It is some of the wise thinking in that introduction that I want to share here.

> "Above all… the 'men of principle,' stigmatize passionate love as a humiliating experience, since the victims of this emotional disorder become deaf to the calls of reason and submit blindly to their beloved's will."
> — Michel Feher

There is more to that ^ quote… but that line will set up much of this piece.

While the bulk of the book (which is a collection of Libertine stories) is not worth a moment of your time, Michel Feher's introduction is full of brilliant observations on what most of us here on this blog are all about… dating, mating, sex… and some of the complications from that lifestyle. The book came out in the mid-1990s. It predates a lot of modern "manosphere" effort, but I think you'll find the comments very much consistent with the pace of our modern thoughts.

This post is for MovingTarget. I hope it helps him to see himself as one of a band of brothers – men that have faced a "melancholy love" as well. And beyond that, the quotes from Feher's introduction contain so much truth, they could easily find an interested audience in today's mens' culture.

Below I will show how Feher's thoughts easily connect to the Redpill, the philosophy of Traditional Conservatives (TradCons), how they can point to the pitfalls of Love, illustrate more of the nature of "Virgins and Sluts," present examples of the Secret Society, and finally, of course, back to we daygamers… with some notes for Seducers from the Libertines of another era.

Let's dive in:

SEDUCTION:

First… Feher takes a crack at the underlying mechanisms of seduction:

> "Libertine erotics are based on a naturalistic theory of desire, according to which the desire that a woman inspires in a man – **the primary concern of a male seducer; is a purely physical phenomenon**. It begins as a sensual excitation, and it has no other satisfying outcome than carnal pleasure, with the woman who inspires it."

That ^ is a good start. And this is where the central (eh-hem) "trust" of this post begins… with a basic definition of the animal instinct. It's quite simple:

You see her and you want to fuck her. That's how "seduction" starts, and that's it's underlying aim. If you've ever indulged your desire to approached a woman on the street… you know this. All red-blooded men (for that manner) should easily identify with that "naturalist" observation.

As I set up the arch of this post, notice the emphasis — "it has no other satisfying outcome than carnal pleasure." In the parlance of the London Guys… girls that engage in the trappings of romance without sex are what those guys might call "time wasters." It's "carnal pleasure," or it's a waste of time (your genes would agree). And guys that allow "time wasting" to go on, we have a name for them too… this time, more broadly from Game… we call those guys Orbiters. And that is not a position men want to be in.

We'll return to this.

FANTASY:

There are two parts of Feher's introduction that are revealing (if a bit technical), and have haunted me since I first read his comments. The first, addresses how fantasy can disable us and detour us from a more fulfilling course of events. The second, was how fantasy and "love" interact.

For now… the role of fantasy:

A man meets a girl. Despite primal urges, we don't club her over the head and mount her, but at that point, we're sufficiently inspired. And what starts as a sexual "urge" is delayed, and as it's delayed, it takes on more emphasis in our minds.

> "[H]umans, unlike other animals, this theory purports, are not governed by instinct: before being consummated, a man's desire travels from his senses, to his imagination, whereupon it creates a fantasy."

That's right. Watch how this works:

> "The function of this fantasy is to 'interpret' desire, to cause the subject to imagine what it is that he desires. Yet as a fantasy translates a physical arousal into a series of mental images, **it also turns a sensual excitation into an attraction to a specific person**. While a man fantasizes about the woman he desires, he comes to realize that she too is a desiring subject, and that **his own pleasure depends on his ability to communicate his fantasy to her**. In other words, fantasies give rise to the specifically human art of seduction."

There is a lot going on there. Feher is explaining our behavior in interesting terms. Let's break it down some more.

First… and this is not a small thing… the URGE is about sex. It's about fucking. That's it. And the urge is NOT about any specific girl. There is something interesting and subtle and honest there. It's about the hunt and the release. Not any specific prey.

We're into the meat of the post now, but try this on: When you are getting laid, when you have lots of options (and

know you can get more), do you really pine away for some girl that isn't in the active stages of sex? When I am in (somewhat rare) periods of real abundance, I am as into "girls" as always, but not hung up on a particular girl. Not at all.

For me (and I think this is true for a lot of guys)… it's when I cannot get what I want that the "her" in the story takes on disproportionate weight. This is it. This is what this post about.

And on a related note: For seducers and daygamers, that line about "his own pleasure depends on his ability to communicate his fantasy to her" is basically what game is all about. Feher is interesting and has an original voice (to my ears). I like this.

We have an URGE > the urge can't be seized instantly (not in most cases) > the urge becomes fantasy (which is a "place holder" for the urge) > the fantasy uses images of a specific girl in our minds > we have to game the girl, get her to agree to a co-created fantasy… or we never get that "outcome of carnal pleasure."

That ^ is a solid breakdown of the process. And it fills in some of the psychological mechanics of an otherwise slightly-better-than-animal process.

And now we can introduce the "villain" of this post:

> "However, this special freedom also involves a major risk, because it allows men and women to depart from nature's wishes. Indeed, lovers can let their fantasies stray: for instance, **their unbridled imagination can lead them to believe that their desires need no carnal outlet**."

He is saying… men will often leap-frog over the original urge to fuck, not fuck at all, chase the girl endlessly, and use the byproducts of the fantasy to justify their situation. Why? Because the lust has been relocated from your cock to "mental images" in your mind, abstracted from its original purpose (procreation… sex). This is a "departure from nature's wishes." The Libertines are saying (by way of Feher) that this path is literally "unnatural." And I like that. Dead on.

Uncommon wisdom.

MovingTarget is not alone. Many of us have been in this phase… this is what orbiters are all about. An orbiter is a man who's efforts feed a fantasy more than a fuck.

Perhaps Feher's is right. It is a uniquely human capacity (a mistake unique to man), to allow our very natural urge to "put the P in the V" to turn into skeletal fantasy in orbit around a woman that is beyond our reach.

Fascinating start.

REDPILL:

As I reviewed Feher's introduction, I couldn't help but see redpill moments.

If we were once animals, but are now so often "lost" in fantasy, we are right on pace with redpill thinking. We often call it the "Disney Fantasy," don't we? This "be a good boy" and she'll reach out and drag you into "bliss" from your distant orbit. "You'll have your chance"… your reward for "doing what you're supposed to do" by society's rules.

If this ^ is true, Libertines are redpilled (they most certainly are). They see past the absurdity of Disney convention.

> "Now, according to the libertines, such deviations from the natural course of desire are far from exceptional – in fact, they have become **society's norm**. Hence the discontents that the libertines, in agreement with many philosophers of their century, associate with civilization."

"Society's norm." This ^ introduces the conflict between Men of Game and the Traditional Conservatives that share

space in the manosphere.

If the Libertines are seducers that see the “unnatural” detour from the original urge, the TradCons will point to how subverting the urge is part of the basis of civilized spaces. And even as a seducer… I know the TradCons are right on that point.

> “Thus, while the fear of punishment is the primary cause of lovers’ restraint, tales of sin, honor, and devotion continually reinforce it. Taking hold of people’s imagination, these stories succeed in impressing upon them a totally artificial notion of virtue.”

Bluepill ^ conditioning.

Like all the 80s movies, the promise is the nerdy, nice guy gets the girl because of his “goodness” and dedication. When in reality, nerdy-nice guys rarely ever get what they pine after. Most men never escape that level of thinking, but many of us “wake up” and start to “see” (which is my personal definition of what it means to be redpilled). And once we can see… we can start to unlearn bluepill conditioning… and perhaps claim some of the tools of seducers for our own aims.

Welcome to game ^.

“Sin, honor, and devotion.” Chastity. All Disney propaganda to the seducer. And long, long before Disney, the Libertines were dodging those same bullets.

TRADCONS:

We share men’s culture with Traditional Conservative men (TradCons). And I like many things about those guys. I’m not married, and (as for now) I don’t think I’ll ever have kids. But I know that those guys are correct when they push us all toward that path. That IS the right thing… for most people… if you want a stable society (and you should). I agree with that. Easily. 100%. And I admire the efforts of men like The Family Alpha to lead men in that direction.

Here’s a little more from Feher on the topic of tradition and civilization:

> “According to the naturalist philosophy informing eighteenth-century libertinism, these excessive delays between desire and pleasure are attributes of the civilizing process itself.”

First note here is the wording “excessive delays.” That is the way a practiced seducer would think of the delay: any delay, is excessive. I am okay to wait two-four dates for sex (if need be), but many guys are much more impatient than that. However… to slow down the charge of the young bucks, to make things a little more predictable, steady and orderly… yeah, that is precisely what civilization is all about.

> “Because sexual relations between men and women can lead to procreation, and because societies seem to require stable family structures, governments tend to subject the sexual encounters of their subjects to very restrictive conditions. Central to this channeling of desire is the institution of marriage, which often implies a severe condemnation of all other sexual relations.”

I am convinced that society could not function if we were all players. Society, the health of children, the general peace… they require this civilizing process. And while I think this IS the right thing to do for MOST men… it doesn’t mean I’m going to do it. And even if I fail to win any approval from TradCons, I see no conflict there.

My personal take on all this is that daygamers and seducers ARE a threat to order and civilization. But… it’s so damn hard to be any good at it, we’ll never cause any real damage to the larger scheme. Most of us will find mild,

middling success (if that). And a few guys will poke more pussy than a gynecologist. In fact, most of the fucking will be done by us (certainly, in terms of the numbers of girls fucked).

But… society will be fine, as most men can't make a dent in the female population, or pursue scandal with enough swagger that the bluepillers will even notice what is going on around them.

The threat of being seen as a slut (and being deprived of resources) will keep the women in check (on the surface, anyway). And then… the rest of the action all takes place behind the veil of the Secret Society. What is somewhat rare, and hidden behind closed doors, doesn't disturb the peace.

VIRGINS vs SLUTS:

A small detour here… some comments on the nature of women. These don't specifically relate to MovingTarget's scenario, but they contribute to some notes further on in this essay.

> "In every culture, as Diderot and Laclos point out, women are the prime targets of this propaganda. They are taught to be modest and faithful, and **to take pride in resisting their own desires**. Imposed on women as an essential feature of womanhood, modesty is anything but a natural 'virtue': it not only causes women to fear the approach of men but even teaches them to feel shame at the call of their own senses."

This ^ seems obvious, but I like the emphasis.

The Disney virtues are focused on women. That's pragmatic. Men (especially young men) have too much energy and "force" to be deterred by prudish lectures. But the girls…

There is a reason why these dictums work better on women than men. They have more to lose (both physically and socially) than men, for taking sexual risks outside of sanctioned, pro-civilization allowances. True then as it is now. (Although, admittedly, we know the School of Sex in the City has taken some of the sting off of the former stigma.)

> "Although the moral principles inculcated in women cannot eradicate natural impulses, they at least have the effect of slowing the process that leads from desire to pleasure."

To stick to our theme: That "slowing" ^ is part of what provides a fertile place for fantasies-to-nowhere to take root.

I like to say that girls have a TWO PART MATING STRATEGY: 1.) Resources and/or 2) Sex. If she is after you, she's probably after one of the two. And as seducers, we, of course, work toward the latter assignment.

But the need for RESOURCES (particularly protection), drives women to conform (at least outwardly) to the Disney convention (lifelong, or at the level of "Born Again Virgin," post-wall, when the desperation for resources kicks in).

The TradCons would say this is good for them, and I'd agree (in many ways). In fact, I like women that mostly buy the traditional narrative… civilized girls that make an exception for me. I want to do "bad things with good girls." I know men like Rivelino feel the same.

I also know girls can play both angles. They can play up their social dictum when "society" is watching, and behave very differently behind closed doors.

If you have read this blog, you know I claim to run into "virgins" with surprising frequency. I am sure some of those girls actually are sexually inexperienced. But some… can "play both roles." And with a level of art that continues to surprise me even with many years in the game.

This is a great lead-in into the Secret Society part of this piece. But first… more about love.

LOVE:

Now we return to the subject that originally related to our man MovingTarget: Let's talk about love.

And for review, let's return to the way fantasy works:

We start with an URGE > the urge isn't immediately fulfilled > "a series of mental images" of the desired are cultivated in the mind > those images allow the urge to become about a specific girl (which is a significant change) > any excessive delay is a "depart[ure] from nature's wishes" > which "can lead them to believe that their desires need no carnal outlet."

That is a great ^ description of something so many of us have lived through. Sex… derailed. Not only derailed… but replaced. This is key. Replaced… but, with what exactly?

Fantasy. Yes. But the fantasy could have been an only slightly-winding route back to the original "carnal outlet." It's not just some temporary state of fantasy. What do we call it when men willingly look past the sex, and continue the pursuit, with non-sexual justifications?

> "As time goes by, libertines and naturalists argue, an unfulfilled fantasy ferments in the imagination and takes on a life of its own. Withdrawn into his own reverie, a man begins to idealize his mistress beyond all measure' and **may even sublimate his desire** to the point of directing it toward such inappropriate objects as intelligible beauty or divine providence. In short, a frustrated lover **tends to lose sight of the natural purpose of his own fantasy**: forgetting sexual pleasure, he lets his desire pursue dead ends, which engender nothing but melancholy."

"A frustrated lover tends to lose sight of the natural purpose" and finds instead "dead-ends."

We haven't named this quite yet… but we know what this feels like. This is what it feels like to be an orbiter. And the claim that it "engenders nothing but melancholy" is exactly why I wanted to write this essay.

This post is at full geek-level seduction theory, but is full of flesh-level lessons. For me, at least… seeing it spelled out like this, helps me see it as it happens, so I can move back on track with more productive pursuits. Feher's essay has been in the back of my mind for years.

And now, Feher finally names it:

> "While women both resist the call of their own senses and take pride in their unnatural behavior, fantasies tend to ferment for a dangerously long time in their lovers' imaginations. Deprived of their natural outlet by the fearful combination of virtue and pride, these inflated fantasies **give rise to yet another perversion of desire called 'passionate love,'** a malady of the imagination stemming from frustration and consisting of an irrational overestimation of the desired person."

"Passionate love." "A malady of the imagination." A "perversion of desire." "An irrational overestimation of the desired person."

Love ^. Anyone been there?

Again, I still claim to be a bit of a romantic. There is certainly some upside to feelings of love. But a romantic has a "healthy passion" when he gets what he is after, or uses his passion to direct him toward those ends (perhaps, with some other girl). It's when we allow "inflated fantasies" to "ferment for a dangerously long time" that the quality of our thinking (and the way we use our time/resources) tends to deteriorate. This essay is a warning against all that.

At a personal level, the closest I can speak of love (in the moment), is my former lover Miss Thick. She ended things with me, and believe me, I still think of her often. MovingTarget is not alone in how this works.

To keep this in the context of this piece… 1.) Miss Thick and I did get to carnal pleasure. It took me a few dates to get her naked, but then ours was a very sexual affair. This wasn't me chasing some girl that wasn't interested. And, 2.) When she ended it… it was not as if I could just shut my feelings off… but I was wise enough to immediately point my feelings into more productive quarters.

I'm not saying a man should do what I did (to each his own)… but I was hitting on girls the very next day. And the day after.

Why? It's because I know the dangers of letting my fantasies have too much governance over my behavior and next steps. I could long for Miss Thick (and I do, she was the best lover of my life, and I have had many), but that longing would "engender melancholy," and not much else. And while a day on the street talking to new girls won't guarantee any results… what it did do was keep any fantasies from metastasizing in my head.

> "Far from treating it lightly, the libertines consider amorous passion to be at best debilitating and at worst deadly."

This ^ is spot on.

For myself (and for my friend MovingTarget), I want for both of us to "find love." But only insofar as that love yields nourishment.

When you love the thing that gives you what you need (attention, affection, sex, support, inspiration), you've found one of the sweet spots in life. But when what you love not only doesn't give you that nourishment, but actually keeps you in a state of unsatisfied addiction… call it the cancer it is. "Debilitating." Yes. And "deadly" in the sense that it has stopped you from growing toward the light.

MovingTarget… this ^ is for you. I know you get it. But this is a meditation on your freedom and sovereignty as a man. I write all this in tribute to you.

> "For his own sake, he must carefully pace his pleasures, which are constantly threatened either by a lack or by an excess of emotion."

That ^ is a good guideline. We are wise to live in strong castles that aren't weakened by "excess of emotion," while at the same time, we allow enough emotion in to enhance the pleasure and depth of it all.

I wanted to lay all this out for you, as I see Feher's conclusions as 1.) older (and likely wiser) than we are, part of a long tradition of sober-minded woman-chasing, and 2.) The flavor of advise is uncommon, very "redpilled," and not likely to be presented in mainstream culture.

> "As time passes, the frustrated lover obsesses about his mistress, and thus believes that her long-awaited favors will bring him nothing less than eternal bliss."

This ^ is the dangerous end of that fantasy. Something like chivalrous notions of romance and dedication, that work out to be false promises made to ourselves and self-made prisons.

When a man finds himself in a scenario like this… the fact that he thinks his "love" and dedication are the path, are all the proof we need to be certain he will never reach his goal.

Moving past the original goals of this piece, the notes from Feher go quite a bit further. And the depth and wisdom of his comments help me see how Men of Game share a philosophical currency that stretches back into the

centuries.

I am still learning these lessons. Seeing them carved in stone helps me know how real they are, even if they aren't easy to understand, to integrate, or to master.

SECRET SOCIETY:

Opening this back up, let's return to the "virgins and sluts:"

> "[E]ven when an aristocratic woman has not been tainted by unnatural values or sentimental delusions, she should not flaunt her acceptance of the laws of nature. **The public demands that women pay at least lip service to received ideas about vice and virtue**: they are thus expected to lament the licentious ways of their contemporaries and to long for a world where women would be appreciated for their modesty and constancy."

Again, the clear expectation that a life of active seduction is an "acceptance of the laws of nature " – so refreshing. And Feher doesn't hesitate to assume that women feel the call to carnal pleasure instinctively… yet:

She is not to "flaunt it." She is expected to "pay lip service" to those chaste ideals. Bluepill guidelines (again), on some level… but also the beginnings of a peek at the Secret Society. In fact, this fits perfectly into what we know about the Secret Society metaphor.

The Secret Society is composed of "all women" (as RSD Tyler originally claimed), and a small percentage of "redpill" men. The members "know the rules"… which are the rules of nature, subtly cloaked in "lip service." There are society's expectations. And the members of the Secret Society "feel each other up," under a cloak of faux-civilized cooperation.

(Intentional emphasis on the "lip service," as these comments gave me serious food for thought. More on that in a minute…)

> "According to the public, a woman who follows the natural course of her desires is inexcusable and ruins her reputation, while a woman who succumbs to love's sway is worthy of compassion and even of respect – especially if she surrenders to her lover's sincere and passionate love for her."

We are back to love, but now the word has a different flavor.

Lance Mason of Pickup101 fame used to say: Our goal as a seducer is to, of course, fuck the girl, but in such a way that she could tell her friends, "what was I supposed to do??!" When done well, her friends would then say, "Oh, yeah, totally, I would have done the same thing." When her friends approve, she is "not in trouble" and not locked out of the tribe (which means she can still have access to resources). That quote above, where Feher says she "succumbs to love's sway," and is therefore excused… helps solve the puzzle of how she is able to say "yes" and retain any support from the "tribe."

Here, "love" is used not as a debilitating trap that blinds us from our goals… as a anemic substitute for physical pleasure… but instead as a pretense for a more basic, natural, carnal commerce. What might only be a physical exchange (one with roots too shallow to support society) is excused… as it was "done for love." This is a prime tool in a girl's sexual-psychological toolkit.

In this way… "love" (the "excuse" a man might use to trap himself into periods of romantic self-flagellation), is more aptly purposed to help get everyone naked. It's part of the "cloak" that lovers in the Secret Society use to hide or explain their activities.

> "Thus, instead of expressing their intentions literally, these men of good fortune convey their modest fantasies to the women they desire by pretending that they are madly in love with them; in turn, and provided that they

> are interested in their suitors' 'real' propositions, the petites maitresses respond in similarly conventional ways."

Feher is pointing to a "wink-wink," "nudge-nudge" view of love.

If you can imagine setting up a sexual liaison, but having to do so right in front of your grandmother, in such a way that she could tell her old lady friends about it, and all of them would find it "charming" and "lovely," that is the way Feher is saying love operates in the Secret Society. The lasciviousness is there. It's still communicated between the libertines (both her and him), but it's displayed in a coded way, that allows society to approve… or not notice at all.

And that code is a "pretended love." Perhaps even pretended to each other (how better to make the act convincing?). Fascinating.

The man that has a "real love" is often bogged down in a heavy-hearted poem that leads to nothing but "melancholy." While the "false love" is an all access pass. In fact, in many cases, it's a requirement.

SHIT TESTS:

I wasn't intending to take this essay in this direction, but Feher had several comments about "double entendre" that struck me as meaningful and original. And as I read those comments… I couldn't help translate that phrase "double entendre" to "shit test."

Check this out:

The basic definition of a double entendre is "a word or phrase open to two interpretations, one of which is usually risqué or indecent."

So, the set up here ^ is "two meanings." And one is often risqué or sexual in nature. That is a rich way to understand a shit test. And if you see "double entendres" as part of the communication of the Secret Society… it's a refreshing way to see communication in the sexual marketplace.

> "To this end, the men of good fortune seek to establish their relationships with their mistresses on the basis of tacit but systematic double entendre."

Hmmm.

> "A petit-maitre sees his practice of double entendre as the most polite way to maximize his pleasure. On the one hand, he claims to be polite vis-i-vis the women he seduces, because he enables them both to deny and satisfy their desires: thanks to his timely moves, they can indulge in the pleasures of the flesh without ceasing to sing the praises of virtue, and blame the irrepressible power of passionate love for their moments of weakness."

Great insight ^ into how the Secret Society operates.

Seem like a stretch? Try this on:

> HER: Okay… but don't think you're going to fuck me tonight.

She is saying "no," right? Suuuuurree. Men with experience in game know that is often a dead giveaway that she is more than considering it. Perfect example. She can claim she is actively "sing[ing] the praises of virtue," while in fact, she is signaling an (eh-hem) opening.

> "The libertinism of the petits-maitres seeks to harmonize social rules and natural appetites."

She can tell her friend, “I told him I wasn’t going to fuck him,” and she’d be telling the truth. In fact, maybe her friends overheard her say it. But in practice… plenty of room to not only indulge “natural appetites,” but also to actively signal that is her intention to her potential lover. Wise men know that line is often as much of a confession and invitation as it is a refusal.

> HIM: You’re such a brat…we’d never get along.

This ^ is a classic Pickup 1.0 level push. But done with a wink, it’s more than flirting. I have never thought of it this way before, but it’s a kind of “male shit test” (if there could be such a thing). And it sets up the “double entendre” that while his words say “nothing could happen between us,” the Secret Society implication is… “it’s on.”

> “[T]hey understand that ‘culture’ has endowed men and women with very different sexual roles, in order to channel lust into a stable familial order. Rather than seeking to challenge or reform this social ‘gendering’ of sexual mores, their use of double entendre endeavors to make the social constraints inherent in male seduction and female resistance as painless as possible.”

As a player expects and plays along with shit tests… even actively incorporates them into his game… the double entendre proves to be the language of the Secret Society.

> “The participants in this dialogue are never supposed to say what they mean, so they can never be sure that the other does not really mean what he or she says.”

It’s not easy to know ^ what is going on… but that’s part of how the Secret Society remains secret. If it was simple and clear… any beta could read it. Being simple and clear is not what the Secret Society is about.

Back to a personal note: In my last days with the Siren (another fantastic lover of mine), she wanted to have a call with me. And on that call she said, “I want to say something to you… and I may never say it again: I love you.”

There it is… “love” again.

In Siren’s case, she said it. I don’t know why. And the last couple of times we saw each other… the emotions were as high as ever… and the sex was deep and passionate. Complicated, but some of my favorite memories. And then, maybe two dates after she said that to me… she disappeared from my life.

When she said she “loved” me… was that what she really meant? Or was that part of a coded comment as we made our exchange behind the curtain of the Secret Society?

If we’re never supposed to say what we mean… “I love you” means something different than Disney might suggest.

NOTES FOR THE SEDUCER:

I’ll round out this piece with some additional notes from Feher’s introduction that had appeal to me as a player. Signals for seducers, from long ago:

> “Above all, the petits-maitres and **the ‘men of principle,’ stigmatize passionate love as a humiliating experience**, since the victims of this emotional disorder become deaf to the calls of reason and submit blindly to their beloved’s will. But libertines also dread love’s power because they know it to be a strangely addictive and often contagious disease.”

We all know the stories of men that clearly understand game, but then… drop their game because: “you don’t understand, this girl is different.” Yeah, I have seen that. I’ve done that. That Disney side of all of us, when she has

a particularly strong appeal… even Men of Game can catch this "contagious disease."

> "Having come to this diagnosis, the libertines vow not to let their own fantasies go astray: **they thus endeavor to overcome women's virtue and circumvent their pride while avoiding the traps of passionate love**. In the eyes of its practitioners, then, libertinism appears as the revenge of nature's course against society's aberrations."

More ^ redpilled wisdom. Get out there and game. Keep an eye open to the common mistake of "one-itis." We are redpilled, we see life's true nature, and we cut through the crap of "society's aberrations"… and get what we want… and give the girls what they need.

> "Regarding public morals and private desires as an established fact, their sole purpose is to turn the tensions between moral principles and natural appetites to their own advantage."

(Sundance, if you're reading this ^… I can almost hear your voice when I read this line. The comment seems very "you.")

> "[T]he 'man of good fortune' seeks to accumulate moments of pleasure. His modest brand of libertinism consists primarily in warding off boredom, which he sees as a permanent threat, while resisting **love's sway, which he sees as a source of grief and humiliation**."

The goals ^ of a notch hound (which aren't terribly far from what I want).

Despite having felt something close to "love" for girls like Siren and Miss Thick (I still have a kind of love for Miss Thick, for certain), I never compromised my player's lifestyle. I fucked other girls right through both of those relationships. Fucking girls is, well… it's fun. But there is also a wise discipline here.

I have had enough long term relationships in my life to very much feel the "grief and humiliation" of ex-girlfriends chipping away at me over months under the pretense of "love," until I was not attractive to them anymore… nor was I attractive in my own eyes. As a "man of good fortune," I avoid those traps more actively these days.

The "men of good fortune" are describing something I know well. The pursuit of "strange pussy." And the avoidance of the morass of long term monogamy. So many of us know this territory.

> "At the same time, a single day without fantasy is considered to be unbearably boring."

True! I notice the days when I don't have anything flirty/sexy going on with the various girls (old and new) in my life. And the joy of the initial part of the fantasy is a part of what I love about hunting sessions on the sidewalk.

> "Therefore, since their potential female partners are limited to the women of their world, the petits-maitres realize that their happiness demands on **a collective commitment to an active amorous commerce**. Indeed, public satisfaction rests on the incessant succession of adventures, which are all the more intense when they are new."

"An active amorous commerce." Daygamers… can you feel this ^? I can. That means "game never ends." If you want to eat… you have to hunt. And failing to hunt… can get incredibly boring.

I was out today. I didn't feel like gaming, particularly, but once I started… ahhh, it felt great. I talked to five girls today (to knock the rust off after a few days away from the street). The first girl didn't even stop, but she gave me a smile… wow. With that smile, any sense of boredom was gone from my life. And then the next girl, even as she said she had a boyfriend, the sexual part of her lit up like a sunrise. I was alive. So was she.

And it's the gifts of a life of seduction that allow me to make a claim like: I am more committed to my path in game that I could possibly be to any given girl. "[A]dventures… are all the more intense when they are new." They certainly are. Thus my "commitment to an active amorous commerce" is a guiding part of my life strategy.

I am value, and I work to increase that value. Game is the plan. Girls are fruit along that path.

Back to the double entendre:

> "And yet, the polite libertinism of the petits-maitres also runs the opposite risk – to wit, that a double entendre will be too transparent. If the signals sent out by a man of good fortune and a petite-maitresse cease to present any ambiguity, if each knows exactly where the other stands at every point in the seduction, then their respective fantasies will be insufficiently nourished, making their eventually liaison more boring than pleasurable."

So much here ^.

First, that vulgar, overly-direct approaches will be "too transparent" to work. Not only because their crudeness will showcase a lack of skill… but separately… as the lack of ambiguity dampens the passions. Sundance and I have been talking about this (ambiguity/etc) for weeks.

> "Thus, libertine double entendre seems to be constantly tossed between too much and too little uncertainty."

There ^ you have it… the age old debate of direct vs indirect.

> "While a lack of connivance between petits-maitre and petites-maitresses slows the progress of desire, thereby exposing the libertine couples to wayward fantasies, a completely transparent code also ruins their pleasure by depriving their relationship of any form of seduction whatsoever."

Interesting. Too direct… the lack of ambiguity makes the seduction bland and brutish. Too indirect… it's formless and passionless, gets lost in fantasy… or never takes off at all.

Here I think of how when I read Krauser's Infinite, as I read through all the text exchanges between the girls and him… I was surprised at how he would take his time asking for a date. While it's true that dumbass guys will "chat too much" and never get the girl out (girls complain about this regularly), the opposite is also true… acting too quick can deprive the "relationship of any form of seduction whatsoever."

> "Therefore, if we believe libertine authors, **a petit-maitre is rarely able to find the golden mean that he is looking for**: despite his good intentions, he most often fails to sustain the happy mixture of pleasure and freedom that keeps him from being bored while carefully avoiding love."

That ^ comment about "not being able to find the golden mean"… between direct and indirect seduction… between quick-lust and meandering-love. That is every girl you liked but couldn't wrangle… juxtaposed against every girl that liked you a little more than was good for your freedom. I have felt all that. Snapshots of my life in game… taken hundreds of year before I was born.

If you are a Man of Game, a "man of good fortune," you are not alone.

There is a long tradition of men that have been in the arena before you. Some of them… simple to a fault. But others… the level of insight in Feher's interpretation of the game is stunning. And comforting. I am learning from Feher's instruction. Better men than myself have strained to successfully bend society's expectations, nature's intentions, and opportunities in the SMP to their will.

Fascinating stuff, gentlemen.

Viva daygame.

Daygame, a Summer Famine and Smart Girl

Nash · 19 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

It took me a minute to remember what I call her in the context of this blog: Smart Girl. She is smart, that is true. But in my mind I increasingly think of her by her Chinese name. And with everyone else, I call her "Married Girl." That's how my wings know her.

She has been sexy and delicious, but also difficult. And being her lover hasn't been easy. I forget sometimes that she's still a bit of a kid… at 23 years old, she is half as old as I am. This week when I met her again, as we rinsed off in the shower after sex, we talked about her birthday (which is coming up) and about her age.

Sparing with her in the space of sex and intimacy, I think I have read too much into her "fighting style." Maybe over-emphasized her quickness and her skill. I have treated her like she was some kind of sexy adversary. And maybe neglected her in some ways, because of it.

Her nickname – "Smart Girl" – fits her well. She is quite smart. And she's fast. She thinks fast and she moves fast. She is impatient and she interrupts often. I don't think she is completely cold, but she is guarded. If that doesn't sound particularly sexy, I'd agree. I have never had a relationship with a girl like her. And this is not how I usually talk about my lovers.

All of this is mixed in with her being married… and has made me a bit hesitant about her. I treat her differently than most of the girls I date.

I write about her now, because I have had some recent adventures with her. And she has helped me break out of a Summer Famine. And the experience has helped me to see her a little more clearly. To read her better.

And as all girls are clues to other girls, she is teaching me more about the dance, and the endless, cryptic lessons of female psychology.

One of the only attractive parts of that quality of "fastness" in Smart Girl is that her speed shows off her hair.

She has really nice, long, beautiful hair. And her quick, ferret-like gestures include the turn of her head. And in those moments, her long, black hair snaps like a whip, moving in the opposite direction from wherever her eyes are pointed.

Her hair is like the exhaust of her motion, trailing her, showing you where she has been.

Meanwhile in the world of Nash… it's been a rough summer for daygame.

The daygame itself has been fine. Better than fine. It's actually been good. I had some great sessions with my wings

this summer. And I have talked to several hundred more girls. Beautiful girls. Charming girls. Inspiring girls. I took dozens of numbers.

And from all that ^… I had only a handful of dates.

The last date was a few weeks ago. She was a Korean tourist that blushed when I stopped her, met me for dinner, told me she had a boyfriend, but kissed me anyway. She was a charming girl and it was a good kiss. I would have liked to have eaten her, but I couldn't get her to come home with me. I tried.

Since then… maybe 20 more leads? Maybe I am exaggerating. Maybe 15? No, at least 20 in the last month. I had days when I wouldn't take a lead, but several days when I'd take four leads in an easy session after talking to 10-12 girls. Good sets… I swear. They felt good. Solid. Long. Less than two weeks ago, I took seven leads in two days. And from those leads I got one reply… and then that one went dry as well.

It happens.

This has been a season of famine for me.

Daygamers (myself, certainly included) are a superstitious bunch. We read patterns where there are none. I do it. The men around me do it (*eh-hem,* YoungGuns). On top of my own lack of action, and similar trends with my closest wings, my conversations with SteadFast and The Costello Kid echoed the pattern I see of "effort without reward."

> "We have a right to our labor, but not to the fruits of our labor."
> — Krishna

This ^ has always been a heavy and very relevant quote for me as a daygamer (I have used it on this blog many times). That is a solid and realistic way to look at the process as you step into the game each time.

We have the hunt. And there is the fruit of that hunt. And between the two is a space filled with the whims of the Daygame Gods. We can hunt – that we can do. But as to the fruit of that effort… we are at the mercy of the Gods.

Is that superstition or meditation? For me… it's the truth. My results are a function of my work ethic. But as one of the hardest working men in daygame… I know it's more than work.

Summer has never been my season. And last year, while I still had the song of the glorious Miss Thick in my ears (and her skin next to mine), I mostly couldn't close anything new in that summer either. I laid Miss Lips in July of 2017 (and again, later in the Fall, when she returned to my city). And I was seeing Miss Thick regularly (creating some of my favorite memories of my life). I was getting laid, and I hunted new girls, and took leads, and dated… but no new notches. Couldn't make it happen, despite the work. Not in the last third of last year.

Last summer, like this one, I continued to hunt out of hope, from a core belief that daygame really works, and also because an afternoon talking to cute, young girls is joyous and stimulating for a man like me.

But I also "diversified" a little. By that, I don't mean that I added night game or online to the mix. I took that time when I couldn't make anything happen (when the Gods would only reject my sacrifices), and I put my efforts into other things. I went to festivals. I had some adventures. I saw my friends. I worked on my value outside of game.

In October of 2017, summer was retreating and I felt my superstition lift. I had a trip planned for NYC. It was centered around a workshop for men, but I also built a solid daygame trip on the backend of that workshop… six nights in the Big Apple.

Last October (much like this one), I had no reason to think I would be in any good in NYC. Then, like now, I had

just come through a Summer Famine. But I hit the streets hard and had a very inspiring trip.

No new notches in New York, but I dated three girls, had dates four out of six nights, and got two of those girls back to my hotel room. The first girl in my room was a literally a Preacher's Daughter (a classic example of the strange and wonderful adventures a man on a mission can find for himself). Then, Fashion Girl (the girl I dated twice), was a near-miss of nakedness in my bed and a whole lot of "almost" (she wanted to, but she wouldn't let it happen).

That trip was also a great time for wings… I met LongBurnTheFire and had several excellent sessions with my good friend Runner.

I think of all this as I will be in Shanghai very soon.

There are similarities to the timing and circumstances of last year's NYC trip. But this time, I have three+ weeks to get some work done. And it's China, for Christ's sake. And Shanghai… the biggest city in the world. Different, yes, but a similar set up in terms of the turn of the seasons, and the flow of my game coming out of summer.

I love the Fall. And superstition has it's upside.

This summer should have been frustrating, but it really hasn't been. I am surprised to say that, and to have it ring true. It is true.

In terms of daygame, this summer has been like a staring contest with the Gods. I would show up on the sidewalk so often. Sometimes, every day for a few weeks. And the Gods and I would face-off… and nobody would blink. Some kind of a stalemate in the battle for control for the souls of those girls. Some great chats, with very cute girls. So many leads. And very little action.

A daygame standoff. The Gods have willed it so.

And during all that time on the streets, I would see Smart Girl (my married girl) quite often.

Smart Girl is a girl that I find very attractive. Deeply so. Part of that is the unspoiled aspect of her age, the delicious elasticity of her youth. That's part of it. I really enjoy her body, the creaminess of her skin, that viscus hair.

The first time I stopped her, I ran some pretty retarded, juvenile-level game. It was my game that made me walk away (a series of flat-footed questions out of my mouth was the excuse I used to early-eject from that set). But I also used some less-than-perfect qualities about her to help me justify my bad game that game that day. Maybe I didn't really want her after all?

A week later when we ran into each other a second time, I glanced at her (not recognizing who she was at first) and she shot me that big, intelligent smile… and that IOI sucked me in for another round of her. I reopened the girl. And I realized who she was pretty quickly (remembering the dress she wore the day we first met). It was only during this second time I stopped her that I realized she was married. We talked about her "domestic situation." And I invited her on an idate anyway. She said yes. On that date she was smart, spicy, fun… and of course, fast.

Those early "meetings" became the roots of an affair between she and I.

As a second date (a week later), we had a drink together in a hotel bar. On the third date, I had her come to my house, and after she rejected me (tested me?), I kissed her, and it was wet, and hot, and so good. The next time I kissed her, it was in a hotel room. And I got her naked. She gave me a complicated "no," but I fucked her anyway and we both loved it. And she saw me many times after that.

The sex… has always been very good. She may be fast in most areas of her life, but when she is under my weight on a bed and under my control… there she is slow. And it's a lovely side of her.

In May or June (something like that), she took a trip with her husband. We had been seeing each other about once per week, but we didn't talk for about 10 days during that time.

I don't message her much. In part to protect her, to keep the evidence of our affair off her phone and out of the air when she is with him. But I don't message her much, also, because she is not romantic. Not that I can tell. Not that she shows me. I think "fast" and "romantic" don't really go well together.

Romance is slow.

As she returned from her trip, I was curious to see if she would reach out. In the beginning of our affair, she would ping me and ask if I wanted to get together. I don't need a girl to lead, but as this was complicated, it was nice to see her interest each time before I would jump in and take control of our trysts. As she returned from her trip, I leaned back… testing to see if she would come forward. She did not.

After a week I pinged her, and she responded quickly. We set up a date. More illicit sex in a hotel room after work. Again, fantastic sex.

And she made a comment in that next session together about how I didn't message for a week. The break in our communication was on her mind as well. The look in her eyes when she made that comment… what did it mean? A mix of curiosity and caution. This whip-smart girl, the cold, fast, yet sexy young thing… was there vulnerability in that look after all?

It occurs to me that vulnerability and romance go together. And while I have enjoyed our affair very much, the space between she and I has had little of either. Or that is how I have read her.

And maybe I have read her wrong? Maybe I have approached her in a style that held that back for me, if not also for her?

In late July (something like that), I took a trip to Southern California. To see my Dad. And to surf. But also to see Miss Slow. I booked a hotel for two nights and Miss Slow stayed with me. On the first night of that trip we had a nice dinner, and I took her back to the hotel, undressed her and put my cock inside her. And that time with Miss Slow was… not that great, to be honest.

And as I returned from that trip… once again I considered the status of Smart Girl. When she had returned from her trip, she didn't reach out… even if she was receptive when I did. So back in July, as I returned from my trip… I didn't message her either.

My wing Sundance has given me a cautionary eye about Smart Girl all along. As we were out one day, I remember saying I thought letting her and I go silent could be a good way to let the affair fizzle out. She didn't call. I didn't call. No hard feelings. No confrontation between her husband and I. No drama. Just… distance and a termination.

Good enough. Or so I thought at the time.

But… I kept seeing her on the street. Over and over. She doesn't usually see me in those moments (I don't think), but I'll notice her on the sidewalks of our city as I'm out hunting and she is on her way home from work.

I have seen her maybe six or seven times during my Summer Famine. Her quick little movements. That snap of her hair. And often… I wouldn't recognize her at first (in part because my eyes aren't that great). But each time… I was attracted to what I saw… not realizing she was a girl I'd already fucked over and over this year.

There is something so honest about this ^. She is not my favorite lover of all time, and yet my body leaps for her each time I see her. Before my eyes can focus in on what is familiar about her, my body is already moving towards

the potential of her shape.

Once this summer, I was coming up the street toward where she works. From about 300 yards out I could see the sway of her body, her walk, and she fit the silhouette of a girl I would like. As I was daygaming that day, I assumed her to be a possible “target” and I prepared myself to engage.

As I closed the space between us on the sidewalk, of course it was her. Again. And I smiled. I like her. Over and over, I like this girl.

As we got close, I moved back and forth on the sidewalk (doing what I call the Hockey Stop, like a goalie after a puck) and I blocked her path. And she stopped. She gave me a quick little hello. I hugged her. She said (also very quickly) that she had to go (maybe it was a mistake to hug her?). It didn’t feel like rejection, but it wasn’t the slightest bit warm either. I counter-punched to her lack of charm and said “get out of here.” It was playful, but a little tough. I threw back my arms in cocky indifference and said, “I didn’t want to talk to you anyway.” And we both smiled.

It was a playful exchange, but our smiles were careful.

We were both very “professional” that day. There ~~should~~ could have been vulnerability in that moment (if not connection), and I’m sure there was (for both of us), but we didn’t show it. In my mind, right now as I write this, I can see a little bit of “what does this mean?” in her eyes. But like everything with her… a quick turn of her hips, a heel driven into the sidewalk, a flick of that glossy black mane of hair… and she was gone.

Fast as always.

It happened again about a month ago. I was walking through the mall.

I saw her shape and I was drawn to her, only realizing who she was after the honesty of my attraction was already engaged. And I stepped up to her, bringing her attention out of her phone. And she gave me a hello that was a mix of her usually speed combined with surprise. And then she said she was waiting for her husband. There was a bit of alarm in her eyes.

I smiled. I cooled off my comportment. And I walked off.

“Professional.”

I have been horny this summer, certainly. And I have been in a sexless famine, as I have already confessed. But I haven’t tried to reach out to this girl for sex.

I am not sure why.

In part because she is married (it’s exciting to be fucking a married girl, but most of that thrill has dissipated from this affair). And in part because she is fast, and I like slowness in a woman. Maybe, most of all… because she is cold.

Or maybe I can’t read her?

Last week, I got a notification from WeChat. This happens to me often, as I have many Chinese girls in my life.

I wondered if it was Miss Bangs (whom I will see when I am in Shanghai). Or maybe… maybe… Miss Thick (whom I would love to see again). Or the Assistant (that lovely girl messages me all the time). Or perhaps one of the 20+ girls I have taken a WeChat close from in the last couple of months?

It was none of those girls. It was Smart Girl.

And what she sent me was mostly meaningless at the level of the message itself. But the medium is the message… why was she reaching out?

Her little ping was cute. She may not be slow, or feminine in a soft way, but she can be cute with me. This message was so purposeless, I took it as her using it as a chance to flirt with me.

And I flirted back. And I thought about why she would reach out. And I soften up a bit. It occurred to me to ask her to meet up. And I did.

But first, I talked to her about business.

While I have done a lot of daygame this summer, I have also been making progress in my life as a man. Aside from daygame, I have been killing it, actually. Finance, workout, side hustle, adventures… all that. My life is clean right now. It has been a type of consolation prize versus the lack of new girls in my life. I think this is why I haven't been frustrated. I've had a type of progress and balance in my life that made me feel good about myself.

I am into the role of value in a player's game, but this isn't the way I usually show up for my lovers. My value is there, always, but in the background. I concentrate on making a bubble of romance and sex for the girl and I… and that bubble, the intensity of the vibe in that space, that is the thing. That is what I want for me. That is what I want to give my lovers.

But this girl is a little different. She likes business. She is a little cold. If she has a romantic side, I haven't seen much of it… other than the cool romance of meeting me in hotel rooms for what is each time surprisingly tender. The sex is so good. And so is the kissing (which is usually qualitatively different than sex for me). And she'll often hold me while I fuck her (which surprises me each time).

But those times are fleeting… and we're back on our feet. Dressed. A cold goodbye on the sidewalk as we leave the hotel and go our separate ways. Off to the private and distant parts of our lives… lives we mostly do not share.

Yohami taught me the value of the ramp. And RSD Tyler helped me to better understand what he meant… it means "take her at the flood."

It means more than that. It means: Set up the flood, then take her.

Do your thing ("swing your dick"), see what she likes ("give her more of what she likes, and less of what she doesn't like"), and if you want to make a "move" (which is anything you do as a player that requires more commitment from the girl), do it when she is already at a high note.

If she is on a "high note," it means you have her on a ramp toward what you want. Now, "take her at the flood."

In this case, I wanted to set something up… but I didn't want to reach for sex out of nowhere (I aspire to be smoother than that). And in her case… I know she values business and that kind of success. So I told her about my intern and my side hustle. And she loved all that. And then I told her I was going to China (more value in her eyes). And then… I invited her for "a meeting" (that's how we say it over WeChat… cold, business-like there as well).

And she agreed. And we met up, again, this time in a new hotel we'd never used, and I fucked her. She was on her period (she didn't know she would be when she agreed). But I fucked her anyway and… the sex was just okay.

Period sex… not my favorite thing.

The most interesting part of that meetup, however, was this:

As we were alone in the hotel room, mostly very comfortable with each other (as always), she said, "We haven't

done this in a while."

She is right, but it was such a careful statement. She is sly. But yes, there was a bit of vulnerability in her eyes as she introduced the subject.

She said, "why haven't we gotten together?"

This ^ fascinates me. The question, some, sure, a little. But the look in her eyes. The uncertainty she exposed with that question. The way it made me feel.

Of course I didn't try to explain it, or justify it, or apologize, or turn it around on her in a defensive way… all of that would have been Bottom Guy. She wasn't trying to test me, but the moment was a test all the same.

I responded by saying, "Well… it must be something between you and I." And I paused and smiled and looked at her as she leaned back on the bed. "There are only two of us in this relationship, and neither of us reached out." And I smiled again and gave her a long look. Another pause. And she smiled back, solid, but a little uncertain.

And we moved on. I took her clothes off. I tasted her skin. And I kissed her.

The kissing was really great. Fucking great.

I like sex. And I want to fuck lovely girls. But this famine has shown me (again) that what I really miss is the intimacy. That most definitely includes fucking and sucking. But it's the whole thing. And certainly the kissing.

She is a fantastic kisser.

So, I was to leave for China this week (in fact, I am on the plane now). And I had a very busy week. But I wanted to see her again before I left.

I messaged her again. And we met up once more. And her period was freshly gone. We were excited to see each other. And I could do all the things I wanted to do to her… and I did. I ate her pussy. And her ass. She sucked my cock. I fuck her, slowly, for a while, looking her in her eyes.

This ^ is the time when I get intimacy from her… this is where she slows down for me… when my cock is insider her. I fucked her slowly to enjoy all that. And then… I came in her mouth.

And it was a great time. It was nourishing. Really, deeply nourishing. I haven't felt needy lately, but I needed something as rich as we had that day this week. It was sexy, and raw, and nasty, and delicious… and it was also deep, the way I want the time with my lovers to be.

I was leading. She was happy. We were both happy.

And the big deal here, above all the other details in this post… was watching how she wants to be led. About separating the parts of her that are, in fact, cold and careful… from the parts that are interested, and sensitive, and vulnerable (even in a very carefully hidden way).

Two weeks ago, when she sent me that ping to flirt with me via WeChat… she was being feminine. She was asking to be led, to be taken, to be fucked… all without verbalizing what she wants from me. Past all her speed and briskness, there is this side to her as well.

And in the hotel room two weeks ago, when she asked why we hadn't gotten together… that was real vulnerability too. And it was a request for leadership. She was saying, "why haven't you led me lately?" She is a capable girl. She doesn't need to fuck me. But if we're going to do any of this… she wants me to lead.

And I think of that time on the sidewalk… when (after our quick hug), she said she had to go. That wasn't actually rejection or disinterest.

She is interested. Almost eager, but in such a careful way. And she wants me to lead… even when the signals aren't obvious, or maybe even (falsely) suggest that she is "too cool" to be interested.

I like her. In all the ways I have said in this post.

And also, as a student of game, as a man that is fascinated by female psychology, she is an incredible case study. She is complicated. She is delicious. And I am learning to read her. And through her, learning to read a part of so many other girls.

These adventures are all very interesting to a man like me.

It felt great to have some real, solid kissing this last month with her. More than coming inside her… or in her mouth… it's the kissing that was the real score for me. And the slow-nourishment of our episode in the hotel this week.

And summer is over. She is not a new girl, but she is a daygame girl. And she is not a new notch, but the sex was fantastic and the famine has broken. And it was good. Very good.

And it feels good to write again.

And in a few hours, I will arrive in Shanghai. And begin another whirlwind jaunt, hopefully full of sidewalks, skin, and seduction.

Or perhaps, another staring contest with the Gods. If that is what I find on this, my first trip to China, so be it. I'll do my part. I'll hunt. I'll leave the possibility of fruit to the will of the Gods.

I'll hit the street. I'll talk to girls. It all starts… all of it… all of these multi-threaded adventures… the vignettes into the psychology of women… the ups and downs… the orgasms… it all starts when a man approaches a girl on the street.

Viva daygame.

SH: Daygame in Shanghai | First Days on the Street

Nash · 25 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Shanghai, China is the ~~most~~ **2nd most*** populous city in the world… And I am here on a daygame trip. I'll do more while I am here than hunt the sidewalks… but running game and scoring time with lovely Chinese girls is a big part of why I made this commitment.

(* Credit Pancake for the correction)

I have travelled a bit, picking off places I wanted to visit like Canada (for skateboarding), Costa Rica (to surf), several trips to Europe (with friends and on my own). And of course there are all those daygame trips to Japan that make up so many of the stories of this blog.

As I have contemplated where to "point my ship" (and have listened to the travel stories of others), there were also a few places I was sure I would never visit. Africa (no appeal to me). India (too hot, too wild). And then… China. Going back to my childhood, China always seemed too different, too Communist, too foreign for a white kid from The Valley. China was always a "hell no" for me.

But times have changed. I have grown up a bit. And living in my city has led me to a point in my life where I have a solid fetish for Chinese girls.

I thought I would never go to China… but here I am.

Part of why I am here is because one night in Japan earlier this year (as I was leaving a rooftop bar in Tokyo) I hooked up with this group of very drunk, older, high-end "Westerners." They invited me to join them for "one last drink" at a secret bar (on the eastside of Omotesando). I agreed. The leader of the pack was a very interesting (and drunk) New Zealander in the wine business. As his fancy friends slurred their speech and fell asleep in their seats, he and I had a side conversation about his experiences in China.

The topic seemed to sober him up and his eyes took on a "thousand yard stare" as he feed me some details. When I asked where I should visit, he said Shanghai. He had a sense of awe about the place and it was contagious.

He said, "If you want to see the future of what cities will become… go to Shanghai."

At the end of the conversation I told him I was convinced, and that I would check it out… that I was influenced by "how much he seemed to like it." He corrected me right away. He stared back at me, unsmiling, and said, "I didn't say I liked Shanghai. I said it was the future."

A lot of why I am here is because of that conversation. Life is like that. A random moment from a daygame trip, led me to more random moments, and another daygame trip… in a place I was sure I would never go.

I like new experiences, but I don't consider myself a typical "tourist" type. On my last trip to Tokyo, over the course of nine weeks I mostly stayed in a narrow range of the city I could explore on foot. I won't do many touristy things on this trip either. I'll stay in one place. Get to know the neighborhood. Lock down my logistics and work out some local knowledge.

I'll stay in one place and I'll hunt. And exploit those increasingly tight logistics as best as I am able.

I've been conscious of the concept of "game" for almost 14 years now. There is so much to learn. And the deeper I get, the more I know that everything hangs from a framework of logistics.

A good man knows his territory.

For this trip, I got an apartment in the Former French Concession (FFC), based (mostly) on a recommendation from Miss Shanghai. I pinged her on Facebook a few weeks ago, and she convinced me this was the spot.

The FFC is an area of the city with a lot of European influence. It's a Western spot in an Eastern place. It's 98% Chinese people… there is very little English here… but the architecture is familiar.

I met a woman tonight and when I said I came here to see China, she said, "Yes, but Shanghai is not China." And I was quick to agree. I told her I think that in modern times, all very nice neighborhoods have a lot in common. The FFC has an incredible level of charm… but it does remind me of Fifth Avenue in NYC, as well as the main drag in my favorite part of Tokyo. The surroundings are different, but the boulevards (<– the daygame territory) are remarkably familiar.

A key focus of "logistics" is to have a place to live where a player can bring back the girls ("the seduction location," as Mystery would say). Ideally, the place would be very close to where he might meet those girls… for easy access to hunting territory… but also such that the player could potentially walk the girl from the pickup right back to his house. If that area also happens to have a lot of great date spots, that is another big plus.

This ^ is how to pick a place to stay (or live for that matter) that will be ideal for daygame. And the FFC is such a perfect combination. Miss Shanghai was right. It would be hard to do better than this spot.

I started with an apartment… and it looked good on AirBnB. If you can sense some foreshadowing there, you're a clever guy.

As I look back at my first couple of days, that apartment sucked. I tried to be a good sport at first. It's my first time here, and I really didn't know how flexible I should be about "quality" in China. Even as I tried to keep an open mind, the place had some challenges.

The location was really excellence… about a block and half from some first-rate daygame territory. A long string of big-name stores like H&M, Nike, etc. Down the road a bit was Gucci and more high-fashion. Between those marquee stores are bakeries, milk-tea shops, smaller boutiques and dozens of places selling red-lacquered duck and various forms of indescribable Chinese cuisine.

But the exterior of my apartment was pretty "third world" by my standards. It was run down. A squadron of ratty bicycles and beat-up scooters crowded the entrance to the building. The stairs were in ill repair and littered with cigarette butts. And… it was six flights of stairs to the gate that led to my front door. And behind that gate, was a shared residential space, with odds and ends of construction projects, the neighbor's cleaning supplies, stacks of personal belongings. Disorder (I don't like disorder). And while the apartment was several paces down an alley, it was still flooded with street traffic and very noisy.

Was this normal for China? The inside wasn't what I would call nice, but it was recently renovated and comfortable enough. It wasn't much worse than my first apartment in Japan. If it was me and a couple of guys… I wouldn't have thought much of it. A place to crash while on adventure in a wild city.

But imagine a young girl, already unsure about following an older, foreign guy back to his house. Then… the dirty courtyard. Then… six flights of stairs. I was to discover later… there are no lights in that stair process… so you climb them in what was mostly darkness… some motion-triggered lights clicking on only after you'd passed them on your way up to the next landing.

That is all friction that would work against any attempts at seduction. Friction is bad logistics.

The last night I stayed there, as I went off to explore new restaurants… one of my neighbors was standing in that shared area behind our gate in his underwear. I didn't make eye contact. I assumed this was just the way it is in China (maybe?)… but this apartment was increasingly below my standards.

The next morning when I tried to turn on the shower and I had no water… I'd had enough. I called AirBnB and asked what my options were. It was possible I would lose 50% of what I paid if I backed out of my booking. I had a solid three weeks left, so that was a sizeable chunk of change. The alternate was to ask the owner to let me cancel. So, I did. I blamed the water situation, but explained it was more than that (and mentioned "underwear guy"). She said this was a "traditional Chinese community." Maybe she is right… but she let me out of the deal.

Three hours later I was in my second apartment in Shanghai.

I wasn't planning on any of this when I woke up that morning, but soon I was packing up all my gear. I lugged my baggage back down the six flights to the street. I tried to stop two taxis, but when I showed them the address they waved me off.

In case it isn't obvious… I don't speak Chinese. I actually studied every day since I got home from Japan. I know a lot of words… but I still can't communicate. Not even close.

I walked five blocks through the rain (dragging my stuff), doing my impression of a homeless person (which I was, for about 15 minutes), and arrived at… a new and improved traditional Chinese community.

My new apartment is a bit damp, it smells a bit "tropical" (it rains here, almost every day in the summer and it's very humid, even now), but it is 1000% better than the last one. Clean surroundings. It's a dense little spot and I'm packed in close next to my neighbors. But I like it. I can hear some kid practice violin each night. The bedroom is in the back, and with the aircon on… I can't hear a thing. Much nicer in every way.

I have a home. And I have a home I can I bring girls and the place will help (rather than hurt) my game. Major upgrade.

Logistics, logistics, logistics.

A lot of things about this place make me nervous. I don't know anyone in Shanghai. I'm not here with a wing. I don't speak the language. There is almost nothing about daygame in Shanghai on the internet (there is now).

None of the Western apps work here (China has a firewall that blocks Google, which includes Google maps, and most of the modern internet services). They have their own apps… but they are in Chinese only. I knew all this before I came… so I have a VPN which allows me to fake that I am in the US/etc, so I can use Google… but most of the business aren't on it. Or their names are Chinese. The locals don't use Google, so there are no local reviews… but at least I can read the info Google supplies.

(Can you imagine trying to do this 20 years ago without a 4G cellphone connection and GPS???)

Let's say your first shitty apartment is so loud, you want some ear plugs so you can sleep. Try finding something as random as earplugs in China. The drugstores are a little different here. If you are a capable man you can get this stuff done (and I did), it's just hard. And it takes time.

Everything here is hard. Getting my SIM was hard. Figuring out how to buy a metro card was hard. Finding a new gym to keep my workouts going was hard.

When guys say "game in a foreign country is easy," they aren't telling you this part. And all of this makes you look like a perpetual "beginner." And "beginners" aren't sexy.

Think about that before you get envious of trips to "pussy paradise." This is what a trip to pussy paradise looks like from my POV. I'm not complaining. Not one bit. I'm sharing the truth.

There is the thrill of victory. But there are also a thousand small defeats along the way.

But if one thing here is easy… or relatively easy… and I am damn proud to be able say this… talking to girls in China is easy for me.

Not because they like me more than at home (although, maybe they do). Talking to girls in China is easy for me… because talking to girls ANYWHERE is easy for me. It's true. And I don't think I have ever felt so certain of that fact as I am on this trip.

Nothing about this place makes me comfortable. But from my very first approach… running game has been the easiest part of my day. The "work" of rolling up on girls on the sidewalk has been a break (a joyful relief) from the work of settling into life here in Shanghai.

This may come as a surprise… but there are a lot of Asian girls in China. And this man likes Asian girls. And the daygame has been fun.

My first approach was on Day #3.

When I was trying to get my SIM sorted, I found an area that looked good. It wasn't really in my neighborhood, but I wanted a couple of different hunting grounds, and I thought I'd have lunch there, and get after it… and I did.

First girl was… a blowout. Blowouts are normal for a daygamer. Even comforting (in a way), when everything else is not at all normal. She was on her bike, looking at her phone. I "ambushed" her (Sneaky Tom's term for when you approach a girl that isn't moving). She looked put off… and scooted away from me. I smiled.

"First one is the worst one." And the trip (in terms of girls) had officially started.

Second girl… was "fucking A" cute. She was dressed almost exactly like the girls I hit on in my city at home… because many of those girls I hit on back home are from nice parts of China too. She had just sat down, so I ambushed her as well. She stood up for me. She smiled. She blushed. She didn't speak English well enough to really communicate… but it was daygame all the same. Sexual tension. It was hot and sparkly. A tingly-good set, even as we couldn't get the words across. I let her go… but two sets into my game, I already had a taste of a good interaction.

I took two numbers that day in eight sets. The first girl wasn't super into me. She gave me her WeChat, but didn't add me (it's a two step process… a little more involved than Facebook). But the second girl loved the set… she loved it. And she did add me. And she messaged me first, and right away, saying:

SOME CUTE GIRL: "I hope you enjoy your trip."

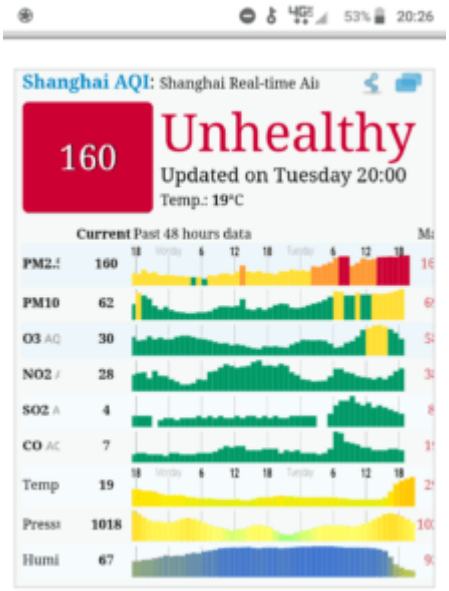
That's sweet, but do you get the undercurrent there? That is not really hello. That is goodbye. I message her the next day. No reply.

Goodbye, cute girl.

Anyway… I was daygaming in China. It was familiar. It was fun. And the girls were hooking and giving up their contact details.

Talking to girls is the same everywhere. And I was off to a good start.

You know the air quality in China sucks, right?



No joke.

Of course as daygamers… it hardly matters. We are inside, sipping filtered air all day right? Yeah, sure. Either that… or walking through the streets all afternoon, sucking in the polluted parts per million, step after step.

cough cough

Welcome to China. Welcome to pussy paradise.

Day #4 was the day I switched apartments. I already mentioned it was raining that day. All day. Not so much when I first woke up (when I had no water, and couldn't shower). But mostly just when I was ready to move apartments (without a taxi). And then, for the rest of the day when I might have gamed a bit.

I took the day off.

On Day #5… I woke up in my new, totally cool apartment. It was a beautiful day for daygame in Shanghai. By the end of the day, the air-quality would officially hit "unhealthy" (not that it mattered, I was out anyway), but at first… great conditions.

My goal was 20 approaches.

> I talked to 19 girls today.#daygame
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) October 23, 2018

I didn't quite hit it ^… but it was a very solid day.

I took numbers on approaches #7 and #8. Girl #7 was a 20 year old student, on her way back from a lunch break, to work her retail job. She was cautious, but she played along. Very hot. Perfect hair that advertised her youth and fertility. She was a little cold on the surface (but that is very “China” in my experience). She added me to WeChat and ran back to work. Girl #8 that day was probably near 30. She loved the pickup. She was girly and cute and was almost thankful to be approached (that was part of her charm). She was lovely, playful, and it was fun set.

I have since chatted with both of them.

After that, I took a bus “downtown” (or “uptown,” I have no idea… I am making this all up as I go along) to this spot I had accidentally found when I overshot my neighborhood on a previous bus trip. I found an amazing, first class outdoor mall area that could not be better for daygame. I talked to several more girls (including a funky girl that turned out to be a single mom). Didn’t take any numbers. But it was good exploration… this is what nailing down your logistics looks like.

I now had three different spots to game. If I feel like I’m burning out a spot, or need a change of pace, I can easily hop around.

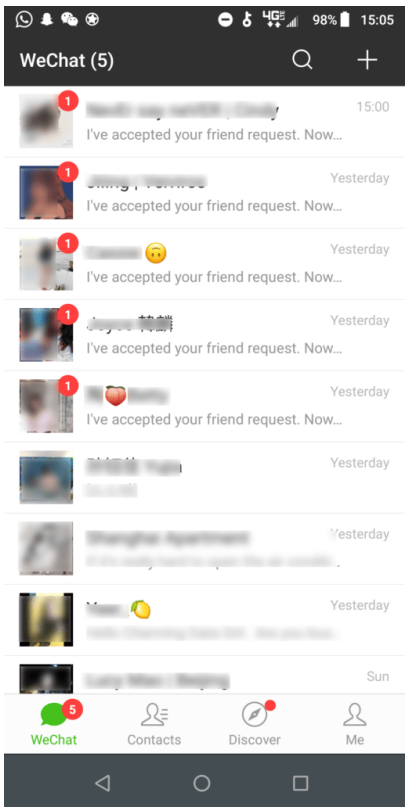
I headed back “uptown” (or is it downtown?). I did several more approaches… including a beautiful girl (with perfect English), here on a business trip. Took her number as she went off to meet friends.

On my way back to my apartment… a very hot, artsy looking young girl in all black. Her English wasn’t great, but she liked the approach. Took her number. She is… 19. And a student at… the music conservatory… which is half a block from my place. Having a music college 500 yards from my front door wasn’t exactly part of my plan, but sometimes you catch a break.

Really good logistics.

Today (Day #6) had a weird start (I’ll post about that later). I went off to my gym to workout and shake it off. Then I had a conference call with the intern on my side project. After that, on my way out to get some work done… I ran into a very lovely one as I headed off to Starbucks. An incidental approach.

She was… charming. Blushed several times. We had a great little chat. I gave her a sticker. She is 22. A master’s student at a different college here in the city. I took her number.



That ^ is a shot of my WeChat all blown up with new contacts.

I have had my ups and downs so far, but this ^ is evidence of some real potential for this trip.

Tonight, before dinner I went home (my laptop was out of juice) and I messaged all the girls from the last 24 hours.

And all of them replied. I had a message-storm of back and forth with my Shanghai leads, cycling through the chat windows and trying to keep up with where I left off with each girl.

I tried to hustle a date for tomorrow night… but I couldn't work it out. I have a long date this weekend, so no game outside of her. But I have tentative plans "for next week" with four of the five leads. Experience tells me most of these leads will go quiet and disappear, but… I will also be adding new girls to the "funnel" all week. This is how the game is played.

Go Shanghai.

Miss Bangs is a girl I met in my city in the Spring. We had one date. I took her to the art museum. And then back to my house. Made out a bit and then took her to dinner (which was a great time). She was strangely quiet on the ride home in my truck after dinner… and after another solid makeout in my place (and my hand up her shirt into Nipple Country), she took off back to the hostel where she as staying.

Believe me I tried to get her to stay. She had more than recovered from the quiet post-dinner ride and left super happy… but I couldn't quite understand the mix of joy and the urge to leave. I'd never seen anything exactly like that before. She left to continue her tour of the US the next day. And then back home to China… she lives in Tianjin, about 700 miles from Shanghai.

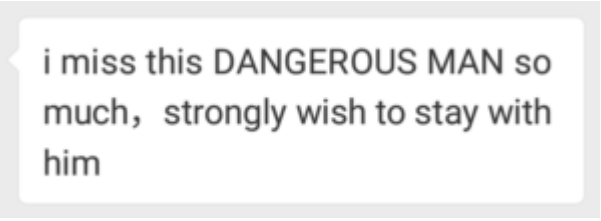
In the months that followed that date, I have also been surprised at how often she would contact me. I have dated enough tourists to know they are often "one and done." Despite rumors to the contrary, girls aren't as romantic as Disney might suggest.

But Miss Bangs would often initiate chats with me… usually once a week. No pretense, just "love letters" from across the sea. Really sweet messages.

> MISS BANGS: good evening dear beast, send my miss to you :)

And with that ^ particular message, she also sent a pic she made. A "split screen" of her on the left and picture of a wolf on the right (the Wolf, of course, is supposed to be me). So damn charming. She and I have been trading "Beauty and the Beast" sentiments since she left. Her, the Lovely Girl… me, the Dangerous Beast. It's been cute, but the "I am dangerous" frame has allowed me to maintain some sexual tension.

It was from within that frame that I told her I was coming to China… and also offered to bring her in to see me… as long as she was okay with "staying with a Dangerous Beast."



Her response ^.

On Day #8 of this trip… I will have a "long game" lead delivered to me, for a three-day, two-night date. There is some risk in a plan like this… but I have some experience with long dates with brand new girls in scenarios very similar to this one. (Although, I've never had a girl delivered to me in foreign country before. Another daygame "first.")

I am excited. I'd like to get my cock in this girl. And have her little body next to mine in my bed for a few nights.

And more than that, I'd also like the view of Shanghai that she can help me see as a native.

I have my territory fairly well locked down for this stage of the trip. But she can speak the language, she can explain things to me. We'll go on some adventures that I might not otherwise take if I didn't have a "two day girlfriend" to enjoy them with (and to help with translation).

You never know how something like this will go. But I am increasingly capable of leading women…

…so I am going to find out.

There is more to say, but that is enough for now.

I have been here a week. I am feeling settled in… at the level of knowing where I am, where to eat, where to get my laundry done… all that. My place is set up to be a perfect place to spend some quality time with lovely girls… and to get them naked… assuming that I can earn the favor of the gods that rule the pulse of street seduction.

All hail the Daygame Gods.

> "We have a right to our labor, but not to the fruits of our labor."
> — Krishna

A man DOES have the right to his labor. That is another way of saying: If you want to go talk to girls… there is no one stopping you, but you.

And if you can put in the work to do this in a foreign country, you'll have earned the right to that as well. This daygamer, a white beast from California, is increasingly excited about the potential of this "little Chinese village,"

and the girls that line the sidewalks and side streets of the FFC.

I will do my part. I will hit the streets. I will hunt. I will meet the Daygame Gods on the sidewalk and show them all I have done to earn my place in the battlefield that is the SMP. Perhaps there will be no fruit from my labor. But I will do what daygamers do. I will have my logistics on point. I will work my craft.

And I will talk to girls.

The rest… is up to the Gods.

Viva daygame.

SH: Mercenary Sex in Shanghai, +1 Nightgame

Nash · 25 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I am a daygamer. Committed. I almost never even try to score via nightgame. And I wasn't trying this time either. I was tired. I was looking to have a beer and write a bit. But I could see the potential of the set-up in my first minute in the bar. And after we finished our drinks… I took her home and fucked her. Why? Because I could.

When I woke up I was amused… but also a little disgusted.

She wasn't cute. That's what I am trying to say.

> NASH: Had sex with a not-so-hot girl from Hong Kong
> NASH: We'll call her a low 6
> NASH: Nightgame… which was not my intention
> NASH: But there you have it

I sent this ^ to Runner the next morning.

It was a weird night. That next morning I did what I often do in a situation like that… I checked the trash can to see if the condom was where I left it. It was. Yes. It really happened.

When I arrived I took a quick look around the lounge, and then went straight to the bar. I was standing, squeezed between the high seats of the bar itself, trying to get some attention from the bartenders. The service was slow, and that gave me a lot of time to notice her. And for her to notice me.

She was a year or three over 30. Not hideous, but certainly not beautiful. And not even what I could call cute.

"Cute" can be earned, even on a very "low-average" girl, if she is at all charming or girly. This girl was posting a low showing in all of those categories. She was dressed comfortable and her style was in the range of "cool." And her hair was nice enough. I couldn't see that much of her body as she sat on her bar stool. And while I could see the potential of creating some attraction in her, I dismissed that idea right away.

I like Asian girls. But not ALL Asian girls.

But as I waited at the bar (and finally got my order in) she had turned her body to open herself up to me. And she was smiling. And I instinctively gave her a confident "hi" when she looked at me. And she took that as an opening and started asking me questions while she fondled her freshly mixed margarita… and complained about the salt.

As I mentioned in the comments I made to Runner, she is from Hong Kong. She was in Shanghai for business, and comes here about once or twice per month. She was very "Western"… which isn't the part of Asian girls I find attractive.

The only parts of this "seduction" (if you can call it that) that I appreciate are the technical aspects.

I see it now as I saw it then… as an exercise in the analysis and execution of an opportunity. And a test of how a man might handle the logistics of a situation like this one (he wanted to). I rarely claim that sex for a man is "easy," but this certainly wasn't hard. It was an "easy puzzle" to solve… assuming a man has experience solving puzzles. That's how I looked at it.

She… is a somewhat jaded "business girl." Typical single "working girl" that bought the standard "go girl" life plan. She is right at "the wall" in the SMP, and her SMV is falling precipitously. And while she was buzzed and smiling, and pleasant at some level, she would steer the conversation toward criticism at each turn.

As I write this, that emphasis on the negative, the cynicism… that might be the hallmark trait of current trends in Western Girl psychology. Even for girls born and raised in Asia… with enough exposure to the "rot of the West," the can exhibit these unattractive qualities.

(SIDE NOTE: My wing Sundance and I spend a lot of time talking about how (at least for us) daygame doesn't get us laid with local girls in our city back at home. And mostly not with Western girls. And this could be part of why that seems to be true: When a Western girl feels out your approach… she can only see it through "mud colored" glasses. She sees the negative aspects, not the upside. It's the culture. The "battle of the sexes." The surface hostility. The innate skepticism toward what has otherwise been a timeless and cooperative dance between men and women. Maybe… maybe all that is true.)

> "When she looks at a doughnut, all she can see is the hole."
> — My buddy Natural (about an ex-girlfriend of his)

That ^ is a good line. And it applies well to this girl.

The first bit of game with Miss HK Business was controlling the conversation. Each time she would start down some vaguely negative train of thought I would cut her off, and put us back on a path that would be more enjoyable for both of us.

EX: She would find some reason to hate the food in Shanghai. Complain, complain. I knew better. I had only been here four days at this point, and with limited local knowledge I was already eating well. I would point out several cool places where I had had a delicious meal. And before she could build toward an argument, I would take over the frame… and say that the reason she didn't like the food is that she didn't have a cool guy to show her where the good spots where.

That ^ kind of twist would make her smile. She wasn't "cute," not even then… but I was bringing out a better side of her (a side I could enjoy). This is the kind of "date orchestration" I have learned from wrangling so many random girls over the last few years.

In general, I ran a pretty good blend of competent confidence and arrogant cockiness. That is a good mix for attraction. And she was liking it.

And I have been on enough dates to know how to steer things toward an intimate, sexual vibe. I did that above when I could turn a complaint about food to an image of "being with a cool guy." I put that suggestion in her head. And once I was there, there was no room to complain (at least for a few seconds) and she was having a better time. So was I.

In this case, since I knew she was a "career girl," and travelled a lot, and I have dated girls like Miss Lips that also move from city to city often, I assumed she either a.) had a LOT of sexual stories from her travels, and/or b.) had a

hard time having a stable, committed boyfriend back at home. In retrospect, I think I was right about both.

As she was making some other negative comment about travelling, I cut her off again:

> NASH: Yeah, yeah, yeah… hold on
> NASH: So you travel a lot?
> HER: Yeah…
> NASH: Does that mean you're really good at finding connection wherever you are?
> NASH: Or that it's hard to have stable relationships when you're at home?

It was an easy cold read. I could tell by the change in her face that I had effectively got her off her own script. And… I had moved the conversation from "complaining about travel" into a discussion of mating and dating… a much better frame.

She was a couple of drinks in before I sat down, and I was dead sober at the start of all this. I had ordered a beer and shot, but she was well ahead of me. And each time I successful controlled the interaction, her face would show me I had scored a point in the rapidly slurring tally in her head.

I was winning. Girls want someone that is "better than them" (credit: Patrice O'Neal). And she was "losing control." Because of the alcohol, yes. But also because a man was dominating her. And she was liking it. And I knew she would. Girls can relax when they're not in charge. That is the whole point of a "better man." And why modern "in charge" girls are so uptight so much of the time.

Another part of this scene that I liked was having a participant's eye-view of how "disinterest" works in action.

I am hyper critical of wannabe "Dark Triad" guys that think they can use disinterest as a STRATEGY to get laid. You cannot throw disinterest at a girl and create attraction. That's not how it the mechanism works. That is the POV of "keyboard jockey" guys that often have little experience… or guys that DO know success… but are so "natural" they can't analyze their own actions.

Disinterest (like many of the non-romantic techniques in game) "works" because it is a SIDE EFFECT of something else. It's like momentum, rather than the initial SOURCE of a sexual thrust. It is fuel, not fire. In this case, she was attracted to me. And I could lead well. That was the foundational VALUE that made my dismissiveness work with her.

This whole case study is out of character for me… I don't try to run this kind of game. Which is again, why it worked. My disinterest was not a strategy to "get the girl." I was actually disinterested. Because I can do better. And I know it. And she knew that I knew it. That… is why it "worked." Side effect.

I have tried to game girls before that I didn't like that much… but it's rare. That is not what I am in game for… to "bang sluts I don't like." I don't do much of that, and for a man like me, that would be an unfulfilling way to spend my time. I want to be romantic with charming, feminine, "nice girls." This case was a rare exercise in something different. And it gave me a chance to run game from a POV I rarely occupy.

As I stepped on her frame over and over… she leaned in. She is plenty smart, and likely successful, but it is my view that "success" is not what guys really want in a woman. And she is not "in demand." So she likely has moderately low self-esteem when it comes to dating and sex (at this point in her life, at least)… as the SMP sends her signals that she isn't really the "buyer" as much as she used to be. She is getting "one down" signals from the marketplace at this stage of her life. And I think girls like her respond better to this flavor of game.

Again… not my usual style.

Even if this worked well on the darling, wonderful girls I like to spend my time with… there is more than one way to seduce a pussy cat. And I would rather specialize in what I call Octopus Game (a more romantic path to getting my tentacles up a girls skirt). There is still push/pull in my game, but less "darkness." I want to specialize in game

that is more “win/win.”

Anyway… at some point, I moved on to the next stage of the night’s mission… I push my work bag out of the way, and changed seats so we were side by side. I was asking her about exercise, and she is a bit of gym girl, so she was happy to talk about working out. So I used a pretense of “feeling her arm” to reach in and start touching her. And she took it well. Not sweet or demure, but highly complaint. And I did my usually trick of flexing my bicep and making her feel it as a bit of a sexual spike. And that worked too. (That is a surprisingly effective spike.).

If one of you guys were watching from one of the nearby tables… it would have been very obvious what was going down. (Particularly when I switched seats). It was conspicuously obvious to me.

I walked into this bar at 11 PM. It closed at midnight. I had finished my whiskey and was almost done with my beer… and she had half of that salty margarita left. She got up to go to the bathroom. When she came back, I was paying my tab. She gulped down the rest of that drink. She probably didn’t need it

I said, “Let’s go.” And she followed.

I am not claiming any great game here. This was “paint by numbers” seduction. But getting her alone was the next phase… the logistics of getting her isolated. An opportunity to practice more direct leadership.

About ten minutes earlier I had used the bathroom as well. And on the way back, I asked myself if I wanted to fuck this girl. And I was not at all excited about it, but I felt I could. I was aiming to kiss her (at very least), for the ego boost… and to pad the details of my trip with another story.

We walked into the elevator together, and as the doors closed behind us we were alone. I said, “c’mere.” I stepped in with the intent to kiss her. And she rejected me… but there was no conviction in her rebuke.

As we hit the sidewalk, I teased her about not kissing me, and I told her I was sure she was ready, and I went in again. She was saying “no,” but she put her arms around my neck… and one minute later the kiss landed.

Kissing her wasn’t bad, actually. Big lips. And a wet juicy mouth. That might have been the best part of the whole night.

She was staying at a hotel about a three minute walk from where the bar was located. And my place was about 15 minutes further away by foot. We walked that direction.

She was swaying a bit from the alcohol. I kissed her again. She was in no hurry, enjoying herself. She invited me to her hotel. I was committed to trying to fuck her at this point.

I had my work bag with me. And I ALWAYS keep condoms in it… but I had taken them out to fuck Smart Girl last week before I left on this trip… and never put them back. And I was embarrassed with myself for not being prepared the one time I could have used them. On this particular night… I wasn’t planning to fuck. But being ill-prepared could have cost me the lay (even if this was purely sport on my part).

But I had some at my house, which was a few minutes away. I told her she was coming to my place. She lingered as we passed her hotel… and she complained the whole way to my apartment… but she kept walking… and laughing. And holding my hand. I was leading and she was having a good time.

As we made it to my place… she was impressed. As I said in my last post, I had changed apartments and this was my second (“new and improved”) place in Shanghai. I was glad to see the approval on her face… not so much for her, but as an indication as to how other girls might like my Shanghai lair.

No pretense… straight to the bedroom. I peeled her clothes off… and she was even less attractive naked than fully clothed. I don’t think I have ever said that about a girl before. Not terrible, but not impressive either. And her lack of cuteness robbed me of any chance of enjoying her for purely feminine reasons. If there was anything notable about her at this point it was her rather huge nipples… like small brown mushrooms. I have never seen nipples that big before.

But she was into it. No… I didn't go down on her. I kissed her. She was a mix of irritable and eager, trying to get me to hurry up and fuck her. I sucked those big mushrooms for a bit and she was trying to get my cock inside her… even though I wasn't hard, and didn't have a condom on (yet).

I brushed her hands away from me. I lifted myself off the bed… I took one of the world's best condoms from out of the closet across the room… got myself hard… and…

+1 nightgame.

Fucked her for a bit, and then came all over her tits. Grotty. And unsatisfying. But as Runner said after I message him the next morning:

> RUNNER: Still counts!

Yes it does. If a guy has fucked a lot of girls, he probably has some stories like this. And if he's a nightgame guy… probably several.

And then… she very much wanted to pass out in my bed. And… unlike any story on this blog… I didn't want that at all.

As I wrote this, I remembered a similar story from Rivelino. I asked him for a quote and he sent me this:

> "I was inside her, banging her — her pussy was tight and wet — but I hadn't even come yet, and I was already brainstorming ways to kick her out of my apt!"
> — Rivelino ("was it worth it?")

Yeah. It was basically like that

I told Miss HK Business that I had an early meeting (which I did), and she couldn't stay. She was still drunk, and was acting like a little kid, trying to be "so sleepy" I couldn't get her out of my place.

But I kept prodding her. And she got up and casually rinsed my spunk off her chest in the shower. And I stuffed her back in her clothes and walked her back to her place.

She was pretty happy, actually. Despite being drunk and tired, she seemed to like the walk home better than the walk to my place. She stopped to smile at me, and kiss me, a few times. She laughed at my stories.

At the time, it seemed as if in those few sloppy moments in my apartment, I had fucked all the cynicism out of this girl. And what was left was maybe the cutest part of her I saw all night. It was pretty bad sex, but maybe it had scratched some kind of basic itch for her.

It was kind of fun to wave to the people at the front desk of her hotel on the way up to her room. But once I had her inside, she was looking more messy and exhausted. It was 1 AM. She was complaining of a headache. I got her back out of her clothes. I made her drink some water. She asked me to stay. It was a request, but she wasn't needy. I tucked her in. I stayed with her for a minute or two… kissed her "low six" forehead. I shut off the lights.. and I left.

I gave the desk crew a thumbs up on my way out. It was my version of a "victory lap" for winning a race nobody wanted to watch.

I was amused and vaguely proud. I had run through this hook-up like a man who knew what he was doing. Because I do know what I am doing. And I didn't like the girl much at all, but I got her home safely. And I showed some care for her. If she remembered any of that the next morning, that might have made a difference to her. In any case, it made a difference to me… the man I want to be takes care of the girls in his life.

It was about 1:30 AM as I left her hotel room. I was home by 1:45. From the first moment I walked into the bar to when I was home, alone, ready to wash the events of the night off of me (and any remnants of her off my cock), less

than three hours had elapsed.

Grotty… but efficient.

This was mercenary sex. I didn't do it for love. Or for country. I did it for the notch. And to watch the mechanics of seduction run once more. It was seedy, but it was another step toward mastery. And seeing more of the full spectrum of human sexual relations.

And I fucked her to tell this story. I fucked her… so you wouldn't have to. I did it all for you.

Did I message her the next day? Would I fuck her again this trip if she was in town… if nothing else works out for me… if I was horny enough??

Nope. I couldn't, even if I wanted to (which I don't). I never took her contact info. And I never asked her name. And she never asked me for mine. It was that kind of thing.

This is not the type of post you should expect on this blog. It's not my style. And she's not the kind of girl with which I want to spend my time.

But… in filthy kind of way… it was a good experience. And my first notch of the trip.

Viva… nightgame?

SH: Long Game and Miss Bangs, +1 Shanghai

Nash · 28 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I am wrapping up the first week of my trip to daygame in Shanghai, China. I have hit the streets. I have talked to a lot of beautiful Chinese girls. I have taken a bunch of numbers. I scored a grotty nightgame lay (which was a surprise, but it happened). And now a daygame lay… but I didn't meet her on this trip and she isn't a "new" girl. She is +1 for daygame, but she's a long lead… a girl I met, and dated (but never closed) back in my home city in April of this year.

The weekend was another great experience in the Days of Game. And another chapter in my exploration of the minds and bodies of these many lovely girls.

We'll call this one Miss Bangs.

When I got back from Japan this year, I took a break for a week or two, then I started a 60-day streak where I hit the streets to daygame every day. At first, I was going to do 30 days… or until I got laid… whatever happened first. I didn't get laid until I was 35 days into that experiment (she was also a Chinese girl)… and once I'd hit 35 days, I wanted to see how long I could keep up my "daygame streak."

Once I'd gotten through that first 30+ days, my "luck" improved. I fucked three other girls in the next month, all from that streak. My affair with Smart girl was part of that bounty. As was my very patient close of Miss Slow. And then… a delayed close with The Assistant.

Along with the lays from that cluster of activity, I'd had (of course) several other dates and (a couple of near misses).

One of my favorite near misses was Miss Bangs.

At first I thought she might be Japanese.

At about 5'3″, she is not short, but she was somehow tiny. Very petite, with surprising curves. And her legs (wrapped in tight, stretchy fabric) were extraordinary. She had a huge smile on her face as I passed her (and that alone would have been enough to get me to approach). And her hair…

She has perfect hair. It's thick as an oil slick and twice as shiny. Not super long, but it passes into the length that starts to register as "special," and certainly feminine. So healthy. And the impact of the long, vertical strands are aided by the abrupt crop of her bangs above her pretty eyes.

She is near 30 years old… not a teenager, but her own kind of stunning. For me, she is high 7. And if I had met her 10 years ago, I bet I would have been looking at a solid 8.

I have been with her all weekend. And while we are a conspicuous couple (a lovely Chinese girl with a older American man) and have attracted a lot of attention… all on her own she gets checked out a lot. By guys and girls.

She was hot, and with a mix of intimidation and sexual excitement, I stopped the pretty girl from China.

While the dazzling smile that had first caught my eye persisted, the first thing I noticed about her was the playful tilt of her head and the sparkle in her eye. She liked being picked up.

We had a pleasant chat. And I remember having that feeling of being perhaps a little bit "lucky" that I was in the company of such a high-quality woman. Not "lucky" in the sense that I put her on a pedestal (and myself, beneath her). But "lucky" in the sense of gratitude. Like the way you feel "lucky" when the weather is especially beautiful.

I took her contact details.

And perhaps the next day… I took her on my classic museum date. We strolled through the space of white walls and modern masterpieces. We chatted. The art was inspiring, but the venue was an excuse to enjoy each other's company for a while.

When the museum closed at 5 PM, I took her to my neighborhood for tea. We collected our warm beverages. And then I walked her around the corner to my place. We said hello to my little beasts. It was in my kitchen (as always) that I kissed her for the first time… and she took it. And I wondered then if I should try to get her clothes off (which is something I dearly wanted to do), or take her to dinner, and bring her back afterwards for another makeout and perhaps more.

To act immediately? Or to relax and let it unfold?

I took her across the bridge to one of the places I always take dates. And then…

She was oddly quiet on the way back to my place. Her English isn't perfect, but we had been chatting fine. Suddenly, as we rode in my truck back to my place, I had to put more energy into the conversation to keep it flowing.

When we arrived back at my apartment… she still had that odd "uptight" quality. I didn't know what to make of it. (While I assumed she knew I was going to try to fuck her, I wasn't at all over-eager.) She was speaking more quickly and there was none of the romantic languor there might be in a situation like this one.

She asked if we could "look at pictures." I laughed. I knew it was an attempt to slow (or neutralize) the seduction. But I was okay with that. I showed her some photos. We chatted. I was sitting close to her and touching her often, and in a familiar way. And after a bit we were standing up… and as that is a great position to kiss a girl, I went in again and she took it with warmth.

I felt her getting more and more heated up, more and more into it, the resistance was gone and she was showing me passion. It felt on. And then… she stopped.

And she looked at me in an adoring way. And she told me how happy she was. And I believed her. It was great, but there was something a bit out of place. She smiled, gave me a big enthusiastic hug, and said she had to go.

What? Really?

I questioned her briefly and the smile never left her face. It was this incongruent combination of genuinely having an exciting and romantic time, mixed with verbals that said she would leave. I said, "are you sure?" I wasn't at all upset, but I was confused. She gave me an award-winning smile and said yes, she was going to go. Incongruently happy, but determined to leave. I told her that was fine. I could send her home in a car… but "what I really wanted to do is take you down the hall and 'kiss you all over.'"

I told her she was welcome to spend the night. And she loved all this, but cheerfully and energetically gave me the warmest rejection of my life.

I sent her home. After she was gone, I had no wisdom that could help me make sense of it. So I had a beer. I laughed. I chalked it up to another odd moment in "the adventures of a daygamer."

> NASH: I can still taste your mouth on my lips
> NASH: You are delicious
> HER: you are gentle
> HER: and attentive to me

We sent these messages after she left that night. I laugh about them here, as this in not the kind of thing a man usually shows other men when he wants to brag. But I think knowing that this is how she and I left things helps explain the rest of the story.

We exchanged several more messages as she finished her tour of the US, including this one:

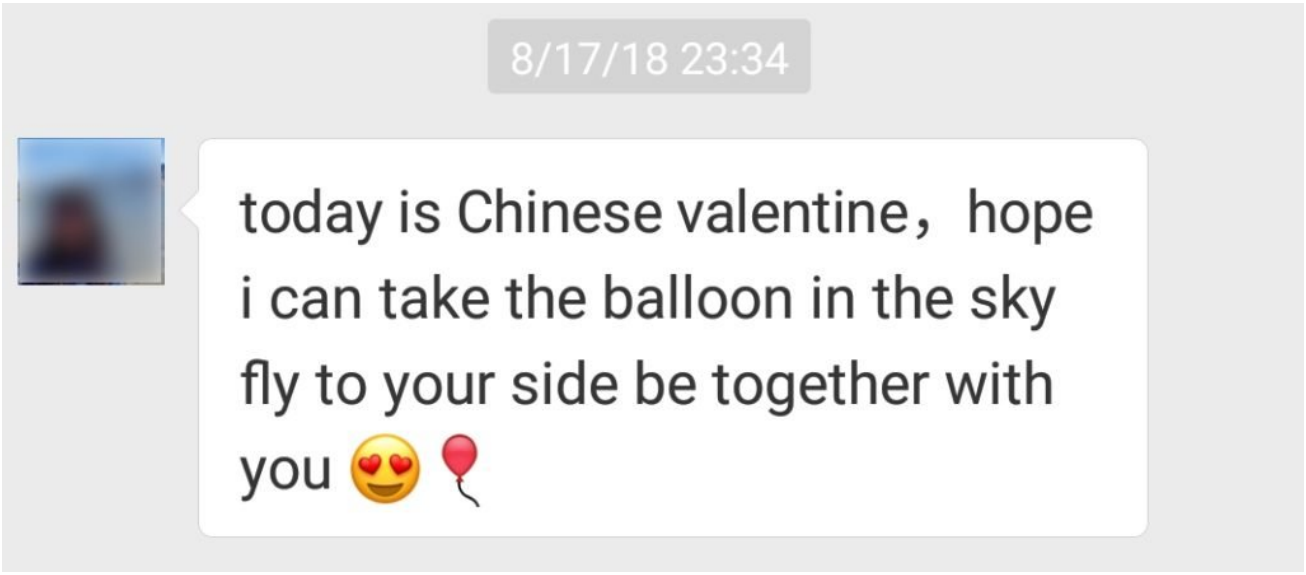
> HER: hi beast, I do not know why that I start to miss you
> HER: hope someday we can have vacation only us

And she sent me this ^ Beauty and the Beast image via WeChat. That is a perfect frame for seduction, in my view. And it would become a theme for us, but I didn't know it then.

I assumed my brief romance with her – like so many nights with lovely tourist girls – was over. Like a shooting star. Remarkable. Memorable. But as random as it was wonderful. And…gone in a flash.

But that wasn't the end of it.

She returned to China, and the messages from her continued.



What a great ^ line. Wow.

This came out of nowhere that day in August. Of course it made my day… particularly as it happened to land in my life in the middle of a Summer Famine.

And then, a week later:

> HER: hi□beast how are you□
> HER: i really hope can be together with you□.
> HER: Do you wish to see me again in your city or somewhere□
> HER: i miss you so much after i back to China
> HER: as i know you are really a nice guy and who has interesting soul
> HER: You are a surprise to me□as sometimes some strangers will try to talk to me and i will say “i am just a visitor ”politely then a smile conversation over
> HER: but you are different
> HER: The night together with you□i am happy you tell me much interesting things
> HER: drive me through the bridge□take me to delicious indian dinner but you eat little□
> HER: and you are so humours and so care about me
> HER: **while i am also a little frightened and in period by coincidence□**
> HER: by now□i can tell that you are good enough
> HER: i wish more time together with you.

That ^ came mostly out of the blue after I posted some travel pics on WeChat (it has a social media function, a bit like Facebook).

And “good enough.” That makes me laugh. I take that is a real compliment… filtered through imperfect English.

But notice this:

> HER: while i am also a little frightened and in period by coincidence□

That ^ explains the end of our first date.

She was a yes girl (or at least fully seduced). Seemingly “yes” to sex, even if she was “a little frightened.” But it was the anticipation of me potentially trying to fuck her while she was on her period that made the drive home so awkward. It explains why I had her so happy that night, but she took off anyway.

Sometimes you wonder forever what a girl was thinking in a particular situation. Other times… with a message like the one above… she tells you everything you need to know.

Meanwhile, I had been planning this trip to Shanghai… to explore… and to try my game in a place even more "unknown" than Japan. And I had been practicing Mandarin. And I booked my flight and an AirBnB apartment. And then, with travel arranged, I secured my Visa.

Just as I had these travel aspects completed, she sent me this:

> HER: Today i talked you to my best friend that the nice guy i met in America and i feel happy when i thinking about you
> HER I wish to see you in October (the begining of October we have several days holiday)
> HER: if you are not in China then (from tianjin to shanghai about 5 hours by fast train)i can go to your city to see you-my love beast❤

Over the last few months, she has sent me notes like this (always initiating) about once every week or so. I wake up on those mornings and they are the first thing I see on my phone (as her day is ahead of mine, due to time zones). So cute, and nothing needy about this girl's vibe at all. This flavor of "openhearted" romance… was so unguarded… so charming.

At this point she had mentioned seeing me again several times. While I took it mostly as playful fantasy (for both of us), I was beginning to seriously consider it.

I would be in her country. She doesn't live in Shanghai, she lives in Tianjin (700 miles away). But as she messaged me all summer, the possibility of having her join me in Shanghai sounded better and better.

> NASH: When my trip gets closer, let's talk about flying you to Shanghai…
> NASH: Maybe the train takes too long. We can fly you in for a weekend maybe???

Other than when I molested her in my apartment a bit on our first date, we hadn't been explicitly sexual. Did she know what she was in for?

I don't like the idea of visiting a girl for sex… not unless it is super on, preferably when you've already fucked her and more sex is explicit. This relationship hadn't met that standard. Without being overly crude, I wanted to make my sexual intent clear and out in the open.

This wasn't a "transaction." It wasn't as if I was "paying for her to come to Shanghai" and she was agreeing to fuck me as a consequence. I assumed the passion was mutual. But I wanted to hear her say it.

> NASH: That is IF… You're not afraid to stay with a DANGEROUS MAN!!

I figured that ^ would do it. And it did:

> HER: i miss this DANGEROUS MAN so muchstrongly wish to stay with him

Okay. That's pretty clear.

Here is some of what was on my mind as I coordinated with her to book the trip:

> These kinds of plans are RISKY.
>
> Can you manage a girl you barely know for a "2 day date?" Is the expense justified? Would it have been better for me to use that time to hunt local girls? I don't know.
>
> I am DIVERSIFYING: Local Girls + Long Lead = Good basis for a GAME TRIP
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) October 7, 2018

This ^ was my rationale as I weighed the plan.

I loved the vibe with this girl, but this is a complicated thing… hosting a girl you don't know very well for a weekend, trying to fuck her, and to manage the emotions (hers and your own) over several days.

Was this a good idea?

And if I, as a man, want to assume responsibility for everything that happens in my life… was I up to this challenge? Could I lead her all weekend? Could I pull it off in a city I barely knew?

> HER: When you arrived I wish to be your side in a second
> HER: I miss this DANGEROUS MAN so much, strongly wish to stay with him
> NASH: No!
> NASH: First I have to get settled and learn my neighborhood
> NASH: Then…
> NASH: The Beauty can arrive, and I can take care of us.

Me ^… coaching myself.

> HER: Yeah, you will be a good learner to adapt to life in China

Her… supporting her man. So feminine. That is perfect.

> HER: miss your holding , touching and kiss , and I am ready for your eating
> NASH: Ahhh! Haha
> NASH: I think you are ready
> HER: sure!

Looking good.

When she arrived she looked… amazing.

I'm on "no fap" on this trip, but I had just gotten off inside the nightgame ONS two nights earlier. I was not pent up, but I was feeling good. I had been working out. I was sexually charged. And she had been sending me tame (but enticing) pics of her (from the shoulder up), as she laid in bed in her "sleeping dress."

The night before she arrived, I dreamt of her, hard as marble all night in anticipation.

As she arrived, I brought her into my place. We dropped off her bag and I kissed her. Then I took her out of the place immediately… to take a walk, and catch up, and connect a bit. We sipped Chinese fruit drinks. The vibe was good. And she wanted to hold my hand.

After our walk I took her home. I pulled her into the bedroom… and we made out for an hour or two. This was all purposeful.

I wanted to fuck her, but I was in no hurry. I knew I could do it at any time, she would follow my lead, but I also knew I had all weekend. We rolled around together on my rented bed. Talking. Kissing. My hands were all over her, but I kept her clothes on… I told her I would fuck her after dinner. And she smiled.

We had a delicious Japanese dinner that night. The place was so close to my house that we could walk to and from. She doesn't really drink at all, so she sipped half a glass of plum wine through the meal. I had a whiskey. The food… was extraordinary. Great experience.

When we got home… she wanted to shower. In my experience, girls in Asia always take a shower before bed… and she did. She didn't want to shower with me, and I laughed at her about that. And she emerged from the bathroom in a long, somewhat conservative nightgown. She looked beautiful. I walked her into the bedroom.

The mood was anticipatory, but light. I was happy. So was she. I asked if she was nervous and she said no, and I believe her. And after a whole afternoon of making out, we were super comfortable together. We made out some more, the tension built. I got that dress off right away… I started to enjoy her body.

While everything about this girl is explicitly "natural" (that is a theme in her life), she shaves her pussy. Which was a surprise. I know most guys would prefer that, but I am happy with Asian girls in their "natural state."

After I ate that recently shaved pussy (which I love to do), and listened to the soft noises she made as she squirmed beneath my face, I got up and grabbed one of the world's best condoms…

As I went to put my cock inside her… it was a bit of a challenge. I am not a super big guy, but trying to fuck this girl gave me the experience of having a bigger cock than I actually have. And she showed some alert as she lay on her back, and as I, on my knees, went to split her open. And she put her hands on my arms and told me "go slow" (which was the only way I could go). And it took about 5 minutes to slowly work myself in… a bit at a time… her pretty face showing some alarm with each additional bit of depth… kissing her… pausing to let her breathe… until…

+1 daygame.

My first notch from a long lead. A delicious girl. And the sex was… extraordinary.

I can't be certain why she likes me as much as she does.

I have a decent sized ego. I have earned my experience as a seducer and I know what I am doing at this stage of my game. I know I took particularly good care of this girl and I gave her a solid performance as a man… not only sexually, but in general… from the pickup… to that first date… to the long-distance romance via WeChat messages… to the moment I came inside her.

But she is unique in that she "reaches back" at me. She doesn't lead, but she plays her role as the other half of our momentum. She is so feminine. So charming. And so much a co-conspirator in the seduction. It's not that she is "nasty" about it (which I also like, but that is not really her). It is that openhearted quality in her. And she wanted this as much as I did.

We fucked slow. And we stared into each other's eyes. And I pinned her arms over her head. And I matched my breathing to hers, and my thrusts to our breath.

And she is so off-the-scale tight that it's not easy to pound into her… but we did some of that. And mostly focused on going deep.. physically, yes, but even more so emotionally. And her mouth would pop open as I went as deep as I could. And after several rounds of this… building toward my orgasm… than backing off… kissing… more deep thrusting… backing off… after 20 minutes or so… as connected with our eyes as we were with our bodies… I

came inside her.

> "We should see VIRTUOUS DESIRE.. as a process, in which each party brings… the other to the surface of his body, so as to unite with him there."
> — Roger Scruton

We had most definitely "united" and it was marvelous. Not the most hard core sex of my life, but certainly some of the best "first time" sex I have ever had.

That two hours before dinner… where I intentionally didn't fuck her… was such a good idea. That was maybe my biggest reference experience of this seduction. That intentionally drawn out pre-sexual orientation. Learning more about each others bodies. About the pace in which we would meet. That was the basis for the "emotionally rich sex."

This "connection sex" (what Deida might call "sexual yoga") is the most exciting part of game for me right now. It was why Miss Thick and I were such an epic "thing." And it was part of what made my time with the Japanese Mormon Virgin so unforgettable (the way I handled her when she freaked out when I tried to fuck her in the middle of the night). And then again when I used connection to patiently "open" Miss Slow the first time I got my cock inside her. And it was this same "connection" that made my last time with Smart Girl so "deep" and naggingly powerful (she has been on my mind this whole trip).

I am still into notches (very much so). And I like the surface/physical part of sex very much. And I have no judgment for anyone here (ONS, pump and dump, it's all valid)… but this "connected sex" is increasingly a primary goal of my efforts in game.

Sex. Yes. With multiple girls per year.

But along with the other parts I am trying to master… I very much want to master this "soul fuck" thing, the deep eye contact, the connection.

Miss Bangs gave me all that… our very first time. Amazing.

We slept very close all night… better, and more intimate than I could have expected. And then had coffee. And I took her to lunch. And we took Shanghai trains to Shanhai places. And bummed around.

In the afternoon… I took her home. I wanted her. And I wasn't sure if I would fuck her before or after dinner. She is not aggressive at all, and it would be whenever I wanted. She is bright, and quite confident, but endlessly feminine.

We laid on the bed, and rolled about and slowly heated up… and we did the "soul fuck" thing again. This time… she was 5% more confident. She also tried to get me put my cock inside her without a condom (which surprised me). I wore one like always (no surprise there). And I fucked her a little harder. And she would alternate between soft moans, intense eye contact… and occasionally giggles as I would slow us down… or shift positions.

We had dinner that night some place more casual. And then ice cream. All of this was on foot. I tried to take her for a drink… but she wasn't that interested. She said she'd rather talk to me at home.

She fell asleep on my chest.

At one point she came out of the bathroom in a black bra and panties. She has an exceptional body. Small "b" boobs, which on her tiny frame look bigger than they are. They don't have the bounce of a teenager, but they have a

near perfect shape. She is thin, but with a ideal hip-to-waist ratio. And her legs… are exquisite. They are almost one-size bigger than the rest of her, which makes her seem a little more curvy than skinny… even as she is likely around 100 lbs.

As she came out of the bathroom in the bra and panties… she took my breath away. I had already fucked her. But that perfect black hair accenting her body… unforgettable.

I tell her things like I am saying here. And I did, at that moment. And each time I say something like this to her… she gives me that playful turn of her head, and says, "thank you!" The same vibe as that day when I first met her on the street. She can give you a look that would be heart-breakingly cute on a girl half as beautiful.

She is the essence of a modest, high self-esteem girl. She is a treasure.

This girl is actually wife material. Not for me (that's not what I want). But so many men would be endlessly lucky to marry a girl like this one.

She leads a quiet life. If it's not obvious… she is an introvert. She tried to argue with me about that a little, but everything she says tells me that it is true.

Last weekend, as I arrived in Shanghai… I pinged her. And she had just seen a movie. And told me she would spend the next day at home.

I asked about her sexual experience, wanting to know when she first kissed a boy… it was after she graduated from university. She had sex with the same boy. They had a one-year relationship.

She has a professional job. She eats at home most nights. She told me she has a "small life circle," which I take to mean she doesn't have that many friends or acquaintances. While I might wish for her to have all the attention in the world (she is worthy of that in my eyes), she is not sad about any of this. It's just her way.

This is the kind of girl that is available, almost exclusively, to daygamers. She's attentive and dead-sexy. And you won't find her in a club or a bar.

She brought a dress to wear. She wouldn't wear it out (it was only for me), and she put it on in the apartment the last night. It was black lace. It came up to her neck, but it was sleeveless, and there were some areas that were mostly transparent. If she wore that dress out for a drink, perhaps in the summer… men would break their own necks to turn at look at her. Hauntingly beautiful… and yet simple, and giggly, and playful.

She has never worn that dress in public. She says she doesn't have enough courage. She tells me… I am the first person to see her in it. Perhaps I am a fool, but I believe her.

She is like a world class painting… on display in some private place. Exquisite. And rarely looked upon.

I don't know what the rest of this trip to Shanghai will bring… but I am so glad I took the risk (and the responsibility) of hosting Miss Bangs on this visit.

She is a marvelous girl.

I increasingly call myself a "romantic." And this was a deeply romantic episode in my "book of girls." It was built on practical lessons, logistics, and hard work. But with that done… it was slow… and I gave that girl incredible, high-quality attention all weekend. And she gave it all back. And she gave me her body. And she did so with joy.

> HER: dear beast, do not be sad
> HER: i not away from you

> HER: my heart open to you and left for you❤
> HER i am so happy this weekend with you
> HER: thank you what you have done and care for me

I love to post lay reports. They are good for my ego. And they keep me relevant in terms of being an “active,” and successful, seducer.

But when I get a “review” like that… this whole stage of my life gets richer. I want to know myself. I want to know women. I want to know mating and dating at a level of “intimacy” only a “first hander” can know.

This is how I get there. One beautiful, romantic seduction at a time.

Viva daygame.

SH: Pixie Girl and the Psychology of a 19 Year Old Virgin, +0

Nash · 21 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I kissed six girls on my trip to Shanghai. And fucked three of them. And this girl… I never got to taste. Not her mouth. Not her body. But she and I had such an unusual time together. She has a high score for me in my "Book of Girls" and my experiences in Game. This story is about her.

It is a messy story. And it's complicated. And it surprised me… several times. I am going to show a lot of the dialog between she and I. And you'll see me say some cheesy stuff. And some of it is lame. But much of it was not. And in many ways it was a real pleasure for me to review the WeChat transcript between she and I.

It's been a week since I've been home… but looking at the thread between us, I can feel the sharpness of her mind, even here in California… so many hundreds of miles across the sea.

I know I taught her some things. But this story is also about my education. About what I learned from this girl… as she and I met and "battled" deep in the heart of the sexual marketplace.

We met on October 29th. That is when the WeChat record between she and I began.

I had finished a daygame session. She was girl number 13 (of 15) for the day. Here are the notes I wrote about her after I picked her up:

> #13. Pixie. Heavy IOI. I tried to talk to her, poor English. She came back to find me. Super on.

That is about right.

I thought I was done for the night. I was in a bakery, and she was on the other side of the window. We seemed to spot each other at the same moment. There was an intense gravity between us.

I ran around the side of the building and there she was. And she exhibited a strange, alien calm as I approached. She

stood her ground. And stared at me. We stared at each other.

And the eyes on this girl… she looks at you with the weight of the ocean.

As I said above, I tried to chat her up. But her English was especially bad. So I started just talking to her in English, at a normal speed for me, knowing she had no idea what I was saying. And I told her she was beautiful… because she really is… and we stared some more… and I left.

It was the kind of set where you say, "Goddamn, wow!," as you walk away. I was floored. And I stood on the sidewalk breathing in the warm, polluted air of the Shanghai night… smiling like a retard. Even though I knew it hadn't gone anywhere… It was a great set for me.

But then, there she was. Right in front of me. She chased me down – which was the first time (in about 6,000 approaches) a girl has ever "reopened" me. That has never happened before.

(Could that be a red flag? The thought did occur to me at the time.)

And she stood there. And I got a little closer. And I pushed the force of my gaze deep into the sockets of her eyes… and she didn't blink. She didn't blush. She didn't giggle or step back. She just took it all… and without smiling. A very lovely, but hardcore little girl.

It was heavy. And it was hot. And I wanted to kiss her.

We limped through the next couple of minutes. I talked a bit. We used the translator on my phone.

See is 19. She is a student of business. And she was so beautiful. I like some weird looking girls sometimes (and I'll own that), but this one was amazing to look at. A high seven. I would call her "the girl next store," but she is more than that. She is too calm in the face of such a sexual moment. And her eye contact was too bold, too "clean," too unwavering to be compared to other girls her age.

She is plain, maybe. But very fine. And not at all simple.

I took her number. She messaged first:

> HER: hello
> HER: I want to practice my spoken English.
> HER: by speaking English with you.
> HER: Thanks a lot
> HER: How old are you?
> HER: I am nineteen years old.

That's how it started. She was bold here too.

After a couple of rounds of back and forth, I started after a date:

> NASH: Is your school near where we met?
> HER: Yes
> NASH: I don't want to be your English teacher.
> NASH: :]
> NASH: But I would like to see you again
> NASH: Maybe later this week.
> HER: No problem,
> HER: Maybe we will meet tomorrow

Hmmm. So… this was a little fast for such a young thing. And combined with her chasing me down… I wasn't sure how to read her here? This could be a "yes girl"… or???

I wasn't sure. She was unusual.

I didn't respond to her comment. And based on that "vacuum"… she sent me this:

> HER: Good night.
> HER: May you have a sweet dream

Very cute. But it was a lot for one day. Unusual bold for any girl. And very unusual given the age gap between she and I… and the circumstances by which we met.

I got back after her the next day… and she immediately threw me for a loop.

> NASH: Good morning, Pretty Girl
> NASH: Did you dream of a strong man from California? :]

I played with this "Strong Man" theme all through the trip. But she wasn't in the mood for games or romance on this particular morning:

> HER: no, I just want to find a part-time job now.
> HER: To be honest, I am very hard up

Uhh. Not good. "Hard up" is a weird translation, but it was the underlying direction of her comment that had me feeling guarded immediately.

> NASH: Student life is not easy. Although maybe more fun than a job.
> NASH: Do you have school today?

I tried to deflect off the theme of "money," and steer it into safer waters. Getting away from her wallet… and herding her towards her lifestyle.

> NASH: I am busy for a few days…
> NASH: Maybe you will join me for something to drink later this week.
> HER: one?
> HER: A bunch of people?
> NASH: :] No. Me and you.
> NASH: Do you have school on Thursday?
> HER: yes
> NASH: How about after school on Thursday?
> NASH: What time are you finished with lessons?

There it was… the date invite. I was curious to see if she'd come out. And if we could make something happen if she did.

But here she comes again… no indirectness this time:

> HER: can lend me 200 yuan?
> NASH: Ha
> NASH: Do you think cool boys give money to girls they just met?

I was quick and cocky with my response, but I didn't like this from her at all. It was gross… which sucked for me, because I was interested in her.

200 yuan is only about $30 US, but that's not the point. I'm not mad that girls do this, but it's boring and "low." And if they have to make a run at Sugar Baby Game… I don't want them doing it with me. I am sometimes "Daddy"… but never Sugar Daddy.

So I hit her with that line — "Do you think cool boys give money to girls they just met?" And I really like that as a response. It's not mad. But it's not nervous either. And the phrasing reminds me of what I was pointing at in one of the examples in my "Win Some, Lose Some" post.

Not bad. This girl was already starting to teach me… and we had just begun.

> NASH: If that is all you want… You should find a boring man that wants to pay you

I loved this line, as I said it. I'm kind of trapping her and I both here… where I cannot give her money now… as I have framed that whole behavior as "uncool." It was a good solution.

> HER: no, I don't think so.
> HER: I will return it to you after I get my salary
> HER: we are friends.
> HER: Isn't it?

I vacuumed here again… and she came back with more.

> HER: you have clear blue eyes
> HER: I think you are a very kind and kind-hearted person
> HER: I have no time on Wednesday and Thursday
> HER: But there will be some time this afternoon and tomorrow

She comes back with the "blue eyes." That is naked manipulation there. While my eyes are amazing (it is true)… I had a sneaking suspicion that she was still trying to get a hand in my pocket…for the cash, not the cock.

Bad girl.

I played on and I wanted to test for compliance. I borrowed this next bit about "send me a picture" from Krauser (from his book Daygame Infinite).

> NASH: Send me a picture of you that you like
> HER: [cat pic]
> HER: [a pic of some random white girl]
> HER: my?
> NASH: Of YOU! :]
> NASH: I want to see you
> HER: I'll send you a picture. You send me red envelop. OK?

Ahhh, now she is back to it.

"Red envelopes" are part of how you transfer cash on WeChat. She is asking for the cash again. Bad, bold, little thing. And now offering to trade for a pic (and we hadn't specified the nature of the pic).

> NASH: Ha
> HER: [nervous emoji]

> NASH: You still don't understand
> NASH: I will not be that kind of man to you.
> NASH: And…
> NASH: I am beginning to think you do this with men a lot.
> NASH: Too bad… It makes me less interested in you

This ^ was my version of what Heartiste calls "the Trump Neg."

I could write a whole post based on what I was trying to do here… but for now, let's say that this is an example of me showing her "I have standards." And then qualifying her against those standards. Good stuff. My game is getting much better in these areas.

> HER: I want a red envelope. Why don't you give it to me?
> HER: You know what it means?
> NASH: Ha
> NASH: I do know
> NASH: Cool guys do not give girls money.
> NASH: Only boring, weak men do that.
> NASH: I am not boring. I am not weak.

Smashing it back at her… and genuinely liking her less and less with each round of this cash-grab bullshit.

But I was liking myself more. And that is the point. This looks like "lines" and "outer game," but it was actually INNER GAME. I was getting stronger. This was easy for me to do… to reject this bad behavior (even though she is a cute and tasty little girl)… and to reject it in a cool, firm, confident way.

> HER: I'm in a tight corner right now
> NASH: Yes. I understand.
> NASH: Go find a boring weak man to pay you.
> NASH: And then…
> NASH: When you want to spend time with a man that is strong…
> NASH: Maybe we'll talk again.
> NASH: Maybe.
> NASH: Maybe.
> NASH: Maybe.
> HER: [happy emoji]
> HER: Maybe.

Girls live in the Land of Maybe. So I left her there… for two days.

That session (above) with her via chat was something I knew I'd post. The Sugar Baby routine… makes for a good story. And I like how I handled her there. But after this scene… I also assumed I had her (at least partially) figured her out.

And my assessment was this: She is a well disguised, bad girl. That she hustles guys for money (and probably does it often). Maybe she is a sex worker? Maybe the whole "student" thing was also artifice?

Not every seduction is supposed to be safe and easy… and I knew I would try again with her. I would wait a day/so, but then test her to see if she respected the way I handled her extortion attempts.

She had burned a lot of good will, and I liked her less now. And I would be very careful with her going forward…

but I still wanted to have her.

And she would surprise me again and again over the next week or so.

> HER: How old are you?
> HER: 96?
> NASH: >>96?
> NASH: 97! Good guess
> NASH: And you are 12
> NASH: Too young
> NASH: Sorry

Humor. Push/pull. One point for me.

> HER: I mean, are you born in 96?
> HER: I want to know your friends
> NASH: They live in America
> NASH: And they are all younger than me…
> NASH Only 95 years old!
> NASH: Such children. :]
> HER: Yeah.
> HER: you are humorous
> HER: What is your name?
> NASH: My real name is Nash
> NASH: That is the truth
> NASH: I never lie to 12 year old girls
> NASH: :]

Another point for me.

And I was noticing that there was no more talk of money at this point. Was that whole mess behind us? I was a bit hopeful about her again. Maybe that was just a shit test… and not a big deal, after all??

Until you start passing shit tests… you never get to find out what is on the other side.

> HER: A little chat?
> NASH: I am near where we met
> NASH: Maybe have dinner soon
> HER: OK, yeah
> HER: I don't want to eat
> HER: but I want meet you

At the time… I took this ^ statement from her as either 1.) More of her setting me up for some kind of hustle, or 2.) Something explicitly sexual.

I think I was wrong on both ends of that analysis.

> NASH: Let me eat first
> NASH: Then I'll send you a message
> HER: ok.
> HER: 20 minutes
> NASH: Where are you??
> NASH: :]
> HER: my dormitory
> HER: I am lazy
> HER: It's too late
> NASH: Come have drink in my neighborhood
> HER: no
> NASH: [gif of a guy yawning and looking bored]
> NASH: :]
> HER: Come to me if you want to see me.
> NASH: They let strong men like me in your dormitory?
> NASH: Haha
> NASH: That is a terrible plan
> NASH: That is why I make the plans
> NASH: I am an excellent planner
> NASH: [gif of a cocky guy]
> HER: There is a restaurant next to our hostel, where many people talk and eat
> NASH: Too late
> NASH: Maybe tomorrow

I was genuinely "not needy" with her. It wasn't an act. In part, because we should not invest too much in girls that exhibit red flags. But also… as I was dating a lot. And it was easy to meet other girls. My "disinterest" was mild, but it was real. And it was fun to play with her like this.

Then we had an epic "gif" battle. Multiple animal gif were pitted against each other. Children making weird faces were exchanged. It was a legendary battle! And my thumbs were sweaty when it was done. And it was fun. We were fooling around. Showing our intellect. Bonding a little.

> NASH: Maybe tomorrow.
> NASH: We can have a real date.
> HER: OK

Okay.

She is smart. I like her.

> NASH: Hey Princess
> HER: hi
> NASH: Have some time tonight?
> HER: yes
> NASH: Good
> NASH: Come have a drink with me
> NASH: Let's hangout
> HER: 7 PM

> NASH: Cool
> NASH: Do you know the big mall by my house?
> HER: yes
> NASH: Meet there at 7
> HER: ok
> HER: It sounds good
> NASH: Cool
> NASH: See you then.

When she was 15 minutes late… I sent her this:

> NASH: BEEP BEEP
> NASH: Where are you?
> HER: Sorry, I'm late. I'm on the subway now.

She was almost an hour late, but messaged me the whole time, so I knew she was coming. I was irritated… but this is what I get for dating teenage girls. And when she arrived she looked… cute. Very cute. And very young.

Hooded sweatshirt. Skirt. A hat. All of it… pink.

I gave her a big dose of solid, confident attention… and she squirmed. And she would run off ahead of me… and I'd let her go, wait for her to look back, signal for her to return to me… and she would. Like a nervous puppy.

We had fruit drinks in a cool place by the park. It was… a little awkward. Talking through the language barrier was very difficult, at least half of it through the translator app. And she would look away often. Lots of silence.

But we had this moment where we locked eyes again. And it was almost as strong as when we first met. Two minutes. Three minutes. Me talking. Her barely understanding anything I was saying. It went on and on.

I told her I was going to kiss her. I don't really announce the kiss (anymore), but I think I did this time as she is so young… and I could not read her well at all.

She said no. And she looked a little fierce. And a little agitated. I stared at her.

She said she had to go. I stood up, and she was partially out the door already. I didn't chase her. I took my time. She was 30 yards ahead of me by the time we got to the intersection.

She glanced over her shoulder once, didn't even make eye contact, tossed her ponytail a few times… like a nervous horse that doesn't want to be groomed… and she trotted off.

That was super weird. Never seen anything like that before.

Back to WeChat:

> NASH: Goodbye
> HER: I am sorry
> HER: bye
> NASH: Don't be sorry
> NASH: I like you
> NASH: I don't know why you have to leave, but have a nice night

Later that night:

> HER: Please forgive me for leaving suddenly.
> HER: I feel very rude.

> HER: I am sorry.
> HER: I'm very happy to be with you.
> HER: Good night.

I didn't respond.

About that kiss that didn't even come close to happening: I have never seen a girl stare at me like that that didn't want to be kissed. But… I'm pretty sure I believe her. And for that… she is a special kind of mystery for me.

In the days that followed that first time I got her out… despite the weirdness of that date… she would ping me quite often. And I got to learn more about her, and experience her odd little ways. And we'd fight a bit, here and there…

She is strong.

> HER: I am not a child
> NASH: I know you are not a child
> NASH: :]
> NASH: You feel the need to tell me that?
> HER: no

We nipped at each other like this all week long. Almost every night. Her… in her dorm. Messaging with me… a "bad man" from America.

> HER: What experience and qualifications do you have?
> HER: and what exactly do you do?
> NASH: I thought you were tired?
> NASH: You are so interested in me
> NASH: I like it
> HER: but I want you to answer the question
> NASH: I will answer the question if you send me a nice picture of you
> NASH: Any picture you like
> NASH: How do you want me to see you?
> HER: ok
> HER: [nice pic of her, wearing a hat and smiling]
> NASH: That is perfect. You are lovely. Thank you.

Do you see how I delayed her question (about "what exactly do you do")? And I made her show some compliance first? I had a better sense for this on this trip than I typically have. I was learning from this girl.

She is so strong, that if you let her lead all the time… she'll likely never trust you, she'd probably get bored, she'll beat you up, and you'll never generate anything like attraction.

So she and I spared like this… and I'd win. And she liked it. And slowly, it seemed, she was beginning to trust me.

This is how it works. This is how you "train" a "feral" girl.

> HER: I will give you a hug next
> NASH: Be careful
> NASH: You might get kissed
> HER: no
> HER: not joking
> HER: haha
> NASH: We'll see.
> NASH: The look in your eyes makes me want to kiss you
> HER: no
> HER: Have you ever kissed a girl?
> NASH: No.
> NASH: But I hear it is very good!!!
> NASH: :]
> HER: I don't feel like you want to kiss me. So I didn't feel scared about it.
> HER: maybe, your eyes are beautiful

> HER: Are you a virgin?
> NASH: Haha
> NASH: Do you think virgins are confident with girls like you?

Another great twist here ^.

> NASH: You know I am not a virgin
> NASH: I don't think you are either
> HER: I am
> HER: Why do you think I am not a virgin?

Is she? Isn't she? I wasn't sure then, but I am now.

Here is a bigger fight. And an example of me holding the frame. And her coming around to my POV.

> HER: Hello, handsome and spirited boy.
> NASH: Hi delicious, complicated, serious girl
> HER: delicious? Why?
> HER: does it means interesting?
> NASH: Because you look good to me
> NASH: I want to eat you

This is standard talk for me… and I was dating other girls at this point, and often going from sex-talk in one chat window and then back to her… and carrying over the vibe from girl to girl.

> HER: I am not food
> NASH: I know that
> HER: please don't say
> NASH: Bit still tasty for a dangerous Beast like me

> HER: but I don't like you.
> HER: I turn down.
> NASH: Haha
> NASH: Yes you do
> NASH: I am too smart for that game
> HER: I don't like you.
> NASH: Okay
> NASH: :]

She is harsh. But I was reading through a lot of that "I don't like you" stuff. I still don't understand this girl well, but I did a good job of leading her as I experimented on what she would take… and experimented with how solid I could be in holding the frame in these moments.

And 10 minutes later:

> HER: Don't think I can be invaded by you.
> HER: I think I have known why my eyes are strong.
> NASH: You message me late at night, just to tell me "you don't like me?"
> NASH: :]
> HER: no
> HER: Good night.

She wasn't going to give… so I let the thread drop for the evening.

Next day:

> NASH: Hello Lovely, Strong, Independent Girl
> NASH: Happy Tuesday
> HER: yes. a happy day
> NASH: I went to the gym for a big workout
> NASH: [pic of Superman]
> NASH: I feel STRONG

I thought we had passed our squabble from the night before… but the little tiger wouldn't let it go.

> HER: ok.
> HER: Please apologize.
> NASH: For what?
> HER: you say that.
> HER: I don't like what you said.
> NASH: That you are delicious? That?
> HER: yes.
> NASH: I have no shame to show that I think you are attractive

Solid ^ line here. This is the man I want to be.

> HER: you often say it? to many persons?
> NASH: Only when I think that person is attractive
> NASH: The desire of a strong man can be a good thing

Really holding my frame here ^.

> HER: Thank you for your compliment, but it is uncomfortable to say “want to eat you.”
> HER: Please don’t say that.

She is trying to hold her frame too… but I almost have her. No neediness. Tight frame. I vacuumed some more…

> HER: I like your sincere words and concerns.

She is softening now… she is giving into my frame.

> HER: Are you angry?

I heard this ^ several times this trip (from the two 19 year olds) when I would “vacuum.”

> NASH: I am not angry
> NASH: I like you
> NASH: We are a good fit
> NASH: You like to argue with me
> NASH: And you should stop that. :]
> NASH: But we are charming together.

I am training her ^ here. Explicitly training her. I will have more examples of this when I post about Baby Dragon. Lots of practice with this kind of game on this trip.

And I don’t mean to make this a big deal… but that is what I am doing. I have never “trained” girls as much as I did in Shanghai. These are new skills… growing out of where I am at this stage of my game.

> HER: ok.
> HER: I think so.
> HER: A good fit. [happy face]

There. The fight is over. And she is happy.

I never apologized… because there was no reason to do so… and she dropped her complaint. In the end, she was happy to agree that she and I were “a good fit.”

Did I really believe that? That she and I are a “good fit?” Not earlier that week, I didn’t.

But more and more so, as we mixed it up via chat… yes. She was taking my leadership. She was doing so, super cautiously… but she was doing it. We were finding a rhythm.

> HER: I really want to see you
> NASH: Hello Beautiful. I want to see you too.
> NASH: Maybe tomorrow?
> NASH: Come see me.
> HER: tomorrow I will go to XYZ city
> HER: It may be farewell, but I think I should say goodbye to you before I leave

Genuine tenderness ^ from her. And the announcement that she was leaving Shanghai so suddenly… caught me by surprise.

> NASH: I finished my dinner
> NASH: Where are you now??
> HER: [her neighborhood]
> HER: Can you come see me?

I had great logistics in my neighborhood. And it is rarely a good idea to go to the girl… and as I would soon see, this time was no exception to the rule.

> NASH: If I come see you…
> NASH: Where we will go?
> NASH: You know if I see you…
> NASH: I will kiss you this time
> HER: residential block
> NASH: I'll come see you
> HER ok.
> NASH: Meet me at the station

And I was off… it was the farthest trip I had taken out of my neighborhood. Heading off on a Chinese subway to meet a teenager… just a typical night for a daygamer in a foreign land.

> NASH: I am here
> NASH: Going upstairs
> NASH: Meet me
> HER: I come to you.

This is what it looked like when I came out of the station:

My neighborhood was not “residential.” It was high-end. And full of friendly stores and restaurants. Lots of people. Never ending tree-lined streets. But this… was nothing like that.

And then… she messaged me a bunch… and we shared location via WeChat (so I could see where she was)… and I walked most of the way to the little “dot” on the map that was her… and I could see her moving toward me for a while… and then… the “dot” stayed in one place.

She wasn’t coming to me anymore. And it was weird. And she stopped responding.

Oh well. I knew the job was “dangerous” when I took it.

> Of course this plan didn’t work…
>
> And then (of course) the trains stopped running…
>
> And then (of course) I can’t speak Chinese with taxi drivers…
>
> … I am in a cab now. Driver has a 2 inch thumbnail. I’ll be glad to be home.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) November 6, 2018

I didn’t see the girl, but at least it didn’t seem like a hustle. And I didn’t lose a kidney, so I couldn’t be that mad.

> NASH: I am going home.
> NASH: You’re a cute girl, but you should let me make the plan :]
> HER: it isn’t a good plan
> HER: I am feeling sorry
> HER: I am sorry I am not close to you

I made it home… riding next to my rarely-showered cab driver. Catching the cab was a bit of a challenge… but it only cost me $3 to get back to my place.

I tried to get her to come over that night… offering to pay the $3 for the cab. She was a solid and succinct “no”

each time.

I was still confused… so I asked what happened:

> NASH: If I was so close to you…
> NASH: Why didn't you come meet me?
> NASH: That part of tonight is confusing for me
> HER: My teacher doesn't allow me to go out at night.
> NASH: Why did you invite me then?
> HER: because I want to see you before I leave
> NASH: But you cannot go outside?
> HER: yes.
> NASH: That is a very bad plan
> HER: She is a little angry
> HER: yes.

And then:

> HER: I meet my classmates on road, they tell my teacher because of concern
> HER: and my teacher know I want meet some friends before leave
> HER: but she don't allow time is so late

Oh. Also weird.

She is a little girl (and a terrible planner). And she lives in a supervised dorm. There it was… a plausible explanation for the events of the evening.

I still don't know what to think about this girl's sexuality.

I had positioned myself to her sexually (over and over). She had rejected that, but kept coming back to me for more… which I assumed (each time) to be passive acceptance of my sexual frame. But I really don't know…

> NASH: Last question:
> NASH: You don't want me to kiss you?
> NASH: Or you are nervous to kiss me?
> HER: yes. I only want to see you.
> HER: no.

Meanwhile… I listened to this killer talk while I was in Shanghai. The talk is about sexual desire. Check this out:

> "And it can exist in a person that has no conception of what sex is, and that that is the way to fulfill what he feels."
> — Roger Scruton

Is it possible that this girl felt some kind of desire for me? She was obviously very invested and she pursued me a lot. (You'll also see notes of "jealousy" and "possessiveness" in her messages below.) But maybe… maybe she didn't know enough about sex to know "desire" for what it is… to "connect" to that feeling?

As I learn more about game… I increasingly feel certain that true naiveté is incredibly rare (maybe nonexistent). Was this space between she and I was actually platonic? Was this girl just not into me? Or was she so sexually

underdeveloped… she wasn't "getting it?" She felt "man to woman" attraction (in her "hindbrain"). But maybe she honestly doesn't know what that means (in terms of her forebrain)… at the level of behavior and her body?

Is that possible?

I don't know. For these reasons and more… she was such a special case. And it was a rare and wonderful time with her.

What an exploration.

Later that night:

> HER: tomorrow morning.
> HER: Shanghai railway station. At 10am.
> HER: I will waiting for you at there
> HER: 11 am

This ^ came in pieces as I made my way home… in the cab that smelled like bodies, sweat, and cigarettes.

And later that night as I sat in an Irish Pub (and sipped a beer), she continued to try to lock me down (yet again) to another terrible plan.

> HER: Do you come to the railway station?
> HER: my teacher advise that we can say goodbye to each other at the railway station
> NASH: No sweetheart

Of course I would not agree to that.

Can you imagine?? Me… at 11 AM. Meeting her… and her teacher. So I could do some very odd, romantic-but-neutered "goodbye" at the train station?

It's poetic. I loved that she pushed for it to happen. But it, too… was so strange.

And now rewind back to the first part of this story… this is the same girl that pressured me to give her "200 yuan." Don't they seem "like different girls?" Is any of this consistent with who I thought she was at first?

There was a time when I assumed this girl was a sex worker. It's quite obvious to me now that she is not.

If I had agreed to meet her at the station… it would not have been about cash anymore (she never brought that up again). And it wasn't about a kiss or sex (her teacher would be literally chaperoning us). And we are obviously not really "friends?"

What is this girl all about?

Here is what I think: I think she is a smart and capable girl. Totally inexperienced… but full of impulses. And she is bold enough to act on those impulses… even when they don't make any sense.

She wanted something from me. I don't think she really knew what it was. If I had more time with her… perhaps I would have filled in some of the foggy parts of her own desire.

I don't know.

She left that morning without any visit from me.

And while I didn't try to send her off, she wasn't done with me yet… and we picked up another few chats over the

next couple of days.

> HER: You are a friend
> NASH: I don't want to be your friend
> HER: Just a friend
> NASH: No
> NASH: My turn to say no
> NASH: When you are older, you'll understand

Obviously I wasn't going to fuck her at this point, but I would still maintain the role I had been playing (and it was never "friend"). She was angling for another argument here, but I had enjoyed this exploration with her. And I was increasingly patient with her quirks… settling into a functional younger/older relationship.

> HER: You can find other girl to be your girlfriend
> NASH: I know that
> NASH: I am already dating other people
> NASH: The point was to know you
> HER: stop
> NASH: No
> NASH: See… I can say it too
> NASH: I have always treated you like a woman
> NASH: Not like a "friend"
> HER: Let's not contact
> NASH: Okay
> NASH: Go away
> NASH: :]
> NASH: I still like you
> NASH: And smile when I think of you
> NASH: Bye
> HER: Don't like me
> HER: Maybe.
> NASH: Maybe.

And later:

> HER: Hey, Nash.

I vacuumed a bit…

> HER: I want to tell you that I am very upset that you are dating other girls
> HER: So I said we should not contact
> HER: But that is not what I really think.
> HER: And I am not a woman, I am a girl.

This ^ is my favorite part of this post. And one of my favorite parts of the whole trip. That line is like a lightning bolt for me.

It is clear she is not, in fact, mature. But would a girl her age say this? And say it in this way? It clearly meant something to her.

> HER: And I am not a woman, I am a girl.

So ^ "out of the blue." I wasn't negotiating sex or anything like that. She wanted to say this. She wanted me to hear it. What did that statement mean to her?

I bet you've never pickup story quite like this one.

> NASH: I think of you as a woman. But you are "young" in your heart.

Was I being naïve? Was this her… "feeding me" bits of a fantasy she thought I wanted? Or one that she could intuit would easily ensnare me in some way??

> HER: but you say you see me like a woman
> NASH: I do… I still do.
> NASH: I do see you as a woman.
> HER: You are clever

I am, it's true. But I don't know why she said that here. I think she just liked me. More and more. And she didn't have a lot of context for what she and I were doing together.

And she brought up (once again) our failed last attempt to see each the night before she left Shanghai:

> HER: I should have told you that you could go home
> HER: I am very concerned about you
> HER: My plan is really out of order.
> HER: I think your plan is better than my plan
> NASH: Yes!

She is right. Men should always make the plans. Of course.

And she was starting to see the world as I see it. And I could recognize this shift in our relationship. Believe me… I would have fucked her. But I was taking on an additional "mentor" quality. It was not my goal… but it was an organic consequence of our time together.

And I was… coaching her:

> NASH: I will say it again
> NASH: If you find a strong man, a man you can trust…
> NASH: And his plan is not too crazy…
> NASH: You can follow his plan
> HER: Yes.
> NASH: Be careful. Learn to see a man's real nature.
> NASH: But a strong man can give you a good experience.
> NASH: Start with small plans. And give him your trust if he deserves it.

Not bad advice. A predator… coaching the prey. Unusual.

> HER: Thank you. I remember.
> HER: you are so goodness

> NASH: I am a good man.
> NASH: But I also have a man's mind. And a man's desire.
> NASH: That is why I say I wanted to kiss you.

Even in these last few moments of communication… I knew what I wanted. And I was proudly waving around "my dick" (while being a little more reasonable than that, in the bigger picture of her education).

> NASH: That is a normal thing for a man to want.
> HER: Yes!
> NASH: Understand this is how adults will see you…
> NASH: Even if you have a young heart.
> HER: You say it right.
> HER: You are sincere, considerate, and a little bit strong
> HER: :]
> HER: I know you are a good boy, so you have given me many good experiences

So cute. She had nothing to gain here. We were just debriefing on our time together.

> NASH: That makes me proud
> NASH: I have my hungry side…
> NASH: I would take your clothes off, if I had the time with you.
> HER: no
> NASH: I don't hide my desire from you, Strong Girl
> NASH: In this way…
> NASH: I am teaching you to understand men

I was. Teaching her. Training her (for what I expect from her) and teaching her (and the ways of the world).

I am beginning to see how young girls get their education. They get it… from us.

They get it, from men like me. In these kinds of situations. And if you meet a girl like this one… who started off quite smart… and then was "trained" by me, via a couple of weeks of sparing… and perhaps by two or three other men around my calibre… if you're a man that isn't well trained yourself…

Do you really think you can handle her?

So much for "shy and submissive" Asian girls, right?

This is her "raw," at 19. What will she be like when she is 23?

Good luck.

There are some odd, perverted qualities to this story. I feel them (and some of them are hot to me). When I got her out on our brief, strange little date where she ran off at the end… she felt conspicuously young. It was awkward, but her youth also added to the intoxifying aspects of being with her.

And while that is true, some part of me is still a little "bluepill," even after all this time I have spent trying to understand women. There are parts of me where I am (in theory) hesitant "to take" this girl, as she is so young… as I buy into the purity fantasy.

And another part of me… wants to push myself, wants the notch, wants to be able to brag I nailed a teenager… and also… just to feel her body wrapped around me as I literally open her up to a sexual experience with an older man.

Most of my actions were aiming at the latter of those two paths. Even now… I would fuck that little thing. And if she would follow the lead I offered her… I would enjoy it. And if I had another week with her… I think she would have been close to letting herself be taken… to be a character in that kind of story.

But in the end… I took on a role I've never taken before. That of the Lover-Mentor. It's an old role. I am not the first man to play it.

> HER: You know, the difference between a good man and a bad man is that they be responsible for their girls?

Amazing line from her here ^. That is brilliant.

> NASH: That is a good start
> NASH: It is more than that
> NASH: But that is a good start

And it is more than that.

And in the end, this seduction is a kind of "loss" for me. I didn't fuck her. No notch. I never even tasted her young, hot little mouth.

But the relationship has a strangely satisfying aftertaste anyway… despite the asexual final score. It is a victory, too. And I love this story.

I was no timid beta here. I pursued her with the full force I would have pursued a more developed woman. I wrestled her to the ground (intellectually), over and over. She was a real challenge. I certainly never gave her any money… and I clearly won her over in many ways.

But in the end… I managed to summon maturity that she could not. I was even more mature than I wanted to be, but we fell into a natural groove.

And she showed me so much of herself. I caught her in the middle of some "sexual growing pains." She was one-part "teddy bear" and one-part temptress. I was there to dance with her in that space… to lead her on that dance. And to observe the beauty and the natural force of those peculiar late-staged days in the development of an extraordinary little girl… as she steps into womanhood.

Fascinating.

Viva daygame.

SH: Sex in Two Dates, a Lay Report | Miss Soft, +1 Shanghai

Nash · 30 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

She was my third notch on this trip. First, I had my "surprise" nightgame lay with HK Business Girl. And a fantastic weekend where I closed a long lead, Miss Bangs. That was a daygame lay, but as I picked her up months ago (back in my city), she wasn't "sourced" from this trip. My third lay in Shanghai, was a girl I met, dated, and fucked in China. We'll call her Miss Soft, and she was a proper Shanghai daygame lay.

> "It's been a great trip. Two more dates today, one tomorrow. I may not get a proper, new daygame lay… But I have had a great time. Learned a bunch."

I sent this ^ to my wing Sundance the morning before I closed Miss Soft.

I wasn't disappointed in my trip as I sent that message. Not at all. At that point in the trip, I already had a sense of pride about what I had accomplished on my first expedition to China.

But as I get into the details of this girl… a significant side-story for me is the theme of how I "judge" myself as a man… and a Man of Game. The random lines I draw in the sand. How much I care about what other men think. How much of my life is ruled by what we in the community might call "external reference points"… and the self-induced pressure to to hit those external standards.

When I wrote that message to Sundance, my state of mind was such that the trip would be "more successful" if I could produce a new notch in Shanghai that was "farm to table" – taking a brand new girl, from the street, to the messaging, and then a date, and then… to bed. And in the end I did exactly that. And I'm glad I was able to make it happen. It's not even the best story of my trip (even though it was some of the best sex)… but there is an element of "something to prove" in this for me. And I can see it.

I will tell the story of Miss Soft. And I'll also try to shine a light on myself (at this stage of "the game") as well.

My goals for my daygame trip to China were:

Get there, get set up, talk to some girls. That was maybe "Level One." The goals at this level are activities you can control. If I could hit those goals, I would have fulfilled the promise I made myself ("go to China and to run some street game"). A man should keep the promises he makes (particularly those made to himself). And I did.

"Level Two" goals might be… take some numbers. Get some dates. I figured I'd be able to do that too. And I did (as well). Even without the blessing of the Daygame Gods… a competent daygamer ought to be able to produce this level of success… through force of will, if nothing else.

But my "Level Three" goal was… rather obviously… to get laid. And while I got laid quickly via that nightgame lay… I'm not a "generic" notch hound, I am a daygamer. And I am into proving myself via our style of hunt: approach a girl on the street, seduce her, take her to bed. Do all that in such a way that everyone has a good experience – that is my uber goal.

So while I certainly appreciate the "grotty emptiness" of my nightgame lay (it was pretty bad sex, but it was an interesting experience). And I really liked the deep, romantic, soul-fuck with Miss Bangs (she is such a great girl). I wanted a fresh daygame notch to make this trip "solid." Even if that is a childish and consumptive standard… that's what I wanted.

This is a story about that close.

I met her on November 2nd… a Friday. She was girl number 12 of 14 approaches that day. I took two numbers in that session… she was the second.

She was walking slowly through a mall. I liked her style… which was not particularly sexy, but had a bit of flavor that caught my eye. Mostly soft, flowing clothes. And I'm pretty sure she wore a red beret.

I have a talent for spotting artistic girls. Opening a girl with, "I like your style… are you an artist?," is a good cold read to drop on the approach (assuming it's congruent). Even when you're wrong, it's a flattering projection for the girl.

The way this girl was dressed was feminine, but not in the typical way that girls might display themselves. That is part of the psychology of "artsy" girls… they still need to stand out in the sexual marketplace… but they're not typical "yoga pants" basic girls… nor are they "Louis Vuitton" big-money girls. They are still a type… but a type that tries to stand apart from other types.

She was that kind of girl. And she liked my read. And opened easily.

She is from Taiwan. Near 30. She teaches art… so my cold read landed perfectly. And I could transition into my own art. And I gave her some of my stickers… It was on.

And then… she touched me.

> I approached a girl in a daygame session yesterday. Multiple signs of attraction, but…
>
> She touched my arm for no reason.
>
> Behavioral Abnormality. That has happened to me on the Street ~10 times in 6k approaches.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) November 3, 2018

Very unusual indeed.

If a girl touches you of her own accord mid-set, does that mean you'll fuck her? No. Definitely not. But looking back… it was a kind of "yes." It was a strong signal… in the same way a "wall of text" response from a new lead is also an indication you are dealing with a "yes" girl.

As we ended the set that night, I took her hand… and it was soft. Really soft. And that was becoming a theme.

This girl was not super racy or sexy. And she wasn't a hard body. But she was very feminine. And soft. And I liked it. This is how she got her name.

She didn't accept my "friend request" via WeChat until the next day. Perhaps she was playing it cool?

Once she did, I got busy trying to move things forward:

> NASH: Hello Teacher. Happy Saturday.
> NASH: It was fun to talk to you yesterday.
> NASH: You are a little bit charming. :]
> NASH: Do you always talk to artist boys from California?

Standard opener for me. We have "hello." We have some context. I compliment her with "charming" (which is a "pull"), but also take it back with "a little bit" (which is a "push"). Good balance there. I typically say, "Do you always talk to COOL boys from California," but in this case, I swapped in "artist boys" because she and I both make art.

> HER: Haha, no. Not always, you probably the first.

We did some basic messaging, and the next day I started to make my move to ask her out:

> NASH: Good morning, Miss Taiwan
> NASH: I am at Starbucks working on some projects…

This ^ is what Krauser would call a "window to my world" ping.

> NASH: I am curious to know how late you are working tonight??

I like using my "curiosity" as an excuse to probe, to ask questions (and I often use this as context as to why I approached in the first place).

> HER: Until 5:30, but will go see a play at 7:00
> HER: [Link to the play]
> NASH: This ^ is the play?? :]
> NASH: You are a very cultured girl.
> NASH: I like it.

Positive ^ feedback.

> HER: I would like you to come too, but I just checked tickets today and was sold out already

Hmmm. She volunteered that idea of me joining her. Very good sign.

> NASH: Tonight, maybe you should enjoy your friends
> NASH: Maybe I can see you tomorrow?
> NASH: Lunch. Or I can take us to dinner??
> HER: Tomorrow I will be free
> HER: We can meet tomorrow

Perfect.

And we had our date.

I had her meet me at the same spot I had six or seven other girls meet me… at the mall, in front of Prada. And as she arrived, I "checked in with her" (something I like to do to), seeing where her mood was at, was she hungry, where was her energy level at… that would help me decide where I would take her.

She wasn't hungry, so I took her for a drink (non alcoholic) at this cafe by the park. It was the same place I took Pixie Girl the night before. And while Miss Soft is older, and not nearly as beautiful as Pixie Girl… Miss Soft was a much better date. She spoke nearly perfect English. And more than that… she was mature. And she knew where I was coming from… even as I got into topics around masculinity and femininity… she really got it. And she loved it.

> "Dinner with Miss Soft, the art teacher. She is an emotional, sensitive girl. Great date. Kissed her."

My notes ^ from after that date.

And we did go to dinner after the cafe. And I tried to take her someplace else after that, but she had to teach early the next day. So I walked her up some steps (so we'd be out of eyesight)… and I kiss that girl.

And I asked if she was nervous. And she said she was… a little. And I told her I liked that (which I do). And I kissed her again. And it was juicy. And hot. And soft.

Great date.

I had less than a week left. I was gaming a bit. Taking numbers almost every day… and dating a lot. Miss Soft here included, I was starting to date once or twice a day. But I wasn't at all sure I'd get laid again.

> "We have a right to our labor, but not to the fruits of our labor."
> — Krishna

I love this ^ quote and use it on this blog all the time. It keeps me "honest."

"Get to work, daygamer," I tell myself. I can't control the results, but I can control the work rate.

> SEXUAL ABUNDANCE is a WORK-RATE:
>
> It is a level of SKILL (yes). EXPERIENCE (of course). Those are required. But if you want abundance… you have to put in the WORK in an ongoing way.
>
> For a man like me… (when I can get it)… that is the work I want to do.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) November 4, 2018

I believe this. So that was where I was at… working my craft. And genuinely enjoying myself (and the girls) in Shanghai.

And I wanted to see Miss Soft again.

> NASH: I want to see you again
> NASH: Are you free tomorrow? Or maybe Thursday?

^ Classic "two choices" date request.

> HER: I am busy tomorrow, Thursday might be fine I will let you know
> NASH: Okay cool

I didn't like that she kept the ball in her court. I want to lead. So while I waited to hear from her, I took any uncertainty I had… and poured it into more game, more girls, more numbers.

But she did follow up:

> HER: I think we can have brunch or lunch Thursday

That felt a little asexual.

While I am very happy to date (and close) girls in the middle of the day, this felt like a "step down" to me. But whatever we decided, I wanted enough time to progress the seduction… and get her naked. Based on our first date, that seemed like a real possibility.

> NASH: You want to see me… but you have a plan that night?

Here ^ I was kind of calling it out…

> NASH: Tell me about your day
> NASH: Maybe I want to keep you for a long time
> NASH: I have some ideas

Intentionally being ambiguous ^.

> HER: [a gif of a big cartoon smile]
> HER: I have two hour class from 4-6
> NASH: We could spend the whole morning/afternoon together (I have a plan)
> NASH: Or… see you after you class
> NASH: Which do you like better, Lovely Girl
> HER: [that same smile gif]
> NASH: [cocky guy smiling gif]
> HER: Maybe morning and afternoon

Good… sounded to me like she was in and ready to let me lead. I love compliance.

I set up a date for her and I at an art museum I wanted to see. It was one of the only "tourist like" things I did while I was in Shanghai. I do love art. And so does she. She met me there.

I hugged her when she showed up. And as we toured the galleries, she held my hand easily… that softness of her hands, so feminine. I was into it. I wanted her.

I got her alone in the elevator… made out with her. And again. I would do it each time we rode between floors. She has a great mouth.

She was easy to kiss in general. On our first date, and also in the museum. But no big emotional reaction. She told me she was nervous the first time, and as much as I enjoyed her saying so… it didn't really show. This girl was compliant, but hard to read. Maybe even a little guarded.

In this kind of situation… a "warm amber" light (versus an obvious "green" light)… I recommend we lead. So that is what I did.

After the museum… I took her to a simple lunch in my neighborhood. We sat close.

We had been talking about traveling… but we managed to segue into sex, and she seemed interested… in a subtle, quiet way. It was something in her eyes. And I slowed my rate of speech… kind of sucking her in with a slower, sexier vibe. And she followed my lead. I think we both got at least a little turned on.

After lunch… I told her I wanted to get tea, so we did. Walking along together, in a light rain. And I said I wanted a cookie. The cookie store was (of course)… two minutes from my house. We got the cookie and I told her I lived right around the corner. I said we could go to my place and have our tea… I'd play some music. I don't really buy the emphasis on "plausible deniability," but there it was.

We walked in. I put on some tunes. Maybe three minutes since we walked through the door… she was leaning back on the couch… I stood up, leaned over her, and kissed her. And made her stand up. And kissed her again. And walked her into the bedroom.

No LMR.

Really great sounds from her as I kissed her. Went to slip her clothes off… she helped at each step of the process. Got her naked. Licked and sucked most of the skin between her forehead and her knees. Ate her pussy (of course). And I thought she might squirt… and she might have… a tiny bit. (I'm not certain why… but the way her body reacted as I slipped a couple of fingers inside her… she seemed like the squirting type.)

I wish I had more time with her… I would have liked to have seen more of her sexuality… particularly as she got more comfortable with me.

And then… I walked to the cabinet near my bed. Pushed some odd pairs of socks aside… found the bag I keep the World's Best Condoms in, and…

+1 daygame.

And the sex… was really good. And interestingly for me… not at all in the same way that sex with Miss Bangs was good.

Miss Bangs was better, actually, but for totally different reasons. Miss Bangs and I "connected." The pleasure was closely related to how "intimate" and "deep" we were. With Miss Soft… the pleasure was in the skill and chemistry we shared. Very rich, but more "on the surface."

I was out daygaming today, and I was telling YoungGuns about this girl… and I said that when I say "soft" over and over, if you're thinking "sounds like she was chubby," you wouldn't be too far off. She was not at all fat… but she was no "crossfit" girl. And that… as I rolled around with her in bed that afternoon… was a very good thing.

All that softness translated into a very plush, delicious body. Not "model" hot at all (not even close), but delicious and perfect in an earthly way.

And as we fucked… the combination of my sweat and her wet box made sounds like a washing machine sloshing through a load of clothes. The hot-moisture of the sex, combined with thrusting… it was excellent. And I didn't make her suck my cock, but the way she put her hands on me… she has a little bit of experience… and some skill.

I fucked her. And came inside her. And then checked the time. And It was late…

If she made it to her class on time… I'd be surprised.

I had a couple of other dates on the calendar… but no date for the last night of my trip (which was a few nights away). And I was spinning plates, and trying to do the calculations of risk/reward on how to maximize the remaining time.

I wanted more of this one. I wanted more of Miss Soft.

I wanted a "no pressure" night. We had already fucked. Sex would be obvious. So… nice dinner. Then… a longer, more intense, more familiar sex session. And hopefully… sleep with that soft body, naked and close to me all night.

That's what I wanted. But it didn't happen.

I was trying to set it up… and she said "maybe." I waited a day, but she didn't follow up. I was on a high from all the other girls, so I didn't feel at all needy… so I tried one last time:

> NASH: I am having dinner with a friend tomorrow night…
> NASH: But if you're free on Saturday…
> NASH: I would love to spend my last night in Shanghai with you
> HER: I can't
> HER: My friend came today we will meet tomorrow night
> HER: And enjoy your last night in Shanghai

There you have it. As quick as it began, it was over.

Did she really have a friend in town? I don't know. Maybe she did. Or maybe it was "pump and dump." I have seen that before too.

The Game has no time for sentimental fools.

I would have loved to have seen her… one more time. I would have loved to have had a second crack at the lush softness of her body. Another, longer, better, "deeper" round of sweat and tongues and holes and chemistry. Even now, the idea turns me on.

But I never talked to her again.

> "Fuck her as soon as possible. That is the best way to get a girlfriend."
> — RSD Julien

I have used this ^ quote on my blog before. And I have heard other men (*eh hem*, Sneaky Tom) say similar (ridiculous) things. And I don't want a girlfriend. And I was a "shiny" tourist that was passing through her life…

But… it is an ever present lesson that girls are not always "romantic" about these kinds of trysts. Often… they are not romantic about it at all.

So back to my goals.

> I am very pleased to report, that after a bunch of approaches, and a handful of dates… I have proof that DAYGAME WORKS IN CHINA.
>
> +1 Shanghai.
>
> Delicious girl. Great afternoon. Story to follow.
>
> All HAIL THE DAYGAME GODS.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) November 8, 2018

I had done it. I had hit "Level One," the discipline of getting myself sorted, approaching, talking to girls… even in a city as foreign and intimidating as Shanghai. And then "Level Two" of getting numbers and dates. And finally, "Level Three," as I got my proper daygame lay from a girl I approached on this trip.

Sweet victory. Sweet in terms of the taste of her mouth… but also at the level of my pride.

And I liked her. And the sex was good. I was stoked. And all of that is beyond goals… and beginning to show some value to all this beyond challenges and growth and facing your fears and "doing the work" a man must do in his life.

And while I hit my deeper goal of "proving the model" with a daygame lay… And I feel an obvious sense of accomplishment in that… I also appreciate the foolishness of all this. The insistence that I needed to get laid at all. Or (more foolishly), that the first two lays "didn't count." And the absurd arbitrary satisfaction of the last lay… as it "was a fresh kill."

The juice for me as I write this post is in how we evaluate ourselves.

If I have achieved some success in game (and I have)… at what point do I stop requiring this kind of "proof" and just "enjoy the show?"

And would my game be better if I could do exactly that??

I like that we have standards. I like "YHT" (even as I have a great time with girls that are often neither very young, nor very hot). And I like that we can measure our performance in this sport via number of approaches, taking numbers, dates, makeouts, lays, and even "recurring revenue."

You know you have "game"… you know you have "compliance"… when you go out into the street, with no advantage, chat up some girl, and she ends up splayed and gooey in your bed. That is real. And that is part of the appeal of game for men that want to properly test themselves.

It is interesting and integrous to hold yourself to a high standard… a standard where you're not full of shit.

> "What we do as daygamers, we go out and we do thousands of sets. Every set, we've got skin in the game, we want to get laid. The girl has skin in the game… a risk of letting herself get fucked. Both sides have skin in the game. You're getting very valid information about the human courtship ritual."
> — Krauser

Excellent ^ POV from Krauser. And I believe this.

This last lay proved not only that I have "skin in the game" as a daygamer, but that I could demonstrate it in Shanghai… on command… in a city where the potential of daygame is largely unexplored and undocumented.

And yet… (and this is important)… each lay in daygame gives me some space from my own "notch count hyena." Each time I take a girl (and myself) through the model, I relax a little bit more.

That is a different kind of success. And a different kind of progress.

This is the guts of this post for me. This story is about me… carefully watching myself sort all this out.

I want to work hard. I want to hold myself to objective standards. And also… to slowly relax about all that. To keep having adventures. To keep after the "Joy of Daygame." And to most definitely continue to enjoying the exploration of women, their satisfying bodies, and the sticky, sweatiness of their psychologies (as well as my own).

To do all that… without endlessly calculating the results and the "proof" of it all. To not need to put myself under that kind of microscope. At least not every time.

I can relax. I can tell myself: "It's not a dream, man. The real scoreboard is measured in adventures, experiences and memories… and you're racking them up."

So, "Venture forth, Daygamer." Test yourself. Test the girls. Taste them.

But do it "with ease." More and more that is true. I am getting there.

"You don't really have anything to prove…" I almost believe that.

Almost.

Viva daygame.

“Daygame” by TDDAYGAME | Book Review

Nash · 7 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

There is a guy that calls himself TDDAYGAME. I know him from Twitter, where he is one of my favorite voices on that platform, dumping tons of high quality advice into the Tribe of Men. He contacted me a month back about his new book — which he is calling “DAYGAME: Pick Up Girls Everywhere.”

He sent me a copy. In this post, I review the book in my usual style… some context about the man, an overview of his book, what I liked about it… and areas where I would challenge him on certain points.

It wasn’t my original intention, but… this review has become as much about TD as it is about his book.

Here we go.

I have never met TD, but I have seen some of his game philosophy via his online presence. After studying game for 10+ years, I am a very critical bastard about some of the ideas out there. But despite my contrarian nature… I like this guy.

I see TD’s POV on game as smart, real, and very much on-target for guys trying to learn to be better with women (in pickup and relationships).

Here is an example:

> When in relationship, have a lot of sex.
>
> — tddaygame (@tddaygame) September 26, 2018

See? The dude is brilliant.

More seriously:

> You can’t get a girlfriend because you’re trying to develop a relationship right away while you should be enjoying sex and time spent together.
>
> — tddaygame (@tddaygame) August 27, 2018

So true. Meet women. Screen for ones you enjoy. Then… actually enjoy them. When that goes on for a while… congratulations, you've found a relationship. The order there is important. And TD is one of the few men to spell this kind of thing out.

Want to see him be a little harsh?

> You're not "trying to game that girl" if it's going on for years.
>
> You blew it in the beginning and now you're just lying to yourself.
>
> There are plenty of other girls around.
>
> Leave her alone.
>
> — tddaygame (@tddaygame) July 30, 2018

Also well done.

Simple, clean, experienced advice. That's what I have come to expect from TD.

Here is how he describes himself:

> "I go by the nickname of tddaygame and I was the only true London Daygame Model Coach in Warsaw, explaining and showing to the eager guys how you can approach any girl walking down the streets of your city."
> — From the "Daygame" book sales page

I knew of him before I got involved with Twitter… in part as my friend Alpha Rivelino did a great interview with him in 2017. I read it again this week. Some of the aspects of TD's personality that allow me to trust him really come through in that interview with Riv.

That "trust" is a big deal for me.

A lot of what TD has to say sounds "real" to me. I place a high-premium on realness. And on actual experience.

TD is all that. And the things he says match what I know from my time on the streets. And he's not trying to "alpha-up" to impress you (which is quite refreshing). Beyond his vibe, his value comes through in the quality of his comments. You can tell the guy has actually talked to girls. And that kind of POV is valuable to a man studying game.

> 80% of game is getting enough reference experiences so that you can be confident in your abilities and also that you can read most of the cues. https://t.co/NkRta4yQVL
>
> — tddaygame (@tddaygame) November 29, 2018

Another ^ excellent Tweet from TD.

He is responding to a question from a beginner there. And that… is a very solid answer. I too, am completely sold on reference experiences. And you'll notice this isn't your typical "I give zero fucks and the girls chase me" garbage. TD is more interesting than that.

He is a cool guy. That is where I got started with him… and that… was why I was interested in what he had to say about daygame.

Let's get into his book.

> "Picking up girls during the day should not be some great feat. Your father did it, as well as your grandfather. They did not have Tinder, Instagram and surely, the club culture was not as it is today. They just had the balls to go over and talk to any beautiful girl they happened to fancy."
> — TDDAYGAME

That is a good place to start.

Here TD is giving you some context for why daygame is very relevant today… and that is (in part)… because it's always been relevant.

TD was "brought up" in the early days of the London Daygame Model… and had some exposure to the techniques established by the crew that coalesced around Daygame.com, including Krauser, Sneaky Tom, Sasha, John Matrix, Yad, and the business guy behind those players, Andy Yosha.

Based on his references to training other guys, it's not hard to see TD has done a lot of coaching. You might notice that as you read his book… the concepts he points out are (in fact) the kinds of things guys get hung up on as they try to figure out the game.

And now we're into the meat of why you might be interested in his book: TD knows daygame. And perhaps more important, he has taught it. Seems to me, he has a lot of experience in that domain. And his book captures a lot of what he thinks a guy should know about how to move down the path of becoming a daygamer.

OVERVIEW.

The book is a fairly quick read… 130+ pages. No illustrations. No examples of dialog with girls. No pictures. What you'll get is TD's framework for setting a man on the daygame path.

> "I tried very hard to include everything that you need to daygame entirely on your own. That should be your ultimate goal. Not relying on wings, coaches or canned lines. Just you and the girls."

The book flows like this: He starts off with some unique comments that are particular to his vision of what is important in daygame. Then, he does his overview of the London Daygame Model. Then, the book gets more interesting for me, as we wraps things up with his "Daygame Mantras" and then his "Troubleshooting" section.

The book is totally appropriate for a beginner.

> If you can't approach a girl directly, start with hit-and-runs.
>
> "Hi, can I say to you something really quickly? I just saw you and I couldn't help myself but to notice that you look really nice. I'd love to stay and chat but I have to go, bye!"
>
> No chance for her to reject you.
>
> — tddaygame (@tddaygame) September 24, 2018

Here ^ he is advising new guys to try what I would call a "compliment mission."

The example here is done in the classic Daygame.com "script," complete with "you look nice." I don't like "you like nice" (that is a weird thing to say to a girl… too "English" for me). But sending new guys off to do hit-and-run compliment missions is a great way to get a guy started.

Reading this book will give you a solid overview of the structure and the opportunity for street seduction. And on top of that, you'd have the notes of the man that has a lot experience both as a daygamer and an instructor.

Some of the value for me in reading TD's book, was having a view into his head… to see how a man I respect has approached daygame. And his approach will likely be different than yours. That might give you an opportunity to use TD as a point of comparison… or even a "checklist," where you can see if you have considered or tried the fundamentals TD prefers.

If you're learning… or even if you want to "cross examine" your assumptions about daygame… TD can deliver that level of insight.

While I'm making general notes here… I'll add here the book is rough around the edges. English isn't TD's first language. And the book could use some proof-reading (I sent him some notes after I read it).

If you're working on your game, you could definitely benefit from TD's book. I did.

VALUE.

This is not the core of TD's book… it is a very small slice of the content, but I like that he takes the time to include comments like this one:

> "It is much easier to have both serious relationships and casual sex if you are high value. So let us make you a high value man, starting from the very beginning, which is the first impression."

He puts a lot of emphasis on the first impression. He has some fresh and interesting thinking there… about how you present your value in set. That content came early in his book, and that was where I started to take notes.

TD approaches value in different ways, across his teaching. Here is another example of how he thinks:

> USING "INDIFFERENCE" AS A STRATEGY:
>
> "If you're indifferent and she's not yet attracted, SHE SIMPLY WON'T CARE. It's like screaming "I don't want to work here anyway!" at the entrance to the company that didn't hire you."
> — @tddaygame
>
> From his ^ newsletter.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) September 26, 2018

In quotes like the one above, TD calmly sweeps aside some of the over-played tropes ("just be, uh, 'indifferent,' bruh") in game. He uses the word "attracted" in that quote, but I would argue he is still pointing at value. Underneath everything that works… is actual value.

And the comments in his book on how you present yourself (specifically, in what order you begin to construct an image in the girl's mind as you run your set) are very well done.

Here is another line from his book that caught my eye:

> "She cannot follow you when you yourself do not know where you are going. And she will never think of you as a captain of your ship when you cannot even choose a drink."

He is not expliciting saying "value" here, but he is once again setting up a view of how a man with value operates. Do you know where you're going? Are you the captain of your ship?

> "Do you want to be great at picking up girls during the day? First, sort out your life."

This kind of comment is proof to me that TD has a level of maturity (both as a seducer and a coach) that makes

him credible. That is very much like the kind of advice he gives on Twitter, head-shoulders above generic bluster like “make her chase, bruh.”

There is nuance here, and context… he knows what he is talking about. And TD is wise to reestablish the concept of “value” as the underlying foundation of all proper seducers.

TRUST.

Part of why I trust TD is he is not selling “hacks” to make you better with women.

> “There are no best daygame openers.”

That’s right. If you’ve run a few hundred sets… you likely have your favorite lines… but you know this is true.

It’s not “the line.” Some of the best approaches of my life were when I had my vibe dialed in and all I did was smile. That’s it… no words until she was already hooked.

TD has a lot to teach you in his book. And he definitely talks about “what to say.”

But if you want to get good with girls… get serious, and move past that phase in your game when you’re overly focused on the opening line. A “gift of gab” can help, but lines are not what will make you successful. In fact, it is a milestone in a daygamers journey when he realizes that when you have enough value/attraction… “hi” is a great opener (I use it all the time).

He is not selling you “tricks.” There are no hacks in game.

STRENGTHS.

The book has a lot of strong sections.

I already mentioned I liked his comments on “First Impressions.” As he gets deeper in his coverage of the London Daygame Model (LDM), he has “field tested” things to say about Vibing and Stacking that are very practical. If you know the basic stages of the LDM (and he covers those as well), he can fill in more details to help you understand how those stages work.

He really digs deep on his “Hooks Theory” section.

> “My bet is that you gave her only one hook and she did not bite it. When you are using more words and projecting many vivid ideas then you also have more chances for a good reaction.”

There ^ is a sample. His advice is clear and easy to understand.

To say more about the strengths of this book, I’m going to give some specific examples that resonated for me… topics that are interesting for a man with my level of experience, and how TD got me thinking on those topics.

TRAVEL.

It is part of the culture of modern daygame that many of our heroes have taken their game to foreign countries. Krauser… roaming around Eastern Europe. A lesser-known guy like Seven Daygame running game in Russia. Mr White just did quick trip to Japan (not his favorite spot!). I just did three+ weeks of daygame in Shanghai. You don’t need to travel to make daygame work, but our scene has a lot of emphasis on “jaunts”… which is almost a bad thing, in my view.

While the travel stories are exciting, I think they tend to confuse and distract beginners (and intermediates for that matter). TD provides some sober comments on "jaunting:"

> "Let us start with what everyone is thinking, 'Being a foreign guy gets you laid much easier!' In one word? Nope. You have to deal with a sex-tourist label, language barrier, nationalist ideologies (yes, there are girls who just will never sleep with a guy from other country) and lack of time."

I fully endorse this, as it matches my experience exactly. I wrote a detailed post about my first days on my Shanghai daygame trip, giving examples of some of the pain-points of trying to run game in a foreign country.

> "Contrary to popular belief, panties are not dropping left and right when you pull out your… passport."

It's true. There are reasons why guys sometimes find more success when they are travelling… but "Pussy Paradise" is a myth. And I like that TD includes this stuff in his book.

> "Weekend trips for daygame are pointless unless you already have solid leads or girlfriends."

> "Do not fool yourself that you will get better results in a foreign place than you are getting at home. At the very best they will be on par, probably a tad worse."

Totally solid advice.

The point here is not to shit on your dreams of "banging hot models in Latvia" (or whatever). The point is that you will do most of your seduction where you live. Getting good at daygame takes time and effort… and expecting to get that done on short trips here/there is naïve.

TD is setting you up for success by getting you to hone your craft in your city, and then, when you're solid… yeah, take your show on the road and test yourself in foreign climes. I like gaming in foreign places… it's fun… the girls I like are easier to find in other countries… but it is… more challenging.

It'll be harder… in many ways. That doesn't mean you shouldn't do it. But learn to walk before you try to run.

Good advice.

STATS.

Guys might ask, "How many girls do I need to approach to get laid?" Very common question. Of course it depends on my factors, but TD will give you an answer:

> "To put it in real numbers: you need from about 170 approaches per lay (worst-case scenario, total beginner) to a stunning and unsustainable 25 approaches per lay."

> "I have never heard of anyone having that sort of results in the long term. You can get there on a 2-week long trip or in the spring months. That will never be the average of a whole year."

Solid. Totally agree.

(BTW: I was talking with YoungGuns and TechCrunch about this today… and YoungGuns was quick to point out that 170/lay is an average (for some guys), across hundreds of sets. Don't assume you'll get laid in your first 170. Maybe TD can get you laid that quickly… but probably not.)

I often say I have some of the worst (and most honest) numbers in our scene. I don't count approaches when I am in my city any more, but in Japan… I am close to 1:150.

TD calls that "total beginner," and I am not that. But I count every approach I do (including blowouts), I approach a lot of girls that are 20+ years younger than me and almost always from a different culture than mine. There are months when I am closer to 1:50, but also times when I've gone 200 approaches and couldn't take a lay (like during my Summer Famine this year).

I like TD's numbers here. I think he is giving you a realistic set of expectations.

> I never said that the numbers don't change with higher SMV.
>
> I'm saying the numbers remain relatively small, regardless of the SMV.
>
> One guy is at 3%, the other is twice as good at 6%.
>
> It's always 90+% failures.
>
> — tddaygame (@tddaygame) August 24, 2018

Solid. Realistic. I like it.

ROMANTIC RED PILL:

My comments here aren't actually from the book, but I like these notes as yet another view into TD as a man and his philosophy of game:

> Sleep with a hundred girls to fall in love with one. Have some awesome time and make it worth it, even if it ends in a disaster.
>
> Facefuck her, cum in her ass then cuddle, go to sleep and make her a breakfast.
>
> Cheers to everyone out there in the "Romantic Red Pill" community.
>
> — tddaygame (@tddaygame) November 6, 2018

This kicks ass. I love it.

Riv, TD, Pat Stedman, myself and many others have been kicking around this "flavor" of game. The concept of "romantic red pill" isn't well defined, but I like the spirit on display in that tweet.

TD is one of many men that can show you how you can be "pilled," you can be "awake," you can have control in your sex life, agency with women… and yet really love women at the same time.

You can be wise and opened-eyed.. but still put yourself out there. Risk something… to get something. TD can see a positive side to this lifestyle, beyond pure consumption, and I like that very much.

> There are no sane girls.
>
> You just have to pick the level of insanity you want to deal with.
>
> Once she's past the threshold – next her.
>
> — tddaygame (@tddaygame) August 27, 2018

This ^ is not "candy-coated" Disney bullshit.

This is knowing how the sexual marketplace works. Knowing that lovely, little girls can be snakes… snakes with

fangs. That they can be charmed… but they can also bite when you least expect it. They can… spit poison. But that is not the whole of the truth.

Men of Game can get educated. Then… we can step into the space with these little girls… and control our destinies. We can have amazing experiences. We can "cum in her ass" (if that's what you're into). And we can do so with an open heart.

> If you think all girls are trash, you're hanging around wrong girls.
>
> If you think all girls think men are trash, you're still hanging around wrong girls.
>
> — tddaygame (@tddaygame) August 30, 2018

You'll find some treacherous girls – for certain. And you'll get shit tested. And girls will branch swing (often into your arms, if your game is any good). And they'll sometimes fuck you and then… disappear without a trace.

It's all true.

But for Men of Game… there are truly beautiful experiences out there too. If I was to pick a coach…and he couldn't see the beauty and the romance… I would know he was too jaded to be my sensei.

WEAKNESSES.

I will always include weakness in any review I do of a book. I am into trust. And I want you to trust me… so I try to tell the whole truth.

So here are some weaknesses in TD's book, as I see them:

I already talked about the "rough around the edges" grammar and punctuations items. Expect that.

Let's do deeper:

> "However, you need to say the exact same words every single time so you will not miss the buffer sentence explaining the situation and you will not stutter."

This is obviously for beginners. But I still don't like it.

I trust TD's experience as a coach. I have coached a few guys, but I don't claim even a fraction of his experience. Maybe in some cases this is good advice, but I have never approached game like this.

I could compare this to Krauser's typical "three-part structure" (EX: you seem like a smart girl… it's your glasses, the books under your arm… and your very 'sensible' shoes). Krauser could explain his game much better than I could, but that "three parts" is based on an initial assumption, and is filled in with three observations. If that sounds a little bit hard, and complicated, I would agree. I don't do that style much either… but I like it much better than "same the exact same words."

Again… TD is talking to us as a group. That advice is for a certain guy, at a certain stage of this game… but I will argue with him there.

> "In the beginning of your daygame adventures, you will be tempted to ask questions instead of making assumptions. Never do this."

> "Asking questions is demanding for an answer, which in turn is taking value. That is why I will tell you about thousand times that you should use statements, not questions."

"Never?" Again, he is training guys that have bad habits. But…

I use a TON of questions. I did a post where I give some advice about what to say to girls and it is largely based on questions (about logistics).

I get his basic point. Don't pepper the girl with endless questions. Yes, "assumptions" (which TD reviews in detail in this book) are a great way to stimulate conversation. I use assumptions, too. But I also include many questions.

As long as you have balance, questions are fine. Accuse her of something, make some assumptions, let her respond, ask a question, share a story about yourself, etc. Questions are normal. Don't take that advice too literally.

The last point of criticism I'll touch on this:

TD does give us some examples, but they are all impersonal. He shares almost nothing about himself in this book, nothing about the girls he has dated, nothing specific about his interactions with girls.

He is not alone in this kind of didactic, impersonal teaching… but I don't like it. TD (I am more than convinced) is real, his experience is real, I bet he is solid on the street. But, in theory, it's possible a newbie could construct a book like this… by copying smart things other guys have said.

I am much more interested in personal stories. I want to hear the specific details of men's lives. This is part of why I am such a huge fan of Krauser. He has A+ notes on tactics and basic strategies… but so much at the personal level.

My advice for TD would be to do a second project that is more personal, that tells his story, that shares his experience. Maybe not a basic memoir (although… I would read it), but a memoir combined with lessons. That would be a more interesting read… and possibly even more instructional.

I think men are hungry for more than "how to" material. I bet TD has some killer stories (ups… and downs). I'd love to hear them.

Okay. There you have it.

It's a little raw (and I hope TD cleans it up a little), but there is a lot of wisdom and detail in his book. As students of daygame, we are lucky to have a look at how TD sees this grand pastime. He has made a real contribution to our scene with this piece of writing.

As I wrap this up, I'll emphasize again… the sections on "Mantras" and "Troubleshooting" had some of the best moments for me. In those sections, he can cuts through the "generic" daygame advice, and shows you what he thinks is important. If you're intermediate to advanced, those notes will likely include some of the most inspiring and educational parts of the book.

And because I like personal examples, I end this review with a comment that inspired me:

> "Can you really say you do not have approach anxiety if you have no problems with approaching only a specific type of girls or when you found yourself a small niche where your thing works? You can backward rationalize it all you want but if you repeatedly see a girl that gives you a boner and do not go after her – you are lying to yourself."

Hmmm. When I first read this part of his book, I was telling myself that I don't really have AA anymore (I don't). But the more I think about it… he has got me here.

I do, in fact, see girls that might "give me a boner" and fail to approach. I want to say that is not really AA. I want to call that a "weasel," but TD is right.

I have been out several times lately, running game, and "passed" on a girl that I would have liked to talk to… because she "looked bitchy," or whatever. And if I say I don't have any AA at all… TD is right, I am lying to

myself.

This is just one of many ideas I took from TD's book that have already had an influence on my game. How I can see his wisdom when I am out, on the street, talking to girls.

TD is one of us. He has real experience. And because of that experience… his comments are meaningful.

And not only do I like a lot of what he put into his book… but I bet 1$ he is a very good coach.

TDDAYGAME. Here is his website. Here is a link to his book. Here is a link to his Twitter. Check him out.

> "Go out for a walk with the intent of talking to a few girls."

Yeah. That's what we do. And TD's book will give you a lot to consider as you continue on this path.

Viva daygame.

SH: Six Dates with 19yr Old Virgin “Baby Dragon,” +0

Nash · 1 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

I tag my posts “+0” when I have a “sexual” story worth telling, but one that didn’t end in sex. This story is full of sexuality… but doesn’t end with me claiming a new notch. To the best of my knowledge, this girl is virgin. And I would have loved to have deflowered her. If I had another week or so, I am convinced… it would have happened. But as it was, this is the story of a fantastic little “love affair” with a teenage girl… a girl that is 26 years younger than me.

I met her while doing some daygame in China. We had six dates over two weeks. And hundreds of messages on WeChat. I am breaking this story up into more than one post, and even so… I have too much to say about her. And too many examples from our WeChat exchanges. Writing this post brought so much of the feeling of her back to me… I miss that little thing.

She was an incredible challenge, and at times… a wonderful reward.

Before I go into the details… I’ll say this:

The biggest gains here for me were from the REFERENCE EXPERIENCES.

> “This seems like too much texting to me. Every guy has to decide where to cut it off… but I think I would’ve done less texting in a similar situation.”
> — TheRedQuest

That comment ^ is from my friend TheRedQuest (a smart and fascinating dude). And while I appreciate him very much, I think he is missing the bigger opportunity when he leans on that line:

> “I learned a lot from this girl. ‘ROI’ isn’t measured in sex alone… not when you value your education… and I most definitely do.”

> “This line of thought is particularly clear to me in my next story from Shanghai… about Baby Dragon. I put in an extraordinary amount of work with her… off the scale… few would work as hard as I did there… and I earned extraordinary reference experiences.”

This ^ was part of my response.

He and I had this exchange after I posted about a different girl, about Pixie Girl – another 19 year old I dated on this trip. The experiences with the two girls happened concurrently. And the "skills" I was practicing in these "case studies," I was able to practice with both girls… often in the same day.

I did get laid in Shanghai, but not with either of those girls. The "ROI" with these particular young ones was in the lessons I took away in female psychology and seduction.

Lays "come and go" (so to speak). But reference experiences are yours to keep.

> "I am dedicated to some level of mastery here as a seducer. And 'long term,' 'wolf' thinking is going to be about the lessons… about the reference experiences. Each solid reference experience is a type of 'KEY' that will unlock many sexual/seduction situations. This will accelerate my future success. And or get me success where other men can't 'penetrate' the situation."

Yeah. That is still how I feel.

I had some short-term gratification with the girl in this story. Even the back and forth via messaging was fun and (at times) validating. And there were certainly sexual moments with her (even if I didn't seal the deal). But the real value for me in this particular adventure was the education.

Let's dive in.

I met her on Oct30, via an "incidental pickup," on my way back to my apartment after lunch:

> "1. Big IOI on my way back to my place. She liked it, but was in a rush… And she WeChat closed me. She added me quick and sent the first message."

My notes ^ from that pickup.

It was a big IOI. I was moving down the sidewalk. In a good mood. I was scanning the crowd, but not hunting. She and I connected with a look and her eyes sparkled. She was young and cute, and that eye contact was solid. I ran back and opened her. She barely spoke English, but we "spoke the oldest language" as we looked at each other. She was interested.

But she had to go… so she suggested the close and ran off to her appointment. 19 years old. I opened her… but she closed a 45 year old man that day.

She sent the first message:

> HER: I am going to teach a kid.
> HER: And I am going to be late so I can't talk more. Sorry.
> NASH: :]
> NASH: We'll talk more later

A few hours after we met, I messaged her some more… my usually opening lines, and then:

> NASH: You're a teacher and a student?
> HER: freshman
> NASH: 18 years old???
> HER: 19
> HER: And you [sly emoji]

> NASH: Older than you
> NASH: But maybe you are mature for your age
> HER: I know

Lots of back and forth. She would often send me voice clips via WeChat… her cute voice, saying cute things. I liked her, so I asked her out.

> NASH: Meet me for something to drink
> NASH: Tomorrow. Or Thursday.
> HER: Why
> NASH: Why?!
> NASH: Because… we are a little bit interested in each other.
> HER: Do you want to learn speak Chinese?
> NASH: I am learning… but that is not why I want to see you
> HER: [happy]
> HER: You have a girlfriend?
> NASH: You just met me, and already you want to be my girlfriend? Wow.

She dodged the invite. You might also notice the "why," which is her challenging me. She may be the most challenging girl I have ever overcome. And this flavor of conversation went on forever.

The "lessons" I would learn from her had already begun. She was not what we would call a "yes girl." She was screening me. She was "working me over," but mostly so, as I had to learn how to handle her. Over the next few days and dates with her… her challenges would help me grow as a man.

In this exchange you can see me begin to take control, as I turned her questions around on her, and took the frame:

> HER: I still want to know…
> HER: How many girls did you invite in Shanghai
> NASH: I had lunch with a girl. A law student.
> NASH: Now…
> NASH: You answer a question:
> NASH: When was the last time you kissed a boy
> NASH: If we are playing "the question game," we both get to play
> HER: Half past one years
> HER: Boyfriend
> NASH: Okay. Was it a good kiss?
> HER: yes
> HER: ex-boyfriend

She is asking about other girls. She did this constantly, endlessly. And it was never helpful to the seduction. So I switched into "offensive" (in this instance) and asked my own question. That was a way to interrupt her momentum, to keep her from derailed our chemistry.

She was putting a lot into our exchanges, but if I had let her lead… we would have gone nowhere. This was a theme with her, and I got to practice over and over… killing her noisy chaos, and forcing us together in real life, where I could escalate… and she loved it every time.

She is a very strong-willed little thing. Young. Inexperienced. But high self esteem. And bold.

Here is a long exchange where you can see her: 1.) Being a wild little princess, 2.) Telling me “no,” 3.) Resisting my leadership, 4.) Capitulating, and finally 5.) Totally conceding.

I want to stress two things here. First, I was running good game. She was so smart and difficult… I think this is some of the best game I have ever run. She was a little monster, hard to seduce (she threw traps at me constantly), but I broke through over and over again. And secondly, I had a lot of value to this girl… or the “techniques” would not have worked.

It’s not what I said. It was the value she saw in me (and my game). From the value I had in that first eye contact on the street (shallow, surface attraction), and continuing to build as I handled her and crushed her tests. I was proving something to her… that is why I got as far as I did.

> HER: bye
> HER: hate you
> HER: we won’t meet

She would throw tantrums like this one ^ quite often. She would be charming one minute and then flash her teeth at me. After we’d known each other for a little while and I was beginning to figure her out, this is an example of how I worked to smash that kind of thing down.

> NASH: A girl like you sometimes has a problem letting a man do his job
> NASH: Even a smart, successful man. You won’t let him lead.

This is me beginning to try to train her. And to set a frame (for myself, as well). I was being explicit. I did this with several girls on this trip.

> HER: wrong
> HER: wrong
> NASH: You will do as you wish… of course
> NASH: Be careful
> HER: On the contrary
> NASH: I am deciding if I will stop talking to you right now
> NASH: You won’t accept leadership
> NASH: I don’t like it
> HER: Suit yourself
> NASH: I am about to walk away from you
> NASH: I have told you why I want to see you
> NASH: You are interested
> NASH: But you won’t follow my lead
> NASH: Only a weak man likes this
> NASH: Strong men don’t
> NASH: I like you
> NASH: But you need to follow my lead
> NASH: If you want my attention
> HER: I just accept my boyfriends leadership
> HER: I know what you want
> HER: I can’t give you those. Got it? :)

I gave her a heavy speech in this exchange. And it wasn’t a “technique.” I meant it… I was trying to decide if she

had any promise, or if I should cut her off. And I was showing her my standards, and making sure I had set clear boundaries. In times like this, I was coaching myself as much as anything else.

And I vacuumed in this instance… cutting off the thread and not responding to her. In part to test her. But also… as I had other thing to do. I had a full day of daygame after this exchange. I was dating other girls and working several options.

We test the girl.. but we also test ourselves. Go get more leads. Make her less important. Options and discipline are a source of the strength in our frame.

> HER: Don't be upset
> HER: You are charming

The combination of a show of force and my vacuum was working. Here she is… coming back. And still, pretty strong frame from this girl. She is giving in, but even then… from a very confident POV, framing me as "upset." And then, using flattery as bait.

I let her sit…

> HER: Hello?

I let more time go by.

She was still coming forward, even as I ignored her, because she liked me. We have all seen girls lose interest and disappear in situations like this one. Most girls won't work this hard. I had value or she would have wandered off.

And as I continued to ignore her, she begins to drop her bluff.

> HER: Meet you at the school gate tomorrow. 15:00
> HER: Just say yes [happy] [happy] [happy]

After all that… she offers up a date.

It's on her terms, but this is a concession. And her ego is so big, by her suggesting the date she can feel like she still has some say in how things were rolling along. 19 years old… she would be impressive at any age.

I ignored it all. And while I would eventually go on this date… I needed her to sit it out some more.

I waited until the next morning before I would respond to her. She opened again.

> HER: You got up?
> NASH: Hello interesting girl
> NASH: I had some business meetings this morning
> NASH: If you are available at 15:00, let's smile and talk.
> HER: At my school gate

The first date was set.

It took several days of messaging and a lot of game to get this far. This girl really likes "tension" in the dance. If I had written her off as a "timewaster," this story never would have had its start. And if I had been weak… she would have walked all over me.

I rode that line very well with Baby Dragon. She was no easy score. Definitely some of the toughest "game" of my life.

19 years old… and a nearly perfect match for a grown man with my background and level of experience. Little girls and their education. Amazing.

This was from before our first date:

> HER: Why did you come here?
> NASH: I wanted to visit China at least once in my life
> NASH: So I have a nice little apartment
> NASH: And I work a little bit everyday
> HER: I want to see
> HER: Your apartment

Huuuh. Interesting… she was volunteering interest in "the lion's den." Her eagerness about my apartment was a curious thing about her… an unusual pursuit for a young girl.

> NASH: Now? You are a bold girl.
> HER: Just house :)
> NASH: You want to come over?
> HER: no
> NASH: Are you dangerous?
> NASH: Should I be careful with a strong girl like you?
> HER: Maybe
> HER: I am dangerous, so keep away from me

More push-push from her. But all in a flirty way. She is a natural.

FIRST DATE:

So, at 3 PM (15:00) on the day in question, I walked three blocks from my apartment to the gate of her school. And I stood there, as the security guards shot lasers at me from their eyes. Why is a middle aged American man camped out at the gate of a Chinese university? They assumed I was up to no good, no doubt. And they were right.

She was late, but she came out. And despite her strength she was nervous and cute. Much less confident than over the messaging. I walked her passed my apartment, and pointed to it… and then another block to a great cafe. We ordered tea and sat together.

After a while in the cafe, we decided I would walk her back to her school…

But as we passed my apartment, I offered to show it to her. I had already shown her pictures via WeChat.

And she walked right in. Happy and interested in the little row of apartments around mine. I left the big iron gate open… so she wouldn't feel trapped.

The place was really small, so there wasn't much of a tour. I might have put on some music… killed maybe five minutes, and then… I went in for the kiss.

Which she rejected. But if you know my game, you know that is perfectly fine with me. The attempted to kiss her is a type of communication. As long as I do it, we're communicating, and the sexual frame is set. I did my job.

She wouldn't let my lips connect, but she took my touch very well. She would resist, and complain, and push at me… but almost all of it token.

This is a good example of a REFERENCE EXPERIENCE with this girl: She would resist my lips, tell me “no,” push me away… but lean into me with her hips at the same. You see that? Her resistance was a test, but also a type of camouflage, to hide how much she was enjoying herself. Her words were a lie, but her “hips” told the truth. It took experience to see through the smokescreen… and more experience to see the positive signs beneath the bluster.

She told me she had to go 100 times… but would stay and let me pull her up against my body. And while I didn’t kiss her lips that day… we ended the date with me pulling her into me, her jerking her head to the side, and I gave her a slow, open-mouth kiss on the neck. And she melted a little (she liked it). And then I sucked her ear for a brief moment… and she moaned. Of course she did.

And then she committed to leaving and I walked her a couple of blocks to the train.

As she walked away from me to catch her train… I could see all the girly-teenage qualities to her. She is young, and in some ways… she is a “silly girl.” But in her hips… in her walk… real signs of a burgeoning womanhood.

I caught her in those last girlish days… as she was in transition to maturity. A beautiful time to know a girl.

She sent this as we messaged after our first date.

> HER: My friends told me
> HER: I was too bold
> HER: Met you
> HER: They said I was too naive

In many ways… her friends were right. I am always amazed at how girls will let me take them home. Such a vulnerable position for a woman.

But if I think like a seducer… did she not see this as part of the Secret Society? Not explicitly, of course. She is a young girl. But I assumed this was relatively covert for her… not because she has so much experience in entanglements like the one we were beginning… but because she knew we were being “bad.”

I was surprised she told them.

On the other hand… if you were 19, and you had just been sexually groped by a grown, foreign man in his apartment… you’d want to talk about it also.

When I first got those messages… I assumed her friends’ opinions would be the end of her and I. I assumed she would need to “let them protect her,” so she could be “innocent” instead of a “slut” and a co-conspirator in our affair. I think we lose a lot of girls because their friends “veto” us.

I figured (at the time) that this was it… it was about to end… but it didn’t end.

SECOND DATE:

It took a couple more days (and another 100+ messages) to get her out again. So many frame battles, but she was interested. And I wrangled her well… scoring points each day… building the fantasy of her and I.

And we met up.

This time she was vocal about not wanting her classmates to see us out together (it seemed she had found the Secret Society after all). I didn’t touch her much at all as we met. I would walk a little ahead of her… like I was showing my little sister’s friend around the city.

Of course I wanted a chance to escalate on her again. But I also wanted to build some comfort, to ground the experience of her and I spending time together. To make it more real… for both of us. And I liked her company. She is smart. A charming little thing.

I took her for a walk to the fruit drink store. Then, back through a neighborhood that was in the opposite direct of her school. She mentioned my apartment twice on that walk… both times caught my attention. So then… back to my place.

It was her second time in my lair, and since I had escalated in a real way the previous date… her coming back was a kind of passive acceptance that we would do all that again. And we did. I got after her right away.

It was a "hostile seduction," in a way. She liked the "fight." We need to be careful when we assume that, but again… it was her 2nd time in my place. She fought the first time. I took baby steps. I made her moan. And she left happy. That is positive feedback.

So this time… she chose to come back. And I pushed it a bit further (in terms of the absolute progress of the seduction), but with "wise limits"… for legal reasons… but much more so, as good seducers give girls good experiences.

This is one thing I like about dating, versus "fast seduction." When you're unsure how much of her resistance is real… the truth unfolds when she decides to come out again.

With that said, it was like this:

I would take one of her arms, hold her wrist behind her back, and pull her to me with that same arm. Face to face, her dodging my mouth, me sucking on her neck… and with my free hand… really pawing at her. Not particularly rough, but overall, a super dominant way to handle her.

And she loved it. She was a happy teenager.

I dragged her into my room (which wasn't far away), and pushed her back onto the bed. This raised her alarm… so I'd measure out the tension by rolling off of her, making sure she could move toward the door if she wanted, reminding her "of course, you can leave anytime you want." And she'd relax. But when she'd try to get up, I'd pull her back down, show some force and some passion.

And the calibration here… was watching for moments when she could leave, but clearly didn't want to. Carefully watching in those times when I wasn't putting pressure on her at all… and noticing that she would stay. Or encourage me (which she did a lot). And tease me. My knowing I should keep going was in those moments when I could see "past her acting," to where she was really at in the seduction.

This is not easy territory to manage. And when in doubt, err toward making sure she knows she can leave anytime. Make it comically obvious. Giving girls bad experiences is NOT good game.

But as I have a lot of practice in situations like this, I knew keeping up the tension was part of the magic for her. We did several rounds of this… me showing her power and dominance… but also giving her "a way out." And then… "cutting off her exit," so she felt the dominance. Then… giving her some "love." It was a dance.

This was our first extended "make out", and eventually, she was on her feet. She moved through my tiny apartment, and then outside… ready to leave. I had the gate closed this time, so we were still isolated. I was pulling her in again (a move she loved every time), and tasting her neck, but I slipped my hand down to her ass… up under her skirt a little… and she was more than fine with that.

Ummm.

And that was a "micro" REFERENCE EXPERIENCE. Knowing her ass was very much "in play," that she liked it. And that was where I would start, on my next date with her.

All this… and I still hadn't properly kissed her.

> Wow.
>
> Had her back in my apt again. Started out on a walk, but she mentioned it 2X so I took her back. 2nd time. She wouldn't kiss me, but I kissed her neck. This time, in bed, but still won't kiss.
>
> She is a mess of "no" and "yes." Very delicious young girl.
>
> Great experience.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) November 3, 2018

THIRD DATE:

I don't really remember that much about the details of the third date. I know it meant something to me. I remember I wanted it to happen that morning, and a sense of pride that afternoon after the date was over.

I felt like if I had her back at my place a third time… it would be fun to play the "sexual threat" to her again… it would be hot to grab her, hold her, suck on her, get her turned on.

But also… "three parts" made it more of a solid story for me. A solid story for the blog, sure. But more so, that she was choosing again and again to "dance" with me.

Each time a girl voluntarily comes back to you, especially when you're overtly and physically sexual with her… she is "voting" for more of the same. She is choosing to step back into the claws of the bear. She wants those claws. It was edgy for me to push a young girl this hard… each time she chose to see me again, my confidence with her increased.

She was a total brat to me for most of this relationship. Not unenjoyable, but terribly bratty. So much struggle. Fighting with me over text (especially at night). She had blocked me on WeChat several times (which meant I had to "reapply" to be her "friend" – which she would allow each time… and then block me again). But she was also obviously very into it.

A drama queen. A teenager. A sexy, little teenage princess. It was quite a ride.

I was curious to see if she'd go another round with me… and she did. It was a few days after the last date. And we ended up back in my apartment for the third time.

And I went right after her. And if you remember that I was grabbing her ass on the 2nd date, I do too. And I stepped up the escalation on this date… that ass and more.

She wouldn't get near my room this time… so we "made out" in my living room, mostly standing up. And she still wouldn't actually kiss me. So I would maul her as best as I could. And it was hot.

A lot more of that "holding one hand behind her back" thing. And putting my tongue in her ear. And with my free hand… I was grabbing her ass.

She was in a skirt. It was cloudy, but even though it was early November now in Shanghai it was still warm, so she wore no tights that day. And I was grabbing smooth, raw, teenage skin. I was rubbing her pussy over her underwear… and working rouge fingers up into her panties while she struggled. I never hit her juiciness… but I was more than certain she was soaking wet. And I kept telling her that.

She threatened to leave every two minutes… but would always stay for another round.

When it seemed as if the session was wrapping up, and that she was about "overloaded" with the pressure I was

putting her through… I pulled her hand down and put it on my cock, over my jeans. And she didn't grab it. She seemed genuinely alarmed. No acting… this was new for her.

And then I pulled my cock out. And she wouldn't look at it. She was suddenly very intense and "interested in my eyes." She pretended to be offended. And I grabbed her hand and pulled it down, and she resisted… the back of her hand barely brushing against me.

And that was enough for the day… she bolted. I grabbed her one last time… one more taste of her ear… and she pushed me away, flinging the door open so hard she cracked one of the panes of glass. And she stormed off.

I smiled. I was proud. I knew she loved it. It was hot. I was very confident.

> I NAMED MY FAVORITE 19yr OLD of this trip:
>
> In my place for ep.3 just now. She still won't kiss me. I grabbed her ass, pin'd her the wall, sucked her neck. In the end, when I PULLED IT OUT… she kicked open the door and left without saying goodbye.
>
> We'll call her BABY DRAGON.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) November 5, 2018

Yes. Baby Dragon. She earned that title. What a radical little thing. She will be a proper feminine daemon when she grows up. Her experiences with me showed her some pleasure… but also, I am sure, sharpened her teeth.

I had a date that night, but it was still early. I grabbed my bag and headed off to a coffee place to do some more work for the afternoon.

I didn't know if I would ever see her again, but I had my story. Fishing around inside a teenager's panties and putting her hand on my cock. Her fiery exit. I was fucking other girls on this trip (that was covered), so… this time with her… I was terribly proud.

I knew she loved it all. So did I. That is what good seduction is all about. And this all started with some daygame. Good times.

> NASH: I made you wet today
> HER: And you?
> NASH: You made me want you
> NASH: I told you what I want
> NASH I showed you a little
> NASH: Tell me how wet you were today?
> HER: :)
> NASH: I bet so wet
> NASH: You know…
> HER: Strong man
> NASH: I really want to taste you
> NASH: And give you that kind of pleasure
> HER: Taste my neck?
> NASH: No
> NASH: Yes, but also…
> NASH: Make you wet
> NASH: And spread your legs
> NASH: And then…

> NASH: Taste you
> NASH: Can you imagine it?
> HER: NO
> NASH: You can't think of it?
> NASH: You…
> NASH: On your back…
> NASH: On my bed…
> NASH: Naked…
> NASH: Kissing your everywhere
> NASH: And then…
> NASH: My warm mouth
> NASH: On your pussy
> NASH: I would taste you
> NASH: And you would love it
> HER: I am afraid of you
> HER: Wild man

Wild Man Nash. I'll take that. Yeah.

I had never even kissed this girl at this point… but we were well into our own version of a sexual relationship. And I was trying to get her to really visualize all this… so if I got close, she would be partially prepared.

That is all for PART I. I have the rest of this already written. PART II is coming soon…

Viva Daygame.

SH: Part II – Baby Dragon's Virginity

Nash · 6 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

This is PART II of my story about a girl I call Baby Dragon. She is a 19 year old firecracker I met while on a daygame trip to Shanghai, China. In the first part of this story, I talked about meeting her, all the WeChat messaging it took to get her out, our first three dates, and how I was making (slow) progress toward getting a taste of this girl.

While she is a strong-willed little monster, she had only turned 19 a week or so before I met her. Quite young. While the Baby Dragon was an incredible match for me in terms of our battle to control the frame of what went on between us… and while it was clear she is a commanding and bold little thing…

She was still a little girl.

Did she have any sexual experience?

I was to find out that she was not only young, but also a virgin. I never fucked this girl, but her virginity was a part of the story that unfolded between us. I'll wrap up Part III (coming soon) with more on this topic, but for now I lay out some notes of an older man exploring – and influencing – a younger woman's sexual development.

She had mentioned a boyfriend several times (I include some of that in the dialog in Part I)… mostly in the context of "I can't date you if you're not my boyfriend" kind of talk. I never took any of that seriously, but the boyfriend theme came up a couple of times.

I asked more about the boyfriend early in our affair. And she gave me some details. When I asked if they had kissed, she said yes. I asked if they had had sex, and I swear she said yes to that as well. Her English was marginal at best… maybe she didn't understand me.

The idea that she had at least some experience with sex was a kind of relief for me. I would love to deflower a girl (I am long overdue for that honor), but as I assumed she had already had sex, being the next guy to fuck her seemed less complicated than being the first guy slip past her gates.

But one day over chat:

> HER: Try not to kiss me :)
> NASH: Oh, it's very hard

> NASH: You have done a very good job of making me like you
> NASH: I have a fever for you now
> NASH: You will see it in my eyes when we meet
> HER: Just 10 days

This ^ is "classic" Octopus Game. It looks like a lot of pull (signature "Octopus")… and it is. The "push" is in the sexual threat and the escalation. At this point in the story, I had mauled her every time I had her alone. She knew I was "dangerous." She had proof.

When she mentions "10 days," that is her referencing me leaving when my trip was over… I had 10 days left. She would try to disqualify me because of my temporary status all the time. Ultimately, I think me leaving is why I didn't have a chance to fuck this girl. But in terms of moving down that path… this was "token resistance" of the verbal kind.

We continued our talk that day:

> NASH: Come live with me :]

Here ^ I was just being outrageous. She had been in my apartment several times. I knew she liked it. I was trying to put ideas in her head. (And I didn't realize she isn't allowed to be out past 11 PM – her dormitory has rules). I was trying to set up a "fantasy" of her spending the night in my bed.

> HER: Impossible
> NASH: Oh?
> HER: I am a virgin

I was surprised. I thought we had already covered this.

> NASH: You already told me you had sex
> HER: No
> NASH: You lied???
> HER: Never
> HER: Never

Hmmm. Okay. I wasn't sure, but I was inclined to believed her. I always believe them when they tell me that. I am fool, true. But some of them have to be telling the truth.

I am sure "the fact" that she is a virgin influenced what I could get done with her on this trip. But in terms of how I played out the rest of dance… it was both a turn-on and a point of negotiation.

And I used that negotiation piece over and over… "trading" with her. She could "keep" her virginity, but I would get everything else I wanted. Something like that. It was part of "the game" between us.

> HER: So you will force me next time?
> HER: Am I gonna lose my virginity?
> NASH: If that's what you want, I will give it to you
> NASH: But…
> NASH: Have I forced you to kiss me?
> NASH: Or..
> NASH: Do I wait for you to give it to me?
> HER: Okay, yeah

It was true. And this is part of the type of escalation I did with her. I was forceful. But there were lines of hers I wouldn't cross. And this is how she could trust me to take so many liberties, to excite her, but not so much that she would run off forever (despite her threats).

From another exchange:

> NASH: I liked it when you said you are thinking of me taking your virginity
> NASH: I don't care if I do

This was almost true.

I wanted to. I still do. But all of this time with her was a surprise to me. She was wild and volatile. I was doing well… fucking her would be a coup… but I was happy to take battle after battle, even if I would never split her open and "win the war."

> NASH: I like to hear you say it
> NASH: The thought is sexy
> NASH: To see your face
> NASH: When I enter you
> HER: bad boy
> NASH: You are a good girl…
> NASH: But you want to be bad…
> NASH: With a strong man
> HER: You're like a fierce wolf

And later, once again:

> HER: Would you deprive me of my virginity?

She actually sent this ^ in Chinese. I would use WeChat's translator function to read it in English. Half of her messages to me where in Mandarin.

> NASH: I would fuck your beautiful body…
> NASH: If you were ready for that
> NASH: But it's not important

"Not important." This was how I kept presenting it to her.

This was real for me, so it was very congruent each time. I wanted to fuck her… but not unless she was really ready. I was dating every day at this point in my daygame jaunt to China. I'd fucked two other girls in the previous two weeks (and would close a third right around this time in the trip). I wanted many things from her in an insistent way… but I was okay with her retaining control of her V-Card.

> NASH: Only pleasure
> NASH: And we can have many kinds of pleasure
> NASH: I will fuck your beautiful body
> NASH: But I think you should try other pleasure first

I meant all this.

I do think that is how I would do it. And since it was up to me… this is how I was leading the dance. Making it very

clear I would fuck her, but also genuinely wanting her to have a good experience. And it is true… I could show her a lot of sex before we popped her cherry. I haven't fucked a virgin since I was 21, but I think what I was presenting to her was probably a perfect sequence for a girl at this stage of her sexuality.

A proper strong man. Some surface pleasure. Some strength and dominance. And also some care. Some connection. And then deeper pleasure. Nakedness. Letting her enjoy sex in a real way… remaining a virgin as long as she wanted. And then, upping the circumstances. More arousal. Orgasms for me… blowjobs or whatever. And when she could really feel the rewards of sex in a visceral way… when she couldn't stand the wait any more… when she really wanted it… only then… take her.

> HER: But is hurts the first time
> NASH: Yeah… it does. But it's the doorway to womanhood
> NASH: You don't have to do it
> NASH: Maybe pleasure first
> NASH: So you know sex can be full of pleasure
> NASH: Then you can think of losing your virginity
> NASH: For now…
> NASH: Come over

So many conversations like this.

I left China weeks ago, but she is still messaging me. We still talk about her unbroken pussy… and if "I would"… and if she was ready.

This story isn't over yet… but I have already confessed she remained unfucked. Someone could have taken her, I have no illusions about that. There is always a way. Lots of guys are much better at the game than me.

But I am quite happy with the way this story transpired. In the later "chapters" of this tale… you'll see she had a very good time. And so did I… even without the lay.

And I racked up so many REFERENCE EXPERIENCES. These kinds of exchanges with her included.

> She is so wild, dude. Maybe 1000s msgs with her. She has deleted me twice from WeChat, but welcomed me back. HIGH DRAMA. But she is loving it.
>
> This is the one that claims to be a VIRGIN… and she might be. Who knows.
>
> This girl: https://t.co/QyyW6A5K5A
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) November 5, 2018

Yes. Reference experiences.

The next time I run into a virgin… all this "material" will be available to me… to spit on the fly. Even more congruent. I was very comfortable with this girl. Not the slightest bit needy (she would have eaten me up if she saw neediness)… but with the next one… these lessons will move me another step closer to "mastery."

That's it for this post.

She mentioned "10 days" in the WeChat messages I included here, but… as we pick up the next part of the story, I had just 30 hours left. Our Lover's Brawl had challenged us both… and brought us closer together. She was not easy… but I was penetrating her situation, and she was liking it. So was I.

Great experience with this girl.

In Part III of the Chronicle of Baby Dragon, we'll see how it wraps up.

Viva Daygame.

SH: Part III – Baby Dragon the Virgin Gets Naked

Nash · 8 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

This is the final part of my story about the 19yr old Chinese girl I picked up while running daygame in Shanghai, China. In Part I, I described how a moment of eye contact on the street led me to stop her – and how she took my number. And then I took her on three dates, had her in my apartment, and sucked on her pretty neck while she threatened to leave over and over (but would mostly stay). In Part II, I shared some notes on her virginity and how that impacted the seduction. In part III, I am pleased to say… I got the little thing naked.

I had just 30 hours left as we set up the 4th date… a lunch date.

> Hey… don't dismiss the idea of being sexual.
>
> Drinking culture has us trained that sex only happens with alcohol and nighttime.
>
> The TRUTH is is… sex happens when a man puts the moves on a girl in an attractive way. I closed two girls this year on sober LUNCH DATES.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) November 15, 2018

I wanted to track this ^ Tweet down to use in this post… and when I look at the date, it was probably five days before I got Baby Dragon's clothes off… in the afternoon… dead sober.

I never closed this girl, but the rest of the details are below. Including (at the end of this post) some great back and forth with her about her virginity once I got home.

Here are three more dates with her in 30 hours.

Three different girls fucked me in China, but not this one. We got close. Closer than I thought I would get. And while she remained unbroken when I left… as you might be able to tell, this girl was my favorite part of the trip.

At this point in the Epic of Baby Dragon, I had very little time left in Shanghai.

> HER: You will leave for your city tomorrow

She was off by a day… but yeah, my adventures as daygamer in China were just about over.

> HER: Nash…
> NASH: Can you see me tonight?
> NASH: Or tomorrow??
> HER: I won't see you tonight
> NASH: Okay
> NASH: I have time tomorrow
> HER: [happy emoji]
> NASH: Have a nice night

This ^ is a push from me. She had been a total pain in the ass for much of our affair. And I had tightened up my boundaries with her, particularly at night over WeChat… where she would like to fight and tell me "no" over and over.

I wasn't having it by this point.

> HER: Is that bye-bye?
> NASH: If you want to see me
> NASH: Come tomorrow
> HER: Not tomorrow
> NASH: Okay, that is too bad
> NASH: Not tonight, not tomorrow
> NASH: You have time if you want
> NASH: If you change your mind, come see me
> NASH: But I don't want to argue about it
> NASH: Sleep good
> HER: [happy emoji]
> HER: To have a pleasant journey

This ^ is her bluffing. Pretending she doesn't care. Play-acting that she would let me go so easily. It was too late for me to believe any of that. We were both too invested and I knew her too well.

Some delay and then…

> HER: If weather permits, let us eat lunch together. Our last meeting
> HER: Please give me a reply when you see this

> WHEN MESSAGING GIRLS:
>
> "Ummm, I think I'll let her sit for a minute…"
>
> Giving ^ a thread with a girl a little room to breath between my responses. I have been telling myself this a lot this trip.
>
> And often… she comes up with something interesting while I wait.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) November 6, 2018

I let her sit and she came through. She liked me… that's why a bit of "vacuum" would work. Letting this girl sit, with no response, would often get her coming forward again… she is just a like a cat, this one.

I said nothing and it worked again. Here is more from her, an hour later:

> HER: Lets return to the feeling of first meeting
> HER: It's the last time to feel the time between you and me
> HER: I want to show you the best [happy][happy]
> HER: But I will not go to your house

Okay, that's better. And look at her… she is being cute. She really is.

And even in that comment, the "shit test" about not coming to my house. She had been in my house three times already… under sexual threat from me every time. If anything was clear about this girl… it was that she would definitely come back to my house.

An hour later from me (1 AM):

> NASH: I will go workout in the morning
> NASH: [pic of superman holding up a meteor]
> NASH: And then… maybe you can see me
> NASH: And my BIG MUSCLES
> HER: Evening person Nash [happy][happy]

The date was set.

DATE FOUR:

She messaged me again pretty early that next morning:

> HER: Have you got up?
> NASH: You just wake up… and you're already thinking about me?
> NASH: I like it.

I went to the gym and lifted heavy things. I was texting her in between sets, talking about muscles and working out… she likes the idea of "masculine power," very much. I milked it throughout the seduction.

We arranged a date for later that afternoon. I was taking her to lunch. It would be our first meal together.

We met on a corner near her school. She was well dressed… stylish and conservative and lovely (as always). A camel-colored soft, minimal coat. Black fitted knit shirt. A grey skirt, frayed at the edges. Black tights, and nice, short black boots. She was slowly rubbing her hands together as she arrived. I could smell flowers and asked if she had just put some lotion on her hands. She confirmed.

I didn't hug her… we were on the street and I knew by now that our relationship was not for her classmates to see.

On the walk to lunch, it was clear again that she can only understand about 50% of what I was saying. She didn't respond to everything I said, but I kept leading. Leading to lunch. Leading the conversation. Leading the relationship.

Over our delicious lunch she dropped not-so-subtle hints that she needed to get back to school. She had a term paper due the next day.

I told her I wanted a cookie after lunch, and she said she didn't want one, and started to whine and resist. I told her to be quiet. That the cookie store was on the way back toward her school (and also… on the way back to my place). Her sense of direction is terrible, but she followed. She refused the cookie, but her childish side showed as she looked at the sweets. I bought my cookie and led her toward the intersection that would either send her off to school… or she could decide she wanted one more molestation session with me.

She does like to be molested. It's quite obvious.

I said:

> NASH: Okay… your school is that way. I know you know where you are now.
> NASH: You can go…
> NASH: Or, you can come to my place for 10 minutes… to say goodbye

No hesitation or debate…

> HER: Okay. 10 minutes.

And we were inside. And I waited a proper, respectful, 3.5 seconds before I took her purse and set it on the couch. Then took her coat off. And put my arm around her narrow waist and pulled her in to me.

The theme of POWER has been consistent with this girl. So when I grabbed her, I put a little extra muscle into it. Again, I milked the "big muscles" thing with her (it is a very effective role). She immediately put her head back, exposing her neck… and I sucked it. And wasting no time, I put my arms around her, pinning her arms to her side, and used my hips to thrust her toward my bedroom. She resisted, but so mildly… this was clearly what she wanted.

This was the second time in my bed. I dragged her around. And pinned her down. And finally forced a kiss on her. And she took it. She didn't kiss me back, but she passively took it, and meekly complied with parting her lips… giving me an open mouth, the awkwardness of her teeth, but no tongue. It was faux-rapey, classic "taking her," her giving me "bad acting" level resistance, and the turn-on… so obvious in her eyes.

She also obviously has very little experience making out.

Maybe four minutes had gone by since we'd walked through my door, and she was saying she wanted to stop, she wanted to go. My read was that she was 15% serious, 65% totally into everything I was doing, and 20% overwhelmed and unsure.

She got up off my bed… storming back into the living room while trying to tuck her shirt back into her skirt.

She went for her coat, picked it up… but I grabbed her, and she dropped it immediately, and gave me her neck again. I forced more kisses into her mouth. I was grabbing her ass, and pulling up her skirt, and rubbing her pussy through the fabric of her tights… telling her (while I stuck my tongue in her ear) that I knew I was making her wet.

I told her, like I had so many other times, that I wanted to taste her. And I would rub her pussy over her clothes while I said it. And she would grab my wrist… and say, "noooo… Naasssshh… noooo…" but mostly… just take it.

We were at about 10 minutes. I told her I would keep my promise and let her go write her paper. I smiled at her and said, "You can go if you want." She put on her coat, and slung her bag over her shoulder… this was almost goodbye.

But she was softening now… in the deepest way I'd seen from her yet. It was my last day in China. She was getting a little sentimental. She gave me a more generous hug. And we talked with our faces close.

And I told her to kiss me, and she was slow, and looked me in the eyes… and gave me a willing kiss.

> "The 'no', the LMR, can sometimes be a test to see if you can get her to surrender. Not a deliberate test, but a functional one. She doesn't necessarily know in advance, or even moment to moment, what the outcome of the dance will be. And she won't always make that easy for you to navigate."
> — From my post on Last Minute Resistance

It was the first real surrender I had seen from her.

And I told her I wanted her tongue. And she gave it to me… a tiny dose of a 19 year old tongue. And she backed slowly out into the little yard-space outside my apartment, and opened up the gate.. and gave me a long glance that showed respect for the weird, turbulent relationship we'd built… and she was about to turn and go, but…

She'd forgotten her glasses. So she came back inside.

So… we did the dance again. And I told her… "with five more minutes" she could have the experience of me tasting her. It would not be sex. She would still be a virgin. But she could "feel that pleasure." And that I wanted to taste how wet I had made her. Her resistance was buckling… so… I dragged her back to the room, one last time.

Pinned her down. Kiss her. Rubbed her pussy… and she was almost ready. So I took off her boots… and I knew her resistance was gone. Then started to peel her tights off her hips. She resisted, mildly, for three rounds. Then I pulled them down and she let it happen… and then… she helped me take off her tights.

Of all of the REFERENCE EXPERIENCES with this girl… this was one of my favorites. I was very confident with her by now. I wasn't worried at all. But that didn't mean I believed all her barriers were gone.

When she reached down and helped pull the tights past her ankles… I knew she wanted it. That was something I will never forget. This was more genuine surrender from her as she helped me pull the tights off. And I was "awake" enough in that situation to notice. And to understand that this was her telling me to keep going. She was telling me, non-verbally, "go ahead… do what you want… I am ready."

I ran my hands over her legs. She was wearing really nice underwear and I am confident she had considered I would see them. And then they were off…

And her skin was beautiful. And for the first time on this trip, I had an unshaven pussy in front of me. And it was beautiful too.

I didn't jump in. I did what I am doing more and more in bed recently… I made her connect. I made her look at me. I made her see that I wasn't going to "take" her body. That this was about me having that wet teenage pussy, but that I wasn't going to "drop her." I was still "with her."

Over and over I made her look at me… and she would try to break the tension and look away. That is a type of de-escalation and I wouldn't let her do it. We had built up an amazing sexual tension between us. I wanted her to look me in the eyes as we moved forward together.

This was another very big REFERENCE EXPERIENCE for me on this trip. In my post about Miss Bangs I wrote about the role of eye contact as we fucked… and it made all of the sex so much richer. I really learned something there. I was bringing Baby Dragon down that same path… with similar results. Deeper. Hotter. Better sexual vibe.

And I would run my hand over her belly (all that teenage skin), and when she would start to resist I would tell her to stop… this was about her pleasure. I wasn't going to try to fuck her. I made her look at me. I told her to relax. And she did. And she calmed down… and took my gaze. And she would "drop in," go deeper with me. And even show some confidence, from her vulnerable position, on her back, with her legs spread. She took the pleasure of my gym-calloused hands on her milky skin. And I knew she was ready.

I dragged her to the edge of the bed, spread her legs… and her thighs had strings of girl-goo between them as I parted them. What a reward that was… evidence of the quality of the work I had done. She had a sticky web of her turn-on spanning the crease between her legs… and the slimy, girl-come snapped back to the interior of her pussy as I got her wide open.

I took my time… biting her thighs lightly… emphasizing the pleasure. Stopping, every 30 seconds, making her lift her head off the bed and make eye contact with me again. She was getting it. We were connecting. Her eyes would flair as she locked onto my gaze. She would smile. She was feeling some care in the middle of wolfishness… I want to give girls both.

And then… my mouth was on her. And she was thick, and gelatinous, and delicious. I licked her clit. And lapped all

that gooey come from her hole. And licked her ass as well.

Eating a teenager's ass is a perfect, filthy pleasure for a man of my tastes.

I could feel her getting worked up. And the pressure building, but she made me stop. I came up and sucked her neck. Stroked her body. Kissed her, letting her taste herself. Her skirt, and bra, and shirt were still on… but I ran my hands over her legs and belly. And then… back down again. Another few laps through her youthful sexuality. Beautiful. Magnificent. Amazing.

And then she had had enough… I had stretched her as far as she would go that afternoon.

She made me leave the room while she put her panties and tights back on. Then her coat. Then another long hug. And a stare. And she had her glasses this time. And she backed out of my apartment, slowly, staring at me… that perfect mix of the borderline between girl and woman (she is exactly that). And she lingered… blushing slightly as she almost ran into one of my neighbors. Her hips made it passed my gate and into the courtyard… and one last look…

And she was gone.

And once again, I assumed it was the last time I would see her. But it was not.

I wrote this ^ section above that day… right after it happened.

I know this was an exciting thing for this little girl, and I was excited too. She really did have a delicious little pussy. And while I knew I was showing some control with her, I hadn't really been convinced I would bring her this far along. I was surprised. And proud.

It was my last day in Shanghai. What a great trip.

Earlier in the week, I had fucked Miss Soft (the art teacher) on an afternoon date. And the sex with her had been fantastic. I wanted to see her again. And I had been pinging her, but she wasn't jumping on my offer… then she said a friend was in town… it wasn't happened.

I fished for a date with a different girl… a very cute, young girl (maybe 22?) that I had dated (and made out with) earlier that week… she was busy too. Dammit.

I was out of options for existing girls. And while I sincerely wanted another proper round of sex with Miss Soft, my trip had more than surpassed my expectations at this point.

As I headed into my last night in China… my plan was to daygame. Maybe talk to 20 girls or so that night. Maybe an instant date. Maybe a SDL (if I had the favor of the Gods).

And if not… cool. It had been such a wild week. Dates every day for over a week (often twice a day). I was happy to daygame a bit for fun… and then have a quiet meal by myself. Maybe have a few drinks and "numb it out. Then, call it a night.

But that's not what happened.

That afternoon as I worked in the cafe, she was messaging me the whole time:

> NASH: You, are so delicious

Giving ^ her some post-sexual validation.

> HER: :) [smile, the one with hearts in the eyes]

> HER: The first time
> NASH: I loved it
> HER: strong man
> NASH: I told you I wanted to give you pleasure
> NASH: And you trusted me
> NASH: And we did it
> NASH: We gave you a good experience
> NASH: And you're still a virgin
> HER: You kissed me
> NASH: And you kissed me back
> NASH: Hey…
> NASH: I am working.
> NASH: If you have time… come see me tonight
> HER: I want to be held by you to sleep, but you can't touch me
> NASH: We can try… :]
> NASH: Are you free tonight?
> HER: Eat dinner together
> NASH: Okay
> NASH: I'll take you to a nice place for Chinese
> NASH: 7?
> HER: OK

Date number five was set up.

DATE FIVE:

That evening when I finished my work, I cleaned up… and pinged Baby Dragon.

> NASH: Hello Lovely Girl
> NASH: You ready?
> HER: Where do we meet
> NASH: My house
> HER: Hate you
> HER: Without me, I went out to dinner with someone else

More bullshit. Even this late in the affair… she was still flinging tests against the wall to see if they'd stick.

> NASH: ???
> NASH: Hey, be nice… sweet girl
> NASH: I thought we had a plan
> NASH: I said 7

I let it breath for a second and then I said:

> NASH: Tell me you want to see the strong man
> NASH: Or I will go explore Shanghai instead
> NASH: I want to see you
> NASH: But I don't want to argue
> NASH: Come see me

Very good boundaries. I was really learning here too. I made a lot of progress at this level in the last year.

And I would be quite happy to see her again… but otherwise, I could go daygame and fool around and that sounded good too. Win/win for me… either way. I had a great trip. Everything at this stage was pure bonus.

But she came through… she dropped her bluff and complied.

> HER: Wait
> HER: Explore together
> NASH: Okay
> NASH: Come here
> HER: OK

Despite the tests… I think she had basically accepted my leadership at this stage. I had slowly broken her in over all these dates. She was a still a wild, little pain in the ass. But I think she knew she was going to give into me at this point.

> "It's just like horses, you gotta break 'em. In other words, you gotta break the girl, and tame her. Then you can be nice, and do nice stuff. But that dynamic has to be established right away, if there's going to be any polarity, and any sex."
> — Paul Janka

That ^ is a hot quote.

And she showed up. And she looked cute.

And I walked her off to dinner. Me and the 19 year old. I had taken several girls to dinner there that week… three other girls… and this was the third night in a row. The wait staff smiling more and more each time I would bring in a new girl.

And after dinner… a nice walk home. It was finally cool in Shanghai. And I put her little hand in the pocket of my vest to keep her warm. And she freaked out a little as we passed a classmate on the street that night… back to keeping our distance. And I took her to the cookie store again… and then… back to my house.

And I was efficient this time. Straight to the bedroom. And this time, unlike the last episode where her skirt and shirt were still on… I got her completely naked. And she was so lovely in the nude. Very nervous. Hiding under the blankets as much as I would let her.

And I licked her up and down again. She was juicy and precious, as before.

And this time… I wanted to come.

It was my last night, I would leave in the morning. I was sexually pent up from the session she and I had earlier that day. So after she had squirmed and twisted from me going down on her, I whipped it out again. She was very tense. And again, she wouldn't even look at my cock. I tried to make her touch it and she wouldn't comply at all… she hid under the blankets.

I was unzipped. With a little teenage girl, full nude, lying beside me, refusing to touch my cock. So I did what any self-respecting man would do in such a situation… I jerked off.

And it was odd. It probably sounds odd, and it was.

I lay on back, with one arm around her little shoulders and her head on my chest. And with my other hand I jerked off. And it turned her on. A

nd I could feel her relax, and lean into me… and she was watching. Her interest intensified. Watching a grown man

stroke his cock… she liked it.

It was definitely odd. But it was one more lesson in the education I gave this little girl. Despite the awkwardness (more for me than her), it felt good to get off. And I was walking her deeper into her own sexuality… one baby step at a time.

After I shot my load, I rolled over and kissed her. I cleaned up. I grabbed my computer and walked her back to her dorm… then went to an Irish pub and did some writing.

Wild last night.

But our story wasn't quite over yet.

A few minutes later she was in her room in the dorms and I was a couple of blocks away, seated on a leather couch in the pub… drinking a beer, trying to knock down the emotion of the day. It was a completely wild day, and I needed that drink. And the next one.

She was messaging me.

> HER: What will you do alone at bar
> NASH: Hi Beautiful Girl
> NASH: We had a crazy day together

We had. I eaten her sticky box twice that day… with my tongue in her ass both times. Even now, it is a completely vivid memory for me. Fantastic.

> HER: You are lucky. My first time gave you
> HER: You are the first person to see my body

I believe her. I think she had dozens of "firsts" with me.

> NASH: You are lucky.
> NASH: That a strong man will give you so much attention…
> NASH: And pleasure.
> NASH: We know you had so much pleasure…
> NASH: Because your pussy was so wet.
> HER: And you?
> NASH: You made me hungry
> NASH: And you laid with me while I had a great orgasm

It wasn't that great… but I was still trying to weave the spell on this little one.

> HER: You gave me orgasm
> NASH: I did?
> HER: You didn't find it?
> NASH: I gave you an orgasm?
> NASH: Are you certain?
> HER: Yep

Giving a teenager an orgasm… awesome. I still haven't fucked a teenager (as a daygamer), but I am so damn close… the Daygame Gods will give one up soon. I've paid my dues.

> HER: Do you like to taste my pussy?

I love this, too.

In part, to hear a little girl talk like this with me… but more so, as she is talking like this as I have trained her so well. She heard me say this so many times as I worked her toward actually doing it. She will say this to the next guy, and he'll be surprised, and he'll have me to thank for all this education.

> NASH: I loved it
> HER: How do you feel?

She is "making meaning" here. Wondering how to sort all this out. And I was happy to keep co-creating this fantasy with her.

> HER: I like you hug me
> NASH: Yeah
> HER: Thank you
> NASH: Thank you
> NASH: For opening your heart

That sounds cheesy, but she did open her heart. She went from being a bratty, little tease to being a willing partner in bed. The sex came after she opened up… it's often that way. It was a long journey for her. And hard work for me.

> HER: I like your power
> HER: I am a slow mover
> HER: You know?
> NASH: You're young
> NASH: And moving slowly gives us time to know each other

It does. Sex is better for me when I have more time together with a girl before we get naked. I'll push it (I always do). Unlike her, I'm not slow. It is a good experience for girls to see a man act bold in his intentions. But…

I am increasingly convinced that the quality of the sex is better when she makes you wait. It's not about her having control. It's that her "waiting period" gives you a chance to "sink deeper" into each other. It's more "real."

This isn't about morality for me. Not at all. I am not talking about "making love." I am convinced that the physical sex – the raw carnal pleasure and intensity – is better once you've had time to connect.

> HER: Tonight I opened myself actually
> NASH: Yeah
> NASH: I felt it

It was true. Earlier that day was the first time I had my head between her legs. And even though it was only a few hours later when we did it all again… she had time to process it, and make it the "new normal." She was much more open. She was inviting.

This is kind of like the idea of taking a girl to three venues instead of just one… each venue is like "another date." And by having our lunch hook up, a break from each other that afternoon, and then an after-dinner hook up… even though they were both in the same day… it felt like more time had passed than the calendar would show.

> HER: The other day I am not relax
> HER: So I didn't talk more to you
> NASH: Umm
> NASH: Okay
> HER: Tonight I obviously changed my attitude
> NASH: It takes time, that is normal I think
> HER: You are mature
> HER: strong man
> NASH: Your eyes tell the truth
> HER: I believe you can feel the change in my heart

See all this?

I think I had really "broken the seal" of her sexuality at this point… and it came through time and connection with her. She had surrendered. Her virginity was still intact, but she was "mine." Another week… I would have had her.

I have no bitterness or regret (at all) about not fucking her. I know how to fuck. And the story is here… in this stage. In her final comments.

She hammered me with messages for the rest of the night. Talking about possibly seeing me again. And random stuff… telling me how much she likes singing. She was "safe" with me now. I was "her man." She was my little girl.

Surrendered. The "toughness" and quarrel was gone. It was beautiful.

And I would see her one more time.

DATE SIX:

It was my last morning in China. Which was cool with me… I had had a great adventure, but I was ready to go. My plane would leave at 5 PM that night. I would be in cab around 2 PM to head toward the airport.

But my Baby Dragon and I had a little more work to do.

> HER: Have you got up?
> NASH: Good morning, Beautiful Girl
> NASH: Are you in class?
> HER: I was absent from class

She ditched class to spend that last few hours with me. Fucking cute.

I took her to lunch. Then… the cookie store, of course. Then, my apartment once again.

And we know I didn't fuck her. But she was wide open this time. Not only no LMR, but also very little nervousness.

In a little over a week, she had been in my apartment six times. This was her fourth time on my bed. She had had her ass eaten twice. She had seen me jerk off. I had plenty of time to impress her… and work past all her wild little games. And now… she could start to lean into it. She could justify a sense of trust. She could do more than let herself be taken… she could participate.

Totally naked. And no blankets in the way. I pulled her up next to my chest, holding her arm above her head, my face near her neck… my other hand sliding down through the hair on her mound, and digging my nails into her thigh… stretching her long, naked, teenage body out… and I made her lift her head and look. I made her look at how fucking sexy she was. And she kissed me. She loved it.

She likes feeling sexy. I gave her that gift over and over.

I licked her head to toe again. So beautiful. So tasty.

And this time, I got naked, and leaned over her…and made her look at me… and she did. She was nervous here, but less so, and also excited. And I put her hands on my balls. And I jerked off and she watched every move. She was into this time. Her touch was mostly clumsy (and unsexy), but this was as far as I could bring her in our brief time together. And I was enjoying her. It was time for me to go… so I shot my load all over her and the bedding. And kissed her again. And she was happy and excited.

And I cleaned up.

My bags were already packed. We chatted and laughed for a minute. Then I grabbed my bags and she walked me outside. I flagged a cab, and she helped me translate, making sure the cab driver knew I wanted to go to the airport.

I didn't kiss her again. We were in public now, and I want her reputation to survive our little affair. But I gave her a very knowing look, and she returned it with a flash of those eyes that had first caught my attention on the sidewalk… where this all began.

I jumped in the cab… and I left Shanghai. My last few minutes in Communist China were spent jerking off in the company of a teenage girl. Unbelievable.

I had dated her three times in 30 hours. Wild. And I was exhausted.

I was ready to go home.

EPILOGUE:

So, that is it. I didn't fuck that little girl. I had a great time with her, despite the trouble. She had "softened" and given herself to me after all.

I started the thread about this girl saying I was willing to do more work than other man would have. I know that is true. For me, it was all worth it. For the thrills, for the taste of her body, and again… for all those reference experiences. I am a stronger, better, more experienced man because of the time she and I spent together.

And yet… I have one nagging question:

Did she want me to push even harder? Did she want me to "take" her virginity. If she didn't want it at the level of her "fore brain," did she want it in an animal way… at the level of her "hind brain?"

I was very sexually aggressive with her. I don't doubt myself there. But… could I have been somehow more effective? Pushed her harder? Faster? Taken more liberties?

Remember this line from the post about her virginity:

> HER: So you will force me next time?

Hmmmm. That was a provocative thing for her to ask. And it turns me on to even read it. Is she just teasing me? Teasing herself? Is that what she wanted?

So… when I got home, I asked her:

> NASH: And I have a question
> NASH: Were you disappointed I didn't hold you down…
> NASH: And put my cock inside you?
> HER: You think so?

> NASH: It is only a question
> NASH: If you told me “no”…
> NASH: But I held you down
> NASH: Spread your pretty legs…
> NASH: And pushed my cock inside you
> NASH: …
> NASH: Is there a part of you that wishes I did that?
> HER: I told you, thank you for letting me stay a virgin
> HER: I certainly don’t wish it
> HER: If you do that, I will be painful
> HER: body and mind

Okay, there is a response.

If we can trust her words (which… many times we cannot), there is an answer. And when she says it would be “painful” at the level of her mind… I, personally, back off this inquiry. In that case, I feel like I paced it as well as I could.

I don’t pursue this question because I was over-eager for the lay. I still care about notches, and I still chase them… but that isn’t where it’s at for me in this story.

I am interested in female psychology. In the insights from particular girls, their unique stories… and for the greater patterns an experienced seducer can discern from the similarities between girls.

She liked “force.” She likes “power.” Me forcefully taking her virginity was on her mind.

But when I asked… she seemed clear.

And then… a couple of weeks later, she was still into me, and still hitting me up via WeChat… even though I was back in the US.

One night, this came up:

> NASH: I know you like how strong I am
> NASH: And you like it when you see my passion for you
> HER: Yes
> NASH: You like to know you are a sexy girl
> NASH: And that a strong man like me…
> NASH: Wants you
> HER: haha
> HER: You make me laugh
> NASH: [bondage pic]
> NASH: Don’t laugh
> NASH: I’ll bite you and you’ll know I am serious
> HER: I can struggle
> NASH: Yes
> HER: And run
> NASH: You are strong… but I am much stronger
> HER: You can’t grab me
> NASH: I can hold you down… and do what I want to you
> HER: If I say no
> HER: Turn you down?
> HER: Still do what you want?

> NASH: I want you anyway
> NASH: And I have many ways to show you so much pleasure
> NASH: You will want it
> HER: Wolf
> HER: OMG
> HER: I like your “anyway”
> NASH: The wolf knows what he wants
> NASH: And I want YOU
> HER: I like you conquer me
> HER: Just a strong and wise man can make it
> NASH: I know that is what you want

Fuck.

See that? She says, “If I say no… turn you down… still do what you want?” Even if she thinks it would be painful, she is still okay with flirting with the idea. She was still rolling the idea around on her tongue.

So I tell her “I will want you anyway.” Which isn’t to say I would force her… but that my passion remains. And then I turn it around on her, “you will want it.”

> HER: I like your “anyway”
> HER: I like you conquer me
> HER: Just a strong and wise man can make it

Fuck. I don’t know, man.

We know she likes the “chase.” And that she responded very well to me ignoring some of the boundaries she threw in my face. And she likes my “power” and my physicality. And I dominated her psychologically as well. I was a “strong and wise man,” enough to get her as far as I did.

Should I have “pressed the point?” Should I have fucked her? Beyond my own satisfaction… would that have been better for her?

I’ll never know.

“I took tons of new, rare, interesting reference experiences from my times with Pixie Girl and Baby Dragon. I didn’t fuck either of them… but I took big leaps fwd in my education… at a stage in my game when ‘big leaps’ are rare.”

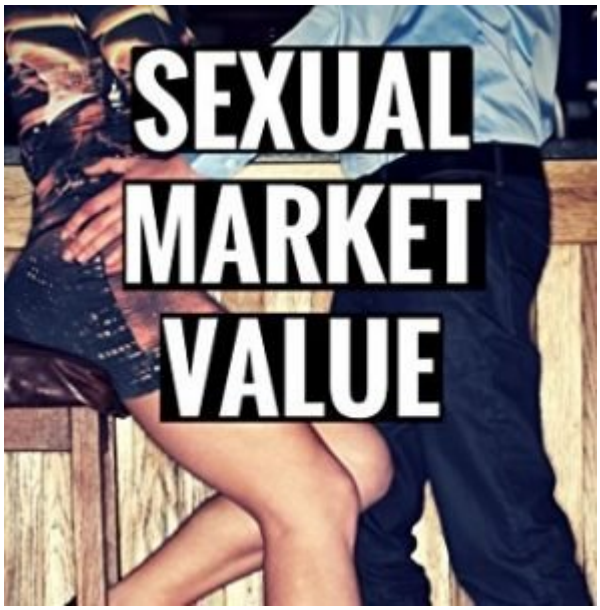
What a wild girl. What a great experience.

Viva Daygame.

Invisibles, Dateables, Hot Guys | Krauser's SMV Totem Pole

Nash · 12 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

I have a million posts I want to write but I had a fresh idea today so I'm going to spit it out. It combines two bits of content that have inspired me. The timing of the post is based on a piece of writing from a guy I just came across that calls himself Red Coco. The second piece of inspiration is some thoughts from Krauser where he talks about how men are ranked in terms of Sexual Market Value (SMV). I am going to combine these concepts with some other themes that have been on my mind.



Here goes.

Let's start with Red Coco's post today:

> "On a timeline, I would argue it is better to start off as a Beta and then grow into a learnt Alpha."
> — Red Coco

Now if that sounds like a controversial claim to you, I would agree. But I like it as a starting point for a conversion and I am using it as such.

As I see it, that is not a click-bait statement for Red Coco. He wrote an interesting piece about some of the value he has to offer that he attributes to his Beta days, and how he can access that value now as he transitions into being a player. He argues that he might not have achieved those qualities (or some of his insights into relationship dynamics) if he had started out "as a natural." It's a sincere piece and an uncommon POV. It's worth a read.

I like a lot about what Red Coco wrote, but I disagree that we are better off starting out as Betas. Many (most?) of us will in fact begin the player's journey there, by default. But I think there are handicaps to having ever spent time in the Beta-class of men.

But before I get into it, I want to transition into the material from Krauser.

I am in Tokyo now, just starting a daygame trip. Two years ago at this same time, I read Krauser's book Adventure Sex. I never posted about it, but I took a lot of notes. It's not a "textbook" (it's a memoir), but Krauser is a natural teacher, and he works some lecture into his stories of sex on the sidewalk.

He had some notes on Sexual Market Value (SMV) that stuck with me:

> "The pick-up community is obsessed with Sexual Market Value. This theory assigns men and women positions on a totem pole."
> — Krauser, Adventure Sex

In that section (the beginning of Chapter 32), he starts in about how we rank women and men. It's the "1 to 10" scale for women. He works through the scale from 5s to 10s, doing a great job articulating his criteria for what a "7" is ("These girls are young and pretty enough to create a stir in your trousers so long as they look easy to catch") or an "8" ("you'll think 'bloody hell, I can't believe I'm fucking a girl this hot'"). Good stuff.

> "Men naturally rank women into very fine gradations because that's what we're designed to do."

Right. At least in the world of structured game, that is exactly how we talk about SMV. Not everybody agrees on what that scale means. There are different scales. But that is true enough.

Where it gets more interesting for me (and connects us with Red Coco's theme) is where Krauser starts to talk about how women rate men:

> "Women don't rank themselves that way and when it comes to women rating men, they only really have three categories: invisible, dateable, and hot."

That ^ is close to hitting the spot, well done.

If Krauser borrowed that from somewhere, let me know, but I've never heard that any place else. It's not the groupings that are interesting, but more about the gaps between them (we'll get to that later).

I had to look these quotes up for this post. In my head they were GAMMA/BETA/ALPHA. And I have another addition… TOP GUY. I'll use my labels, because we already use these in Men's Culture, but we'll use Krauser's definitions (because they are very good).

GAMMAs and the THE INVISIBLEs:

> "The great mass of men are simply invisible, like furniture or cattle. They exist only to do the girl's homework at college, help her with her shopping, fix a tyre, pay taxes, and defend the borders. Most men are nothing but pack horses, and thus sexually invisible. That's not to say women harbour any ill intention towards them, they just treat them as non-sexual creatures, beasts of burden."

Ouch. This hurts to read because it's true. Most men are unfuckable. Maybe 80%. That's harsh. But it's true. It's redpill to see that.

Let's move on.

BETAs and THE DATEABLEs:

> "Next, there's a much smaller group, maybe fifteen percent of the male population, who are 'good enough' to date. These men have some readily observable value: reasonable height, decent looks, good job, decent fashion. If sex was all about checklists, these men's resumes would get them an interview. They're just uninspiring. When a girl really needs to get herself a boyfriend, she'll consider one of these men if he can distinguish himself in some way, or if she just hangs around him long enough to grow to like him."

Krauser is getting into value now, even as he is a bit shallow and surface-level about it.

But this is a category that hasn't been described that often, actually. Which is significant, as most men studying game are fighting to get into this category. Most of my life, I was in this group, or trying to be.

I had a lot of relationships when I was younger. I am okay to look at, but certainly not "hot." But I am smart, bold in some ways, reasonably athletic, very hard working, artsy. I had "observable value." Girls wanted me for a boyfriend. And that worked pretty okay for me until I was over 30 and my social scene was smaller and girls didn't fall into my orbit. At that point… I needed the skills to both approach and be attractive while doing so. I needed all that and more.

That is when I found game. And game helped me stay in this grouping… I was a "boyfriend" many more times as I was able to implement game.

And it wasn't until I found game and really came to understand the Sexual Market Place that I realized that despite my series of happy relationships with girlfriends… I wasn't really all that good with girls at all.

I didn't know "what I didn't know." I was unconsciously unconscious. And when I realized I had a lot to learn, there was tremendous opportunity as I moved forward. It was daygame that gave me the arena to test my skill and push past the Beta/boyfriend stage.

(It's a little early in the post, but while I'm at it… Viva Daygame.)

I like Krauser's definition of this grouping of men. And I'll expand it some:

Many active players live in what I might call the "VIP section" of the Beta/Dateable grouping. They are like the royalty of this class, above and beyond the rest, clearly distinct from the more average boyfriend/Betas.

If you're approaching a lot (or engaging online successful), getting dates, making out, getting "one new lay per month," you are like uber-boyfriend material in terms of SMP (you don't have to want a relationship, we're talking about what she sees). At this level, I would say you are "situationally Alpha," but not Alpha at resting state. It's your action that gives you some of the privileges of Alphaness… you have to work it.

I know "work at it" well. I am the "hardest working man in daygame" (© Nash 2019). That is not bragging, not at all. My hard work is your proof I'm not a "Hot" guy. If I was a proper resting Alpha, or a true Hot guy… I wouldn't have to work nearly this hard. I am fine with all this. I'm doing great. But it's true.

ALPHAs and HOT GUYS:

I think there is a level above this stage, but this is the last of Krauser's categories as he presented them in his book:

> "The 'hot' guys are somewhere between two and five percent of the population. They are somewhat attractive to most women, and each hot guy has his own demographic of women who finds him very attractive. The basis of their hotness is normally good looks, but it can also be fame, status, charisma, or lifestyle. The last five years of my life could be seen as a project to infiltrate this top-tier. For a while I bashed my head against the walls, then I'd get let in for short periods, and finally I made my home there."

Proper Alphas… like you walk into the room and lots of people look at you. People follow your lead without a lot of arm-twisting. You get respect easily, and most importantly… you get sexual compliance. Not like "your GF lets you fuck her whenever you want"… but like your friend's GF wants to fuck you. Waitresses write their number in your bill. Girls give up the number easily, return your messages consistently, and rarely flake for dates. This is the Chad state.

I bet most of the guys in this category are reasonably good looking AND have other "observable value." (None of this has anything to do with cash. That is closer to a boyfriend trait, where she chooses you for the side-dishes you offer, not for who you are.)

I will venture into Bragging Country for a second and say I have had flashes of this stage. At least three times in

2018 I had solid Girl Tornadoes spinning (in Tokyo last year, that Spring when I returned home to the US, and again in Shanghai). I was approaching a lot. I had tons of active leads (adding new ones every day). I was dating a lot. I was fucking new and existing girls. I was "high" on game. And that made my vibe spiral up. The "Matthew Principle" kicked in, and because I already had "more," I got "more." Drunk on serotonin… everything I did worked better.

That ^ is the sexual life of a Hot Guy. Maybe it felt slightly better for me, as it was all conscious and intentional on my part (which is getting at Red Coco's point, but hold on).

> "If my vibe slips then my hold on the bottom rung of the Hot Guy ladder begins to slip too."

Here ^ Krauser is saying something I know very well. For me, I was "Middle Dateable" most of my life. Game moved me closer to "Top Shelf Dateable." I can fight my way into "Minor Hot Guy" status, but it is always temporary for me. Again I am okay with this.

Guys aren't really on a "1 to 10" scale (more on why, in a minute). Girls will always like some guys more than others (even within the same category), of course, but I like Krauser's "three buckets." Like a lot of Krauser analysis, this matches what I see in my own "first hand" experience in the Sexual Market Place.

Cool. This is a great view into SMV.

That is the background I wanted to lay out before I go after Red Coco's assertion that we might all be better in the end if we started off as Beta.

> "On a timeline, I would argue it is better to start off as a Beta and then grow into a learnt Alpha. When you come from a bad place – like being a fat kid – then you hope to never return there. And when you do inadvertently return there, you know the surrounds, the vibe, the feeling of being there…"
> — Red Coco

I really like his post. It's an unusual perspective in a community where most perspectives are well-worn with repetition.

As for that line that we would be better off starting out as Betas, it's sort of a moot point, as most of us will be Beta (or worse) anyway. So maybe his POV has practical value even if I don't like the assertion I highlight here.

Anyway… he says he wrote his piece as he sees a natural friend of his struggling with relationship management:

> "I write this because my neighbour is a natural Gamer.. he recently embarked on a relationship with a Spanish girl and has the face of a man who does not know how to navigate the polarity required to keep her in orbit but not lose his own trajectory. He doesn't know what it's like to slip into a long-term relationship, how to deal with frame weakening, and what it's like banging the same chick over and over again."

I see what Red Coco is aiming at. And I know he is trying to develop a larger point, but I think he is conflating his neighbor's "surface attraction skills" with a man that "really knows women." There is a difference between being able to "begin deals" and being able to manage them. It is not only a different experience, but also a difference in mindset.

Krauser's SMV scale for men isn't really about managing girls. That's not it's focus, it's a more simplistic scale than that. But this is an interesting point to jump-off into the characteristics that I think Red Coco is pointing to… that is, real understanding of relationship dynamics, women, and female psych.

And I think we can tie those qualities back to SMV categories as well. I think they are correlated.

I was originally going to comment on Red Coco's blog that the scale of "Gamma/Beta/Alpha" as it pertains to SMV is not a spectrum. This is the point that Krauser adds to that scale that I think is particularly interesting:

> "It's tempting for a would-be player to obsess about microlevel changes in his value, as if upgrading himself from a 7.4 to a 7.6 will affect his sex life. That's a fallacy based on projecting the male 1-10 system onto women. The real challenge for a player is to jump from invisible to dateable, and then dateable to hot guy. There are only two thresholds to cross and it means the difference between involuntary celibacy and a steady girlfriend, then from a girlfriend to lots of adventure sex."
> — Krauser

This ^ is a hot concept. Very well done. And this is what I couldn't forget after I read it. Excellent.

He is talking about a "JUMP." That's not an "optimization" or "tuning" of your SMV. It's not "inching your way up"… it's a QUANTUM LEAP. And I think that is a very important point in understanding SMV.

Women CAN be "incrementally" better than others, in that "bigger tits" or a "better smile" can make us more interested and hustle a bit harder. The game of seduction is on us, so the primary drivers of making it work are on us, not the girls. So marginal gains by girls might inspire us. But as it's on us to start the game, those bits about women aren't essential. If a woman can follow a man's lead, the game can begin… even if the surface rewards for a man are +/- a point or two in one direction or another.

But for a man, there are QUANTUM LEVEL skills that can't be "almost-ed." There is no "close" in masculinity. There is no "close" in being a leader. You can't be "almost convincing" when it comes to her spreading her thighs.

This is why the classic Beta/Alpha thing is so persistent. Those "jumps" as Krauser calls it make the all the difference. They are distinct categories, not small tweaks. If you can make the jump… you can have the rewards.

This is why many very attractive men can get a girlfriend, but can't create choice with women on the fly. They are surface hot, but lack the real drivers that really successful men possess. It is why men with money can find a girl that will spend time with them (sometimes), but it doesn't at all mean they will "get what they want" from those women. Those men become cash-machines for gold diggers (some of them in the context of marriage) and get worked over.

Hooking the girl – through good looks or cash – is a weak start, unless you have the skills to manage her psychology once you have her. Catching a snake is one thing. Enjoying it without being bitten is quite another.

So back to Red Coco.

He does a great job of acknowledging some of the "side dishes" associated with wrangling women. How accumulating various kinds of value can make you more attractive on the front end, but also can add depth in the context of a long-term relationship.

I hear him saying that men that have been in the "boyfriend box" a few times know what it's like to feel a girl chip away at a man's frame. They can see the warning signs. They might have some skills in detection, if not control. A lot of that is true.

I know what that is like in my own life.

In the last 10 years I had two serious girlfriends where I lived with both of them (very briefly). They chipped away, despite my education in game. I could see it. I could deflect some of it, counter other parts, shock-and-awe her back into my frame… but the "betatization" of relationships is real. I wasn't able to hold it back with those girls. And as I wasn't that into them (and particularly that behavior), I chose to get out. My education and my frame weren't quite

what they needed to be… but I was wise enough to know I use boundaries to get back to a good place, a place I knew I could be happy(er)… which was single.

It wasn't hard. I ended those relationships, got free, got happy. As the song goes… there are 50 ways to leave your lover.

But Red Coco is talking about a skillset that works within the context of an LTR. And I admire that investigation. Which is why I wrote this post.

Red Coco explores the idea that starting Beta can prepare you to function more successfully in longterm relationships. I was inspired by his thinking, but no… I don't think that is true.

I don't think being Beta helps, precisely because of the those QUANTUM LEAPS between categories. Those leaps are based on skills and qualities that the previous category fundamentally does not possess. The differences define the categories themselves.

Beta's learn a lot of bad habits that are hard to shake off. So starting there… will mean it takes years to get even middling success, as you "leak" Beta and girls can smell it, instantly disqualify you. Those Beta-tells push you down a quantum category… back to Beta… and barely fuckable, if fuckworthy at all.

We see this as otherwise "cool players" hook a girl, but they "like her too much," and they stop running good game. That is a Beta-tell. That is a bad habit of a man that spent too much time in Beta Country and slips back into those patterns in moments of weakness. Once she see Beta… you don't lose "a point," you lose a whole leap of status. You're busted from hero back down to Beta, and then… it's gets worse and quickly.

For contrast, I'll tell a story of an old friend of mine. We'll call him The General.

The General is a piece of work (an imperfect man), but he is not the slightest bit Beta. He can't imagine thinking that way. He is packed with flaws and many women would laugh at him, but he has always had tremendous control of women, access to women, he can make it happen (not with every woman, but with some girl) any time, any place. He is a proper Natural. He is the same way in business. This goes beyond surface level qualities of "catching" a prospect (be it a woman or a business client). The General is successful on the front end and also has the management skills and behavioral traits that cannot be faked, traits that hold together long-term success.

The General can display HONEST SIGNALS that are proof to many around him that he is in the category of ALPHA, even if he is not particularly Hot Guy. He is a bit short, bald, and kind of fat. But, he can pull with the volume of Hot Guy (if not the quality, but sometimes there too). And then he can run laps around guys that can only attract, as he is a natural Alpha and can control women via his own psychology and knowledge of theirs.

He is also a bit of tyrant. And I think that actually, totally serves his marriage. I have a side-theory that tyrants have the best marriages. Tyrant + restraint + benevolence, that's the formula. I'm speculating, I'm not married… but that is how you keep the betatization process at bay. But I digress.

I don't think most Beta's will ever learn to be like my friend. Not even close. When they try, they will look like they are LARPing (= playacting and incongruent), and they'll get rejected (rightfully so), or have short-terms gains that don't serve them or their girls in the long-term.

Much better to start Alpha (which is not a choice for most guys, so this is theoretical) or… come from a family with an Alpha father (or an Alpha culture, etc) that instills this kind of Alpha thinking in you, so you default back to it (based on your upbringing)… even in hard times.

Now I'll hat-tip to Yohami.

Yohami introduced the concept of TOP GUY to me here in this blog. Top Guy (as I see it) is a fourth category for male SMV I would add to Krauser's totem pole. It's above and beyond "hotness" (with that label, Krauser clouds the water a bit).

"Hotness" sounds like physical attractiveness, which is almost meaningless for a guy like me. He adds charisma, fame and lifestyle, but again, not good enough for what gives a man "hand" in a relationship. If you need to spend your time talking about how it's all about hotness or looks, I think you're a serious "junior leaguer" and I can't be bothered to try to convince you otherwise (Full disclosure: I wasted some time doing that this week, and I'm bitter about it).

Looks help… yeah, yeah, yeah. Super boring, low-fidelity point. Swagger (an Alpha trait) trumps looks by a wide margin. A good looking Beta isn't nearly as attractive as a less "hot" guy with serious swag. And above looks and swag is applied psychology. Mindset, yeah… which is byproduct of a man's psychology. The player's own psych ("inner game") is crucial for Top Guy. And his knowledge of the intricacies of the minds of women.

Top Guy is all that. Looks are almost irrelevant for Top Guy. His swag and his insight into the churning gears of the SMP are what take him beyond hero (let's say, a relatively successful PUA) into Super Hero – a man that not only has choice upfront with women, but can wrangle them once he has dragged them into his world.

I am no expert in Top Guy. I have had "Top Guy" moments, as I talked about above. When Krauser says he has fought his way into "Hot Guy" category, I think he is saying he has learned some aspects of the life of Top Guy (certainly more than me).

And I think most Top Guys are born, not made (most of them). Even if those skills lay dormant and never "activate their potential."

Others are made. Like Yohami. I believe that he is Top Guy and wasn't always. He says so.

I think I have had flashes of Top Guy… because Yohami schooled me so hard (he molded my psychology), and because I have APPLIED IT (this is not about memorizing theories). I have endlessly more to learn. But I make the jump up into Top Guy (always temporarily), particularly when I am working hard and have tons of options (and the Daygame Gods will it so). And then I slip back down into a productive Sigma lifestyle for most of the rest of the time.

Being Beta will never give you Top Guy insight. So you will essentially fight fires (or distract the girl from setting them), but never deal the root cause. She will fuck with a Beta. And fuck with him more aggressively every time he shows his "Bottom Guy" nature.

This was a big part of what Yohami was trying to teach. When you flash Bottom Guy at her… you drop down a quantum leap and you are really in trouble. A lot of the tools you learn in that phase of your life are half-baked recipes that highlight ingredients, but are really… nothing at all. And she knows it. So she works you out of your job (and her life).

It's how nature intended it to be.

Being Beta may give you insight/motivation that will help you strive to actuate Top Guy… but anything remotely Beta, is the antithesis of Top Guy. Those worlds don't coexist well at all.

To make it personal again… I don't know that I could ever run a proper marriage. Perhaps as I have too much in my Beta past. I can run very solid relationships these days, full ROMANTIC REDPILL, but the best tool I have when things get rough is cut it off and start over. Short of that, I control a lot of the negotiation these days by controlling my time (I don't give her too much), which means anything domestic is out.

I don't want The General's life, but I really admire the mettle of that man. He is a traditional guy, one that has had a ridiculously hedonistic backstory, but settled down, and now runs a business, raises two boys, and wrangles his wife (including keeping their sex life functional… which is almost all him, it's amazing… no way a Beta could do what

that man does).

And based on both genetics and his influence, I bet his son's will have a better shot at Top Guy relationships than most. And certainly more than aspiring Beta's can hope to know.

The game is played in psychology. And you learn each lesson via your own personal reference experiences. You can't even begin to earn those reference experiences as an invisible Gamma (you can't get girls to play). And Betas and The Dateables can earn reference experiences, but often the wrong ones. They learn what it is like to be seen as "high functioning" Beta. That is still a flavor of Bottom Guy.

No, I don't think starting Beta has many advantages.

Alpha is the place to start (as Yohami would insist), as all of your incoming references are as a man that is seen and treated as Alpha. You learn the right habits… right from the beginning. You always see yourself from the right POV. And so do the girls.

May we all find the balance, the balls, and the boldness to inspire women to see us as Alpha (even if that is concentrated into the limited time we are with those girls). And if we're good… tastes the fruit of the Top Guy lifestyle. It is from that "upward spiral" that the world opens up.

Until then… may the sidewalk be full of inspiring lovely girls. May the interactions be spicy. May we all be entertained.

Viva Daygame.

On Marriage | Quality Women are Made (by Men)

Nash · 26 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

I have some thoughts on marriage and long-term relationships… and many of them are not my own. I am going to curate a compilation of some of those thoughts, forging together notes from several points of view. I have a conclusion (which is also not my own) – and pays tribute to a fascinating article by Illimitable Man.

In the way of a brief introduction, I am 45 and not married (nor do I plan to be). I was once certain I would be married with kids. Today I will allow for the possibility (maybe in 10 years), but I am not at all tempted to get started anytime soon… at this point in my life, being a bachelor is too much fun.

As you might be able to tell, I am not trying to sell marriage here. Not really. I have a bigger, better axe to grind.

But I do wonder about this topic. For myself. For other men (not all of them are going to want the life of a seducer). And for society at large (which I happen to care about).

To begin to bring in the comments of other men, I'll start here:

It has been interesting to watch the Renegade Playboy Troy Francis go off about traditional conservatives (TradCons), monogamy, and marriage. In many ways, I feel almost safe to let him speak for me on this topic:

> Far from being meaningless, the player's life can be the most meaningful of all.
>
> Without the shackles of marriage and domesticity, he is free to pursue artistic and creative projects to his heart's content.
>
> — Troy Francis (@RenegadePlayboy) January 2, 2019

While I won't claim that men in the Player Class find the most meaning in life, I like the thrust of his sentiment all the same. Not bad. But this piece is not about being a bachelor. It is about a more traditional path:

What if we did want to get married? For kids. For the potential fulfillment. For the legacy. For the promise of the "full catastrophe" of family life?

That is legit too. Despite what I write about here (and how I choose to spend my time) I really believe that.

I admire (strong) husbands and (good) fathers.

In fact, I am influenced by the values and strength of traditional men all the time. I am very much convinced that

marriage and family is the best thing for Western Civilization… even if that isn't true for what I personally want out of life (there is no conflict in saying that). It's the best thing for kids. I admire all of that and I encourage it.

This week, a guy left this comment on my blog:

> "This is more about being a good role model to my sons and creating a legacy to leave them, than it is about 'me' at this point. I'm quite a proponent of finding a true, meaningful vision greater than oneself and setting an azimuth to truly be a good captain. I suspect very few men can pull off a happy marriage in today's age, but those who can will reap greater rewards due to the greater inherent risks."
> — Killyouregotowin

"To truly be a good captain." I like that. And I think that is an example of a value system that is common in the best of traditional patriarchal men.

And yet, most of us are over-trained in the idea of sacrifice (even if we don't practice it). It's in the culture and it's in our DNA as men… to protect and serve. I would not do marriage in the spirit of sacrifice. Full no to that. Children don't need a martyr, they need a "good role model."

If we retain the principle in Men's Culture of the importance of "put yourself first," we can still make a case for marriage that could co-exist with those terms.

Speaking of "what is in it for us?," this post was inspired by the Tweet below from Ryan Stephens:

> Married people in the West are happier, healthier, and better protected against economic setbacks and psychological depression.
>
> They enjoy higher incomes and greater emotional support.
>
> You don't need to disavow marriage.
>
> You need to vet better.
>
> — Ryan Stephens □ (@ryanstephens) January 19, 2019

That last line is important: "You need to vet better." Hmmmm. Interesting. We'll come back to that.

As for the rest of his comment, I am a committed bachelor, but even still I think Ryan is correct.

While divorce might be a death blow for many men, a high-functioning marriage could be nourishment for a successful life. It could serve as support for a man's goals beyond his family (his art, his business, even his pastimes). The economic benefits (for the legacy of the family) is a solid argument.

Most of Ryan's claims are true for most people. Marriage is not only better for society, but it likely IS better for most men (if you can hold it to a high standard). It is a better foundation for most of us than that of the "individual contributor," for all of the reasons Ryan mentions and more.

(Of course there are many, many valid arguments for why you should NOT get married, but I'm not wearing that particular hat today. For more on that see TheRedQuest. He is also not wrong.)

The TradCons would support the argument Ryan is making there. Even as there is little about my lifestyle the TradCons would condone, I have a strong conservative streak in my thinking. I have many conservative values and I certainly have old fashioned discipline and that kind of work ethic. In another life, I would try to live as they do.

That is… assuming I could start with the right girl. Ryan talks about "vetting." What would that look like? "The right girl?" This line of inquiry feeds us deeper into the point of this piece.

But first… a little counter-argument. To help round out this discussion, let's bring in some representation from men that aren't sold on the prospect of a lifetime with a woman.

> Where dem quality women at? https://t.co/KYuw1aMroE
>
> — Flat Lander ???????? (@flatlanderorg) January 19, 2019

We hear this a lot, right? No quality women.

Flatlander is not wrong. He is cynical… but he is not wrong.

There is an argument to be made that "quality" women aren't easy to identify. Not in general. And are ~~especially~~ certainly hard to find in the current culture. I'll leave it to the #complainpill guys (led by false-heroes like Rollo) to bitch and moan forever about "muh feminine imperative." As men, whining about the state of the culture (and nature, for that matter) is a waste of our time. But I can see what is going on. I know a lot of (otherwise) reasonable men feel that way.

I live in the US (for now) and don't date American women. Like… never. I approach them sometimes (often as I don't realize they are American). But those sets are never as fun as non-Western women. There is something there.

We have a problem in the West. With the girls… but also with ourselves as men (which is where I'd rather focus). I am hyper critical of men like Rollo – as I watch them trapped in a defensive crouch, like scared animals. Pathetic. Men like him lack any sense of charm or confidence, and thus won't be able to lead themselves (or the girls) to a better place. Fear and defense. That is all that school has going for it. A clutch of intimidated men, clucking about politics… they have all but given up.

Say no to #complainpill.

There are solutions. And we'll come back to that. That is what this piece about. But first, more comments from other guys.

Here is something from Janka (a hero of mine). Last I heard, he wanted to retire from his legendary tour of game and have a ton of kids:

> "I am 34, my girlfriend is 22, I want a big family… I have an idea of being the leader of my family. For me, it's important I have someone of very high character. I need someone I can rely on. A flimsy girl is going to breakdown underneath me. I need a strong woman of high character. I want her young enough that she has a lot of child bearing years ahead. At 22, she can have a lot of kids. And attractive, good sex."
> — Janka

I like that too. There is a man that fucked over 300 girls. And he enjoyed himself. But he wanted to see the other side too. Good for him. He is not wrong.

And he wanted to be the leader of a family. That is a great way to say it. That is a spirit I can admire.

But notice he is looking for a girl of "very high character." We are back to "vetting." That is certainly part of the formula… part of it.

Let's get back to Flatlander's suggestion that this whole plan hinges on finding a quality woman. What is the way to find her?

And now I turn my focus to that essay by Illimitable Man I mentioned in my opening statements for this post: Women of Substance are Made, Not Born.

That is a red-hot title. And the words that follows it back up that claim very well. Excellent piece of writing. Well done.

I don't know all that much about Illimitable Man. I have bumped into him a few times in the fray of Men's Twitter. I don't follow his (current) account, in part, as he blocked me (on his suspended account) when I pointed out some

flat-footed stuff he was saying about why women have affairs. That experience made me think he was a tool (and an intellectual coward, incapable of backing up his claims). Some recent evidence confirms my initial impression of the man… but I still like his thinking in the post I cite above.

Let's start off by letting Illimitable answer Flatlander's question:

> "If you want yourself a desirable woman you will have to cultivate femininity and desirability into her yourself if you deem she has the necessary raw material to become a desirable lady worthy of raising a family with, wife material."
> — Illimitable

Hmmm, yeah. I like that. That line is doing a lot of things right. If you want a good wife… you have to build her yourself.

That's heavy. And it's genius. And it goes well beyond "vetting."

> "Heed me when I say that all red pill women are trained by men, they are not magically born out of the womb, a 'unicorn' is merely a high quality red pill woman raised, cultivated and overseen by men of value, integrity and intelligence."

I see this in the girls I date (and quite often, in the men I work with). You can tell when some strong male presence has made a difference in their lives.

I am not (currently) trying to find or "cultivate" a wife. And I come from a school that is more into seduction than "being pilled" (a lot of "pilled" culture is the antithesis of seduction), but I see evidence of this line of thought in my own progress in game.

In recent posts about Pixie Girl and Baby Dragon, I talked about "training them." As I talk about wrangling these girls I have been using phrases like "shaping her behavior." In a recent post on Twitter I gave an example of "telling her what she thinks." I believe I am in the spirit of Illimitable's advice when I lead those girls in that way. I believe this is what the best men do with the girls in their lives.

And those girls blossom and glow in the light of that kind of attention.

I was not thinking of Illimitable's thesis in any of those times… but at the higher levels of masculine psychology (and I think I am somewhere in the middle, but angled up, for certain), we are all starting to do the same things (in perhaps different ways).

I know a lot of guys that read this blog are not married. They are still trying to work up the nerve to talk to some girl on the street (and I seriously respect that stage), to boldly take her number (you can do it, man), to lead her through a date that ends with her ankles in the air (hallelujah)… or over the course of several dates, to establish these girls as happy spinning plates (=recurring revenue).

But there are deep parallels in the work we do as bachelors versus what Illimitable is showing us in terms of setting up the basis for a family… at the level of frames and the ability to wrangle the minds and behaviors of our girls.

We are talking about female psychology. And masculine psychology. Maybe especially our own minds. I will write soon about "do looks matter" (the fucking dumbest argument in pickup), and when I do, I will continue to hammer on the point that the meat and potatoes of what we need to learn in game is the psychology of it all. The power there is light-years beyond your pickup line, your "rescue text," or the squareness of Chad's jawline.

Chad can attract sumptuous pussy, but can he cultivate the behavior he wants in a woman? Can you see how those are night/day different skills? If he can "cultivate femininity and desirability" he is more than Chad. He is the man I want to be.

It's about how solid you can make your own mind. So solid… that your command of the world infects the girls. Your world becomes calm and orderly. The reckless, testing nervousness within her relaxes into grace. Beautiful. That is her, but it is also your impact on her. We are talking about a kind of psychological work, but if done with art… this is all very sexy, indeed.

One of the most important parts of advanced game (and mastery of life, for that matter) is in the concept of "mental frames." I won't go into definitions here, but the idea that "good women are made, not born," is itself a mental frame. Can you handle that concept? Do you believe it? If you do not, you will never be able to create that reality. I bet some of the guys that will read this have done this work in their lives already. For others, it'll be shocking… or seem like too much work.

> "For those of us who have neither the time nor the inclination to practice the patience required to effectively create our own red pill woman, indulging in the idea of red pill women is not an option."

That's right. But the default for most men is not glorious relationship. It is mediocrity, or worse. Most men were not supposed to breed, let alone lead (and those things are closely linked). There is alpha. But Sigma also leads. And Upper Betas do quite a bit of leading as well (within their own fiefdoms). These men have the best chance of making marriage work. And they are the men that hold society together.

At this point, we have gone beyond Ryan Stephan's note about vetting. Vetting is a search for raw materials. From those materials… you begin to build what you want to see in the world.

And we have more than answered Flatlander's question. For men with the POV he represented in that line, I'm not sure they'll like the answer. They can't wait (or hope or pray) for the "culture to change." They'll have to start with the best material they can find… and then build her themselves. They will have to make their own glory. And they will have to know what they really want.

Don't kid yourself. It has always been so.

It might not be worth it to you. Or more likely, you might not have the stones and the force of will to make it happen. But if you choose to accept this mission, Illimitable has more for you in his post:

> "Typically you want her to have had a father who was a patriarch, a dominant man who taught her discipline…"

Many men with insight into women's heads know this is true.

> "In essence, this is why women tend to look for 'men who were like their fathers,' they seek dominance in which they can trust, and it is this dominance which allows them to remain emotionally stable, offloading their neuroticism onto the stoicism of the man that they pair with."

Wow.

"Offloading their neuroticism." Imagine a man so strong, he can calm her nervous system. A man so expansive he can subsume her entirely. No just for an hour (which is hard enough), but mostly eliminate that from her behavior within the structure of a relationship.

If you're lucky, you inherit the "raw materials" of a proper "marriageable" women from another man that has raised her to be exactly that. Most likely her dad. Or perhaps a previous lover.

> "[T]hey are guided by a social network of traditionally minded matriarchs…"

And perhaps from a family where mom "got it," knew what a partnership with a quality man was all about, and

helped shape her daughters for that role. Not to capture his paycheck, but to procure his patronage. These women are more common than we think.

> "No matter the woman, she will test your patience; this is just women full-stop."

Can you follow that? He is saying something really powerful here.

This is where the notion of vetting isn't enough. Not only will you not find a "unicorn," but even once you've shaped a girl into a pattern of relating that brings out the highest potential of her, yourself, and the coupling… "unicorn maintenance" will still test your capacity as a man… over and over again.

> "All she does is devotion… then 'fuck you!'… then devotion… then 'fuck you!' That's the feminine."
> — David Deida

You have to build a relationship with a women to even create that state of devotion. And even then… that "fuck you" hiss of the chaotic feminine will be there to find you when you are not bringing your best game.

Are women an incredible pain in the ass? Yes. They are. But the same woman will be out of control for one man and submissive and sweet for another. Why? Because one guy is "better looking?" Hardly. This is about frame. And about having done your inner work so you shine through the mud of circumstance.

No one said being a great man would be easy.

This is a deep, deep answer to a puzzle many men will attempt to solve. Illimitable is laying out. He is pointing to where the responsibility lies. It starts with vetting, but then… it lies with you.

> Femininity is like water, flowing over any circumstance or pouring into new life, refreshing and purifying the harsh landscape of life.
>
> And without boundaries, containers, channels- a few chosen vessels, femininity risks being as useless as spotched puddles on a muddied floor.
>
> — Rachel (@tradpoaster1000) January 23, 2019

h/t ^ Propatriarch.

How do you have a stable marriage? Or a zero-drama girlfriend? Or a solid date?

You make it so.

You do that through the mastery of the elements of "game" (the psychology) that extend into something as far reaching as marriage. Through your discipline, your wisdom, and the ownership of your own psychology, you provides a "nest" where her psychology can settle in, root down, and provide the radiance to raise delightful kids.

Before I go on… it is typical of the way I review a piece of work like a book or a product (or in this case, a post) that I include some criticism. And I will do that here, and in part, I already started when I talked about the impotent whining of men like Rollo:

> "In today's Anglosphere and western European civilizations should typically expect very little of women, so few are worthy of anything more than a rumble in the hay simply because they haven't been raised right."
> — Illimitable

I don't totally disagree with that statement, but in lines like that one Illimitable sounds a little too #complainpill for my tastes. I'm not saying that men that go on about these points are wrong… I am saying that beyond a proper understanding of the features of female psychology (that, yes, are aggravated by modernity) we need to get to work

on our lives, instead of playing the role of sad, ineffective analysts (**cough cough** Rollo).

Okay, there is my disclaimer about the first part of Illimitable's post. There are more lines like that, but you get the point.

What I like about Illimitable's piece is that it is much more than whining or angry posturing about "the wymens." It's actionable. We can create the world we want to live in. You are not only "at the effect" of culture, you build your own culture from the ground up. That is the part where we should focus our attention. That is powerful. That is a way forward.

Of course this idea didn't originate with Ill. Lots of men have this kind of steel in their veins.

> Women behave according to what you tolerate, not according to what you wish for. Set her clear rules, tasks, limits and she will blossom. Tell her how you want her to be. Be a man! pic.twitter.com/dXMJxgCOGp
>
> — propatriarchy (@AerthoPhoriz) January 24, 2019

I can't say enough about the calm, certain, masculine vibe coming off of Propatriarchy's account. No complaining there. Only leadership. It's inspiring. This is what I wish for men. For all of us.

I talked about Frames. It is my hope that we hold each other to this level of ownership over our lives. That we solidify the "frame" that we can start with a clean vision of what we want, what we expect of women in our care, and build exactly that. First, see it. Feel it. Then be it. Make that frame solid. Then push that frame out. Extend that level of consciousness with such certainty that the women around you feel you to your roots. Capture their attention and their faith. Then lead them. And they will melt inside the solid walls of your mindset, your dedication, your hard work, your wise decisions.

And they will love you for it.

> "The biggest flattery of all to women, which only an intelligent woman will realise, is that despite the sheer frustration and pain she causes him with her volatile emotivity, is that such a man still chooses to stick with her and provide for her despite her shortcomings."
> — Illimitable Man

There is some cheerful misogyny right there and I like it.

It won't be easy. But you can do it. She needs you to. So do your future kids. You need it (even if you're only talking about taking a girl on weekend adventure).

Should you get married? Maybe. If you do it right, it will likely be the best thing you could do for the future (if not yourself). If you're not rock solid yet, take on as much responsibility as you can carry, and before you try to lead a tribe… put yourself first. Fix yourself first. Work your way up to being a proper patriarch. That is my plan. In some ways I am already there. In other ways… I have much work to do.

And if you're a player, you can take these lessons into how you manage your plates.

On a shorter timeline, you can shape the behavior of the girls you date, even within the space of a single date – I know this for a fact, I have done it. Over a few days, you can transform a girl's behavior (at least in terms of how she shows up for you). Once this is established ("how it starts is how it goes") you can have a happy, stable, no-drama girl on your hands.

Show her a man she has rarely seen. Demand of her a woman that is worth the care and attention of such a man. Be that man.

> "Even single girls should have a male guardian, a reliable male contact person who advises them on their

> decisions and also confirms them.”
> — Propatriarchy

Quality women are made by men. This is leadership. And it’s beautiful.

Once again, much respect to all the brave, “tall” men out there leading women and children through the wilderness. I respect you. You hold much of civilization together. And I admire that very much.

Viva daygame.

Case Study: The Controlling Girl, Drama, and Female Psychology

Nash · 30 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

A guy and I were having a side conversation about a girl on Twitter. He asked my opinion about a "shit test." I started to reply to him… but then thought it would be better to do this in public, as the conversation might be interesting to other guys. I'm very much into female psychology, and this was great example we can poke at, and see what we can read of the situation. Of course I'll dig into my favorite sources… and my citing RSD Julien, Lance Mason, Janka, Krauser, and some world class stuff from Yohami.

We'll call our friend "Player Jay:"

> NASH: Do you mind if I do my response as a blog post?
> NASH: Is that cool?
> PLAYER JAY: I'm all for it.
> PLAYER JAY: Just a conversation with a women.

Cool.

Player Jay is right, it is just a conversation. And I thank him for the opportunity to use his example to work with some concepts related to wrangling girls. I am sure other guys will have other reads on this girl (and other suggestions), about her psychology, and about Player Jay's response.

If anybody has anything to add… you're encouraged (as always) to put your thoughts in the comments. This is a chance for us to play with this case study, see what we can read "between the lines."

Again, my thanks and respect to Player Jay for volunteering some bits from his life for this example.

Here is the introduction:

> "Nash, I have an interesting shit test that I'm unsure how to respond to, mind giving me a hand?"
> "She's out of town for a few weeks, clearly looking forward to seeing me when she's back. She proposed that I not kiss anybody until she returns, obviously that's not likely. I think I did a good job, responded before I had a chance to gain any input."
> — Player Jay

Okay, so the girl suggested at some point that Player Jay put some kind of limitation on his activity with other girls. We can't see that first conversation. And I don't totally know where they are at in their relationship… except Player Jay says she's "clearly looking forward to seeing me when she's back."

The root of all this starts in that conversation ("that I not kiss anybody until she returns"). And we don't know what she said, why, or how Player Jay reacted to it at the time.

As I see it, the real battle was to be fought then and there.

She set a frame then… and there are a few general, categorical responses to frames: 1. Agree to the frame, 2. Ignore the frame (which can be seen as "passive acceptance"), 3. Challenge the frame (which also assumes the frame, but contradicts it), or 4. Reframe it or the situation (which wipes the frame away, replacing it with another).

I won't go any further into frames than that. I talk about them all the time, because they are super important in seduction. I will assume that in some way, Player Jay reinforced her frame. Maybe unintentionally. But once she sets a frame (and let's assume this is all subconscious on her part, nothing intentionally devious), she will come back from that point of reference.

The frame becomes a kind of “truth” in their relationship.

I think this whole scenario looks like trouble. If I were Player Jay, and ever heard anything like that again, I would try to find some clever way to reframe her right that minute.

I don’t have an easy answer for what he should have done at that time (I am guessing about the circumstances), but everything else in this post might help Player Jay see some tools he can use to do that job if he is ever in that situation again. Starting with the certainty that the initial frame was the problem, and everything else followed that.

That’s my read. Let’s move on.

Here is the conversation with the girl that Player Jay sent me:

Now we’re moving past the original problem with the frame, into Player Jay’s analysis of the situation:

> PLAYER JAY: She proposed that I not kiss anybody until she returns
> PLAYER JAY: Obviously that’s not likely

First, if Jay can be making out with other girls, good for him. I would. I don’t make promises to girls, and I sure as hell don’t ask permission to do what I want. I like girls (a lot). I care for them. If I had a girl in my care on a date, I would work to set up the date so that (I get what I want and…) she has a good experience. But since I don’t make promises to girls, when I am on my own time, I do anything and everything I want.

So… good for Player Jay. It should be more than obvious he should not let her actually influence his life in the way she suggested. We’re saying this outloud just to make it crystal clear.

As for her saying this to him…. I see this is a big Red Flag.

Maybe she is young? I date some young girls (18-20, that is not my specialty, but I have had a lot of dates with girls

of that age). And this sounds like something a younger girl might ask for (or a completely crazy older girl). Even so, it's a particular personality type that is trying to control his behavior when she is not with him. I would say this is true, even if you are in a committed relationship of some kind. Even with a commitment, if she is actively trying to police your behavior… that is a red flag.

It has happened to me. But I would never let it happen now. And as soon as I saw the first sign of it, I would squash it… or leave.

I happen to be studying Lance Mason of Pickup101 right now. He is a genius (Yohami studied him too). I have fresh notes I just took, and I can add them here:

> "Drama is like a snowball… this little snowball… but it's on top of Mount Everest. I am going to say, 100% of the time, if a woman is starting a little bit of drama, early on, it is absolutely going to grow, and expand with time."
> — Lance Mason

Great line. Drama = Red Flag. She is showing this early. Expect more… and that is not a good thing.

And check this out:

> "As a rule, a woman will say or do something early on in a relationship, by which she will unwittingly reveal the degree of her self-esteem and also what she expects from her relationships with men. Therefore, it is important that you pay very close attention to what a woman does and says at the very beginning of any relationship."
> — From Practical Female Psychology for the Practical Man

Also applicable ^. Presumably this is early in the relationship… and she is telling you how she is going to behave. This is like a subconscious "confession" of sorts that girls will do… it's like they warn you in a subtle way.

She is telling you: she is going to be jealous and/or controlling in the future.

This idea of the "Early Frame Announcement" is a very insightful bit of female psych from the guys that wrote that book. Once I heard it, I could start to spot little "tells" from girls early on, about what they are going to be like down the road. In this case, I'm not worried about her self-esteem (although that could be the source), it's more about her signaling what she will be like in the relationship.

She is controlling. Maybe in general. Or maybe there is something about her relationship to Player Jay that is inspiring this? But I would bet on this being "a thing" about her.

> PLAYER JAY: She's out of town for a few weeks

This ^ is another clue as to the scenario. She isn't in town. So Player Jay can't fuck her now. He can't touch her. She can't make him a sandwich. So… he has some incentive not to talk to her at all. It is maintenance with no hope of ROI… not until she is back within striking distance.

Starting at the very top, one thing to do here, would be to limit conversation with this girl after she made a controlling request like that. Just ignore it. Conversation is over, because she mis-stepped. Let her feel that. Don't explain. Don't respond. Go silent. Try her again in a couple of days.

And I think (for many reasons), the play at this stage… would be to go out, and "meet five new women." Ones that you can get your hands on. Talk to them instead. If you do that well enough, you might be too busy to even remember to respond to a controlling behavior like this. That is the best play. Guys never want to hear this, but it is always the best play. Minimize her, by maximizing everything else.

From what little I know about Player Jay… this is not the only girl in his pocket. He is working other leads. I think that is good in general, particularly if a lead is giving you trouble.

Now, let's get into the actual conversation:

> GIRL: Have you kissed someone?

Regardless of the initial conversation that set this frame, she has gone past the "suggestion" into actively policing his behavior.

I don't know if Player Jay did anything to make this girl head down this path. Maybe he telegraphed that he was "player" (just because we are, doesn't meant he girl needs to "feel" that vibe coming off of us). Or maybe he told stories about other girls… the old "jealousy plotline" (which I do NOT do in my game, I think that is playing with fire). Maybe he did. I don't know.

But if he did not… I don't like this from her at all. It's extra crazy if she just invented this scenario. I'm not saying it's "rare." Girls do this kind of stuff. I am saying it's a red flag.

So, how would I respond? I would start by creating my own frame.

Recently another player named ToDayGame had a similar "shit test," and we talked about it online. In that case, I gave this response as a suggestion:

> YOU: You can't wait to hear from me…
> YOU: Good girl

My rationale at the time I suggested these particular lines was, "The point is reframe… don't respond to her 'command.'" I still like that.

> "Be at the cause, not at the effect."
> — RSD Julian

I quote this all the time. This sounds dead-simple but it is endlessly profound. I use this almost every day in my life. That line is so powerful.

The whole set up is because Player Jay is "at the effect" of this girl's frame. That is where he starts to lose control of the situation (as I see it)… and potentially lose control of her as well. And he can fix this (perhaps), if he can "be at the cause" and reframe her, and put her "at the effect" of his own frame. It can be done.

Here is another approach that works to set a new frame by moving her down a romantic path. I cut her thread entirely (do not respond to her content), and I move to a new thread, which is more romantic/sexual. I work to establish that "this is how we talk to each other and this is what we talk about."

> NASH: Sounds like you miss me.
> NASH: You're so far away…
> NASH: Wishing you were close…
> NASH: Wondering where I would take you if you were here.

I might do something like this. That is not explosive… but I am now leading… and her thread is dead and buried in a shallow grave in the desert (where it belongs).

My goal here would be to 1. reframe her comment and 2. distract her.

I am not engaging with her poison. I am reframing her controlling comment about “kissing other girls” as “missing me.” And you’ll notice I am putting words in her head (aka telling her what to think). I am also distracting her, leading her away from her treacherous line of thought into something seductive. That is where I want to be. So I would take her there.

Reframing is a form of conversational leadership.

Let’s start at the beginning with her psychology:

She might have a vague, unformed “feeling” of wanting “something” from Player Jay. But she’s a messy girl (like so many girls), so she does the first bullshit thing she can think of – create drama – as a way to begin to connect with Player Jay. She is not trying to be crazy, she is just a silly girl, and she picked a destructive way to “connect.”

When she does something lame in a situation like this, don’t play with her poison bait. Just see her behavior as an unskilled request for your presence, and start to lead.

Here it is again, more developed:

> NASH: Sound like you miss me.
> NASH: You’re so far away…
> NASH: Wishing you were close…
> NASH: Wondering where I would take you if you were here.
> NASH: But hey… it’s late.
> NASH: If you’re gonna ping me late at night…
> NASH: The least you can do is send me something beautiful to look at
> NASH: Send me a picture of you that you like

This is not bad. I could see myself saying something like this to a girl.

And again, I’m working from the idea that she is a bad leader (most girls are), she made a bad suggestion of what to talk about (“let me tell you who you can kiss”), I would not respond to it at all, I would start creating a small fantasy, and then… I would specifically gave her a task to do:

Send me a picture.

It is a command, not a request. More dominance. She might be craving dominance, so this could calm down the red flag behavior.

There is some risk here… if you don’t have enough value, you can’t get away with issuing commands. But if you do, it’s a good direction to lead the girl. And you might “add value” by being the kind of man that pull off initiating this kind of request.

That is not bad. We are doing a lot of things right there.

While we are on the topic of the photo, here is a comment from Krauser that helped me really understand that particular command with a girl.

> KRAUSER: Send me a photo of you

This ^ is something he demonstrates in his book Daygame Infinite.

Here are the notes from that section of his book:

> “Compliance test and probe for how she wants me to see her. The type of photo a girl sends back gives you a

> ton of information about how she wants you to see her."
> — Krauser

Excellent command of psychology here.

He is not asking for a nude. But he didn't say "don't send me a nude" either. She might read it that way. Or not. Let her wonder what to send. Let her show you how she wants you to see her (at this stage of knowing her).

Excellent insight… very good female psychology. Does she send a shot with her friends (social). Playing volleyball (sporty). Drinking (party girl). In a proper dress (conservative). A nude ("green light").

Here is a different idea:

> GIRL: Have you kissed someone?
> NASH: Don't be boring
> NASH: Hey… if you were to go on a vacation, would you go to a warm place? Or a cold place?

Or, a variant that uses another line from RSD Julian:

> GIRL: Have you kissed someone?
> NASH: Hey, act normal
> NASH: Question for you… if you were to go on a vacation, would you go to a warm place? Or a cold place?

Both of those ideas have the same underlying analysis (her question is poison, don't touch it), but in this case, a "push" against her bad behavior. That would be some negative feedback (signaling that you don't like that kind of question), and then… immediately distract her with something "flashy" and fun.

I'm not into negative feedback. I want to give girls good experiences or I don't want to spend time with them. But here, I could do this. A small verbal smack, but then… the distraction follow up is key. Distract her immediately. You break her pattern with some mild, conversational violence, and then… bring her back into the land of milk and honey.

Another one:

> GIRL: Have you kissed someone?
> NASH: [pic of somebody yawning]
> NASH: Hey… you know a lot of girls, right?
> NASH: Some girl said XYZ to my friend…
> NASH: What do you think that means?

Again, you're giving her negative feedback on her lame plotline (signaling you don't like that shit), and then immediately using some "chick crack" to get her spinning in a more positive direction. It's good leadership. She can connect now, and on a topic that isn't destructive, and you're entertaining her.

Here is a more harsh version:

> GIRL: Have you kissed someone?
> NASH: Hey, I don't want to do drama tonight
> NASH: I like you…
> NASH: If you want to be nice, let's talk
> NASH: But I don't need that kind of question

And then, maybe freeze her out.

I said things almost exactly like that (so many times) to Baby Dragon when I was trying to work my way into her panties in Shanghai. I'd smash her poison frame (she was always trying to talk about me and other girls). In this example, I'm not being romantic, I'm being firm. It's a big push. There is a small "pull" of "I like you," but it's mostly smashing her down.

I had a lot of value with Baby Dragon, so I could get away with this… but doing this also made her like me much more (I am convinced of it). She is very sweet now (sent me a great nude the other day… 19 year old skin, delicious).

Here is a very recent example from her that is a little bit like Player Jay's situation:

> HER: What r u doing?
> NASH: Hello from Tokyo
> NASH: I am in Starbucks
> HER: Alone?
> NASH: Do you miss your Strong Man??
> HER: [happy face with hearts in the eyes]
> NASH: No… there are 100 people here. :]
> HER: hahaha

A little bit similar to Player Jay's situation when she asks if I am "alone." She is fishing at jealousy. Her "alone?" is questioning if I am with another girl.

And I could have stopped with my "you miss your Strong man" comment. She was satisfied. Do you see that? I wasn't worried or taking her that seriously (which is also a good frame), so I didn't address her plotline, but I misinterpreted it, and she laughed. Yohami might do something like this (but more artful)… no "tussle," just good management of her emotions (Yohami might not even see it as a test… he'd breeze by it).

Now let's look at Player Jay's response:

> PLAYER JAY: It wouldn't make a difference considering you know you're my favorite

As I see it, that is not great. It is not terrible. But I don't think it helped him. It's a C/C- response from him. He could do more to get what he wants with other responses.

In this case, he took on her "poison concept," but attempted to move past it… maybe trying to use sweetness to calm her or charm her or distract her. That would be moving in the right direction, but I don't think it is effective.

I could see someone (maybe Player Jay?) thinking the reference to calling her "my favorite" as an attempt to spin her poison into a competition between her ("the favorite") and the "other girls." If that is true, I don't personally like it. I don't think egging on more jealousy works here. I would not go there with this girl (or in general)… it's a "dark alley."

There are worse things you could say: "No, baby. Of course not! I miss you so much. When can I see you? [emoji] [emoji] [emoji] [emoji]." Anything that agrees to her frame (and complies with it) would have been terrible. Player Jay didn't do any of that. He didn't comply with her frame… but he didn't really help himself either… and her frame is still in play.

Now her response:

> HER: [sad] [broken heart]
> HER: [sad] [broken heart]
> HER: This sounds a bit illogical
> HER: But I really miss seeing you

Yeah, based on her response, I don't think Player Jay's comment helped him here. I think Player Jay is a little deeper in the mess now.

> HER: This sounds a bit illogical

This is her saying "that didn't work." And she is saying it verbally. So now she is logical (=masculine). This is ++unsexy. We are moving away from sex.

> "When you're interacting with a woman you're never stationary… you're only doing one of two things, you're moving closer to sex, or you're moving farther away… every decision you make and every minute that elapses when you're spending time with a woman is either bringing you closer to sex, or father away. Everything ties into this, leadership, taking charge, whatever you want to call it. If you're not moving the interaction towards sex, then it's probably moving away from it… and she's putting you in a different category."
> — Janka

Another great quote from Janka. Excellent.

So I think Player Jay's response did not get a good reaction from drama girl, and took him further away from sex. He looks like he has some value to her (she is still responding), she may in fact be looking forward to seeing him when she gets back, but look at that last line from Janka:

"[S]he's putting you in a different category."

This is a great setup for the next part of this post.

And now for some SUPER GOLD, epic Yohami theory:

> "Imagine that we're playing chess. The objective is to checkmate the King. As soon as you have a way to do checkmate, do the checkmate."

> "Now. This is a special scenario where the girl is trying to determine how good of a chess player you are. To evaluate you, she'll offer little puzzles, little problems, and expect you to do checkmate or take valuable pieces and not fall in the traps."
> — Yohami

"She'll offer little puzzles." "To evaluate you." Does that sound about right? Even felt that with a girl?

Are you Top Guy? Or Bottom Guy? This is the practical purpose of how girls use "tests." Yohami is red-hot here.

> "When a girl likes you she's rooting for you to do well. She wants you to win the game. She'll also give you obvious problems and puzzles."

> "Every time you move at a slower pace, not take the pieces, not do checkmate, not move forward, you fail. She may give you a few more and guide you more."

> "The result is that the girl experiences a mix of disappointment, rejection, boredom, frustration, and anxiety."

Can you see ^ that in drama girl's last comment to Player Jay? Sad face, sad face.

She is a mix of unhappy and frustrated. She may still like him, but when he failed her "puzzle," she isn't satisfied, nor turned on… she is more unsettled… and moving away from being seduced.

The whole reason I wanted to write this post is because I could tell by her reaction that she is going to 1. Give Player Jay more "puzzles" to solve, that 2. They will get harder now, as he didn't pass this one. She has to test him even harder now.

> "The less of a good player you are, the less attracted she becomes, which makes her increase the difficulty of the puzzles."

Super badass line here ^. So true. Perfectly said.

It was these original comments from Yohami that taught me to see this kind of stuff. I used to be in situations like this one all the time.

We've all been here. And we can all learn.

> "Yes, the best player in the world gets the easiest puzzle, and the worst player in the world gets the hardest puzzle. It's exponentially reversal."

> "Not moving forward and being safe doesn't make things easier, it makes them harder."

Can you follow that? Yohami is a damn genius.

My guess is that this girl is a terrible drama queen. Jay should move on. Period.

The strongest men can have decent relationships with drama queens — if they keep them on a very short leash. In this scenario, I think that ship has already sailed. It's too late for this one.

Time to move on. That is my guess.

As this girl moved forward with her poison frame, she gave him a type of puzzle (not an easy one). Player Jay's response didn't work. So now he's deeper in the hole. And she will work very hard to test him now… and the tests will become more difficult.

Even drama queens are "looking for fitness." They won't let "un fit" men fuck them. So they test for fitness (psychological and otherwise).

To Yohami's (masterful) point, if she can already see a man is very fit, she will give him an easy puzzle ("hey, what are you doing this weekend")… or no puzzle at all… just "LOL" and "yes" to everything he says. If you've ever had a girl that really likes you, that is how she behaves.

But if she senses "low fitness," prepared to get tooled. More tests. More long gaps in the communication. More flaked dates. More bitchy coldness on dates. All signs she sees you as Bottom Guy. She put you in "that category." So you get that kind of treatment.

This game was already mostly cooked when Player Jay let her set the frame where she was talking about him and other girls at all. He let that happen… and that taught her something.

So how do you save this situation? What is the perfect line, now, at this stage of the game?

I'll tell you… I wouldn't even try.

Ask her out when she is back… any drama at all… move on. That's what I would do.

Let's go back to the beginning. That is where the trouble started, and that is where we need to focus if we want to first "unfuck our dating lives" and then move toward being Top Guy.

She seems like a poisonous drama girl. But, I don't always have enough leads, and I like to "work my leads." You never know. And I have been surprised before.

So… what do you do? Same thing I said earlier:

"Go meet five more girls" (which I think Player Jay has already done). You can protect yourself with more options:

You won't pursue the 'worst one" unless she's the only one.

Once you have five more leads… you can try again with this girl. Maybe once more. And then you drop her, and never look back.

> "This is another fantastic reason, to date three or four women at a time… when you are dating four women, and one girl starts creating drama, it is so easy [he laughs] it's like 'okay, okay, wow, it's been nice!' Really. Move on."
> — Lance Mason

Exactly. I learned this kind of stuff from Lance (in theory) long ago. It started the mindset in me. And Yohami helped me see how "puzzles" (shit tests) work. And how when I don't run good game, my puzzles get harder… and I'm unlikely to succeed from that weak start. I'll just collect abuse if I try. Collecting bad reactions from girls is not good for my inner game. That is not sexy.

But… some girls will like you more than others. You can meet more/different girls, and the next girl might like you better (=easier puzzles). And when you do meet a girl that wants to see you win, you learn faster and collect more positive reference experiences. Your tests are easier, and you get farther, and you learn what it's like to be successful. And you get laid. You spiral up.

> "The best lesson that I have learned, it's not my job to be the detective and figure out why she has a problem. We just started dating. And the reason I am dating a lot of girls is so I spot this stuff early on, so I can not waste my time, and I can move on, right away, to the four other girls that don't have any of these issues. Zero drama, you guys."

Thanks, Lance. You're right, man. Thanks.

And my thanks to Player Jay for giving us a "girl" to play with in this scenario. You didn't show us the first part, where she set that frame… and I would urge you to look back at that moment, and train yourself to spot that as the point where she diverges into giving you harder and harder tests. That was the place to begin to win.

And otherwise… I think you can do better than this girl. And I wish you luck, brother.

May we all have good experiences. May we give the girls good experiences. May we all be entertained.

Viva daygame.

TYO: A Day In The Life Of A Daygamer | Lay Report +1 Tokyo

Nash · 15 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

I woke up on a Saturday morning in Tokyo with not quite enough sleep. While it was morning for me, it was late Friday afternoon California time and I was up early for a quick call with a business associate back at home. I was looking forward to a lunch date (2nd date) with a new daygame girl. I didn't realize it at the time, but I would have yet another date with a different girl that night. And somewhere in the midst of an intense and moody midnight, with the sounds of trains running in the background, I would fuck that second one… and have my first new daygame lay of the year.

Of the two girls I mentioned above, let's start with the second one. We'll call her Miss Serious.

I met her almost a year ago. On daygame trips like this one, I take notes for almost every set, and in this case, I have my notes from last year:

> "*5. MISS SERIOUS, athletic, tall, great ass, LINE."
> — Nash's notes, Feb15, 2018

I think she was 21-22 when I met her. I'm not certain. Maybe she is 22 or 23 now? I don't know. I never asked.

From last year:

> MISS SERIOUS: Can I ask?
> NASH: Can you ask what? :]
> MISS SERIOUS: Y did you said hi to me?
> NASH: Now? Or the first time?
> MISS SERIOUS: Both
> NASH: First time… I think I told you that I noticed you

> NASH: That you had a great walk
> MISS SERIOUS: U r always talked to girls?
> MISS SERIOUS: I am actual have a boyfriend
> NASH: Okay, I hear you

There ^ are some early messages from when I met her, almost exactly a year ago. She gives me two shit-tests in that exchange, but she is playing along.

But I did get her out on a date. It wasn't easy. She gave me a few "maybes," but each time backed off, saying she had to work, etc. Eventually I baited her with an invitation to "a cool art event"… and she was interested.

I remember that day well. I was in a ridiculous Girl Tornado at the time (so much daygame, so many leads, so many dates… fucked a lot of girls on that trip). I had baited about 20 girls with the same event invitation. I kept it mysterious. I sent the canned message to all my fresh leads, and many stale ones, and I got several girls nibbling at my tease.

I don't do this kind of thing often (tease multiple girls for the same night), but I was in a moment of tremendous game that week and was doing things I wouldn't normally do…. the mass-baiting was just such an example.

Of all the girls that stepped forward… Miss Serious was the hottest. I blew off a couple of other strong takers and committed to the shallow desirability of this girl.

She showed up for the date and she looked hot, but the vibe was cold. She is kind of cold girl (on the outside), but a fantastic looking one.

He hair is short, almost 80's style, but luxe and beautiful. She wore a mix of black and purple, with a fur-lined coat of some kind. Not super high-end, but glamorous and young and I was proud of the action I had stirred up. It was time for me to take this girl on an adventure for the night.

The event was totally cool, but as she wasn't the most charming date and I wasn't having a particularly good time. She was a bit aloof. I ran a colder version of game than I normally would (I like romance, but not on this night), as I tried keep the seduction balanced. She was happy to drink and killed two cocktails pretty fast. I wanted to isolate her, so I took her across the street to a really great lounge. We had another drink.

This is the same girl that told me early on she had a boyfriend, right? But despite that, she let me lead her around and isolate her in a lounge. I did what a man like me does in a situation like that and I kissed her. Several times. None of the kisses were that hot… but she took them.

She wouldn't come home with me… I tried. But I was spinning more plates than a dishwasher so I sent her off in a cab and didn't look back.

In the final days before I wrapped up that trip I tried again:

> HER: Nash hi there
> HER: I can't meet u as a date
> HER: You know I have BF
> HER: I felt like a sorry for him

Hmmm.

> NASH: Hey, I hear you
> NASH: I don't want to keep you two apart
> NASH: But I would like to see you
> NASH: I had a very strong feeling when I was with you
> HER: Just hang out is fine

> NASH: It is hard for me to promise
> NASH: And I think you want to see me to
> NASH: Tonight… late dinner
> HER: …

That "…" was her last message. That was how we left it. And I didn't talk to her at all once I was back in America.

As it was, 15 minutes after that conversation above, I pulled a girl off the street for a SDL (my 2nd of my life). I never wrote about it. But that was where I was at in game when I met Miss Serious.

Now for a little more background on the other girl in this story… a bright-eyed, little Chinese girl I met about 10 days ago. We'll call her Miss Compliant.

She is not totally compliant, actually… but she likes me. She is a very lovely girl and (unlike Miss Serious) she isn't gamey at all. I don't think she has dated many men like me, so everything with her is relatively easy in terms of getting us pointed in the right direction. It isn't always like this… she is a type of "yes" girl.

And in this way, you could see how she would provide amazing contrast to Miss Serious. To date them both in the same day was to truly taste from both ends of the rainbow of girls' psychologies.

I mentioned she is Chinese. While I have been into Asian girls for a long time, it started with Japanese and Korean girls. In my home city we have all these Chinese tourists and students. As I got into daygame, I was approaching them… even if the vibe from China was alien to my experience.

I showed my initial willingness to try to game Chinese girls a long time ago. Since then, I have fucked a lot girls from China and I have learned to really love them.

I find myself missing Chinese girls when I am away from home. I open almost every Chinese girl I can find in Japan (assuming she gives me a rumble in my trousers). My first lead of this trip was a tall Chinese tourist. And my single favorite approach of the year was a singing teacher from Shanghai I opened last week (she was a beautiful, charming, interesting one). I fucked Miss Surprise last year while I was in Tokyo. And on this trip, I have dated a Chinese art girl twice already (I picked her up two trips ago), kissed her, but can't get her back to my place (who knows if I will ever get to fuck that girl).

Miss Compliant is the latest good fit in my now well established habit of picking up Chinese girls in Japan.

Here are the notes from my log:

> "*6. Miss Compliant, from Chonqing. Glasses. Eng is not bad. Studies Japanese. Works on Wed and Fri. Very good conversation. Great lips. WeChat."
> — Nash's notes, Jan31, 2019

She was wearing glasses when I met her, and telling her she looked cute in those glasses was my opening line. She was a mix of shocked and interested. She is here learning Japanese, but she also speaks pretty good English. She has a funny habit of looking up and to the left as she translates in her head… which I initially took as her not really engaging with me.

But the pickup went well and as the notes say, I took her contact info. She was unguarded and sweet to message with online. We set up a date for tea after she finished language school one day… that was last week.

She showed up for the date dressed exactly like the Chinese girls from back at home (almost identical to how Miss Thick would dress). She was conservative, but a bit fancy. Covered from neck to wrist to ankle, not a drop of skin showing, with an understated Burberry handbag.

The date was… fantastic. Simple… but wonderful.

She is introverted, but funny and very smart. And we got along well as I pushed her as much as I could in a sexual direction. She blushed and defended herself with grace.

She was a nice girl having a fun time with a dangerous man.

Toward the end of the date I asked if she wanted to see my apartment and (to my surprise) she agreed. I walked her there, but she gave me a firm "no" when I tried to sweep her inside. She blushed again with the thought of it. And she looked beautiful, in a slightly nerdy way, as the wind tussled her hair and the afternoon sun lit up the pinkness of her cheeks.

I liked her. I like her. She is a great girl.

I made a light pass at kissing her as we continued our walk away from my place. She declined but it wound her up in excitement all over again. She was adorable.

I walked her to the train. And I was very much looking forward to our next date.

A momentary diversion:

When I arrived in Tokyo this time, I didn't ping any of my old leads at first. I may post someday about my overarching texting strategy, but for now I will say a wise player knows that action works best when he already has action.

It's the Mathew Effect (a very hot concept).

If I showed up, pinged all my leads, and nothing came of it (which happens when you are not "warmed up")… I would have burned those leads and I would have started my trip off on a downward slope. I didn't want that to happen… so I waited to contact those girls.

Your game (which does come through in the "confidence" behind even simple ping texts) is based in part on your serotonin levels (I learned this from JBP's Lobster/Hierarchy Theory). If you're needy, or unsure, it'll show in your texts. That'll equate to lower/no response rate from the girls. That is "negative feedback" and it will deplete your serotonin. Lower serotonin would then make you less likely to want to approach, and less successful when you do. Any additional rejection will sap your serotonin again. Downward spiral.

While some measure of rejection is unavoidable, you can manage the potential if you understand this serotonin process. Internalizing all this was a big win for me in 2018 – both analytically and in terms of managing my vibe.

I intentionally sat on my old leads when I arrived in Tokyo.

My plan was hit the street and start from scratch. If you're a solid daygamer, "number farming" and talking to girls is bread and butter to your game. I would hunt, battle through any rustiness, find my feet. I'd start dumping leads into my date funnel, and wait to see things spiral up. I have done this enough that I know (unless the Gods are testing me, which they sometimes do) it will happen if I worked hard enough.

So that is what I did.

My game didn't take off right away, but soon I was in the groove, and I had several days in a row where I took two to four leads per day. My phone was starting to buzz with replies. I was replacing leads faster than they could flake or flitter way (this is key) and I was spiraling up based on competency and work rate. And… the primitive "lobster-like animal" in me could feel it… serotonin started coming up as well.

I started to have the sense of entitlement that a ~~lobster~~ man at the top of a (sexual) hierarchy will naturally feel (based on all that positive feedback from the environment). And a sense of entitlement… is very, very good for your vibe (and by extension, your game).

I was kicking ass on the street, taking leads and dating. My serotonin/vibe/game was rising with each new bit of positive feedback, and I was ready to run better game on those leads. This is part of how you manufacture "Top Guy" results – you play, when you have the best chance of winning. I have more and more of this figured out.

It was time to wake up some of those old, sleepy leads. The elevated serotonin that comes with success… leads to more success.

> "For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance: but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath."
> — The Matthew Effect

Once you "hath" girls… ye shall have more abundance. We see this in the sexual marketplace (and the rest of life – "it takes money to make money") all the time. And it is fascinating to me that "truism" goes back to the Bible and beyond. I was putting this into practice in game. It's a highly relevant concept.

As for the leads… a few got back to me right away.

One of those old leads from last year's list of girls was Miss Serious. I gave her a very light ping, asking if she was still in Tokyo.

> MISS SERIOUS: Hi, oh my
> MISS SERIOUS: I am living in Tokyo

There ^ was some interest and excitement. I got into a thread with her. While it had a fun, friendly start, she quickly returned to a similar flavor of "difficult" that she showed last year.

> MISS SERIOUS: You looking for something casual right?

This came out of nowhere. I was flirting with her, calling her "spicy," but that was it. Nothing explicit.

> NASH: If you mean sexually… I don't think sex is casual.

I'm playing with words here, but in a way I mean that very much. More and more so. I am a player, I'm non-monogamous, but I am rarely looking to be "one and done"… I like to connect with the girls I am having sex with.

Continuing:

> NASH: You're thinking of seeing me.
> NASH: Good
> NASH: I would like to see you again
> MISS SERIOUS: I am not looking for that
> NASH: If we see each other again… it won't be casual
> NASH: It will be deep

More playing with words… but again, I mean it. And I make myself clear in the next line:

> NASH: I can't be your boyfriend, I don't live in Japan
> NASH: But we can spend some time. See if we like it.

Yes, I am running game here, but it is true: I do want "depth" even in my "casual" relationships. I say it explicitly

here on this blog and with the girls. And I was clear this is not a boyfriend/resources/long-term thing. She knows I am a lover or I am nothing. Those are my terms.

Meanwhile I wasn't overly focused on her… I dated five girls that week, seven or eight since I started winding up my game. I was interested in this one, but very diversified in terms of my face-time with the girls on the street and on dates.

Here she is coming back for more:

> MISS SERIOUS: But I don't need long distance relationship…
> NASH: I am not offering you a long distance relationship
> NASH: I am offering you dinner
> NASH: Come have dinner
> NASH: We'll smile and talk
> MISS SERIOUS: Let me think

She tested me in the first section ("I have a boyfriend") and here now we have several more tests from her ("casual sex," "long distance relationship"). The pattern seems clear.

But what is she really saying? What does she really want? My wing Sundance and I have been chatting about this theme via WhatsApp this week.

Tests can be seen on at least two "levels." There is the content of the test ("HER: how old are you?"). And the underlying frame ("he is older than me, let's see how he behaves if I challenge him about his age"). The test operate at both levels. I am working on getting better at both, but it's the latter – the underlying frame – that really intrigues me at this stage of my game.

With Miss Serious, what was happening over and over, was she was seeing me come back confident and strong. I never backed down. This was a chance to demonstrate my strength and solidity as a man.

If she needed me to address the content of her comments, I could do that (quickly and cleverly). But if WHAT SHE REALLY WANTED was to be with a strong man, I was doing that as well… and that was really a much more important demonstration.

After a little more dialog, she had one more test for me:

> NASH: I want to see you… Interesting Girl
> MISS SERIOUS: I don't like you call me girl

More trouble here. More tussle and "puzzles."

This particular challenge is a popular Leftist meme in the West… feminist-type rhetoric about calling a woman a "girl." So boring. I get into this rather often, so I am more than ready with the content of this test. And much more so… I want to go "up a level" and address what I think is really going on with her.

> NASH: I hope I always make women feel like girls
> NASH: That is a gift a strong man can give to a woman

There was more to my response than, but that is the gist of it. I have reframed the hell out of her challenge (implying women like to feel like girls). And I have framed myself (in a crude, but very effective way) as a "strong man." This was something I did over and over in China. Seems simple (and a bit cheesy), but I am finding it to be a killer frame for the relationship. Archetypically powerful.

And then, I pushed it further… I wanted her in or out (in part to ensure I don't waste a lot of time with a ultimately

reluctant girl). Again, I drew on the REFERENCE EXPERIENCES from my time with Baby Dragon (and Pixie Girl) from my Shanghai trip.

> NASH: You see this as a fight, when it's really a dance
> NASH: Can you only "fight?" And say "no?"
> NASH: Is that all of you?
> NASH: Not enough.
> NASH: Can you dance as well as fight?
> NASH: I think you can
> NASH: The most interesting girls are not only spicy

Lots of push/pull ^ here.

I took a breath and then finished with my closing arguments.

> NASH: But it is hard for you to trust a man
> NASH: If you can relax a little…
> NASH: I invite you again for a lovely dinner
> NASH: Food and conversation
> NASH: Come join me

I don't know if this kind of exchange is entertaining or helpful to include in these stories… but this is essential to my game right now. This is everything I want to be doing in game.

That is a big speech to give a girl. If you're a "less is more" guy you'll think this is too much. From the standpoint of what I call Octopus Game, this is enveloping and powerful, it fits my style, and it has been working for me. I am "sexy Daddy" here, giving her a stern talking to, but from a place of love.

We have more to go with details here… but I have already said how this story ends. Despite all of her objections… I fuck this girl. And I am quite convinced this speech was the a key element in breaking her resistance.

More about Miss Serious in a minute.

Now we are back to the same "Saturday" where we started out on this post. As I woke up that day, I was about to have my second date with Miss Compliant.

We met at 12:30 as a light snow fell in the neighborhood by my house. She looked… cute.

She is a seven. Guys that don't like Asian girls (or read her as too nerdy and "straight") might call her a high six. But I love this girl. Great smile. Beautiful lips. Very nice skin. Here hair is just past her shoulders, but when it moves she almost goes up a point. She is conservative and feminine… in a modest, very pleasant way.

She is one of my favorite types… perfect for me.

We shared a satsuma on our way to lunch (I peeled it as we walked, handing her slices). Along the way, I would yank on the sleeve of her jacket. We'd joke. She'd smile.

Lunch was delicious. We sat side by side. And we talked about sex (of course). And for the second time, I asked her about her experience. The first time, she wouldn't tell me (told me it was a secret). The second time, I assumed I knew why…

Yes… she is a virgin. Or so she says. Yes, I know I seem to date an awfully high percentage of virgins (more on that some other time).

After lunch, I took her to grab one of my favorite candy bars from Family Mart. I peeled the packaging back and fed it to her. And then… I pulled her back to my place.

And she was visibly alarmed by the idea. In a giddy, excited, inexperienced way… but genuinely alarmed. And she should be… as I have told her over and over… I am a "little bit dangerous." She was big-eyed and on alert. "Oh, oh, oh!" No attempt to look cool… she is such a sincere girl.

But she came in. And I hammed up her safety, showed her how to work the door (so she could escape), I stood with my back to the wall (giving her a chance to run). She got the joke.

I made us some tea, we had a bit of chocolate, I put on some music and then… I started to escalate.

There I was, with another (real or imagined) "virgin" with me, on a date, dead sober, back in my place, giving her some Octopus physicality. I was loving it. It was a lot for her, but she was loving it too.

I still want notches, but increasingly… I want to play with LMR, and coax girls into "opening" up for me. It's all the same stuff sexually, but pacing and leading her in a more expert way. It's watching her facial expression and body language, noticing when she is "tight" and "closed," communicating with her about all this, and using various benevolent techniques to open her before I proceed.

Perhaps most of all, I open up first. I want her to feel me at that level, moving along as slowly as I need to, letting her know I am feeling her… make sure she can see it… then she'll open up too. This is my theory, anyway.

It was a beautiful afternoon with this girl. We made out a bunch. She wouldn't let me drag her to my bed ("not today!!!"), but we moved this girl deeper into her own sexuality in a way that made me proud. Even if they are very different girls, I am playing her almost exactly like I played Baby Dragon (which was a "uuuuge" set of reference experiences for me).

She was nervous, but also high self-esteem. She is comfortable saying no (in a charming way), so it was a "high school" makeout that afternoon, nothing more. But as she and I are "moving forward and having fun," I have every reason to want to see where this goes.

I can lead her into sexuality. I will escalate as quickly as she can "open" herself to me. This is my new standard for LMR… and I have never felt more clean and comfortable with this process.

Beautiful day. She is fantastic. Time with her was an incredibly high-quality experience.

Back to Miss Serious:

In the middle of lunch with Miss Compliant, I got a Line message from Miss Serious:

> MISS SERIOUS: Let's meet tonight

I was running enough game, with enough girls, that I had forgotten about seeing her… so her message was a pleasant surprise.

And after all that push back… all that "I don't want anything casual" and all the other tests… she was a "yes." And she was opting for the earliest possible timeline… she wanted to see me "tonight."

> NASH: Okay. Cool.
> NASH: How about 20:30 in Omotesando
> NASH: I'll take us to dinner
> MISS SERIOUS: 19:30
> NASH: Cool
> NASH: [Link to a meeting spot]

> NASH: Let's meet here

And it was on.

After I walked Miss Compliant to her train, I went home and cleaned up a little. I washed my hands and face, and I applied some cologne… the earlier makeout had me smelling like Miss Compliant's lotion and the unique scent of her skin.

Miss Serious was right on time. As I walked up to her, she met me with a "serious" look. A cold look… the kind a "hot girl" would give you… but mixed with 10% "Bambi" eyes (there was some excitement in seeing me). She was at least a little bit into me, but it was well camouflaged and she was mostly stern and practiced. That is her way.

I knew to expect this, so I played up the masculine confidence. I led her to dinner, taking her umbrella from her and holding it over us as we walked. I joked with her. Bumped her with my hips. Teased her about some of the things she had tested me on over text.

She was giving me moments of softness in her eyes. She has a nice smile when she's not being tough.

I took her to the same restaurant I had taken Miss Complaint seven hours earlier. And the same hostess sat us down. She knows I want to sit side-by-side, so she gave me a perfect table (for the second time that day). The same waitress as earlier in the day brought us the menus.

And Miss Serious was… "serious." I can make this girl laugh. And I did, quite a bit. I did the same things I do with other girls… and it works in the same way. But it takes a tighter frame with this one. She plays it cool. I was ready for all that.

And I brought up my response to her last big shittest from the message we sent before this date:

> NASH: But it is hard for you to trust a man

And she agreed.

And I talked about the same stuff I always talk about with girls, about the man I want to be, and about watching to see "if she is open," and how I know that when I do my job well, she will have reason to feel safe with me. And she fell right into that. She should. I'm sincere.

The things I say to girls and my goals as a man are almost identical.

Like our first date, she drank a lot… three cocktails to my one and a half. She ordered her third while I was in the bathroom (which was weird). She drinks more than most girls I date. I couldn't see any signs of the alcohol in her, but she may have an issue here. It is a type of red flag.

The dinner was solid. I felt cool. She was pretty. Serious, but pretty. And also like Baby Dragon, she was softening up her "tough outer shell" and showing me a little more surrender as I applied the charm and the leadership. It was good progress.

I paid the bill when she was in the bathroom. When she came back to the table I said "let's go" and I helped he with her coat. We walked out.

I kissed on the escalator back down to the street. It was brief, and not enthusiastic, but she took it. I told her, "I'm going home to eat strawberries… come with me." She said she had to work early and seemed cold and matter of fact about it. I was fine with this. I walked her to station, stopped, told her it was good to see her, and let her cross the intersection by herself.

I ended the date a little abruptly on purpose, but at the time, I felt like a flinched a bit. I wasn't surprised at all that she wouldn't come back, I wasn't needy, but I noted that I would have liked to have felt "cooler" in that moment.

In the bigger picture, I wasn't much worried at all. I am the train station… she is another train… passing through my life. Maybe she'll stop. Maybe she won't. I am the center, either way… and there will be other trains.

I walked home very pleased about my day.

But when I got home a few minutes later… I had a bunch of texts from her:

> MISS SERIOUS: If you want you can visit my home

I didn't see this… so three minutes later she sent:

> MISS SERIOUS: But anyway it's ok I'll take a train
> MISS SERIOUS: Never mind

Look at that. She had invited me over.

As I saw these I was feeling a bit of my second whiskey… and as she had one drink more than me, I wondered how drunk she was as she made this offer? Was she sober enough to be a good date for the night? Would she fall asleep when I was halfway to her place? I didn't know her well enough to know.

But I am a bachelor. And bachelors should take some risks. So I agreed.

> NASH: Okay… I'll come
> MISS SERIOUS: I can't sex tonight
> MISS SERIOUS: Today is become period
> MISS SERIOUS: I told u honestly
> NASH: Okay
> NASH: If you want company
> NASH: I'll come spend time with you

Who knows how serious she was, or if she was even really on her period. I didn't care. If she wasn't ready for sex, we'd makeout and escalate, and that would set us up for sex in a few days.

I left my place and took a very expensive taxi half-way across Tokyo. It magically dropped me off right on her doorstep. She texted that minute with her apartment number. Smooth as pie. She buzzed me in… and I was inside.

Her place was messy… she said it was because she was lazy. She didn't greet me with much enthusiasm. She was buzzing around her tiny place, bright lights on, terrible American reality TV playing, while she attempted to put her room into order.

Despite my initial impressions of this "hot girl" with this "glamorous" exterior and a tough outer shell… she was just another messy girl. With a bunch of girly junk in her place. A little mermaid doll on one shelf… a stuffed monkey in her messy bed.

I was comfortable, but less certain than normal about how to lead. This wasn't my place and it wasn't my plan. I never expect a girl to lead, but she didn't seem excited to have me there. I sat on her bed and let her settle down.

Eventually she had the place somewhat straightened and she joined me on the bed. I let a moment or two pass.. and then I started escalating. I pulled her down on her back and kissed her. She was emotionally flat about it. Not resisting at all, but not getting into it. It was like kissing a dead body. I calibrated as best I could. Chatted. She shifted some of her attention back to her inane TV show.

It was a strange start, but she had work pretty early the next morning and I knew she would sleep soon. If she didn't want to makeout, I would sleep next to her… and I am experienced enough to know that having our bodies that close would have an effect on us… and it did. I almost nodded off to sleep at one point… still fully dressed, with

her in pajamas, still cold and serious… but I could feel her stirring. I put my arms around her and she rolled over toward me.

To pause here: I haven't been in this position in a very long time. I know very well how to put the moves on a girl, but she was almost non-reactive. I kissed her neck… nothing. I wasn't sure how drunk she was, and she is a "different kind of girl" than I am used to. The whole experience was so strange, but I was happy to ride it out.

It reminded me of doing drugs with girls when I was in college and had relatively little game. In those days we would trip and lie next to each other in a surreal space. Sometimes we would make out. This time in her place was almost exactly like that.

But as we lay there, she would "twitch" toward me and I could feel her warming up. I could feel her "need" of something. I tried to kiss her a bit, but more of that non-enthusiastic nothing from her.

So I held her. And breathed with her, matching her pace. And I gripped her, and pulled her in. And she leaned into it. She seemed to respond well to being held very tight.

Perhaps this is an example of what Yohami means when he says "swing your dick" and "give her more of what he wants," and "less of what she doesn't want." It was very weird, but I can handle myself. And lead, even when she gives me very little feedback. I was trying things. And leading. And seeing where I got the best response. This is what I did with her.

No neediness. No expectation. I held the space.

But then, she turned a corner. And her hips would "inch" at me. And she was wrapping her legs around me. So I gave her more. And I got up, took my shirt off. And then hers. Chest to chest. I sucked her nipples (also, not much of a reaction). More of that tight grip. More controlling her body.

I think this girl does need to be "held." Both physically and psychologically. So I did that. She is a sexy girl, but under that cold exterior, she needs care. Maybe. It seemed that way.

And while I could feel her getting turned on, I could also feel that she was wearing a pad – she really was on her period. And I wasn't sure what being turned on would do to her given the circumstances. I am never overly eager for period sex (not my favorite thing at all)… but it was heading that way.

She was on top of me now, grinding into me, and then she said it:

> MISS SERIOUS: I want to fuck

Despite the weird lack of passion earlier, she was now turned on. Maybe the physical comfort shook something loose in her… as now she wanted it. Time to get messy.

I took her pajamas pants off and walked across the room to get a condom from the pocket of my coat. She got all her period gear out of the way. It took me a bit to get my cock hard (I really wasn't that turned on, the night was more strange than sexy thus far) but I stoked myself hard while I leaned over her, slipped on one of the world's best condoms and…

+1 daygame.

And to my surprise… the sex was incredibly good.

Not the best I've had, but really, really good sex. She was much more connected to me once my cock was inside her. She looked me right in the eyes. She was more relaxed. Smiled more. And she could suddenly really kiss me back. Her tongue was as much in my mouth as in her own. And it was hot. And I fucked her for a while… a little reluctant to switch positions so I wouldn't have to see the horror show of period sex… but it was great. I came inside her. And she was still "there," "available" to me (even after I had come)… the sweetest I'd ever seen her.

Can't say I have ever had a sexual experience quite like that one.

I rinsed the blood off my cock and balls at her bathroom sink (it wasn't that bad) while she showered. And we got back in bed. And we slept super close, all night. She was a bit restless and always reaching for more of me. Not really "loving on me" as much as holding on.

It was easy to be with her. It was "deep"… after all. I told you it wouldn't be "causal."

And it was very intense. It was a very intense night.

I enjoyed it quite a bit, but I slept terrible. Her and I, in a twin bed. Her weird girly blankets barely covering me. She had put all her pajamas back on. Trains running in the background (close enough to her apartment I could feel them as much as hear them). She is one of those girls that wants to be close, but will pull her arms and legs up against you so she is all "knees and elbows."

It was weird… I would rather have been in my bed, in my awesome apartment… but I was glad for this strange time with her, in her messy place.

As the sun rose, she inched even closer. Moving her hips into me. I forced her off my chest and onto her side, made her assume the position of "little spoon." And I reached around and pushed my hand up under her shirt and grabbed one of her boobs. I gripped her tight, in that style she seems to like… and I tried to get a bit more sleep. It wasn't happening. She was pushing her full, soft ass into me… her sexuality waking up again. So after a bit, I molested her one last time, and whispered in her ear that I would go. I didn't especially want a morning session nor a second run at period sex.

As I got dressed and prepared to leave… she never said a word.

I kissed her again, thanked her, and I let myself out into the cold Tokyo air for the "walk of shame" in the early morning hours. I grabbed some juice and a snack from a nearby 7-Eleven. I found a train back to Shibuya. And I was on my way home after an amazing experience.

Totally wild night.

So that… is a day in the life of a daygamer. These are my thoughts and themes as I work toward some level of mastery in seduction.

I really want to get good at this. What an amazing adventure.

And as I compare those two girls:

The two dates were from the same day. That long makeout with the nervous, conservative Chinese virgin. A small break as the sun went down. Then a second date with a testy, not-so-conservative hot Japanese girl. Baby steps toward sex with a girl with very little experience in the afternoon. Taking the notch from a bleeding girl in a strange Tokyo apartment that night.

All one day.

> "If you haven't dated multiple women at one time… you don't have an accurate lens to view women."
> – Lance Mason
>
> I think this is true. And if you can date two in the same day… you can compare them, see differences in the vibe, try different things… and learn about yourself.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) February 7, 2019

(I wrote this ^ a few days before the events in this story.)

These girls are so different. And notice the differences in tone in the way I write about Miss Compliant vs Miss Serious.

I am very interested in Miss Serious, and the sex was fantastic, but I am so much more joyful about Miss Compliant. Not because she is a virgin, but because she is a such a clean, lovable little spirit. In a head-to-head "taste test," I like Miss Compliant more. She is a more lovely girl all around. Even though she is not as hot, she is a better experience (for many reasons).

But as I hope you can tell, I really enjoyed the experience with both girls. And both of them share that they need to be led. They both gave me opportunities to probe into their lives, to feel out their psychologies, and to meet them where they are… and then drag them forward into romance and seduction.

What a beautiful game.

I like the time on the street, the pickup, the hunt. But the experience only gets better for me as I get deeper in their lives, their soft bodies, their tender souls. Such a privilege to know girls in this way. To "take them deeper than they can take themselves."

> LOVE HANGOVER IN TOKYO:
>
> I had a long makeout yesterday afternoon with a new girl. And then spent the night with another girl (for the first time). Intense night. My body is flooded with "SEX CHEMICALS."
>
> Achy and over stimulated. It feels very much like a hangover.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) February 10, 2019

And yeah… I'm exhausted. I didn't sleep enough. And all this work, "carrying the girls" through each step, burns a lot of emotional and psychological calories.

Tonight I will have dinner alone. And a beer (I found a place with a really good, creamy IPA). And I'll proof read this story one more time. And sleep. And dream of sex, words and sidewalk.

May we have good experiences. May we give the girls good experiences.

Viva daygame.

TYO: Taking a Girl's Virginity, +1 Tokyo

Nash · 1 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

It has been a strange theme of my time as a daygamer that I would have so much contact with virgins. I have dated so many. I have had a few in my bed. In those times, there was a lot of sexual contact, but there was never any proper sex – I never fucked any of those girls. And beyond being able to claim a notch from a virgin, I have been increasingly curious about what it would be like to take a girl through that process psychologically. It has become something I really wanted. The novelty and the responsibility – both. And this week it finally happened. I fucked a 27 year old Chinese virgin while I was here in Japan.

As with any period of intense game, this trip to Tokyo has been another chance to learn at an accelerated pace. I'll begin this story with an idea of why I seem to meet so many virgins:

I am not that into girls that wear a lot of makeup. A girl wearing a lot of makeup isn't "hot" for me. But it's bigger than that.

I love sex. I like the excitement of fast sex with a new girl. And I really like the deep sex that comes overtime with a lover. But while I'm pro-sex, I'm not really into girls that put on obvious sexual displays. I like bad sex with "good girls." And good girls don't advertise sex in the way "bad girls" do.

Realizing I don't really approach girls that wear much makeup was a small breakthrough as I try to understand myself, and to understand the girls I tend to pickup.

> How do you meet so many virgins?!
>
> — RoyWalkerDaygame (@RoyWalkerPUA) February 21, 2018

This is the best explanation I have for how I end up on dates with so many virgins. I pick up shy, introverted, traditional Asian girls, and those girls don't tend to project a lot of sexual displays. And those girls, quite often, turn out to have limited sexual histories. Quite often, they have almost no sexual history at all.

Because of my taste in women, I approach more virgins, date more virgins, and have a developing specialty in that specific psychological type. That specialty didn't including fucking them (until now), but I have had a lot of practice in talking to them, seeing how they think, seducing them, and taking (some of) them through the beginning stages of sex.

The first virgin I remember dating was a 19 year old Chinese art student (one date, never kissed her). A few years ago here in Tokyo, I had two dates with another Chinese girl, a different 27 year old virgin. I got her shirt off, kissed her, molested her quite a bit, but didn't have enough time to take her any further than that. I remember picking up a really beautiful Chinese girl in late December 2017 (she was 25, a law student, never been fucked). Another time, I picked up an 18 year old language student (also Chinese, from the same city as The Siren). I had three dates with that girl, two of them ended in my bed. On the last one, I ate her pussy and she squirted all over my face. A virgin squirter, but I never fucked her (never saw her again, actually). In 2018 in Japan, I dated the Mormon Virgin. And I didn't take her virginity, but I did fuck her ass (which was amazing). She was a very passionate girl, she really liked me (it was an incredible experience to be with her), but she was very committed to maintaining her virginity. On my Fall 2018 daygame trip to Shangahi, I had one date (and tons of texting) with a 19 year old virgin I call Pixie girl (she still messages me all the time). And then, all of the extended drama and deliciousness as I got 19 year old Baby Dragon naked (several times), ate her pussy (and her ass), gave her an orgasm, shot my load all over her chest a couple of times… but again, not enough time in China to close the deal with her either.

> "The Virgin… This is part of what the Daygame Gods are teaching me. I'm not supposed to have access to these girls, but I do. A redpill lesson in a bluepill world. This is coming up over and over for me. A leitmotif in my education as a seducer."

This ^ is something I said in another post. The emphasis on virgins has been a theme of mine for a long time. Many men have more experience with virgins than me, but I'm well on my way to earning some expertise here.

It is interesting to note that most of those girls are Chinese. I approach and date a lot of Chinese girls, as my city has a lot of Chinese tourists and students. I think there are specific reasons why Chinese girls might be more likely to be virgins than other Asian girls, but as always, I will double down and say "psychology trumps geography." I meet virgins because they are my type. It is not because they are Asian or Chinese for that matter. I like and target a certain personality type. The girl's psychology is always more predictive of her behavior than her country of origin.

So it is no surprise that this girl is also Chinese, wears very little makeup (except lipstick, which she always wears, and she has fantastic lips), that she dresses conservative (very little sexual display), that she comes from a good family, that she is successful and conscientious, and… that she was a virgin… at least until a few days ago when I picked her flower and cured her of that particular affliction.

This girl is Miss Compliant. I wrote about her in my last post. She is not completely "compliant," but she has been a "yes" girl for me, from the start and mostly accepting of my lead. She is a really lovely girl. I am very attached to her. And I'll say more about her psychology as this story progresses.

The first time I got my cock inside this girl (on the sixth date), I only slid inside her for second, and then she pushed me off. While I had technically deflowered her, it was not satisfying in any way. And that led to some complications, in my mind, as to whether she and I had really "had sex."

I didn't think so. I called it "+0" at the time. Sex with a virgin, an experience I have wanted for a long time, "kind of" happened. It "almost" happened. I got my cock inside her, but only for a moment.

There is much more to my interest in game than collecting notches, but in this case, I felt as if I could not say that I had really fucked her… I did not take the notch.

Was it sex? Well, I penetrated her. If that is your standard, then I met it that first time. But if your standard is any measure of pleasure for either of us, then no… it wasn't sex.

And more interesting to me: Had she surrendered her body to my trust? Well, kind of. But when she pushed me off, squeezing her legs together and rolling away, she was nowhere close to surrender. If sex means a woman surrendering her body to a man (which is a pretty good definition), I hadn't achieved that either.

When a woman surrenders to you, that is a strong indication of how she evaluates you as a man. If a man gets his cock inside a girl without her properly surrendering – through force (which is always wrong) or by accident (it "slipped in") – I'd argue that it's not "sex" then either. Not in a way that matters to me. Aside from force or mistakes, when she voluntarily takes you inside her body… she has surrendered. And that is proper sex from the POV of a seducer.

This idea of creating surrender in a woman was reason enough to disqualify my first time inside her as proper sex. And since I have been a fan of Krauser's "two strokes" rule for a long time, I had a second, more technical reason that that initial penetration didn't "officially" count.

> "When I got back to the house, I called a meeting with the RSG gang. There was an important policy issue to decide – would two strokes be considered a "notch"? They had me describe the event from beginning to end, and afterwards we held a vote. Thus the two-stroke rule was born. As long as you got two strokes in, you could consider yourself laid."
> — Krauser, from Balls Deep

"Two strokes" is an absurd technicality… but one that I happen to find compelling. And my first time trying to fuck Miss Compliant was a perfect example of the utility of the "rule." She hadn't properly surrendered to the seduction. She was not voluntarily taking me into her over and over in the way that happens when you're fucking a girl. The Rock Solid Game "two strokes" standard is a clarifying point in this kind of situation.

This is an absurd way to look at intimacy, but it was clear to me. And if I want to be a real seducer, I would have to do better than that.

No, she did not really surrender… and for a variety of reasons.

She was nervous. While she was very turned on, losing her virginity was something meaningful to her. She wouldn't let it go lightly. She "fought" to keep it.

She fought (perhaps mostly in her own mind) to maintain something that has likely been a part of her identity for a long time. She was 27 and had never been fucked… she was very consciously "a virgin." It was no accident to her.

Another reason she wasn't properly surrendering to me was that she specifically likes "the fighting" part. Fighting is part of sex for her. I have seen this before.

If you're in bed with a girl for the first time (or some early occasion in your relationship) and she is resisting your escalation (physically or psychologically), I think you owe it to her to take her resistance very seriously. Force is never okay (I feel retarded to have to say that, but there it is again). Yohami would say only "Bottom Guy" tries to push past resistance (that is also true, in a sense). He might say last minute resistance is a call for more arousal (that is a very helpful note). True, true.

But some girls also like the fight. It's part of the turn on. And it's also an evolutionary screening mechanism that keeps men of low mettle from having any chance of getting a girl pregnant. There is a biological reason for this quality in girls. If he can't show some strength, she won't want his seed.

Again, especially on our first time in bed with a girl, I think we need to take a girl's resistance at face value.

But, if you are clear about your sexual intent, and you have demonstrated that you will touch, and paw, and kiss, and suck, and potentially fuck a girl to the best of your ability each time you're alone together… if you have done all that on a subsequent date (or dates)… and she keeps coming back for more… I think she is signaling that she does, in fact, want more of exactly that kind of behavior from you.

On an early date, she can claim she was surprised or didn't understand your intent. On a 2nd, 3rd, 4th date (assuming you are escalating), she can no longer claim ignorance or naivete. If you have been sexual the whole time, working within her boundaries, and she keeps voluntarily coming back to your bed, I think you have indirect encouragement from the girl to continue to seriously press those boundaries in ways that feel good to both of you.

Miss Compliant put up a fight at every stage. She was "resistant" at every turn. But she really liked me. And she kept coming out on dates with me, coming back to my place, allowing herself to be touched and disrobed despite my very persistent threats and predictable wolfish escalation. This was not a girl enduring abuse. This was how she likes to participate in her own seduction.

As I continue to learn and explore women's minds and bodies, I continue to see this is as a clear flavor of sexuality that many, many women exhibit. It's "fucked up," but it is very common behavior from women (and animals), and it's hot in its own way. It is frustrating at times, but I actually like it in many ways.

I am interested in girls. They are so interesting. Their fake boundaries. The faux-fight. This is real sexuality. We need to be very, very careful here (legally, but even more so, in terms of actual "care" for the girl), but this is how sex goes a lot of time.

So she put up a fight that first time. Before I got my cock in her. And after. That was what it was like as I held her legs back and push myself inside her… and was subsequently bucked off of her. One stroke. No notch.

And after I was in, and back out again… she got mad. And she cried.

She had a look on her face like she was angry indeed. I saw that look many times in our seduction, but it was most convincing just then. Sometimes that look was very sincere. And sometimes it was only a role she was playing. And the only way to know the difference was to move forward slowly, pay attention, learn to read her displays and feel out her heart, and then proceed to lead (based on what I knew about her and girls in general). This is a kind of sexual maturity… it's not for beginners.

But, yeah, she cried. And she was mad (it seemed). And the small pools of tears made dark, little wet spots on my pillows and on the bed. And she said she would leave. And she gave me a threatening look.

While she looked furious at the time, to me, this was a girl feeling strong emotions. It was an emotional moment, and I don't blame her one bit. I was expecting tears (although more from pain than anger). And I was ready for this part of the experience. More and more I am very ready to embrace the whole package of the feminine experience, including the soggy and tempestuous emotional parts.

My cock had gone soft and this was no longer sexual for me at all. I gave her all of my attention. I switched gears, and turned that attention toward showing her care. But I didn't stop leading. The same strength that had brought her this close to sex would now bring her closer to being calm, to reestablishing a peaceful union between us. To reconnect.

I put my hand on her chest, almost holding her down, but not quite. I was firm. I told her it was okay. I told her she was okay. I told her I understood. I told her it was okay to cry. I told her I could handle her tears. I told I knew I had hurt her when I put my cock inside her. I told her I was interested in this side of her too, this emotional side. I told her to show me this side of her… that I wanted to see it.

That was all true. I reassured her. I led her. I quieted her. And it worked.

Soon she was calm, and staring at me. First, with a bit of anger. But then, only a kind of seriousness. And then that seriousness was just her role playing, her being the happy victim to me, the Bad Man (this was her most common nickname for me). And then… there was obvious comfort. And then… happiness. And finally, an almost childlike joy.

She was fine. It was wild, but this whole post-penetration emotional episode lasted only about 10 minutes. Then she was better than fine. We had transformed the pain into something deeper. We had changed the meaning of the

whole event. We had gone through something very emotional together.

When she had calmed down I told her we would shower and I'd take her for breakfast. And we did. And the breakfast was delicious. And the mood was light. And she and I were back to our well established plane of connection, affection, and mutual interest. And I was back to talking to her in a sexual way. Telling her how much I love her body… how much she turns me on… how great the orgasm was that she had given me the night before.

I reminded her that I had fucked her that morning. And she smiled. We had gone through the experience. We had managed the negative parts of it (the insecurity, the pain). We'd maintained a connection beyond our bodies (I'd made sure of it). And we had come out the other side. For what it was, it was perfect.

There are better way to handle situations like this, I am sure. And I will get better with more practice and experience. But for now, if I could do it all again, I would do it in much the same way.

That first time didn't count as a "notch" for me… it wasn't sex (for the reasons I have already explained)… but she was no longer a virgin in the physical sense. That part of her was gone. I had taken it.

I didn't know at the time that (as our Tokyo romance continued) I would get the notch later. And having come so close and failed to "complete" the sex with her, some part of me was tempted to be disappointed. Getting the notch is as symbolic as it is real. I am very aware at how much skill and expertise there is to the art of seduction, but as I explained above, when a woman allows herself to be seduced (to be fucked), it is a symbol of her really giving you something. It is a substantive claim of progress as a seducer at my stage of game. That (and more) is what taking the notch means to me.

So some small part of me, a part what would (in fact) like to brag, the part that is (in fact) a "notch hyena," a somewhat immature part of my persona as a seducer that is still proving my ability to conquer (to myself, as well as to this community of men), felt a sense of deflation at having failed to properly fuck her.

That is real. That is true. That is part of what I felt.

But more so… I had a great sense of victory. I had added a lot of detail to my exploration of virgins in general. That theme of my life was now richer.

There was pride and accomplishment at gaining new experience in "the category of virgins." This time with her was wonderful in many ways (I could say more about her uniqueness as a person as well), but in terms of the experience, of my dedication to mastery as a seducer, to my particular fascination with the sexual mechanics of virgins, to my pursuit of the details of their minds, and my sincere curiosity in the nuances of their hearts and emotions as they give up something they have held for so long… I was thrilled. It was a great experience. With her, in a romantic sense, yes. But in a particular way, as another chapter in my "book of girls"… this was all precious territory to me.

And I would get something much closer to a proper fuck on the seventh date. Here is the full escalation, top to bottom:

First date was tea, in the day. We sat next to each other on a couch at a cafe. We talked and I touched her as much as I thought I could get away with in public. She blushed. She was enjoying herself. She had a great time. So did I. I really liked her. It was a very cute date… and it definitely had a sexual undercurrent. She let me walk her to my house, but wouldn't come in. She looked absolutely beautiful as the wind tossed her hair around her otherwise slightly nerdy face. I made a pass at kissing her, which she rejected in a excited, light-hearted way. I walked her to her train.

Second date was lunch. After lunch, I walked her to my place again. She was nervous, but I talked her inside. I made tea… and started to escalate. She was very "tight," both physically (muscles were tight, arms up against her body, lips were even tight) and emotionally (she was nervous, and not connected to her body at all). She was excited. I tried to get her to connect, to get her heart to soften, to get her to begin to "let me in." We kissed over and over, standing up in the kitchen area of my small apartment. She wouldn't let me drag her to the bed… I tried.

Third date was the night of Valentine's Day. She said she was available on "Thursday," and I teased her that she intentionally picked that day as she wanted to be my Valentine's date. She denied that, but she did bring me chocolates (which is a Japanese tradition). Great dinner and back to my house. Got her into bed and sex inched along. Kissing was slightly better, her mouth loosening up as I taught her what I wanted. I pinned her arms over her head and managed to get my hand up her shirt. I hooked a finger under her bra and grazed a nipple, but this was met with lots of "fight."

Toward the end of night I casually unbuckled her belt, and unzipped her pants, while I kissed her and we talked. I slipped my hand down into her pubic hair… she wouldn't let me go any further than that, but she was much more comfortable than when I tried to take off her bra. I pointed out that inconsistency to her. She agreed. I asked why? She said,

> "I don't know! I don't even understand my own body."
> — Miss Compliant

This ^ is one of the most fascinating comments I have ever heard from a woman's lips. And it was true. She was a 27 year old virgin… of course not understanding her body had something to do with that. Excellent reference experiences here. A very interesting situation for a man pursing the education I am after.

Forth date was on a Saturday. She had a funny look on her face when we met up (at our usually place, the same coffee spot as our first date). When I asked, she said she didn't have a great day. I changed the subject, took her to dinner… she loved it. Back to my place and back in bed. Kissing her, starting to push it, and she said, "I'm on my period." Okay, fine. I got her shirt off right anyway. And then her bra. She has small boobs and very small nipples, but a fantastic little body. Great, fit belly. Nice round ass. She wouldn't let me get her pants off. I pulled my cock out and it excited her. I made her touch me until I was hard and starting to heat up. I threatened her with my cock, asked if she wanted to be fucked (mostly just to acclimate her to talking like this) and if she wanted to suck it (she did not!). She was confident and bold as she touched me, a very different side of her versus when I was touching her. We cooled off. She wouldn't spend the night, so I walked her to her train.

Fifth date was Thursday again. Dinner. My place. My bed. Escalating hard… I thought this might be the night. There was more fight, but I got her completely naked quickly (and she was marvelous to look at)… she said it was her first time ever completely naked with man (Baby Dragon said the same thing). Her period was over so (after a shower) I ate her pussy (that was also her first time). She said it "hurt," but I think it was simply too intense. Tried to fuck her. Rubbing my cock on her pussy, all that. She was a mix of a serious no, that fightiness, and a playful dare for me to take her further. But it wasn't happening. I ended up letting her stroke my cock and balls with her hand (she still wouldn't suck my cock) and it was amazing.

Her attitude was completely different when we would change roles she was touching me. She became very bold and more sensual (and she isn't really a sensual girl). Looking me in the eyes, using both hands, getting into it… she loved it. Even the way she kissed me was 100% different, more passionate, more engaged when she was playing the role of the aggressor. After a while, kneeling between her legs, I leaned over her and shot a burly load all across her tits, her face, and up into her hair. Excellent orgasm and very fucking hot.

I asked her to spend the night and she matter-of-factly told me she had brought everything she needed to sleep over. She assumed it. Interesting. She is not the first girl to assume this with me (I have stories like this going back to when I was 19). We slept pretty well. In the morning, after a business call and another shower, I ate her pussy again and we had some signs of pleasure as I lapped between her thighs. And I again I tried to fuck her, even got a condom out, but she snatched it off the bed and kept it away from me. I took her to breakfast… the vibe was fantastic. I wasn't at all eager to get rid of her… I was really enjoying the "girlfriend experience" I was having with her.

Sixth date was Saturday… yet again. I was really enjoying this girl, so we met earlier in the day. I took her to an art

museum in Ueno (very cool date). Then a big dinner. Then back to my place. We watch an episode of Sherlock Holmes in my bed while we let the food digest. I made her get naked for that. I spooned her little body, pushing my cock against her ass and nipping at her ears as we watched the show. Then a shower. I was sure I was going to fuck her. Ate her pussy and she was starting to get into it. I put on a condom a couple of times, but she wasn't going to let it happen. I pushed it extensively. I was over-teased at this point and full animal… but it wasn't happening. Again, she gave me handjob… and again it was mind-blowingly good. I shot my load and hosed down her body and her face (this time getting it in her hair and all over the pillows). We slept much closer that night. In the morning, again, a shower (she insisted). More oral sex for her, and she was making some great noises this time… clearly starting to enjoy it. And this was the time I stuck it in her. Then the emotional session and the crying. We recovered. Great lunch. Dragged her into a doorway and gave her some proper after-lunch kissing (she got lipstick all over me). I really wanted to fuck her and offered to take her back to my place… but she smiled, called me a "Bad Man" and I walked her to her train.

Great girl… what a great time.

Seventh and final date was Tuesday (two nights before I would leave Tokyo). Took her to a different museum, one near my place – it was a very cute date. I would pin her to the wall of the elevator and kiss her in between floors. Then my house, a little makeout. And then dinner. My house again. She was a little emotional and I took some time after dinner, making her look me in the eyes, breathing together, "getting connected." Then a shower. After kissing her for a while I climbed up on her chest, pinned her little arms back to the bed and forced my cock into her juicy mouth (another "first time" for her). And then I ate her pussy again and she was very, very into it… seemed like she might be at or near an orgasm (I didn't ask). And (as we had broken her seal the previous session), I slipped a finger in her and she seemed to respond well to that also.

And then… over and over I stuck my cock in her. And I properly fucked her… or at least as much as her body could handle at the time.

This comment came between the first time I penetrated her and this last date. It was very instructive for me.

> it takes multiple times of going slow and shallow with virgins before they are ready for the real deal.
>
> Weeks before the sex is good… The first time you REALLY fuck her, her mind will be blown
>
> But if you do it right, she'll love you and be up for almost anything.
>
> — ThatDayGameDude (@ThatDayGameDude) February 24, 2019

My thanks to ThatDayGameDude, as his description was exactly what my next round of sex with this girl was like. He taught me something in his comment that helped me know how to proceed with this girl. Little bits and pieces. This is how we learn.

I was barely able to get it inside her and she'd squirm away each time. I'd get three or four strokes in, about an inch or two deep, and she'd squeeze her legs together and push me away. But she really was surrendering this time. She was letting me fuck her. When I would tell her to relax, she would. After several attempts to really get it in there, I decided that was enough. Again, not really pleasurable for either of us, but progressing toward bringing her body closer to full sex. She was getting more and more pleasure over all (both of us were) so it wasn't all "work." And as for me… for the third time, she gave me a world class handjob and I came on her face. Jesus. Amazing. I will remember those hands for the rest of my life. Fucking A… marvelous.

In the morning… one more handjob for good measure… and I sent her off to school.

Fantastic.

Prior to that last date I had basically conceded to the idea that I would not get the notch. I still had hope I would get it done, but I was ready to leave it incomplete, comfortable with the idea that I had had some great, pleasurable

experiences with her, had introduced her to her body, to many aspects of sex (so many “firsts” for her), and she had given me invaluable lessons in seducing, and fucking, a virgin.

But in the end… I did fuck her. So I had that too. And it was small thing in larger scheme of the adventure with her, but with that… it was no longer “almost” and I could officially claim the notch. That aspect of the experience could be checked off, as well.

In addition to the bragging, and the general additions of reference experiences to my catalog of seducer knowledge… I really enjoyed this girl. So much. We saw each other a lot over the last three weeks. A lot of time “body to body.” I am flooded with pair bonding chemicals for her… and since I have left Tokyo, I miss her already.

She is an odd, interesting mix of qualities. While I almost always play the role of “the beast,” she was the first to use that phrase in this relationship – and she used it to refer to herself.

She sees herself as a tiger. She is simple, but very, very smart, and sees herself as fierce in some ways (more fierce than most Chinese boys). I would counter her force with a more dominant force of my own. I was kaibustsu (monster) to her shou (beast). Her power was in the way she held her boundaries with me (for as long as she could) and in that angry-serious look she would give me so many times in bed. I was able to “conquer” her (which she needed, this is what would unlock her heart), by overwhelming her (often physically) and returning that look with a calm surety. When I did all that, while escalating, I could shut off her brain, and unlock her body… show her a new side of herself. Of this, I am quite proud.

I was more romantic and sentimental about the affair than she was (that was my sense of her). She never once showed any remorse that I might leave or that we might not ever see each other again. I would not call her a cold girl, but she takes the default “practicality” of the Chinese as far as it will go. And while all this was true, in the same way that I slowly brought her around to the sexuality I wanted, I was bringing her around to an emotional relationship that met my needs as well.

What a great girl. What a fantastic lover. What an unforgettable experience.

She is, indeed an incredible chapter in my book of girls. There were lessons upon lessons from this affair (building upon the reference experiences from all the girls before her). It took me seven dates to properly fuck her. But with more time, came a wider range of things to learn. Leading and managing the dates. Teasing her and keeping the fires burning between dates via messages. Slowly bringing her through her sexual limitations. Validating her after each new step. Helping her navigate not just her body, but the meaning she took from all of the “first times” I gave her.

She is not actually the first virgin I have ever fucked. I fucked a 21 year old virgin when I was in college. She was my girlfriend of several weeks at the time – a time when I moved much slower, and with less skill, than I do now.

Miss Compliant wasn’t my first virgin, but she is the first virgin lover (former virgin, now) of my adult life. She is the first girl I took through a seduction to first-time sex since I’ve been conscious of game. She is my first virgin as a daygamer.

And while I took her virginity… in some ways, she took mine. The experience I had with her was something I had been thinking of for a long time. Something I had been close to, but never actually done. It was a sexual event that had a lot of anticipation for me. And one that has inspired a lot of thought as to the meaning of it all, and what it means for the future of my sexuality and my thoughts about mating and dating.

Thank you, Miss Compliant. For giving me such a wonderful gift. The gift of you, your body, and our time together.

I made it more than clear she is invited to come visit me whenever she wants. But even if I never see her again… I will never forget her. Or the way she made this particular trip to Tokyo new and special for a much older man, playing a very old and delicious game. We played it together.

Amazing. Beautiful. Viva daygame.

SH: Final Stats from my 2018 Shanghai Daygame Trip

Nash · 3 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

It is time to report the final stats from my daygame trip to Shanghai, China. This trip took place in Fall, 2018. I spent three weeks running game on pretty girls in the second biggest city in the world. As far as I know, this is the first formal report on daygame in Shanghai on the internet (or China, for that matter).

China seemed particularly foreign to me and it was an intimating trip in many ways. But talking to girls there felt completely natural (it was the most relaxing part of the trip). And it was a chance to prove (once again) that I could start from scratch, go out, approach, stop girls, take contact info, date… and drag girls into my bed. Yes, I got laid in China… from nightgame, from a long game daygame lead, and from a new girl I met via daygame on this trip. Not bad for three weeks.

I have some stats to share to give you an idea of what kind of work I put in, the reactions I got from the girls, and the end results in terms of leads, dates, and nakedness. Let's jump into it.

== SUMMARY:
— Days Out Approaching: 10 days
— Total Approaches: 108
— Approaches per Day: 10.8
— Blowouts: 20
— No English: 24
— Leads: 25
— Dates (individual girls): 9
— Total Dates: 16
— Boyfriends/Husbands: 7 girls said "BF/husband" in set
— iDates: 2
— Makeouts: 6
— Girls in my Bed: 4

— Lays: 3
— Lays from girls I met on this trip: 1 girl (from daygame… also fucked the nightgame girl)
— Approach to lay ratio: 1:108 (daygame only, and from leads from this trip only)

Those stats are raw and uninflated. I like to be honest, so those are conservative, honest stats. This was the reality of this trip, for a daygamer with my level of skill/experience.

More details below.

> "Young girl, big IOI, burst out laughing when I opened her. Looked back at me 3 times as she walked away."
> — From my notes: Oct23, 2018

== OVERVIEW:

It was a very entertaining trip. I truly believe that "girls are the same everywhere" and that their country of origin doesn't tell you much about what they will be like to game. I believe that. I am more than convinced that a given girl's personality/psychology plays a much more important role in what she will be like to approach/date/fuck than where she was born. This seems obvious to me… and it is true in my experience.

But… there was something about the girls there… daygame was refreshingly fun in China.

Shanghai is a top tier, world class city. I did not have any significant economic advantage there (this was not Mexico, or Thailand, or the Philippines). I bought a few dinners, but I didn't give girls gifts, or cash, or anything like that. I made no promises. Every girl I talked to was pure cold approach. I ran honest game… offering to exchange my value for theirs… and only that.

These girls had no incentive to like me, but with that said… China is not "The West." Many were fancy, high-end girls, yet they were more "natural," likely more feminine, relatively easier to vibe with on the street versus back at home.

I liked daygame in China better than at home. There are some East vs West differences… and I found the differences quite pleasurable.

I stayed in in a neighborhood called Jing'an. The particular area is called "The Former French Concession" by Westerners (but the Chinese didn't seem to recognize that name at all). It formerly had a lot of European influence (you can see it in the architecture). These days, however, the population is 99% Chinese.

From the old people playing mahjong games on the sidewalk late at night, to the reckless scooters running red lights, to the ever-present security cameras… it was truly foreign culture. I was living amongst Chinese families, watching old ladies buying vegetables, and listening to kids practice their violin (at the same time every night). All that. Very few people speak fluent English. There were Westerners around, but this was definitely an experience of being in China.

It was also a very nice part of town. Not horribly expensive (I paid $50/night for a very nice little apartment with excellent logistics). Taxi's were cheap (I didn't take many). Drinks were about normal price versus the US ($7 for a pint at the Irish bar, $11 for a nice bourbon on the rocks at a fancy bar). I never even tried to club or anything like that… I meant for the trip to be 100% daygame and it was.

Shanghai is a big place, but I stayed in one of the nicest parts of the city. Where you stay could give you a very different experience. The neighborhood I stayed in was as nice or nicer than my neighborhood in California (which is in a very nice, very experience part of the most expensive city in America). Keep that in mind if you plan a trip… not all areas of a city are created equal.

> "Annie. Charming, sophisticated. Asked if I do this often. Good chat, but excused herself… BF."
> — From my notes: Oct29, 2018

== WHERE TO GAME

In Jing'an (The Former French Concession), there is a huge, super modern mall called 1APM. It's very new, very nice (a lot of what I saw of Shanghai is like that). That mall was at one end of busy avenue where I ran most of my game. Down the street a few blocks, there is an H&M store… that was the other end of my route. I could walk back and forth, talk to some girls, do a lap like that in about 30-45 minutes. If I did that four times, I had a two or three hour session… talked to 10+ girls (my biggest day was 15 approaches).

I also really liked this outdoor mall area called Wu Jiang Road. It is an ideal daygame spot (would be great to stay around there too). Lots of shops and food. The biggest Starbucks in the Universe is at one end of it, and Uniqlo is at the other. About 15-20 minutes to walk from end to end. This area is more about socializing than shopping (it seemed), so you see more girls in groups and more girls in a rush to meet someone… but it was an excellent daygame area.

There was one other spot… the tourist trap shopping area called Tianzifang. The little alleys that host the tiny shops are too crowded for my taste, but Taikang road was gameable. I went there a couple of times, made my first

approaches there, actually. Not my favorite, but could also work for daygame.

What I liked to do, was start at the 1APM mall, game there for a bit. Jump on the subway. Go one stop (I believe) to Wu Jiang Road. Game there. Then come home… game all the way to my apartment. Every minute of that route for me was full of girls worth approaching… in those specific locations, in the subway stations, walking to and from… I took leads from every inch of that territory.

There are likely many other areas, but these are the only places I gamed on my trip.

> "Tall elegant girl with a 4-alarm walk. She stopped… Struggled with her decision for a long time… But then reluctantly waved me off. Sexy."
> — From my notes: Oct30, 2018

== APPROACHING:
— Days Out Approaching: 10 days
— Total Approaches: 108

I was there for 21 days… but only gamed 10. That is a pretty weak effort (you could easily do better). As I said in my first post from this trip, it took me a few days to settle down, as I switched apartments (my first one sucked), got set up at a gym (I lifted 3X per week at "Pure" by the 1APM), and had to focus on my clients (I continued to run my business the whole time and the internet is a pain in the ass in China).

I also had a long lead fly in from another Chinese city to spend a weekend with me. I had a slow start, gamed a bit before she arrived, stopped while she was with me, all my previous leads went dead, and I restarted the day after she left. That ate up some time (but she was worth it).

I did most of my approaching in the last 12 days of my trip. Many men could do better than I did in terms of how I managed my time.

> "Beautiful girl, all black. Raven hair. I was super on… She hesitated then blew me out."
> — From my notes: Oct30, 2018

== BLOWOUTS
— Blowouts: 20

I love talking about blowouts. They are normal. If you want to get good, you will get blown out a lot. I have been blown out hundreds and hundreds of times. On this trip… I was only properly blownout 20 times.

Here is a sample of the notes I took on my blowouts.

> 1. Girl in a bike, ambush, blowout
> 9. All black, blowout
> 13. Confident walk, blowout
> 2. Little one, knee high boots… Blowout
> 5. Glasses, on the phone, blowout
> 6. Miss Thick look alike, shy, smiley blowout
> 8. Slow motion blow out
> 14. Blowout. Cold.
> 7. Sexiest body of the day… Didn't stop. Blowout.

> 1. Fancy girl at the mall… Polite blowout
> 2. Little one… Red shoes. Soft blowout.
> 3. Nice style, fierce blowout
> 4. Another fierce blowout
> 5. Cute face. Told me no English but that was a lie
> 10. Hot… Blowout.
> 1. Boots, weak stop, blowout

Blowouts are normal. Embrace "rejection." The road to great times with lovely girls is paved with blowouts.

> "Tall, athletic… Said no English. But she seemed a little slow to leave when I let her go."
> — From my notes: Nov02, 2018

== NO ENGLISH
— No English: 24

If a girl stops, and tries to talk to me, but can't because she doesn't speak English… I wouldn't call that a blowout. That is the language barrier getting in my way. Many of these girls really did try to communicate with me.

It is very possible to take leads from girls that can barely speak a word of English. I did. Pixie Girl was one of those girls. If she would try to work with me on communication, and it was worth it to me, I would stay in set (and sometimes take the lead). I didn't not put those girls in this "No English" category.

This is the measure of how many times the set could not proceed because language got in the way. Most of these sets were very short. Some of these girls really liked me… but we couldn't connect at all.

> "C. Big IOI. Lovely, friendly. Great English. Insta date. Looked almost identical to Miss Thick. Also from Dalian."
> — From my notes: Nov04, 2018

== DATING
— Dates (individual girls): 9
— Total Dates: 16

I dated a lot. I am not counting the long lead that spent the weekend with me (that was three days of dates and sex). I am not counting my nightgame pull. Those girls did count toward my lays, but in terms of dates… my stats here are only the girls that I got out on a date that I specifically approached on the street on this trip.

This… is maybe the coolest part of this post, as I see it.

A man can go to China. Hit the street. Talk to girls. And date nine girls in about 12 days. That is amazing. That is the power of daygame.

I am pretty good, but I am not even that great. I work hard, I have solid value, I have been improving my game for a long, long time… but many men are much better than me. You might be able to do better.

My approach to date ratio was good (9:108)… probably a little better than average… but that is a reasonable expectation for a solid, experienced daygamer. Practice at home. Get good there (or you'll suck when you travel). But once you have 5-10 lays at home… stats like these (and better) are achievable.

What a great experience… to fly into a foreign locale and date the pretty girls there. Fucking awesome. I love daygame.

> "Taiwanese girl. Art teacher. Very cute. Very into me. Touched me on her own."
> — From my notes: Nov02, 2018

== GIRLS IN MY BED/LAYS:
— Girls in my Bed: 4 total
— Lays: 3
— Lays from girls I met on this trip: 1 girl (from daygame, also fucked the nightgame girl)
— Approach to lay ratio: 1:108 (daygame from this trip only)

I had four girls in my bed on this trip. Many men could do better, but that is fucking excellent for a three week trip. Again, a tribute to some hard work, some skill, but also to the power of the daygame model.

First girl was business woman from Hong Kong that I closed in a grotty nightgame lay. I wasn't running game, but as I was having a drink one night I picked her up, took her home, and fucked her. Good adventure, decent story, but a pretty low quality experience. I was happy to practice escalation, etc. I got it done (and took very good care of her afterwards). The lay counts toward my lifetime experience, but I did not, however, count her toward my approach to lay ratio for this trip. She is a nightgame lay… different category.

Second girl was Miss Bangs. She was a girl I met in California earlier that year. I got her out on one date. I kissed her then, but couldn't get her naked. She really liked me, and we texted off/on for months after that via WeChat. She is a fantastic girl at every level. When I got serious about going to China, I teased her about seeing me and she was all over it. I paid for a ticket and flew her in to stay with me for a few days. It was a risky move, but it turned out to be a great weekend. She is a very high quality "good girl." I fucked her on the first night she was in town and every day after that. It was a great experience… sexually and romantically.

She and I are still in touch… in fact, I flew her into Tokyo for the trip I am on now (she stayed five nights with me). What a lovely, sweet, excellent girl. And I have now kissed her in three different countries and fucked her in two. I will fly her in to see me in my city this Summer.

She is another fantastic daygame story. I have read about similar scenarios with guys like Krauser, and it blows my mind that I have stories like this now too. It is a sign of progress.

I also did not count Miss Bangs toward my approach to lay ratio for this trip.

Third girl in my bed was Baby Dragon. She was a 19 year old college girl I met on the way back to my apartment one day… and one of my favorite challenges (and stories) from my daygame adventures. I wrote three different posts about her. She was young, strong willed, and… a virgin. I dated her six times in 12+ days and learned so much from my time with her. I never fucked her, and she doesn't count as a lay. I did makeout with her, got her naked (her first time), I ate her pussy (also her first time) and her ass (I assume that was a first as well). And I jerked off while she watched/helped a couple of times. A 45 year old man and a 19 year old Chinese virgin college girl. Shouldn't happen, but it did. Great experience.

I bet I could have fucked her… but I think I would have needed another week or so, and about two to four more dates (maybe less, I don't know).

Fourth girl in my bed was a Taiwanese art teacher. I picked her up in a department store one night (I followed her in off the street). She was a charming, soft, feminine girl. Kissed her on our first date. On the second date, I took her to an art museum, then lunch, then to my place and fucked her (dead sober in the middle of the day). I kept her a little too long, and I bet she was late for the class she had to teach that afternoon. Sex was great, surprisingly great,

and… I never saw her again.

She is the “1 in 108” that I count as a daygame lay from this particular trip.

I like many things about this collection of girls, but one thing in particular was that I had lays in several categories… nightgame, long lead, and a new girl I took from “farm to table” – off the street, on dates, and into sex. That last lay meant something special to me, as she was a girl I met and fucked, from daygame, specifically from this trip. She was proof (to myself and the world), once again, that daygame works… even in the challenging conditions of a foreign country and relatively short period of time to bring girls through the model.

Several other girls wanted to date me. I had a couple of other girls I had already dated and made out with… but I didn’t have time to get any more done than this.

It can be done, but short trips make it very difficult. Don’t let anyone tell you otherwise. I left a lot of half-cooked leads on the table in Shanghai when I left. Three weeks is about the minimum I would recommend for a solid trip.

> “What a wild session. Wow.”
> — From my notes: Oct29, 2018

There you go… some notes from an American running daygame in China. It was a great trip.

I left on that last day completely satisfied. In fact, as I dated the Baby Dragon three times in the last 30 hours before I left China (and gotten off twice in that time), I was more than satisfied. I was exhausted. And happy to go home and recover.

> “Half Chinese, half British… and… 13 years old. I asked her age early. Told her she was lovely and left.”
> — From my notes: Nov07, 2018

The combination of working on my clients, solving logistical issues, continuing my weights regimen, hunting girls in the street, dating them, and managing all the emotions of the trip (mine and theirs)… all of this in a Communist country… was a remarkable challenge and one of the greatest adventures of my life. I rarely if ever work this hard at home, but this is a glimpse into what is possible for a man at my stage of game when he puts in the effort.

> “Iris. Mustard shirt, skate shoes. Would barely look me in the eyes. Good set. Slow and sexy.”
> — From my notes: Oct30, 2018

The Daygame Gods were generous. The trip was big boost to my ego and my confidence in myself as a seducer (and a man of the world). I learned a lot about game and female psychology, and developed a lot of concepts (and reference experiences) that are now baked into my view of seduction and my bag of tricks as a player.

> “M. Great chat, but then… She had to say hello to her BF. He joined us. I bailed.”
> — From my notes: Oct29, 2018

I don’t know that I will go back to Shanghai. The vibe was “serious” and China scares me a bit. But it was a wonderful trip. And the girls where… fantastic.

I love Chinese girls and China treated me very well.

Thank you, Shanghai. Thank you Daygame Gods. Viva Daygame.

The Three Phases of the Seducer | Hans Comyn

Nash · 22 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

My new favorite "player" to study is a guy named Hans Comyn. He has a lot to say, but this post will focus on a concept where he describes the Three Phases of the Seducer. His thinking here helps map out some familiar behavior from guys that are just getting good with girls, a BIG SWITCH that happens at the Second Phase, and he points to a Third Phase… and that is an area I would like to understand better.

== UPDATE: Hans sent me a note about his book. For more info, see the COMMENTS.

Hans' "Third Stage" is where I want to take my game.

As far as I understand, Hans Comyn runs seduction coaching business, but before that he was a co-founder of Ars Amorata – a company he built with Zan Perrion. In the last few weeks I have been checking out their flavor of seduction and trying to integrate some of their ideas into my game. Their way of thinking is fertile ground for a man like me.

Let's jump into the concept from Hans that really caught my attention. It's from a talk he gave at the Morten Hake Summit in 2013. That talk is amazing. And the concept I want to highlight today is…

> THE THREE PHASES OF THE SEDUCER.
> — First Phase: "Does she like me?"
> — Second Phase: "Do I like her?"
> — Third Phase: "What do I need to do to make her feel beautiful?"

I know that last line might seem controversial… stick with me.

Think of those three phases as a possible trajectory for a seducer as he moves toward real mastery. That is how I see it. And the phases are an interesting diagnostic tool to see where you're at as a man in your journey with women.

Below we'll look at the types of questions we ask ourselves as we wrangle the women in our lives. Hans is very insightful when he points out that the type of questions you ask yourself will be different… depending on your

"phase" as a Man of Game.

I have been studying game for a long time. When I first got started, I needed basic "how to" information. As I get better, I see the limitations in the advice I was given when I was a beginner. Some steps you take as a beginner or intermediate will hold you back as you move "deep inside" seduction.

It has been a goal of mine for a while to help move our conversations as men past "beginner" commentary. There will always be beginners (and beginner lessons are important too), but for those of us that make it past those "brute force" early days of self-change… the conversation needs more nuance. Men like Hans can give beyond-beginner guys some of what they're missing.

I want to be able to write about some concepts that are a bit "hippy." But I also know (and appreciate) where "normal" guys are at. We don't need a bunch of hippy "nice guy" talk or unnecessary spirituality. I would agree with that. "Sensitive New Age Guys" (SNAGs) are fucking boring, and they mostly suck with girls, and I am NOT going in that direction.

With that said… at the upper levels of game… I am convinced that the mindset of the "locker room" is not enough. That is "sophomoric" game. At the upper levels, I am seeing (over and over) that "hippy technology" has a lot to offer advanced seducers.

I want to reach higher, but I DO want to keep this conversation as grounded as I can. So let's keep our eye on the ball, some place where I know all of us – noobs to Romeos – are all in agreement…

We want sex.

So I will talk about some "hippy tech" here, but I promise to keep this grounded in good old fashioned, red-blooded, male sexuality.

Disclaimer is over. Let's move on.

Imagine – if you will – a continuum of men that get laid a lot. We're not talking about beginners. We're talking about men that have already proven themselves… and we're recognizing they have different styles of how they go about getting what they want in mating and dating.

Perhaps at one end of the continuum we'd have the "conquerors," and at the other end, we'd have the "lovers." Different styles.

If you think exclusively of your own pleasure and you value "taking the notch" above all else, maybe you have more of a "conqueror" vibe. That's valid. If, on the other hand, you are very into a lot of sex, but you have more of a romantic streak in your game… I'd say that is more of a "lover" vibe.

This is Genghis Khan (conqueror) vs Casanova (lover). Both kinds of men can be tremendously successful with women. One is not better than the other. And in certain circumstances, I admire the skills of each group.

Now… as we return to the thrust of this post: Hans is focused on this "lover of women" style game. And so am I. You might interpret the rest of this post in that light.

The conqueror/lover distinction will become more interesting when we start to differentiate between Hans' Second Phase and Third Phase.

I respect getting the notch very much – that it still a goal of mine. But I also specifically want to distinguish myself on the "lover" spectrum – I want to be a seducer. And to be "seductive" implies something more than just taking notches by any means necessary. It's a qualitative distinction. That feels true for me.

I happen to be convinced that the conqueror type lacks a certain sensitivity… so he'll miss things. He'll "fail to

unlock" certain situations. He will out-perform the lover in some areas… but he will fail in moments that require finesse.

That is where I think that type of man is especially weak. Hans has guidance here that might help us capture more of what the conqueror types miss.

As I have been through my own experiences with women, I have been looking for the "keys" to unlock some of these situations. And I have been handed some of these "keys" through the lessons of Yohami and others. I have accidentally discovered some of these lessons via my own "skin in the game" (the Gods know I am "in field" enough). And I feel like I am on the threshold of some new breakthroughs…

And Hans is the kind of seducer that can show men like me a way forward.

Here we go… let's get into it.

> "I see a lot of guys, when we're exploring seduction, I see a lot of guys go through three phases. It is good to try to think, 'what phase am I in? And where am I going?'"
> — Hans Comyn

We already laid out the basic outline to Hans Comyn's "Three Phases" above. Now we'll get into deeper description of those stages.

And while we are here, I like Hans' eye for diagnostics: "What phase am I in? And where am I going?" This is an interesting framework to begin to see how men at different stages of knowledge and experience (and inner game) might try to answer those questions.

FIRST PHASE: "Does she like me?"

> "The first phase of seduction is this: You look at girls, and you say, 'ahhh, that girl is great… what can I do to have her like me.' Does she like me? What can I do that she would like me more? It's a very fear based way of interacting with her. You try to find ways so she will like you more. Does she like me? Does she like me? It's a very fear based question, 'does she like me?'"
> — Hans Comyn

Ahhh, yes. Almost every man knows this stage well. I have earned my way past this phase, but I certainly remember asking that kind of question. I am intimately familiar with that stage.

And while I have already set some context in this post around seduction, let's return to my promise to keep this conversation grounded in our desire as men for sex.

We want to get laid. Let's assume we all want to fuck – the conqueror and the lover have that basic goal in common. More sex. Better sex. More variety of sexual partners. Something like that… and more.

A man in the First Phase of seduction is trying to get sex to happen, in the most basic sense. He is trying to start the process. He isn't "optimizing his sex life." He is trying to go from "no sex" to "some sex."

The questions in his life might include: Does she like me? How do I make her like me? What can I do to get the girl? How do I get that specific girl? There is girl I know, what do I say to get her to like me? What is the best pickup line? What is the best text to get her to come on a date with me? What kind of dates do girls like? Does she want me to hold her hand? Does she want me to kiss her? How do I know if she wants me to kiss her? Is it okay if I take her shirt off? Can I reach between her thighs? Can I fuck her? Can I tell her to suck my dick? Can her I ask

her to sleep over? Would she like that? Does she want to see me again?

You'll notice (or perhaps you did not?), all of those questions revolve around her. They are from her point of view.

When you ask questions from HER point of view, you are not the center of your world… she is the center of your world. And that puts you in second place in your own life. That's not a healthy start for a man in general, and it certainly won't help you be more successful with women.

Here is an example:

> THE PLAYER: Why is she not returning my texts?

This kind of question is fundamentally about her. Can you see that? There is a lot of neediness in questions like this. No disrespect (I've been there), but that is true.

Hans says it's "fear based" and that's an interesting way to put it. First Phase men are likely more nervous than more advanced men. They likely talk to fewer women, have less contact with women, live in a state of scarcity more than latter-phase guys do. This tells us about the guy's background, but also about how women see him.

Moving from the First Phase to the Second Phase will mean putting yourself at the center of your experience. Some measure of "self-centeredness" is healthy and normal. Self-respect is part of the shift here. But this isn't about being selfish, not exactly.

It is a sign of development as a man (a proper man, a strong man, an attractive man) when he is the center of his world. When he moves to that phase, the form of the questions he asks will change.

We'll see that as we move into the description of the Second Phase.

SECOND PHASE: "Do I like her?"

> "Then… as you get a little more knowledge, experience, sharing with people, reading… we come to a stage where instead of, 'Does she like me?', we start asking 'do I like her?' We realize that it's not about the girl anymore. That I first would have to do all the work on myself. You see a whole shift to inner game. Self-development. Masculinity. I have to stand tall. Independent of the girl. The girl is almost optional. I have to get my life in order. My purpose. My passion. I have to have self-worth. Very important phase. It is completely necessary, as a seducer… to go in that phase."
> — Hans Comyn

The phase that Hans is describing here represents a huge shift in a man's thinking. And Hans is showing rare and compelling insight when he so clearly spells this out for us.

Let's return to our motivation: We want sex. We want more than that, but we still want sex. And we'll want it in the Third Phase too. It's a healthy, beautiful thing to want sex, and that time with women. We are moving toward that.

We are still after sex, but the nature of our questions has changed.

The questions in this stage sound more like: Do I like her? What do I want? What kind of girl do I want? How can I create the relationships I want in my life? What can I do to generate choices in my life that satisfy me? Of those choices, which best serve what I need and want? Of those things in my life that work for me, what can I do to maintain them, so I can enjoy them in an ongoing way? If things in my life that I love come and go, what can I do to find that next thing that brings me satisfaction? Even when I don't have all the access to women that I want, how I do hold my head high, live "chest out," and feel proud about where I am at as a man? When I do have access, how do I take things deeper, so I can enjoy them even more?

Compare that set of questions to the thoughts that run through a First Phase male's mind. Very different inquiries.

Here is an example:

> THE PLAYER: This girl isn't very responsive… do I really want to spend my time pursuing her?

The questions of a Second Phase man come naturally when a man has put himself at the center of his world. And they don't sound horribly selfish, do they? Not to me. They are sensible. They are wise. And they are also strong. From this position, not only will you take better care of yourself, and make better choices about women, but you will also be more attractive (as a BYPRODUCT of all the real work you have done as you focus on yourself, and grow, and do it all for you).

The lesson of this stage is to think from your own perspective. It's "do I like her?" "Is she the kind of girl that I want to spend my time with?" "Is she the kind of girl that will treat me how I want to be treated?" "If I brought her into my life, would it be good for me?"

Very different questions.

A man that thinks like this is more attractive to women. But… if you're thinking about her approval at this point, if you're doing all this for her… you're likely still First Phase. This shift is not a "technique" for First Phase guys to "win the girl" (that whole way of thinking belongs back in the First Phase).

You do all this for yourself. With yourself in mind. Self-respect. And as a byproduct of being a "centered" man, women will likely find you more attractive.

Be attractive. Build your value (and do it for you, not the girls). Do your job as a man and "initiate the dance" with girls… approach, lead, escalate. And when you do all that from the perspective of a Second Phase man, she will often feel a strength in you that First Stage men haven't earned.

It is ironic that the Second Phase Man has answered the questions of the First Stage Man ("What can I do to get her to like me?")… by not asking those kinds of questions at all.

THIRD STAGE: "What do I need to do to make her feel beautiful?"

Now… we go into the Third Stage. And this is territory I have seen before, but Hans is making this space more real for me with the solidity of his theories here.

If you think this stage is harder to understand (or appreciate), I agree. In part, as I've almost never heard a Man of Game talk about this before. This section is why I bothered to write this post. This… is the most important part of the discussion for me.

Maybe men don't talk about this very often. But when they do… are your ears ready to take it all in?

> "There is a third phase, it is, you're in a seduction and you are no longer asking 'does she like me?' You're not asking, 'do I like her?' But that you ask yourself… 'what can I do, to make her shine?' 'What is my role, in this seduction, so she can be beautiful?' It is a shift in perspective that we very rarely go to. It is a shift in perspective that is very needed if we want to advance the art of seduction. It is very needed for your own development, that you stop thinking about you."
> — Hans Comyn

I agree. And I am impressed by this man's ideas.

But first, let's revisit our motivation once more. This is not "White Knight" stuff. This is not "Purple Pill" (or it doesn't have to be). What did we say our motivation was? We want to get laid. That's right. We are unapologetically

sexual Men of Game. Let's assume that is still our goal (it is still my goal). I want to fuck. We are still moving in that direction. Let's open our minds and keep going…

If we want to get laid, what does moving into the Third Phase do for us? Let's look at our questions…

The questions from the Third Stage might be: What do I need to do to make her feel beautiful? What does she need to relax? What can't she see about herself that would make her glow? What makes her feel sexy? What opens her heart? What fantasies does she need to explore? What does she need to feel to have the experience of a lifetime? What makes her melt? What does she need to feel such that she can shine for me? What does she need to feel so she can surrender to me… and really let herself "go?" What would the experience be that would make her more than eager to come back and do it all again?

Now we are asking radically different questions. These are not the questions of the conqueror. This is high-end seduction. This is where I want to be.

> THE PLAYER: She seems unsure, uncertain of our next steps together… what does she need?

This post is my interpretation of Hans' theory… but I believe I am on the right track here.

And now, from a different source, here is a girl saying something that plays very well with the lessons of the Third Phase:

> "If he takes you someplace you want to go, then you can surrender to him. A lot of men don't know where they are going. They're not that attuned to you. They don't necessarily care how it is for you, they are way too selfish. There is something that just doesn't happen."
> — Patricia Albere

What "doesn't happen?" You don't get laid… that's what. It's more than that… but if we stick to our motivation, Hans is giving you the keys to unlocking some of this "more" with women.

> "You can tell that a lot of times men just want what they want, and they want you to show up in a way that they can get off on the whole situation, and it's not too much of a turn on for women. You kind of know if the man is actually really connected and wants something to happen for both of you."
> — Patricia Albere

Read that ^ again. I hear that as her calling out for a Third Phase experience… she is pointing to an absence of Third Stage seduction. I know I have made women feel that way before.

Hans is not pointing to a "sexual technique" – this is bigger than that. There could be some sexual technique here, but this is about a range of vision that is much more powerful and interesting than "make sure you lick her clit before you hit it doggy style" – we are going beyond "beginner talk" here.

As I see it, there are a lot of pieces coming together in this discussion.

"How do we make her shine?"

When Patricia says – "The man is actually really connected and wants something to happen for both of you" – making her feel "connected" may be one of many ways you might "make her feel beautiful." There are likely an infinite number of ways to do this (some universal, some… particular to the girl). But the first step in beginning to consider this territory… is to begin asking these kinds of questions.

Here is a question:

> THE PLAYER: If I could make her really feel like she was shining… how hot would this night get for both of

> us?

It's not about a sexual technique, nor is about putting her on a pedestal like a clueless Disney guy. Even if you're almost completely self-centered, you can learn from this concept.

Patricia adds a great component when she says "both." When a girl can feel that you are conducting the moment such that you "want something to happen for both of you" – you might see that girl "shine." When she feels like she is shining… you might get laid more.

She might feel "beautiful" in those conditions. You might unlock her. You might move toward really "opening" her to you… and the intentions you have for your time together. And you might see a girl surrender into you in a way you've missed in the earlier stages of your journey.

I'm not saying this is easy to understand. And it's definitely not easy to implement. But imagine if we started thinking like this… starting to find solutions at this level… and imagine if we had some of this level of skill the next time we found ourselves in a moment of "last minute resistance."

Last Minute Resistance (LMR) is the hottest part of game for me at this stage of my personal journey. I am really changing how I handle myself in those moments when it comes time to bring a girl across the threshold for sex. And I can feel the difference in how I negotiate those situations… and I can see the results. The girls are much happier. I'm doing a much better job. The sex is better.

And I will boldly claim that this "both" mentality is part of the secret to unlocking LMR.

LMR is not a perfectly linear, "cause and effect" kind of thing. It's sure as fuck not about "freeze outs." It's not so much about how many dates you've been on with the girl (first, or third, or whatever). It's not "do more comfort, bro… she needs comfort, bro." That's all "beginner" stuff.

> "If he takes you someplace you want to go, then you can surrender to him."
> — Patricia Albere

This ^ my brothers… is part of the secret to unlocking LMR. And the mindset it takes to lead a woman like this… seems very much inline with Hans' Third Phase.

Are you driving the night toward "claiming your notch?" That might be a perfect strategy… if that is a place she wants to go and she can feel it, each step of the way. If she's not feeling it… don't expect her to surrender to you… and don't expect to get laid.

And if you could make the goal something a little more elevated than "I want to bang this girl," if you could make her feel so beautiful she wanted "show you more" of herself… I bet opening her legs would be easy at that point.

Can you see where I am going here? I am trying to bring this conversation up a level. I am trying to follow Hans in that direction.

Do you have the talent as a seducer to make her feel as if her heart was open to you? That question may sound ridiculous to you, but this is a cooperative enterprise… if that is what she needs, can you give it to her? I don't think the conqueror type asks himself this kind of question, so he can't learn those skills, and he will "next" girls he fails to lead in this way… as he's too "meathead seduction" to get to the next level.

If you can "take her someplace she wants to go"… if you can "open her heart"… if you can "make her feel beautiful"… you will be more likely to get your "notch." And I want that notch.

But I also want… more. And I bet we'll get that too if we follow Hans down this path.

> "It looks – this phase – it looks a little like the first phase, because now I am asking again, 'what does she need to be seduced?' But it is now 'love based.' It's no more fear based, it is not out of fear, 'I am going to lose her.' No."
> — Hans Comyn

In this quote ^, there is some perfect juxtaposition of the First and Third stages.

We said First Phase men are focused on her, that they are likely not that great with women, and they come from a fear of "loss" or scarcity around women. They over-cook each lead, as they don't have enough access to women, so each new opportunity is "too important." They aren't bold, as they haven't had a lot of success and they are afraid they will "say something wrong" and then "she won't like me." They haven't put themselves first in their own life. They haven't built up their game – and their value – to a place where they go out and meet women easily.

And in the Second Phase, much of the work that the First Phase man needs has already been completed – this is how he gets into that Second Phase. He has been asking the right questions. He has built himself up as a man. He has proven himself… in life and in the sexual marketplace. His inner game is better and thus his confidence is based in reality and he comes off sure of himself and genuine in social situations. He knows more women and his reference experiences are better. He may not have "abundance," but he knows what opportunity likes like, and he knows how to create it. His life is more full.

And as a man moves into the Third Phase, since his life is more full… he has more to "give." This is part of what makes a man naturally attractive. This kind of giving is getting at the essence of Third Phase men. You can see that "giving" as he shifts (again) from Phase Two to Phase Three… you can see it in the types of questions he might ask himself when he is getting closer to a girl.

He is stronger.

When Hans says "it is now 'love based,'" that gets kind of "woo" and hippy, but I think we can replace "love" with "strength" – "it is now 'strength based'" – and the statement is easier to encompass into male psychology.

You are now so "strong," you have so much more to give, that you can move past Second Phase "self-centeredness," past focusing on yourself, into a more generous position. And that generosity (that sense of "both" you and the girl) is… very, very attractive.

The Third Phase has all the basic needs of the First Phase (those are essential needs shared by all men). The Second Phase man has added strength and self-esteem and experience. From there the seducer moves on… and the Third Phase looks like a generous strength.

Your generosity in the Third Phase… your generosity with the girl… that part of your attention that is focused on where she is at, what she needs, what "higher level" experience would rock her open to the potential of your night together… all this (and more) makes you a better seducer.

As a Third Stage man, you can not only takes care of your own needs, but you can manage her needs too. You can predict them. You can lead her to glory ("take her someplace she wants to go") before she can even anticipate it. You can fill holes she didn't know she had (pun intended).

Sound attractive? I think so.

Is this "common knowledge?" Nope. This is an uncommon approach to women… because most men never make it this far.

I believe Hans is exactly right. It's fucking excellent game. And this kind of mindset represents a quantum shift "upward" in terms of your skills and potential as a seducer. This kind of game will leave the conquerors in the dust

and unlock categories of women that would never surrender to those men.

Go Team Seduction.

Big props to Hans for being capable of articulating all this. I am so impressed.

Here's a couple more bites at this. Also a little "hippy," but think on it for a second.

> "Most women have never felt they met someone who knows them deeper than they know themselves. Because the third-stage man is vulnerable consciousness, he feels her deeper than she could feel herself. He feels her yearning heart and meets her at a deeper place than she could feel herself, deeper than she expected – that is ravishment."
> — David Deida

I warned you that this post was going to utilize some psychological "hippy technology." This is what I meant. Stay with me.

This quote above is from Deida's model of men. David is using the concept "Third Stage" (not Hans' "Third Phase") but, you might notice it looks very similar to Hans' model. It's more general… more about the men… less customized to seduction… but it follows the same arch.

What would it feel like from the girl's point of view… to be taken "deeper" than she can take herself?

If you could do that… do you think you might get laid more? What if you could learn how to step up your game, learn to give women an experience that made them feel eager to "open" to you, and as a consequence… you got laid more?

> "A great tango dancer can make a woman who never danced, he can make her shine. He can make her look like she is incredible. That is what a seducer does."
> — Hans Comyn

I am convinced these men (Hans and Deida both) know the way. Hippy tech… it's got some potency.

At this level, of course it isn't about a "hack" (beginner stuff). And it's not about a "pickup line." All the gimmicks (if they belong anywhere) are left behind in the early stages. This isn't about wearing a mask that makes you look like a deeper guy… it's about being a deeper guy. We are still horny, sexy, dirty, powerful… but we're more skillful in how we roll it all out.

> "It's not only as a protagonist, meaning, 'how can I play my role perfectly here, that I am a great dancer with her.' It is almost like you have a third perspective – it is the perspective of a director. You are no longer just a protagonist, an actor, playing your part perfectly. But you now also play the role of the director. You see the whole thing happening. And you say, as a protagonist, 'this is my role.' And also, 'for her to shine, this needs to happen, and I need to do this.' It's a different way of thinking."
> — Hans Comyn

This "director" point of view is excellent.

You recognize your needs (First Phase). You play your role perfectly (Second Phase). But you also see her needs, and "direct" the action (both your role and hers) in such a way that the experience is "higher level" for "both" of you. That is Third Phase.

You can see/feel all of the roles. You orchestrate the whole thing. You want your notch, but you want to feel

glorious as you take it, and you want her to feel glorious as she gives it to you.

Glorious. For both of you. Can you “seduce” at this level?

I really want to be excellent at this… I want to be a great seducer. This is the way forward. This is what I need to learn.

The Three Phases of the Seducer. What a hot concept.

I place myself firmly in the middle of the Second Phase. And if you’ve read my stories about the Mormon Virgin or Miss Bangs or even how I handled Baby Dragon, you might see hints of me moving into the Third Phase. It was there (in a way) after my grotty nightgame lay in Shanghai, as I got her back to her hotel, put her in bed, shut the lights off, let myself out. It was there again in the way I cared for Miss Compliant (the virgin I closed in Japan). And it was there in in each step with the girl I closed on my 2nd to last night in Sapporo (which I never wrote about).

More and more, this “maximizing the potential for both,” this “generous strength,” this “director’s role” where a man orchestrates the whole scene so everyone gets “more” – this is the path I want to be on. This is the man I want to be.

> “You can present yourself to the world and hold your own. Now you have the strength to make another person shine. It is so rewarding. The faster you get to that stage the faster you will grow.”
> — Hans Comyn

I want to grow as a seducer. Hans is showing me the way.

But even if you center this pursuit around the idea of more explosive orgasms… better fucking… even if that is where it begins and ends for you… this path will get you there… and a whole lot more.

I have had some “Third Phase” sex with girls in the last few years. And “not-so-deep” sex can be really good too, I get it. But my experience has shown me that I’ll get more sex, and deeper sex, and better sex… as I take on Third Phase responsibility, as I master that role of leadership, generosity, and strength.

I am more than convinced that our “lower motives” – of sex, sex with new girls, sex with lots of girls – can be served via “upper motives” like what Hans is pointing to here. I don’t think conquerors can see that… and they will miss the opportunities that are available to the best seducers that focus on the craft of being an excellent “lover” of women.

Thank you, Hans. Wow. I am so inspired.

May we find good experiences. May we give the girls good experiences (that is very Third Stage thinking). May we all be entertained.

Viva Daygame.

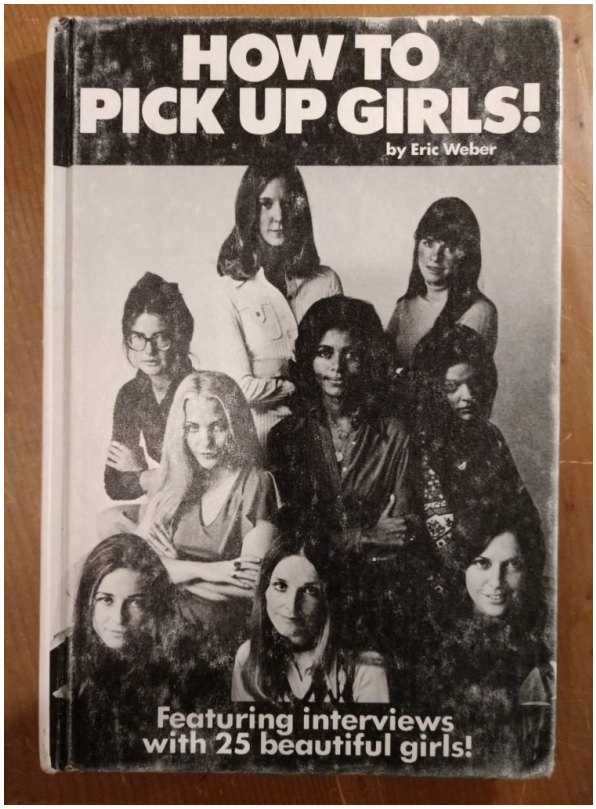
How to Pickup Girls, by Eric Weber | Book Review

Nash · 1 May 2019 · Archived copy · Original

And now, for all the street hustlers and daygamers out there, I will post a review of a surprisingly interesting and relevant book: How to Pickup Girls, by Eric Weber.

The copy I have of this book was published in 1970… a few years before I was born. I bought it as I thought it would be entertaining (and I'll take any excuse to go deeper into pickup culture), but I was surprised to learn a few things.

There were more than a few surprises as I turned the pages… including some great notes on female psychology.



It's not specifically designed as a daygame book… but it might as well be. And there are even a few indications that Daygame.com and the London Daygame Model guys were specifically influenced by this book… more on that below.

Here is an interesting quote to start us off:

> "Alix: You should emphasize in your book that men should never be afraid to approach a girl. In my whole life only two men have come up to me. It was great. I wish it would happen more often. It adds a little special spice to life."

Ahhh, I love that. It's a quote from a girl named Alix… one of several women Eric Weber interviewed for his book.

While the book has some clear "how to" material, I like it more for the inspiration. Weber's book is a triumphant celebration of pickup… from both sides of the dance. From him (the author), excited about the hunt. But also… from the girls, enjoying being hunted. That first quote above is a great example.

The premise for the book is this:

> "Suddenly I had an inspiration. Why not ask real live girls exactly what it would take to pick them up? Why not

> get the lowdown straight from the horse's mouth? And that's just what I did. I interviewed 25 of the prettiest, hippest girls I knew. And asked them how I could go about meeting them if I never seen them in my life before. In other words how could I pick them up?"

> "This book is built around their answers."

I was turned off by the idea that Weber was going to "ask girls" a bunch of questions and that we, as men, would learn anything from that. In general, we "watch what they do, not what they say" when we want to understand female psychology. But I was pleasantly surprised at how interested I was in the comments from the girls. Those comments… were the juiciest parts.

This is a great read for men that like to talk to girls on the street. And it would be an excellent book for a beginner – not so much for its instruction, as for its general encouragement.

The joy of daygame can be felt in these pages.

And the mutual excitement of the sexual tension between men and women is very apparent. It's real. And as a guy that has done thousands of approaches… I could tell I was reading a book about me, about my wings, and about the girls we chat up everyday on sidewalks in cities around the world.

Here is some more from the opening pages:

> "Has this little tragedy ever happened to you? You're walking down the street. Minding your own business…. And suddenly you spot a girl. Not just an ordinary girl. Not just a fantastic girl. But the girl – someone so absolutely sexy, so downright delicious-looking, you actually find yourself running to catch up with her."

Well, Weber… as a matter of fact… that HAS happened to me before. As soon as I read this… I knew this book was perfect for men like me.

This is a book about daygame culture.

> "Your mind draws a blank. You don't know what to do… You're terrified that if you do get up enough nerve to say something it'll be silly. She'll ignore you. Or even worse, she'll tell you to get lost. Or report you to the nearest cop. Or both!"

Yeah. I know exactly what that feels like. This is honest male sentiment, well expressed.

In the pages that follow… Weber gives us some concepts to work with that might help us find the willpower to actually get in front of the girl and open our mouths. And more so, to see the whole enterprise of pickup from the girls' point in a real and encouraging way.

> "Somehow, in some way, some guy was able to break through everyday convention, flag her attention, and take down her telephone number – and perhaps even her panties. It happens all the time. And it's a fantastic way to meet women."

Yeah.

Cold approach IS a great way to meet women (it's the only way that interests me, personally). And this book is a collection of pickup insight (from the late 1960s/1970s) that does an excellent job of showcasing the culture we are keeping alive today.

> "This is reflected in almost everything the fabulous 25 had to say about picking up. To them it's the hip, modern way to meet men… Purer than a blind date, less artificial that being formally introduced… In short, more in tune with our hip, modern times."

See guys? We're so "hip" and modern. Go daygame.

FEMALE PSYCHOLOGY:

How To Pickup Girls is not a strict collection of interviews. The book is organized as a series of chapters on various topics, and the chapters frequently include quotes like these:

> "Linda: I get lonely lots of times. All women do. We get lonely and bored and trapped in insecure relationships. It's very hard to get a good relationship, one that makes you feel loved and wanted. That's why so many women are always looking to meet new men."

> "Diane: I'm going to be very frank with you. A few months ago I hadn't gone out with a man for a long time. I was very horny. If a nice man had approached me I would have gone up to his room and right to bed with him. It's a shame no one approach me."

> "Gail: If a guy approaches me in a nice way then I'm always willing to hear what he has to say. I have to hear a man open his mouth first before I decide whether I dig his looks or not. As far as I'm concerned, he doesn't have to be anywhere near an Adonis. If I like the way he talks and what he has to say then I'm intrigued."

I appreciate all this. Weber's book is full of good conversation.

Not only have I run into girls like the ones featured above, but I have tried to actively imagine girls that think like this when I needed inspiration on a given day.

It is very true about daygame that as you're out "flipping over stones," you DO discover girls that feel like the girls in the quotes above. And they DO want to be picked up. They DO want to be swept off their feet. They DO want to be taken "on an adventure."

So much of the way a women will respond to a topic depends on how that topic is introduced. Whatever Weber did to set up the exchanges from which these interviews were gathered, he managed to inspire some friendly, honest, interesting comments from these girls.

There is a lot that can be learned about female psychology in stories like those found in Weber's book. And in how you connect those stories to your own personal reference experiences.

> "Bonnie: A lot of girls are hesitant because it doesn't look good to be picked up on the street. Being cold makes it more acceptable in their own little mixed-up minds."

I am a proud-proud daygamer, full stop. And I don't agree with Bonnie's logic here, but it is interested to hear it. Do some girls feel "dirty" being picked up on the street? Maybe. And would they be cold to help distance themselves from the dirt (even if they like it?) – maybe so.

Interesting.

> "Bonnie: I don't know what turns me on about men, but it has nothing to do with whether they're bad-looking or good-looking because even ugly guys appeal to me for some reason."

Is this true? I think it is. Certainly for Bonnie.

And I like it as it teases apart the idea that girls want a certain thing. Or that the concept of "looks matter" is particularly interesting (it is not). Dig into their heads… you'll find thoughts like this. Bonnie isn't being polite… she's telling you that when it comes to attraction, for her, "it depends."

That's real. Here is more:

> "Monique: I was going cross town on the Ninety-sixth Street bus and he got on the bus the same time I did. He was carrying a camera. When I got off the bus he got off, too. He followed me. We sort of walked abreast for half a block or so till he finally said, "Hey, look, I'd like to get to know you. You look nice." It took the breath out of me. I mean I expected him to say something. But nothing so direct and complementary. It was thrilling."

Thrilling. That's cool. Who doesn't want to be that guy?

I don't recommend shadowing her for half a block, but here are more pickup stories and more happy girls – and that is no coincidence. As daygamers, we all have stories just like these.

More from the same girl:

> "Monique: Anyway, I finally mumbled something about his camera. And we started talking. I gave him my phone number and he called me later in the week. I invited him over for dinner. We had a very nice evening. Not that it turned into any torrid love affair or anything. In fact, I never heard from him again after that. I was sad."

And this comment is more heart-felt. That is why I included it.

She was sad she never heard from the guy. And I'm not "Captain Save a Ho," but I include this example to show some consideration for the impact badass men have on the girls we seduce. She was into it. She was sad it wasn't more than it was. That is melancholy, but charming all the same.

(Did he fuck her? It's not the point, but based on her comment… I bet he did.)

We go on and on about "thots" but there is more to girls than that kind of caricature. As the line between MGTOWs and "the Red Pill" is increasingly blurry and retarded… I like sources like this that are closer to the thoughts of women, and keep us centered on seduction and not boner-killing themes of "male activism" and political-sexual bitterness.

> "Mary: Most girls I know have one guy to date. Two if they're lucky. But most guys I know seem to be dating eight and nine girls at a time. It isn't fair."

Does it sound strange to hear a girl misinterpret the male experience like this? To hear her wild assumption that "most guys" are "dating eight and nine girls at a time?"

Most guys? Almost no guy has that experience. This is classic a "Apex Theory" miscalculation – where she sees some guy that has a life vaguely like what she is describing here, and assumes "most guys" have that life. As recently as this year I have dated 14 days in a row (with almost that many girls), but mostly… we don't live like this.

Weber is showing us that some girls think this is what life is like for men. Interesting. We learn a bit about the "heads" of women in the flavor of these comments.

> "Most chicks are a little bit ashamed when they're getting picked up. They've been taught ever since they could walk that it was naughty to talk to strange men. So women feel a conflict when a strange man, who they're dying to get to know, approaches them."

Hmmmm. That is Weber's conclusion. Who knows how much of that is actually what girls feel during a pickup, but it is an interesting comment.

I believe the most important quality in a man that is truly good with women is a deep, working knowledge of female psychology. I was surprised and pleased to see Weber's book help me along in that area.

INSPIRATION:

Here's more from the book at the level of "go pickup!"

> "So next time you're wondering whether to try to pick up a certain girl, remember: It may be a long time since she's been to bed with a man. She may be horny. Very horny. Right at that moment. And maybe just by saying hello to her, you'll be the lucky guy she decides to relieve her frustrations on."

When I was in Japan this year… I dated multiple girls that claimed they hadn't kissed a guy in over a year. True. Girls like this are waiting for you.

> "Think about that. The very fact that you're dead serious about wanting to pick up women can be a far more valuable talent than super good looks or great wit and charm."

More valuable? Well… a plan in action is infinitely more likely to generate results than an even better plan that never gets off the couch.

> "Even if you bungle things terribly and make an incredible fool of yourself, 10 minutes later you'll still be able to sit down and enjoy a big steak dinner. In fact, 10 minutes later you'll still be able to approach another chick."

What is the quote about "the street has a 10 second memory?"

> "Laura: I realize it takes courage for a man who doesn't know me to walk up the street and say hello. So I don't mind if he's a little awkward. Or even a lot awkward. The important thing is, he did it. Despite the fact it wasn't easy. That impresses me."

At the time of this writing, my background pic on Twitter is a quote from a girl I picked up on my daygame trip in Shanghai, China. She said, "I think a boy speaks to a girl in the street is brave." That was such a rad compliment. I couldn't get that girl out before I left China, but she was fun pickup… I still remember her.

> "What else gives a man lots of sex appeal? Some of the girls said it helps to act aloof and cold. Of course, that's a little difficult when you're trying to pick someone up. After all, it's you who who's approaching them. That alone says you're interested."

This quote gives Weber some solid credibility with me as he shines a line a boring trope in our space: this "act aloof" garbage. There is a type of man for which that is appropriate… but that guy, but definition, is not "picking up" girls. Cold approach guys lead with our interest. The question is only… how to position our value along with the fact that we're obviously interested. In my experience, it's not that hard to do. If you sweep "act aloof" aside, you have a lot more choices and control over when and where you can make contact with the feminine.

You show interest. You take action.

Weber continues that thought here:

> "Whether you know it or not, you already have one great thing going for you when it comes to picking up chicks. And that is, you're a man. What's so special about that? It puts you in the driver's seat, that's what. As a man, it's your right, your privilege to approach a woman anytime you want. But women – they've got to sit there and wait."

That is exactly correct.

The "act aloof" crowd (who are mostly keyboard jockeys – prove me wrong) have to wait for women to show interest. That is a "feminine" strategy for mating/dating – "waiting" to be picked up is what the girls do. As a man, I would much prefer to be "in the driver's seat."

So many reasons to love this book.

> "Traditionally, a woman without a man is a tragic figure. But a man without a woman – now that's a different story. There's something romantic about the devil-may-care bachelor who, instead of making dull constricting dates weeks in advance, prefers to pick up his women work wherever he happens to be at the moment."

I can't help but think of Troy Francis in that line. Him, and all the rest of the men (myself included) that enjoy being unattached… purposeful bachelors.

Glorious. I love it.

TECHNIQUE:

> "Now we're going to get down to the real nitty-gritty of picking up chicks: The approach. What you actually say and do to pick up girls. The very words to use when you first approach."

He does delve into technique and theory. Here is a good quote:

> "As you can see, not all girls like the same approach. What emerges from their answers is that there are three basic approaches: The compliment; The direct approach; and the approach that begins with a traditional well-known pick-up line."

It makes me laugh to hear a guy lay this out… but it's not a bad summary. The compliment is the bread-butter of modern London-inspired daygame. The "direct" approach is all intent (and I like this one too). And the cheesy pickup line approach… I have more to say on that below (and this is one of my big take-aways" from the book).

> "More chicks than you'd expect prefer a totally direct, honest approach. No fancy talk. No sweet talk. Just a plain, old 'Hello, my name is Joe Schmo.' Or, 'Excuse me, but you're terrific looking.'"

There is more practical advice in this book than what I present here… but as this is pickup, as we're out penetrating these girls' worlds… the emphasis on being direct is totally appropriate.

WHAT I DON'T LIKE:

I always include some criticism in a review, so here is something:

> "The first and most important thing you should know about the different approaches is that none can rival just plain being yourself."

Blah. That's shit. We've all heard it. It has a bit of truth… but that kind of advice won't help you grow.

The surprise for me in Weber's book was not that he had weak lines like this one, but that there were so few of them. Weber seems like he is genuinely from our culture, and you don't have to wade through much of this kind of mainstream noise at all.

BIG LESSONS:

Now… here are a couple of parts of the book that really caught my attention… some of the comments that really burned in my mind as I read them.

First, a simple but interesting point:

> "Figure it this way: When you approach a woman on the street corner or a bus, it's just as tough for her as it is for you. Not only does she have to deal with the usual awkwardness of meeting a stranger, but she's also got to decide, in a split-second, whether you're a mad rapist or not."

Is that completely ground breaking? No. But it was helpful.

Hans Comyn's says somewhere that "it puts our attention on what could be happening in her world." The quote from Weber above is concentrating for a moment on what she is experiencing in the pickup. This is not our point of view (of her power in judging us as we approach and try to hook), but that she is "under pressure." That is helpful for me to see.

As the pursuers, we as men are under a lot of pressure ourselves, and we're likely to overlook the pressure a pickup puts on her. Even when we are smooth and charming and seductive… she might still feel the weight of the pickup. We initiated it, she… stumbled into our path. This was helpful for me to think on.

And here is maybe my favorite line in the book:

> "Marie: 'Do you have a match?' 'Do you have the time?' 'Aren't you Hank Ryan's cousin?' They're all corny, true. But at least they make it easy to answer. If a guy walks up and says, 'You're very pretty,' what the hell do I answer back? It's almost impossible. You're left there holding the bag."

I'm not overtly sexual as I approach, but I DO like to go direct… and I can't tell you how many times I have thought about that comment since I first read it.

This girl is saying that for super direct pickup and compliments… she just doesn't know how to respond. It makes perfect sense to me, but I hadn't taken that point of view before.

I needed to hear this. She would rather you give her some cheesy line to deal with, as it's less intense, and she kind of knows how to respond. That is good insight.

> "The really great thing about old, cornball lines is that they're easy to handle. No matter what you say, it always gives the girl an opportunity to say something back."

Since I read this, I've thought about (not only) how easy I can make it for the girl there on the street, but also how I can structure my text messages so it's easy for her to play along.

Does that mean I am going to stop being super direct? No. Not at all. I love going super direct. But I am more aware now that I need to help her to respond. That could be by asking her leading questions (where she can fill in the blank), etc. In a more general way, it helps me see pickup from her standpoint.

This book is excellent like that.

> "Susan: I prefer somebody to come on to me with something like, 'Aren't you Hank Smith's sister?' That kind of approach is easier to handle – even if I know it's artificial. That way at least I can say, 'No, I'm not, but, gee, you must have seen me somewhere else. Where did you go to school?'"

Fascinating.

LONDON DAYGAME:

This is an old book and it's not super rare. When I came across the examples below, I couldn't help but wonder if the Daygame.com guys had specifically read this book, and used some of this as they laid out their structure and the lines that have come to be associated with that particular scene.

Below are a couple of examples from Weber's chapter on "Fifty Great Opening Lines."

Check these out:

> "You look very nice and I'd like to get to know you."

> "Are you French?"

Those are both "textbook" London Daygame Model examples. Did they get them from Weber specifically?

Ha. "You look nice." Really?

In my opinion, that is the weirdest line from the LDM guys. "You look nice?" What the fuck does that even mean? Anyway… of course I noticed it as I read it, and I can't help but wonder if the London guys lifted that phrasing from Weber's book.

And "French?" To be fair, the London guys turned that into an assumption ("You look French… it's your clothes, the way you hold your cigarette, and that 'I love wine' look in your eyes.")… one of the biggest clichés in daygame.

Two lines specifically from Weber's chapter… coincidence? Maybe.

Okay. There you have it.

> "Here's a fantastic piece of information I learned from The Fabulous Twenty Five. No matter what a man looks like, what kind of job he has, or what his personality is like, there's one simple thing you can do that will increase his stature in a woman's eyes 100%. And that is he can try to pick her up. That alone say something great about a man… It says he's courageous, that he's man enough to go out and try to get what he wants."

Yeah.

> "Janet: If a man gets the urge to pick up a girl, he should just do it. Because if you stop and think about it, naturally all your fears will come to the surface. So just do it! Without thinking."

See? What are you waiting for? Janet is giving you all the permission you could ever need to run up on the girl to drop a smile and your best "line."

Weber's book came out in 1970 and yet so much of it is totally relevant today. It was a fun read. Even talking about it makes me want to talk to girls.

And the fact that it's relatively old is another reminder that in the realm of seduction, time and place don't matter much at all. The notes from a man in the late 1960s match up very well to the experiences I have had in the last week as I work to charm girls on the sidewalk on the eve of 2020.

People are the same everywhere. And seduction is a pastime that never runs out of gas.

Viva daygame.

When a Pretty Girl Booty Calls a Gigolo

Nash · 8 May 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Here is my third story about Miss Tease. This isn't entirely about her, but she is the primary "feature" of this story. And I had an interesting day with her… another rich chapter in my Book of Girls.

She has been sending me nudes again.

I have had nudes from several girls, but she has sent me more than any other girl I have ever known (she has sent me a lot). Maybe a shot with her face, and her top pulled down so one nipple was poking out. Or maybe just of her lips. Or maybe, legs spread, wet pussy. Or a shot of her, in a G-string, legs, her back, and her ass.

The shots I like best are the ones of her eyes. A mix of eyes, and neck, and her soft, full boobs… those are my favorites. I have told her so. She is very pretty. When she is pretty… I want her more than when she is explicitly sexual.

Two weeks ago I just about had my daygame life back on track… and then I got sick. Two weeks. It was "The Cold That Would Not Die" (but my leads sure did). Before that cold I had been messaging her, trying to get her and I fired up. Once I have "momentum" with new girls (and only after that), I like to fish for action with some of the longterm girls in my life. She is one of those girls.

I picked her up her two years ago in a classic daygame stop (I still remember that set). She is a young girl, but I don't know how young, as I have never asked. She is Korean. Her family is conservative (or so she says) and she still lives at home (or so she says). I have never been on a proper "date" with her, as her parents won't let her date (or… so she says).

First time I met up with her, it was after work… took her to the mall, tried to kiss her, sent her home. Next time, different mall… and we made out a bunch (she is a great kisser). She once met me at Banana Republic, I took her into a changing stall and made out with her and felt her up. It was hot. She is a sexy girl. It's hard to get her out, but when I do… she is very compliant.

In our first year, after a lot of sexting… she met me after work, I walked her to a fancy hotel and used the Recharge App to book it for an hour… and I fucked her. It was a strange seduction for me. Last year, we met up on some random lunchtime hour, I took her to a different hotel… and I fucked her again (about a full year after the first time). Today… I fucked for the third time.

Today was another strange and interesting date.

Before we started messaging again two weeks ago (with her, in the familiar pattern of sending me nudes), we hadn't talked in maybe four months (while I was in Japan). And today, with no planning, and not a lot of build-up, she asked if I "had time for lunch."

I took a stab at trying to see her two weeks ago. My plan was to take her to this great, isolated spot I know near her work (a good man knows his territory) for a make out. I thought it would be good for my vibe to kiss her. I thought some physical contact might inspire her to meet up more seriously… to make all the sex talk more "real" and relevant. I was horny at the time and that was my plan. She typically says, "sorrrrrry, I don't have any time" – and she did that again two weeks ago. And then… I got sick, and I backed off… but she kept sending nudes.

She sent several naked pics this weekend. I looked at some of them. And I told her I love to see her ass… but her pretty face is really the most charming and sexy thing about her. She sent more nudes… and I left them, unopened in SnapChat. She is, after all, a kind of tease… so I don't pounce on all the notifications of messages from her. I'm not over-eager. That is probably wise.

(Who knows how many other men she sends nudes to… but I bet very few of those men let those nudes sit for a few days… unopened.)

This morning, I still hadn't opened all the weekend's Snaps, and I had a message from her before I woke up. More snaps. And that invitation to "have lunch."

What did she want?

Notice this ^ question. If you read my post on Hans Comyn's Three Phases of the Seducer you know that isn't the ideal type of question for a man to be asking. That is very "First Phase."

What would a Phase Two man ask himself? Perhaps, "Do I want to fuck this girl today?" I asked myself that question as well. And I did want to… not especially so… I wasn't particularly horny at all… but… yes, I could make that situation happen for her and I.

That is how I started my day. Not horny. Lots to do… but no meetings. I did have time. So I asked her, "quick lunch or do you have some time?" She said, "about an hour." We have never spent more than 20 minutes together (in our seven or so meetings) unless we were having sex. That was all I needed to know that I would have her naked today.

> NASH: We have so much to talk about…
> NASH: I think I'll find someplace quiet where we can be alone
> MISS TEASE: Hee hee
> MISS TEASE: Okay

This is how she and I talk. She sends nudes and we talk about fucking via SnapChat. But when it comes to meeting up, this is the language she and I use to set up the meeting. We aren't explicit. I don't totally know why. This just feels like the right way to handle her… so this is how I do it. Couples develop their own kind of "culture" and this is part of ours… this culture we have… that has episodically played itself out… very slowly… and irregularly… over the years.

I told her I would work it out and looked at Recharge App to see if any rooms were available… not much. Maybe there is a conference in town, so the rooms are booked. Maybe it was because it was the lunch hour instead of after work (which is how the married one, Smart Girl, and I usually meet up).

I then looked at HotelsByDay.com. There were some rooms available. The plan was unexpected, but it was coming together.

I wasn't particularly hungry for sex. But… it is a part of my view of being a Seducer (capital "S") that I have certain duties that are a part of this role and this lifestyle. Duty is a good word for it.

Krauser has called men like he and I "adventure sex service providers." That is a very dry, but interesting way to put it. We market a service. And if we can find girls that are up for it… we owe them a good ~~rogering~~ experience. That is simple "truth in advertising" and I am a man that keeps his word.

Even if this sounds ridiculous, I take all this "duty" business rather seriously. As a point of pride. I want to be an excellent man in all that I set my mind to do. And as a seducer, I want to deliver there as well… for myself and for the girls. That means I know I my role. And I know the responsibilities that go with this role. And I strive to nail the "performance" at a high level of excellence.

This is the man I want to be. And I am this man (most of the time).

And sometimes… this role comes with some pressure to perform. Especially on a day when I'm not particularly horny and a girl wants me to show up and fuck. It's like a musician that loves music, and loves to perform, but isn't really "on" in the minutes leading up to walking on stage on a given day… Today felt like that.

For some time now… I have been looking for a good word for men like me… for men that go "beyond the notch" in what they want with women. Gigolo is maybe the best word I have found so far.

I really like seducing girls and all that comes with this path. It's not "work." I'm really not proving much to myself and I'm less and less worried about proving anything to other guys. But there is a bit of "work" to this at times. On long, multi-day dates (for instance)… where you have to keep leading even when you'd like to lean back and take a break. Or when I have a date scheduled and I had a bad day. Or on days like this one.

I am not a gigolo… I don't do any of this for money (I wish). I usually have a lot more money than the young girls I date and money has nothing to do with my love life. But I still have a "service" to perform that is remarkably like being a gigolo – except I pay for everything, as well.

In some ways, I like the analogy of a "geisha" better. What if there was such a thing as a "masculine, male geisha." Something like that… where we hunt, pick her up, brush aside the shit tests, convince her to step into our world, and then… fuck her like she's paying us to do it. Give her that level of experience.

This is the situation I found myself in today. I wanted to fuck her like world class "Male Geisha." It's about sexual technique. In part. But maybe only 25% of the "service" is sex and events in the physical.

What does a good gigolo really do for a girl? What she is "paying for?" What would a "great experience" look like for a girl if she was in the arms of top-level "Male Geisha?"

This inquiry leads me back to Hans Comyn again. We touched on First Phase questions ("what does she want?") and Second Phase questions ("do I want to fuck this girl today?"), and now we're moving into Phase Three – "How do I make her feel beautiful?"

That is what a gigolo does. If a geisha can make an ordinary man feel extraordinary, a gigolo does that for women. He presents himself as extraordinary. And he goes on to make her "feel beautiful." To "make her shine." That is what she pays for.

Miss Tease obviously likes me. And she is willing to share herself with me. And today, she was requesting to see that side of me that can give her some level of fantasy experience… a physical one… maybe more than that.

With all this on my mind, I left the house and went downtown and tried to get a little bit of work done. I checked her last Snap, and she was all "hee hee" and "I am so wet right now." I wasn't turned on, but I liked all this (in a slightly out-of-body way). Work was frustrating and difficult, so it didn't help my mood… but I WAS looking forward to my time with this girl.

Could I make her feel beautiful on a day like today?

I have a very common reference experience where I have to get ready for a date… and I'm not really in the mood. I go on a lot of dates, I set them up in advance, and I don't always feel "cool" as the moment approaches. I often don't know the girl very well, and I step into the date in an almost mechanical ("dutiful") way. The dates are NEVER mechanical (I really, really like girls… and the time I spend with them), but those moments when I am pushing myself – "go do your job, Nash" – can feel effortful.

This is true.

But…

As I walk to the date (and I am specifically thinking of the walk from my hotel to the Starbucks where I would meet most of my dates this last March in Japan)… I try to (as they say) "get into the moment." I try to "just breathe." To notice the street I am walking on. To be patient with the mood I am in in that particular second of my day. To not try to "play the date out in advance" (which cannot be done). To admit I have no idea how the date will go. To remember I have been on hundreds and hundreds of dates with hundreds of women. To embrace that I almost never have bad dates (almost never). And step into the upcoming date with fresh eyes, with curiosity for the girl, with patience to let the date unfold as it may, with confidence to lead boldly… with the joy I know I have for girls and for art of seduction.

So that is what I did today. My mind, not really "in it" yet. Complaints and distractions flying through my head like

so many species of birds. I wasn't "into it" yet… but I would go forward, I would do my job, and I would give her the best experience I could.

The hotel was one I've never used before, so I arrived first (purposely) to check out the logistics. The room was old fashioned, but nice enough. It was a little musty smelling… I opened some windows and the air cleared. It would be more than fine for our time together. I sent her the address. I gave her the room number and told her to come up the room (this is how Smart Girl and I do it).

And then she messaged "here" and I stuck my head out the door and she was coming down the hall. And she looked great. She is a very cute, young, sexy girl. I still didn't feel cool, but it was time to "step onstage."

It was time to begin.

She walked into the room and I do what I always do… I slowed down. I looked at her. I really looked at her. And the "noisy birds" in my head faded away. I do this at the beginning of every date. And we said maybe a dozen words to each other and I kissed her.

This girl is a mystery to me. She really is.

I have no idea who she "really is," even as we've had a kind of affair for over two years now. Would I try to talk to her? Not really. I love to talk to girls, and I am interested in their minds and their hearts and their lives… but with this one, I assume she came for sex. So that is what I gave her.

I peeled her shirt off. And kissed her. And she was immediately rewarding me with soft, pretty noises. And my lips were on her neck, and she moaned… and the taste of her skin was mixed with the chemical bitterness of her perfume. (Almost in spite of that foul taste… she smelled wonderful). And then I rolled her over and took her bra off… and back again… and those boobs I have seen so many times via Snap were right in front of me. And I sucked her pretty nipples.

Lovely.

She is a beautiful girl. She has full hips, slight bigger thighs, but top-to-bottom all quite delicious. Her boobs are not that big, but somehow surprisingly full. And again… I love her face. She is genuinely beautiful for a man of my tastes. Great lips. So kissable. And lovely skin.

I worked her pants off. Her panties were soaked.

(In fact… I was fully dressed for all this. I don't take my clothes off (most of the time) until I'm ready to fuck. And as I got her closer to being naked, I ground my thigh into the mound between her legs. And later… as I got dressed after sex… there was a 2 inch patch of dried girl-goo on the left leg of my jeans. It's still there. I am looking at it now.)

I climbed up her body… sucked her ears some more, kissing her everywhere, while trying to avoid the taste of the perfumed areas. More time with her very sensitive nipples. I licked the pointed parts of her hips. I rolled her over. I took her panties past her ankles. I spread her ass. I put my mouth on her.

From a position on my knees on the carpet of the rented room, I spread her thighs and licked at her. She made great noises. She squirmed into me. A couple of times I made her look down at me… I made her watch.

And when I was ready… I took my clothes off. I wasn't hard (I rarely am in moments like this one), so I got myself hard, put on one of the world's best condoms and fucked this lovely little thing for the third time.

It was good. It wasn't great… but it was good. Not "deep," but quite good.

I am very interested in "deep sex" these days. If I had to describe it… I'd say "deep sex" is when her heart is as involved as her body. In the case of she and I, it's mostly our bodies… especially as we do not know each other well at all. We are "two roles" meeting each time. I would be glad to go deeper with this girl (with all of them, really)… but she keeps herself at a distance.

I didn't push her to go deeper with me sexually. That is the sex I really want. But it doesn't always have to be that way.

We finished… and I wasn't entirely sure what to do. The whole episode was only 40 minutes or so, and she had some time before she had to go. So, here we were, a gigalo and his client. The sex was over… but the job was not.

And it got better for me from there.

I could have gotten us up, and dressed, and back to our day… but I didn't think that was the best performance a man with my skill set could offer. She seemed languid and happy to follow my lead. It wasn't awkward (which it can be, post sex, in purely sexual relationships), so I leaned into the kinds of things I do as a lover of women…

I pulled her close. We were both naked. My condom was still wrapped around my exhausted cock. The windows were still open to the cool air from the foggy day outside. She wasn't cold (I asked). I held her. And we talked a bit.

As they say in daygame circles: Say what you see. So I told her she is a mystery to me. She is.

I narrated the arc of our relationship to her (two years, lots of messages, three times in bed… but no details shared about our lives). I asked if she liked being a mystery and she giggled and said yes. I told her that was fine with me. I told her men are well advised to take women as they are… and that she didn't have to tell me anything she didn't want to say.

I really feel that way.

I stroked her hair. I kissed her. I was telling her stories about my plans for the summer, for the rest of the year, for the next year of my life (I have a lot going on)… and I mixed that with licks at her nipples. And she would moan and shut her eyes. And she had her arms around me, leaning into this post-sex time with me. Comfortable. Pretty familiar. And she gave me those big eyes of hers… and in those moments, there was depth.

Depth comes from the heart, from the emotions, but its path is often though the eyes.

Not only in the eyes. Depth comes in the quality of the way lovers touch each other. It's in the warmth of an embrace or the prolonged duration of a hug.

But so much of the time… it's in the eyes. And she would yield to my call for depth… she would give me her eyes… in a deep way… briefly. And then she would giggle – and break the spell. Or move back toward sex, with a moan, close her eyes, disconnect from me, move back into the private physical sensations of her body… she would "go into herself"… and then I'd take my mouth off her nipple, return to my story, and she would give me those eyes again.

She is very pretty.

And after a while… it was time to go. I tossed her messy, gooey panties to her across the bed.

She was in no hurry. As we got dressed, she stood up and stared at me with those eyes… no expectations, some intensity, some lingering excitement, completely ready to be led. And I kissed her some more. And she held me very tight. I lifted her a few inches off the ground for a few moments and said she didn't want to go. She said that several times in bed as well.

Good feedback. "I don't want to go." That is the equivalent of a 5-star review for a man like me.

This story has some special lesson for seducers, but part of this could apply to many areas of a man's life:

Sometimes, you "do the thing," even when you don't want to. In fact, doing it in such a moment makes it almost a different thing. And if you step up (even when your cock "isn't in the mood"), you "stretch yourself" in a way. You "expand" what your nervous system can handle, what you are capable of. You grow. You earn the right to know you'll be ready next time. And the time after that.

This is part of how a man builds confidence (maybe I AM still proving some things to myself?). This is part of why

I am a very confident lover at this point in my life. I can do it. Even when I'm not perfectly ready… or raging with desire.

The part of me that is dedicated to giving my lover a great experience each time took another step forward today. I did a good job. I did the thing I love and I did it well. That little girl took a risk of making herself available and I rewarded her for it. Physically. I gave her pleasure. I put two fingers in her and made her pussy squirt. I fucked her and spanked her ass. But I also gave her some high quality attention. I pried open her heart (a little). I gave her some love… even though I don't know her… I gave her (almost) everything I had to give this afternoon.

And I had a great time. I got to fuck… and I always like that. But I got to practice my craft… which I may like even more than the sex (at least on a day like today). And I got to move her heart, her mind, her body. And it was good for her. And I love to see women enjoying themselves.

It was good for me.

I have a lot of growing to do. My point of view of what I want, what I am doing in these moments has already changed many times as I get deeper into seduction. And I am very clear it will continue to evolve as I move deeper along the path.

Today… was a surprise. The whole thing. The timing of the meet up. My lack of "readiness" for it. The quality of the performance. The depth of the reactions from Miss Tease. And the peace I feel on this side of it… proud. And a little more experienced.

An approach on the sidewalk over two years ago led to the experience I had today. And I remain… still so fucking curious about this whole "game."

Viva daygame.

Sex and a Psychological Anecdote | Miss Tease Ep. 4

Nash · 17 May 2019 · Archived copy · Original

It has been a week since I wrote about Miss Tease. About how she surprised me with a lunchtime "booty call," about how I wasn't really craving sex that day, and how I stepped up to fulfill my duty anyway. We had a great time. Today… we had another session.

I want to write about it now, while it's fresh.

> "There is no substitute for writing very close to the events as they happen in real time. Everything becomes abstract and mushy, given sufficient distance."
> — TheRedQuest

RedQuest is right. And I'll take this moment to say I really like his writing, his insight, his confidence, and the community he has cultivated on his blog. This post, is meant to follow in the style in which he writes. That guy is solid.

So…

Miss Tease is the only girl I talk to on SnapChat. SnapChat is for little kids, as I see it. And that hardly matters, except I don't have a record of the conversation between she and I… as it "snaps" away after I read each message.

Last week we hooked up, I wrote in my post that as she and I were lying in bed (and again when we were getting dressed), she said "I don't want to leave." And I loved that. I want to give girls good experiences. I love to hear them say things like that.

Later that night (after I had written that post), she sent me a Snap saying she wanted to do it again soon. She had never sent anything like that before. I took it as yet another good review of my performance and enjoyed the validation. I also didn't take it that seriously.

She and I have known each other for around two years. As of that last post… we had fucked three times in those two years. And that is not a lot. During that time she has sent me a monstrously big collection of nudes and explicit sexting. But even as I tried to get her to meet up with me (many times), it mostly never happened. The "tease" in "Miss Tease" has been earned by this girl.

So when she suggested we meet up again "next week" (= this week), I was interested, but not over eager.

As it is… Miss Bangs will arrive from China on Friday. I will have the ~~pleasure~~ opportunity of a very-very long date (seven nights) with that incredibly lovely, feminine girl. (Long dates like I am admitting to here are a not a good idea… but I am ~~naïve~~ hopeful about this one, as I had a similar five night episode with her in Tokyo in January). With a "girlfriend experience" on its way, I had yet another reason to not be over eager about teases from

Miss Tease.

I believe the best indication of the course of the future is the past. She has teased me a lot. We rarely fuck. I wasn't invested in seeing her again anytime soon.

But… I am also committed to the idea that men should lead. The fact that she even suggesting meeting up was much-much more than we should expect from women. And unlike last week, this week I could see it coming. As I'm (mostly) no-fap, I hadn't had an orgasm since the last time I exploded inside her young body. This week, I would accept the challenge of her provocations and I would take a more active lead.

I would initiate.

I wanted to invite her to get together. And I wanted it to be Tuesday (not Wednesday), as I want to be a little sex-starved as Miss Bangs shows up. I want to be hungry for The Bangs, I want her to feel that hunger, and I didn't want to be sexually flat and disinterested after Miss Tease had tapped my balls (assuming I could in fact fuck her again this week).

I decided that if Miss Tease could meet me on Tuesday, I would do it. If it had to be Wednesday, I would not. I want that extra day to get a bit "blue balls" for Miss Bangs.

> NASH: Hey, Pretty Girl
> NASH: I am going to be traveling next week…
> NASH: But I have some time on Tuesday if you have time to get together
> MISS TEASE: hee hee
> MISS TEASE: We'll see

In classic Miss Tease style, she was non-committal in her response. That was fine with me. 1.) I am used to it. This is standard modus operandi for her. And 2.) If I didn't see her, I'd be even more pent up for Miss Bangs. It was win/win for me… either way.

> NASH: Okay… let's see how your body feels
> NASH: A pretty girl and a strong man are a great combination

That is how I left it.

This morning I had an appointment with a personal trainer at 9:30 AM. That is early for me. As I tossed and turned this AM, I checked my phone to see if I needed to get up and… I had some new Snaps. I didn't check them, as I knew who they were from and I knew what they meant.

When I was on my feet I took a look. Three nudes. Her very pretty face and a full shot of her chest. A shot of her belly and thighs (wearing panties only). And a third shot of her ass in those same panties. The fourth Snap was her saying she was basically up for it.

Cool.

On my way to the gym I messaged her to say I was on my way to workout with my trainer, and that I would set something up for us for a lunchtime meetup. She was "giggles" and "ummm" in response.

Once again I used Hotelsbyday.com to book us a room (Recharge is giving me nothing right now). I got there a little early, adjusted the lights, took some deep breaths and settled myself. And she arrived.

She looked great. She is a pretty girl and I liked her outfit. She has huge doe-eyes and they sparkled as I let her into the room.

I took her clothes off. I was much more in the mood and was really looking forward to having her. Got her naked… she has amazingly creamy-white skin. Marvelous. Her nipples are so sensitive, it is endlessly entertaining to pinch

them, suck them, smash them against her chest with a firm tongue… she makes great noises. With my knees on the floor and her ass at the edge of the bed, I ate that pussy for a long time… looking up from between her thighs to watch the expression on her face as I gave her pleasure.

When it's getting intense for her she pushes her bottom lip out a bit… lovely. She is a sexy girl.

I laid on my back and she kissed me and got my cock hard. I pushed her onto her back, climbed up her chest it shoved it down her throat a few times… pinning her arms to the sheet above her head as I did it. And watching to see how she was taking it.

Then I put on one of the world's best condoms and I fucked her. For a long time. Stopping often to keep me from finishing before I was ready. Staring at her round ass the whole time.

There was more sex in this week's sessions than last week's (about an hour total, including all the spelunking between her thighs). After the sex… a long period of her eyes and her open heart and holding her.

She is beginning to know how I like this "deep sex" (this "open heart" thing). And she is giving me what I want (which makes me like her a LOT more). When I can feel her lean in, feel her heart spilling through the dark pools of her big eyes… it's thrilling.

So… good sex. Better than last time as I was ready for it, I wanted it more, I was more "on the offensive."

After sex… that period of intimacy and holding her. And I tried to talk to her. But she doesn't talk that much.

If I ask her anything serious at all, she is just "gosh" and bats her eye lashes in a childish way. That can be great as a contrast to how sexy she can be – but it doesn't make for good conversation.

Anything too "verbal" and I can see her retreat back into her head. This girl lives in her body, not her intellect.

So I didn't ask her to talk. I did the talking and I didn't ask her to contribute much at all. I stroked her hair. I stared at her. She gave me heaping portions of those big eyes in response.

This was all on her lunch break and it couldn't last for ever.

We got dressed and rode the elevator down to the street together. I reverted to no-touch as we hit the street – back to the rules of Secret Society.

On Snapchat later that night, she was all praise and interest. She said "maybe we should make this a Tuesday thing." She complimented me on a side project I had showed her the week before. She came up with several reasons to come to my house (which she has never seen).

This behavior from her is new. And I am so curious: Why is coming forward like she is?

Sundance and I talked about her briefly. He said "well, something in her life has certainly changed." That sounds like a smart read of the situation to me.

I have no idea about her life. As I said, she doesn't talk much (not about anything serious) and talking with her isn't the most satisfying part of knowing her. Not at all. But the lack of talk (and the sporadic sex) means she remains a mystery.

I can't help but wonder if something between she and I changed after the session last week. It wasn't the sex (I don't think). I wasn't that on. I gave her a good experience, ate her box, made her squirt, spanked her until her ass was red, fucked her, all that… but I have done better with her on other occasions.

Why was she so clear about wanting to see me again? Have I changed in some way? Is that possible? Was it the "open heart" treatment??

I am a non-monogamous guy. At this point in my life, I like that I am working through a series of girls, seducing new girls, etc. I want to be a player, but game has made me more of a romantic, not less of one. I want the sex (and

I want it dirty, much of the time), but I know that to fuck a girl when her heart is open is twice as good as when it's "purely physical."

Had I unlocked more interest in her the previous week by dragging her heart into our fuck session? This is my bias… this is what I want to believe… I am tempted to think it might be true.

So again this week, lots of eye stuff and tenderness and she really leaned into it. She liked it. She took it all like a cat takes a really, really good scratch. She was emotionally "available." It was charming.

I told her she was still a "mystery" to me, but that I liked this softer side of her. And she was non-verbal in response, but gave me even more… she went a little deeper.

I like the idea that women don't really know what they want (most people don't, and the "female people" even less so). And I remember the time I walked her into the W Hotel for our first sex session. She stood with me as I checked in. The whole thing felt like being "in the deep end" for me (I was not in familiar territory), but I probably looked cool enough. And I wondered at the time, "what is going through that girl's mind right now?"

She showed no signs of being nervous about checking in for some fast sex in a nice hotel. I swear the hotel receptionist was reading the situation and knew exactly what was going on… but Miss Tease never showed any piqued interest. She wasn't relaxed, but she WAS exactly like every other moment we've been together.

I wondered at the time if she'd done something like this before? Maybe a lot? I wondered if this was all "normal" for her? I wonder about her. I have no idea who she is…

(Maybe I am overthinking it.)

Or maybe it's nothing like that at all. Maybe she's like a kid in the back of the mini-van… she's not paying attention, she's just following the leader. Maybe that is all it is… she has no plan… she doesn't have to… she is a girl… plans (and meaning)… that's my job. And as long as I give her a good experience, she leans into it. If it's ever not good, (like a cat) she runs away.

So maybe I HAVE penetrated deeper into her life, by involving her heart. It's not that she is analyzing the situation, or checking off boxes, maybe it's just binary: good or bad. And as long as it's good, she comes forward. When it's very good (or better), she comes forward a little farther and more enthusiastic than before (again… just like creating a bond with a cat).

She called me daddy a lot this time. I used to think I would like that, but I don't really care. And she does some "odd" things during sex (from my POV) like talking about how "tight" she is, etc. I think she watches too much American porn. Our sex is good, but maybe she doesn't know what she wants sexually either… she is just a mimic to what she has seen on PornHub or whatever. I'm not sure she knows what she really wants until she FEELS it. And that makes her a great "follower," a wonderful partner for a man like me that knows how to lead the dance… a man that can make her FEEL something.

She is a mystery… but an interesting one.

She already asked to see me again. Miss Bangs will arrive this week and I will put my focus on her while she is here. I told Miss Tease "I was traveling" so I wouldn't be available this week. Since I fucked her two weeks in a row… I assume her period must be coming soon (hopefully next week, while I am otherwise committed). When Miss Bangs flies back to China we'll see if Miss Tease is still leaning into it.

Great session with her this week.

And fucking her didn't satiate my sexuality at all. I've been extra on, and confident, since Tuesday. If anything, she has me more in the mood for sex. Good. I can pay that forward into Miss Bangs. I feel "leaner and meaner" and more on point. And really looking forward to having Miss Bangs in my bed this week… she is not an aggressive lover but she is very compliant… anything I want… and very emotionally connected.

Since I got back from Japan I have been a pretty lazy daygamer. But I am getting laid anyway as these girls come back for more. If you're a beginner and you're reading this… stick with game… and you'll end up with some of these "returning" girls as well. Some girlfriends (perhaps)… but also girls that see you as the "lover." If you're good at what you do, when that is what they want… they'll come to you.

Miss Tease is a great example of how a girl doesn't need to be "multi-dimensional" or the "complete package" to be a very interesting addition to a man's life. I can't talk to this girl… not really. A proper date with her might be terribly boring and flat. But I am interested in her. And every "tool" is perfect for the right "job."

(Am I the "tool?" Is she? I don't know.)

Guys that are overly focused on the "complete package" never get to really appreciate the perfect facets of imperfect girls.

Now that I have a bit of her soft heart, I will focus on that. Her soft lips, her soft ass, her soft heart. That is all and that is enough, for a compartmentalized relationship and some brief moments when we share time.

Another chapter in the Book of Girls… and it all happened because, two years ago, a man talked to a girl on the street.

Viva daygame.

Very Long Dates – Laughter Leads to Crying

Nash · 5 June 2019 · Archived copy · Original

I just wrapped up the longest "date" I've had in years… eight days and seven nights. This was my fourth date with Miss Bangs. Most of the previous ones were long too. She lives in China, so the nature of the logistics means we meet up on very long dates… or we don't see each other at all. In terms of my education as a seducer, the extended nature of very long dates is teaching me quite a bit about ~~the girls~~ myself that would have been hard for me to see in more typical dating scenarios.

I have been wanting to write this post for a long time, since my last long date with Miss Bangs (back in January). And before that even… as this story involves another girl. I have had a couple of very long dates with The Assistant too.

This post is about these two girls — Miss Bangs and The Assistant — the long dates, female psychology, playing my role as a man, becoming a better (and more complete) seducer, about taking care of women (or choosing not take care of them), about breaking off a fling, and about learning to understand myself and what I want.

But first: "Laughter leads to crying." What could that mean?

Years ago I lived with a really incredible woman I'll call Cowgirl. Cowgirl was the descendent of a decadent matriarchy we can call Babsie. Babsie was Cowgirl's grandmother.

Babsie had seven kids, across two different men (she was widowed by both of those husbands), and as she absorbed their estates upon their deaths, her fortune got bigger and bigger over time. She was wealthy and wild. And amidst the rest of the stories about Babsie, is this expression:

"Laughter leads to crying."

There is something about that saying. It shocked me (when I first heard it) as it correlates something as joyful as laughter with something as painful as tears. It sounds prudish and stiff, but there is a nagging quality of truth in those words. As I have matured, I was surprised to discover that I tend to agree.

I never met Babsie (she died before Cowgirl and I got together), but she was known to be a really fun woman. And she loved to party (I'm told). And I was intrigued and interested by all that. So her "laughter leads to crying" seemed like a buzzkill theme when compared to the rest of the lore that emanated from the Legend of Babs.

Imagine her, a mother of seven, listening to rising laughter on the upper floor, beyond the curved stairs that lead to the mezzanine, coming from one of the many bedrooms beyond those stairs. The pounding of feet. More shrieks of laughter. A thud. A moment of quiet and then… crying.

She is right. It is predictable. It's not a fun concept, but it's wise.

I love good times… but very often… laughter leads to crying. It's true.

I met Miss Bangs first. It a sunny afternoon in April of 2018. Such a sunny girl, and quite attractive by my standards. She was visiting from China – her first trip to America. When she hooked and gave me a big smile I felt like I was having a really good day.

I got her out for a date soon after. A standard date for me: The art museum. And then, after, tea near my house. I got her into my place. I kissed her, but didn't push it further than that… opting instead to take her for dinner, and assuming I would bring her back later for more.

I did bring her back after dinner, but she was nervous. At the time I assumed her nervousness was because she knew I would try to get her into bed. She asked to "look at pictures," and we did. And I laughed at her a bit. It was all comfort and I was happy to give it to her. And she calmed down. And I made her stand up and we made out some more. She had relaxed and she was very, very happy at this point (I could see it in her face). Super happy. I was proud of myself. I went to take her down the hall to my bedroom, but she abruptly decided to go back to her hostel.

What? I was confused that she would leave on a high-note. But through all the smiling and kissing and obvious joy she was certain about her decision and I sent her home in a car. I found out (much) later that she was on her period that night. Oh.

This was not a long date, it was just an afternoon and the corresponding evening, but it is the beginning of this story (and the parallels with the next girl). Miss Bangs went off to NYC the next day. I assumed I was a "vacation experience" for her, and that I'd never hear from her again. I was wrong.

I met The Assistant about two weeks later. She was also visiting from China. I also took her number. And I also took her on the same date, meeting her in the same location, taking this second girl to the same art museum.

With the Assistant, things were more sexual… immediately. We had a hotter vibe. She is not nearly as attractive as Miss Bangs (that is part of my problem with The Assistant), but on a surface level, we had better sexual chemistry. I felt like kissing her in the first 10 minutes of the date. And I didn't have to wait long.

I could tell by the way she let me take her hand in the museum that she was what we call "compliant." And she was into me. So a few minutes later, I had her isolated in a video-based exhibit, it was a bit dark and we were alone, and I stepped in for the kiss and she took it. And it was hot.

After the museum, she wouldn't come back to my place. But we made out in the street as I walked her back to her hotel. She didn't want to say goodbye, but she wouldn't let me come in to her hotel either… so we had another extended makeout session around the corner from her hotel.

Just like Miss Bangs, she met me in the middle of a tour of America, she had more to see, and she left for LA the next day. And also, again, I assumed I was a vacation fling… a type of fantasy, a brief one, and that I would never see her again. I was wrong here too.

As Miss Bangs left my city, she kept messaging me. This was a surprise.

I have hooked up with a lot of girls while they were on vacation in my city… that is part of being a daygamer in a popular destination for travelers. Girls on adventures like to be adventurous with adventurous boys. I fucked the Korean Girl when she was in town. I fucked Miss Luxury while she was in my city. I fucked Miss Macau under similar circumstances. I have more stories like these and I assume most experienced daygamers can tell similar tales. And most of those girls are willing to say a few words afterwards, but then… they mostly fade away.

It actually doesn't always end in tears… fading away is normal. A lot of guys are surprised by how often it ends

with no emotion at all. I have felt that way.

But Miss Bangs felt different. She was charming about it. She liked me. There was some meaning in all this for her and she hadn't forgotten. She kept sending me long, detailed, interesting messages from her home back in China. I liked it. I sent her long messages back in exchange.

There was romance in those lines.

Similarly, my relationship with The Assistant surprised me in that it didn't fade out either… in fact, it sparked into a flame almost immediately.

As I said, she had gone to LA. And I was messaging her, and fanning that spark, enjoying the role of The Romancer. I like that role with women. And I try to do a good job. Feed the fantasy. Give them all I can give.

It seemed I had done such a good job in this instance that The Assistant changed her plans, adjusted her ticket, flew back to my city after a few days in LA, and stayed with me. As we negotiated her request to come back to see me, she had pushed for a very long date – maybe four or five days.

I said no.

As I wrote about it at the time, I used the relationship as a chance to practice my boundaries. I didn't want that long of a date. I told her I thought it would be best if we kept it to two nights. She struggled with that, wanting more. I explained that we didn't know each other well (we had never fucked… we'd only had that one afternoon date), I wanted her to be comfortable. I also wanted to be comfortable myself.

I am increasingly confident in my role as The Romancer. I want to be expert in that scenario. But (at the time), I didn't really know how long I could keep it up. I assumed I could manage both her emotions and mine for two nights… keep us in a blissful zone… but I wasn't sure I wanted to hold that role for much longer than that.

Seduction for me is not "fake." I am not a fake person. With that said, how long could I be "on" and deliver a romantic experience to my standards? I like to perform my role. But one of the best parts of being "single" is the right to step off-stage and relax completely. To be an introvert for a time. To love a girl real hard on a date, and then… revert to being completely self-centered for a while… or several days.

So I had The Assistant in my house for two nights on that trip. We enjoyed each other. We fucked for the first time within 30 minutes of this very long date (which had more to do with her than me… she wanted it). And over the next two days I showed her around my part of California. I took her down the coast for breakfast. She sucked my cock in the car as we parked by the beach. It was good. When I found out she planned to spend the last night in the airport (she had an early flight the next day), I invited her to spend a third night with me…

It was a three night date. And it was a good one. I wasn't super into her, but I liked what we had in the context of what it was. In relatively small doses, imperfect things can be perfectly enjoyable. That is one of my favorite lessons of being a player.

I have lived with several girls in my life. I have had long term (monogamous) relationships that spanned years (with Cowgirl, most of all). It is not as if I am just learning about women. But these were some of the first very long dates I had had as a man with an "advanced degree" in Seduction. As a man that has demonstrated he has the skill to meet and seduce women in a predictable way. As a man with enough options… that I can have attention and affection and sex without committing to the first girl that will have me.

I don't have to commit at all. And I mostly don't.

Thus, my perspective has changed and I was "doing it all again for the first time." Now that my eyes were much more open to the nature of men and women and seduction… I was learning once again, what I liked. Given my new "powers" and opportunities… is this what I want?

If I am willing to do very long dates… for how long am I willing to give up my freedom? Do I have the skill to create a comfortable, sexy space for a woman outside the context of any kind of relationship? What should I expect of the girls in scenarios like this? Do I want any of it all?

I was testing myself. I was proving (to myself, more than the girls) my capabilities as a man at this stage of my game. And once I had been up that mountain and back – could I say I had enjoyed it? Would I do it again?

What do I want?

Later that summer I committed to some daygame in Shanghai, China.

I had never been to China. That country is taking on tremendous significance in the world and I was curious. And as I have dated so many lovely Chinese girls, I was curious about trying to game there. There was almost nothing about daygame in China on the internet.

My trip would be three weeks. I wanted to run some proper daygame – which would take some real time and effort. I had a goal for that trip to meet a new girl, and take her through the daygame model of seduction – from meet, to number close, to messaging, to the date, to sex. From start to finish. No help, cold approach to sex, in Communist China – this was my goal.

And I got that done.

But I also knew I had the option to see either (or both) of the girls from this story, as well… perhaps… if I wanted to. I had a steady stream of adoring WeChat messages from both of them.

As the planning of the trip came together, I wasn't so interested in seeing The Assistant. To be painfully honest… I wasn't super into her and I had already fucked her. By the selfish, shallow rationale of an aspiring daygamer, I already had the notch and I didn't connect that deeply with her… which meant there was no urgency from me to meet up. So… I never told her I was coming to her country. She still doesn't know I have ever been to China (more on that later).

Miss Bangs, however, was a different girl and a different story. The shallow part of me knew I could probably pick up a notch. From my point of view, notches are symbols of great things (knowledge of self, knowledge of women, mastery of seduction). Even if it's only at the level of bragging rights, I am still interested in collecting notches.

But beyond the notch, I genuinely like Miss Bangs. She is lovely. And as we had continued our messaging… I liked what she was showing me… quite a bit.

So we made plans and I flew her into Shanghai to see me… on the condition she understood I was "dangerous" and staying with me meant she would "in the bed of a dangerous man." That's me being charming and sensitive, but saying… "we're gonna fuck." She was very much okay with that idea.

With those terms in place, she stepped out of a car one afternoon and onto the sidewalk in Shanghai, in front of my apartment. We began a very long date. Three days, two nights. And it was wonderful.

Yes, I fucked her – and the sex wasn't particularly wild, but it was very emotionally connected. Very "deep." She is a big reason why "deep sex" has become a high priority for me. That… is one of the things I learned from my time with her. I wrote about her with quite a bit of detail at the time.

She left me in Shanghai and returned to her city a very happy girl. And I had a couple of weeks left to properly game new girls, and I did. And I fucked a couple of other girls and had a ton of really excellent adventures… Baby Dragon (whom I never fucked) was one of my favorite parts of that trip.

Again, I never told The Assistant that I was in China. I never posted any pictures of that trip on WeChat, because I

didn't want her to know, and I didn't want to hurt her feelings if she discovered I had been in her country and couldn't be bothered to see her. I owe this woman nothing (then or now), but I do care about her feelings.

I care about the feelings of all of these girls.

As she was in the habit of messaging me quite often, she sent me some messages while I was in her country. And (even then) I didn't confess that I was in China, but we did exchange some communication.

And she told me that she had more vacation time than she expected and that she had to use it or it would expire. She suggested coming to visit me in America. We talked about the possibility of her coming to see me later that year over New Year's Eve.

I hadn't had a date for New Year's in a couple of years. In fact, Miss Thick had ended a relationship with me days before NYE the previous year (which meant I had to cancel plans I had made to take her and I on a New Year's trip).

New Year's is a sentimental time. It's a cozy time. And the idea of a girl in my bed that week sounded pretty good. Sex with The Assistant isn't "deep" like it is with Miss Bangs, but she is a very horny girl and she loves to fuck. It also occurred to me that I could rack up some more experience on yet another very long date.

So… if she was to come all the way from China to America (13+ hour flight, each way), her visit would have to be longer than a couple of nights. We agreed to a six night trip. I knew it was too much, but I figured I could pull it off. And I did.

I planned carefully. I wanted to give her a good experience, but I also wanted to pace the week so I could keep up my role, enjoy myself, and give her sensational memories. And that is exactly how it went.

But it was hard on me. Damn hard.

As I mentioned, I am not super into her. After two days, I was ready to get some time alone, but I had made a commitment and I would stick to it. Not only meet my commitment, but impeccably perform my role as this "amazing American man." I did all of this. And it wasn't easy. I felt myself wanting to complain… wanting some freedom and change of "flavor." And one day, as I came back from the gym to meet her (she had been shopping alone), I remember consciously "doubling-down" and recommitting to "doing the best job I could possibly do." This was the attitude I had all week.

We did a couple of nights in my city. Lots of sex… and none of it was deep. She isn't really that type. She likes sex, but it's all "surface level." And as I figured out she couldn't really give me sex in a deeply emotional way, the sex itself lost some appeal after a couple of days. For a change of pace, I took her camping on the third night (it was her first time). She was nervous to do it, but she trusted me, and she loved the experience. Then, my house. Then, we took a trip down the coast for New Year's Eve…

California was stunningly beautiful that week. A sunny December, clear and cold, cows, oak trees and grassy hillsides. To use a very California word… it was awesome.

We stayed in a nice hotel and had an excellent dinner that night. We fucked after midnight… and then as we laid in bed, she told me some very personal stories about growing up in China. She has had a hard life. The stories were sad and real. I'll never forget those moments. The poignancy of those stories pushed me deeper into my role.

I was doing everything I set out to do. And I was surprised at how much I had to give her. At how well I was playing my role. I was surprised at how much I was capable of giving a women across a near-ridiculous week-long fantasy of travel and sex and intimacy.

Again, all of it was real.

She isn't my favorite lover. Not at all. But I knew I wouldn't have to keep it up forever. And as I knew it wouldn't go on forever, I could try beyond a mere "adequate" level… I could give her "everything I had." And I did. And she

loved it.

She left on that last day a very happy girl. She had been given attention, and affection, and sex, and romance, and adventure. She had a phone full of pictures and head full of memories to take back to her life in China.

But I was exhausted when she left.

I didn't have time to rest, as I would leave for Japan in a couple of days. I got my life together, packed my bags, and split for Tokyo… for what would be a three month trip there, including my first time visiting Sapporo.

And I did make it to Tokyo, a place I love. And I love the girls there (so much). But I almost couldn't even "see them" for the first two weeks. I was so spent from all I had given The Assistant, I wasn't interested in girls at all. No interest in feminine energy. I had no sex drive. I worked a lot. I worked out. I wrote some less personal essays for this blog. I took the time to recover. I hid from the potential of girls and game.

It was clear: I had given her too much (which was my fault, not hers). I didn't like how I felt in the wake of that very long date. And I knew I would never see her again.

It wasn't her fault. She is a lovely girl. But it was too much. The first two-day date was enough. I knew it then. I am glad for the experiment of testing myself with her over New Year's. I had a good time. I was proud of myself. I was glad to see the level at which I could perform.

But I would never do it again. Not with her.

In the weeks that followed, I tried to end it… by refusing to try to keep it alive. Usually, that is enough.

As I arrived in Japan, getting into the local girls (which was definitely my plan) wasn't my only challenge.

I had told Miss Bangs about my trip to Japan. As Japan is much closer to China than America, we talked about her coming into see me, about staying with me in my apartment in Omotesando.

We had talked about all this before I had my exhausting time with The Assistant back in America. I was in Japan at this point. It was time for me to do my job and to make plans to bring the lovely Miss Bangs to stay with me in Tokyo… but I didn't really have the energy for it at all.

I was still exhausted. I still wanted to hide. I wanted more introvert time.

I was amazed at how depleted I was from the experiment of New Year's (I still am), and I was dragging my feet in terms of setting up a rendezvous with Miss Bangs. I'm not the kind of man that is afraid to say "no." I don't like the idea of doing things for girls out of "obligation." Fuck all that. I was tempted to cancel. Very tempted.

And yet…

Beyond any suggestions I had made to Miss Bang, beyond any sense of what her expectations might be… I want to be a man of my word. It wasn't about her. It was about me.

So I committed to bringing Miss Bangs in to see me again. And even though her city in China is only three hours from Tokyo by plane, the logistics were really tough to get her into Tokyo during that time of year. Very expensive flights (>$1200) or super long lay-overs (+24 hours for what is really a three hour journey).

I was aiming for two or three nights… but after wrestling with the flight options… we opted for a five night stay. Here it was… another very long date.

I had mixed feelings. A lot of it was at the level of "duty." I was committed. Again, I knew I would give her "everything I could give." And some of that sounded like "work." And some of it… sounded good. She is not the same as The Assistant. She is an entirely different girl. Would this long date take as much out of me?

As it turned out… it was a beautiful experience. Totally beautiful.

She arrived very late one night, delivered to my door in my little neighborhood in Tokyo. It was 3 AM, and despite her travels she was sunny and charming and lovely as she arrived. We put her in the shower and then into my bed. I made out with her, but the thought of sex felt rushed so I pulled her into me and we slept… for a while.

I woke up a few hours later, kissing her eyes open, and fucked her. And it was hot. It was deep. And we slept after… super close. I like this girl.

Over the next few days I toured her through my favorite corners of Shibuya and Omotesando (areas I know pretty well). I did some work for my clients while she shopped. At other times, she explored Tokyo while I lifted weights. But mostly we held hands and ate great food and she felt my weight each night as I put my cock inside her. She was generous and feminine. She bought me little presents each day. It was effortless and enchanting.

She is a wonderful girl. And time with her was nothing like time with the Assistant, even as I played an almost identical role… doing almost identical things. I was in no hurry to see her go.

Not all dances are the same. Even if I am the consistent element, the chemistry is complicated and any little thing can create entirely different results. I liked both these girls… but I liked Miss Bangs in an entirely different way.

There are lessons here that my ongoing experiences in game (and my sub-study of "very long dates") is teaching me. There is a lot to learn.

Five nights later we awoke hours before sunrise, got her dressed and ready for her trip, and the very same driver (a Chinese guy she booked via a magical Chinese app) picked her up and drove her off to the airport to return her back to her home. She was gone… and it had been a fantastic trip. She was so charming… the five nights helped her to really captured my heart. When she left… I missed her.

But now I was free. And I wasn't exhausted at all. I turned on my daygame skills, took a thousand numbers, had a hundred dates and fucked a couple of new girls (the high-drama girl I call Miss Serious and the not-a-virgin-anymore Miss Compliant). I fucked a third new girl in Sapporo.

Another very long date and another experiment. More first-hand "data" about the nature of girls and the nature of me.

The experience was so profoundly different from the previous one… it was fascinating. Miss Bangs is more beautiful… but it was much more than that.

In those days when I was in Japan and The Assistant was in China she sent me many more messages. She had had a really, really good time. I knew it. I could see how she was reacting to the experience I had crafted for her and me. While I was nearly broken from the exertion I put into playing my role that week, I had given her a real taste of romance… of course she liked it.

So… she was still on. And I had decided I would not see her again. So I was in the unusual space of having to push a girl away.

It is very unusual (in my experience) for proper players to have to push girls away. When I was "boyfriend material" I had to breakup with girls somewhat often. Now, as a player, I think girls know what I am. We see each other or we do not. But I don't have to work hard to end it. It never comes up.

Typically… as soon as I stop working to maintain the relationship, it falls apart. Chaos is easy. Order is hard. Players function as "order makers" in the realm of romance (or so I would say). As soon as that masterful orchestration of order is removed or lessened… chaos sweeps in and wrecks the thing. That's natural. That's how it goes.

Not so with this one.

After my very long date with The Assistant, I knew I would have to change the tone. She was still messaging me, so

I started to take a lot of “the love” out of my messages. My responses were infrequent and had no more passion. I was a little bit sweet, but increasingly distant. Most girls would get it…

She did not.

She did call me out on it at one point and I told her “I was busy” with my goals in Japan. And I cut the thread short. Again, I thought the tone I was sending was clear.

I moved on to only responding to every other message… or even less so. All this was drastically different to how I had previously communicated with her. I was trying to send a message without explicitly telling her to go away.

And this makes me sad. I am sad about all this. For her (and only for that reason), I wish I wanted to keep this going. For myself, I do not wish that at all.

She didn’t message for a few weeks. I assumed she was gone. It wasn’t pretty or fun, but it was close to what I wanted to happen. The end is never pretty.

But then she messaged me again on my birthday. I thanked her… briefly… and I decided that would be the last time I would respond to her.

Sad. The end is sad. That is the nature of endings.

Some might say… Laughter leads to crying. The end isn’t about laughter (or romance), it’s about tears. Babsie was right.

Meanwhile, I was missing Miss Bangs. And the contrast between the stories of Miss Bangs and The Assistant was radical to live with.

When Miss Bangs was by my side in Tokyo in January, she told me she had fallen in love with me back in October (during our time in Shanghai). In fact, she tells me she loves me all the time. I don’t return the phrase. I just stare at her when she says it. Who knows why, but she accepts that. I keep my heart open, I don’t brush her love aside, but I don’t meet her with that phrase.

I’m not trying to be tough. This isn’t about “dominating her” – there is no “technique” here at all. I just don’t want to go there. I love her, I have love for her, I show her real love in how I care for her when we’re together, but saying “I love you” borders on commitment (and that’s not what I want). I used to say it… long ago. But it would take a very special (and “open-eyed” girl) to get me to say that these days.

It’s not about a lack of love. It’s not about “distance.” But “I love you” is a promise of sorts… and I don’t make promises to girls. Not now. I will love the hell out of them… I’ll give them everything I have… but I will give them no promises.

With all that said… I do love Miss Bangs. This man loves women… but not in the way I did when I was younger… when I would foolishly rush into love. I’m a type of “pro” now. Totally imperfect, but “pro” in some ways. I don’t say “I love you,” but I do relish the love I have for girls… the love that seduction engenders. I am glad I still feel it. And I am sure I always will.

Pickup has made me more of a romantic – not less of one.

And I wanted to see Miss Bangs again.

I waited until I was home from Japan, and settled in. And then… I asked her to come see me when she could find time. Of course she loved the idea.

We booked her a ticket. I paid for it. I have paid for all her plane tickets (but never for The Assistant). And if you fly a girl in from China, again, it’s hard to suggest “just two nights, okay?” – it’s too long a journey.

We set it up for seven nights… and eight days. It would be yet another very long date.

The amazingly back-and-forth (but almost opposite) structure of these two girls continued as my next long date with Miss Bangs approached.

I have not responded to The Assistant in months. And I have had a lot of messages. And it sucks. Sucks for her, I am sure. Sucks for me. (As The Natural and I used to talk about in our 30s,) sometimes the Torturer feels tortured by the experience too. It's not equivalent. But there is pain on both sides.

On Twitter last week, there was a long (and interesting thread) about "ghosting" and breaking it off with a girl. It was very "feelings-full." Interesting thread. Packed with pathos. But I haven't changed my mind about how I have been handling The Assistant.

There is no easy way out of a relationship. We assume there is a "good way," but every choice is a "lesser of Evils" kind of dilemma. You can beat her in the face with your honesty (if that makes you feel better). Maybe you think that is noble. Most people do. I do not. I think there is no "good way." Every path leads to tears.

I didn't really "ghost" this girl. I messaged her several times after our last time together. But I clearly signaled disinterest. And she is not getting it because she doesn't want to get it. It's sad. And I think beating her in the face with "I don't want to see you again" would be sad too. So I accept it for what it is… sad. And unsatisfying. There is no easy way to unwind something like this. I am surprised I have had to… as it almost always simply "fades away."

I never talked about the future and I never promised this girl a thing. She lives half a world away from me. She is a sweet girl, and I enjoyed our time together – it was worth it for me to put in the effort for those few days. But I am not her boyfriend. I have never been. And a formal "breakup" isn't what I would expect is necessary for a girl that lives in a foreign country… that I have seen only three times (even if two of those times were very long dates).

This is hard. But I have been on the receiving end of this same treatment too many times (with other girls) to not know that this is "how it goes." And if you're a player with experience, and you're reading this… you know it is usually the girl that gets quiet, responds less often, with less enthusiasm, and then disappears. This is normal.

And those girls are right. That is a clear message. That's how it's done.

Over and over… The Assistant has been a "clueless boy" in this scenario. And (it's weird to say it, but) I have been the "smooth girl" (at least in the break up). The roles are reversed. These feel like esoteric notes in a chapter on "trouble shooting" in the Manual of the Secret Society. Odd details, but true.

And yeah… she has sent me more messages… even in the days before Miss Bangs arrived. But it's been about three weeks since the last one. Maybe she has it now. I don't know.

It's sad. In the case of the The Assistant and I, laughter does leads to crying. For both of us.

And with some of that in the background, Miss Bangs arrived last week for yet another very long date. And it was… totally fucking awesome.

I did a pretty epic job of planning for the two of us. Eight days. Not too much each day, but enough. I took her for a cozy breakfast in the rain. We stayed home and cooked a homemade, slow-simmered pork ragu (delicious). I took her on a ferry ride across The Bay. And to a dirty bar to watch the local team win the Western Championships. And on another night, I even took her to a dubstep party (one of my favorite spots)… it's not her thing, but I wanted her to have the experience (I had one whiskey and we left). And then we did an over-night on the coast… a great drive, a high-end room with a view of the waves, the best dinner I have had in months. So solid.

It was late May, and it's usually getting pretty dry this time of year in California. But we had a lot of rain this year

and once again, my home state was devastatingly gorgeous. As I consider moving to Japan, I feel like California is saying goodbye… and in such a generous way. So many shockingly beautiful trips in the last year.

And it was toward the end of the trip, but as we arrived at the hotel… I fucked her as well as I have ever fucked her. She is not a wild girl sexually. She is delicate and winces as I push it in each time. But I was hungry for her, and I took more chances with her soft body, I pounded her… and we both loved it. That specific sex was a highlight of the trip for both of us. Such a fantastic day.

On all these adventures I never told her where we were going… it was always a surprise. She asked a few questions (which I mostly didn't answer). I gave her a few "hints" (most of them "false," and she knew it). Mostly… she just followed my lead.

And it was effortless. Mostly effortless.

It took some effort. But that effort wasn't related to her. She was graceful and easy and fluid, like water over a smooth rock on a warm day. The effort (as far as my experience with Miss Bangs is concerned) has been in growing into being a clear-headed man that can really lead a woman. I have risen to a level where I could do all this for her and enjoy it. It was a great experience.

And it was completely different (and better) than an almost identical itinerary with the Assistant. What was different? It was still me. It was still my house. And my plan (almost exactly the same plan). I took them to many of the same places.

The difference… was mostly her. It was Miss Bangs. Of course all girls are different, but even "good girls" can get stale in eight days. This trip was not exhausting, because of the unique qualities of the connection between her and me.

And this was another lesson for me. You have to try "to know." You risk the failure, the possibility of boredom and disagreement (or disaster). You risk eventual heartbreak and tears.

And sometimes you win. And sometimes it's beautiful.

So many very long dates in this story. This story has been about the girls. But it is also about me. I explore myself as much as I explore the many pretty things I meet on the street.

I did not set out to get good at very long dates. In fact, I usually encourage guys to be very careful about doing anything like this at all. Long dates, with girls you don't know, are not a great idea… most of the time, they are a terrible idea (especially when a man goes to visit the girl in her city). But I do see this series of very long dates as a kind of test of where I am in my relationship to women, for my skill as a seducer, and as a proving grounds for what I want out of all this.

Part of this has been an exploration of the idea of me ever cohabitating with a woman again. Living with a woman… will I ever try that (again)? I "lived with" both of these girls, in my house, no break, for about a week each. That is not that much, but it's a "taste." And… it's not what I want. Great experiment… but this is not what I am craving in a long-term sense. In these doses, yes. Short-term, great. But more than this… no. Definitely not now.

Perhaps most of all, this series of experiments has been a reminder of the very unique possibilities (and limitations) of each girl. I played my role in a remarkably similar way with each of these girls. And the moment to moment may have been similar… but the overall theme was not at all. It's obvious at some level… but nothing like having to "live truth" to really allow you to take it all in in a meaningful way.

When I think about how I "gave too much" to the Assistant, it wasn't the quality or the quantity of attention I gave that left me feeling almost resentful… it's just that she is not really the girl that inspires that level of gift. I was real with her but false with myself. I am not her Champion. But for another girl, a girl that is a stronger muse to my

magic, I would fight at least that hard. Maybe harder.

With Miss Bangs, it was easy. She added momentum to my life. She adds to my strength.

I said this after my first weekend with Miss Bangs back in October of last year: Someone should marry that girl. Not me. God no. But someone. She is high-quality and rare and special and wonderful. She is not super kinky or wild… but she is enough… and in a sustainable way… to be an epic score for almost any man. She is one of the finest women I have ever met (and I have met a lot of girls).

But for me… after eight days with her… I would choose freedom. For now… that is what I would choose.

And I would choose variety. I know how special Miss Bangs is… and even so… I would choose variety and new adventures. A chance to try new flavors. The opportunity to continue the exploration of the possibilities of a seducer.

I may not always feel this way… but that is how I feel for now.

Who knows if I'll see her again. She is wonderful. It feels careless (and confident) to think I wouldn't ask for more of her. In eight days she never once mentioned the future. That is another way in which she is near-perfect.

Perhaps someday she will ask me for something I cannot give her… and our romance will become another demonstration of how, in the end… laughter leads to crying. I don't know.

For now, I look back at this string of adventures with marvel. How extraordinary. What a way to pass the time. What a ridiculous life this is…

I am not done. I want more. Viva daygame.

Types, Truth, Bad Vibes, and the Redpill Attachment Style

Nash · 18 August 2019 · Archived copy · Original

At the level of theory, the theme of the year for me is that we are different Types of men, we want different Types of girls, and the Context in which a given man tries to accomplish his goals is crucial to making sense of given situation. We are not all the same (NAMALT/NAWALT) and Types matter a lot. I'll talk about Types here in a way that is helping me navigate some of the ideas in the sexual marketplace.

As the headline might indicate, I'm going to take aim at the Redpill scene. Depending on your Type, there are different Truths to be found, but the "Harsh Truth" Type of Redpiller sees the world in a distinct way. And alternative Truths are at the heart of this essay.

I got into it with some guy I'll call Mr Anxiety, a 2nd-tier Redpill preacher type that loves Harsh Truths. Some guys around him thought I was avoiding a debate. One messaged me saying "I am trying to get an idea of who is right." I wrote this post to work through my thoughts on these topics.

Here is where it went sideways with Mr Anxiety and I:

> "The anxiety that comes with the insecurity of the relationship is what drives her to sexual desire."
> — Mr Anxiety

What do you think of that statement? Do you think it's true? Is that a Harsh Truth we need to accept? If it is true for you and the girls you date, I'd stop here and say that says more about you (and those girls) than the rest of the world. You're not wrong… you're just a certain Type.

For my part, I think that is completely ridiculous bullshit. But I am hearing it more and more in the 'Sphere. If the Redpill guys want to bond over their Harsh Truths, good for them. But as they begin to prescribe next steps in Seduction, the fatal flaws of that scene are easier to see.

Most of the lessons men need have been around as long as men have. Masculinity, Dominance, Seduction, etc. are

all timeless Schools of education for men.

The uniquely Redpill concepts that are of any use at all seem to work to teach men Defense in relationships. Beyond that, the Redpillers seem particularly inept when it comes to theory about being enticing, about actually attracting women, about getting past theory and bringing quality women into a man's life. Mr Anxiety is one such example.

I don't think it's controversial at all to say that their Harsh Truths and Intimacy with girls don't pair well. The Harsh Truthers can warn you. They can tell you a lot of "scary stories." They can lecture you on how to assume the Defensive Crouch against "the Female Imperative." But does any of that help you bringing women into your life?

If you're taking Game advice from the Harsh Truthers, I think it's the kind of advice that will specifically lead you in the wrong direction, but… I suppose it depends on your Type.

BLUEPILL/REDPILL:

Bluepill/Redpill… too simple. And while we argue less about Bluepill, the term Redpill is increasingly meaningless. It is an attempt at "typing" (which we need), but it's too "low resolution" to be useful to me at this point in my life. I'll run through my take here for some context.

I take Bluepill to be something like the romantic narrative of many 80s movies. This is where a low value guy does foolishly romantic things, which don't work well at first, but over time, the girl decides that the low value guy is attractive, she gives the guy an "A for effort", and the guy gets the girl. That's the plot of many movies, but it's not how life works. Almost everyone reading this should know that.

As Men of Game, we can pick on Bluepillers pretty easily and say that those men are all "pull" and not enough "push."

Push/pull is a core concept in Game and I won't try to go over it now, but we can see that it hints at a type of Balance. A balanced man is attractive. He has some edge, but not only edge. He can show some care and genuine interest in a girl… but not only care and interest. Balance.

Balance is an essential ingredient in understanding success with women.

In contrast to Bluepill, Redpill is supposed to be "seeing the world as it is." So far so good.

Some guys think this means embracing "Harsh Truths." And I can be on-board with some of that too. But if certain guys insist that we focus on the "harshness" of our opportunities, I think those guys are signally very clearly about their Type. I also think they have eclipsed the Truth, and are ideologues for something that should not be confused with Truth at all.

Yes, life if full of harshness, no doubt. But not only harshness. Anyone that insists on a constant mediation on "harshness" is signaling what they are – the rejected MGTOWs, the angriest of the divorced men, etc. The Redpill has special appeal for these men. No disrespect for people navigating trauma, but I don't look to them for leadership… certainly not in Seduction or Game.

Often, the view that something is "Harsh" to a given man is a sign he is unprepared – thus he feels the environment as Harsh. It's not the environment, it's the man.

Imagine being at sea. If you're not prepared, your life is in danger. If you are prepared… it could be a hysterically fun time. The situation (The Truth) is neither good/bad. "Not all days at sea are like that" – rather obvious, isn't it. And your individual preparedness as a man (and your Type), can make all the difference.

Is life still terribly Harsh? For some Types, maybe. For me, I don't think so. I am talking about women. And a lot of us are having a lot of fun. Harsh isn't the reality we cling to.

The best of Redpill seems to want to make men more prepared, and I recognize some good intentions there… but I am convinced we can find better teachers. For example, Classical Masculinity teaches men to be Strong, Disciplined, to have Boundaries, to Lead. Game teaches Seduction, Charm… how to bring women into your life. There is a Confidence in these Schools. It's about getting what you want… with less emphasis on "be careful, be careful!!!!"

In current times, I'm of the opinion that Redpill sentiment is mostly about "Defense" and how to "protect yourself from the very dangerous womenz" out there. Defense. Not so much "how to win" as "how to avoid losing." Defense, as in how to avoid "divorce rape" or weaponized "consent," etc.

Divorced guys seem particular enthusiastic for Redpill… I think they wished they had better Defense and they think Redpill Harshness would have helped. Maybe it would have… but none of this is Seduction or Game or Desire. It's Defense. If you get that, you'll know when they might be useful and when… you could choose better role models.

Most of what the Redpill guys claim as the Truth can be found via Masculinity, Game, and Evolutionary Psychology. The parts that are particular to Redpill, the memes that show up over and over, are the Harsh Truths and the Defensive Crouch. Take a look at what is underneath the most popular themes – Redpill is mostly about "how to say no." If it doesn't sound sexy, it's because it's Anti-game.

These guys are have too much "Be Careful!," and not enough "Hey, Little Girl, c'mere." Can you feel the difference?

The Redpill guys LARP about with their Harsh Truths. They will tell you endless stories of guys that "drown in boating adventures." "The sea… so dangerous." (You don't see negative stories like this in Game). And Harsh Redpillers will insist that "all oceans are like that." They talk tough… they know the "Truth"… but I'm not convinced they have become particularly good at adventures. Have they? They may convince you to stay home, but can they get you where you want to go?

When we're ready to bring women into our lives, Game is the School. Better tactics… and a much better vibe.

I was once unprepared. I was too "earnest" when I was younger. No shame in any of this. Unprepared men have some lame ideas about how the world works. They get burned. More often, they get nothing at all.

I hate to see these guys settle into the paranoid Defensive of Redpill. There are better, richer "Truths" out there. And I'm not guessing.

I am a pickup guy. I have dated hundreds and hundreds of girls via cold approach and daygame. I don't get what I want all the time and I don't know any man that does. But I got better. I can and do create "action" all the time. Maybe the world is still Harsh, but now that I am prepared, it rarely feels that way to me anymore.

I say this last part about my history as a Player not to brag… but to make it clear that men like me don't resemble Bluepill guys. What we call Bluepillers can't do what competent Players and daygamers can do. And my history shows I'm a competent daygamer.

So… if I'm not naive and ineffective like a Bluepiller, but I reject the traumatized harshness of Redpill guys… I think I'm ready to open this conversation up to some fresh air.

ON BEING A LOVER:

Here on this blog I often represent a Type of Game with a lot of Romance to it. There are other Types in Game, but this is my Type.

We have already pushed "80s movie" Bluepill Romance aside – that is not what I am talking about. Here, I'll suggest the kind of Romance that reminds us of Casanova. If you think Romance makes Casanova a Bluepiller, I

think that idea makes you a meathead… and we can move on.

I like this Type of Game, and the girls that like me also like it. I have seen some very happy girls.

I don't think of anything that I do as "Redpill." I studied other Schools of thought and none of my success was inspired by Redpill at all. I learned success with women from Confident, Positive, Attractive Schools of Game. And I got better. It works.

I like the term Lover. It's an old term. The Lover is a Type that sees the sexual marketplace a certain way. I tend to think the French and Italians have a culture that is more encouraging of this kind of "Warm" game.

Is that Bluepill? By definition I'd say no. Being able to create action for yourself – with new girls, often several at a time – is hard and requires insight and skill with women. No one thinks Bluepill men have those skills.

There is plenty of room in the space between men and women for Warmth. I say all this to help steer some guys away from the Harsh Truth dogma. There are better ways to see the world.

The Romantic/Lover Type wants extraordinary experiences. He wants them for himself. And he wants them for her. And he can do it. He has proven it many times. The girls that get onboard, are deeply appreciative. They are really into it. I'm not guessing, I have done all this. Lots of men have. It's an old tradition.

Types matter and a Romantic Type attracts a Romantic Type (or a girl that is open to that). He can give a girl a sense of being a Princess, but she is clear he is a King. When you have Balance, all of this works out just fine. Not overly "Harsh," is it?

This isn't for everybody, but it's a workable model and it runs on Bliss, Admiration, Sexuality, Enthusiasm. Once we have good boundaries in place, we rarely need anything Harsh at all – that whole concept is a dark alley, a distraction from the upside of the sexual marketplace. There is an upside.

Historically, the Lover Types have done phenomenally well with women – arguably better than almost all other men. They have had a LOT of sexual experiences with a lot of women, and the women have praised them for those experiences. It's a win-win view of mating and dating.

In the Harsh-Only World of the Redpill guys, any talk of joy with women will mean you'll get labeled "Purplepill." Per the Redpiller, the main determinant of Purplepill status seems to be that the man doesn't see the world as sufficiently Harsh. They will call you Purplepill if you don't sufficiently cling to Harsh interpretations and focus on Defensive concepts. Too boring. Unnecessary. Unbalanced.

When it comes to bringing women into your life… you have choices these men don't recognize. The Patriarchs and the Classically Masculine men are on a path with women that works. They are attractive men and they don't talk like Redpillers. The path of the Seducer, the Romancer, the Lover… is a proven path. Very successful path. There are others. Lots of choices.

If Desire is really what you want to get better at… who knows Desire best?

VIBRATION = "THE VIBE:"

So a guy named Pat Stedman wrote an interesting post recently that touches on a lot of the issues I am writing about here. Pat and I don't agree about everything (I think he and I want different things), but I find a lot of his thinking fresh and interesting.

Pat seems to be "post-game" in terms of picking up, he's into the Game of relationships. And as he has different goals, he has different tools.

If simple, common men share the language of the Locker Room, that is a good place for all of us to start. Pat can relate. So can I.

One of the things I like about Pat is that he goes beyond the basic wisdom of the Locker Room and incorporates Tools from Psychology and Intimacy. As I have no better way to express it, I call all that stuff "Hippy Technology." Other guys have called it "Wooo-Wooo." Calling it "Hippy" or "Woo" is a way of saying, "I know this isn't typical 'bro,'" – but take a listen. Hippy Tech can sound a little "airy" versus the brick-and-earth familiarity of Locker Room talk. But especially as you get deeper into Game (as you have "higher goals"), the Hippy Types have some very powerful ideas to share.

There is a lot of Truth at the level of the Locker Room and from the best of the Hippy Tech. I don't expect basic guys to get excited about Hippy concepts – they are still looking for "the perfect pickup line." And as we're all different Types, some guys struggle with terms they don't understand. I'll try to connect the dots on one such misunderstanding here. It is a very good example of where the Locker Room and Hippy Tech start to overlap… and it sets us up to evaluate some claims the Redpill Harsh Truthers make.

> "Have you ever entered a room filled [with] a bunch of people and felt uncomfortable? Like the air was tense and heavy? Or in contrast, you went to a different gathering and felt like it was fun and welcoming… and yet you had not said anything to anybody yet?"
> — Pat Stedman

That is a little vague, perhaps… but I bet most of us have had experiences like this. Pat is talking about what it feels like to be around certain Types. Or how a certain Type might have a certain "vibe." You don't have to be a Hippy to pick up on a guy's vibe – it's "basic" social calibration (as we'd say in Game).

As daygamers we often talk about vibe. Like, "when my vibe sucks I can't get the girls to hook." That is very easy to understand. Or, "that guy has a shit vibe, so when I wing with him, he puts me in a bad mood and we're both repulsive to girls." Also easy to understand. Vibe matters.

Now, did you know "vibe" is a short for "vibration?" Exactly the same thing. If "vibration" sounds too Hippy, I get it. But substitute in "vibe" and again, Pat's use of the term is very easy to understand.

> "People who have a negative energy give off a different vibration – literally a lower frequency. And this vibration affects their perception."
> — Pat

Super Hippy now, right? But Pat is saying that we can call "negative energy" a "lower vibration." A "low vibe" doesn't sound fun (or attractive) and it isn't. We all know what that feels like. This is not a controversial claim.

> "The lower your vibration, the more you are oriented towards scarcity, pain, and fear. The higher your vibration, the more you operate in abundance, bliss, and love."
> — Pat

More "Hippy Tech". And again, I agree with Pat. Don't freak out because he used the word "Love." We don't talk about Love much in the Locker Room (even though we all know what that means too), but "Fun" fits there too.

Men with a certain "vibe" tend to see the world in terms of Scarcity/Pain/Fear (negative). And other men tend to see the world in terms of Abundance/Love/Fun (positive). Something like that. This is a very old classification system, people have been talking about the world this way for thousands of years.

Here is an example:

> "A grandfather is talking with his grandson and he says there are two wolves inside of us which are always at war with each other.

> “One of them is a good wolf which represents things like kindness, bravery and love. The other is a bad wolf, which represents things like greed, hatred and fear.

> “The grandson stops and thinks about it for a second then he looks up at his grandfather and says, ‘Grandfather, which one wins?’ The grandfather quietly replies, ‘The one you feed.'”
> — Anonymous

That is an old quote, but it fits this situation very well. In terms of the Love vs Fear dichotomy, which Wolf are you feeding? Can you see that it makes a difference to where you end up? Which one do think is more Seductive?

Dead obvious.

And this Love vs Fear distinction is true for women’s psychology too. We have some “Fear vibe” girls and some “Love vibe” girls. There are “Takers” (Fear/Scarcity) and “Givers” (Kind/Generous) out there. NAWALT. I have enough experience in the world that these Types are easy to see. I have seen both. I know which flavor I prefer. And I think the kind of Game I run attracts one Type more than the other… I am certain of it.

I know which Wolf I feed. How about you?

I made a claim that the Redpill guys are particularly proud of their ability to concentrate on the Harsh Truths. What does a concentration on “harshness” say about a man’s vibe? Pat says a “low vibe” will influence how you perceive the world. I agree. And it will influence how the world sees you – and what you attract.

Which Wolf will you feed?

I am very interested in the Truth. And I reject the guys that are particularly attached to calling themselves Redpill because in my experience, their philosophy leads to a vibe that sucks. A shit vibe is Anti-game, can you see it? They are very into their Harsh Truths, but are in denial about the possibilities of Blissful Truths, Sexy Truths, Joyful Truths.

There is no Balance in these men. They are the mirror opposite of the Bluepillers: all push, not enough pull. That is equally ineffective.

The “sea” can give you a horrific drowning or can give you a fantastic adventure. I don’t trust men that can’t see both sides. Saying that another way… those men are a certain Type.

NO, DESIRE IS NOT DRIVEN BY ANXIETY:

> “The anxiety that comes with the insecurity of the relationship is what drives her to sexual desire.”
> “The anxiety IS the desire.”
> — Mr Anxiety

Mr Anxiety thinks he speaks for Redpill as he says these things. I think he does, in fact, represent Redpill very well… and the whole mess is embarrassing.

As this came up, he deleted his comments when me and some other guys pressed him, but those are direct quotes (one is quite recent, he was doubling down). I think this kind of thinking IS in fact, “mainline” thinking for Redpill guys. This is more of the Harsh Truth they want you to believe in. It’s very similar to would-be Players that are into “Psychopath Game” etc. Or ones that are overly drunk on Robert Greene. It’s evidence of their Type.

I don’t think these guys are cool. And I doubt that quality women are into this vibe either. But I should stick to my own framework and say some “Type” of women might be into them (and that is probably true), but not the kind I want to date.

It sounds like Mr Anxiety wants us to think “good Game” is about making women Anxious. Is that the “Truth?”

I think it’s particularly untrue. I know many men that are truly excellent at creating Desire – and Anxiety is never what they teach. These Harsh Truth guys are based in a kind of Fear, and their strategies with women come from a view of the sexual marketplace that is based on their own Insecurity and their need for Defense. Their theories aren’t really about the sexual marketplace, or about the girls… their Harshness is really about themselves. They are telling you what Type they are.

Game is not an exercise in endless Paranoia and Defense. And I do not look to these guys for tips on Desire.

“The anxiety IS the desire.”

That is insanely confused bullshit. I have to assume that men that talk like this either don’t know many women intimately or they date a very specific Type indeed. I’ll explore that below.

I am a pickup guy and mine is not a theoretical position. I actually go out, on the street, walk up to girls I don’t know, make conversation, take numbers, get them out on dates. Some fair percentage of those dates end up sexual, and some percentage of those end up somewhat ongoing. I am not trying to be a Boyfriend or a Husband, but I’m not “pump and dump” either. I’m trying to fulfill the Lover category in the sexual marketplace and I have done so with some success.

I never, ever try to create Anxiety in women. In no way does Anxiety turn women on.

Mr Anxiety is not only a Type, but he is also very confused on this topic. So much so, I am certain that Desire is not his specialty.

If I made a girl Anxious when I approached her, do you think she’d stop and talk? No. If I made her Anxious in the messaging stage, would she continue to text? No. Do you think that when men make women Anxious those girls are eager to come out on dates? Of course not.

Attractive, healthy girls, have a lot of choices. A shocking amount of choices. Anxiety is not a good feeling. Why would healthy girls choose Anxiety? And even if they did, would the Anxiety lead specifically to Sexual Desire? That connection is clueless.

Imagine Last Minute Resistance (LMR) for a minute. LMR is a period in a seduction that is naturally a bit “unsure” or Anxious. If a girl is a bit Anxious, or Insecure, or Nervous the first time she’s in bed with a guy, I would say that is a pretty normal. I have closed a lot of girls, and many of them rather quickly. In my experience, if she is Anxious, she is going to want to leave – not get naked. And men with skill can walk a girl through LMR, both make her feel more comfortable (reduce Anxiety) and also turn her on. She will be Excited. Some anxiousness can be a normal byproduct of the newness of it all, but I wouldn’t confuse Excitement or Arousal with Anxiety. They are not even vaguely similar states. More on this when we talk about Maslow’s Hierarchy below.

Mr Anxiety strikes me as a LARPer, a pretender, a fake tough guy… because I have been in too many sexual situations to believe that Anxiety leads to Passion. I don’t think he is talking about Passion, he is confusing Desire with Control. That may be a key to his personal psychology… he is not very good with Desire, and to compensate, he is trying to get more Control.

As the Lover type, the deeper I get into a relationship with a girl the less anxiousness I see. And it is often then that she begins to really open up… to trust me… to move forward, to show me better, richer, juicier parts of herself. She does more for me. Her Passion blooms with Trust. The sex gets much better. Etc. I have seen this too many times to doubt it.

The Harsh Truther’s like this Anxiety… they like Fear… that is the Wolf they feed.

The presence of Anxiety and Fear as a theme from these Types of guys says a lot about them. More on this below. If you’re looking for Anxiety… they’ve got plenty for you. And if you follow them, that is the Wolf you’ll find.

Look at the stories they tell vs the stories of the Men of Game. This is all easy to see.

DAVID DEIDA'S THREE STAGES:

Deida has a model he uses a lot to talk about Types, as well. He calls them "Stages."

One simple overview is this:

STAGE ONE: Dependence
STAGE TWO: Independence
STAGE THREE: Interdependence

That is a very thin slice of what he would have to say, but that's a good start. It allows me to start talking about a Type that is interested in having women being Dependent on them, that confuses Desire for an attempt to Control, and how that "stage" fits within a fuller range of opportunities.

Here is a great line from someone else's review of Deida's Stage One:

> "The man dominates the woman with threats of physical violence and withholding of resources and the woman dominates the man with threats of emotional violence and withholding of sex."
> — Eivind Figenschau Skjellum

I don't see any of that in my life at all, but it reminds me of some Harsh Truthers I know. I'm putting no emphasis on the physical violence here… but the vibe is the same.

I include the quote from Skjellum to show a relationship between a "low vibe" guy and a "low vibe" girl: How they attract and then extort and torture each other. This is what "low vibration" looks like. And it's nothing to aim for. You can do better.

The Truth is many things, but I think a lot of guys that have a real hard-on for Redpill "Harsh Truths" are showing you they are something like Stage One Types. They are convinced they have arrived, but they have barely begun. I think that is very true of the Redpill movement. It is what it is, but I don't think it's anything to be overly proud of.

And notice the Type of girl that the Deida model predicts: She is to be starved for resources (which might help make her Anxious/Insecure, right?), and then, she is to starve the guy for sex and to wield emotional violence in response. A healthy girl would never date these guys, but a less healthy girl might. And in response to Mr Anxiety's tactics, she'll back-stab and coerce, meeting The Harsh Truther in that Harsh world view.

We all know "low end" couples like this, but this is the last place I want to be in terms of my mating and dating. And this is why I encourage men to be very careful who's Truth they follow.

ATTACHMENT STYLES:

Types matters.

If we want to break this stuff down, we can start with what Type of guy, what Type of girl, and what Context. With that said, I'll introduce a subject I'm not overly familiar with, but I had a feeling it would help us explain the conflict between Harsh Truthers and healthier men.

"In psychology, the theory of attachment can be applied to adult relationships including friendships, emotional affairs, adult romantic or platonic relationships."
— Wikipedia

The four Attachment Styles are described as 1.) Secure and then three "Insecure" styles including 2.) Anxious-

Preoccupied, 3.) Dismissive-Avoidant, and 4.) Fearful-Avoidant.

I don't want to spend all day on this, but let's touch on a couple of notes here.

Here is what "Secure" looks like:

> "A Secure attachment style is demonstrated by those possessing a positive view of self and a positive view of others. Securely attached people tend to agree with the following statements: 'It is relatively easy for me to become emotionally close to others. I am comfortable depending on others and having others depend on me. I don't worry about being alone or others not accepting me.'"
> — Attachment Theory

If we were talking about girls here, this ^ sounds like a healthy girl to me. And the girls I date are mostly of this Type.

"Negative" strategies (like trying to make her Anxious) won't work particularly well on healthy, secure, "high self-esteem" girls. Secure Type guys with experience know this is true. Those girls are healthy, they come from healthy families, they know what healthy looks like. They don't need to put up with wannabe Redpill Heroes trying to increase their Anxiety. They have met genuinely cool guys before. They would see an attempt to inject Anxiety as particularly clueless and uncalibrated, and they'd be right.

> "At these higher levels if you try to operate in a red pill dynamic you will lose your woman, who will not be impressed by your 'games' but will pity you."
> — Pat Stedman

I think that is right… for certain Types.

When I was super "green" and learning game, and I'd experiment with breaking rapport (in an amateur way) or testing the potential of "negs" (which is a good example of a low-vibe technique), I would get blown out… and often get eye rolls from girls. If the girl cares for you at all you might get some pity. If not, you get nothing… and you deserve it.

Healthy girls reject low-vibe.

Now, here is the first of the Insecure attachment styles:

> "An Anxious-Preoccupied attachment style is demonstrated by those possessing a negative view of self and a positive view of others. People with anxious-preoccupied attachment type tend to agree with the following statements: 'I want to be completely emotionally intimate with others, but I often find that others are reluctant to get as close as I would like,' and 'I am uncomfortable being without close relationships, but I sometimes worry that others don't value me as much as I value them.' People with this style of attachment seek high levels of intimacy, approval, and responsiveness from their attachment figure."
> — Attachment Theory

Read that again: "[A] negative view of self and a positive view of others."

Finally… the Redpill stud has found his girl. We had to dig a bit, but we found a Type that will buy into what Mr Anxiety is selling.

No Anxiety doesn't increase desire. What is going on here is that the Types of girls that pair well with Harsh Truthers are likely Anxious and needy. They want intimacy, but have a low opinion of themselves, so when they find a guy that also has a low opinion of them (or acts like it), and stokes their Anxiety, they have found something "that is familiar," it "makes sense" to them (given their Type). We are still not talking about Desire. But if she is needy, and she wants some attention from a Harsh Truther, she might hold still long enough for him to fuck her…

and he then does a victory lap bragging about his amazing Anxiety Game. I'd laugh if it wasn't all so disgusting.

Notice how the hardcore Redpill guys are constantly yammering about bipolar girls (BPD). I'm a Secure type, I don't aim for "broken" girls, so I really know almost nothing about BPD girls. My "vibe" doesn't attract them. They are never in life.

But these Redpill guys with so much "wisdom" to share… notice how they talk about BPD a lot. Why is that? They think they need harshness to defend themselves from unstable girls, but maybe harshness attracts those girls in the first place? And maybe the Harsh Truther's version of "Game" is a perfect match for girls with Anxious-Preoccupied styles? That makes sense to me. A lot of sense.

Pat said that a man's "vibration affects their perception." If a low-vibe Redpill guy is drunk on a Harsh Truth cocktail, he'll see everything through "Redpill Glasses." He begins with Harsh, the Anxious girls relate to that vibe, and they are a perfect match for each other.

Types matter.

And over time… this is the only "Game" those Redpill guys will recognize. They bring "low vibe" Game. It works on low-vibe girls. They think all girls are low vibe (AWALT), so they bring more Harsh tactics to compensate. They scare off all the sane, healthy girls. This reinforces their crusty worldview. Rinse/Repeat… and you have Mr Anxiety and men like him. Pathetic.

If that's what you want, if that's who you are… you know who to follow. And it's not me. I am going someplace much cleaner than all that bullshit.

A TERRIBLE EXAMPLE:

In a related example, another of these guys was encouraging us to run "Dread Game" (very close to typical Redpill, but the "low vibe" guys in Game likes this negative stuff too). He was talking about his own marriage and he had this to say:

> "Which leads me to conclude it was more related to fear of what may happen, then passion for the new me."
> — Mr Terrible Example

This guy is a married man, and the context was he had changed his routine in ways to make her "raise an eyebrow." "Working out, dressing better," the usual stuff we suggest that might help a man sharpen his value.

Value is great in every case. Secure people can raise their value. Secure women in their lives can appreciate that. There is nothing "bad vibe" about raising your value.

But notice this guy's conclusion: He says that her renewed interest in him "was more related to fear of what may happen" (Fear is his word, not mine) than about her Passion for him. To me, that is a terribly sad thing to admit. But he wasn't "admitting" it. He was borderline bragging about it. "It works" for him. Go Redpill!

> "You obviously have to be careful with it and tailor it to the woman so you don't push her to full blown neurosis."
> — More advice from Mr Terrible Example

Oh, I see. Wow. Yes, I guess we had better be careful indeed. Utter horseshit.

> "I care not why I got the desired result, only that I got it. I'm relying on Rollo's explanation for why it works and my own observation which matches."
> — Mr Terrible Example on his "victory lap"

Okay… he got what he wanted. Just like Mr Anxiety, I think this guy is mainstream Redpill, and I think he looks entirely repulsive. If you want to be him, he is showing you the way. Do you want to be this guy?

These guys think if you successfully create Insecurity in a girl you will see Desire in her. For healthy "good vibe" people, that is nonsensical. Insecurity/instability is not a turn on… not even for low vibration girls.

Insecurity and Anxiety are not sexual feelings. They are related to survival and "lower level" needs.

In Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs – Anxiety is at the level of basic "safety," and it's near the bottom of the hierarchy (just above food and water). Desire is up a level from all that. Self Esteem is up even higher. When Pat says "lower vibration," Maslow's Hierarchy can show you exactly what "lower" means. Mr Anxiety's advice will take healthy people backwards, down the model, into survival and safety… none of that is sexy.

> "If a woman is more open than a man, she cannot open to him… It would decrease her depth."
> — David Deida

That is some solid Hippy Tech from Deida. And David is saying the same thing Pat is saying… that unless the woman is living at the level of basic survival, aiming for Anxiety would "decrease her depth." She'd "lose ground." And if she is attractive, if she has options… why would she choose that kind of man?

"Because, 'Harsh Truths' bro." Nope. Not good enough.

Mr Anxiety and Mr Terrible Example think forcing a girl into "safety mode" is "Game." As they destabilize these already Insecure girls, as her very survival (economic or psychological) is challenged, it could set up an "exchange" of sorts… she is threatened, so she fucks the guy. It's about Control and Obedience, not Seduction or Desire. And it is an ugly place to aim for.

If some Harsh Truther can make her (more) Needy and Dependent (Stage One "caveman" in Deida's model)… maybe he can get laid? Can you see which Wolf that man likes to feed?

Again, I am disgusted.

Many, many things can help you bring girls into your world. You have choices. As the Harsh Truthers aim for Fear and Anxiety and Insecurity, I assume that is because that is all they've got. Anxiety Game is bait for their BPD Dream Girl. Be careful what you wish for.

Don't mistake any of this for Desire. Our Terrible Example here spells it out: "[I]t was more related to fear of what may happen, then passion for the new me." I actually feel sad for this guy (and his wife). But he is closer to understanding what is going on here than Mr Anxiety. She is afraid. So she complies. This is bottom-of-the-barrel low. Low vibe. Bad game.

The Harsh Truther tough guys don't discriminate in terms of psychological Type at all. It is AWALT, "one size fits all," Anxiety/Dread Game for everyone. And that is shit leadership. I feel bad for the guys that are soaking it up.

Pat is right. It is "low vibration." It's "bad vibe." It makes me feel sick to write about it.

But the good news is… I think most men do NOT in fact fit this Type. They are not in fact like the typical try-hard Redpiller LARPer claims to be. I think most hardcore Redpill guys aren't actually like this either. They just talk like this. And that is a problem, because it confuses people that have even less experience. And it wastes their time… as for healthy men, this path will never be productive.

THE ROLE OF TRUST IN A WOMAN'S ORGASM:

To clear our palate, let's talk about girls popping off. This is more "good vibe." Can you feel the shift as we move from "Fear" (Redpill) to "Love" (Seduction)?

I feel better already.

In practice, I don't focus that much on whether a woman has an orgasm ,but I do try to give them the best experience I can give them. I like to make girls feel good – more "good vibes." And it seems obvious to me that if you fuck her well, she is more likely to come around for more good times.

Win, win, win.

Recently, I posted the most popular thing I have every posted on Twitter. It was a bunch of notes (again) from David Deida on girl's orgasms. It was a hot topic. Everybody loved it.

And an interesting theme in those notes was Trust:

On G-SPOT ORGASMS: "G-spot orgasm is also dependent on deep emotional trust. If [she does] not trust [her] partner, [she] won't relax enough to allow the waves of openness to emanate from [her] g-spot. Those waves of orgasm, open out… it's an opening of the body that requires trust and emotional connection, so [she] is willing to surrender open the body and be touched deeply."

On CERVICAL ORGASMS: "So that when she trusts her partner entirely, and when her partner is able to repeated, rhythmically touch the cervical area over and over and over, just right… she is able to really receive that depth of penetration, and in that trust she can open to a cervical orgasm, which is an even more relaxed opening and waves of emanation. Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Deida emphasizes "deep emotional trust" and that she "trusts her partner entirely" such that the couple can unlock bigger and better things. Higher consciousness… better vibe. We are moving up in Maslow's Hierarchy, away from basic survival/Anxiety and into orgasm/Trust/Seduction.

I can say, unequivocally, that the best sex I have ever had was when the girl feels really, really comfortable with me, when she trusted me, when we build that up together over a few sessions (at least). It wasn't only Trust, but that is a good foundation. Anxiety has never been a part of any of that for me. Tension, yes. Excitement, yet. Dominance, yes. We can employ Classic Masculinity, but Anxiety… for the girls I like… never. Healthy men know the difference.

If Trust is tightly linked to her "surrendering" enough to have a big proper orgasm, maybe there are other ways in which running a more healthy style of Game might benefit ourselves as Players and the girls in our lives. I've seen it. Lots of men have.

MORE ATTACHMENT STYLES:

A lot of completely healthy guys can dip into what we might call Redpill theory and pull out something useful here and there. Maybe "not all Redpillers are like that."

But for the average guy that is going on and on about Redpill this/that (and compulsively tags "@repulsive_male" in every post), I bet money most of these men are not experts on Desire.

Maybe they recently got abused by some girl. Or they just went through a messy divorce (that is a lot of the Redpill space, right there). And of course they would like more access to women (which I respect), but they're not getting it (most men aren't). These guys cling to Redpill so they can commiserate together. In the absence of more victories with girls, they can share sad stories and tales of danger.

I can relate to men that have been through hard times, but the endless paranoia with these guys is why Redpill always reminds me much more of MGTOW than Game. I think that distinction is important. And it's why I don't look to Redpill guys for lessons on Desire.

And for the guys that really live and breathe this Redpill stuff, here is another look at Attachment Styles:

> "Fearful-Avoidant: A Fearful-Avoidant attachment style is demonstrated by those possessing an unstable fluctuating/confused view of self and others. People with losses or other trauma, such as sexual abuse in childhood and adolescence may often develop this type of attachment and tend to agree with the following statements: 'I am somewhat uncomfortable getting close to others. I want emotionally close relationships, but I find it difficult to completely trust others, or to depend on them. I sometimes worry that I will be hurt if I allow myself to become too close to other people.'"
> — Attachment Theory

Hey – we have found the Attachment Style of Redpill Harsh Truthers.

When they say "hypergamy doesn't care" (which they say over and over and over) we can translate that to "I want emotionally close relationships, but I find it difficult to completely trust others." That… is a pretty damn good fit.

If a man has had some real disappointing relationships, if he's been hurt a lot, if concepts like "the anger phase" appeal to him… maybe he is now (or always was) the Fearful-Avoidant Type? "I want emotionally close relationships, but I find it difficult to completely trust others." "Sometimes worry that I will be hurt if I allow myself to become too close to other people." A "confused view." That sounds… exactly… like typical Redpill guys to me.

I bet 1$ Mr Anxiety is that kind of guy.

If the Anxious-Preoccupied attachment style is the Type of girl that responds to Anxiety, then maybe that pairs well with the Fearful-Avoidant Redpiller??

How is that ^ for a "Harsh Truth."

I had a feeling this Attachment Styles theory could explain some of the confusion in the 'Sphere. I am not disappointed.

COMPLIANCE AND GAME:

My final thoughts here are about Compliance and Game.

If you're active in Game, if you're dating many girls per year (at least), you will have a chance to go beyond theory and try it out. Game has always had a "pure" side to it, as you had to put your theories to the test, see how they work in the field, and how the results of your Game work out over time.

I'll end where I started and say… we must know the Type of man, the Type of women, and the Context of their relationship if we want analyze or give advice.

When you're considering advice out there, start with "what Type am I?," and then ask yourself if that advice fits you. Think about what Type of girls you want in your life, and if that advice seems tailored to be effective with the Type of girls you like. Think about the kind of relationship you want, and see if that advice will take you in the direction you want to go.

And then… go try it. Fucking prove it. See if you get compliance from the girls you want with "Anxiety Game." See if you enjoy what you've "won" when you do.

If you're sold on the idea that the goal of a proper King is to fill his woman's head with Insecurity, and that that will generate Desire… I think you're hopelessly wrong. But go try it. Put up or shut up, Harsh Truther. And if you get what you want… congratulations… it worked for the Type of man you are.

And for the rest of us, I hope you're on a better path than Mr Anxiety and Mr Terrible Example. And I hope the "10,000" words in this post helped expose some alternatives to the worst the Redpill has to offer.

Fear and Anxiety don't make for particularly good "lube" for sex. I have tested better options and they work. I don't

get everything I want, but other paths are definitely (more) effective… for the Type of girls I'm into.

As a Lover I have had some fantastic success bringing girls into my life. I have tested Secure Game and it works. "Harsh Truth" and Defense are Anti-game for healthy people and I suggest you digest what is of worth there and quickly move on.

I'm not done learning. This post helped me get a little closer to where I want to go. Many of the solid sources I pointed to in this post represent perspectives I can study that will bring me closer to what I want. More of being a Lover, perhaps. Certainly plenty of Classic Masculinity. Solid Boundaries. Some Pull to match my Push. Plenty of Balance.

Fear or Love? Which Wolf will win in your life? Which Wolf will you feed?

We shall see. Happy hunting.

Viva Daygame.

“Hello Motherf*ckers” | Satori PUA “Daygame Decoded” Review

Nash · 25 August 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Two years ago I was looking at some statistics about my blog and some related websites, and this name “Satori PUA” came up in the tools I was using. He is a daygamer. I have been exposed to a lot of Game over the years and I’d never heard of him. I was curious, and I want to get better at Game in general, so I bought his product. What follows is a review of Satori PUA’s Daygame Decoded, and a game-focused look at the man himself.

Daygame Decoded is about three hours of video files. It includes one daygame infield of Satori running game in a store (footage is not good, but the game is interesting). There are three infields of students (which aren’t particularly good at all). And he includes a full-length date with with a girl in a park – which was genuinely fascinating to watch. The meat of the product (and most of what I’ll focus on here) is the talk he gives the students.

Satori is an interesting guy and there are bits from his product that I have thought about (off and on) since I first watched it two years ago. I’ve been meaning to write about him, in part as an excuse to look at someone different, and… because I like think about Game.

Let’s take a look at Satori PUA.

AN INTRODUCTION:

Satori has a web presence and a YouTube channel. His infields aren’t great (but I am not sure I could do any better). I have never heard anyone talk about the guy, so I figure this will be new for most of the readers of this blog as well.

Most of the daygamers I know grew out of the London Daygame Model that was developed by guys like Krauser and the Daygame.com crew. They’re mostly British guys and there is a certain proper Western sensibility about them as group. Satori provides a sharp cultural contrast to the London scene… that was partly why I was curious about his game. Different Types… different Game.

> “Mostly I go indirect. I do indirect game. I don’t directly go and hit on the girl, and directly say, “I think you look hot, you know, you want to go have coffee?,” I don’t directly do that shit. What I do, I have a conversation

> based on an indirect approach."
> — Satori PUA

Satori is Dominican. He says his dad is Italian, but he was born and raised in the Dominican Republic. He delivers his instruction through a thick accent – and I preserve some of that in the quotes below. I think his ethnic combination is likely part of his foundation as a man. I am a believer that certain cultures produce "bold men" more naturally. Watching his style, I wonder about the conditions under which he developed his Game.

Satori comes off rough and raw, and so does his daygame product – very rough. I was expecting something more high-quality when I bought it. The reality is that the product is carelessly thrown together. But if you don't give up on Satori in the first few minutes, he has some very interesting things to say.

I reviewed some of his infield videos from his site as I prepared this post. He lunges for the instadate so quickly (in the first minute, it's practically his opener in some instances), I was tempted to dismiss his game. One video looks fake to me (I'm not saying it is), as the girl accepts the idate based on nothing at all. Despite all this, I have some faith in the guy. He seems congruent to me. I bet he has game.

I am not endorsing Satori, but I personally learned from him. And the endless contradictions of his personality set up a kind of balance that makes him an interesting case study.

A ROUGH START:

Most of the instruction in Daygame Decoded is in the file labeled "seminar."

I have seen some an original Mystery presentation (from years ago) and Satori is even more unpolished than that.

His instructional video is basically him and two guys in an apartment in LA. Satori sets up the webcam from his laptop so it films him from behind, over his shoulder, with the two students slumped down in the frame on the couch.

This is low production value taken to an extreme… it's sloppy. I have watched it at least three times and I'm always tempted to walk away because the "packaging" of his ideas is so poorly done. But to dismiss this man would be a mistake.

Let's start here:

Satori begins the seminar saying, "I want to get started with questions, you know? So ask me some questions." And one of his students says, "Yeah, man, I was just going to ask you about, like attraction, about how to create it." And Satori says "No. A good question, bro."

He disses the guy. It's in his words – "No. A good question, bro." – and it's also in the look he gives the kid. He smashes him. And I don't like. That looks like AMOG bullshit to me. It's a less than charming way to introduce himself, but in this instance, I see it as part of Satori's psychological profile.

He is dominant. At one point as he breaks down his own infield pickup he says, "I have an exotic look." But as you can see from the pictures, it's more of a tough guy look. Dangerous. Later in the video he says, "I have been in fights." It shows.

We begin to see Satori as a Type. We know he has Latin/Caribbean roots. He is a NYC daygame guy, but from "the DR." He is tough and – "Hey Motherfuckers" – he talks tough. He is covered in tattoos. His dominance doesn't seem like an act to me – I believe it. This is who he is.

As I reviewed his work, I could ask myself: Does the type of game that Satori runs apply to my Type? Are the things Satori is saying relevant to the Types of girls I want? Can I see myself applying anything Satori might suggest to the Context of my life?

I have watched the product several times and the answer for me is yes. Satori has a lot to say, he is a very smart guy, and I'm impressed in many ways. While his product is so unpolished it almost collapses in on itself before it can take off… once he gets going… the access to Satori's mind was worth my effort.

Despite the roughness… Satori is a surprisingly well-rounded guy.

INDIRECT DAYGAME:

Here is a sample of some of the comments he makes as he first begins to talk about daygame:

> "When you meet the girl, in the first few moments, she doesn't want nothing from you. You need to have the opportunity in be able to make conversation last enough for you to build enough value, attraction triggers, fitness indicators… to make the girl be attracted to you."

Sound familiar? It does to me.

> "I will explain you everything I do it by detail, brother. Everything I do by small details, so you can understand my game and you can understand the structure."

In fact, in terms of structure, Satori is very much "mainstream" Game. I see several things that remind me of what I know of Mystery Method. But where I think Satori is especially credible is that his examples sound like he has actually worked things out for himself in the field. I assume he is mostly self-taught. I see experience in those details in his stories.

> "If the girl is not paying attention to you in the daytime… Go in in an indirect manner, like you're just looking for directions… everybody will help you. If they doesn't do it, they going to be seen as a fucking asshole. So you're gonna take advantage of people's politeness. You put her on the spot."

How do I feel about that? I don't like any of it, to be honest. It's not my style. But Satori's game made more sense to me as I had more exposure.

I run direct game. This concept of "take advantage of people's politeness" sounds like taking value to me. And it sounds like shit game. But he has a lot more to say as he begins to warm up and drop his ideas on his pupils. And going indirect might help him (based on his Type) in a way that would not help me at all. Different game for different Types.

I am not trying to give away all of the best parts of his product, but I'll definitely go over Satori's daygame model, in part… as it's not anything new.

Satori's indirect daygame looks like this:

Indirect opener. Normal conversation and basic social comfort. He does some simple physical compliance with a high five, etc. Then he builds attraction with DHVs, masculinity, push/pull. When she is attracted and comfortable, he aims for an instadate. He sexualizes the date. He tests to see how "up for it" she is with other physical tests. He pulls if he can.

He calls this "Plan A."

There is a lot more detail to it than that. I think the "specifics" of his talk are very, very good. He reviews the model a couple of times as he talks to his students, repeating some ideas, saying them different ways, adding detail, doing some demo's to show the students what he means. His back is to the camera the whole time… it could have been a lot better… but it is surprisingly good just the way it is.

PRETENDING:

So, Satori is into Indirect Game. As in, he doesn't immediately hit on the girl. Satori opens with things like, "Hey, do you know where I can find this place?" We can compare that to the London guys, that might open more directly with (the stereotypical), "I want to say you look nice."

I never liked "you like nice" (which may have originally come from Eric Weber's, "How To Pickup Girls"), but I like the directness of the London guys better. Learning to go direct was one of the most beautiful things about daygame for me – it actually did change my life. I still can't come up with anything to say sometimes, but for the girls that really give me what Krauser calls the "DNA tug," I always do – and I always go direct. "Hey… you have a fantastic walk… I want to meet you." Something like that.

We know from the opening bit that Satori uses "social politeness" to get his sets to hook. It is a little counter-intuitive, but this may be a better option for his particular "dangerous" persona.

His Type already catches your attention. He is masculine and polarizing, by default. So he can start softer in terms of the structure and the verbals, while his non-verbals (his look and the serious quality in his eyes) does a lot of the work. He doesn't need as much directness to kick-start the set. In fact, going boring/indirect (at first) might help take the edge off his look and open up a wider range of girls.

But this all starts with him pretending.

> "In order for you to be good at doing indirect you have to be a good actor. You have to pretend that you're asking a question. You have to pretend that you're busy. You have to pretend that you're going to the bar that you're asking to."

I don't like it. It's not that Satori is trying to trick the girls. He's not a liar, per se. And it's not "snake seduction." We'll see later that he has an uncommonly good sense for true value in a man. But this is how he starts. And I don't like it – for my Type. And I think for many other Types of men, indirectness is less potent and more "slippery" than direct.

Most guys aren't as badass as Satori. And they don't know how to lead and escalate sexually like this man does. So

indirect starts a bit weak, shows little intent, “hides your dick,” and presents the same problems indirect game always suffers from – at some point you have to begin to show intent. At some point, she has to know you like her, that this is a pickup, that you want to get her naked. And starting indirect will be a problem for men with less natural sexuality than the Type of man Satori represents.

But while Satori starts with pretending, I’d say he is no pretender. From what I can see, he looks very solid. So I’d caution his students to understand the weakness of an indirect start with a woman, and to consider modifications that might make sense for your Type as a man. You’re likely not as strong as he is, so a weak start will put you further behind.

> “An indirect approach work 80% of the time, because she wants to help you. She doesn’t know that you hit on her. But you are in the conversation. That is the goal… without triggering any red flags.”

I think most women aren’t fooled by indirect at all. The guy can say whatever, but his “energy” will show what he is really after. For most men, indirect will (in fact) be a red flag – as it comes of “sneaky” and false. And he will generate more red flags as he tries to transition to being sexual. It can be done, and it can be done well (and Satori is a good example), but I don’t like it.

One of the strengths of the London Model is that the directness gives men a strong start. I don’t think Satori is thinking from his students point of view when he recommends indirect game. He is teaching *his* game.

And that is fine with me… I have seen enough to be interested. Particularly when I look at what he is saying in the Context of his Type.

LOGISTICS:

An area where Satori and I are in more agreement is around logistics.

The “Plan A” goal of his pickup is the insta-date and I like how he talks about the logistics of that kind of quick, immediate date.

> “You know… to be able to take her some place that has a good vibe. ‘I want to show you a really good place, you know. It’s like a nice view, you know?’ You need to know places, you know?”

Nothing ground breaking here, but this is good advice. In my home town, and each time I am in a new city, the first order of business is locking down my logistics. I start scouting date locations. Bars and restaurants, yeah. But other, simple dates, too. A good man knows his territory.

Here is something he might say as he is ready to bounce the girl to the idate:

> “‘I know a really cool place. Not all weird, like drinking. I can show you a really cool place, a nice view.'”

(If that sounds like he’s over-selling it, I agree. But he is often breaking-rapport (“push”) at the same time with the sternness of his face. You can see that in his infields. The “push” in his look gives the “pull” in his verbals some balance.)

I like that specific example. It is interesting for me, in part, as he is calling out to the girl that this isn’t about getting her drunk. The London Model is very alcohol oriented. That is fine, but alcohol isn’t necessary at all, and I like how this example emphasizes that part.

In Sapporo earlier this year, I spotted this great “indoor park” in a high rise. It was a space between two retail stores, with some simple benches, it faced some big floor-to-ceiling windows. That was it. When I saw it, I took a mental

note – great date location. I used it several times on that trip – meeting the girl, grabbing tea, a short walk to this spot, and we'd sit and talk and I'd run game. Dead simple, but the girls liked it. So did I.

> "You need to take her to environments that work in your favor. The environment helps you. You take her to a place that will help you build a romantic connection."

And he is right, the environment often does have a big impact on a seduction. Excellent comments here.

YES GIRLS:

Satori doesn't use the term "Yes Girl" in his product. That is a term I know from the London School. But he does point at some contingencies for Yes vs Maybe Girls.

We know his Plan A:

> "Connection, all the shit, take her to the instant date, do all the shit to fuck her."

Roy Walker might talk about a same day lay in a different way, but Satori is showing his preference for an SDL when possible.

> "But most of the time, you're going to find girls that don't want to talk to you. Then you have to go through the whole process I told you about."

Here ^ he is referring to his indirect game, but Satori does have some instances when he goes direct.

> "You need to talk to her, you know. And when you talk to her, she is going to give you some different reactions. She is going to start smiling. Because, she is interested. And then, you go direct. 'Hey, you're so fucking nice.'"

So, if she hooks on the open, he'll dispense with the pretending and go direct. Cool. Makes sense.

> "If you talk to the girl, if she is not complying to your shit, to your game — 'I have to go, I have to go' — 'Okay, nice to meet you. If you want, we can go for a coffee some time. Do you have Instagram?' I go for the Instagram. She can see pictures of me… but that's Plan B."

Very familiar. Guys like Seven Daygame even have a preference for Instagram Game, but for Satori IG is only for these weak "Maybe" girls.

> "Get the number… just in case."

Good enough.

ADVANCE GAME: "WE TEST HER"

This is one of the pieces of this review that is most relevant to where I am at in Game and where I want to move toward.

To set this up, I will talk about my Kiss Close. It's not particularly complicated – I just step in and kiss her. I try to do it on every first date, often in the middle of the date. I have recommended this to other guys. I say that even

when the kiss is rejected, that it is a form of “communication” that makes it clear I’m not a “friend.” It sets up sexual expectations. Once I have already made a sexual move, if she comes out again, she knows what to expect.

I say all this. I believe it. I still like that strategy, and yet… it’s a little crude. I can see that too.

> “Some people will ask: ‘How do you transition from one thing to the next?’ ‘How do you make it smooth?’ I really don’t make it smooth. When I am ready to talk about the next thing, I just barge right into it.”
> — Brad P

Here is Brad P talking about conversation, but it fits my physical escalation rather well.

Brad thinks guys over-analyze how to make transitions (sexual/verbal/etc) “smooth”, and then they make no move at all. That is a real problem for beginners. Brad is saying “smooth” doesn’t matter that much. And for beginners and early-intermediates, I think that is true (don’t worry about it). But if you want to work toward Advanced Game and Top Guy status, it seems clear being a little less crude is a good idea. Satori has some specifics.

Satori on the Kiss Close:

> “Look in the eyes, and get closer, and you see in her reaction… If she pushes you away, just like go back, stay back, and go back in. If she is comfortable, she is smiling, just go and kiss her. We have to test first. Don’t just go for the kiss really fast. You have to test her to see where she is at.”

That sounds really simple, but it’s good instruction. I am happy for the reminder and the inspiration. I know I can do better here.

That is a sample of some of the detail in Satori’s product and it’s very specific. And it’s also pretty rare to get this level of detail. Yohami was trying to get me see this years ago, and Satori’s example helps me refocus on this area.

> “I only escalate when they are going to say ‘yes.’ Lead, tease, ‘swing your dick,’ see what resonates, then double on that. This is how you get a YES from every girl.”
> — Yohami

Yohami is a God. And Satori sounds a lot like him.

One of the defining criteria of Top Guy is that he doesn’t hear “no.” Often that is because he is in such strong demand, that girls are especially compliant. But other times it is because Top Guy’s game is so good, she never has to say “no.” She never has to “hits the brakes,” as Top Guy paces her so well. This is part of how she knows she’s with Top Guy.

If “I drive the car in such a way” that she has to hit the brakes, she can immediately tell I am “that kind of driver.” And she will treat me like me all the men she has known before that also lack expert calibration. She’ll show more resistance. She’ll test me more. She’ll give me “puzzles” to overcome. This is how girls treat Bottom Guy.

If she never has to say “no,” she has a different experience. And testing the girl (like Satori is teaching) offers a way to escalate and avoid “hitting the wall” and hearing “no.” Top Guy doesn’t hear “no.” This is part of how that is done.

I can (and do) make arguments that you can’t always wait until she is glowing and ready. Sometimes, you have to wade in there, even if what happens is she pushes back. Very often, after the first attempt, your desire kicks off her desire. Less advanced guys could take Satori’s advice as an excuse not to pull the trigger at all, but there is a sweet spot of escalation and testing that is very solid game.

What Satori is teaching here is high-value material.

SATORI'S 1-10 SCALE:

From the very first time I worked my way through this product I knew I would someday write about his 1-10 "number scale" for women.

Here it is:

> "If there's a 10, she is fucking beautiful as fuck, and she's a smart, and she's not crazy."
> "If she's a 9, she's beautiful, but she has some flaws. You know? Maybe she's not smart, or she's not emotionally stable, but she is beautiful."
> "8, she's cute. She doesn't have great titties, but she has a nice ass. She's not fat."
> "7, she is okay."
> "6, okay, I fuck her."
> "5, ewwwww, you fuck her when you're drunk."
> "4, that you don't want to fuck, but you fuck at the bar."

Perfect. Totally familiar, but I like some of the unique touches Satori brings to this very common rating scale.

Two things jump out at me:

1.) That a "10" for Satori is a lot more than looks. Even referencing qualities beyond looks is a good influence on men as they consider how to evaluate women. And then 2.), That the upper levels include references to her emotional health indicators.

When it comes to what Satori wants, he is clear to add "emotionally stable" to his list. I lot of guys would never mention that. It's another example of his experience. "Emotional stability" is something we don't talk about enough in the Community. And by including those points the way he does, Satori again shows some multi-facetedness that is unexpected from a man that is so fond of the word "motherfucker."

BEING AN ATTRACTIVE MAN:

> "Let's talk about lifestyle and attraction. Like how to keep a girl in your life, you know."

We know how Satori ranks women. And as we start to do the same here with men, we'll frame it in the Context of not just pickup, but in terms of holding onto a woman once you've got her.

> "For men, attraction is not from 1 -10. It can be 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15….. all the way up. There is no limit to how attractive you can be as a man."

I like that.

> "If you want to make a girl stay in your life, you have to be an attractive guy. You need to develop that character to be that man. Experience a lot of things to become that guy."

For a guy that specializes in pickup and SDLs, we'd expect more in terms of "tricks" to getting girls interested. But Satori surprises us again with his emphasis on value and character. In his seminar he rattles off a list of traits of an Attractive Man that includes: Being alpha, being a leader, emotionally stability ("relaxed, chill, happy, fun"), protector, risk taker, also smart and romantic.

As a group of men, we could come up with a list like that pretty easily, but I am impressed to see the range of

values Satori appreciates in these recommended traits.

> "I am developing different areas in my life, that make me be an attractive male. At the end of the day, you want to keep girls around. A good lifestyle, so she is comfortable with you."

Balanced. Well done.

KEEPING WOMEN IN YOUR LIFE vs "MUH-HYPERGAMY":

One more time:

> "At the end of the day, you want to keep girls around."

We know he is into taking the girls from the street to his bed as quickly as possible. He is a Type that can likely do that better than most of us. But it is cool to see that he also wants to "keep girls around" some of the time.

Despite the emphasis on flashy stories and fast sex in our Community, it is a true that a lot men that find any success with Game eagerly turn a pickup into a girlfriend. I think most men are less into ongoing cold approach than Satori might be. When they find a compatible girl they quickly fall into a relationship. I can respect that (even if that isn't what I want). They make a connection and they want to retain it.

This has been on my mind lately as I dissect some of the darker corners of the Harsh Truthers' version of the Redpill scene. I am increasingly convinced that to understand Redpill culture, you have to appreciate that that scene caters to the Type of man that is married or divorced. They are less about Seduction and more about "late term" relationships. "Keeping a woman around" has more emphasis there.

And I am critical of the way the Redpill scene presents options to men. Particularly around a favorite Redpill topic – "Muh Hypergamy." The Redpillers sing in an endless chorus about hypergamy and the lack of loyalty in the girls in their lives. I rarely, if ever, hear much about their own worthiness as they trot out examples of "thots" and "branch swinging." It's always someone else's fault.

Let's compare them to Satori:

> "A woman wants to find a guy she can be in a relationship with. Woman, they only want one guy. They want the best guy. And you can show her you are the best, because you have experience, because you're a leader, because you're alpha, because you have skills and you're smart. You need to build up yourself in different areas in order to become an attractive male that keep woman in your life. Develop your character."

Satori may be a Redpiller, but he certainly doesn't remind me of one.

The comment above plays off of the concept of hypergamy very well, except… Satori thinks women "only want one guy." And it's no big conspiracy for him that "they want the best guy." And rather than moan about it, he lays out some notes on how to be that "best guy." And I am impressed. So refreshing versus the "hypergamy doesn't care," victim mentality of some of the low-value Redpillers (they don't see the lack of value is often the problem).

Satori's recommendation for "keeping girls around," for being a man that can retain a woman's attention, is to "develop your character." Timeless, easy to understand, and wise. No Redpill crybaby shit. Solid.

Satori is Dominican. And Italian. And he was raised in a more traditional culture, one that likely has stronger masculine roots than the Anglo cultures and most of the West. And we can see it in the radical difference in his expectations for himself (it's not really about the girls). Satori looks clean, sober. He is much more confident than what I hear from The Harsh Truth Redpill guys. In that way… I think he shows how guys in Game approach these

challenges. He is an excellent example for us.

> "I have been in fights, physical fights. I am romantic. I sing Italian opera. I speak three languages. I have different shit in my life, that make me seem like a potential partner."

He may be a skirt-chaser, but he has some smart things to say about being a "potential partner" for the would-be Boyfriends and Husbands out there.

And I will call out – once again – his emphasis on emotional stability. He is specific when he says "relaxed, chill, happy, fun." This is more contrast to the lopsided bitterness in the Redpill crew. Vibe (your "energy") matters if you want to keep her around… or attract girls in the first place.

Satori has some shadow and darkness. But he is showing a lot of indications of warmth and light as well. In this way I think he shows up as a more Complete Man. If you want to "keep women in your life," he has some great notes for you here.

If you're not getting confident, well-balanced leadership out of TRP… you have a lot of other choices.

PERFECT DATE:

There is more to the video than just the seminar. I mentioned some infields, but there is also the "bonus" of the Perfect Date video that is included in his product.

I could do a whole post just on that date, but as a teaser, here is how the date begins:

He walks up to her, and says, "Hey, What's up?" He looks at her, but not for long. He taps her on the arm. And starts walking… she follows.

Yohami used to teach this… that the physical is more potent than the words. And Jason Savage says "the nonverbal trumps the verbal." I think that is true.

Unlike the seminar, the date is really excellent footage. She is a proud, "Western," working girl. She tries to enforce a superior frame on Satori over and over. She tests him. And we have a perfect view as he dances with her and

demonstrates great game. And of course… she loves it. The dialog is explosive at times. Excellent.

Just that footage alone is worth taking a look at this product.

I think that is enough.

So… am I going to abandon my direct style and start “pretending” my phone has no service and “I need help finding Victoria Secrets?” No. Definitely not.

But I have a lot of take-aways from this post… things to think about… validation of paths I was already on… and an opportunity to improve my game by doing a little more “testing” when the Kiss Close is on the table. That and more.

How about you? Maybe you’re a different Type of man than Satori, but can you see yourself using any of his comments in the Context of your own Game?

Satori is a very interesting guy and he provides excellent contrast to the London scene. And… I bet he’s is indeed, very good with girls.

I learned from him here. I hope you were inspired, I know I was. And while I shared criticism along with the praise…. I was definitely impressed.

As I give a final round of thanks to Satori PUA, I’ll say, “see you later, Motherfuckers.”

Viva daygame.

50 Shades of No | Breaking the Girl

Nash · 1 September 2019 · Archived copy · Original

I am in Japan. I just finished another "very long date." Three days this time. With the girl that was a virgin until this February (when I cured her of that problem). She is Chinese, but living in Tokyo. She flew into the city where I am now… for a three day weekend with me. It was good, in many ways. But also complicated – mostly related to the sex. And that is what I want to write about in this story of a girl, her relationship to her body, and my weekend navigating her lack of sexual experience.

Last February I picked her up in Tokyo. She wears the kind of round, nerdy glasses that so many Chinese girls wear. I love that look. I see those girls in my hometown in California. I saw them when I was doing daygame in Shanghai. And when I spotted this girl on a sunny afternoon in Tokyo, it's was natural to want to approach her.

> "You look, so cute, in those glasses."

I called her Miss Compliant at the time. It's ironic now, giving all the "no's" in this story… but she was compliant when I first picked her up. She was available when I wanted to see her. She was accommodating. She agreed with anything I wanted to do.

She was 27 when I met her, and, like I said… a virgin. She had fooled around a bit (before me), but very little. As I pushed her sexual boundaries in those early dates, it became clear to me how disconnect she was from her body. I saw that in her (and also in another girl) on that trip. Seeing her so disinterested in her body was a big reference experience for me. She is a "thinker" that pays almost no attention to anything below her shoulders… that made it a little hard to turn her on.

Saying that another way:

I have a theory that you can assess a girl by the amount of her "attention" (or whatever you want to call it) that goes

into thinking (her head), feeling (her heart), or the physical (her body).

Miss Compliant is a very, very smart girl. I love that about her. But she puts almost 100% of her attention into her mind (she is all head). She is not particularly emotional (heart). And I believe she really has almost zero sexual appetite (very little connection to her body).

It's not that she cannot appreciate sex (we'll see that she can), but it has never been a focus for her. Never. This is how she retained her virginity as long as she did.

I like to role play classical masculine/feminine archetypes with girls. With Miss Thick I was The Wolf. With Miss Bangs I have been The Beast. With this girl, I have been "Kaibutsu" – which is one word for Monster in Japanese. These roles are set up to align with ideas of strength, power, aggressiveness, and sexuality.

It is as The Monster that I consistently expose her to my sexuality. She also calls me Strong Man. Or Bad Man. I am bad, mean, nasty, terrible, sexual, and hungry. In contrast, she is smart, sweet, small, lovely and helpless against my advances. It's an old story… and a hot one. We fit our roles well.

Over text I would say nice things about her (pull), and then balance with some egoic "cad behavior," some Monster talk, some overt threats of sexuality (push). She took it well.

Travelling to see a girl (or bringing her to you) presents a kind of an investment with some risk… things can go wrong. As a man is considering investing his time and resources toward a sexual adventure with a girl, he should probably make damn sure that that sex is clearly on the agenda before commitments are made. As I moved to set up a very long date with her while I was in Japan this month, I used some "Bad Man" sexuality via text to set up that vibe.

She took it well. It felt good. I was excited to see her.

She arrived on Friday. And she looked… fucking amazing.

I originally picked her up on a near-freezing afternoon, as she was wearing a big, down coat. I have had her naked several times, so it wasn't a complete shock, but…

Seeing her this time in little white shorts and a yellow t-shirt, I literally blurted out "wow." Her hair was a bit longer this time, very healthy. Clear skin. A great smile. And the nerdy glasses were a bonus. She was happy to see me.

I had most of the weekend mapped out. Dinners. A few small adventures. And a rough idea for how I could move the sex along. And not just the sex, but some "deep sex" (another favorite theme of mine) – where "deep" is about the emotions. About fucking her in way that goes beyond the purely physical.

When I took her virginity in Tokyo this last Winter, it took several dates to get her that far. The first time I got my cock in her she practically screamed. And she got mad. It had been a very physical struggle. This is where the "no's" begin. She is compliant… but she defends her soft, little body quite well. On the one hand, I was a shameless Monster on every occasion. She knew perfectly well what to expect, and she accepted date after date knowing I would escalate each time as much as she could handle. On the other hand, she would say "no" a lot. And physically fight me off. She would never really give herself to me. In part, as the pleasure of it (at least in her mind) had little rational appeal to her then.

Yeah. So that first time I got my cock in her, she forced me off. And she sat up. And she was mad – or appeared to be. And she shoved at me. And she cried a little. And she said she would leave. It was dramatic. But I handled all that very well, at the time. I held my ground. I consoled her, but never apologized. I cared for her, I wanted her to have a good experience, but an experience with me would include me fucking her.

If this had all happened on one night, no way I would have pushed her that far. If she was the kind of girl that was capable of surrender, I wouldn't need to. But she is special in this way.

That particular morning (it was a morning when her cherry was first pierced) ended beautifully. She calmed down. We had a slow lunch together. She laughed. We made out in an alley as I walked her back to the train. She was into me, at least as much as before.

This is what she is like sexually – complicated.

A day or so after she felt her first penetration I had her back in my apartment in Tokyo. She was sexually detached again. I warmed her up as much as I could. I ate her pussy (as always). And I worked my cock back inside her again. It's was not easy. Physically, she is tiny. And she resists. Not a solid no, but still half-pushing me back. Extending her legs to make it impossible to really drive into her. I would tell her to relax. To pull her legs back, and the look in her eyes would show she was actually trying… but this is all difficult for her. And I would get inside and inch or two, and she'd tense up, and push me back out.

I didn't consider the first time I had her as a "notch." I really had just the one stroke before she erupted in anger.

That second time, at night, I was in her half a dozen times. I was deep enough to enjoy it, but never buried to the hilt. It was sex. It was a notch.

She was mine. It was hot… but it wasn't complete. And it wasn't "deep" sex at all.

As this post is all about the intersection of her psychology and her sexuality, I'll say a bit more:

She comes alive when she is jerking me off… in a way I have ever seen before. She loves it. It's a completely different side of her. She is a wonder in that role. I like a good handjob more than any guy I've ever met, but even so… it's a side dish, not the main course. But for her, I think it's about a kind of control.

In her particular case, I think when she is jerking me off she can say "yes" sexually, as she does it from a place of control and power. Not "controlling," but "in control." When I please her, when I go down on her, when she receives… she is "out of control." And she can't relax into "yes" until the pleasure I force upon her pushes her over-worked mind out of the way.

Once she has experienced enough pleasure, her mind relents and her body finally gets to enjoy the ride. Until then, her mind is an obstacle. She works, via her intellect, to hold onto "control" – not of me, but – of herself.

That is one of many theories I have about this girl.

So on the first night of this trip we ran some errands together and took a cab uptown to drop her suitcase in my very nice little apartment. I kissed her a bit. I pawed at her. And then we cleaned up and took the subway back downtown for dinner. We walked around a bit after. And then home. And she wanted to shower, and we did. I made her let me undress her, and she fought at me, as always… but she looked amazing naked.

I got her into bed… and she was lovely. Such a good looking girl. All those contours of creamy skin. Her big, soft, beautiful lips are amazing.

One of the ways she says "no" is when she locks those lips up and fails to let them relax as I kiss her. Before she is properly warmed up, she will make them stiff and unlovable.

I would use masculinity and the Monster's touch to force her past that. I'd verbally tell her, "relax your lips," and she would. Her mouth would become accessible and peach-like in its juiciness. She is actually a fantastic kisser… when I force her to become one. I'd say, "give me your tongue" and she would.

I told my wing Sundance I do this kind of thing and he said something about me being soft in some aspects of

seduction, but a bull in those moments. He said something like that… and perhaps that is true. And that ability seemed to be required to unlock this particular girl.

I ate her pussy. And her beautiful little ass. And while she seemed to be an almost reluctant participant, the wetness of that tiny pussy told a different story.

There is an idea that if a girl isn't chomping after you, if she isn't enthusiastically running towards sex… she isn't into you, you have no value, or you're running bad game. And that may be true some of the time. Maybe some other guy could bring Miss Compliant into that frame… but I don't think so.

If I had waited for her to show desire, I never would have seen it. If I had failed to escalate until I saw she was hot… she'd still be a virgin. Some girls are like this.

I want to be crystal clear… I am NOT suggesting men should have to "push past resistance." For moral reasons alone, you should not . And beyond that, as Yohami points out – that is the trademark of Bottom Guy. I agree. But Yohami doesn't fuck girls like this one. And she is a Type. This story explores a Type of girl like her.

So… I ate that pussy. And she took it so much better than earlier this year. I don't know if she came. But she squirmed. And made beautiful noises. And I kept it up for a long while. Several rounds of some kind of climax, a rest, and then more. And then… I wanted to fuck her.

I got a condom. I climbed up between her creamy thighs. As I got hard and she had a resistant look on her face again. What to make of that? Is that a real "no?" I rubbed my cock against her clit and she winced. It looked like pain. I pressed it further. She said it hurt… that my facial hair had irritated her. It looked very convincing.

She said she wanted to jerk me off. I thought about it, took in that pained look on her face… and I agreed. As she had "control" she transformed into that kinky, happy side of herself. And she used two hands and rubbed me down until I exploded. She smiled and purred. She loved it.

It was hot. It was a great orgasm. But it was also almost entirely physical. A good orgasm… but it wasn't "sex." It wasn't her and I "together." It wasn't connected at all.

> "'Sexual desire as a 'desire for sex,' and sex as a matter of 'pleasurable of sensations." This picture of sex, is already a demoralized picture. It is a picture which makes the personal nature of the object irrelevant to the desire."
> — Roger Scruton

Roger is an old man, very conservative, and a prude. But the quote here is taken from a talk that, from my point of view as a seducer of women, fascinates me. I am a skirt chaser and a philanderer. But sexual speaking, I am after more than just "junk calories." The object of my desire is entirely relevant. So is the mutual, shared dance of a rich, sexual experience. I want a breadth of sexual experiences. But I want them to be deep, and personal, and emotional as well.

This wasn't what I wanted.

And so the first night passed without her really "opening" to me at all.

The next day, before we left on the day's adventure, I pushed her onto the bed. And I made out with her. And she took the kissing at something like a level of "lukewarm" passion.

It was still hot. When she isn't a full, "bounding yes" I have to be forceful and dominant to move us along… which I like. I am required to be dominant and to dominate her feels good. And I got turned on, pressing my cock against her. And I started to pull her little shorts off. I hadn't planned on fucking her, but I was about to. And she was a big "no." "Not now." "It's light out." "Later." She had a thousand reasons. It felt like testing.

I talked with her about surrender. It was a kind of lecture. I talked with her about her fondness for “no.” I told her it was hot to force her. But it also made my role as a man more dangerous. I told her that I realized that the only reason she wasn’t a virgin anymore, was that I was willing to (with much consideration and care) force her that time in Tokyo. In that specific instance, that was okay with me (morally), as I had established a pattern of showing her what she should expect, escalating each time. And through all that, she kept coming back to me, date after date… right up to the point of her first penetration.

She give me very little feedback as I gave her this talk… but with regard to me needing to “force her”… she’d agreed… and smiled a little.

She knows the only reason she is not a virgin anymore is because I took it from her. This is who she is, at this point of her life, sexually.

I continued:

“Do you need violence,” I asked her? “Is that what it takes for you?” I was testing her here (and myself, as well). I could be violent with her, for her, in the context of being her lover… if that is what it took to unlock her emotions and that guarded space between her legs.

If you recall, I made her mad when I first put my cock in her. Very mad. But she recovered so quickly and thoroughly. It was a bonding experience. Maybe she likes mad? Maybe she likes violence?

I don’t think she is “broken” at all. I don’t think this is her recasting some kind of abuse from earlier in her life… I just think… she is complicated.

“Do you need me to make you mad to bring you deeper into sex?” She didn’t answer me. She is strong willed, but she doesn’t know what she wants. This whole experiment was up to me.

I held her down and I was very rough. I forced my tongue into her mouth. She said she’d had enough, but I was testing her. I had her pinned and I could use my free hand to grope her. I continued until she was mad and then I stopped. She told me to get off her, but I didn’t.

I just gave her some room and continued to hold her in place. I stared into her eyes. I was dominant, but with a lot of care. I told her she was alright… and she fumed a bit… and I caressed her… and it was moving back to a loving place again. And in a few minutes… she was fine. 100%. She went from having her wrists pinned down to the sheets to holding my hand in about three minutes. She left the anger and became the “student” again, listening to my questions and my analysis of who she is and what I think she needs…

But I don’t really know. I am getting closer, but I am still experimenting and guessing. With her. And with all these girls.

Game is an art, not a science.

This blog contains so much of what I DO know… but nothing like the story of this girl. She is a special case. This is why I am writing this post… to document a special case. To go past, “she gave me LMR, but then I fucked her.” There is always more than that.

We had a long adventure that day and it was great. We tease each other a lot. She likes me. We are compatible and it’s easy to spend time with her.

We returned home. Rested. Showered. Went to a really great dinner. And then back home again. I assumed I would fuck her…

I was wrong.

We came home and did our own thing for a while. And she sat on the couch next to me. It was getting late. I

dragged her to bed. She was lukewarm, as usual… which obviously doesn't intimidate me. I know this about her. As I turned up the heat, she complained, she said no, she squirmed, and I pressed on.

And then she said she needed another shower. And that was bullshit. I told her not to be a brat. I told her we could "play games" but I want us on the same team. She made that tight, resisting face and I rolled off.

"Okay. Go. But then come back here and give yourself to me."

I felt fighty. Being serious and dominant with her is likely right on course, but "fighting energy" wasn't the answer and I knew it. It's never the answer.

There is some established knowledge in Seduction that a woman will test you, push you emotionally, and then dismiss you if you show you can't handle her… and handle her well.

> "She will make you lose your cool in some way – having you feel guilty over some irrelevant subject, nagging about everything, offending you – so that you will do something stupid like shout, beat her, or feel desperate and depressed. After that, she'll have a reason to justify her behavior – to cheat on you, leave you."
> — Franco

Some of how she presented herself that night was real. And some of this was testing me. And I felt the consequences of those tests in the air.

> "…then you're 'not the man she was expecting' and suddenly the rules change and the whole thing realigns, and you get a harder puzzle, and less attraction."
> — Yohami

When Yohami says "a harder puzzle," you can think of that as a test. So when you fail a test (you go "beta," you get pissed off, whatever), you get a harder test, and so on, until you break through or… she cuts you off entirely.

I felt that potential in the air and in my body. I put on some music. I worked on my own vibe while she was in the bathroom. I got control of my state.

I was staring at the ceiling when she came back to bed. I was a little serious, but cooler. She dropped her towel and put her flawless little body into bed next to me. I looked at her… she was gorgeous to my eyes. She wasn't turned on. She wasn't seducing me. She wasn't sexy, but she was (in a nerdy way) very beautiful. And that beauty was what inspired me to go forward after all the pushback and bullshit from her. And I did.

And after me dominating her some more… she was wet and marvelous again. The contrast between the tests of her facial expressions and the honest moisture of her pussy was night and day.

I climbed up between her thighs again… and again… that pained face. Even if it was a "test," it was terribly authentic to look at. It was a "no." And she wasn't using words, but it was very convincingly a "no."

She complained of her stomach this time. And she does have a weak stomach… but regardless… it was a tax on me in this moment, as you might imagine.

And I'm sure part of it was a test as well.

I could have fucked her. I could have forced her to take my cock. And it's very possible she would have enjoyed it if I had… but there was no joy in it for me at this point.

> "Proceeding rightly, we can find fulfillment, but proceeding wrongly, we risk destruction."
> — Roger Scruton

And I wouldn't force it this time. I knew I wouldn't be happy if I did. I could have fucked her… and I wasn't

worried about “destroying” her in that moment. If I had fucked her then, mostly against her will, the “destruction” would have been that I compromised my own values.

So… I changed gears so fast, I am sure it surprised her.

I rolled off and nudged her to one side of the bed. And I pulled the blankets up around her (to make sure she was warm). And I tucked her in, shielding her little body from the harshness of the cold, air-conditioned air.

I wasn’t happy (not at all). But I really wasn’t mad. She was irritating me. She is a “difficult student.” But I have enough experience to know that sex in that moment would have been joyless. It would have been “dumping a come” into her. She may be a pain in the ass (and she clearly is, in this particular way), but I know I can take better care of her than that.

I didn’t fuck her in that moment because it wouldn’t have been good for me. I don’t just want sex… I want sexy. I have more respect for myself than to rip some dry sex out of a lifeless experience. No thanks.

So, I wrapped her up in the blanket. I put on a movie on. I climbed into bed next to her. I was affectionate, but in a cool way. None of it was a “technique” or an “act.” I was done with it all for the night. I removed my attention.

And she felt it. And as I “leaned back” I could feel her “lean in” to fill the space. And I drifted toward sleep as the movie played. And she was at least as affectionate as usual – maybe more so.

And I woke up a bit later, and rolled over to look at her as she watched the screen… and the light from the monitor gave a glow to her prefect skin. I grabbed her and kissed her… and her mouth was wet and wonderful. There was a bit of passion, but it wasn’t on…

Another night had ended with “no.”

She slept close all night. And I think the small measure of coldness I showed – which was not a punishment, but was genuine – gave her something new. A sprinkle of emotional violence. I wasn’t mad. She wasn’t in trouble. But I had let her know she was near the end of her leash.

In the morning, she always wakes up earlier than me. And this, our second morning of the trip, she was clean and sparkly and happy, as she read a book next to me in the bed while I slept.

When I was ready to get up… I did. And she stayed in bed. I took a leak. I drank some water. I got a piece of fruit and shared it in bed with her. And I kissed her, and she took it. And she was more smiley. Not passionate, but softer… and happier. And I sucked her mouth and slid my hands up her smooth belly under her shirt to her small little boobs. And down her light shorts, to play with her ass, and with her pussy… and she was wet.

I pulled her to her to the edge of the bed… and licked at her until she moaned and tosses in the sheets. And then… once again… I moved between her thighs.

As I ripped open the package of the world best condom her face tightened. It was less tight, but it still looked like a “no.” And she suggested she rub me out again. Then her offer changed to sucking me off. But I stared her down. And I advance into her territory. And the condom was on. And I was hard and ready for her. And I started the process of actually getting my cock in her tiny pussy once again.

And it wasn’t easy.

Just like the first time… it took so many stops and starts. She was pushing back, tightening her pretty thighs, making it difficult… but I would tell her what I wanted:

“Pull your legs back.” And she would. And her face showed she genuinely wanted to. When I get this far, she always looks like she wants to, but her body wouldn’t let it happen. I was maybe half way in. And I’d say it again, “pull your legs back to your chest.” I’d force them back and she’d try to help. And I’d say, “take it, take my cock,”

and I could see her try harder. Her mind was almost open… so her body was more able to follow.

Finally… I was in. Not just a bit… but all the way… for the first time… for her first time, ever.

And you should have seen her face. I'll never forget it.

Her eyes popped open. She gasped. I'm not a woman (thank the Gods), but I imagine that being filled up is different than just being "mostly penetrated." And I had finally filled her completely. She was passionate. Suddenly. She had her arms around my neck. She was kissing me in a way she never had before… And I was fucking her.

I had finally fucked this girl wide open.

And she started to shake. Tremble and shake. And she tried to stop. "I'm shaking!," she said, with alarm. I know, I said. "And you look wonderful." And her legs would try to extend again… and I'd tell her, "take it," and she would. I'd push back in and her eyes would flood with energy. I fucked her. And we kissed. And she shook. And we stared into each other's eyes. And it was finally "deep." Not just physically, but emotionally. Once I had finally taken her… she was really giving herself to me.

She lost her virginity in February. But in September, she was finally really fucked for the first time. And it was beautiful to see. It was amazing. It was… worth it. Jesus.

> "It's just like horses, you gotta break 'em. In other words, you gotta break the girl, and tame her. Then you can be nice and do nice stuff."
> — Janka

After I came inside her, we stared into each other's eyes until I grew soft again. And I pulled out, and laid next to her. And we talked. And she was still lit up. And she was a "better student" as I continued my lecture of what we had done, and what I had seen in her, and what she had quite obviously felt. And it was great. And she was learning. About sex. And about her body.

That body was finally unlocking. Finally knowing why all the rest of us are interested in sex. Amazing.

What a ridiculous experience.

And that is what all this is for me. It's about her. I do like this girl. And it's about her and I. We are lovers. Not exactly the best of lovers, but I do what I can… given the nature of each of us. And this is about experience. And about reference experiences.

I gained a million new, subtle, special, reference experiences from my times with this girl. I am trying to share them here.

I sometimes think of Seduction like the training for a truly great "doctor." The most common "ailments," the most common conditions, are seen most often, and that kind of knowledge comes easy… the lessons are "cheap," and "common," in a way.

But what happens when something rare comes up? When something mysterious comes along? When something difficult and elusive is presented and needs a "cure?" Often, we fail in those moments. Even very "good doctors" do. But when we are curious, and when we work at it, when we take our time, when we explore the situation ("and swing our dicks"), sometimes we see something in a case that suddenly makes sense. One clue leads to another. Maybe we fail again, but we're closer. And over time, we find answers to difficult questions.

That is real experience. Those are "expensive" lessons. That is uncommon knowledge.

I lay all this out with such detail, as she is a special case. No one has taught me how to deal with moments like this one. Force is not enough. Patience alone would have surely failed. It was more than all of that.

I take lessons from the Locker Room, about dominance, leadership and certainty. I take lessons from Psychology, about reading her, about the pace of “sexual learning” and comfort in a girl. I take lessons from Emotional Tools (what I used to call “Hippy Tech”), about how to “open her,” to go past her body (Locker Room), her head (Psychology) and into her heart (the emotions of it all). And from there…

I am on my own in situations like this.

As we learn about game.. eventually… it’s just us… alone with the girl… “in the dark.”

I fucked her again that night. I wasn’t particular horny, but I wanted to finish off the experience of the weekend… to make it complete. It wasn’t as breathtaking as that morning… but it was again, very good. She resisted, but not as much. And when I split her open, she went “wide” and “deep” for me again. And her eyes were electric once more. And her mouth was hungry.

She likes being fucked… and maybe now she finally understands what that means.

On our last morning together, we woke early and there as no time for more. I took her to break the fast with souffle pancakes. And I sent her home, back to Tokyo.

It’s been over 24 hours since she left. She is not my favorite lover, but I like her, very much… despite her being an endless test of my capabilities (and my will). Some of the frustration of the weekend has passed… I feel more generous now.

I messaged her today, to show her some love.

She playfully bit me at some point in the weekend. I didn’t think much of it at the time, but it left a little bruise near my collarbone…

I texted her to tease her about it.

> NASH: You bit my shoulder
> NASH: And…
> NASH: You left a BRUISE!
> NASH: You abused me!!!
> NASH: And I filled a report with the koban [Japanese for “police”]
> NASH: This will go on your permanent record

This is how we talk to each other. Outside of sex, she is fun. And we laugh a lot. And tease each other. And play our roles of the little Virgin and the Kaibutsu.

> HER: Do you think the police officer will believe that such a short, tiny, little girl…
> HER: Abused a strong, dangerous Monster like you???

She is funny. And smart (most funny people are). She plays her role with relish.

> NASH: Hmmmm, good point.
> NASH: Or maybe you just distract me…
> NASH: …when you notice all my very good qualities

Fader would be proud as he watched me frame her attack as a compliment.

> HER: Your good qualities are: dangerous, bad, aggressive, violent, and hentai

She plays along. I continue:

> NASH: Ahh… this is like poetry to me.
> NASH: You like me so much.
> NASH: I can tell by the sweet-sweet words you say to me
> HER: Narcissistic, erotic
> HER: You have so many good qualities

In response, I sent her a cocky gif of Trump celebrating… and all was well in the world.

I don't know if I'll see her again. I won't be in Japan again for several months. I had a good time, but not a great time. I can see being willing to do it again… but not running towards it.

She is a smart, interesting, wonderful girl. She was a good companion, in many ways. She is fantastic to look at… her nerdiness is part of that for me. And she really surprised me when she finally blossomed – as getting fucked blew her heart and her body wide open. Magnificent.

I don't know. But it was another very interesting ride. It wasn't easy. But it was another great experience.

Viva Daygame.

White Girl Month

Nash · 18 November 2019 · Archived copy · Original

It started like this: August is White Girl Month. Except, I had some kind of goal and I didn't hit it before I had to leave for Japan that month. So I re-committed for last month and it became: October is White Girl Month. My commitment was to approach 20 white girls via this art we call #daygame… and I did it. Actually… I talked to 23 whitey-white girls in October. In the driest way – "Mission Accomplish." There were no love connections (not even close), but it was more for me than only that.

For some of the Days of Game in October, I was genuinely excited to "talk to some white girls." But a lot of the time, it felt like work… and it kept me from things I might have otherwise done that could have been more fruitful.

So "Why?," you say:

> Are u actually attracted to white girls? If not, why even bother?
>
> — daygame WORKS!!! (@daygamerules) October 31, 2019

Here is the deal:

I almost exclusively talk to Asian girls. And I do that because I am much more attracted to them than other girls. It's not that I am never attracted to white girls, it's that it's harder for me to get into them. And often when I realize how good looking a particular white girl is, my thought is, "Ahhhh, my wing would love her." I can appreciate them, quite often, like fine art… but I rarely "feel" it for them.

The last white girl I dated was years ago. Now that I have some measure of choice… … now that I have enough experience to know what I want… the girls I want to meet are the Asian girls. So that is what I mostly do.

And yet I am curious:

Will I ever date another white girl again? What would it be like to have a white girl naked in my bed? What would it be like to spread a white girl's thighs and eat some white girl pussy for the first time in at least five years?? I don't know (I still don't know). And the curious part of me wanted an answer.

I often pay mention to the Daygame Gods. I like to think of them – all of them, the spiteful ones and the generous ones – lording over us daygamers… doling out wins and losses based on their whims. If I tried to tempt the whimsy of the Gods, by intentionally putting myself in front of a bunch of pale beauties… if I gave it a proper effort…

could I surprise myself?

Well, I hit my goal. And it wasn't exactly a great experience, but I explored my own desire and trends a little more. And I came away with a new view of the potential of white girls.

As I queued this project up for October I got a late start… didn't kick it off until Oct10. But there was enough time to hit my commitment. And it all started like this:

> "1. Bubble gum. Sundance saw me just as I was approaching… Told me later he couldn't figure out why I was talking to her. [I never talk to white girls.] Cute, nice body, and… died hair, nose ring, blah blah. Took the compliment, ready to reject me… I was solid, she hung there… I could tell she wasn't into it so I let her go early, she looked surprised and turned back and said, 'Great to meet you, Nash.'"
> — Oct10

She was cute. I loved that she was chewing gum and blowing bubbles. I liked her too… despite the "degenerate starter kit" of how she decorates herself.

The nose ring. I almost forgot to make this a feature of this post… for me, the nose ring is symbolic of how I feel about white girls in the US.

In the way of a bit of background, I'll say a little more here:

Part of my deal with white girls is that they subscribe heavily to post-modern Western bullshit. There are surface-level, aesthetic reasons why I think Asian girls are more attractive than white girls… but part of my aversion to "white girls" is an aversion to modern Western culture. The nose ring… is emblematic of all that.

So: Nose ring… check. Pink, short hair… check. (Only yoga pants could have made it less likely for me to put any heart into it.) All this is what I see, so often, when I see white girls in my uber-lefty, "progressive," West Coast city… and I'm not attracted to any of it.

And now… I'll use this as an intro to an interlude from Swingcat.

While I was in Japan in August, Sundance hit me with a section of Swingcat's product that he wanted me to consider. I could (and should) do a whole post just on the conversation between he and I on that topic, but for now I'll sample out a line from Le 'Swing:

> "He has an idealized representation of what he is looking for in a woman. He has a hard rule that a woman matching his idealized representation means 'charge forward.' And a women mis-matching his idealized representation means 'run.' If he meets a woman who doesn't match his idealized representation he will immediately eliminate her as a potential mate, even if she is visually appealing to him. Notice the mindless rule he's following."
> — Swingcat, from Masculine Polarity

Sundance wanted me to hear that, because he thinks I do this with many girls – including the fair-skinned ones. He thinks my Asian-girl focus means when I see a nerdy, introverted Asian girl my game can flow. But the equivalent white girl wouldn't get a look… as I "rule" her out based on ancestry alone. That could be seen as a "mindless rule." I get where he (and Swingcat) are coming from on that point.

This leads me to one of the best parts of this experiment for me…

Bubblegum girl had pink hair. And a fucking nose ring. Two strikes. (Three, if you count that she's white). Earlier

this year, no way I would have approached her. But given the challenge… I was open to it. I was happy to… even exited. This is already pointing to the value I saw in committing to this challenge.

Back to Swingcat:

> "…notice the mindless rule he's following. Mindless rules dull your external perception. This makes him oblivious to facets of her that could potentially turn him on. It leaves no room for her to please and impress him in surprising ways that could turn him on."

Swingcat is saying something cool here. In that bit, he makes this more interesting, by pointing out that girls can be delicious in surprising ways. In my experience that is very true and I'm quick to agree on that vein of thinking. And I think this is part of how and why Sundance was pushing me here… to get me to "try"… and only then evaluate if any of those girls had any potential to "please me."

All that is all valid. And that is why I was willing to do the challenge at all. That is precisely the point.

Bubble gum girl was pretty cute (under the ugly Western symbology). We didn't hook on each other… but perhaps, with an open mind, the next "bubbly" one might have.

Fair point, Sundance.

Back to the girls:

> "2. Big glasses. Maybe a little IOI? Wasn't sure about me, took the compliment. She wanted to blow me out, but I was too polite/solid. So she slowed down, shook my hand, then said she had to catch the bus."
> — Oct10

She wanted to blow me, but wouldn't based on a combination of gravity and the fact that I am a "real" guy. As I passed some level of test… she came back and shook my hand. It was a masculine gesture, actually. It was a confession of "fair play," like a business deal. It wasn't feminine. And that is what I expect from Western women. She "bro'd out" with me a little…

…but I am being prejudiced again.

> "3. Flash of eyes in the Mall. I passed her, went back, she took out her headphones and said, 'Now is really not the time…' Trailed off and split. Fake lips. Terrible."
> — Oct10

I would never open a girl like this, but… there was that big look from her. And I was trying not to have "mindless rules." Following Swingcat's lead, I was trying not to prejudge these girls. I was "open" to her, but…

She was bitchy and self-important. So much makeup. Those bulging, fake "Instagram" lips. She really WAS terrible. One girl does not a pattern make… but… this is what I think of white American women.

> "4. Nice eyes, creamy skin… Not my type, but I wanted to hit my quota for the day. She didn't like it. It was awkward… more on her part than on mine."
> — Oct12

I was trying… but in romance, "trying" isn't always a good thing.

Here is another interlude, this time from Brian Begin of Fearless Man.

> "If you're doing [approaches] from 'have to'/'need to' you're not going to get much results. From 'want to' you'll get some results. From 'choice' you'll get a lot of results. It's all an energetic difference."
> — Brian Begin

It is a coincidence, but I heard these lines in early November as I was in the middle of working on this post.

Brian nails one of the problems with this experiment when he says, "If you're doing [approaches] from 'have to'/'need to' you're not going to get much results."

That is exactly what a lot of these approaches with the white girls were for me… they were about the commitment to my goal as much as the desire for the girls. That is not ideal.

I wouldn't approach just any girl. She (mostly) had to be "my type" enough that I could imagine enjoying making out with her… but it was still more about the commitment than passion for me a lot of the time.

Maybe the white girls could feel this lack of passion in me… and it made the experiment less productive? Or futile?

We'll come back to Brian when we wrap up this post.

More white girls:

> "5. Colorful stripped shirt, great little body, ran past me. I opened, she looked over, waved me off in a pretty bitchy way. She was cute though."
> — Oct12

This girl was really beautiful, actually. A solid "8" for someone else. Sundance would have approved… this is exactly the type of girl he might like, but I never open. Very attractive white girl.

> "6. Long curly hair, conservative dress, beautiful eyes. Also moving very fast, caught up with her across the street… eye contact and then blowout. Two secs later… a ratty, homeless guy cat called her. I felt bad to be a part of all that."
> — Oct12

This ^ one was totally my type… very beautiful little thing.

One issue I had (and still have) with this experiment is the notion of "opportunity cost."

> "Opportunity costs represent the benefits an individual… misses out on when choosing one alternative over another."
> — Investopedia

This was a real factor in October for me:

By being dedicated to finding and talking to white girls, I paid less time and attention to the girls I prefer… the Asian ones. And so… I was out a lot, I talked to a lot of girls, but the "opportunity cost" of opening up to white girls was that I talked to about 1/2 as many Asian girls in October as I would might have.

The time I gave the white girls represented a type of loss in terms of time that could have been spent with cute Chinese art students, etc.

> "The experiment is doing what I thought it would… distracting me from the girls I like."
> — From my notes

It's true. I was out a lot and had very little to show for it. Trying to hit my goal meant I had less bandwidth for the girls that make up the mainstay of my more standard pursuit.

There is an opportunity cost to endless experimentation.

Some more notes from the girls:

> "7. Little. Blue 'clown pants.' I liked her. But it was a super weak stop and she never even made eye contact."
> — Oct15

> "8. Tall, nice shiny eyes. Little bit of an IOI. As I approached she said, 'what's up' and covered up. I opened with, 'Have we met before?' She said no, laughed, dropped her eyes and walked off… I think she liked it."
> — Oct15

She did like it… and I do know her from somewhere, but I can't guess where. I liked her too. Pretty cute.

> "9. Tall, bright blue eyes, proud walk. Stopped nice, but drifted. I planted my feel, no chasing. She softened, but smiled and split. Hot girl."
> — Oct15

There's three more that day.

> "10. Redhead. Nice body, didn't like her face up close. White girls have way more facial hair than Asian girls – true. Decent chat. But then she'd had enough, ran off. Good."
> — Oct17

Redhead… I opened her for Mr V. He likes the fire-crotch girls.

> "11. Nerdy, fair, girly… bouncing along, nice tits. Good stop, she took it, nodded, agreed, rolled off."
> — Oct17

> "12. Blazing hot eyes. That is how I opened her. French. Barely any English. Some random girl was watching us the whole time… Kind of white knighting, but from a distance. I asked the French girl if she knew her… She did not. French girl ran off… White Knight Girl said something to her."
> — Oct17

Three more again.

And then:

> "Kristy. Taiwanese, graphic designer. Great style. Line close."
> — From my notes

Man, I really, really liked this girl. Her energy was so refreshing after all the “meh game” with the whities. We had a great set. And I took her number. And she was what “Game” feels like to me… and it was radical to get some warm, Asian girl energy to wash away the feeling of the “work” of the experiment.

I took several numbers in this period… all from Asian girls like Kristy.

Speaking of my bond with Asian girls, let’s add this to the mix of this post:

> “How shiny you are, that’s just going to depend. Some girls are just going to like you. Slavic girls like me. Mediterranean girls don’t give a fuck. I don’t do very well with Italians or Spanish, I do great with Russians and Ukrainians.”
> — Krauser, from Outlaw Daygame

Hmmm. I am conflicted on that quote from Krauser.

On the one hand, one of the most “Nash” things I have to say is that “countries don’t have personalities.” This is true. The girl’s psychology is personal. For instance, there are introverts and extroverts in every country – that distinction will give you more clues about how to game a girl than where she is from. There is no “magic dirt” that controls the behavioral patterns of girls – the same patch of dirt will produce completely different psychologies. I believe all that to my core. But…

One the other hand… I, myself, am definitely saying, “I don’t really click with white girls” much. And here, you can spin my lines back at me… and say “skin color doesn’t drive psychology.” And I’m nearly obliged to agree. Touché.

In reality… I think the big deal is that white girls don’t excite me. Who cares why. It really doesn’t matter “why.” It’s harder for me to have the “glow” when I approach a girl I’m not that excited about. It’s more about “have to” than “want to.” So the sets are weaker. They don’t hook as often. So… no numbers, no dates. Negative reference experiences. Who could look forward to that? And the cycle propagates itself.

In contrast, the Taiwanese girl really “called out” to me. I was eager to talk to her. I probably had more “glow” when I stopped her. And the set was better. It was much more “on.” I took her number. It felt good.

One clear conclusion from last month’s work: Assuming you’re being effective… do what “feels good.” Your game will be better when it feels good. Mostly, that is true.

More from October:

> “13. Super hot girl, a little short, but maybe an 8. Tried to walk past me but I was pretty committed. Stopped. Perfect skin, beautiful face, perfect features… But in a dry way. Brushed me off after a minute.”
> — Oct18

> “14. End of the night… I opened her with, ‘Potato chips and… red lipstick. I love it.’ I noticed her wedding ring only after I opened. She wasn’t sure how far I would take it. I planted my feet, but I had seen the ring so I had disengaged a bit… She was surprised I backed off… She was apologizing and explaining herself as she drifted away from me. I smiled and waved at her as she walked off. She smiled back in a very pretty way.”
> — Oct18

This ^ was one of my favorite sets of the month, actually. I did like her. Truly. And that opening line was so situational and easy to deliver… of course it wasn’t about the potato chips.

That set was a little bit of evidence that I could be into some specific white girls. Good experience for me.

Back to work:

> "15. Nice eyes, felt like an IOI. Cold and indifferent as I approached… Only girl all day that didn't stop."
> — Oct18

And here, was a standout set from a couple days later, because… Jordan liked me. I remember the set well:

> "16. Jordan… Shook my hand three times. She liked me… Could have taken her number."
> — Oct25

My basic criteria for deciding if I want to open a girl or not is: "would I kiss her?" If "yes," then open. If "nahhhh," don't.

In Jordan's case, she wasn't exactly my type… but I was like, "ehh, maybe." I stopped her, and she had what I call the typical American "irritated" quality about her (she wasn't exactly happy to be stopped), but she looked up… and I planted my feet (like I always do), and I could see her getting a bit curious, so when I said "my name is Nash," she came back up the sidewalk and shook my hand. I said a few more things… the vibe was not terrible, but a bit awkward. It wasn't flowing, but… I think she just liked me. After a while, I let her go… and somehow she managed to shake my hand two more times before she left.

That girl did liked me. I definitely could have taken her number, but I really wasn't into it or the interaction… even if she was curious about me.

She was one of the best sets of the experiment. Maybe I fucked with the Daygame God's plan by not trying harder to fuck Jordan. Was it "self sabotage?" I don't think so. I just wasn't that interested.

> "17. Young, simple, cute. Charity person stopped her as I was approaching… I waited him out… for a long time… approached when they were done, but she wasn't having it. Waived me off quickly."
> — Oct28

One more time for the backrow: Fuck the charity chuggers.

> "18. Exotic blonde, hazel eyes. Stopped, wasn't sure, but then took it well. Kind of boring. Long chat. Just moved here. Terrible hands. I let her go."
> — Oct28

This girl also liked me. But I liked her more… before she started talking.

This girl, like a lot of the white girls I approached looked European (that's why I approached her), but wasn't (which was part of why I think I was disinterested). She was an okay girl, but even if she had been Asian, I wouldn't have liked her (for the same reasons). When I saw the bad tattoo on her wrist, I was done.

I had "soft interested" from her… she would have given me her number. But I didn't bother to try to take it. Just not interested.

Compare her to this:

> "Just after that last set I walked past this objectively 'average' Asian girl, but with cute lips, straight black hair, great skin, all wrapped up in a sweater… 'That is what I want,' I told myself."
> — From my notes

The contrast between my passion for even "average" Asian girls versus some of the "hot" White girls I talked to was more and more obvious. I just like Asian girls so much more. This is a feature, not a bug, in my Game.

> "Opened an Asian girl. I used the 'cute glasses' line. Didn't stop… But she giggled, and 'bubbled' in a completely refreshing way. I never felt that with any of the white girls… I failed to inspire that in them."
> — From my notes

I would eventually feel that vibe from one of these girls (more below)… but it was much less common with the pale ones.

> "19. Brunette, business-y. Gave me a big look and walked off. Followed her into a hotel… she held the door for me to follow. Told her I came in to say hello and that she had amazing eyes… Stone cold blowout. Wow. Great eyes though."
> — Oct28

That was a completely vicious blowout, BTW. She put a lot of energy into hating me in that moment. In my notes, I added, "I feel like I had all the paint scraped off of me from that one."

Harsh. It can be like that sometimes.

So at this point in the month… I was at "19 White Girls" in October… and I had two days left. I knew I would hit my goal… and that was a relief as the goal was important to me. When I make a promise to myself… I like to keep it.

One girl left…

> "20. Great eyes. Euro style. Stopped. Laughed after the compliment, said sorry – with a smile – and rolled off."
> — Oct30

And that… is #20! It was a big relief, actually.

And as I hit my goal… my motivation changed from "have to" to "want to" – and I could feel it immediately. There is a solid lesson there… about girls… and life, in general.

I wanted to make sure there was no doubt about me hitting my goal and trying to make this experiment as real and sincere as I could, given my many limitations…

So I kept going.

> "21. Red coat beautiful skin. Jewish girl, I bet. Thanked me, walked off."
> — Oct 30

There was #21. I was a little lazy about that set, I could that done better with her.

Then, just to magnify the patterns of my month:

> "Right after, cute Taiwanese girl. Blushed. Stopped. Little chat. Amazing."
> — From my notes

Did I bring more into the set with the Taiwanese girl? Probably. When you like her, you can bring more energy and passion and "truth" to your approach… of course it works better.

But then…

> "22. IOI, nice eyes, red straight hair, great ass. She loved it. Blushed on the open. British accent. Said she had to go but didn't leave… Started to ask for her number and she laughed and blushed (again) and said she had a BF. Great set."
> — Oct30

That was (by far) the best set of the whole experiment (August and October combined) in terms of reactions from a white girl. And it was so very good indeed… so much so… it basically felt to me like a good set with an Asian girl. She was very feminine. And I am certain that if she didn't have a boyfriend… she would have given me her number. She was a girl I could date… we seemed to have had some real chemistry.

22 girls (not counting the girls from August) and I had finally found one where it landed for both of us.

> "23. A little bubbly, nice curls. Said 'hey.' Took the compliment and walked off."
> — Oct30

There was #23. I took Oct31 off (I don't like daygame on Halloween). And… the experiment was complete.

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23 girls toward a 20 girl goal. 23 white girls in October. And another seven from August. 30 girls in all… and I never went on a single date with any of them… I didn't even take a number.

In terms of a payout of intimacy and flesh… it was a failure. More "wasted effort" to add to the collection. But I had met my commitment. And I had learned some things as well.

Earlier in this post I included that quote from Brian Begin of Fearless Man.

> "If you're doing [approaches] from 'have to'/'need to' you're not going to get much results…"
> — Brian Begin

A moment later in that talk, he continues, modelling a guy that is doing things for futile reasons:

> "'I don't want to do these approaches… I'll just go get them done.'"

Did I have this ^ attitude (at least some of the time) during the experiment?

Yes. I did. I wanted to see if there was any potential in the process, but once I had started, I wanted to hit my commitment. Sometimes that felt like "want to." But at least some of the time it felt like "have to" – and that is not going to work very often. If you're a beginner reading this… think about that for a second.

> "'I don't want to these approaches… I'll just go get them done.' You're not going to grow there at all."
> — Brian Begin

"You're not going to grow there at all." Ahhh… was it all a waste of time? Some of it was.

Maybe a better questions is: Did this experiment have any chance of success at all? Well… when I was in what Brian calls a "have to" state of mind (which I was, at least part of the time), the answer was "not really."

I don't beat myself up too much about all this.

Guys in Game famously over-estimate their ability to correctly diagnose and analyze what is really happening at the level of the guy, the girl, and the context of their connection. In that sense, the effort we expend is fine (required,

even), but our “experiments” are almost always childishly naïve… they’re not scientific, because most of this “Game” of men dancing with women is a whirl of unknowns.

> “The problem with science is the frame of spirit that it puts the acolyte in: It makes him think he has power over the processes of nature which are at present actually very poorly understood.”
> — Bronze Age Pervert, from Bronze Age Mindset

He isn’t talking about Game, but BAP nails something very true in that line.

Most of life (and certainly seduction) is an art… not a science.

And in that sense, a better way of viewing my efforts with the white girls in October is to call it “an exploration” rather than a proper “experiment.” “Exploration” allows room for me to honest about the imperfect and personal aspects of the theory behind last month’s approaches. And feeling it as an exploration relieves me of having to bullshit myself that I was “science-y” about it.

With that settled, I can review my notes in this post and point to areas where I DID convince myself of some things. The science may be have been infirm, but there was an impact.

For instance: Girl #16 in October (“Jordan”), she liked me… and I could feel the potential of at least a date there. And girl #18 from Oct28, the exotic girl (that wasn’t that exotic)… she wasn’t all that great, but she had really hooked (in her melancholy, unhappy way) and I might have dated her too.

And certainly girl #22 from Oct30, the British girl with the boyfriend… she was a kind of “success”… she loved it. And making a white girl “love it” was a kind of breakthrough. It was fun to play with her on the sidewalk for those moments.

Maybe most of all, girl #14 from Oct18, the “potato chips and lipstick” girl… wow, great set. It’s been weeks and I can still feel her. I was alive as I approached that girl and the set had the flavor of the my earlier days as a beginner. I really did like her. She, alone, was a (very positive) reference experience that kind of made white girls relevant for me again.

#MWGRA

Taking another look at Swingcat’s quote:

> “If he meets a woman who doesn’t match his idealized representation he will immediately eliminate her as a potential mate, even if she is visually appealing to him. Notice the mindless rule he’s following.”
> — Swingcat, from Masculine Polarity

Girls like Potato Chip Girl were helping me to drop my mindless rules. And that is a victory.

And while I know that I have not become any more attractive to white girls, the range of girls that I ping off of, the girls I notice, the girls that enter my consciousness, has widened to include many more white girls. That is me taking the blinders off as I drop aspects of a “mindless rule” I had about white women. It’s two weeks into November and some aspect of my interest in white girls remains active and alive despite the fact that the experiment is over.

So, yeah… the experiment produced no fruit, but it taught me some things all the same.

I am still very much into Asian women. That is where I want to lay my hands and heart… they represent the version of femininity I want to push my cock into. But White Girl Month DID wake me up to white girls, and I am more likely to include some special white girls in that place now… like the femmy redheaded British girl that blushed or Potato Chips Girl. I can “feel” all that now.

> “When you get into choice the energy gets the lightest and you get the most results.”
> — Brian Begin

My experiment is over so it’s not “have to” for me and those white girls anymore. When it happens, it’ll be “choose” to, and that is lighter… and I bet I will get better results when I come from that place.

I am 46 years old. 7000+ approaches into my study of Game. Lots of failure and lots of successes…

But the approaching is still teaching me things. I love it. I love girls. I love the way they can inspire us and lead us into inquiry and growth. What a great adventure.

So my final conclusion… after all that… is this… and it’s a little bit obvious… I know… you all know what’s coming… but I’ll spell it out for clarity’s sake:

Why didn’t any magic happen for me and the white girls I approach this summer??

Because: All white girls are lesbians. Of course. Everyone knows this.

The end.

Viva Daygame.

Part I: Mystery's Seven Hour Rule and LMR

Nash · 3 December 2019 · Archived copy · Original

In September, I closed a 20 year girl while on a trip to Japan. We'll call her Miss Nervous. She was a "long lead" I had met in America two months earlier. All greater claims of my ego aside… fucking a girl 26 years younger than me, one that lives in another country, was a low-likelihood scenario. But over the course of another very long date (in a city where neither of us live)… it worked out well.

And it all started when an older man approached a cute girl in a shopping mall. Go #daygame. Along with the notch, my long date with her (our 2nd date) gave me some reference experiences around bringing a young, inexperienced girl deeper into sex. That is the kind of experience I want.

I'll share the story of Miss Nervous in my next post, but to push this beyond a standard daygame lay report, I am going to tell it in the light of a claim Mystery has been pushing for years: "The Seven Hour Rule."

First, we'll take a good look at Mystery's theory. And then (in a few days), we'll use Mystery's concept to examine the Last Minute Resistance I had with Miss Nervous in Japan.

Here we go:

While I was on that Japan trip in September, I ran into an excellent talk that Mystery gave to the Casanova Crew in 2012. I took a lot of notes.

I haven't formally studied Mystery much, but as a proper legend in modern pickup he is hard to avoid. I own a copy of his book, but… I have never read Mystery Method.

> "My influences were firstly and most importantly, the Mystery Method, the only study of game that really matters, in my opinion."
> — Jimmy Jambone, from Rivelino's interview

For a guy that has never really been a fan of Mystery, my comments below are surprisingly consistent with Jambone's quote. And after all my time as a student of Game… I am surprised to find myself suddenly into Mystery's stuff.

While I could be a dick and highlight a bunch of totally stupid things Mystery has said over the years (I have several lame takes in my notes), for now I admit: In that Casanova Crew talk, Mystery was full of wisdom and great moments.

The quotes from Mystery I use here (and in the next post) come from that Casanova Crew talk.

Let's get into the controversy:

Here is one of the most controversial points ever pressed by the famous pickup artist known as Mystery.

> "According to Mystery, it takes roughly seven hours for a woman to be comfortably led from meet to sex. These seven hours can take place all in one night, or over several days: approaching and talking for an hour; speaking on the phone for an hour; meeting for drinks for two hours; talking on the phone for another hour; and then, on the next meeting, hanging out for two more hours before going to bed together."

> "Waiting seven hours or more is what Mystery calls solid game."
> — Neil Strauss, from The Game

So Mystery thinks you have to spend seven hours with the girl before you fuck her… or it's not "solid game." Is that true?

Mystery's Seven Hour Rule has been talked about a lot. I have laughed at it. I have argued against it. If you take it completely literally, it's easy to know it is not true. I think we're all on the same page there.

But I have new respect for that concept, and here's why:

As Players, we reject Mystery's concept because we think the "seven hours" is a comment about the Player's skill. We think he is talking about us.

It sounds like Mystery is saying, "it's impossible to lay a girl in less than seven hours." Or… that it's "only luck" to do so. It sounds like Mystery is "admitting" that he can't close girls that fast, so he is discounting the success of guys that actually can get there in less than seven hours… calling fast sex "fool's mate."

> "Sleeping with her in less than seven hours is known as fool's mate: You got lucky."
> — Neil Strauss (aka Style)

"You got lucky." If you're sensitive about your skill as a Player, that could almost sound insulting.

But what if that is all a misinterpretation. What if it's not really about the Player at all? What if the "seven hours" are only about… her?

Let's move deeper into the conflict:

> "[T]he notion of 'fool's mate' and the idea that it takes 'seven hours' to have sex with a women are both utterly bizarre. In fact, you can have sex with women much, much quicker. My personal best is under five minutes, and it was a regular club, not a sex party or in a swinger club."
> — Aaron Sleazy

Shooting holes in Mystery's concept is easy to do…. but that isn't my goal with this post. I include Aaron's POV as an example of how the Seven Hour Rule is typically interpreted.

Back to Aaron:

He says he has closed a girl in five minutes. That is a wild claim, but I believe him. But notice how he is reading Mystery's line as a comment about his own skill (as opposed to the experience of the girl). Aaron isn't exactly "defensive"… but it's something like that. Aaron takes the point at the level of his own ego… as opposed to a lesson in female psychology.

And I get that:

I have pulled a girl off the street, for a drink, and then back to my place for sex in under an hour. I could use that anecdote to fuck with Mystery's claim. But if I think about it… I know for sure that "insta-pull" was more about her

than my game. And THAT… is what Mystery means by "you got lucky." The whole concept is about the girl… not about us, as Players.

It wasn't that I didn't show any skill that night (March 2018… I never wrote about her). I approached that girl, I knew what to do, I led her in a solid way… But fucking her that fast was about her… not really about a test of my game… and not at all a good example of "most women." We are zeroing in on Mystery's point.

We all know Players that have stories like mine or Aaron's. And they are true. Some girls move fast. Seven hours is not a requirement. But…

What about most girls? What if Mystery is trying to set an expectation. And not only "just wait seven hours, bro." But… trying to give you the "WHY" behind his infamous rule.

More on the "why" below.

Let's look at this point from another angle…

Here is Krauser, scolding a student on this same topic:

> "Middle of the afternoon. No alcohol. Getting your dick out within an hour of some girl just on her way home."

> "There are some girls you can fuck that quick. But those are the highlights. That's not the normal amount of game."
> — Krauser

A curious student might ask Krauser: What is the "normal amount of game?" Could it be… seven hours? And… if seven hours is a reasonable estimate… could it be that a Player might lose girls by pushing for something faster than that?

You see where this is going? I assume both Mystery and Krauser are plenty capable of escalating quickly. And they have tons of experience. And yet, check this out…

Here are some comments from Krauser about his 2015 daygame stats:

> "Near misses: 22"
> — Krauser

Wow. In one year… Krauser "flipped the car" 22 times. That is an amazing thing to be able to say.

> "Yes. With twenty-two different girls I had a girl hot, horny, up for it and yet just didn't manage to get my dick into her."

> "The funny thing is it wasn't due to me suddenly losing my ability to close, but actually the reverse. I was pulling girls so fast that they were getting to the hand-on-dick-in-sex-location stage much faster than they could handle."
> — Krauser

Great comment… and very interesting to me. This whole conversation is already a step beyond typical Game-talk. We're getting past the "just fuck her, bro" view of Game.

Back to Krauser… note: "Faster than she could handle."

Krauser isn't talking about himself here or "what is possible." He is not even talking about one girl… he is talking about 22 girls in one year that "weren't quite ready." Krauser is pointing to the comfort level in those girls. He is talking about female psychology.

In the community we go on and on about technique and the Player's skill, but all that is never more than half of the equation. With all his skill and experience, Krauser's role in those near misses was mostly that… he went too fast.

Going too fast is fixable. And the reason to "fix" that is not that "seven hours" is any kind of magic formula… it's that creating a pace that a girl can handle (that is right for her psychology and comfort level) is the essence of "solid game."

That is Mystery's point. And as that sunk into me this last summer… I had new respect for the man and that concept.

Here is more from Mystery on "solid game" and "The Seven Hour Rule:"

> "Seven hours is average. Four hours is a little short. Four hours is one night, though."
> — Mystery

In the context of expectations for sex… Mystery's "Rule" is a good practical guideline around female psychology and LMR. Don't worry about your ego… just soak it up.

But we can compare Mystery's guideline to advice from guys that assume sex must happen on the first date. There is a lot of counter-argument here in the space of men interested in Game.

Here are some examples of what we hear from guys that are hyper-focused on "fast sex:"

> 1.) "Don't let her make you wait for sex, move on."
> — TheRedIntrovert

Red doesn't like to wait.

> 2.) "If she makes you wait for sex… she's actively assessing her other options. You're not her priority."
> — TheRedIntrovert

He thinks any waiting is a sign of disrespect.

> 3.) "It's 1am. Like clockwork, another girl comes up and opens him. All I see is literally about 3 minutes of back and forth. He takes her hand and just walks straight out of the club."
> — TheRedIntrovert

This post is mostly about female psychology, but notice the way Red interprets female behavior as being about the guy. It is remarkable how similar Red's attitude is to Aaron's response to Mystery. In both cases, the root of their commentary is ego. To these kinds of men, the concept of waiting at all has nothing to do with the girl's comfort… it's interpreted as a slight to the Player.

To address TheRedIntroverts comments:

She is not always "making you wait" (= your ego), she is often just not ready herself (= her psychology). Making you wait isn't necessarily about how much she wants to fuck other guys (= your insecurity), she just needs more time (= her comfort). If she wants to fuck you based on three minutes of conversation, and actually follows through with it in the next few minutes… maybe you have radically good game (= bragging rights), or maybe she was

looking for a dick to fall on and you happen to be it (= all about her, not so much about you).

"Five minute pulls" (like Aaron mentioned) are often the goal for men like Red (and lots of other guys chattering about Game). For a certain combination of guy/girl/context, maybe fast sex is the only/best solution. (Maybe she is leaving town?) But for most guys, most girls, most instances… maniacally gunning for sex is rather ridiculous… and will often actually reduce notches, and future sex, as you scare girls away by trying to fuck her the first time you get her alone.

Back to Mystery… this quote also helps to address the kind of expectations Red is pushing:

> "They hit on her on the open and try to pull her to the bathroom and she says, 'no.' If your girlfriend of two years won't have sex with you in a seedy bathroom, don't expect a quality girl you just met to do that. 'Yeah, she said 'no,' man.' You just fucked that up. You could have played solid game."
> — Mystery

Sometimes Red is right… some guys have girls walking up to them at clubs, ready to go home in under three minutes… but it is a losing strategy to aim for that unless the context calls for it.

Too fast, too flashy, too self-centered.

I like where Mystery is taking us. For all of the ridiculous "Purple Hat" bullshit of Mystery's legacy, he has some great things to say in that talk:

> "You're not after the girl once. You're building enough comfort to be able to have sex with her three times… and hopefully 50 times… and on you go. And you enjoy each other."
> — Mystery

I like that. Fucking her once… could have been luck (or her needs). Fucking her a second time… is never an "accident." Ongoing sex with a girl (what I call "recurring revenue") is a sign of very solid game indeed (I think of Magnum, in particular, when I say that).

Recurring revenue (retaining girls in an ongoing relationship of some kind) leads to lots of sex. If "lots of sex" is what you're after, Mystery's concept of "solid game" might help your results.

How many of those 22 girls that Krauser lost in 2015 might he have closed if he was looking at something closer to "seven hours." How many of them might have turned into ongoing action? Even at the most simple-minded level of "Locker Room" Game… a little patience has it's rewards.

> "I know how to kiss a girl. I know how to pull the fucking trigger. Really. I just also know how to, like, win… play solid game. I am not getting the girl to try to impress you… with 'speed'."
> — Mystery

When he says all that in the video, he rolls his eyes in frustration. I bet he has had this argument so many times.

> "What if slowing the game down buys you enough comfort for her finally to get naked with you and feel comfortable about that? Some guys, they go too soon. What I'd rather do is play a nice solid game."
> — Mystery

Nice "solid game."

And there it is… we have arrived at the meaning behind Mystery's claim. Slow it down, replace speed with some attention to where the girl is at in the seduction, and you're likely to end up with more action.

Here he gets into my favorite topic in Game right now… LMR:

> "Last Minute Resistance. One way of combating that last minute resistance is 'seven hours.' If you're two hours in and you're going for the bra, and she's like, 'no, no, no.' You can get rid of the whole 'man hands' thing, in LMR, if you've got seven hours. You accumulate time. You spend the time. You may accumulate that over several days with her."
> — Mystery

Let's assume this is for men that have the fundamentals down. Good Game is more than just "seven hours," obviously. It's all the leading and escalating and push-pull and charm and seduction and… seven hours to make it real for the girl (and maybe even for yourself).

I like it.

I thank Mystery for being so articulate (and patient) that I had time to finally understand what he was saying.

> "Part of this whole pickup thing is epitomizing same-day-lays… fetishizing quickness, speed."
> — Jason Savage, from Seduction is a Gift

I love that talk from Jason Savage… and he is echoing Mystery's point. Jason is right.

"Fetishizing speed" is likely part of what Krauser was doing that year when he burned all those seductions by moving too fast. Krauser was testing the boundaries of what was possible for him at the time… he was testing his skill, and… testing the boundaries of women (which is more interesting to me). If you trust Krauser (and I do)… he is showing you what "too much" looks like.

The "skill" of the Player isn't always in finding a way to make it happen faster. There is a lot of potential for a Player to test his skill by pacing her until she is ready to open up… to "bloom" for you. Not too slow (which is a different kind of risk), but also… not too fast.

Too often we get overly excited about what Krauser calls the "highlight reel." Those stories sound good. I like my own fast-sex stories. I get it.

But is that "solid game?" If we knew any better… is "speed" what we would do? All the time? Probably not. If you're any good with women… you probably know this. I am still proving it out… one girl at a time.

A lot of my wins have come after the third, fourth, or even fifth date. And a lot of those "slow sex" dates… led to ongoing sex with those girls. Sex again and again and again… because I wasn't so insistent on "right now."

Personally, it doesn't really help me much to know a guy's "best story." His "fastest pull." Extraordinary lives begin with extraordinary expectations… that is true… but this isn't always about us and our "skill" and our "frame."

A seduction is a partnership, of a sort. When we skip over the details of the girl's psychology… and assume the goal is to "fuck her within five minutes" of meeting her (or even on the first date)… we are missing a lot of the story. And while I know that kind of success is possible, hammering on those assumptions is "ego" stuff. We'll lose (a lot of) girls that way. Krauser did… and I have too.

So in my next post, I'll lay out a specific example… the story of how I fucked 20 year old Miss Nervous. Would it surprise you to know I needed something like "seven hours?" At this point… it shouldn't.

Seven hours… good guideline. With Miss Nervous, it took more time than that, actually. More next time.

Viva Daygame.

Big Things in 2020 | I Moved to Japan

Nash · 1 January 2020 · Archived copy · Original

Today is New Year's Day. I have had a plan in mind for almost two years now… and that plan included sitting where I am sitting now, and writing a post something like this one. Right now, I am in a coffee place in major city in Japan. I have done this many times before, but this time… I'm not visiting. It still feels like an unbelievable thing… but I can tell you, my brothers, it's official: I have moved to Japan.

I live here now. すごい!

Did I make this move to Japan for the girls? Not really. And I trust this plan more than I otherwise might because that is true. But… the girls are certainly part of it, so let's start there.

> "If there aren't enough girls where you live… move to a better city." **
> — Paraphrased from some pickup guy

Many years ago, when I first got into game, I read that… and it sounded like such a ridiculous concept. I lived in my big city in California then (and up until a few days ago). It is a big city, with lots of girls… but it is a weird and (increasingly) dysfunctional city. If I could choose my favorite type of girls… and more of them… I could do a lot better.

But even if I lived in small town in the Midwest (for example), when I read that line about "moving to where the girls are," it seemed so extreme. Just for better dating opportunities? Really? It was hard to imagine at the time.

Fast forward all these years and it makes perfect sense to me. Fuck yeah. If you're going to work hard to get established (and it always takes work), why not work hard someplace where at the end of the day, there were lots of young, lovely girls to enjoy?

Does that seem like an immature goal? I don't think so. Not at all. And all of this can put a man on a kind of trajectory that can lead him to success on a more traditional path. Game, I believe, is doing that for me.

Of all of the really crucial decisions a man can make in his life, getting in front quality women seems to be as valid as any other. It's about fucking. Sure. And it's also about bonding… even in relatively short-term ways, MLTRs, semi-casual (but also) meaningful "flings" (there is unreported depth in all of that).

Money and Mission are real for me too. But what if you made a ton of money and that is all you had? I want more than just that.

Game can deliver girls that go beyond the impact of money… if the man is willing to work for it.

And if he has enough women to first practice on, and then sift through, and then pull one (or many) from that pile. I am of the belief that to get good at Game you need a solid volume of opportunities. If you weren't born into that kind of environment, we are back to the idea of figuring out how to move to such a place.

Here is this:

> "I took John on the circuit and we must've been out five hours in the sunshine. Our sets hooked and we took numbers. It was very pleasant to just walk along the streets… Where every third girl was fuckable. I had six or seven numbers and John had a handful too."
> — Krauser, from Adventure Sex

I used that quote from Krauser when I wrote about my third trip to Japan (my first real, solid, daygame trip in ~~that~~ this country). And for me… it's true: In Japan, "every third girl" is fuckable. Certainly versus the increasingly filthy city I just left. But I am not here to complain about where I have been. I am here to lean into the opportunities of the future.

If I wanted a place where I could enthusiastically pursue girls, for me, Japan is it.

Of all the many places I've been, Japan is my "pussy paradise." Not because it's easier here (it's not, my stats are about the same here vs back in California). I consistently argue that the geography doesn't cause girls to have remarkably different personalities… what you found at home, you'll find when you travel (and that is deeper than it sounds).

A man might consider two factors when choosing a place to try to make his mark as a Player: 1.) Does he like the physical aesthetics (the looks) of the girls in that place? And 2.) Are there enough of them. My new city is a solid yes for both criteria.

For example: This morning I had a little bit of business to do before I could settle down and write for a while. I found a Starbucks at a major hotel and did my work and then… wow, she was amazing. Tall, truly elegant. What Krauser would call a "Greyhound." She was past her prime but still an endless distraction as I tried to work. And then there was the girl yesterday as I ordered tea someplace else… all of her "energy" down below her waist, sexy and delicious, dangerous thoughts raced through my mind as she shifted from hip to hip. And the perfect ass of the girl that delivered my salad at lunch yesterday (but couldn't look me in the eyes). And the blush of the girl at the airport as I arrived.

This place is magical for me. I could go on and on (and I intend to)… but I smuggled a proper head cold into Japan and it's still raging. My first real contact with the girls will begin in a few days when I'm well. For now, I can feel my hunger rising and I am truly enjoying the view.

But I said this move is about more than girls and it is.

I have been studying Game and working hard at it for years. I can say I have accomplished a lot of my goals in Game already. I am very confident I will be able to "make it happen" here when this illness passes. So… this is where I say that this move is barely about the girls. It's not a "jaunt." This isn't a pussy trip. It's more than that.

And when I hear myself say this ^, again, I trust myself. It feels mature. I have no problem with men that are primarily concentrated on Game. I have been that, and I will appear to be that again soon, I am sure. But I want to

be up to Big Things. And even as I continue to hunt, take numbers, and date, in terms of the focus of my life, success with girls will be a sidedish, a natural consequence, to where I am heading as a man. That is how it feels. I bet you've heard men say this before. I know I have.

Let's start again here:

This move is the hardest thing I have ever done in my entire life.

And I knew it would be. I knew it would be so hard… I didn't want to want it.

Does that make sense?

If I didn't want to move here, life would have remained a bit "easier." I can (and have) been able to travel for Game (Tokyo, Shanghai, NYC), to work remotely from cities like this one, I've been able to maintain my business, to move my life forward… all while tagging as much young, lovely ass as I could manage. I am proud of all that. And I want even more.

But to want this particular plan… to want to move my life to Japan… was to wish an insane amount of work on myself.

For the men that read this post, I bet most of you are younger than me. Making this same move as a younger man would be a serious life challenge, but youth can afford a freedom of movement that can be more difficult for older, more "established" men.

They say "we don't own our possessions, they own us." And I have felt that very much these last few months. I have a house in California. I have two cats. I live pretty sparsely, but I still have a life full of stuff. I have a full client load. If I wanted to make this move… I would have to get all of that sorted, dismissed, or shipped over here. That would be on top of Visa concerns.

And I did it. I did all of it. It cost a fortune and it has been a like climbing a mountain for work.

I'll talk briefly about my cats: Cats… are great. I love animals. I think I am probably a "dog person" at heart, but as a bachelor (one that lived four months this year abroad) cats are a better choice for me.

I know it would be cooler if I could say I had a killer rottweiler or I bred hunting dogs (that would be cool, actually), but I don't. I adopted two kittens four years ago, and they are family to me. I am responsible for them and I take their lives (and their happiness) seriously. And… I enjoy them very much. On top of all that… they happen to be great bait for girls. When I get going with Game here… inviting young Japanese girls back to my apartment to "see my cats" will be up there with the most successful ploys of all time. I can't wait.

But now I'll use the cats as a jumpoff point to get more serious: I have a responsibility to take care of them. And hauling them to Japan would not be easy at all. To begin with, Japan has 0.0 rabies, and they are insane about making sure they keep it that way. It was a nine month process for me to get them the shots and tests and paperwork, to make all the appointments, to pass all the tests, to be able to bring them with me. And it was terribly expensive.

And now… imagine a day that involves 20 hours of travel (door to door), and ends late at night, in a strange land in the dead of winter. As we ended that 20 hour journey (two cat carriers and six suitcases), I'd have to have everything I need for them as we walked in the door. That meant a place to stay (bringing animals means hotels are not an option… neither are AirBnBs). If you can follow all this, you can start to imagine all the moving parts of this trip… very serious planning. If I fucked up, they would turn me back at the airport, detain the cats, or "euthanize" them. No way I could let that happen.

I am highlighting some of the responsibility of all this for me. The cats (unbelievable effort), getting the apartment (one that would take cats, and a strange, self-employed man from California), the Visa, two full courses of Japanese language lessons (one in the summer, another this Fall), not to mention the shipping of the rest of my stuff, preparing and clearing out my house back home so it can be rented, etc., etc., etc. I made it to LA for Christmas

with my family in my final days in America just before this trip. Just to make sure I was properly taxed… someone stole my commuter just before the holiday.

I got all of it sorted. I made it here. It wrecked my Game this year… but it was an investment.

Unbelievable. There is no way I could do all this if this was just about pussy paradise. It's just too much.

So is the moral this: Keep it lean, don't acquire possessions, stay light… so you can travel wherever you want, whenever you want?

I may disappoint you when I say, no, that's not how I feel at all. In fact I feel the opposite. I did all this work… so I can stop moving around so much.

I am sick of travelling. I am sick of wonderful, but temporary jaunts. They have been fantastic and they created the appetite that made me hungry enough to try to do a move like this one. But I want roots. I want to pick a place and really go for it.

> "Digital nomad life" my ass.
>
> It's yet another hotel for me and I would really really really like to spend one straight month at my own place.
>
> I don't mind the gigs but the constant travel. I wouldn't even want to "travel for the entire year". I need my base.
>
> — tddaygame (@tddaygame) December 9, 2019

I have been working toward this goal for almost two years, but when I read TD's tweet a few weeks back, I could really feel what he was saying. I get it.

That is why I made this move. I am not looking to marry (or even to get a girlfriend). I still very much want to be a Player. I want to chase some skirt, and flirt, and stay up late, and bury my face in pussy, and cook post-sex pancakes on Saturday mornings for girls I barely know. I want all that… but I don't want to do it as a transient anymore. I want more as a man than that.

That is why something as "uncool" as cats has very cool significance to me. I did it. I lived up to my responsibility to them. My mom once talked about "doing the right thing, even when it costs you more than you want to pay." Well, I have hit that standard. Going for what I really want (a new life in Japan), while living up to my commitments (to my cats, my clients, etc.) is more proof of who I am. Proof to me. For me. If I want to have confidence in myself, I have to really see it.

I have been excited about this for so long, but I purposely held my tongue and didn't talk about it. I would talk about it after it was done. Now is that time.

And while I didn't announce I was moving here in advance, I told a few people – one of which was Runner. He and I have known each other for years. He is the guy that got me into Daygame. We're different guys, but we both have an eye toward roots. Runner wants a family. I may look toward that goal as well, but for both of us, as we plan for the future… we want to be rooted someplace. I want to commit… not to a woman, but to myself, and a place, and a plan. And my plan is to make it work here. We'll add women as the situation merits.

And this comes back to girls in a circuitous way:

> "Taking on something you think is worthwhile and finding… a certain level of success. When a man hasn't worked that out, as a woman, you can't really take them seriously. It's because he doesn't have himself yet. He hasn't fought that fight and gotten to the other side."
> — Patricia Albere

“Something you think is worthwhile.” Yeah.

I am not making this move for girls (or even to find girls), I am making it for me. And it has been an outrageous challenge. But I did it. And many men have done far greater things, but this is the most difficult thing I have ever done… and so far, I’m kicking it’s ass. I have had some “wins” like this before. And I know what they have done for my confidence. I am “confident” this will be another boost for myself as a man. This is how Inner Game is built. I am stronger and more badass for having gotten this far.

Now imagine if you could do your own version of this (if you haven’t already). And you’re on a date… spilling out who you are for a girl. If this kind of thing made you stronger, made you a more impressive man… the girls will feel it.

I love the girls here, but they are secondary… they’d have to be… or I’d have done it all for the wrong reasons.

I made this move in service of the next stage of my life… a vision that includes naked Japanese girls but goes beyond a “hit and run” mentality.

And I’m not done. I have to learn the language, all that. And more than that, my “resolution” (if I have one) is to get a couple of additional businesses running this year (aka “side hustles”). I’ll establish them in Japan. And I’ll need to, as my long-term residence here is dependent on proving myself to be effective and earning a business Visa (and maybe, eventually, a green card).

All of this sounds like a proper “Mission.” A man on a mission. Some guys call it “being on your purpose.” I have a clear “purpose” right now… and it’s scary (and fucking hard), but it feels good. A man on his mission… is an attractive man.

Can you see me looping this around again and again? Me, work, Game, value, Inner Game, girls, victories, more Inner Game, roots, foundation, attraction, Game, more girls… onward and upward.

Of course I didn’t do all this “for the girls.” And this last year, I have progressed more slowly as a Seducer, as I didn’t have the same time or focus on approaching. And the scope of all this “life stuff” has changed where Game fits in my greater plan.

> “It was not simplify a matter that his attitude toward the sword had changed. The sword of the conqueror, and the sword of the killer, were things of the past. No longer of any use or meaning. Nor did being a technician, even one that gave instruction to men, excite his interest. The way of the sword, as he had come to see it, must have specific objectives: to establish order, to protect, and to refine the spirit. Not the shallow urge to score a victory…, now his wish was to be engaged in the business of governing.”
> — Miyamoto Musashi

I love this quote from the story of Musashi. I heard this last week. I can’t believe how close to home it hits for where I am at right now.

I am still too much of a pussy hound to be quite as “elevated” as Musashi is in that passage… but I feel like I am at a similar kind of transition. I still like “to kill” (and will “kill”), but that’s not the point of Game for me anymore. And I very much want to teach other men “the way of the sword,” I’ll do a lot of that in the next few years, I am sure. But I want to set up the foundation for Patriarchy… “establish a house” where I can administer “order,” “protect,” make a mark on a community, and maybe lead a “family” (in one way or another). Can you see the parallels to what I am saying and Musashi’s quote?

“The way of the sword, as he had come to see it, must have specific objectives.”

It must be in service of something. I’m not talking charity. Or “saving the rain forest” or doing it all for the “baby seals” or anything campy like that. A man’s Mission can be anything he wants to dedicate himself to. The company he wants to build. The community he wants to create. The family he wants to lead. Game has led me to this. It’s

pussy. And it's more than pussy.

Men have been moving through these transitions since time began. I want Big Things. I want to set myself up… and I want to give back. That's the man I want to be. Krauser's "Player's Path" covers many of the same topics (I recommend it, it's an excellent talk). This is an old path.

Runner and I had a great talk last week about "being men, heading out to the frontiers to earn our fortunes." That's what it feels like. That's what this is all about for me. That was a great talk, Runner. Thank you.

As he and I talked about on that call… this isn't a "jaunt." I respect jaunting, and adventure, the touring of places and the female bodies in those locales. But this is a kind of "perma-jaunt" ((c) Runner). And I am into it. I want to set up roots here. I want to claim my patch of earth, commit to it, and build… like so many great men before me. Like a frontiersman. It's very "American," in it's way (I see the irony of all that).

If I ever want a family… the work I am doing now will set me up well for all that.

Okay.

It's a new year. It's a new decade.

> From the Land Of The Rising Sun…
>
> HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!
>
> May we all be inspired. May we all be entertained.
>
> Viva #DAYGAME
>
> h/t @DaygameRunner
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) December 31, 2019

I still can't believe it.

As for Game… I'm still too sick to even think about being sexy, but hooah do I see the potential. I've skimmed over some of these details, but…

This new life (Game and more) starts with near-epic logistics. I am properly "downtown" in a way I have never been before (certainly not on a semi-permanent basis). I have a killer apartment, a five-minute walk from a very good station. This apartment was something I found on a prep-trip this summer. It just so happens, two of my favorite date spots are about a two minute walk from my front door. And unlike any of my previous "jaunts," all my stuff will arrive via cargo ship in February… so I can set this place up to really feel like a home… like my castle.

I am surrounded by shopping and tourism. I will be able to hunt right as I step out my door. I can walk girls back to my place, quite easily (which is an over-rated play, but I'll have it at my disposal). But this plan is even better in terms of dating… as I won't be a moving target anymore.

I changed cities seven times in the last year (not counting short trips at all). That means stopping Game, letting leads get stale, constantly leaving as prospects were developing, always telling girls I am about to leave, constantly starting over. If you haven't traveled for Game much, you should. It's quite hard, but it's fun… and I have loved it. But I have hit a point where the travel itself was holding me back.

I think I am ready to prove I am better with women than I have ever been… but even as I closed a bunch of new girls in 2019, it was not my best year. In 2018, I fucked 13 girls (11 new notches) with lots of "recurring revenue," but that wasn't my best year either. I look back at 2017 actually… when I didn't travel as much. That was better. The best times with The Siren and Miss Thick were during that year. And while 2018 had so many girls flying here/there to be with me (as I moved around, or they did), all those "very long dates" with great girls… I was hard

to date. And I was distracted because of the travel. And it hurt my results. I am over it.

I want to go “deep” here instead. Deeper into this city. And deeper with the girls. Deep is where I’ll find more of the kind of gold I am looking for.

As I get busy with the approaches, I will have some more “in the trenches” posts about girls to talk about. I want to get back to that sweet spot between sweaty and romantic. I want to layer in all that is interesting to me in terms of male/female dynamics and the psychology of Seduction. More on all that in the coming months.

> “If a man dwells only on the dangers ahead he cannot advance a single step, let alone make his way through life successfully.”
> — Miyamoto Musashi

I have accomplished something as I write this, but there is a lot more to go. And the uncertainty of all that scares me too.

That’s why I didn’t make this announcement until I had already made it across the Pacific. I wanted to under-promise, and over-deliver. So while the latter part of my plan here is speculative and ephemeral… the first part is now fact.

To be here right now is to have earned it.

Goddamn I am excited. 2020 is the beginning of a new decade indeed. A real beginning.

And now… it’s time to make this place mine. To dig in. To explore. To connect. To build. And do so… without constantly running off for a trip. I have gone one step further here. I have moved to where I want to be. As a type of accomplishment in itself, but also to remove distractions and costs that have been holding me back from even greater things.

I am so thankful to all the badass men that have shown themselves to be examples that could inspire me to bite off something this intimidating. Examples of men in Game. Of men that have traveled to “hunt” like the London daygamers. And all the tough guys on Twitter that go on and on about discipline and going for what you want. I fucking needed all that, or I wouldn’t be here. Thank you.

Twitter is full of overripe platitudes and worn-out Hallmark-y advice. I have seen so much of it…

> “Twenty years from now you will be more disappointed by the things that you didn’t do than by the ones you did do. So throw off the bowlines. Sail away from the safe harbor. Catch the trade winds in your sails. Explore. Dream. Discover.”
> — H. Jackson Brown Jr.

And this ^ one has been burning at me since this plan first took hold in my heart… I had to try. It’s cost me so much already. I left some truly great friends behind. But I’m making a big gamble on the future. My new city in Japan is a kind of “frontier town.” Who knows what the future will bring, but for now… I’m all in.

To 2020, my brothers. To being so inspired that the work is worth it. To the fresh air of pretty girls. To fucking and sucking and romance. To meaningful connections.

I stare into a snowy night in Japan and I howl for me. And I howl for all of you.

Viva daygame.

** If someone knows a good original quote like that, let me know and I’ll change this post to feature it.

Part II: LMR and Miss Nervous, +1 | A Lay report

Nash · 4 January 2020 · Archived copy · Original

This is Part II of my story where I combine a lay report with some Game theory.

In Part I of this story, I talked about Mystery's "Seven Hour Rule." That was a set-up for this post… my experience of properly penetrating Miss Nervous on our second date. With some of Mystery's theory behind us (and more comments here as well), I'll share the details of how I closed my first 20 year old girl from daygame (the youngest girl I have fucked since college).

It's another notch, there is that. And I very much enjoyed the weekend (mostly the second half, actually). I gained some more precious reference experiences. But these two posts are as much about Miss Nervous as they are about me. About the psychology of an interesting little girl that accepted an offer to spend a weekend with a "dangerous man." And maybe even more so… an opportunity for us, as Players, to put more attention into female psychology as we work to improve our Game.

Here we go:

INTRODUCING MISS NERVOUS:

Miss Nervous is a young girl form Japan. I met her in California in June of this year. She was traveling alone when we met, in my city for a couple of days. I approached her at the mall. She is a low "7," perhaps, but she is my type, and she has what we might call "great energy." The set was charming and fun. I took her Line App contact details. It was a clean, simple little set with a feminine young girl… the kind of interaction that makes you love daygame.

The next day we had a date… and it was a highlight of the summer for me.

I walked her across town for the best pizza in my city. Right away, it was obvious to me she was a healthy, happy, socially comfortable little girl. She has the opposite of "daddy issues:" her parents love her and it shows in the way that sunshine beams from her lightly freckled face. She is a trusting girl. What a lovely type.

After lunch, I asked if she wanted to have tea in my neighborhood? She did. And we were part way through tea when I asked if she wanted to "meet my cats." She hesitated briefly, but walked right inside as I bounced her around the corner from the coffee place to my house. Inside… I think I kissed her in the first five minutes….

And she lept into the kiss. It was fucking great. She had some real passion that day.

And then I walked her down the hall to my room and… last minute resistance. LMR, that crucial point right before sex happens (or doesn't), is my "favorite" part of Game right now. It is such a terribly interesting stage in a seduction.

I am learning to love LMR… and see it as an opportunity. When I negotiate LMR well, I can use it to build value. And trust. And often get laid. But also, LMR is teaching me to understand girls in a more sophisticated way. And to give them a better experience. For a man that wants to work toward mastery with women, LMR can be a crucible for growth.

I have a lot to say about that day, but for now… understand that I took her from being very uptight (her little fists clenched up by her neck), deep in a defensive gesture… to being "wide open" for me. It was glorious to see her unfold.

That day, as we heated up, and my hands found the skin of her belly, and I was reaching up her skirt, she said in English (through her thick Japanese accent), "I bleed." She was on her period. No sex that day. I was perfectly fine that that. We worked through her defensiveness that day and she totally opened up for me. I was proud of myself… and of her, for letting me lead her through the experience.

She was an adorable little makeout partner. That sexy little thing, 20 years old, thousands of miles from home, and in the bed of very grown up man.

Amazing.

She went home the next day.

But in the weeks following our first date we worked together to set up a chance to see each other again. In situations like this one, each man should do what he wants… but I don't want to be involved with travel plans for a girl without some clarity as to whether the trip will be sexual.

With that said… I don't recommend being too literal either. Turning a sexy weekend into some kind of "sexual contract" is flatfooted and coercive (that isn't the vibe I am aiming for).

As we talked about the trip, I felt sure I "threatened" her enough with my sexuality. I was role playing the "bad man." And she had responded in a girly way:

> MISS NATURAL: You have already show me your gentle side a little, but I want to know it more lol
> NASH: You know I am a little bit DANGEROUS
> NASH: Maybe you will see both sides
> MISS NATURAL: You may be a DANGEROUS MAN a little…
> MISS NATURAL: But I know you are so gentle.
> MISS NATURAL: I wish all Japanese men would be like you

This ^ is her talking about how I walked her through the LMR back in June. I did show some gentleness… but I also had my hand up her skirt three hours into the first date. A man can be both.

The rest of this is her and I acknowledging sex in a cheesy, but effective way. I don't expect girls to take responsibility for anything, but I do need to have this kind of talk before I commit to a trip. I got it done. We had set expectations. She was in.

We had indirectly confirmed this was to be an “adult date.”

Fast forward seven weeks and the plan was set to meet in Japan. Not in her city, but in a city where I had some business to take care of.

My confidence aside, the scenario was rather low probability: A 20 year old girl, jumping on a plane to travel to another city, to see a much older man she knew almost nothing about. Did I mention she has (had?) a boyfriend (at least I think she does). The whole plan was a possibility… but not a likely one.

At this point I was in Japan. And as the date approached, I had heard nothing from her for several days. I had fucked Miss Compliant the weekend before, I was running daygame every day, having a good time, one date with a new girl, working several other leads… I was just about to give up on her, but I bumped her via message the night before she was supposed to come and… she came back with enthusiasm:

> MISS NERVOUS: Our trip starts tomorrow!
> MISS NERVOUS: I am so excited…
> MISS NERVOUS: So I think I can’t sleep well tonight! Lol

Ahhh, there you go. She would visit me after all.

I’ll be honest… I felt a sense of relief. I am perfectly capable of entertaining myself. I could have gamed that weekend if she didn’t show… but I didn’t want to add any “emotional scar tissue” to the list of instances where girls commit to plans and then flake. For her to not want to come would have been fine. But to let me book the trip and then disappear… it would have made me a bit “harder” for the next girl… and that is not what I want in my game.

But she was coming. She messaged me again in the morning, suddenly very communicative. Good deal.

Miss Nervous arrived Friday afternoon.

We met at the train station. She wore a “doll like” dress. White, with blue stripes. And a blue ribbon around her waist. At the end of the bare skin of her smooth legs were shiny, glittery leather shoes. She wasn’t sexy. Or particularly beautiful. But she was very cute… the kind of girl where the best parts of her come out as she talks and when she moves. Writing about her now, makes me miss her.

As I saw her, I remembered what a joy she was to be around on our one and only date back in America. I remembered how I had liked her more and more with each hour together. And I definitely remembered her turning on the passion during our time making out on my bed. I recommitted to what would be another very long date… three days with her.

I toured her around the station a bit. We bought some groceries and some flowers for the apartment. We caught up a little. We barely had any history together, but I’m very used to stepping into intimacy with a girl quickly and… it wasn’t hard to be with her. I know how to lead in a situation like this.

And then I took her back to my kickass little apartment. I gave her a minute to look around. And then I kissed her. And it wasn’t as hot as back in June in my city… but I used that first kiss to break the sexual barrier and get us started down that path. The scenario was note-for-note like my date one week earlier with Miss Compliant.

I took her to dinner. And after, back to my place. And I let us settle for a few minutes before I got after her.

There we were, after dinner on the first night of the trip… it was time to make it happen. I had her alone in my place. I wanted her. I started to kiss her. I took her to my bed. I laid her on her back. I started escalating. I was

slowly peeling off her clothes.

And as I had her laid out on the bed, and more of her skin exposed… her body was pretty fucking amazing. Perfect skin. Just enough weight to make her slightly "full." Bigger boobs than I have been with in a long while… and so "new" they were blended perfectly to her chest, resistant to gravity, a ripe 20 years of "delicious" to look at.

It is shocking how hot these simple, introverted girls can be with their clothes off. It still surprises me. She was glorious that night.

But as I turned up the heat… she locked up. The kissing was there, but sort of lifeless. I was looking at a tight face. Just like the early moments of our first date, she had her clenched little fists up by her neck again. I wasn't pushing hard at all… but it was all defense from her.

I was very surprised. I thought we'd dealt with all this already back in June.

Here is more from Mystery:

> "I am looking for 'flinch testing.'"
> — Mystery

That ^ is an interesting note about LMR. She was, in fact, "flinching." That is a great tip about what to look for in this kind of situation.

It is true I am interested in LMR (I really am). And I have a lot of experience. I know what to do. So I started to dance in and out with the sexual pressure. I would kiss her hard. Then roll off. Some making out… and then some less sexual "bonding." That was the plan.

Here is Mystery again:

> "If I have to touch again and again, over the course of the night, to get her accustom to my touch… and know that every time I do compromise her comfort a little bit (by holding her), that she gets let go every time. I need to demo that. I got to get her accustomed to me."
> — Mystery

Good description here ^ from Mystery. Very good instruction.

It is hard to find specific, practical advice on the topic LMR. And what Mystery is saying is a great way to explain a lot of what I have been doing for the last two years: Watch for signs of discomfort, recognize it, give her space, show her I am paying attention, and step it forward as she is ready. It has been "working" for me. To get me laid, yeah. But for a better time for both me and the girl. For an experience that makes us both want to come back for more.

The goal is not to blast through her LMR. The goal is to open her up. The goal is to get her to relax into your leadership, and then the sex is "easy" (something like that). That's the goal for me at this stage of my game.

In this case, however… she was terribly, terribly nervous (thus why we gave her the name "Miss Nervous"). She was willing… but not enjoying it.

Just because she is not saying "no," doesn't mean the "no" isn't there – in her eyes.

I'll repeat this quote from the first part of this post:

> "If she makes you wait for sex… she's actively assessing her other options. You're not her priority."

> — TheRedIntrovert

I like TheRedIntrovert. And he is likely right sometimes. But this scenario is a good example of how narrow-minded the advice we hear can be. Was she really "actively assessing her other options" in my bed that night? Really? She had flown half-way across Japan to stay with me for the weekend. Was she showing a "lack of respect?" Was she "wasting my time?" That stuff is so tone-deaf to my ears… and misses so much opportunity.

I have come to the conclusion that this kind of thinking is the male version of "solipsism." We usually accuse girls of being solipsistic, but this is a versions that Players are often guilt of: Men, completely blind and disinterested in the girl's psychology… and completely absorbed in themselves.

In this case, she was just nervous. Period. Happens all the time.

Anyway…

That first night of the trip, I would move her along, pause, totally stop with sex for a bit, talk to her… talk about sex… talk about her nervousness… tell her I knew it was normal (it is)… we'd laugh… and then… I'd test her nerves, try to push her along a bit. I'd try different things. "Swing my dick," as Yohami would say. "Give her more of what she likes, and less of what she doesn't like."

But I couldn't even get her dress off for the first hour. It was remarkable.

And there were odd details, like: I could pull her nipples out of her bra, suck them, but with the dress still up around her shoulders, her holding it there, in those nervous little fists. She just wasn't ready.

And none of this was hot. It sounds so good to be in bed with a 20 year old (and it is), but this was about "patience," not sex. It was a chance for me to practice being mature, not dominant. And sometimes… that is part of the game.

Eventually… I got her naked. And my God, what a fantastic body.

I went down on her, assuming that might push her over the edge from nerves to passion. That is a fair plan. I have seen girls that don't "heat up" until sex is already underway (my post about Miss Compliant has a lot of that kind of evidence in it). But she could barely breath as I had my head between her thighs… so I rolled off again.

This was not what I was expecting.

In the range of responses of "fight," to "flight," to "fuck," or "freeze:" Miss Nervous was properly frozen. She was freezing up neurologically as it came time to take her across the sexual threshold.

Like Krauser's 22 girls (see my last post)… It was just too much for her.

> "They were getting to the hand-on-dick-in-sex-location stage much faster than they could handle."
> — Krauser

To reference Mystery's "rule" again… we were (in total) at about six hours together at this point in our relationship (including the first date back in America). His "rule" is not iron-clad… but it is a good guideline. And in the context of this Player, that Girl, and the Context of this story…

She wasn't ready.

So I stopped. Completely. And I loved on her. And I made it playful.

I was surprised, somewhat frustrated, but also completely fascinated.

As I lay in bed with her, I wondered why she had said yes to this trip. I was very glad she did, but it was a bold decision for a very young, inexperienced girl. It was probably more than she was really ready for, and it showed that first night together.

But we were only six hours into a 40 hour weekend. I was responsible for her. It was time to give her a break. So I did.

Game over… for the night.

She showered. And I came to see her in the bathroom as she dressed afterwards. And she was cute and funny…

And shockingly hot as she pulled the panties up her smooth legs. Wow. I picked her up, held her to my chest, and she kissed me. The mood was light. We watched a movie and fell asleep together.

I was surprised. And disappointed to some degree. But still curious.

I want to be master of seduction and that will require a lot of experience. This is what experience looks like.

The next morning I had a little adventure planned for us… but there was no hurry. I would see if she was ready to take things a bit further.

We woke up and I fed us mandarins and bananas – because they are delicious, but also to sweep away morning breath. And I kissed her, and she took it. And I got her naked, and quicker this time.

Her 20 year old body looked fantastic in my bed… but the tightness in her face was still there. Unmistakable.

I dragged her to the edge of the bed, and ran my tongue over her clit again. She wasn't completely frozen, but despite my best efforts, very little "signs of life" this time either.

I changed tactics. I made her kiss me and touch my cock. And she did, but it wasn't hot… even though she was beyond tempting, laying there naked beside me, with the taste of her pussy on my face. Her kissing was getting richer. Maybe she was "thawing out" a little… but it wasn't on.

> "It's simply unbelievable how many women were in my bed or on my sofa and just wouldn't fuck."
> — Krauser

Oh, I get it. I really get it. I have seen this before. And it wasn't because I was pushing too hard… or not pushing enough.

I took a shower. I was, actually, a little resentful now. I can admit that.

Maybe she would "tool me" all weekend? Maybe she was the kind of girl that would put herself in a position like this and insist that sex needn't happen. Maybe I was the kind of man that just couldn't get it done? All of this was on my mind.

But I have an unbelievable education in Game. I have dated hundreds of girls. I have fucked many. I can read a girl. I can see when a girl is not into me, or when she is "disgusted." When it was clearly not going to happen.

And this didn't seem like any of that.

She liked me. She was having a good time. She was available emotionally (for the most part). But she was locked up… sexually.

I took her on our little day trip. I was a bit quiet until we made it to the train… but I got back in stride. I could do my duty… as a seducer. It was flowing for me again. It wasn't sexy, but it was fun to be with her. She was having a

good experience. We were back on track.

A few hours later… after a sweaty walk through humid air… and a lunch that looked mediocre but tasted fantastic… we were looking at some excellent paintings from 1850 in a little museum by the sea… and I felt something in her "shift." It was subtle… but something changed for her. Only the Daygame Gods can know exactly why… but I felt it.

As we toured the museum, I put my arm around her and squeezed her little shoulders, sexually threatening her a little in the moments when we were alone. I did this in part as I could stare down her shirt (intentionally getting caught each time) at her miraculous tits… and also just to dominate her and sexualize the situation.

But now… there was a sparkle in her eyes. There was something like flirtation in these sexual moments.

At this point, we were (including the night's sleep) about 20 hours into the date.

I took her home.

The gentle rocking of the train ride back into town put her (and half of the other passengers on the train) to sleep. She leaned her little head against my shoulder. It wasn't sex, but there was something more "open" about her now… the bond was on, and I could really feel the change in her.

When we got home, I showered. It felt good to be back in air-conditioned air. We had about two and half hours until dinner. We watched this great movie together and she was so much warmer. It was… maybe it was the way she leaned against me?

Something that had been in the way was now removed.

The movie was over… we had about an hour plus before dinner. She smiled at me, I took her hand, stood her up, lifted her little body off the floor and into my arms, and walked her the ten feet or so to the bed.

And she was… soft, open, peaceful, and completely compliant. Thank the Daygame Gods… it was finally on.

The kissing was suddenly hot. Her eyes had more dance in them. There was no tension in her arms. I was more than ready, and suddenly… so was she.

I was a little rough. I didn't bother to eat her pussy (even though I love to). I kissed her hard. And I stripped her naked. Both of us. I put on one of the world's greatest condoms and then…

I fucked a 20 year old long-lead from Japan. +1 Daygame.

And I don't know why, but I was very conscious of how perfectly I slipped into her. It was… like a warm knife into butter. It was perfect. And very hot.

We fucked for a bit, and she stared at me like I wanted her too. It wasn't quite as "on" as our first makeout (who knows why), but she was "wide open" for me. There were tiny remnants of nervousness, but she was reaching out… she was a partner in the sex for the first time all weekend. And I came inside her young, little body.

After… we laid there in the bed and talked. She had a beautiful post-sex glow… big eyes, pliant. She was fully open now. It was solid. Great experience for me. And she looked like a very happy girl.

Was it "seven hours?" No. It was way more than that. It was maybe 28 hours… counting our first date. Maybe Mystery should call it the "28 Hour Rule." Jesus.

Some girls are like that.

But I don't think the time involved was really about me. Or my value… or my game… or my ability to escalate. I

am sure there were sub-optimal parts of my game… but that wasn't the issue here, as I see it.

It was about her. And I think way too often we leave that part of the story out. This is the point of whole post.

> "It's all based on how comfortable SHE is. If she is comfortable with some sexual activity, back at the place, so be it. If she feels discomfort, then we can just play a little bit. That's fine. Let her sleep. Get her in the morning. That counts. You need seven hours. Let her fall asleep in your arms. Start again in the morning. All that time you were asleep together, that's comfortable building time."
> — Mystery

That is exactly right. I am so impressed with Mystery in these comments. You can hear real experience in those quotes. So calibrated and mature. I have never really been a fan of his, but I am now. Well done, Mystery.

It is about the Player. And about the Context of him and her. But it is certainly (and quite often) about particular aspects of the Girl's psychology, her experience, her expectations, and her comfort level.

From Mystery's talk:

> SOME GUY: You say, "The Game is played in comfort?"
> MYSTERY: The game is WON in comfort.

Hmmmm. Interesting. Yeah.

But calling all this "comfort" is a low-resolution way to see it. Given the detail of this case-study, to just call it "comfort" is to miss a lot of what is going on here.

It WAS about her comfort. But I didn't "do" comfort. The comfort happened on its own… as I did a range of things… and the TIME (I emphasize the time) allowed her to begin to bond and open up… to sex… and more.

> "Perhaps it was really shared emotion and experience that creates relationships, not seven hours of routines followed by two hours of sex."
> — Neil Strauss, from The Game

The whole weekend "bloomed" as the sex happened. Or rather… the weekend bloomed… and the sex was a natural side effect of the "communion" of her and I. When she was ready… everything feel into place.

And afterwards… there were layers and layers of relief of me:

First, the "payoff" of me sticking to my commitment to carry her through her nervousness. To be responsible for her. And the feeling of (in fact) giving her a good experience… and seeing her, slowly… step into the light. Amazing. I felt that begin in the art museum… but it was rich as the sex finally landed. Hans Comyn's "Third Phase of the Seducer" is when you can "make her shine"… I had done that here.

And then… the satisfaction of feeling the heat from her opening up, "surrendering," and pushing her little heart at me. This was a bit of The Conqueror.

And then there was the relief of the orgasm… coming inside her after being (more than) tempted over and over in our first 24 hours together. This was The Hedonist.

And also: The relief in the confirmation the weekend wouldn't be some fucked up "game" of withholding and shit tests.

It was not that at all. It was a great time. No horror stories of "bad behavior" to share here… none at all. Part of me

was prepared to see the date turn out like that… but it didn't.

It turned out fantastic.

Post-sex, I rinsed off once more… washing the sauce of her perfect little pussy off my balls. And, alone in the shower, I shook my head in wonder at the whole thing. I am still shaking my head. At her. And at the similarities of her vs Miss Compliant the weekend before. There were so many similarities.

Lessons often come in themes.

I had said I wanted some "real experience" with last minute resistance. I have said I want to be an expert in all of this. I have asked for the opportunity to lead inexperienced girls into sex. And I got everything asked for. And it was harder than I had imagined. And it was a bit overwhelming to break through and have it all work out the way it did.

Wild.

I am an older man. I'm in decent shape. I definitely have some admirable qualities… but sometimes I feel like I am "making art out of trash." It's not as bad as all that. But this one was hard…. and that's what this feels likes sometimes. I am 46 years old and past my "prime" in some ways, certainly. And still… in so many ways I have never been so successful with women. And I am quite aware it's not supposed to be like this.

I really felt all this that night.

I grew up (a little more) on that trip. It made me stronger, and yet it filled me with wonder. I am more and more certain about myself. And I am more and more "open minded" about the potential of the girls… so many possibilities.

But fucking A… I wasn't at all sure how it was going to end. I was as surprised as anyone.

She slept so close the last night we were together. 10X more affectionate. Touching me. Kissing me. Holding my hand as we slept. A remarkable turn-around from the first night of the trip.

None of it had been about escalating or "going fast." It was about patience. And leadership. And care. Not all girls need that… but many do.

We ended the trip with another round of sex the last morning. A little rougher. When I licked her juicy little box again… she finally made some beautiful noises. And I could hear her breathing heavily as my tongue reached up inside her. Afterwards… I held her little arms behind her back and fucked her from behind while I stared at her wide open ass. Marvelous.

She was much more into it that last morning. Everything was hotter. Just like Miss Compliant the weekend before.

Time. It takes time for some girls to bloom.

You can't (necessarily) take a girl from "nothing" to "filthy passion" overnight. For both the girls I fucked on that trip, I saw them "thaw," and warm up… embracing some sexual pleasure in relatively short stretches of time. I saw them gain, and embrace, new sexual experience(s). And I was a proud man, in both cases.

Revisiting a great quote from my last post:

> "What if slowing the game down buys you enough comfort for her finally to get naked with you and feel comfortable about that? Some guys, they go too soon. What I'd rather do is play a nice solid game."

> — Mystery

It's not that we "need seven hours" before sex. "We" may not need much time at all. But isn't always about us.

It's about the girls. It's about the particular level of comfort for a given girl. And don't make the mistake that what I am talking about here are our dumbass "comfort stories." Again, this isn't about "run more comfort, bro." It's not about something we do. It's about the girl's own internal measure of comfort that is required to unlock her little head, her volatile heart, her unsure-and-then-wet-and-ready body.

Do you get it? I am really trying to.

> "It misses the point that you're trying to seduce the women. And sometimes the women give you the timetable. You can't impose your timetable on them."
> — Krauser

Sometimes we are "solipsistic" as men, where we make everything about us (or about the fucking "techniques"). Sometimes it's not about us at all. We are wise to allow some room in our analysis for the individual psychologies of these girls.

> "It's all based on how comfortable SHE is."
> — Mystery

That is what Mystery means by "seven hours." I think that is right. The seven hours (or 20+ hours, in my case) are for her. Again… as this lesson finally sinks in, I am impressed.

Wild.

I can debrief a bit and say, that yes, she did know we would have sex. I asked her, over breakfast on our last day. She said the sex took her a while… because she just wasn't ready. She was just (her words) "so nervous".

I said, "you knew we would have sex?" And she smiled, and said, "yeah." And she giggled. "I knew." Okay. I bet she did… but that didn't mean she was ready when she walked through the door.

Also…

At dinner that night after I finally fucked her… I asked her: "How will you describe this weekend to your friends? What will you say about this city? About this part of Japan?" I was asking about the trip, not about her and I specifically. I wanted to look through her eyes for a moment at what the weekend was like for her. I was curious about her thoughts… but she surprised me:

Her eyes narrowed, and with a slightly mischievous smile she said, "I don't have to tell them."

Can you follow that? She wasn't going to tell her friends at all. They didn't know. And they won't know. She didn't tell anyone she was coming to see me.

That is an amazing detail to me. This was all – indeed – proper "Secret Society" for her. I had perceived the weekend as "low probability," in part, because she had to fly in to see me. But maybe that made it all the more likely… less chance to get "caught." She is a nervous, sweet little girl… but those girls live in the Secret Society too.

More than a few times on this weekend, I wondered if she was still with her boyfriend… but I never asked. I didn't want to make her feel bad. And I don't really care.

I'll never know. We mostly never know. Game is an art, not a science. And it's fascinating.

On the train on her last morning I explained to her what the English word “omission” means. I said she had had an experience with me, and she would not tell her friends. She agreed. It would be “an omission,” I said. And a complicated little smile crept across her face… and the daggers in her eyes flashed again.

Amazing. Girls… they are so interesting to me.

She messaged me when she got back to Tokyo. A long message full of praise and thanks. And she said, “I’m sorry for showing you strained attitude the first day.”

It was sweet of her to say so, but it wasn’t necessary. That first day was hard, but I’m not at all sorry about it. Not at all. The whole episode was captivating.

My thanks to Miss Nervous – my little “teacher” in this story. And once again to Miss Compliant (from the week before). It was quite a learning experience… and in the end, a very good time.

What a crazy ride. Viva Daygame.

Six Dates with Missy Happy, +1 | A Lay Report

Nash · 15 March 2020 · Archived copy · Original

This is a lay report. But the "notch" itself isn't the part I like about this story. I'll lead with the fact that she and I had sex on the first date. I'll talk about that briefly. But the rest of this post aspires to share all the little details of this girl over all the many dates since that first night in my bed.

Like this ^, but with hair past her shoulders.

She was the first girl I talked to this year. My very first approach. And my first approach of the year in my new home city in Japan. I have been through periods where I have worked very hard and had almost nothing to show for it. This year, I have barely worked at all and arrived at a rich relationship with this girl straight away.

It's like the old song says, "sometimes I rhyme slow, sometimes I rhyme quick."

I was out on a proper session (one of very few this year) when I made contact with her via a rather typical daygame approach. She was coming down into the underground area near the train station, bouncing along, light on her feet, and with an absolutely magnetic smile on her face. Its was the kind of smile a girl will have when she is on the phone with someone she loves (but that wasn't the case this time). Or when she is listening to music that really lights her up (but that wasn't it either).

She had just come from some time with her girlfriends. The social buzz of being with them was part of it. But this girl is almost always deep in a smile. That's why we'll call her Miss Happy.

That is how I opened her. "Hello. You have such a great smile… I want to meet you."

> "And that is what guys want. They want to go back to that speaking plain truth: 'You're beautiful. I just want to say that.'"
> — Zan

This style is not for everyone. But it is increasingly clear that this is the style for me. The set hooked.

This all took place in Japan, but she is Chinese… I have dated several Chinese girls in Japan (they stand out to me here). She is the third of several Chinese girls I have had sex with via daygame here in this country alone.

She is 28, working here in Japan for an international company. She has been here three months. Once again daygame "works" on a foreign girl (as opposed to a native).

Along with that sunny smile, she wore a long pink coat over her dress, with combat boots that helped accent her style. We talked about the contrast on the stop. I said she was feminine, but the boots show "a different side of her." Maybe she had "many sides," she teased.

We talked about the pickup itself in set (I sometimes do that). We talked about what girls can sometimes feel when interesting men approach them in public and begin a conversation. We talked about the role of comfort. I love these topics. It was a fun set. I took her number.

I messaged her the next day and she messaged back with enthusiasm.

> "The is no single piece of information from which to judge your odds of banging a girl that is more informative than her very first reply to your feeler text."
> — Krauser, from Daygame Infinite

This is a great line and very true.

I hit her up with my usual opening text of something like "are you always so friendly," and she came back with several messages in a row. The last part of her response was (with a her lovely Chinese accent coming through over text):

> MISS HAPPY: I'm a bit love your eyes

Well, well. That (combined with her other responses to my opener) was enough to qualify as a notably warm "wall of text." It felt very "on." And it was.

I moved straight to asking her out. And she was excited about the idea. I set up a plan for dinner. She accepted.

> MISS HAPPY: I look forward to having dinner with you
> MISS HAPPY: And to be frankly, I feel comfortable to be with you

Very positive indeed. And (as you'll see), the theme of comfort runs throughout this story. And while I did like the comment, and thought it boded well for the date, it was an unusual thing for a girl to say so early in a seduction.

Hmmmmm.

Anyway…. I had her meet me downtown at a coffee place. She showed up in that same soft-pink coat that reminds me of strawberry ice cream. She was (once again) all smiles. We had coffee and chatted for a while. What a lovely girl. Sweet, blushingly feminine, very compliant, but smart enough to be fluent in three languages and to be recruited by a serious company for work. She was (and is) a joy to be with. She is a fantastic girl.

I asked if she was hungry and ready for dinner. Yes. We walked a few blocks through the cold… to a brick-oven pizza place that is less than two minutes from my apartment here. We sat at the bar and watched the cook rotate our pizza against the heat from the wood in the fire. She barely ate. She was attentive and charming, following my lead. We built the love bubble as we sat side by side – and I touched her constantly.

When I look at the notes I took from just after that date… I had to actually slow us down. The date was almost too intense. Kind of "past 'yes'" from the very beginning.

After dinner, being just two minutes from my door, I said, "Do you want to meet my cats?"

This would be the first time I have had my little beasts with me in Japan as I brought a girl back to my place. She was excited about the idea. A minute later we were out in the cold night on our way to my house.

And inside… the cats swirling around… checking her out.

It's a relatively small place, so not much of a tour. Just like at home, I led her to the kitchen, standing up, her back to the sink. And just like at home, I took that as ideal circumstances to step in for the kiss.

She was slow as I moved into her space. Her animation and happiness disappeared and she was serious. I didn't stab into her mouth… I hovered over her lips. And touched her. And took my time. At this stage it was more about tension than eagerness. I did what I sometimes do and I pried her lips apart with my mouth and gave her a real kiss. She was quiet now. And a bit serious. But good with it.

My plan was to fuck her later. As in… some other night.

I liked her. I love sex. I would have gladly fucked her. But it was going super fast, and she clearly liked me, and I felt I could take my time (if I wanted to).

I had just written two posts about Mystery's Seven Hour Rule. About how Mystery thinks men should give it some time to really "set in," that we should not "rush it," that we should play "solid game." Some girls are ready right away, and this all depends on the girl, but in general I am convinced Mystery is right. And I have hit a lot of my goals for raw lay count… I have nothing to prove to myself about how fast I can get a girl's panties off.

So… my plan was to just get her warmed up on this date. Get to know her. Build comfort. Increase tension and turn her on. Fuck her on the next date (perhaps). But that's not how it went.

After kissing her a bit she was getting heated up so I dragged her over to my bed.

My apartment was only part-way set up at this point. I had a mattress on the floor, a rug, a cheap lamp from Ikea and a few plants. That was it. She has since seen my place come together, but at that point… it was very raw. I pulled her across the empty room to the white sheets of my bed… and laid her down… and started giving her some real sexual attention.

I am so into LMR right now. Or rather, so into "LMR as that period of time between the first kiss and sex." I am so interested in what girls are going through (psychologically) during those moments. It's my favorite part of Game right now. I was very interested to watch Miss Happy, and to adapt to whatever was coming up for her as this older American man went to work, pinning her arms down, kissing her, sliding his free hand up under her shirt and into the warmth between her thighs.

She took it all, all of my escalation, all of my "soft dominance," like it was meant to be.

She was getting so hot, so fast. This wasn't LMR at all. LMR is not a bad thing. It's just a stage in the dance, as I see it. Most girls have some level of pacing that needs to happen, where they warm up, where they get to know you, where they test your sensitivity, where they challenge your frame, where they make sure you're actually ready to take them sexually… No girl wants to be "crushed under the weight of a clumsy man." Girls need time to kick your tires. They (often) need time before they are ready to be fucked.

But we already had comfort with this one, right? She had said so before we'd even met for this date (it's in the message from her that I quoted above). I was not trying to fuck this girl on this particular night. But there she was… in my bed, almost boiling over, and very ready to go.

A long time ago, I dated a girl I call Miss NYU. She was 25 when I was 38. We met the first time, in a café, as I flirted with her and her mom (I used to love to flirt with mom and daughter combinations). I saw her a week or so later (in the same café) as she sat next to my friend and me. That day I was telling him the story of my one and only threesome. And she boldly listened in… not even trying to hide the fact that she was eves dropping.

For Miss NYC and I, it started off as a kind of "social circle thing" (we both worked from the same café), but I

ended up dating her. I was slower then, but on our third date, I had her in bed. And as we made out… she gave me this look. The look was this honest, guileless, desperate confession of a need for sex.

I have had some happy, sexy girls in my bed on this journey. But that radical "need for sex" look that Miss NYU gave me that day was remarkable. It was a very strong reference experience. I'll never forget it. And here (almost 10 years later), I would see that look again in the eyes of a completely different girl.

Miss Happy was giving me that same "oh… I need it" look. I was in no hurry, but never let it be said that I would deny a nice girl a proper rogering. It was time. I started to peel her clothes off…

She is tall. Just a few inches shorter than me. And she is thin. Small boobs with big, delicious, full nipples. Creamy, almost flawless skin – head to toe. And (like so many Asian girls) she has almost zero hair on her body, including her shaved box (which isn't really my thing, but she "wore it" well).

And she was moaning. And breathing heavily. Her girly femininity had shifted into an emotional passion. She wasn't leading, she wasn't in any way aggressive, but only totally responsive, her very sensitive body twisting as I worked her over. She was literally shaking with a simple need of it.

I knew I had a case with some condoms in my work bag across the room. I had taken my clothes off by then too. I had rammed myself against her sweet ass and teased her already. So I walked across the room, got my condom case, rolled on one of the world's best condoms, and…

+1 Japan. Happy 2020 to me. To both of us.

And it was good.

Unlike the lovely Miss Happy, I really didn't "need it." It was very good, but at this point I was still surprised at the combination of the kind of girl she seemed to be and how fast it went down. That was the main thing I was feeling. The comfortable emptiness of having been laid. But also… surprise. I had only talked to five girls so far in the year. This one and I had only spent about three hours together (in total) up to this point.

It is often true that fast sex means it ends as quickly as it begins. I accept the role the Daygame Gods have for me (of course). So if this was to be fast seduction and "hit and quit" (on her part), I could accept that too. I have seen that before. Many times. Many of us have.

But after sex… she fell asleep in my bed.

I had a few messages to send back to America that night. So I tucked her in, put on some cotton shorts, walked to the counter in my kitchen (I didn't have any chairs at the time), and I hammered out some emails, while this freshly-fucked, charming Chinese girl slept off the sex in my bed, on the floor of my under-furnished, Japanese bachelor pad.

It was a surreal experience. And not a bad start for the year – and for my new life in the Land of the Rising Sun.

And she spent the night. And we slept super close. It was hot. I was turned on by her all night… but even beyond the sex, it was also very intimate. There is a difference (of course), and I was getting (and giving) both.

I don't have a fetish for same days lays (not at all), but I have had a lot of first-night sex… and it rarely feels like it did that first night with Miss Happy. What an unusual experience.

We slept the way excited lovers typically sleep when they are together – as in "not that well" – too excited by each other to really get much rest. We woke early, making out right away. I fed her some fruit in bed and I fucked her again that morning. I sent her home in a cab so she could be ready for work.

I really wasn't sure what to think of her. It felt great to be with her (and to be inside her), totally natural, but it had been kind of "easy." Too easy. I was tempted to see our first night together as a kind of red flag.

On the one hand, she is exactly my type. She is indeed a very happy girl, but she's introverted. Small social circle.

She doesn't drink. Not much makeup. And she dresses conservative. All classic signs of the ideal profile for a "Nash Girl."

But she fucked me after spending about three hours with me in total. Yohami would say that that means she had done all this many times before. And that sets her apart from the girls I know like her – they are usually much slower to allow their thighs to be pried open.

I have seen a lot of fast sex. But only because I've run a tremendous amount of Game. Most of the girls I fuck, don't fuck quickly. "Three dates" is a golden guideline:

> "Relationships can often come if the girl resists for three or four dates. The reason why women do that, is that women with high self-esteem, they want to showcase their personality. They want to say, 'Here, listen, don't just go for the hole. I have a whole life I want to show you, I'm a great person.' So they stop it. Stop it and they get to showcase themselves, over three nights, for example, until the guy says, 'Wow, this is a quality person I want to spend time with.' And then they'll give sex up, once they've shown you who they are. A lot of girls that give it up quickly, they don't have a chance to show you how great they are. And after a guy has sex… he thinks, 'Ahh, I'm not that interested.'"
> — Paul Janka

Great analysis here from Janka. Very well said.

Yeah, three dates is healthy. It's normal. Beautiful even. This has seemed obvious to me since high school.

I was definitely going to try to date her again, but as I tried to digest the fast-sex experience, I was curious as to why I didn't see any other traits in her that matched that behavior. There were no signs of promiscuity in her stories. No sense she was "trading" sex for anything that first night. No sense she had anything to prove (to herself or to me).

I have seen her many times since then… and she is a really, lovely, generous, wonderful girl. And a fucking fantastic lover (not so "skillful" as she is "passionate"). But I am still a little surprised at that first date.

She has had some difficulties with her family (perhaps that is why she was ready to move to Japan), but she seems very at-ease with herself. Maybe a little bit confident (in some areas).

Or more so, she is a very "natural" girl.

My thought now is that (under the right conditions) she can "open" easily. She is not hyper-adventurous or thrill-seeking, but she is "open" to leadership. I showed some skill. I am a capable seducer. But her natural "openness" is my best explanation for why she fell into bed so completely.

I am not sure about her level of sexual experience. When I fucked her that first night, she told me it had been a long time since she had had sex (she has said it again, since then), but I think she has known some men. She has claimed I have given her several "firsts," and maybe some of that is true… but I don't need to take all those kinds of details from girls seriously.

Something I know I want to include here:

> MISS HAPPY: I don't know what kind of man I like, I only know what kind of man I don't like.

I love this ^ line from her. Take from it what you will, but I think it's an excellent window in the female mind.

Here is something else from my time with her:

On our first date, I asked her to tell me about what makes her feel sexy? What conditions bring out the side of her that feels sexy? And she responded, "when I'm with a man I really love so much…" And that is a safe, demure, respectable answer. Sounds very K-selected. But we know she fucked me on that first date… so clearly, being deep in love isn't a requirement for her for a sexual experience.

And then, on our second date, when we were making out she told me she loved me. She said, “I love you.” As she said it, I let that first one go by, just stared at her (most of the time, that is how I handle myself when girls say that to me these days).

But the second time, I lovingly corrected her:

> MISS HAPPY: I love you
> NASH: You don’t know me well enough to love me…
> NASH: You can LOVE how I make you feel
> NASH: You can LOVE the time we spend together
> NASH: We can LOVE on each other…
> NASH: But you need to know me better before you decide if you “love me”

This ^ flowed out of me, on the spot, unrehearsed… and it felt good. It felt real.

Like I said in the intro to this post… “the notch” here isn’t the thing for me. My time with this girl has given me the notch, and some radically good sex (she is already in my top three lovers of all time). But a lot of what I am taking from this experience with her are deeper “Relationship Game” elements.

That little speech was done “in love.” It was gentle coaching – a grown man with experience taking care of a lovely girl. I wasn’t busting on her. I was just shaping our relationship a little. It was good advice, it was in service to her, but also gave me an opportunity to show I am a solid, real guy, not overly swept up in a great make out or a strong declaration from a pretty thing. It was an opportunity to lead her.

After all the dates since that first night, I still don’t have any red flags to report – none at all. She is still a girl. She has a lot of the innately wild qualities that so many woman have. There is challenge and she tests a lot. But she likes to see me win – which is a great sign in a woman. She seems like an ideal girlfriend (we have made no promises, but she is almost that to me now). And she would likely make a wonderful wife. She is a winner.

Our many dates have given me more opportunities for me to practice masculine leadership.

One way in which I am “practicing” with her is by giving her “chores” to do. Little things, like telling her to make the bed. And we went on a date to a festival, and I made her do the research and give me the info I needed to plan the date. I am a hard worker and very romantic (at times). I can sometimes do “too much” as I bring a girl into my world and plan all our dates. All that is fine for short term flings and even the hyper-romance of some of the very long dates I’ve had with girls in the last few years…

But if I want to have anything long-term with a girl (now, or in the future), I know I need to “make her work.” This is something the strongest of the Traditional Conservative men know best of all. When they have their wives working hard with holding down the house, taking care of the kids, and supporting them in their work… those women are too busy to cause drama. They are in service. And as those women work in service of the relationship, they aren’t (as much of) a tax on the man’s time and energy. They make a contribution. There is a productive harmony. That’s good Game.

I am trying to learn all this.

So… we’ve been a happy pair. And I am so damn busy with work and school (and the cursed Corona Flu) here in Japan, I’m not gaming at all… but I’m not trying to be her boyfriend. I have told her that I don’t want what most boyfriends (or husbands) have. I have told her we are “lovers.” And we are.

And across these many dates she has proved to be an exceptional lover indeed. In terms of sex… she and I are off the charts.

I don’t think I should necessarily have the same sexual drive as some of you younger bucks. But she was here overnight on Friday and I fucked her three times in less than 24 hours. She is endlessly sexual (even when we’re not

fucking, she wants to be pawed and kissed), but she's never needy about it. It is so easy to give to her. She is vocal and explosive… from my hands, from my mouth, and when I fuck her.

As I am so into the concept of "deep (emotional) sex", she has started to get what I mean there, too. She is intensely physical, but not always "deeply emotionally connected" as we fuck. I have strongly emphasized this with her – because that is what I want. I have made her look me in the eyes as I pound into her… not always, but quite often. And she's figuring it out. And my cock is twice as hard when she really gives me her eyes along with her soft body. It's amazing to fuck like that.

And this weekend, after a lot of exploration with my hands… we have her squirting properly. She said something very interesting:

She claims she has never squirted before her time with me. And she said that as I have had her so close to squirting – but she hadn't fully released – she has felt some "pain." As she is figuring out her potential to "flood," the pressure that builds up as I work her with my fingers has been incredibly pleasurable (and amazing to see how emotional she is in these moments), but uncomfortable too. But that discomfort is gone now that she knows how to "explode." The pressure builds up, she "pops," and she feels release on the backside of all that sexual tension. She fully soaked me and the bed on our third session yesterday. Wonderful. She is a happy girl.

(We have also been spanking her a lot. She looks very hot with a rosy, pink ass.)

I am very well suited for her, in that I know what I am doing and I know what I want. I know how to excite a feminine girl. I knew how to bring her and I to sex quickly (and she obviously wanted that). I have done a solid job leading her. I have given her repeated exposure to being led by a confident, experienced man… over and over again. And she, in her feminine way, has given me incredible experiences as she has accepted my direction and "bloomed for me" in our times together.

> "It's not only as a protagonist, meaning, 'how can I play my role perfectly here.' It is almost like you have a third perspective – it is the perspective of a director. You are no longer just a protagonist, an actor, playing your part perfectly. But you now also play the role of the director. You see the whole thing happening. And you say, 'as a protagonist, this is my role.' And also, 'for her to shine, this needs to happen, and I need to do this.' It's a different way of thinking."
> — Hans Comyn

I am not dating anyone else right now (for all the reasons I have mentioned). It is more circumstantial than any signal of commitment or monogamy. This weekend, she tried to have some version of "the talk" with me and I neither rejected her nor implied I was going to be her boyfriend. I reminded her we have only known each other for about five weeks… she took it all, she relaxed as I listened to her and led her through my feelings on the issue. And I fucked her again after – and it was hot, already so warm from the emotions of the talk.

So that is Miss Happy. My radically sexy, lovely, 28 year old lover. This special girl. And it all started when a man talked to a girl on the street.

May we have good experiences. May we give the girls good experiences. Viva Daygame. All hail the Daygame Gods.

A Sex Story and Some Reference Experiences

Nash · 22 March 2020 · Archived copy · Original

I am going to tell a sex story. And I like the story very much, but it's all a build up for a new reference experience I had at the end of the night. The story itself is full of all of the sordid details of the girl and our night together. And the sex was fantastic. But I am more focused on the lessons.

Reference experiences are the building blocks by which a man of Game puts together the great puzzles of life and love. The difference between the sex I had last night and the reference experiences I took from it, is like the difference between a meal and learning to cook. One is "what," and the other is closer to "why."

This story is centered around Miss Happy. She is a recent, wonderful chapter from my Book of Girls. Here is my story of what happened with her last night.

She came over at six PM. I opened the door and she stood there, lax. Almost folded back into herself. Half melted, already. Smiling in her special way. Full of that soft happiness that first attracted me to her two months ago when I approached her near the subway station.

She took off her coat and her big, soft, cashmere scarf. She sort of shyly, tentatively, put her hands out to touch me. And I leaned back and encouraged her to do it. She was a little awkward and her efforts didn't land as close as I wanted them to, so I made her lift her slim arms and I pulled her into me. Body to body. She put her arms around my neck. I growled a low rumble of approval into her warm ear. "Now that is the kind of hug I want from you." She smiled again.

I pulled her down the skinny hallway to the broader space of the living room. I lifted her up, set her on a little table, with her back to the twilight through the window that faces the skyscrapers across from my place. I had my hands on her hips. We talked some about the day. I was telling her stories. I hadn't kissed her yet.

I stood her up and slipped her tights off. I am always in a hurry to get rid of her tights.

A minute later I had her on the bed (fully dressed, but minus the tights). I pulled up the long hem of her pink dress

and found even longer legs and pink panties. My mouth was on hers. And I rolled her back and forth into different positions on the bed. I'd kiss her, bite her, sample the smooth skin under her dress. I pulled the zipper all the way down her back to her ass. She had a creamy slip on under the dress. I pulled it aside, and her bra as well, and took one of her big, dark nipples into my mouth.

She rolled for me, back and forth, as I worked her clothes off. I told her I couldn't wait to eat her pussy. But I told her I wouldn't taste her yet. And that I was going to tie her up.

Three weeks ago (as I unpacked my things that had arrived from America) I found my ropes. At the peak of the explosiveness of my relationship with Miss Thick (years ago now), I was tying her up regularly… she loved it. And so did I. And she was gorgeous when she was bound. It turned her on. (I miss that girl, and I suspect I always will.)

I'll never forget how risky it felt to introduce ropes into the time we shared together. We had something so good. The best sex I had ever had. The most passionate relationship. It felt risky to experiment with that. If I tried something new, she'd see me as a beginner… men don't look particularly strong when they are in the role of the beginner.

We are talking about reference experiences in this post. And that time of "experimentation" with her was also a clear and important reference experience. Taking that risk in that time, consciously, carried a ring of meaning for me that I can still hear.

My rope-times with Miss Thick were very successful. Our last time… her, on her knees, arms tied behind her back, thigh-high stockings on her long legs, I dragged her down to the floor, her knees on a pillow from my bed, my cock down her throat… and I turned her head, and made her watch herself in the full-length mirror of my armoire. She was a dream. I was in a trace. We could have been frozen in time in that moment and it would have been a good way to go.

And those times were also rewarding as I taken that risk and proven something to myself. I had done fine (maybe better than fine). I had the new reference experience of tying a girl up. Of dominating her in that context. But also the experience of trying new things in situations where I really did have something I loved and that I didn't want to lose.

Taking risks. Trying and succeeding. Being a leader (even when you're uncertain). Big lessons at many levels.

I have tied a few girls up since then (the Athlete, and Miss Bangs back in Tokyo last year), but those girls weren't as into it, the experiences weren't as hot. In terms of ropes (and in many other ways), I have not had another a situation anything like what I had with Miss Thick.

That is until now.

In the few weeks since we met, Miss Happy has become one of my favorite lovers of all time. The week my ropes arrived I recognized the opportunity and I tied up Miss Happy almost immediately. I bound her wrists behind her back, put her in a star-like chest harness, her boobs boxed in with the red lines of the jute ropes. I know that tie by heart (even if my technique is sloppy) and it was a very hot night. I had never even suggested the idea of tying her up… so that was all a surprise. And she was instantly and obviously excited.

This week, as I unpacked the rest of my things, I found a rope bondage book I'd bought more than two years ago. The first page I opened to had a different chest harness. I studied the steps this week as a bided my time until my next date with Miss Happy. I looked at the design two or three times. I thought I could remember it.

Last night, as our date started to get heated, I shook the ropes out my bag and selected a nice long length. I made her sit up. I started with her wrists and then began to wrap a coil around her, below her tits, to begin the pattern across her chest.

Rope is hot. It's sexy. I like that it has Japanese origins (even if I am American and my lover is Chinese). But most of all…

Rope is a way to really concentrate on each other. That is what it does for me. I'm not really a "fetishist." I do dominant things, but I don't call myself a "dom." I'm kinky, but don't make any real claims to "Kink." For me, rope gives me and the girl a chance to really focus on the experience of being together, and to extend the sexual time beyond the pounding and thrusting and moaning of it all.

I applied the design I had studied during the week and it fell into place easily. I ran out of rope just as I finished the pattern. I cinched the upper and lower horizontal sections of the harness together with a sharp tug, and this pulled her arms closer to her body, and stressed the lines that ran on all side of her tits… boxed in and sexy.

I was ready to fuck her. But first… time to make her ass nice and red.

She tests me a lot. She's natural at it. Not extensive tests, but regular attempts to set the frame in one way or another. That, or I'll say something sexy and she'll try to laugh at me about it and defuse the sexual tension (that is another kind of test). I try to catch each and every one of those moments. I call them out, or reframe her, or sometimes… I remind her she can act up, but if she does, I'll make her ass nice and red next time I see her. I often tell her (when she tests) that I know she is doing it just so I'll spank her harder next time.

She was naked, and on her side. With her hands tied up behind her back, her face was smashed down into the sheets. I spread her legs so I could see her ass and her increasingly wet pussy (I hadn't even touched it yet). I started to give her a series of slaps on the backs of her thighs. And her ass. One, two, three. The first slap to test the impact and the connection. Then the next two or three to really lay it on, to make it hurt a bit, to make it burn. And then… I'd stop. And caress her. Tell her how pretty she looked.

This is also push/pull. The pain and the pleasure. This is balance. I was hurting her. But I was caring for her as well.

I do care for her. I want her to feel that warmth too.

And I'd repeat that. Slaps on her ass. Then softer touching. Slap, slap slap. Then praise. Until her ass glowed a rosy red.

Ropes and red ass. Great start to the night.

Then I fucked her. And fucked her hard. To give her the experience of being unable to resist and really taking it all. Her face, pressed against the mattress, ass in the air, I gripped the ropes on her back for leverage and pulled her onto my cock as I plunged in. She made exquisite noises. The view of her, crisscrossed with rope, her amazing ass in the air… incredible. It was everything I want in a situation like that.

I untied her half way… fucked her again. Untied the rest, fucked her some more. Then dragged her to edge of the bed for that taste of her pussy I was dying for. Finally. It was just want I wanted. I ate her pussy. I ate her perfect ass.

Sometimes it feels just right. It's what I want. And I go and go and go. And as I stop, I still want more. And sex is like this for me. I never want it to end. That pre-explosion (at least pre-my-explosion) feels better than the ending. So I extend it. The extending it, on and on and on… that is the thing. She twisted and screamed as I sucked her clit into my mouth. It was fantastic.

I had other things I wanted to do to her… I wanted to put my fingers in her (she loves that)… but I also wanted to be back inside her again.

So for the second time, I put on a condom. I laid her flat on her belly, pushing my cock into her pussy from behind, between the softness of her ass. I slid an arm under her neck, a soft, intimate choke hold… and hammered my hips into into hers. Half choke, half hug. Our faces side by side and our breath mixing in her hair. Rough, but beautifully intimate. I could feel us start to sweat as I ground into her, and it reminded me of sweaty summertime sex and I told her that. Whispering fantasies of dripping, overheated skin into her ear as I fucked her.

I dragged her back down to the edge of the bed. And finally got my fingers in her. And I was too abrupt (momentarily), and I could see it in her eyes. I don't think I hurt her, but it wasn't smooth.

This girl had already had a remarkable range of experiences that night. Her body had been loved and abused in a dozen different ways. As I slid two fingers into her, in, and down, her mouth was open, and there was a look of a half-hungry, half-exhausted state under the heavy lids of her eyes. But there was also a sign that my pace was off… so I slowed down.

As we'll see at the end of this post, I had several opportunities to notice her reaction to all this (of course). I had chances to calibrate in ways both big and in small. A lot of my reference experiences from this night were about calibration. The look in her eyes as I started to work her with my fingers was another of those moments.

I worked my fingers deeper in, but with more care. I watched her expression, I made adjustments, we fell back into sync, and I dialed it up… doing things to her I know she likes, fingers deep down, the "deep spot." Her expression screwed tighter. Build up and tension. A pregnant agony and then…

Then she squirted. Over and over and over and over and over. And she was holding her breath, so I did too. I kept at it. Thrusting in, dragging two fingers over tight, strained, secret ligaments, deep "down" and inside, the backs of my fingers against her cervix, the backs of my knuckles pressing up against her G. I thought I would stop, but I didn't. And as she held her breath, I held mine too. She gave me more. And I thought she would stop, but she didn't. More. Blasts of pungent spray onto her legs, over my hand, all over my arms and into my lap. More and more. And that felt like enough. So I stopped.

And she finally took a breath.

Amazing.

I took a breath too. And several more.

I crawled up next to her. She had been through a lot. I wanted to connect. So I laid next to and across her. I stroked her face. And ran my hands, slowly through her hair. I let her breathe. I kissed her neck. I breathed with her.

So many expressions ran over her face. So many emotions. Like she was exhausted (and she was). Like she was hurt (maybe). Like she might cry (I don't know). I stared. Maybe she was so swept away that none of the usual reads of her face would apply. I don't know. It's not my job to always know. I just kept after her eyes. I made her really look. I wanted to really "see her" and I wanted to feel she was really "seeing me" too.

My motor was still very warm, but not revving. I knew I would come after all this. I held her still, let the "her and I" of it all linger.

As I stared down at her my plan was to let her jerk me off. I wanted to come… I had really wanted it all week. I was going to lord over her, make her run her hands all over me until I was ready to explode on her chest. But as I shifted her around to look at her ass, I threatened to stuff my cock in it and there was something in her eyes… she would have that too.

This is another time to mention reference experiences. Ass sex isn't for everyone, but an interesting aspect of that kind of fucking is that a girl will often want it, she'll love it, even if she'll never admit it. Many girls do not like anal, not at all. But it's hard to know, because they'll say one thing but very gladly (and ecstatically) feel another. It is only because I have been in this "position" before that I know the kind of a look a girl will give me when she wants it.

I know because I have missed the look before (and found out later she wanted it). And I've seen it before, known it for what it is, and had an intense experience – even as she claimed she could never like such a thing.

Reference experiences. That's what this post is about.

So I saw the look, and I gave it to her.

And she gave me the first "no, no, no" she has ever really given me in bed. It was role play. There was some "fight," but there was some "sly smile" too. Taking her ass wasn't part of my plan, but on top of everything else we had

done in this session, she had the experience of having her ass fucked while she “fought me off.” I pulled out and exploded, shot my come up her chest and across her neck.

Fucking wild. What an unbelievable night.

Even then… I didn’t really want it to end. It was so good. I wished it could have gone on. I almost always do. But it has to end. And it did, in a gooey blast across her body.

We were finally done. When I looked at the clock, it had been two hours and 45 minutes. I don’t think I have ever fucked that long. I had been close to coming 100 times that night. And I finally had. And it was over. We were both spent.

And now for the main reference experience of the night:

When we were finally done, when I was finally empty and she had caught her breath, without much lingering, she asked if we could shower off and go get some dinner. She peed. I looked at the clock, it was almost nine PM.

We stood under the hot water. She was happy, and lovely, and girly, and feminine… like always. But there was a beat-up look in her eyes. And she was doing this odd thing in terms of how she held her body… I could see it better when we stepped out of the shower to towel off.

Her legs were pointing toward me as we talked… but her upper body was tilted away a bit, almost leaning back, and turned slightly, so one shoulder was almost between us.

When a girl puts anything in between you and her, it’s a sign of protection. I think she also had her hands kind of behind her, like she was hiding something from me – her hands, exaggerating the protection. Overall, the feel was “between” and “away,” not “together.” I was surprised. And it caught hold of my attention and I was very focused, taking in all the little signs, trying to understand what I was seeing.

And that is it. That is my big report. This is the thing I want to talk about.

Her gesture may not seem like much of a clue, but I have had a lot of experience with women… and I saw something. Something I hadn’t seen before in a situation like this one.

It is true I don’t think I had ever fucked for quite that long before, done quite as much… but, in general, I’ve done this kind of thing before, certainly. And I’ve had the chance to closely observe girls (in deeply intimate ways) after sex like what went down Miss Happy and me on this night. And I’ve seen this particular girl after this kind of sex before, as well (several times). But I’ve never seen that gesture… the “tone” in her body language. She was (very unconsciously) showing me something.

It was a little bit like the way a girl might look at me during an initial approach on the street. The way Miss Happy was looking at me was similar to the way a girl might look at me during a semi-on/semi-off daygame approach… the look of a girl that is interested, but doesn’t trust me (yet), or doesn’t trust the situation.

I think that’s it: After all that wild sex, I had created something close to (but not quite), a lack of trust. I think I know why. And that’s why I wrote the post. I wanted this chance to think about it.

It was just too much. Not while we did it, but after… after… there was this feeling we had overdosed a little bit. We had taken it all “over the line” a little.

I am so in awe of her. Of her capacity for intense, pleasure. And of her and I. In awe of our brief, brilliant history as lovers and our potential for more of the same in the future. And it is because of that awe that I over-stuffed our time together last night. I was a little over-confident. I assumed too much about the boundaries of what we could handle in one night.

Noticing all this is an important reference experience for me. It’s a chance to calibrate. With her. And the “deep knowing” that comes from this kind of emotional reference experience gives you something that lasts. I may very well see something like this again in my life. I learned something.

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The night was gluttonous and greedy and long. It was a stretch… more for her than for me. It was easy for me, because I feel so very natural in the context of being with her, what we've done before, what I imagine we'll continue to do. And with that said, there is still some kind of "surprise" here for me. I still feel it. That is what makes it such a strong reference experience. There is newness here for me.

What I take away from it is only that it was very aggressive sex. Not all of it, I gave her a lot of my heart along with my cock. I never neglected her. The bits that were rough or cruel, even those were intentional, very much with her feelings in mind. But afterward, while her heart was exhausted, and her mind was empty and at rest… her body showed a need for protection.

> "Most chicks also need aftercare, etc. They want to bond, not just be sex toys who are going to be discarded after the event. Many guys wrongly neglect aftercare, cuddling, etc."
> — TheRedQuest

Yeah. Without using the term specifically, I know this to be true. And I gave her plenty of care, but perhaps not enough to completely soften the impact of this, our most wild episode to date.

Girls are sturdy. Girls can take a lot physically. I have had several delicate lovers (both psychologically and physically), where they complain easily and can't take much. Some girls can't handle more than maybe 20 minutes of the kind of sex I gave Miss Happy. Each girl is different, but yeah… you can push girls.

As I replay this, pushing girls is part of what I have to offer. Sometimes girls want to be taken a bit farther than they can handle. That is a type of fantasy too. Take her a little too far. Hurt her a little (hurt her sensibilities). All with a sense of love and an intention of service to her, certainly. But yes… "too far" is a kind of thrill.

(In case it needs to be said… experimenting with "too far" isn't territory for beginners. Nor is it recommended for first dates. I have a lot of experience. And she and I have been dating for weeks. Keep the context in mind…)

Even something as simple as making her ass red… she wouldn't ask for that. And she might have wanted (at least) one less spank from each volley of slaps that I gave her last night. But that last slap each time… might be literally transcendent. "Too far" is sometimes how things go from acceptable and mundane to radiant and extraordinary.

That last, unwanted slap (the one that is a little too much) might be what helps her "break free." What helps you, as her lover, break free. What makes the moment miraculous. What sweeps you both away.

Much of the night was like this for me. I can still feel the dizzy drunkness of it all. I was trying to take ~~her~~ us both into the hazy territory of "a little too far" last night… and I did.

So I don't feel remorse. I don't feel any sense of "hang-dog" capitulation. I feel bullish and aggressive. Even now, I would do it all again, maybe exactly the same.

And if I told you I feel like I would want it go on even longer, would you be surprised?

But that "look" that her body gave me. That moderate, but notable, recoil in her muscles as we stepped out the shower… ouhhh, I can never forget it. I didn?t feel bad. I still don't. But maybe that look is how she took me "too far" last night. That is how she split me open.

I feel responsible. And that is a good way to let this lesson soak in.

If you're going to lead a girl this "hard," take her not only farther than the might otherwise go, but into this particular, dark, "haunted" section of the forest… it's on you. As men, it's always on us. But this is a little more high-stakes. So the responsibility has more heat to it.

Should I have shown even more care?

I don't think so. But I think just being alive enough to see her reaction, to notice it, to talk to her about it a bit (and

we did), is enough. That shows I was strong, and mean, and bad… but not blind or out of control. I gorged on her flesh and her holes and her capacity to take all I could pour into her, but I loved on her too. And that seems like a particularly necessary aspect of it all, given what she showed me when I was done.

I care for her very much. It is easy to do, she is a wonderful girl. And I am glad I wasn't in such a brutish rush that I would neglect that part.

> "That guy… leading the dance. He is the leader. But he is completely tuned into her. He is completely tuned into her and feels what she would like too. He is leading and he is feeling it."
> — Hans Comyn

This experience gives emphasis to the care. More highlights of a girl, showing the edges of her capacity. A reminder of the emphasis of "care"… not just "aftercare," but at each step along the path, especially if you want to push the experience like I did with this Lovely One.

Men lose all the time. And we mostly only win when we take risks. And there are risks at both ends of each episode with a girl.

A man that doesn't go far enough, can land short of the target, and lose the chance to be seen in a certain light (and doors will close). A man that goes too far, can seem heartless, inconsiderate, and potentially risks even more. We risk damaging the girl (in big ways, but also in smaller, cumulative ones). We risk "playing too small" to live a extraordinary life. We risk robbing her of what might be a once-in-lifetime peak experience, for pleasure or intimacy (sexually, or emotionally, or both).

After that shower.. Miss Happy and I had a light snack of cheese and crackers and olives and mustard and beer. And we slipped into the uneven drizzle of the night, found a new restaurant I wanted to try, and sat side by side and ate together. We talked. We were fine. We were better than fine.

That protected half-shell she had shown me after the shower had soften. My elation and lust had softened as well. As she seemed to recover I was finally exhausted myself.

Once we were home I stripped her naked and she melted into my bed. We drifted into dreams moments after our heads crushed the pillows. And we slept as if we were of one piece. Close, warm, as lovely as all the other nights. I was hard, repeatedly, throughout the night, still wanting her. I want her now.

I fucked her again in the morning, and after, she ran off to work.

Around lunch today, all on her own, with no prompting, she sent me this:

> MISS HAPPY: Love, protect, respect…
> MISS HAPPY: This is what I get from the Dangerous Man
> MISS HAPPY: Great, I like it.

Okay.

By the time I got that message, I had already had a chance to process my performance (and her reaction). I was good with who I am and what I have done (to her, and with the other girls before her).

And I like validation too.

Sounds like she and I had both considered, and affirmed, the meaning of the episode. It was "too much" (in an unforgettably wonderful way). And perhaps in being too much, we had "come through" that together as well. And it was the kind of too much we might do again (I certainly hope so). Although next time… I'll likely give us something a little easier to manage.

It was an epic episode. I loved it and it has been excellent to write about it. I want to rewind and perform it all again

– I would do it right now.

And while I loved the pleasure of it all, the big take away wasn't the build-up or the particular climax of the night… it was the noticing of her expression, partially broken, in the sticky-dust of the aftermath and collapse of all we done to each other.

A night full of reference experiences… little lessons and clues I'll use to navigate my time with her (or, perhaps, some other girl) in the future.

I'll never forget it.

May we have good experiences. May we give the girls good experiences.

Viva Daygame.

“Lolita” | Origins of Female Sexuality

Nash · 17 April 2020 · Archived copy · Original

I just finished reading Lolita, by Nabokov. I was surprised to learn that the term “Lolita” didn’t quite mean what I thought it to mean. I was close, but not exactly right – which made the book a more wild read.

When we take a look at a story, the context of our lives will determine what we are capable of seeing.

From where I am as a player and seducer, I found Lolita to read like a handbook on the development of the sexualities of “precocious” young girls. In some ways, the book disgusted me. In others, I learned a lot from the stores of “nymphets” that Nabokov shares. With that as a bit of a tease… I offer my conclusions about the story of a weak man’s experience with a wicked little girl.

A quote:

> “Lolita, light of my life, fire of my loins. My sin, my soul. Lo-lee-ta: the tip of the tongue taking a trip of three steps and the palate to tap, at three, on the teeth. Lo. Lee. Ta.”

This is a line as told from the narrator of the book – Humbert Humbert. All the unattributed quotes I use below should be read as his words.

Lolita tackles a troubling topic. While broadly speaking, Lolita looks at a forbidden sexuality, I will argue many us will be able to see some of ourselves in these scenes, and also, see facets of girls we have dated and otherwise known in our lives. And that beyond the drama, there are broader lessons to be learned from a book as “very bad” as this one.

LOLITAS

> Lolita[loh-lee-tuh]: a sexually precocious young girl
> — A standard dictionary definition

What is a Lolita? This is where the book initially shook me.

We have all heard allusions to Lolitas, and the flavor of the dictionary quote above is what I was expecting to find. I know them as much from personal experience as from references in the culture. As players, many of us mix it up with “sexually precocious young girls” all the time. How young? We’ll get to that. That is the tension of the topic, certainly.

A “Lolita” is not technically (in fact) a broad category of girl – even though that is what the term has come to mean. Lolita is the name Humbert gives “Dolly,” a substitute for the actual name of the girl in the book. Dolores Haze. Lo. Lo-li-ta. It was once only about Nabokov’s specific girl, but has now become a way to refer to a certain “type.”

We don’t always call it out, but “a Lolita” has a quality to her that is something like “dangerous.” It is both about how young she is and how she is a little bit “bad.” Maybe like what we’d call “jail bait” in less literary circles. Sexy… in a forbidden way. A lot of sex is like that.

Like the dictionary will tell you, the original Lolita was (most certainly) “sexually precocious,” but Humbert Humbert would have used a different term for a girl like her: He would use the term “nymphet.”

And let’s get to it: For Humbert Humbert, a “nymphet” is a “sexually precocious young girl” between the ages of nine and 14.

Ouch. Right. Okay.

I had always assumed a Lolita was about 14 to 16 years old. Something like that. Prohibitively young, certainly, but as I read that Humbert’s tastes grazed the edges of girls as young as 10, it changed my interest in the book.

There is definitely a danger and a conflict and a drama in the topic of the sexualities of young girls, even if we stick to ones that are “physically mature.” But to dip into pre-pubescent girls changes the chemistry of the scene significantly. Connecting sexuality with children is entirely off limits.

Full stop.

The challenge here (to press on), is not in the definition of sex… but in the defining of who is too young to be examined. And maybe more so… who gets to decide who is too young to be sexual? Not in our eyes, but in their own?

This is part of what makes Lolita’s so “wicked” – not that a grown men would engage a young girl, but in the unavoidable reality of a young girl working to expand her own sexuality into a culture that would like to say it isn’t so.

What I mostly want to do here with Lolita, is to flip the topic on its head and look at it from the point of view of the girls themselves. While civilization might want to put absolute limits on men in terms the the sexual lives of girls below a certain age, can civilization stop the girls themselves from developing their own sexualities? I think the answer is no.

If we take the men out of the story entirely, and simply look at Lolita as a chance to witness how sexuality takes root in the female experience, we can let go of some of the judgment, get curious, and (perhaps) learn something of the construction of a woman’s sex, from the vantage point of a time when her roots first find fertile soil.

For me, it is the exploration (rather than exploitation) of female sexuality that gives Nabokov’s book it’s heat. And it’s the heart of this essay (and maybe this whole blog) as well.

A DISCLAIMER

As Nabokov was willing to play with this scene, so am I. We’ll have better things to say – but let’s do a round of disclaimer now, as a matter of good house-keeping:

I do not now (nor have I ever as an adult man) dated or communicated in a sexual way with girls under the legal age. Not once. Not ever. There it is, early in the piece. Checked off and done. That is heartfelt, but I don't mean to linger here at all.

> "I am neither a reader nor a writer of didactic fiction, and, Lolita has no moral in tow."
> — Nabokov

Okay, good. Nabokov isn't interested in the rather obvious morality issue and, frankly, neither am I. This post isn't about morality. We have oilier fish to fry.

I quickly discovered that I didn't like the book's main character, Humbert Humbert. Not at all. He was the worst part of the book and I am glad to be away from him.

But… the book has value as we can be adjacent to a man as he was adjacent to a girl when he shouldn't have been. And from that proximity, we may take away lessons about the sexual marketplace, about women, from female psychology, and about ourselves.

That is my goal here.

NYMPHETS

Another definition:

> "Now I wish to introduce the following idea. Between the age limits of nine and fourteen there occur maidens who… reveal their true nature which is not human, but nymphic (that is demoniac); and these chosen creatures I propose to designate as an 'nymphets.'"

Now we have a sexual discussion of girls "between that ages limits of nine and fourteen." I warned you it would be dangerous and it is.

But I am quite interested in that quote. He is talking about a something I recognize. Not the age, but the quality. And here we can drop our outrage and move into a closer inspection of the topic. Prudish objections asides, there is a conversation worth having here.

> "The body of some immortal daemon disguised as a female child. A combination of naivete and deception…"

To lean into it, the thing that interests me in Humbert's first sketch of the nymph is his reference to this "demoniac" quality. Here he plots some rarely spoken details. The expected naivete, but mixed with something deceptive. And complicated. And maybe cunning. A sexuality that is a pilot as much as a passenger. Could it all begin so young?

It is not that such young girls are legitimate targets of our own sexuality, but that they might have profuse sexualities of their own. That is what we are allowing for, and that… is at the heart of whole essay.

At some point reasonable adults will allow that a girl could not only have a sexuality, but that her sexual persona might also have an element of some "badness" to it. That quality will exist at some age, and the question is… at what age can we imagine its earliest manifestation? Bad, bad, little girls. Not all girls, but certain "charged" ones in the midst of a more tame pack.

Nabokov was willing to explore this and so can we.

> "A normal man given a group photograph of school girls or Girl Scouts and asked to point out the comeliest one will not necessarily choose the nymphet among them."

This ^ is a great clue to something. And the way I read it, it's clear he isn't talking about "surface level" sexuality. He is saying she's not particularly beautiful, it's something "else." He is talking about young girls with a particular "sexual energy" about them.

I think that is right. And that is a thing that we feel in this world even if it is not to be spoken.

If you're interested in the fruit of adult women, you might be interest in the progression of the seed.

> "You have to be an artist and a madman… in order to discern at once… the little deadly demon among the wholesome children; she stands unrecognized by them and unconscious herself of her fantastic power."

Whoa. Okay. Sound familiar at all? I am thinking of adult women, but it sounds familiar to me.

I edited that comment to strip out the parts that are about him – his ego, his shame, his conflict, his personal sickness – because they are irrelevant to the direction I want to take us. The sentence reads better when we take Humbert out of it. The whole book does, actually.

What he says (indirectly) is that Nymphets signal something unwholesome. They are "deadly" in some way. We know girls like this. The many reasons why some girls might have this "spark" in them (so young) probably varies greatly from girl to girl. Some from abuse (true). And some (perhaps) from a natural fount of "mischief," "dark female energy," and other qualities we find in other "bad girls" (irrespective of their age).

I am interested in how crystal clear he is about this feminine force, forbidden to notice at this age, but persistent in archetypes of women. The "earliness" of it all is another fantastic clue as to the origins of sexuality in girls.

A force that proceeds beyond the seed, and along the development of the flower that follows.

> "…and neither is she the fragile child of a feminine novel. What drives me insane is the twofold nature of this nymphet – of every nymphet, perhaps; this mixture in my Lolita of tender dreamy childish and a kind of eerie vulgarity…"

Have you ever tried a little too hard to believe in the innocence of a girl? I think every man has. As we abstract it (and it doesn't take much), this becomes a universal conversation after all.

PUBESCENCE AND LEGAL LIMITS

The word pubescence is one way of classifying what we consider "mature."

Pubescence ("having entered puberty") is a kind of mature (in contrast to emotional maturity) – one of many kinds. It is a stage where one is first capable of reproduction.

To make things a little more crude: post-pubescent could be taken to mean "she has pubes." Ever heard the phrase: "If there's grass on the field, play ball?" That phrase is a "locker room" way to describe at what "physical age" men have decided they could consider a girl in a sexual context. The presence of pubic hair – and pubescence – is a clear demarcation. I am not being an advocate here. But I am being real.

I would argue that it is not correct to say men "decide" that girls that have passed puberty are worthy of sexual consideration. Rather, I argue that Nature dictates that it is so. Men are attracted to women that are fertile (which is perhaps the most literally natural thing of all), even when that fertility is inconveniently young. And this is where so many of us have even more in common with Sick Humbert.

There is a line between a sensual attraction to even very young girls that are biologically fertile (say, 14? maybe 13??) and the also very sensible refusal to act on that attraction. To that I will enthusiastically agree.

Are many, young, post-pubescent girls sexually attractive? Yes. Definitely. 15? Certainly. 16? No question about it.

Men that say otherwise are liars.

The point here is not to state the obvious, but to map out something real from one side, so that we can begin to examine the other side of the equation. The essay is interested in the development of sexuality in girls. And a demonic quality in Nabokov's nymphets that is a kind of smoke that shows a fire.

Most won't broach this subject, but here is a quote I took down years ago from an anonymous source:

> "He pointed out that often it's the minor who initiates the sex, in which case I don't think you can call it abuse."
> — Anonymous

Put it in context:

Imagine a girl that is "too young" for your standards, but one that has a sexuality of her own, a sexuality she is not asking for permission to cultivate. And imagine her sexuality isn't passive and reserved – but sweeps out and initiates trades in the sexual marketplace. This is not about the sexual activity of men… but that of young girls testing themselves – and testing the edges of what is possible with the men around them.

This is the tension that Lolita makes explicit. Not only Humbert's involvement with a young girl… but her propensity for sexuality at an age where we like to pretend girls are not sexual at all.

For my part (and this works as yet another disclaimer):

I fully recognize a robust, real sexuality, in very, very young girls (perhaps even nymphets), but I am happy to do the sensible thing, and "give them a pass" until they are of the legal age. Legally, all men should. Morally, you'll be right more often than wrong if you simply "make it a rule." But philosophically…

I'd be foolish to miss that the origins of young girls' sexualities start much, much earlier than the law will allow. Not only that, but that very young girls… often practice with fully grown men. Perhaps you find the suggestion demonic. If so, you're keeping up well with the themes presented here.

This is Lolita seen from another angle.

And as men, many of us have seen all this in our own lives. There is no moral complication here, as we're not aiding or abetting the corruption of an innocent. We are simply acknowledging the earliest days of "girls at play," playing games they will play in their lives for decades to come.

Call it "practice." Did you know girls practice this young?

WHAT WE HAVE IN COMMON WITH HUMBERT HUMBERT

> "I wanted to write a song about sexuality in the classroom. I'd done teaching practice at secondary schools and been through the business of having 15-year-old girls fancying me ? and me really fancying them! How I kept my hands off them I don't know… Then there was my love for Lolita which I think is a brilliant novel."
> — Sting

Here, the artist Sting (of The Police) is talking about the song "Don't Stand So Close to Me." He names the girls to be at 15 years old. But the point to make here is about this double-barreled liability of both the under-aged nature of the girl and the perfectly obvious initiation of sexual experiences from the girls themselves.

> "That my novel does contain various allusions to the psychological urges of a pervert is quite true."
> — Nabokov

I would invite the reader to see where he (like Sting) shares some territory with Nabokov's protagonist. Not in

anything criminal, but in the exploration of sex, and access to sex, that polite society would try to wipe from our minds. Let's assume we're only talking about legal encounters… have you ever felt perverted for wants you discovered in the sexual marketplace?

> "While my body knew what it craved for, my mind rejected my body's every plea. One moment I was ashamed and frightened, another recklessly optimistic. Taboo strangulated me."

Turning away from any talk of the under-aged, how many men struggle to recognize the sexuality of women at all? Or even to give permission to their own sexualities? Not in a distant, compartmentalized sense – as in porn. But in the specific sense – as in "the nice girl they are dating" (or would like to date). What we call "pedestalizing" is often a failure to recognize not only what is perverted in ourselves, but perversion in women as well.

Lolita will teach you to see the perverted.

While Humbert Humbert engages in the truly taboo, how many men feel a taboo sigma at the idea of even talking to women when they haven't been properly introduced? We know "talking to girls on the street" is a taboo itself in some circles. Some would like to make it illegal. And why? Again, to protect the "endlessly na?ve and vulnerable young girls."

I began to find real sexual success as a man only after I turned 40. And even then, I totally underestimated the sexual agency of girls. And I certainly couldn't see how the youngest of the legal age might be so willing and wild. Then I met girls like Baby Dragon, who at 19, even as she was a virgin, clearly had demonic nymphic potential (which we explored, over several dates).

It took me a long time to see girls for what they are… and to begin to see that "what they are" had to have begun at some point long before me.

Here we can go a bit darker:

> "He had the utmost respect for ordinary children, with their purity and vulnerability, and under no circumstance would he have interfered with the innocence of a child, if there was the least risk of a row. But how his heart beat when, among the innocent throng, he spied a demon child, 'enfante charmante et fourbe.'"

He is talking about what it is like to see a sexual spark in a sea of dull bulbs. This isn't about his attraction to a certain look, it's more about how a certain girl can look back at a man.

Spotting the "demon child." We can clean it up:

Put yourself in a bar. Lots of "ordinary children," but you catch the glance of a "demonic" girl, and you and she both spike and there is no confusion as to what is going on. We can apply the psychology from Lolita to more legitimate circumstance – I certainly can.

I looked up "enfante charmante et fourbe." It means "charming and deceitful child." In some ways… don?t all women have that capacity? The darkness of Nabokov's novel is a portal into the darkness of sultry women of all ages.

There is this kind of common wisdom about the qualities of women throughout the book.

Here is another look at how Nabokov shares shades of sexuality:

> "All at once I knew I could kiss her throat or the wick of her mouth with perfect impunity. I knew she would let me do so, and even close her eyes as Hollywood teaches. I cannot tell [you] how the knowledge came to me; perhaps my ape-ear had unconsciously caught some slight change in the rhythm of respiration – for now she was not really looking at my scribble, but waiting with curiosity and composure – oh, my limpid nymphet! – for the glamorous lodger to do what he was dying to do."

A girl, pretending at one thing, while actually pushing herself deep into another. In the scene above, the girl did that, not the man.

And Humbert is explicitly curious about how it was he knew what she wanted? He says, " I cannot tell [you] how the knowledge came to me." He is talking about how a player reads nonverbal communication, and guesses at intention, as he makes moves on a girl (or considers it).

So many of us have been there: She intentionally tempts him. He feels it. That is what "Girl Game" looks like.

These moments are areas where I could know my own life in those pages. When I see my own experiences in Nabokov's words, I know that even if I cannot trust Humbert, I can often trust Humbert's read of the scene.

While in these quotes we've seen several good examples of psychology in the sexual marketplace, let's go deeper now into my broader point about the origins of the sexuality of girls.

THE ORIGINS OF SEXUAL EDUCATION

The more experience I have with women, the more interested I am in the origins of girls' sexual education.

And I am beyond certain that girls begin their education at a very young age, via extensive exposure to "sexual situations." They mostly learn "passively," meaning: Men do the work of bringing them opportunities to engage and practice.

In terms of what they passively receive:

Even for girls that have yet to be penetrated, they have been seen in a sexual context since pubescence. Right? Nature flips a switch in their anatomy and men show them real sexual interest from that point on. In many cases, adult men (men with real skill and experience, such as ourselves) press them sexually (and press them hard), and they learn to move in that dance, over endless repetitions… beginning at something like "12" or "13" years old.

In that space between "12" and "18" (let's say), how many thousands of sexual interactions (some explicit, some subtle) has she experienced?

In contrast to "nice girls" that mostly learn passively, maybe we can see nymphets as those young girls that take on sex more actively? Imagine that some of these very young girls weren't only on the receiving end of sexual encounters, but were actively encouraging them through their "sexually precocious" behavior.

These girl would have many of the same passive experiences where men thrust sex at them, but would also be out and about generating their own heat as they moved in knowing ways, held a gaze longer than was strictly necessary, dressed the part, and inserted themselves into situations where good girls would not.

If a "normal" girl would absorb thousands of glances, weak offers, and strong advances, how many thousands of times could a nymphet taunt the world with her own exaggerated potential? How many thousands of times would she have a chance to test her skill? How many thousands of times would she be able to witness men (both weak and strong) as they felt the impact of her sex in the air?

That… is a lot of experience. And this is the truth of the origins of female sexuality. Lolita (beginning at 11 or 12) is a great look at where sex really starts.

For example:

> "She told me the way that she had been debauched. Her astounding tale started with an introductory mention of her tent-mate of the previous summer… the tent mate instructed her in 'various manipulations.'"

Here Humbert is talking about how (a possibly prepubescent) Lolita learned to masturbate… at 11 years old… as taught by a slightly older girl at camp.

I will be personal again and say that one of the greatest loves of my life was taught this exact same thing… at nine years old. She, and two young friends (both under 12), would all go back to one of their homes every day after school, and take turns, in the old fashioned tub, young asses low, definitely prepubescent legs pointing to the ceiling, as a narrow jet of warm water ran forcefully from the faucet over their girl-clits. They'd orgasm. Each of them, in turn. And then the game was over and they'd run off to do something else.

Real sex stories. I don't find them "sexy" (as in, they don't turn me on), but they are still "warm" (in a way) as they teach me about the origins of sexuality in the beloved fairer sex. Again… a universal theme.

Nine, 10, 11, and 12 year old girls… teaching each other to get off. It can start this way. Women have told me a lot of things. I have a lot of stories like these. Many, many.

Here is more from Lolita:

> "Barbara Burke, a sturdy blonde, two years older than Lo… had a very special canoe which she shared with Lo. Every morning, Barbara and Lo would be helped to carry the boat by Charlie Holmes, the camp Mistresses son, age 13. Every morning, the three children would take a shortcut through the beautiful innocent forest… Lo would be the sentinel, while Barbara and the boy copulated behind a bush."

Oh.

> "At first, Lo would refuse to 'try what it was like,' but curiosity and camaraderie prevailed, and soon she and Barbara were doing it by turns with a silent, course and surly but indefatigable Charlie."

Okay. So Humbert is no hero, but he didn't actually deflower Lolita when he had sex with her. She had already had sex, lots of it, at 12, with a 13 year old boy, taking turns with another girl, in the woods at camp, every day, for a whole summer.

Real stories of sexual origins.

When you, as an "18 year old boy," first get sexually involved with your "18 year old girlfriend," decent chance she has had these kinds of experiences. And you'd never know it. And we don't talk about it…

But we're talking about it here. This is the point of this essay for me.

Here is more:

> "…blurting out to me by urgent and well-paid request various really incredible details concerning an affair that Mona had had with a Marine at the seaside."

This is Humbert saying he paid Lolita to give him details about her 13 year old friend Mona, that was having sex "with a Marine at the seaside." Let's assume the Marine was 18, having "really incredible" sex with a middle-school girl. We don't talk about it… but this is the way of the world.

In the instance of innocent 13 year old Mona… can we be sure she was the innocent one? I'm not sure of that at all. I know a lot of middle school girls that have more experience and sexual confidence than many college guys. That isn't an exaggeration. It's true. And it's true because much older men have been teaching these girls all along. In explicit ways and subtle ones. Over the whole of their "childhood." With the nymphets (of course)… making their own magic… thousands and thousands of times.

> "Well, did I know that he had known her mother? That he was practically an old friend? He had tugged and pulled her, Dolly, by her bare arm onto his lap in front of everybody, and kissed her face, she was ten and furious with him?"

> "Edusa had warned her that Cue liked little girls, had been almost jailed once, in fact (nice fact), and he knew she knew."

This ^ is a description of a bad man named Clare (aka Cue). About how Cue (a fully grown man, a porn producer, actually) had made moves on Lolita when she was as young as 10, and how Lolita had liked it.

Later in the book (at 14) she runs away from Humbert, absconding with Cue, and having sex with him too (of course).

She had probably had sex with Cue long before she turned 14. Cue had been the playwright of a school performance Lolita had performed in at 12. And she had snuck away from Humbert many afternoons to "practice that performance" – lying about where she had been (there is that sexual deceitfulness of the nymphet). And I don't believe it is said in the book, but Lolita was certainly hooking up with him (at 12) and possibly had been taken by him at that age as well.

So by 14, Lolita has been with three guys: The 13 year old boy at camp. Her 40ish "step father" Humbert. And the porn purveyor Cue (an equally older man). If you met Lolita at 18 (let say), and you saw the mischief in her eyes… could you anticipate a backstory like this? No way you'd be ready to see all this in her – even if you saw a sparkle that you could feel but couldn't quite explain.

"Not all women are like this," but don't go the other way and assume there is nothing like this in a girl's sexual closet. Girls sexual closets are well stocked.

I date a lot of nice, "innocent," introverted girls. I do. I always allow that they would have some subterranean secrets, but I do believe that many girls are actually chaste and virginal. Again, I am not maligning girls here, not at all.

But…

Last summer I was dating a 26 year old girl that had sex for the first time at 12. The boy was 17. I didn't get all the details, but it's "coin flip" for me as to who was moving that seduction forward. Very well may have been her… a confident little nymphet, with a "safe" and "adoring" boy, many years older, but not necessarily her equal at all in terms of potential for mischief or depth of sexual education.

I told you I have a lot of stories like this.

I'll skip the many, odd little stories of small, "innocent" sexual encounters I had, personally, that go back to the 3rd grade (and earlier). I didn't have sex until I was 18. I was likely behind a lot of the girls at my age. But I remember many sexual games as a "kid." Some serendipitous and random (like a footjob I received, under the table, in class, when I was 15), but often encouraged by my very young peers.

"My twelve-year old flame," says Humbert. Sounds sick… but there is more to understanding female sexuality than just dismissing these notes. Leave the little ones alone – at least until they are legal. But if you want to "know"… pay attention.

Wrapping it up… some final looks at Lolita:

> HUMBERT: So be a good girl.
> LO: Bad, bad girl. Juvenile delinquent, but frank and fetching.
> LO: Say, wouldn't Mother be absolutely mad if she found out we were lovers?
> HUMBERT: Good Lord, Lo, let's not talk that way.
> LO: But we are lovers, aren't we?
> HUMBERT: Not that I know of.

Not the girl herself, but the demonic nymph of Lolita's energy here is hot. Humbert sucks (and he is playing dumb), but we see Lolita's role in all this. That she is in every way a co-conspirator. And while I will say yet again, that we have no business accepting challenges like this from underage girls… we can see them for what they are.

Another great line from Humbert:

> "The sensualist in me (a great and insane monster) had no objection to some depravity in his prey."

And here, again, I join the part of Humbert that isn't "him," but represents us all in some battle with potent, young sexuality… and I agree. I do hunt young girls. And they are my prey. And I am often thrilled – and sometimes, even now, shocked – by the sophistication of the flame they bring to the game.

I'll close with this:

> "On that particular day,… I felt like a rest from the nightmare of unknown betrayals within the innocence of her style, of her soul, of her essential grace."

He is a loser. I don't like him. It sucked to be his "wingman" for this ridiculous book. But…

Between the betrayal and his articulation of "her essential grace," I can feel the torture he expresses here. Even as he "abuses her" (and that isn't quite the right way to say what goes on between them), even then… she crushes him throughout the latter half of the text.

> "She said unprintable things. She said she loathed me. She said I had attempted to violate her several times when I was her mother's roomer. She said she was sure I had murdered her mother. She said she would sleep with the first fellow who asked her and I could do nothing about it."

The demon on display. And we are all battered, tortured, fools, on some given day (at least some of the time), with the various nymphets of our lives.

Reading the book was torturously difficult. It was as if to watch a train derail, ever so slowly, page after page, in a dysfunctional rhythm, of a broken girl, led by an incapable man, hanging for far too long in those moments before that train finally runs off the tracks…

A catastrophe.

But the thing for me that is unique about this book is not that Humbert find a lover in Lolita, a 12 year girl. The fact that she is 12, is (for me) just a disgusting coincidence, a distraction from what is really great in the book. What is unique about her, and the story, is our chance to watch the serpentine twists of female sexuality in such detail. And that's why we can learn something from her even as such intimacy with girls like her is forbidden.

I read it. And I am glad – despite the very interesting conversation it has inspired here – that it is over. She is a brat, actually… not the slightest bit charming. And he is a weak, weak man, doing all the wrong things, as he tries to hang on to something he never should have touched at all (which show a lack of wisdom which is a final thing many of us have likely shared with Humbert).

To all the men out there that find youthful fertility fanciful.. I am with you, wholeheartedly. You will see some of what you've read here in the behaviors of the young girls in your life. In young, "fruits vert," like Lo, or in more grown girls… with similar tendencies and sexual experiences in their backgrounds that you may feel but will never fully know.

Lolita is a window into young girls and the secrets they keep, into the origins of the secrets that helped make them who they are. That girl… the one you're dating.

He is the wrong man, with the wrong girl, but sharing many of the right lessons… even if the details as told here are

too obscene for some ears.

Wild sport we have here, boys. Stay curious. Keep learning. Be good. Enjoy the many bad girls you can wrangle. And may we all be entertained.

Viva daygame.

Red Gold

Nash · 24 May 2020 · Archived copy · Original

I have never gotten a girl pregnant. I have never been involved in an abortion. I have never even had a real scare with a girl.

And while I am 100% pro-family, and I like kids, I'm not trying to make any babies right now. Starting a family is the right path for most men, I have deep respect for proper patriarchs, but that is not what I want for myself. Not today.

Since January I have been seeing Miss Happy. The odd events of 2020 have put me in a state of "accidental monogamy" with her. I like her and it has been good to "go deep" with one girl… and practice skills beyond the pickup, deeper wranglings and investigations into the female psyche.

But now, in mid-May, the frenzied passion from the beginning has settled into a more everyday kind of love affair. And by every day, I mean… "The Players Rhythm" of an intense date, once a week. I like her, but it's not "new and sparkly" any more.

And I really miss Game. When 2020 settles down, I am certain I will bounce back into the crowds (when they finally appear) and spread my love around to so many yet unnamed nubiles. Even the idea is inspiring.

Where does this leave Miss Happy and I? Well, I am not the kind of man that gives girls that version of "the talk" where you tell her you're going to see other girls. I think that is so anti-romantic as to be insulting (too direct, even for me). And I don't offer any thing like commitment (never). I always tell stories about how "maybe someday," but for now, "I'm a lover, not a boyfriend or a husband." Miss Happy heard it early and explicitly. I love hard, but I am clear about what I have to offer these girls.

I care about her. But…

I can't wait to game.

Two weeks ago we had something like a fight. It wasn't based in anger, but we had some drama. Skipping over the details, I would say she was feeling a little put off… a little neglected. And I could feel some "games" in how she was communicating with me. The wounded girl, retaliating, adding extra feminine chaos to the mix as I tried to set up our next date.

But I got it set up. And I had her come over early. We took a walk. I talked to her, I wanted to understand her, I wanted her to air any resentments. I used the time to lead her thoughts about "what we are" and "where we're going." It was a successful talk. She told me she felt something like "hurt" when I set the boundary that led our "fight." And even as I set that boundary yet again in our talk, she got to see me show some care for her. She got to see I could hold two stances at once: I could be strong in what I want and still want the best for her. We went home after our walk. I fucked her. Nothing extravagant, but it was deep, emotional sex. I cooked for her and we slept.

But…

Going back to that walk…

I didn't think I would fuck her that night. I assumed… she would be on period. Actually, I was wondering if the "games" she had been playing with me that week were related to her being "more emotional." I asked her and she said "no." And it wasn't a big deal to her.

I don't take notes or anything, but when I am dating a girl regularly, I have some sense for where she is at in her cycle. I like to know when sex will be blocked out from the mess (I'm not into period sex). And also…

I like to know that I'm not an accidental father.

But she brushed past it quickly that night. "No," she hadn't. And that meant her period was maybe a little late. She

isn't completely regular, but…

Over text this week, I asked about her period again. "No." She said. No "alarm" in her tone. It was as if she genuinely felt like it wasn't a big deal (though: some girls want to get pregnant, so it's hard, sometimes, to read them in that way).

This all leads up to our date last night:

She came over, and brought me a present, as usual (some food she had cooked). She wasn't in my place for even five minutes when I saw her glance toward the bed. I could tell she "wanted it." I walked her over, pushed her down…

As I began to strip off her clothes, I asked, yet again. I hadn't seen any evidence of her period in what "felt" like 5 weeks. Maybe six? "No," she said. And I said, you seem comfortable about it, this is all normal for you? And she very easily dismissed it. I read her then, and she felt real. She wasn't worried. In the moment, it was enough for me.

I went to work on her. I hadn't tied her up in a while, so I did that – elbows up past her ears and framing her face, her wrists knotted together behind her head, the bite of the rope running tight down her spine and then, wrapped three times just under her tits and tied off behind her, holding her in on display in that forced-vulnerable position, helpless… and ready to be ravished.

I fucked her in a half a dozen positions, ate her pussy, and made her squirt three or four times. More, really excellent sex – she and I are great like that. Then I took her to dinner.

Later that night we fell asleep watching this movie Dangerous Beauty. It is about a courtesan. And it has some very Secret Society notions of sex and love and marriage. And we talked about those themes. She passed out, her head on my chest, as we talked… but I think the conversation was unsettling.

This morning, as the sun rose through overcast skies, a faint grey buzz of light filled my place. My cats (little hunter-killer machines that they are) began to roam the room, making some noise, not-so-subtlety signaling they wanted breakfast. I got up and gave them a half a scoop and crawled back into the sheets and next to a naked Miss Happy.

But I couldn't slip back into my dreams. I was anxious. I was thinking about being pregnant.

I am on record as being a staunch advocate of condoms. When I was younger, all my relationships were set up to include having her on "the pill" so I could bust in carefree abandon, with my "kids" dripping down between her thighs each time. But these days…

There is no way I would leave birth control up to a woman. No way. Being childless is a kind of freedom for me, a freedom I respect. And I would never let a woman manage that freedom for me. I don't care at all if a girl is using an IUD or is on the pill… I always use condoms.

But, I will sometimes "dip into" a girl. Early in the session, before I have a bunch of come "pre-loaded" in my cock, when I am hard but we haven't been at it too long… I'll sometimes plunge in raw. I give her the surprise of being roughly penetrated. It's hot. It's not smart (not at all), but in those brief periods, it has been an acceptable level of risk for me.

I am not talking about "the pull out method" – when you pound away unprotected, but then "pull out" just before you come and toss it on her tits or into her pretty face. My "raw moments" are very brief, very early in the sexual scene. I wouldn't fuck a girl raw if I was too excited, or if I have been anywhere near coming.

But Miss Happy and I have had so much sex. Two/three rounds a night, at least once a week. And I have done the trick of tapping her for brief raw-dog moments several times recently.

And this is how I "fucked myself," in this case. I had taken some chances. Small risks, but it's possible I got some seed in her. Very possible. So when her period was late…

Could it be?

All this was on my mind this morning as the sun rose. Had my streak of mostly carefree freedom and carousing come to conclusion? Would I be a dad, now, accidentally? As I laid in bed this morning, I tried to accept it… were it true. I tried to face it, were it the fact of the day. If I was to be a dad… I know I could do it.

And then the cats were attacking each other, in some game where they faux-kill each other in their ritual of what life outside might be like, if they could ever escape their 9th floor apartment. This morning, in combat, they tore a lap across the room and knocked over some picture frames with a violent crash.

Miss Happy jumped and clutched at me. And she actually shuddered… not only startled, she was genuinely scared. And she held onto me. Almost childishly.

So as I lay in that grey morning light, I pushed my anxious brooding about accidental parenthood aside, and tried to calm her down. I could "feel the energy" of her, as her soft but tense body was pressed against mine. She tossed back and forth some, every few minutes, making sure neither of us could slip back into sleep. And then she said:

"I'm scared."

She said it was a combination of a bad dream and the noise as the cats woke us up. That may be true. But I will go out on a limb and say that me, laying next to her, as I bad-tripped on thoughts pregnancy, that she and I might be tied together by a child, as I turned all that into a mild, mental boil… she picked up on that "energy" too.

I felt her fear this morning after the cats crashed open the day. Could she also feel mine? My dread of being cast in a role that I don't really want for myself? I'm sure of it, even as it was unspoken.

I tried to center myself. To get grounded. I tried, to lead a vulnerable girl into safety. I rubbed at the tension in her limbs. I whispered instructions to her, to relax the many muscles from her toes to the tension in her temples. She was better. I could "feel it," but she still tossed. It was maybe 4:30 AM. We both needed to sleep…

I decided to fuck her again. I got up. Got a condom. Put it on the bed next to me… and then I teased her. Pulling her nipples and tonguing her ear. Pressing my cock against the fullness of her ass. She was purring, the sex pushing aside the scare. I strapped on that condom, flipped her onto her stomach, and pushed my cock into her from behind. I pressed her face into the down pillows, and fucked her, hard. And it was (as always) very good.

Words escaped that narrow space between her lips and the pillows. She was saying "so deep" and some of her usual sex chatter. But that wasn't all she said. She said something I have never heard in bed with a women before. She said…

"Don't leave me."

I swear that is what she said. Mixed in with the moans, and telling me to go deeper, she said, maybe 10 times… "don't leave me."

It wasn't emotional, not particularly. It was in the same tone as "sooo deeeeep." It wasn't a plea or desperate or begging. She was clearly enjoying the sex, but it was there. Stark and unmissable words turning us into an awkward threesome of her, and I, and her inopportune confession.

This is real. It's another remarkable moment in my time as a player and a lover of women.

I wasn't ignoring her, but I didn't respond. I just took it in like a note in a notebook. And continued to fuck her. Not avoiding it, but I kept after my goal of fucking the tension out of both of us. I thought all this would help us sleep.

After a while, I wanted to flip her over her onto her back, and to finish, face to face. And as I did…

My cock was smeared with blood. Really?! Was this her period? Yes. It was. Unbelievable timing.

I told her that her period had come. With surprise in her voice she said, "it did?" It wasn't much, just a bit of blood. And I had really worked her pussy hard the night before as I made her squirt. Maybe there was some blood from all

that? But, I didn't think so…

I got a towel and put it beneath her. And I finished. It wasn't a big, beautiful fuck, but it had done it's job. I didn't even take the condom off… I just rolled her over to her side, put her in "little spoon," held her to me, and…

We both fell asleep. I figured a good fuck would do it – spend the nervous energy of the morning. Her's of being left. Mine of being captured by a responsibility of family that I don't want for myself.

I keep an unofficial eye on the sky, and when it felt like time to start the day I stood up. I still had the condom wrapped around my cock. And yes, there was some blood on it. And I felt…

Fantastic.

I stroked Miss Happy's milky skin to rouse her into the day. I cheerfully warmed her up, and she rose, tired, but also happy again.

And she was really bloody now. Last night… not a sign of it. As I fucked her this morning, a hint. By the time the sun was up, completely so. I don't mean to overplay the scene… but a full YES to that girl having her period this morning. Yes. I can't believe how it all happened, but it did.

She nervously got up and made her way into the shower. She was sheepish about the mess, but of course, I didn't care.

I felt such relief, but the morning would be incomplete until I asked her about saying "don't leave me" during sex. Those words were more than unusual for a couple, in mid-thrust, and I wanted to face that part too.

I told her I had fucked her get her to relax. She playfully accused me of being a cad, that the sex was just a chance to selfishly get off. Oh yeah, did it work, I asked? Hadn't we both fallen asleep immediately afterwards? "Yes," she said, surprised to realize it.

And then I broached the topic, asked her about saying, "don't leave me." And she said, "I did?" And I said, yeah, you did. And I told her I wasn't concerned, but I wanted her to know that (of course) I noticed. What did that mean to her, I asked?

She said, "it's just that I need you."

And I think there are a lot of guys that run around thinking that making girls "need you" is cool. But I am not that kind of guy. I respect responsibility, but I don't think dependency is sexy. And it's dangerous for a relationship to stoke that kind of fire… even a "casual" one.

So I coached her about it… I helped her reframe it as "want." She is a very smart, capable girl, and she knows it. She doesn't "need" me, and I don't need her to need me either. I helped her reframe the need as "want" or just appreciation for what it's like when we're together. We don't have to "need" or "try" or even "want" each other… we just "are" good lovers. We are (most of the time) "1 + 1 = 3." And I told her that, and she smiled.

She was fine. She looked great. I have some work to do yet between she and I, but she left for work, Miss Happy once again.

Beyond the approach, beyond getting her out or getting her naked, deeper into the relationship elements… this is what wrangling girls looks like. And this is what wrangling myself looks like. It is always both.

And she was gone and it felt like "Christmas" that I was not pregnant. Thank the Daygame Gods for that. I love kids. I respect families. Maybe I'll do all that someday… maybe… when I am stronger. But it wouldn't start today.

And maybe "dipping it in" is low risk. But as you may be able to tell by this essay… it is too risky for me. If my freedom is that important, I can skip that thrill. It wasn't worth it this morning. I'm done with it.

After she left I made the bed. Even though I put the towel under us this morning, before that, we'd gotten some blood on the sheets. And there it was… evidence that I was still free. That I could be free to choose what I would

do next. Continue on with Miss Happy. Date other girls. Maybe do both. Maybe choose to be a father one day… or maybe not. All options were open, once again. For now.

In my sheets… those streaks of dried blood…

Red Gold.

What an incredible morning.

May we have good experiences. May we give the girls good experiences. Viva daygame.

Who the Hell is Pat Stedman – Masterclass Review

Nash · 13 June 2020 · Archived copy · Original

I am always on the lookout for a point of view that really cuts into what I might call "Game," and Pat Stedman gets it. He stands out for me as one of the voices I've learned the most from in the last few years.

Pat has a way of wading into aspects of Game (sexual attraction, psychology, and relationships) and bringing out interesting topics. It's what he says, it's the questions he asks, it's his ability to consistently elevate the conversation beyond the basics.

Who the hell is Pat Stedman? Below I offer some quotes from his project "Masterclass" that will help to illustrate some of what Pat has to say about dating and relationships.

MASTERCLASS:

When Pat asked me to review Masterclass, I told him I wanted to take my time with it. There are 14 hours of material in his course, but I gave it maybe 50+ hours of my life. I listened (and re-listened) to the talks. I took 43 pages of notes and I have already started using what I learned from the product with girls (and in my own writing). Below I am going to give you a few of those highlights.

You can think about Masterclass as a "collection of maps."

A map is something that helps you explore the territory. In Masterclass, Pat shows us a series of fascinating, insightful "talks about girls" that serve as "maps" to help us thrive in the sexual marketplace.

He does (at least) three things exceptionally well: 1.) General psychology as it relates to social lives of men. 2.) Very specific sexual marketplace notes (including some of the best notes on female psychology anywhere… Pat crushes it there). And then we arrive at his specialty, 3.) Extensive coaching for men in relationships.

He separates himself from generic "how to bang the girl" lessons as he is a strong advocate of meaningful relationship with women. While I am a bachelor and a player, I know a lot of guys get into Game as a path to something more long-term. This is a perfect product for guys like that. While Pat has credibility in terms of

meeting and picking up girls, he has exceptional insight and coaching for guys that choose to screen toward a monogamous future.

I am going to focus mostly on Game in this review, but I don't want to undersell the relationship stuff (and I will write more on those topics later).

Here is some drama to heat up this review:

> "You will be devastated at how fast a needy girl that knows good Girl Game will move on from you to another guy. This devastates guys. They had thought they were a super special person and she is with another guy within days. This leads to a lot of thinking that women are these evil creatures that they can do this to a guy."

This product is not "happy wife, happy life." Pat understands "dark feminine energy."

So… you like "hot girls?"

> "Women that are at the very top in looks are often very difficult to deal with. They have been objectified their entire life. They often have stunted personalities. They tend to be used in ways that damage them quite a bit. If you're going to go after a girl like this, you have to make sure you really have your frame sorted out."

It is Pat's emphasis on female psychology that really hooks me into his content.

He has a whole section of Masterclass called "Female Nature and Vetting Women" (that, alone, is well worth the price of admission). In that segment, he does three talks in a row that go from "Stages of Female Development" to "Red Flags" to "Properly Vetting Women." I took too many notes in these sections to mention here.

Another comment:

> "A lot of women don't really have a strong sense of values… they follow strength. They follow a guy who is a good leader, who has his own values, and a strong vision of how to enact those values in his life. A lot of these women are just looking for a guy that is going to give them some sense of direction in life."

As men, we give women so much emphasis (especially the truly beautiful ones) we sometimes forget just how lost they often are. In a way, I love them for that. There are a lot of details and guidance that will apply to your Game regardless of your level of "commitment."

Masterclass has over 50 separate talks on a range of topics including "self-sabotage," being a "nice guy," the role of values in your Game, "hypergamy," and how your "mommy issues" impact how you relate with women. He touches on classic Game examples like Mystery's false-time constraints. His content on "energy" is fantastic. Then, he is specific on ways to meet women. And finally, some intensely good notes on girls as you move deeper into relationships… including a talk called "Handling her Moods" (which is one of my favorite talks I've ever heard in all my years of Game).

For another example of both topic and depth of topic, here is Pat talking about Frame:

> "How is a woman supposed to gain mental frame over you, when you can handle tension, and you firmly believe you know what is true about the two of you? And that you're willing to follow that truth, even if it means leaving the relationship? When you submit to 'I will follow truth wherever it goes'…. how is she supposed to go against that?"

I have heard lots of men talk about Frame. When I see Pat bringing in the concepts of tension and values he is "mapping" out the very foundation of a man's frame, offering specifics to help dial in how you feel and what she sees when you're standing in front of her. He is showing you the concept of Frame in a way that makes it sturdy

enough to lean on.

> "Ask yourself 'why?'"
> — From One of Pat Stedman's Periscopes

This kind of line really takes me where I want to go.

I have heard a lot theory and advice. Random bullshit on the internet isn't going to help me with girls. Increasingly… I have to know "why?" I need to go deeper into these topics…

I have to know enough to believe it or I know it won't work for me.

Why am I struggling with some aspect of dating? Why does this particular girl behave the way she does? Why is something better for one girl than another? Why does it feel like I'm 'settling' for this girl? Why is XYZ concept going to serve me as I try to "get this area of my life handled?"

Why?

> To get the world you want you need to ask the right questions.
>
> — Pat Stedman (@Pat_Stedman) May 26, 2020

Pat will give you a lot of the right questions to ask yourself as you evaluate women… and he supplies a great deal of well-vetted answers as well.

GAME:

Masterclass has sections on all the traditional modes of Game… daygame, nightgame, online. My read is that Pat is best adapted to social circle game (lots of examples, he is very credible there).

One way that Pat could make an impact on your Game is by taking whatever method you like to meet girls and adding "life" to the skeleton of that structure.

If we think of something like the London Daygame Model, it's a fantastic structure, a series of incredibly helpful steps. I remember studying them as I took the plunge into daygame. And I also remember how "thin" those steps were in terms of what to actually do when I was face to face with a girl (and the "why" of it all).

Where I think Pat comes at this differently is by layering on many smart "maps" to help a man to think about "why" a certain part of Game is important. And he'll give you the rationale for why any good man needs to understand Game (and the fundamental concepts of Game) in order to open doors for himself.

> "Presenting your best-self to others, and having people like you for it – the only reason that they were able to do that is because your persona got them through the door. It's not fake. It's framing. And if you don't frame yourself, somebody else will frame you for you."

Nice.

So, Game helps me show her a series of things about me that not only help me begin a relationship, but help me start it in a way that might set the pace for her and I for all the interactions that follow. That makes sense.

> "Women may want to put you in a box. Your persona lets you put yourself in the box you want to be put in."

We have choices on what we present (our Persona). And our choices about how we showcase ourselves to a girl

largely depend on what we bring to the table, and the realities of our individual sexual market value:

> "One of the reasons, some of the hardcore pickup guys are so into the hard sell, the very fast paced push, is because they don't have a good 'product.' And they are afraid that the girl will disappear. Guys that have a strong product, can sell in a much more healthy way."

Really good coaching ^.

Think of guys that believe in "tricks." How long into a relationship do they think tricks will carry them? And how many high-qualities girls will you lose by trying to start that way?

Here is a killer line:

> "You want to throw a girl off… but that is very different than trying to lower her self-esteem. You always have to tease… but a guy with really high pre-selection, he should be doing 80% compliment, 20% tease. The proportion is skewed to being warm to the girl and holding space."

Those lines are loaded with detailed understanding of Game.

High value guys can run "sweeter," nicer game (it's true). They often have to. They have attraction. Too much "mystery" or "edge" for that guy will just intimidate her, push her out. If you're a certain kind of guy, you can drop into comfort quickly – and you might need to – for "balance."

Your tactics will vary with your place in the SMP (relative to the girl).

As for "balance," excellent breakdown here:

> "This is one of the big frameworks I want you to think about: You're going to be creating tension-trust, tension-trust, tension-trust."

This is a very sophisticated way to talk about "push – pull." And it's exactly right. The "Tension/Trust" balance is important on the pickup. It's true as you take her from meet to sex. It's true even deep into the relationship.

And Pat will push you to take on more, to get bigger…

> "You do need to be able to ground more tension to do a successful direct approach. If you go up to a woman, and you tell her you find her attractive, there is going to be a big spike and you're going to have to be able to hold that."

Can you hold sexual tension?

This is part of what it take to get really good with girls (and one of the main things I am focused on in Game right now). When you are solid enough to look a woman in the eye and hold (and maintain) the tension for both you, you can drop a lot of the gimmicks "little boys" use to get attention.

> "It's so easy (I don't mean that for people that aren't there yet)… when you get it… it's so easy to make a girl want to hook up with you. It's so easy to do that."

You should see the look in Pat's eyes drops that line. He is for real.

I trust that the guy has nailed some girls. I think he can both relate and coach at that level. But more so, he can guide you in such a way that the girls become a path to help you grow… and set you up for better long-term outcomes.

MORE OF WHAT I GOT OUT OF MASTERCLASS.

I am going to get a little bit more abstract here (more “advanced?”) and show you something that I am personally really learning from Pat in particular:

> “Women are the bearers of life… and they are looking for life force. When they are judging men, they are assessing the man’s ‘vitality.’ They are assessing how much energy does a guy have? They want the guys that have more energy. Guys that have low energy, they are simply discarded.”

Awesome line.

I did a whole tread showing similarities between Pat and Krauser on the topic of “energy” (or “power,” as Krauser might say).

> Pat is saying the feminine "takes ENERGY" and Krauser is saying she "absorbs POWER" – nearly identical reads of what is happening (in a conversation or in bed).
>
> These guys are speaking from different "Schools," but they are pointing int he same direction.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) August 25, 2019

Here’s more:

> “So women are on the lookout for the guy with the most energy, the most life force. These are the guys they want to commit to.”

That’s true, right?

Guys that have this kind of “life force” are easy to spot. They get stuff done. They have a lot of interpersonal energy and they wake people up when they walk into the room. They typically have a positive “vibe.”

It’s a formula for what winners in the SMP look like…. and we can call it life force, vitality, or “energy.”

We spend so much time wondering what to say and what to text, when she is really a “yes” or a “no” based on: 1.) Are you showing her a good vibe? And 2.) Do you have enough “life force” to penetrate the world (and maybe carry her along with you)?

If I know the answer to those two questions, I can tell you if a guy will be any good with girls or not.

> “Every woman is looking for your attention, for your energy.”

Our attention is one form of “energy” we have to offer women.

And I like that, but let’s make it more specific:

> “We have to look for women who… understand the value that you as a man provide, and that she wants to help you to create more energy, rather than just take it away from you. You want her to be a partner who is taking her share, rather than somebody who is in it just to steal. You want somebody who is going to be an investor.”

This is a fascinating “map” for men looking to get into relationships.

Pat is saying that she is sustained by the energy her man gives her (totally excellent concept). And Pat might tell you that women wanting you to give them your energy is normal and healthy (to a degree), but you have to be on

the lookout for girls that are only trying to “take” (your resources, your attention)… girls that will only “suck you dry.”

Fantastic. And I have not even scratched the surface of what Pat has to say about relationships.

But speaking of long term time with women:

One of Pat’s talks literally keeps me up at night… his talk called “5 Tiers of Women.” It really makes me wonder about what I want and who I am. I’ll write about that topic (and other of Pat’s ideas) another time.

If you know me, I am a salty, experienced guy. I have no patience for bullshit. And with that said…

Pat’s Masterclass blew me away.

Guy’s have a lot of questions about girls, and getting girls, and relating to girls, and holding that mess together over enough time to make something meaningful happen. If you stay on the path, you’ll have a lot of questions about yourself, as well. I am still going through all that.

> “Interdependent Feminine… very healthy, feminine women. They are usually taken. They will give you something to aspire toward. They are doing Girl Game, but they are doing it from the other side. They can now give without any expectation in return.”

Yeah, sounds great.

Who gets to date those really, high-quality girls? Well, only the most high-quality guys. Men that have developed themselves, proven who they are, and where they are going. Men that have acquired the skills and “maps” to “navigate the territory.”

> “As a guy at the very top end of the spectrum, the power dynamic shifts. As you build yourself into a more confident masculine man. Not only will you be able to find girls that are better ‘marble’ (so to speak) to work with, but you’ll have more of the tools to do it.”

I want to be better. And I want to surround myself with men that can teach me what I need to know. These are some of the reasons why Pat has made a big difference in my Game. I have learned a lot. It’s easy to appreciate a guy like that.

If you’re on the right path, you’ll hear things from Pat to validate the direction you’re going.

And I promise he’ll give you some new ground to consider. He’ll stretch you, and challenge you to think about “why,” and he’ll push you toward a greater version of yourself and a much deeper understanding of women.

As I look to go deeper into what is possible with women, Pat Stedman shows up for me as a true “Master of Maps.” A guy that can give me tools to help me go farther.

And while a map doesn’t help a man cover the distance, it can help show him the way.

(The sales page for Masterclass is here.)

Thank you, Pat Stedman. Well done, Sir. I am impressed.

Viva daygame.

“What Every Man Wants” (From The Deuce)

Nash · 21 June 2020 · Archived copy · Original

HBO ran this series called The Deuce – a show about New York City in the late 1970s and early 1980s. It was about bartenders, and hookers and pimps, and cops, and the first porn stars, and the mafia… all those characters interacting with each other. And I learned a bit about the dance between men and woman in those various episodes.

What I want to write about here was a conversation on one episode between a father and son about “what every man wants.”

I transcribed the scene below. We’ll walk thru the dialog and then I’ll say what I want to say.

SHOW: The Deuce
EPISODE: “Nobody Has to Get Hurt”
Season 2 | Episode 8

The scene opens in the backyard of a house in NYC.

Vinny was previously married to a woman named Andrea, and they had two kids together. He and Andrea separated, and he mostly stopped seeing her and the kids. He started a new life (nearby, in Manhattan), busy managing some bars and clubs. And he took a new girlfriend – a young girl named Abby (a smart, rich girl, that had just dropped out of college).

In this scene, Vinny has a talk with his dad – Mr Martino – about women:

> VINNY: I am having a hard time.

> MR. MARTINO: You don’t look it.

> VINNY: I was hoping to get some advice, about women.

> MR. MARTINO: You think I know about women?

> MR. MARTINO: …
> MR. MARTINO: Who?

> VINNY: Abby.

> MR. MARTINO: Yeah. She’s a smart girl.
> MR. MARTINO: She’s very pretty.

> VINNY: I love her, but she don’t want what I want.

> MR. MARTINO: Which is what?

> VINNY: A regular home. A family, maybe.

> MR. MARTINO: Well, Vin, you HAVE a family.
> MR. MARTINO: You seen your kids lately?

> VINNY: No.

> MR. MARTINO: You wanted everything.
> MR. MARTINO: A woman at home. Pussy on the side. Like most men.
> MR. MARTINO: …
> MR. MARTINO: Except most men don’t leave.

VINNY: Me and Andrea were not compatible.

MR. MARTINO: What the fuck is compatible got to do with it?
MR. MARTINO: Compatible? What?
MR. MARTINO: Vinny, you can't control your urges. You never have.
MR. MARTINO: …
MR. MARTINO: Eh, you know…
MR. MARTINO: I am no 'true blue.' You know that, right?

VINNY: Yeah.
VINNY: When I was a teenager, I saw you one night, with Mrs Di Piari.
VINNY: I saw the way her eyes were shining like she was looking at you…
VINNY: I know what that look meant.

MR. MARTINO: Well, Mrs Di Piari wasn't the only one…

VINNY: I don't want to hear about it…

MR. MARTINO: Hey!
MR. MARTINO: You asked my advice…
MR. MARTINO: I am trying to level with you. You want to talk?
MR. MARTINO: …
MR. MARTINO: I had others. Yeah. Some nice women. We had some laughs.
MR. MARTINO: Compared, to the mother of my children, Vinny… 'puttana.'

This ^ is the look on his face when he says, “puttana.”

> MR. MARTINO: I did what I did to make myself feel like a man.
> MR. MARTINO: And I come home.
> MR. MARTINO: I came home.
> MR. MARTINO: I had you boys. I had your sister to take care of.
> MR. MARTINO: But Vinny, I never considered leaving.
> MR. MARTINO: Not once.

So that is the scene.

I love that scene.

The thing I like about it is… it's not about "what should be." I love idealism too, but I don't often see ideal circumstances in long term relationships. And some of the best advice you'll ever find is about what to do in "non-ideal" situations. This is that kind of post.

Here is where we start, with these really excellent lines:

> MR. MARTINO: You wanted everything.
> MR. MARTINO: A woman at home. Pussy on the side. Like most men.

Is that right? Is that what most men want?

I don't hear men say that often. Rarely. But I see it… all the time, in the non-ideal realness of the sexual marketplace. And to be starkly honest here…

It's what I think I want.

And I don't think I am alone. If we work our way past the "ideals," and look at the practical choices we have as men… that is what a lot of men want. And not always in pessimism, but in a practical sense where men have found a way to work out was seems unworkable.

"A woman at home and pussy on the side" is what many men have done since the beginning of civilization.

Before I explain why Mr Martino's "solution" appeals to me so much, I want to present the Essential Dilemma of being a family man:

ON THE ONE HAND: A man might want to take a shot at family. There is a lot of upside for men in being fathers and husbands, but there are tradeoffs on that path. One question here is: How does a man hold his attraction for his wife as he watches her age past 30, past 40, past 50 years old? How does a man maintain a vigorous sex life with an increasingly older woman? From what I can see, most married couples rarely (if ever) have sex. (Once per month?) If a man has any interest in maintaining his sexual edge, there is some pressure to test his monogamy so that he might keep some sexual activity in his life.

ON THE OTHER HAND: A man might want the life of the bachelor, of sexual variety, of "endless freedom." I know a little bit about this lifestyle, and it also has it's tradeoffs. Here a relevant question might be: What is a man missing if he never invests the time to explore the joys of being a parent, or of building a family, or sharing all of that with a women as they build a life together? If a man has any interest in a familial legacy beyond his own individual goals and wants, there is some pressure to trade some freedom for those opportunities.

A dilemma is a difficult choice between to challenging options.

Should he choose a family and limit (or eliminate) his sex life? Or choose sexual freedom, but without a the potential richness of a family? There are many other scenarios, but this is a common dilemma men have faced for thousands of years.

It gets to the essential question of "what every man wants." And what his options are for navigating those wants.

Currently, I am quite happy with my freedom. I'll stay a bachelor for some time, I'm sure of it. And, yet…

Mr Martino's has three main points that I am interested in:

1.) That “a woman at home and pussy on the side” is a classic solution that helps a man to manage the two scenarios of the dilemma. That 2.) Resolving that dilemma helped him to “feel like a man.” And then, interestingly, that 3.) He would always “come back,” as his real loyalty to his family, to what he had built, was never in question.

That’s beautiful.

Let’s take them one at a time.

> MR. MARTINO: You wanted everything.
> MR. MARTINO: A woman at home. Pussy on the side. Like most men.

Once again, is that what every man wants?

Maybe it is. Maybe it’s a solution that might help a man step into something like a committed relationship. Maybe a man wouldn’t say it quite like that. Maybe he wouldn’t even think these particular words… but what Mr Martino’s suggests solves both of our potential tragedies. Mr Martino thinks we all want a shot at satisfying each of the otherwise conflicting goals…

And I like that he lays it all on the table. And that he takes it for granted that we can have both.

Men have stared down the tradeoffs of family vs freedom for millennia. What Mr Martino lays out has been a traditional way to “square the circle” and to resolve the tension between staying with an aging wife and an ache for fresh pussy that for many men never goes away.

It’s not what every man wants… but it allows him to have what he wants. And I am going to call it the “Classic Solution.”

A brief interlude:

If marriage and “a woman at home” is easy to understand, the “pussy on the side” is the complicated part. And that brings us to the role of “the love affair” in the Classic Solution.

The discrete affair is the functioning mechanism of it all. You take a lover. (Or many… over the years.) It’s “pussy on the side,” but it’s never brought up at the dinner table. It’s discrete, unspoken, very, very… Secret Society.

I think affairs are normal – as in, they are common. Not admirable, but a “tool” relationships have employed to balance conflicting needs and to relieve pressure that comes from the various dilemmas of monogamy.

This arrangement (as I imagine it) is certainly not “open” or “polyamorous.” In my version of truth this is an important distinction.

I don’t think it’s weird to want to bang other women. I don’t think it’s weird to “need it.” I don’t. But I think asking her to accept that, demanding that she does, to share that with her, is corrosive for the vast majority of couples.

Telling her you aren’t that into her any more, or that you’re just desperate for some “strange pussy,” is insulting. Maintaining her self-esteem is worth the effort. And the dragon of jealousy that stalks the SMP is formidable force. For both those reasons (and more), a man keeps his side action to himself. He never mentions it to her. He denies it if it ever comes up.

It’s not the “need” itself that is so unimaginable, it’s the rubbing it in her face that is too much to expect her to manage. It’s expecting her to share the responsibility for it that is a failure on the part of the man. The man owns it or it doesn’t work.

Once more: None of this ideal.

But if the choices are family and no sex, or rubbing my desire for other women in my wife's face, I think the Classic Solution is to have an affair and keep it myself. The solution is the "lesser of evils," where a man chooses this path as opposed to divorce or never beginning the relationships at all.

The solution is practical. And I respect it. It's not pretty (not at this stage), but it has been tested through the ages as a means for some men to avoid both horns of the bull.

Back to Mr Martino…

> MR. MARTINO: I did what I did to make myself feel like a man.

He is right about something here too.

If a man has sexual needs, and he has the personal power to satisfy them, what does accepting sexlessness to do his own self-esteem? If he makes major compromises at this level, are we sure his wife cannot feel a change in him as his sex life is neutered? Does any of that help his marriage?

Mr Martino needed his side action. And I think, if I ever try to start a family, I might need it too.

Discrete side action enables the whole enterprise.

And I was excited about this scene, as it delivered a common truth in such a "matter of fact" way. It wasn't meant to be controversial, because to Vinny and his dad, it's not controversial – it's just how it is. And I was glad to hear them talk about it.

It was refreshing.

I don't want to learn how things "should be." I want to learn how they actually are. In that way, Mr Martino gave me an outline for something that I might try to implement one day.

First, there is a very comfortable admission as Mr Martino says that wanting "a wife and pussy on the side" ("like most men") is a kind of normal. I agree.

Then, his saying he knows he was no "true blue," that he fooled around, he recognizes that… no excuses. But he is clear that he needed it (in some way) to make himself "feel like a man." And I really get that – to continue to hunt, seduce, to find success (and relief), sexually, to find that excitement and pleasure, to not have to give that up… I get it.

And finally…

Even as Mr Martino hooks up with Mrs Di Piari (and there were "others"), he goes on to say that all those girls were a kind of vague second place to his wife, that they were the "puttana" ("whores"), and that he never considered leaving his wife for any of them… "never."

> MR. MARTINO: But Vinny, I never considered leaving.
> MR. MARTINO: Not once.

"Not once."

I really like that. Here Mr Martino makes clear the point of the whole conversation. It is not, in fact, the side pussy. The conversation is about coming home.

There is a crazy tension of needs and ideals in this scene. Noble – to try to establish and provide for a family.

Conflict – as the bride becomes a Madonna, and sex is no longer a focus. Ignoble – as a man has an affair. Proud – as he can see the hunter-killer in him is proven to be alive once again. Pleasure – in new romance and sexual release. Responsibly – in holding all this on his own, not expecting his wife to share his burden. And a kind of practical nobility again – in the final commitment to always come home, to never mistake "some goods times" for what is really important.

I have had this conversation before. And it freaks people out to stare at it like this, but for me, it's so "classic" as to be calming.

Maybe I am a bastard that I see it this way.

But I don't think I could ever be truly monogamous (maybe not until my sex drive is completely dead). And, like most men, I assume I could not maintain sexual attraction to my wife forever (the thought of sex with women beyond 40 years of age is not appealing to me). I don't assume I would just give up on my sex life. And I wouldn't ask my lovely wife to share that burden.

So…

Maybe I am bastard for saying all this out loud. And maybe Mr Martino was too. But I don't think so. I think he was teaching me something. And I was glad to see it all articulated so clearly in that scene.

The solution works to not ONLY keep "fresh pussy" flowing, but also to relieve the pressure that might kill an otherwise successful family situation. Mr Martino's emphasis was that the pussy was a diversion, that he needed it. But maybe each scratch of that itch also created the space he needed to keep coming home, and to hold onto the continuity with his wife. I appreciate all that very much.

I have often said about the Classic Solution that while many people find the suggestion so revolting, I think the model itself can help hold marriages together. I believe that. Ideals are wonderful. But the pressure to always live up to an ideal is often more than most mortals can manage.

I think Vinny and his father show two paths: Vinny chose a separation as a means to start over with a younger girl and keep the blood flowing though his veins. I get that too…. that is one option. But his father used the Classic Solution. Fucking side-chicks was a kind of "pressure relief," and that allowed him to STAY. And in many ways, I think "doing what you have to do" as you hold your family together is the better path.

The Classic Solution carries such a strong truth for me as to be beautiful… because it is not just about hedonism and young titties, it's about a plan to always come home at the end of the day.

I think father knows best.

I am not married. And since I make no commitments to the girls I date, there are never any promises to break.

But maybe the path I am on… where I have my "freedom" and never "run around" on a woman I am supposed to be committed to… maybe this is "cheating" both me and some woman (one from the past or one I have yet to discover) out of a shot at a real family.

Maybe I am a bastard as I see all this is as a kind of true, timeless wisdom. Maybe it makes me a bad man that I plan to someday use this outline to help me navigate the dilemma and that I might involve a woman in such a mess…

Maybe.

Maybe.

I don't know.

For now… I'll go on being a bachelor. I'll continue to learn about attraction, and the sexual urge, leading women,

jealousy, and all that. I'll see, up close and personal, that relationships are not always "perfect fairytale romances." That is just not how the sexual marketplace works.

But in many ways I think I know enough. I think I have caught up to the Classical Solution, which was there long before me.

And maybe I'll give it a shot someday. Like Mr Martino. Build that family. Have some "good times" when I need them to clean out my pipes. And then get home to take care of what is really important.

I can respect that.

We'll see.

Viva Daygame.

Daygame Restart – This is Not a Lay Report

Nash · 3 October 2020 · Archived copy · Original

After I moved to Japan in December, I settled in and did about 20 approaches in January, I met Miss Happy, and dated her all through the months of this year when this city was a desperate ghost town.

As my city opened up a little, I wanted to get back to what I love more than almost anything else… the experience of meeting girls and bringing them into my life.

I wanted to run some daygame again.

> The FIRST STEP toward hooking up with that hot girl is talking to that hot girl.
>
> (I am making approaches today and I am telling myself this as much as anyone else.)#GOtalkTOgirls
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) August 9, 2020

While it was great to be back in the game… this is the story of the time before all that worked out. This story (like others on this blog) is from a stretch of days where I was out grinding away, working with the approaches, numbers, dates… in search of triumph that (at the time of this post) had not yet materialized.

I did over 100 approaches in July/August/September and then… I burned out. And then… I got going again. Even for a guy like me that has "been around the block" (quite literally) a few times, Daygame is like that.

This is that story. And this is not a lay report.

PICKING UP GIRLS (AGAIN)

Despite the time of forced social hibernation, it wasn't hard to once again shake the rust off. I was back on my feet quickly… doing what I have always done, but I also made some new additions to how I meet girls.

For example: I have been doing my consulting work in the afternoons from a cafe that has some seats that face a path with a heavy flow of foot traffic. I sit there, behind floor-to-ceiling windows, do my work and… watch the girls go by.

I have called that spot “The Fish Bowl.” It feels like it: sitting in a fish bowl, looking out, with the girls watching me watching them.

From there I can chase down any given girl that catches my eye. It’s been a new innovation for my Game. And it’s been working.

Some snapshots from this summer:

> And… JUST TOOK A NUMBER.
>
> She wasn’t wearing a mask. Young face, very “adult” body, great walk. English was good.
>
> Some dude walked up on us. I had already asked if she was married and she said “no, no, no, no!” She waved the dude off… but he was not happy with me.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) July 22, 2020

I remember her. I took that number and she responded easily. She spoke English. She sent me pics of her art. It felt “on.” I asked her out, and…

Gone. Never heard from her again. It happens. (More often than not, actually.)

> FISH BOWL: Another One
>
> She is maybe 5’6, but thin, and yet such a small little waist she still has incredible proportions.
>
> She stopped before I said a word. Said “no” to Eng right away, but just hung there… she was very into it. No Eng at all… but a beautiful, sexy vibe.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) July 31, 2020

Beautiful moment.

It’s inspiring to run back through these notes…

Here is another:

> FISH BOWL:
>
> Just opened this little BOMBSHELL. Short, “70s” feathered hair, perfect ass, fuzzy pink slippers, and a Chanel necklace.
>
> No English at all. She just smiled and laughed.
>
> I checked her out one last time and gave her a round of applause. She laughed again.
>
> Amazing.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) August 12, 2020

She had a strong sexuality and a wonderful calm, familiar confidence. I came at her more direct. We looked each other up and down, took in each other’s value as “players” in the SMP… and then… released.

She has danced before. So have I.

Here is another:

> DAYGAME:
>
> She wasn’t sure I was talking to her, but when I got her attn SHE SNAPPED OPEN.

> She spoke no English at all. But when she didn't understand she would just stand there and stare. In a trance. Her eyes were extra wide and glassy…
>
> I woke that girl up.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) August 13, 2020

"She would just stand there and stare. In a trance." Hypnotized. Makes me feel a like a wizard.

I intentionally took down all the little details for this period so I could document the process once again.

> DAYGAME:
>
> You know the word "DISHY?" The kind of girl that is SOFT, SLOW, typically CURVY, with ample FEMININITY, and often a SMOLDERING SEXUALITY to go with it?
>
> I just had a great talk with a girl like that.
>
> No English, but we vibed so well. She had a BF.
>
> She was wonderful.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) August 21, 2020

This girl… Wow.

I had many "single serving" love affairs with these girls… but like her, most of these moments were more like a spark than real connection. Small flirtatious fires fading as quickly as they began.

Talking to girls is fun. And so it was… and yet, I have already said that eventually my enthusiasm in this period would be tested.

But before I crashed… I did get some of these little girls out on dates.

THE DATES

My dates here start with this one:

> FISH BOWL:
>
> Tall, long black hair, short shorts, no mask. I followed her up the escalator, and then another floor, and cut her off at the top of the 4th floor.
>
> Stepped in, opened, her eyes lit up. She loved it.
>
> "Are you a student?"
> "Yes! High school."
>
> 18 yrs old… # close.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) August 3, 2020

Of course this girl is easy to remember. It was a very good set. Sexual and the vibe was on.

As she was still in high school, I decided to screen over over text before I asked her out. I pushed her away a bit. I made sure she knew I was dangerous, but she was eager to meet. And she came out.

> BACK TO MY PLACE:

> She has an early day tmrw so I didn't have long. A bit of comfort, and I said "c'mere." Pulled her in. She giggled a bit and then…
>
> I totally made out with a high school girl tonight.
>
> And I feel great about it. It was a good experience for both of us.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) August 10, 2020

It was a good night and a great makeout. I made an 18 year old girl moan for me that night.

She had an early day the next day, and it seemed really on, so I didn't push it past that. I probably could have gotten her naked, but I assumed I'd see her again…

We messaged several times after that. We set a date and then… she "hard-flaked." "No call, no show." I was surprised, but she is a high school girl… losing her was probably a good thing.

Now a different girl, one week later:

> FISH BOWL: Great Girl
>
> She is slim, nice, slow walk. Opened easy. Speaks some English. When she took off her mask…
>
> CRAZY JAPANESE TEETH. She asked me if I was okay with it before she would give me her number…
>
> I still like her. Great girl.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) August 7, 2020

Great chemistry and she touched me in all on her own (very rare) – it was on. She came out… and she was awesome. Very "healthy," happy, well-adjusted, charming girl.

After dinner (a two-minute walk from my apartment), I invited her back to my place, she said "yes" with no hesitation.

The vibe was casual, but as I had her in my place I made my move:

> Had this girl out tonight. 2nd post-Covid #daygame date.
>
> She was wonderful.
>
> 22 yrs old. Cute/girly, but many signs she is actually an extravert (unusual for me)… she does small live shows as a singer.
>
> Dinner. Back to my place. Makeout. Vibe was "exploratory", not super sexy. https://t.co/iDDjJZLQEb
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) August 19, 2020

I stepped in and kissed her. And she kissed me back. Afterward, she showed some surprise and said, "woah, what happened?" I have a perfect image of that moment in my head right now. In a way, she was saying: "That came out of nowhere." And, she is right, it did. (But I have done that same move with dozens of girls and most of them fall right into it… her, not as much.)

She was in no hurry to leave, so I kissed her several more times. Each time, 1% better, but never really bursting into a flame. It was my idea to walk her out. Good date, and I also assumed I'd see her again. We did some more back and forth as well and then… lead went dead.

It was not a sexy date, but she was a great girl. And went she went silent, it hurt a little…

(Before anyone gets the wrong idea – I am saying all this on purpose. I am a player. I get it. I am sharing all this –

not for me – but for other guys that need to hear that even experienced guys go through stuff like this… and have real feelings attached to it all. That is very much the point of this post.)

…she was the beginning of the crash which is the larger theme of this essay.

In the space of 10 days, I had made out with a 18 year old and a 22 year old. Good pickups. Good dates. Good stories, I guess, right? Both, very pretty girls. It's a remarkable thing to say… but even as the stats here are decent, they were both "dates to nowhere."

And even for a man with experience… doubts seep in like water through the walls of a cave.

I was working hard and working well. I had expectations. They weren't being met.

Here is yet another date with yet another girl…

> DAYGAME:
>
> Skinny, girl-next-door look, knee high stalkings, shorts, a silky shirt, nice long hair.
>
> She said no to English. I asked her name, and she was resistant to telling me, but she didn't go anywhere…
>
> Interesting. She wasn't giving me anything except that nervous smile.
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) August 17, 2020

She obviously liked the pickup but was reluctant to let me move things along. I ended up giving her my card. And she actually contacted me – That (almost) never happens.

> I GAVE HER MY CARD… and she actually followed up. Amazing.
>
> Chatting now (all in Japanese.)
>
> BUT I am not sure WHICH GIRL this is? I gave my card to two girls last week. And I don't remember either of their names.
>
> It's a little crude to say, "Which one are you again?"
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) August 26, 2020

I moved her from email to a messaging app, set up a date, and…

She came out.

> 19 yr old introvert. Doesn't speak English. Lives alone here in the city. Has a job at a wireless company. She's had two boyfriends, didn't even kiss the first one. She is not a virgin.
>
> It was not an easy date, but I got us both to relax.
>
> Who knows if she'll come out again???
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) August 30, 2020

My impression of her: She is great looking little thing, but maybe also a little sad. Cute, nice girl, I liked her, I'd date her… but she has a kind of melancholy vibe. Quite literally, "a moody teenager."

I invited her back to my place… but my heart wasn't in it. She declined without giving the offer much thought. Later that night she sent me a very nice, enthusiastic "thank you!" (all on her own) and then…

I never heard from her again either.

These dates (and one more with yet another cute girl, maybe 23?) started to kill my vibe. Even as you're "putting up

some numbers" it can feel like it all amounts to nothing.

And sometimes it does amount to nothing. I was proving it could all amount to nothing.

But the truth is it's not always supposed to work out. Not the pickups. Not the messaging. Not the dates. And this post is a reminder of the range of emptions that that truth can inspire in the life of a player.

> "Those of us who are successful get rejected slightly less often than those who aren't."
> — Scoundrel

100%.

If you want success, and you work for it, you'll blast yourself in the face with so many opportunities the rejections will be hard to miss… it is not supposed to be easy.

> Big storm came thru Japan today. It was raining BLOWOUTS… I got soaked.#DAYGAME
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) August 14, 2020

It's part of the game.

But wait… there's more.

THE CRASH

After all that, there was one more event that helped knock me (temporarily) on my ass…

> DAYGAME:
> Tall, simple, hair up, had her mask down… as she had just bought something to drink.
> She was dressed, terrible… baggy clothes, dumb shoes. I teased her about it… loved it.
> Speaks English. Excellent convo. Interesting girl, grad student. Great set.
> LINE close.
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) August 23, 2020

Fantastic set ^. She spoke English. We had a great vibe. The messaging was on. We set a date for about four or five days out. I was very attracted to her and…

She ghosted. We had a confirmed date. She didn't cancel… she just disappeared.

I am salty. I have seen it all. I have so much experience… but that flattened my tires.

She caught me off-guard. It was the "hard-flake"… but it was all the previous dates to nowhere and all the other girls that disappeared into of the void.

I am not complaining. I'm simply telling you what I felt at the time. I am detailing all this in solidarity with every other player that is out there, slugging away…

I have been there, my brothers.

But this wasn't my first time in this kind of "deflated" situation. Specifically, I am thinking of the period just before I had my first ever daygame lay.

In August 2016, I wrote:

> "Maybe things are finally shaking loose? Maybe I'm finally shaking loose?"
> — Nash, Aug 2016

"Finally." Can you hear the exhaustion in my voice in that quote? That is how I felt as my date ghosted in late August… that the "finally" couldn't come fast enough.

It felt like I was a beginner again. But I was NOT. Four years and so many sets later, I am a 1000X better than I was back then. And this period was full of success, many great experiences, so many numbers. And all the dates with pretty girls not even half my age…

But all I could FEEL was that same worn-down impatience from the effort of reaching, emotionally, into "nothing."

It is interesting to feel that same sense of "defeat" – even after all this time.

RISING AGAIN

I have learned a lot since those beginner days.

Each time we push ourselves, we "expand what we are capable of." It may still be hard, but it is easier to bounce back each time. This (I have learned) in my many days on the streets (and in the sheets).

Back in 2016 in my streak of frustration and disappointment, this is what I did:

> "[F]or now, let's just say that I decided I need to 'lean back' at every level. Tactically and internally… lean back, daygamer, lean back."
> — Nash, Aug 2016

In August this year I remembered that feeling and I knew I could draw from my past experiences.

So… I did that again this summer. I leaned back, relaxed. I worked out. I took care of business. I took a small trip out of town for two nights and had my first swim in the Japanese version of the Pacific ocean (that was a beautiful night). And then…

I came back refreshed. Mind and muscles "open" again – a better place from which to run Game. I felt better and eager to dive back into feminine waters.

It was about then, as I was preparing to write this post, that I came across this:

> "'Medals are won in training. Tournaments are just the places you pick them up.'
> — JK Molina

That ^ line helped.

You don't win in life at "the moment it all comes together." You win over time – as as you assemble the hard-earned bits and pieces from those sparse periods when you were out working at it, learning the skills, laying the ground work for real success.

And you win when you prove you are strong enough to keep going.

It "keeps me honest" to start over – I get a solid reminder of what it's like to be a "beginner" again. I know more. I know better. But… in many ways, I get to relive that phrase of my Game – and it's good for me.

Some things never change.

THE SEASONS TURN

11 approaches back after I took that break, I met this girl:

> "*136. Satama. Skinny, with hippy style. She was showing some belly. Low-slung bell-bottom jeans. I caught up with her downstairs. She hooked. No English at all, but a very good vibe. I got a boner in set, which never happens to me. Took her number, very on so far via text."
> — Nash, Sep 2020

This ^ girl was my 136th approach since I began my "daygame restart" back in July. And she hooked. And it was on… and she…

She is another story.

But for now…

It's like this. It's like all of this. The rustiness of starting over and warming up. The early victories. All the "work" of the middle. The disappointment. The self doubt… and the exaltation when the sun finally breaks through the clouds and the light comes pouring back into life.

> "You don't have to collapse. That is practice. Not to collapse – specifically when she is 'insulting you,' her rejection, pushing away, closure, creating combat, etc."
> — David Deida

Fight on, fellow Daygame Warriors. Take a break if you need it. Clear your lungs, but don't collapse… push on. One more big push of effort to help you "make it across the river" and prove this is the man you really are.

I know it's sometimes hard. I know… I have been there.

Viva Daygame.

Her Puzzles, Her Surrender | +1 Japan

Nash · 30 November 2020 · Archived copy · Original

I have a new story to share – and it is, in fact, a lay report. I am still turning her (and the story) over in my mind. It has been a proper seduction (perhaps by both of us). And each part of the process – the pickup, messaging, the dates, and the time in my apartment (on the third date) – each presented some puzzles and challenges that, as they were overcome, made this story come alive.

I take the word "puzzle" from Yohami:

> "This is a special scenario where the girl is trying to determine how good you are. To evaluate you, she'll offer little puzzles, little problems, and expect you to do checkmate or take valuable pieces and not fall in the traps."
> — Yohami

Compare that to this one:

> "If you're a masculine partner, the person you're attracted to is always changing her mind and sabotages you. It seems like the feminine partner is creating hell for you. But really it's the feminine side's love of feeling the masculine side overcome challenges."
> — David Deida

Puzzles and challenges are "double-edged." They can cut you down… or… they can provide an opportunity to "cut through." You will be "tested" in those moments (over and over) with opportunities to break down or break thru. This is true of women – and the rest of life.

The theme of this post is "puzzles." Below I will walk through some of the puzzles that were mine to solve as I took this girl from first meet to what has now become a love affair.

This girl, we'll call her Miss Words.

My first impression:

> "I see this girl. LONG DRESS with 'APPLES' on it. Apple necklace. Apple rings. Very long, straight hair. No makeup. Maybe 27yrs old?"
> — My Notes, September 26

She puts her clothing and "her look" together with an incredible combination of artistic choices. In her sense of style, she is a little genius and she impresses me.

This is similar to her look… but she adds her unique artistic qualities on top of this genre.

As I would soon find out, however, the best thing about her is her mind. Very quickly, in her choice of the words that she sent to me as we began to communicate, I knew I was involved with a special girl with a unique and unusual mind. Her range of topics, the depth, the references… off the scale compared to most girls I have known.

I love her words. I love the stark originality of the way she thinks and the colors of her thoughts… and what her words say about the contours of her fascinating mind.

PUZZLE #1. "I have a boyfriend."

After some really high-quality messaging with this girl, I asked her out.

> NASH: Come have dinner with me.
> MISS WORDS: I have a boyfriend, so I refuse dinner. Sorry.

To which she added a "happy face." Hmmm.

But immediately after the boyfriend comment, she invited me to an art show. I agreed and we went.

> "She showed up today wobbling around on 4in heels. She wore an all-white dress (that came up to her throat) that was open in the front so I see flashes of her LEATHER CORSET (the same one as in her profile). Long, black hair down to her waist. Bookish glasses."
> — October 3, from my notes

She was shockingly attractive. Her hair is exceptionally long – to her waist, longer than her legs, longer than any girl I have ever dated. And that long hair was shown against the background of that white dress. She had a white handbag strung over the inside crook of her elbow. She is elegant, fragile, delicate femininity.

I left that date completely "high" on her and the vibe of our time together.

She may have a boyfriend… but it has not really come up since. Solving the puzzle here was about "stepping forward" anyway.

PUZZLE #2: Long Delays

She didn't exactly flirt with me on that first date, but there was a sense of something charged and real to be had between us. She was "nervous" and "emotional" in a good way. She is a natural girl and shows natural signals. I am very direct – she could feel my interest as well.

After the art show she was quick to respond to me. I assumed it was on. But it didn't last.

It has been the pattern for us that we send long threads via messaging every few days. She was asking questions, making excellent comments, and introducing interesting topics.

I didn't want to rush it, but my experience tells me endless chit-chat is a great way to leak off the tension, kill momentum, and lose the girl.

On October 7th I sent a long series of messages to her, and… no response until October 11. It is hard to hold the fabric of the pickup together when things move this slow. It was now 10 days since our last date. It is normal for girls to slip away… and I kept thinking she was "gone."

I replied to her on October 12. And to that…

She didn't reply at all.

Was that "Game Over?" At the very least, it added more delays to the potential of any magic happening.

In terms of this puzzle: I kept my eyes and energy open to the other girls in my life, but if I did anything right here, it was that I didn't give up.

PUZZLE #3. Her Not Responding

After I had sent her that long message on October 12 and received nothing in response, I wondered: How do you keep from "chasing" in a situation like this?

It is one of the great paradoxes of Game that men oughtn't chase, but (and at the same time) it is up to the Masculine to "penetrate her world."

And it is up to us to "add energy" to keep the seduction going. Most of the time, she won't "carry" it for you. If I was going to keep this seduction alive, the next move was mine.

I waited a week. And then I sent her a straightforward, very sincere "ultimatum."

> NASH: Hello Interesting Girl
> NASH: I haven't heard from you
> NASH: I want to say again: Come spend time with me. Let's talk.
> NASH: That is what I want

There was more. All in this same very direct style.

And then, at the end…

> NASH: Unless I hear from you, this is my last message.
> NASH: Let's have tea. Let's talk. Come see me.

I would not chase her forever, but I liked her enough to make this last, heart-felt declaration.

> "She may present another puzzle and then another. The key that opens all these doors is the same, it's your master key: know what you want and go for it."
> — Yohami

Is it "good Game" to send a girl messages that hasn't responded? No, it isn't. It that smart? Not usually.

And yet I felt invigorated as I told her what I wanted. My ultimatum goes against "common wisdom" but I think it was clean, masculine seduction. I am a worthy man, and I make a strong, clear, impassioned offers to worthy women. I never put her above me. I called her to be with me… because "that is what I want."

> "An important part of an invitation is to lay it out there. You put out an invitation and leave it out there. Which means that her acceptance of the invitation is not your business, it is not your responsibility. Your responsibility is just to show up, lay out an invitation to a woman you feel attracted to, and leave the space to either be accepted or not."
> — Hans Comyn

I was solving puzzles for myself here, if not for her. And despite the low-likelihood that ultimatum would work… that very same day she did come forward:

> MISS WORDS: Yes, let's meet and talk. I also feel wonderful about meeting you.

So after a two week absence, she was back in. And she was enthusiastic.

Ideal or not, the path I took worked. I showed some patience and strength here, and I was able to breath some life back into the courtship.

PUZZLE #4: No Flirting or Sexuality

My second date with Miss Words was on November 1st, a rainy Sunday. She appeared at the meeting spot, dressed like a proper British college girl might have in the 1940s. I walked us to tea. We arrived at a great spot I know with high ceilings, big windows, and lots of plants. We drank tea and talked.

The puzzle here is that while she was incredibly charming, I cannot say she was flirting with me. She was attractive without being sexual. I was direct. In words and actions I showed my intent. I touched her a lot. But I felt a lack of control as I failed to find a way to "turn up the heat."

I knew she had a boyfriend, but she had come out with me twice now and I was testing the edges to see where I was at.

I wanted to get her alone before I tried to escalate further. Back near my house, I invited her in. And, she declined.

There is a lot of tension for me in this story. Not the beautiful tension of an impending sexual mash up. But the tension of a seduction that was on the edge of failure. I was painfully aware that I couldn't get the "love bubble" to boil in the way I wanted it to. And I hadn't tried to kiss her. If I saw her again I felt like it would be my last chance to make the relationship feel "man to woman."

A few days later I told her I wanted a third date. She offered me a time 10 days away – another delay. To which I replied:

> NASH: The 14th/15th is too far away
> NASH: Come have dinner with me before then

That same night, after all those delays, she replied:

> MISS WORDS: Saturday/Sunday may not be changed…
> MISS WORDS: There is only tomorrow… if that is okay

See that? Suddenly the delays were over – we had a date, immediately. This wasn't a puzzle, but it was good, bold Game.

The third date was set for November 6th.

PUZZLE #5: She Refused My Kiss

The third date: The girl – looking just beautiful. Another calm, but interesting dinner (sitting side by side) at the pizza place near my house. After dinner I helped her put on her long, pretty coat, walked her outside, and I invited her for ice cream back at my place. She accepted.

Inside. Music. Ice cream and green tea (she doesn't drink, of course). We chatted. It was time to make up for any lack of boldness and conviction I felt on the last date with her.

I stepped in, took hold of her, and moved in for a kiss and… she had a delayed, but significant flinch. She didn't freeze, but she "recoiled" in a slow-motion way. That was a clear "no." I backed off.

And while it was a rejection, I felt suddenly ecstatic. Where I had failed to make the physical offer of the kiss on the second date, I had not failed now. I walked across the kitchen, smiling, giving her space, as if nothing had happened.

I thought she might leave… but she didn't. I have seen this so many times. It wasn't a "good" sign, but I don't even see this kind of thing as "a red light" anymore. It just means, "not yet."

She rejected my kiss her two more times in the next 30 minutes. Each time I felt more bold, more clear in who I was and what I wanted. I kissed her neck instead, and she took it, but with very little reaction.

So this was the next real puzzle… all these rejections. I was an increasingly sexual man, but she showed no interest.

And yet… she didn't seem to be in a hurry to leave.

Puzzle #6. Subterfuge

At this point in the night I had not assumed I would this lovely girl's clothes off. I should have, but I didn't quite see it yet. We were are at the end of a long series of puzzles. She was rejecting me on the surface but was happy to be in a dangerous situation – she was still in my place.

I told her that she was in a sexual context with me, a bad man. And I said I felt a kind of conflict between her wanting to be here and her lack of sexual response. And she said:

MISS WORDS: I don't have much of a sexuality

There was a kind of slow confession in the way she said it… as if she were broken in that way. I wondered if she was showing me something real.

> "This is a puzzle and can mean many things. For starters, it means that she does want it, but wants to see where you stand. Will you tell her to? Ask her to? Beg her to?"
> — Yohami

Hmmm, it was late… and she had given me another puzzle.

I said: I feel increasingly confident in my ability as a man to "open" a woman in ways other men cannot. And she smiled and said, "I have heard that before," and that others had tried. And she seemed very sure of herself as she said it.

I said: It's late, I like you, I want you to stay with me tonight. I knew (somehow) that I could keep her if I wanted to – and she easily said yes. She quickly followed up with her "conditions" that she would not kiss me, and there would be no nakedness… and I took her seriously, but didn't really give it much thought.

I pulled her into the other room and together we removed her very pretty dress. 10 minutes later… she was in one of my t-shirts and her panties, a 23 year old beauty… in my bed.

Amazing.

I had told her I would touch her "a lot" if she chose to stay and I did. I pawed at her body, stroking her epically long hair, touching her face, and pressing my lips to hers over and over. She would not react at all to the kiss, but she took the touching quite well.

> "To know where you're at, look at her and see what's the status of her puzzle. She's there and she wants something. Put your focus there. The end result is that she wants the same as you, she just wants you to take her in a particular way. She won't express it frontally but she'll let you know, as long as you keep moving her there, she'll verbalize (and otherwise) what's next."
> — Yohami

In my mind, it was still not a certainty that I would fuck her (which is kind of ridiculous, now in retrospect), but I know how to escalate. And as I slipped my hand under her bra, and found her nipple… it was clear. And as I took her bra off… I knew it was done. Soon enough…

She was naked after all. There was no rush. I knew I could have anything I wanted now… even though she still had not kissed me. I ate her beautiful little 23 year old pussy. And when I was done, I slipped on one of the world's best condoms and…

One of my mostly interesting seductions had come to completion. +1 Daygame.

It was now early AM on November 7th… 42 days after I had approached her on the street.

And you know what happened after sex? She leaned in and gave me a big, juicy, generous kiss.

It didn't all come together… she hadn't fully surrendered… until after sex. It is often like this. These details aren't even strange to me anymore.

This is one of my favorite stories in my Book of Girls… with so many puzzles… so many chances for the engine of seduction to come off the tracks, but we managed to hold it all together.

Remarkable.

So what about her sexuality? She had even mocked me for suggesting I might be the kind of man that could bring her past that story. What is the truth as I see it now?

I think she was being real, but that was just another puzzle for me to solve. It wasn't untrue, but I did in fact know how to solve that for her. As soon as I touched her body in bed that night, I could tell she was sensitive and responsive. She is not "explosive" in bed, but I could feel her pleasure rise as I sucked her clit and fucked her that first night. The sex was not earth-shattering, but it was exquisitely good sex. Connected and hot and deep and juicy. We have since made her squirt (the tiniest bit) two dates ago…

She has a beautiful sexuality.

I have now had several mornings in bed with her, her little body wrapped up in my arms. And I have kissed that girl as if we were, together, trying to squeeze every drop of juice from the last few moments in time. When I sucked on her mouth I turn her puffy lips a deep, wine-colored purple. Those purple lips… open, wet, and very swollen… are a signature memory of these early days with her.

Looking back, I am still surprised that I did not know (earlier) that the sex (and all the potential of her and I) was there. I am pleasantly embarrassed that I did not see it all more clearly.

She is shy and submissive in one moment, and then blasts my imagination open with some beautiful remark in the next. She has so many facets. And all of her puzzles and challenges allowed me to show her some of my many talents as well. And then… she surrendered.

And all this started when a man walked up to charming little girl on the street.

All Hail the Daygame Gods. Viva Daygame.

2020 Stats, Braddock, and More “Big Things”

Nash · 2 January 2021 · Archived copy · Original

365 days later I am in the same coffee place as last year, and again, I want write about “Big Things.” I want to talk about Game, and Girls, and Goals.

To get started I will dive into my own 2020 “stats.” I’ll do that, while keeping my eye on my aim of making this essay about larger themes. Specifically, I want to show that Game gets you laid, but more than that, leads to growth. Even something as “locker room” as a hunger for more pussy can propel men, almost by accident (but inevitably) toward higher aims.

> “This is what everyone I’ve ever known has done.”
> — Braddock

We’ll see what Braddock means below…

To begin I’ll share my rather humble year-end numbers.

Stats: I fucked three new girls in 2020. That is “3” – as in, a little bit better than “2,” but not much better.

How do I feel about that? I think that is a low number. For a normal guy, that could be a glorious pace. But for a “seasoned player” in a normal year… it’s hard ~~to build a reputation~~ learn at that rate.

But it wasn’t a normal year, and I’ve got a handful of reasons why I feel good about my Game in 2020:

I took all three girls from the street to my bedroom via cold approach daygame. Cold approach is not the main skill I am interested in these days, but it is a fundamental skill and one I intend to maintain. “Check, check, check” – all the girls met that standard. I had a new lay in January, September, and November. Getting girls to spread their thighs is one (major) display of “compliance,” and in 2020 I proved that I am an active daygamer, with recent,

relevant, demonstrable skills.

And by the "Younger, Hotter, Tighter" (YHT) standard (credit: GreatBooksForMen), it was a high-quality year. Being able to seduce girls that are young, hot, and tight (tight meaning "chaste") is a credible way to make sure you're not delusional about your level of skill. In my case, I am a 47 year old man and my new lays were 28, 23, and 23 years old. From a handful of other dates, I made out with an 18 year old and another young-20s girl. Not bad.

Taking the idea of quality beyond YHT: I had ongoing sex with all three of the girls I closed. No "one night stands," only "recurring revenue," which also says something about my Game (they all came back again and again).

And taking the notion of "quality" further still, in two of the cases, the sex was fantastic. Even if it was with fewer girls, I had more (and better) sex this year than most years in my life.

Yet another reason why I am happy with my stats is that I didn't work that hard and I ended up with a lot of great experiences. I don't emphasize "efficiency" in Game, but in this case…

I approached ~200 girls this year (shockingly low for me). 20 girls total in January (Miss Happy was actually the first girl of the year). In the Summer (my achy "daygame restart"), I talked to exactly 136 girls to get my 2nd lay. Then, this Fall, 50 more girls to close Miss Words. 20 + 136 + 50 = 206 approaches and three lays. 1:67, approach-to-lay ratio. Low volume, but solid stats.

Even as my volume was low, I learned a lot about sex and girls and female psychology and masculine leadership… and that makes this a valuable years in terms of "quality", even as my "notch hyena" whines in disapproval.

And there is one last reason why I can say I found 2020 quite satisfying despite the challenges:

Girls were not even a goal this year.

I want (and perhaps need) girls in my life. True. And when I needed to show some effort this past year, I did the work a man needs to do to bring women into his life. But "getting girls" is becoming less of a focus for me (even if I continue to practice more than most guys).

I have bigger fish to fry. And we'll get to that. That is the point of the essay.

We have done a brief review of the Game, let's talk about the Girls:

Miss Happy is a talented, smart, lovely girl, with a remarkable capacity for sex. We had months of deep, intimate, passionate, dark, "dominant," beautiful sex. I fucked her "longer" and "harder" than any girl I've ever taken to bed (our average sexual session was two – three hours). I tied her up and did terrible things to her long, soft body. Beyond sex… she has been a great companion. And… with all that said:

> "Her pleasure is in being chaotic and then getting straightened out by your clarity. She'll resist it, and sabotage it, in order to feel that straightening out again. The thing that touches her, that turns her on, that makes her happy in intimacy, is the feeling of being straightened by you – not 'sustaining the straightness.' She wants to feel you straighten out that thing – not the issue, but her."
> — David Deida

I lived this ^ experience with Miss Happy over and over and it was one of the most important lessons I learned this year.

Miss Happy is classically "feminine" in the sense that she tests a lot. She was "wild" and "out of control" on many occasions. Deida does a great job of outlining this pattern in women, but Miss Happy made it real for me. I learned so much from that girl. She was my "girl of the year," for certain.

The second lay this year was a young girl, a nurse. Cute, but not beautiful. She was something like a "yes girl." First date, no struggle at all, after a drink, back to my place, naked, sex, no LMR.

I dated her four times. The third date was likely the best. She slept over, we made breakfast, we had a great time. But… sex with her was never any good at all. I can be interested in girls that need time or trust to open to sex, but with this girl it never got any better. She was "flat" in bed, and at times sex was too painful for her. On our last time in bed, I didn't even finish trying to fuck her. She flinched, twice, and I gave up. She looked shocked when I quit, encouraging me to keep at it, told me she was "okay," but… no thanks.

The most meaningful part my story with her was in trying to show her some care, trying to be graceful with her, during and after that "failed sex." I knew I'd never ask her out again – and I never did. But I sent her a few messages, specifically so she wouldn't feel "ghosted." That experience was a +1… but no great tale to tell. It was a kind of surprise for me because I have very few stories like that.

And then… Miss Words. The seduction was "epic" in that it was complicated, but real, and rewarding, for both of us. I have known a lot of girls and she is a special one. In many ways, she is a "little girl" like all the rest. She regresses (often) to a childlike state when we're together. And in others ways, she is a radically interesting, deeply (and darkly) artistic girl. She is "all pink" on the outside, but to talk with her is to feel the fire of her pretty, black heart. That is a weird description for a girl, but it's accurate.

She is very much an ongoing story as I head into 2021… and I feel alive to even talk about her.

So…

The Game was good this year. And the Girls, very good. I have fucked more girls in a year before (many times), but 2020 served up some great experiences.

We've done Game, and Girls, now we can talk about Goals – for last year, 2021, and beyond.

I have suggested that what starts out as wanting to "talk to some girl" or to "get laid" can lead to surprisingly "Big Things." In the way that my first trips to chase skirt in Japan led to me moving here. Like that… and maybe even bigger.

It took work to get good with women, but now that I own those skills – the "getting better" has opened my eyes to my own potential. This is where I am going in this essay…

As men of Game, we traditionally do various things to improve ourselves and to become more value-rich men. As Brian Begin would say, "It is a lot of '1%'s.' It's this 1% and that 1%." Some of my small "1%" gains in 2020 included:

One (more) year of intense study of Japanese under my belt (I am less terrible now). I started lifting two years ago and as of the end of December 2020 I was putting up "personal records" (in particular when it comes to pull-ups). I also had some breakthroughs in terms of what some people call "tantric" sex (more on that another time), and "fucking" is more wild for me (and the girls) than it has ever been. I read a lot this year, several books from game and beyond. And I did an eight-week online training with David Deida that has made me a better lover and a wiser, better man.

It was a bizarre year, ugly in many ways, but I made very good use of my time.

2020 wasn't about "jaunts" and "approaches" and volume of Game and girls. It was a broader path of development that included everything above. And in particular… let's talk about business for minute:

For me right now, business has become a metaphor and a model for some major changes I want to make in my life.

> "Once I had my Game at a high point, I was like 'I am unplugging for a while.' It eats up a lot of time, it's very distracting. Cold approach – if I wanted to do cold approach, I could do it. I unplugged, kept a little going (so I didn't go insane), and went and got crazy about business and got my money right."
> — Braddock

It is about more than the money for me, but that ^ quote… that is where I am at. And it surprises me to be here, but again… it's a sign of "Big Things."

That quote is from a talk called "Intermediate to Advanced Game" (from LoveSystems). Back when I first heard it (maybe 2016?), as a Sigma and a cold approach daygamer, that wasn't what I wanted to hear. I am sure I was looking for "better pickup lines" or whatever… but Braddock's emphasis there rattled me.

I have played that quote back in my mind over and over since I first heard it. I looked up that talk again this year… so I could quote it in this post… and because I am ready to face the truth that Braddock was after when he said it.

What Braddock is saying in that talk is that "Advanced Game" (where "Game" is a metaphor for your life in general) is going beyond cold approach (beyond tactics entirely), into taking on a bigger role as a man.

The path I am on now is not "to get girls." It's not really about short-term, smash-and-grab wins of money or pussy. It's about growing into a role of "one of the great men" of my time. A shift from "leadership" as an "attraction quality" or a skill for escalation, into a role of building up not only myself, but the people and opportunities around me. Being not only "great," but a catalyst for greatness.

It's "basic" and beginner to chase the rewards. It's advanced to own the role that generates the rewards.

> "Guys that have their shit together. They have their business together. They have really good game. He knows how to tease girls, he knows how to fuck their brains out. He knows how to dress. He works out. He is congruent from end to end. She has dated a guy like that. That guy lives that 24 hours a day."
> — Braddock

For many years I would have read that quote and thought, "yeah, I gotta be that guy to get those 'high quality' girls." But now I feel like I need to be that guy because I am capable of all that.

"She has dated a guy like that" because girls always want to date the kind of guy does "Big Things." And that guy doesn't "do attraction" for a few hours on the street or at the bar on a Friday night… "that guy lives that 24 hours a day."

He is out building toward a vision, doing what needs to be done. And when he makes all of that happen, he has proven that he owns that role. And from that position, the respect and reverence and rewards flow to him. Because he lives as a proper King. Because he has earned it.

I am still about cold approach and penetrating the lives of women, but I am shifting to a perspective where the girls themselves are a byproduct of a greater use of my life.

Braddock he says, "I went and got crazy about business." And while I already have a decent income (as a consultant), that line had always bothered me a little… because I knew there was more I needed to be doing in "business" (where business is an entry point for taking my role and my life more seriously).

There is no preaching here. This is just where I am at… and I am trying to illustrate how it's Game that brought me here.

So: This year (instead of approaching) I spent an incredible amount of time working on my ~~side hustles~~ new business ventures.

Part of this has been a conscious shift away from "lone wolf" Sigma toward "leader of men" Alpha, as I worked in "teams" more than ever before. Teams I sourced and led. Where I scoped the project. I interviewed, screened, and hired. I directed the work. Some of the things I did failed, but I had some real successes as well. External success, where I accomplished some goal. But more so it was about internal successes in that I really blew-up those leadership skillsets.

I got a lot of "compliance" in the business world this year.

This is what I took from Braddock. It wasn't "more money" (or "more pussy"), it was learning to govern as a King. As I shifted some energy from "girls" to "governing" I set up a small team that is successfully working on a real business right now. Barely, but it's true. It is NOT profitable and I have exactly zero customers… but it's the most sophisticated, "grown up" thing I have ever built. And that is a sign that I am the most sophisticated, "grown up" man I have ever been.

This is not the "destination" but it is emblematic of what I mean by "Big Things."

So, that is where I am. As a natural Sigma, a cold approach guy, that "works alone" successfully, and has built tiny "two person kingdoms" (in seduction and in business), and I am trying to take on a bigger scope and assume more responsibility. I am trying to build a proper Kingdom as a path to setting myself up as a King.

If I can do this… build something big… employee some people… create some real solutions… satisfy some customers… all where I direct, but others do the real day-to-day work… I will have "leveled up." And I am very much on my way.

So, it was an incredible year. I got laid. I led women interpersonally, but I had a bigger impact on the world than just that. And yeah, I am satisfied with those "stats."

And if I can "level up" to these goals… maybe there will be more in the end than just some victory laps as the Bachelor King. Maybe I'll leverage my skills and try to take on a larger role in my community, a legacy, perhaps a proper family. Take the ideas of "Big Things" from a business Patriarchy to a familial one.

Or maybe… I'll run up a lot of new successes and parley all that into an even more righteous bachelor lifestyle, doing whatever I feel like doing with the newly earned power and resources (psychological, monetary, and social). Maybe that means I get some young girl pregnant with my baby. Or maybe, I continue to date and fuck YHT… not because it's "normal," but because nothing about my life, my track record, my path as a man has been "normal."

> "That cold approach feeling: Everything you built 'tonight' – gone. 'I just keep starting over, this sucks.' Yeah, there is a lot of work in what we are talking about here, but it pays major dividends. And for guys ready to break into that next level – this is the roadmap. This is what everyone I've ever known has done."
> — Braddock

> "If you're a beginner, go back and cold approach. But if you're an Intermediate guy, you're ready."
> — Nick Hass

Yeah, I am ready.

Chasing pussy becomes an impetus for mastery in not only sex, but fitness, finance, psychology, taking on responsibility, and more. We start out chasing pussy as if it were "gold." And over time (while barely being conscious of it) we turn ourselves into gold. I see this in Braddock, but also in the latter chapters of men like Roosh and Krauser and Janka. If we're moving… we move up. That is how it goes. Game has brought me to this point.

"This is what everyone I've ever known has done."

Happy New Year, boys.

Viva Daygame.

Notes on Sexual Escalation, Lay Report, Miss Aloha +1

Nash · 25 April 2021 · Archived copy · Original

Even though she is properly Japanese, I am going to call her Aloha. I give her that name because this morning, after a long night in bed, she was naked, leaning over a table by the window, petting one of my cats as it soaked in the early morning sun… and bent over like that, with her bare feet, soft calves, round thighs on short legs that culminated in a full, juicy ass – she reminded me (in a low-center-of-gravity kind of way) of a Hawaiian dancer. That was the feeling I got. So to all the men of Game out there, I say, Aloha.

A body like this ^.

This post is about the process of daygame – about how reliable and ideal it can be for men that want to date more.

And also: With this girl, I felt my Game step up in terms of my abilities with women sexually. We have lots of notes about what to say on the approach, how to text, etc, but less so about exactly how to get her to "surrender." How to "give her a good experience." For anyone that is interested, I will be specific about what I am doing in those final moments before I take a girl.

To the first point: This is a lay report, and as such, it is reaffirmation of the daygame model. Of its unending utility as a way to meet girls at any given time, via a bit of charm and effort.

I have been dating Miss Words and have been pretty satisfied with the quality and quantity of sex and feminine energy in my life. So it was specifically to reconnect with the skills of being a seducer that motivated me on this latest round of daygame and approaching girls.

I wanted to practice my craft.

In March, I made a commitment to talk to 100 girls. I hit the streets (over and over) and by Mar29 I had talked 104 girls and the commitment was met (victory). I collected numbers, I went on some dates (not many, actually), and I got laid (a different kind of victory).

This post serves to document what was an almost ritualistic run of Game. I enjoyed the time with the girls on the street (and even the walking), but my commitment was a tribute to the process:

Approach > Take numbers > Message the girls > Date > Take her someplace private > Escalate > Sex > Experience

> Relationships.

Those are the basic sexual milestones of a man that is successful at cold approach and wrangling women. This post serves as yet another demonstration of all that. For the community. And for me, as a 48 year old man. I am getting older, but the process is timeless (and the cute girls on the street remain the same age).

So I sacrificed some of my (increasingly rare and valuable) time to the Daygame Gods. I showed up. I put in the work and I met my commitment. I've shown discipline (which is masculine) and I am proud of that. But I am also a romantic. And while this post is a tribute to the London Daygame Model, I am also very into the qualitative parts of Game. The softness, the sensuality, the sex – all those "qualities" that make the discipline worth it.

This is where we talk about the girl – Miss Aloha:

> #82. Miss Aloha. Maybe 30? Short, curvy, very feminine girl. I am after some big tits right now. She loved it. Decent English. Works for an airline. Comes here often to shop. LINE APP close.
> — From my notes, Mar25

That was her. She is curvy, wonderfully so. She does not, in fact have "big tits," but she was charming and fun and feminine from the moment I stepped in and said, "Do you… speak English?" ("少し, " she said.) We flirted. I took her number, and pinged her as I walked away from the set.

In response to my ping she said:

> ALOHA: Thank you for talking to me

She is always feminine, and cute, and "bouncy."

In our first exchanges via text, I remember being turned on. Sexually awake.

While I was definitely trying to get laid, the whole experience of the "100 Girls in March" was about daygame "waking me up" (again). That is an excellent reason to take on a challenge like I did. I felt (and I currently still do, as I write this) more awake, because of being so active in Game.

Game will peel back your eyes. It is a requirement. You can't be successful in Game when you're "half asleep." All of it, all those approaches, standing close with strange women, in the glory and in the defeat of it all – IT WAKES YOU THE FUCK UP.

One night I messaged her saying I had just finished working out and sent her a picture of a gorilla holding some barbells.

Her response:

> ALOHA: I need to train for summer
> ALOHA: Like this :) :)
> NASH: Some exercise is good…
> NASH: But I can have BIG MUSCLES
> NASH: And you can stay SOFT
> NASH: That is a good combination
> NASH: One of the best things about girls is that they are soft
> ALOHA: BIG MUSCLE!
> ALOHA: Thank you :)
> ALOHA: Then I stay soft :) :)

I am doing some work in that exchange to set up the story of me as the "strong man" and her as the "soft girl." She

took it well, and the exchange above is a solid encapsulation of the vibe between her and me, as well as her encouraging, buoyant, feminine style, and how she cooperates with the seduction.

I asked her out. She accepted.

We met at the station at 6:30. She wore a skirt (she always wears a skirt). I took her to dinner. We had some time to connect as we ate, and then, post dinner, and it was still pretty early – I planned it that way.

As we were putting on our coats to leave I said:

> NASH: I am going to go back to my place

She looked a little confused.

> NASH: Do you want to come back with me and talk some more?

I gave her solid eye contact, finished the invite, and let it hang like that, left her in the tension. She had to voice a choice, but it wasn't long. She was a quick "yes," and her eyes showed some enthusiasm.

Great, I said. I paid the bill. We walked outside.

I am still amazed at how easily these girls will come back to my place. I am amazed at how vulnerable that decision makes a woman and yet how consistently and easily they make it with me each time. I am amazed every time a woman walks into my place. Every time.

A few minutes later we were delivered to my door. I walked slowly. No rush. Upstairs. I fed my little furry killers. She was very into the cats. I put on some music. I was not in a hurry and yet: it was time to make my move.

She was sitting on the floor when I reached out with my hand. She took it. I pulled her up and I stepped in.

There was something about me last night that was operating on another level. I am not bragging; I'm just feeling the benefits from all these many days of Game. All the time with Miss Happy and Miss Words and all the girls before them. I know how this should play out now.

I stepped in to kiss her, and she got it, and she tensed up. She pulled her chin away from me (a "false no"). She was into it, she was happy to be in a dangerous position with me… but this is part of the dance.

I got so close to her and… stopped. I didn't cross that last inch between us. I just got in close, and I let her feel me as I was calm in that tension.

Here is something specific:

As I got close, her body stiffened and she "stopped breathing." It's common. It is in the way a girl's hands will go "stiff like a corpse" when she is put into the sexual pressure of the moment with a man she doesn't know well. It's normal, but it's not a sign to "plow" along. It's not "resistance." It is a sign to pay attention. It is a sign that it's time to "open her" up.

Can you breathe, I asked? And I demonstrated what I wanted with a big breath.

When you notice if a girl is breathing comfortably, you're showing that you have good awareness of how she is feeling (solid Game). Helping her get her breath moving is good masculine leadership. It's not that hard to do (if you can get out of your own head).

I sucked at her ears. Her rapid little in-breaths told me that she was getting turned on, but she still wasn't really "flowing." I made her breathe with me again. I made her look at me. I said, "we are together" (いっしょにね). I waited until I was sure she felt "together."

You get "last minute resistance" (LMR) when a girl can tell you have no idea what she needs. When you don't know

where she is "at" she won't feel as safe. Part of what real sexual expertise is, is showing a girl that you know where she is as you lead her through the moment. You "measure" where she is at, and you show her that you "get it" when you allow her the time she needs to catch up to you. This is what creates trust. This is how "she knows she can go anywhere with you."

The date wasn't sexual for me at this point. I was leading her like a teacher. For me (with most girls) in "fast seduction," that is how sex begins. Leading her until we're mutually passionate and "wide open" for each other. It's my job to get us there.

We finally kissed. We made out. And her eyes softened. It was her eyes that made me know we were "on."

She tried to pull me down onto my couch, but I pulled her up to her feet and over to my bed. I almost pushed her down – but in a "pretend" kind of way. The "force" was symbolic, so she had to choose to go with it. And she got the joke, and she laughed, and she went with it, and she flopped onto my bed, her long black hair bouncing across the sheets.

I escalated. And I kept up this "sexual teacher" role. She would "lock up" and I would remind her to breathe. Each time I'd slow down was chance to stare into her eyes.

I would get her calm, and breathing, and happy, and comfortable. Then I'd pin her arms down. Give her more "fake force" – and she would laugh. Then give her real force and a hard kiss. Then show her the brakes again. Each time I could verify that she was in a good place, by watching her breathing, how relaxed she was. That is how I knew to step it up some more.

Her breath is an incredibly accurate signal of where she is at. The way you breath, as well, says something.

As I made a "big move" up her skirt (before she could really react), I gave her the "No, no, no – OMG!" look (as if I was her). I did it first, before she had a chance to – showing her (again) that I knew where she was at. I backed off. She'd laugh again.

It is about the dominance. But she knows it is her choice to surrender because you back off and give her these little "windows to escape", over and over. You confidently dare her to take them. And she doesn't take them. And it's on. That is how it goes.

That is how you show her you're an expert. That you are smooth. That is how she knows it's safe to "let go" and surrender.

At some point I had moved down to her feet, sitting there, staring at her, stroking her bare legs. I reached up between her thighs and then slowly slid my hands back down to her ankles. It was sexual now, very sexually, but slow, and still very under control.

And her eyes just "flipped." They said, "Ummmm." That is what her eyes said. They had that achy pre-sex "need" to them. And I said, You're ready. I said it out loud. Sliding my hand completely up her dress, over her panties, I'd run my palm across her stomach. She'd flinch, and squirm, and groan, and I'd give her the "OMG" look, and she'd smile. I'd say, You're so ready. My hands, over her hip, sweeping under her to get a handful of her amazing ass, and then down to her ankle again. You're ready, I said. Your body it ready for sex. And she stared at me with soft eyes. Her breath was smooth and even now.

Her eyes had collapsed into sexual need and she was 100% "in." I have never felt so "pro." I took such good care of her – and she could feel that care. She was ready for anything I wanted to do next.

I took off her clothes (very nice, black, lace panties and a matching bra) and she was naked. And I licked her tiny clit. Her body is completely hairless. Very little hair to begin with, but whatever might have been there was waxed away to make her smooth as polished granite, but soft as freshly baked bread.

And I sucked on her nipples and on the hard bones in the middle of otherwise soft hips. And she was still jumping at each touch. And I reached for one the world's best condoms and…

+1 Japan.

She has a tiny mouth. I noticed at dinner and knew she couldn't be an ideal kissing partner with a mouth that small, but she quickly learned to give me the kind of big, wet, wild kissing I want. Giving me her whole tongue (all of it), as much as I wanted (and I want the whole thing). And in the way that her mouth is little, so, too, was her pussy. A tiny, demure pussy. I don't have a huge cock, but I still had to work it in slowly, even after she was soaking wet from having my mouth on her.

Even inside, she only gave up her body in little stages, keeping me partly "out" for the first 10 minutes maybe. She is no virgin, certainly, but it remined me of when I actually got "all the way in" with the Chinese virgin I had fucked in this same city almost two year previously.

All the way in was… glorious. She felt fantastic.

I fucked her slow (mostly), occasionally giving her a round of "slamming" deeper into her. And I looked into her eyes… and I didn't come. I let the pleasure roll on, pausing each time I might crash over the peak. This is the tantric sex I have been doing for about a year. I am not telling you what to do. I am just telling you what I have been doing.

I fucked her for maybe another 30 or 40 minutes. And pulled out. It was 11 PM. I told her she could go right now and catch the last train back home… or stay. I repeated the offer. She told me she wanted to stay.

First date. Back to my place. A few hours shy of Mystery's "Seven Hour Rule:" We had sex within four hours of total time spent together. And she wanted to stay over.

Her body was still so tense and full of sexual tension I knew she wasn't "done." I worked two fingers into her tight little box and pushed her into groans of pleasure, working toward her G spot, testing to see if she would squirt (she did not). When we had burned off some more of her sexual energy, I pulled her into sleep.

We slept very close all night.

I woke up and fucked her again, two more times in the darkness of our first night in bed together. And then, again, in the morning. Because I never came, I was hard instantly, and constantly, whenever I wanted to be. I would rub against her very full, amazing ass, get turned on… she was sopping wet, each time, like the underside of a pier in a storm. And I'd fuck her again and again. I was inside her for at least two hours (or closer to three) over those four sessions.

The sex wasn't super deep or emotional, but I pushed us in that direction. I made her look at me. And it was good.

In the morning I fed her fruit. We showered. I packed my bag. I used the lint roller to get the cat hair off her pretty dress. We took the elevator down and walked toward the café where I am now, by the station. There, in public, I didn't hug her, or kiss her, but I took her hand… and held it… told her I had a great time… I said we should message… and her fingers slipped out of mine and I walked inside.

On the way down to the street in the elevator, I asked how she felt. She said "happy." All the Japanese girls say that (which tells me almost nothing). I said, How about your body? Are you okay? "We had a lot of sex." She smiled and said, "yes, good," with a look that convinced me she did know what I meant and she was indeed just fine.

So much sex with that girl last night. Amazing.

Great experience. And it all started when a man talked to a girl on the street. Viva daygame.

A Date with an “8” | Yohami vs The Virgins

Nash · 15 June 2021 · Archived copy · Original

I haven’t written a post like this in a long time. A “first date” post that has as many questions as answers. Here I am, years deeper into Game, in the same or similar scenarios. Am I a fool? Am I showing any skill in how I read female psychology? Have I learned anything in all these days of game?

I met her last week. I was sitting in a familiar cafe I call the “Fish Bowl,” working, and occasionally letting my subconscious get drawn through the full length windows to some girl walking by. I wasn’t trying to Game, but I do love a great view…

And there she was.

Smokey Eyes, a lot like this ^ actually.

Amazing.

> DAYGAME: A genuine "8"
>
> She is about 5'3", but more like 5'7" on the 4" heels of her black boots. Heavy, straight, long black hair. Black mask. All black clothes… Louis V bag.
>
> Hips like bags of sand. Cleavage like a dangerous mountain road.
>
> But again: It was her WALK…
>
> — Nash (@DaysOfGame_com) May 27, 2021

That’s her.

I like beautiful, sexy girls. And sometimes, I toss my swagger into the mix with some absolute stunners. But

mostly… I date 6s and 7s. If a man has fucked a lot of girls (and I have), he has dated a lot of 6s and 7s too. It is a truism of Game.

On the other end of the scale, a guy might say "she is out of my league." And many times he is right. I don't really get approach anxiety (anymore), I can approach any girl I want to, but… I am also aware of the obvious sexual market value "mismatches," where certain approaches just will not "stick." Even with great Game and a solid frame sometimes my SMV is just not high enough – versus her other choices. I am cool with that.

With this particular girl… she was shockingly hot. A head-turner. I recognized her appeal, her beauty, the depth of her sexuality. I got it. And…

She didn't feel like "my kind of girl."

This idea of "Who are 'My Girls'" comes to me from the Ars Amorata guys, Zan and Hans Comyn.

> "When you're in the initial stage, you say – that girl is nice, and that girl is nice – and they all look nice to you, right? And you will think, that could be my girl, that could be my girl…
> "With time, as you create experiences in the land of women, as you put your invitations out there, as you see the ones that accept and not, you will start to understand which are your girls."
> — Hans Comyn

"Which are your girls." Great concept. Some girls aren't for you. But some girls are. Do you know which girls are "your girls?" I do. I date them all the time.

I know what "my girls" are.

Miss Words… this epic girl I am dating now… she "my girl." She was "my girl" when I saw her for the first time in her dress with the apples on it. She was "my girl" when she invited me to an art gallery for our first date. She was "my girl" with each strange set of words we shared that led to date number two, and then, a date later that turned into her spending the night, where we weren't supposed to take off her clothes, but we did, and +1, and now, seven months later, she is in that bed all the time, and I drew a picture of her on Saturday morning, naked, wrapped in a sheet, and we both love it, and… she is my girl.

But this 8 that walked by?

Her walk was explicitly sexual. These "overtly sexy" kinds of girl are not my girls. 6, or 8, or "11," doesn't matter. The flavor of the display she was putting on… is not my usual type. And 1000s of approaches later, I know she is not the type that is usually attracted to me either.

So… when this "racecar" vroomed by the fishbowl… I was detached. Yes she was beautiful. And even with a deep, poetic appreciation… she felt like "somebody else's girl."

And yet…

I had been siting for a while and thought, Time to stretch, get up, take a leak. And hey, follow that girl just to enjoy "beauty in motion." I was really like that.

I left my things and stepped in behind the outrageous stride of this shocking girl to watch her as she moved.

It was that walk that turned my interest from a cool "professional" appreciation of beauty into an urge to engage her. Would I get blown out? Yeah. Probably. This girl was singing with sexuality, a very high-value package, and much-much younger than me. But as a player, it was time to take my shot.

I approached her, and said:

> NASH: Hey… I saw you walking by and you have an incredible walk
> HER: I know

Look at that.

> NASH: Oh?
> NASH: How do you know?
> HER: People tell me

This is her. It's very "her." This cold, confident, powerful little "push" in how she receives you. This is the "surface" of her.

And yeah, true, her walk is wild. With her "hips like bags of sand." The tall heels of her boots. Her hip-to-waist ratio is hypnotic.

I was undaunted:

> NASH: Yeah, okay
> NASH: And the thing I would say about it is…
> NASH: It is… as if… your legs… are made… of… water

Game on. I was dragging it out. I felt her push, her coldness, her "bitchy hot girl" routine, and I was battling back with tension, and "yeah, yeah, so anyway" seduction. I was smiling. I was enjoying her. I really was.

And the set was hot. Her bitchy look and the toss of her head made me think she was going to shake me off, but she stopped. And she stepped into me. Very close. And I liked it.

That is how it started.

And…

It is a coincidence, but I have been emailing Yohami this week. Yohami is an A+ genius about reading between the lines in situations like this, so I have been wondering what he might say. I hadn't been on a date with her yet. I had a lot of questions. As we exchanged messages I said, Okay, here is a story for you, and I sent this:

MY EMAIL TO YOHAMI:

Yohami:

This girl was an "8." 24. Long black hair to her waist. A+ body. Incredible walk… shocking.

She doesn't work or go to school. I said, You must be bored. She said, "I am." I said, Well… you obviously don't read (tease). She said, "I do" (qualifying). I said, what are you reading right now? She looked a little nervous and then she said, "A book about the psychology of creativity." That was a good answer.

Took her number, on her FLIP PHONE. She said her parents don't want her to have a smartphone. I said, Your parents pay your bills? She said, "Yeah." I said, Do you like them? She said, "No." It was typical 'bratty teenager' stuff.

We have messaged a bunch since Thu night when I met her. She responds quickly. I talk more than she does, but I always do… that is my style. I don't feel any games over text.

When I said, Tell me when you're free and I'll make a plan for us, she said, "I am free any night."

Hmmmm. An “8,” that responds easily, and is “free any night.” That is a very unusual.

I am telling you about her because: There is some part to this story that I haven’t figured out yet.

Part of me thinks she is not 24… that she lied, she’s younger. Maybe much younger? Her being “18” would explain some of the mystery, but 24 seems about right, though.

I asked if she was a “good girl or a bad girl” and she said “both” with some attitude. That felt real. She believes that. On TEXT, she said she wants to get married. She felt serious and real then also. I said, Really, that isn’t what a bad girl would say. She said, “I told you I am both.”

So what is the “bad part?” Drugs? I don’t think so. Sex… yeah, maybe. It is possible she is a sex worker, but I doubt it. She was showing very little skin when we met. No weird piercings. No died hair. Her makeup was modest. Her eyes aren’t “dead.” She doesn’t seem damaged. She is sexy, but mostly it shows in her walk… not in her style (although, there was some real cleavage when I picked her up).

I do not feel hustled at all.

I do think I am scoring “foreigner” points (she doesn’t like Japan). I have been solid with her. She might like what she sees…

But… something is missing. We’ll see.

Date is tomorrow. I am going to meet her for coffee. We’ll talk and see how that goes.

I am curious to see if I can discover the “missing thing” about this girl.

Okay, so that was last night. And today, I had a date with her. So… did I discover the mystery? Did I figure it out?

Well, I can’t be sure, but here is how it went:

As she was coming to meet me I messaged her:

> NASH: Hey, do you know XYZ?
> NASH: 2nd floor, meet me at this cafe
> HER: Do I have to?

Look at that ^.

Is that “no?” No, it isn’t. She is not saying “no.” But she is not saying “yes,” either. So what is that?

That is a little girl. That is a “teenager” being difficult.

I doubled down.

> NASH: Yes
> NASH: It is a place for us to talk
> NASH: Come

It felt right. Difficult teenagers secretly want boundaries. So I gave her one. And she didn’t reply, but she showed up a few minutes later. Looking… incredible.

She is striking. And bold. The way she stepped into my space on the pickup, in all her many confident responses to my Game, and yet… beneath the incredible sexuality she feels “young.”

Imagine a picture of a “model” or whatever. Super hot. And another pic of her. Devastatingly hot. But in the space between the pics, there is an “off camera” shot of her goofing off. Or “breaking character” on this “hot bitch” thing she does so well. Even on the pickup, I saw flashes of that.

One of the first things I asked her tonight was: Are you really 24? You could be much younger, I said. “Yes.” Okay. I didn’t feel any games. She could be “16,” but I don’t think so. I think 24 is real.

Over and over on the date I would see her attitude flaring in her smoky eyes. And then, little “cracks” in the façade. Little, very real, “teenage” smiles, cracking through her “I know that you know that I am hot” veneer.

I had a great time on the date and I liked her. But the biggest “red flag” I saw in her was:

She doesn’t have any friends. None. Or so she says. Why? Because she doesn’t go out, she says.

Bigger picture, she has no job, no school, and she is difficult. She is a an intimidating “hot girl.” She is basically blowing everybody out. Guys, girls, everyone.

No friends? Really? I like some “weird girls,” I do. But a girl with “no friends…” If I end up dating her, and things go sideways… we can point to this as a sign I should have known better.

As it is… I have so much damn experience now, I do know better. And what I know is: Everyone is super weird. Everyone. And you just “pick what kind of weird you like” and go with it.

That is also real.

So, back to the MYSTERY.

I told her that I want to live my life raw and real and that I was going to talk with her straight. I said that I know she is a sexy girl, and she knows it, so we don’t have to pretend about that. She nodded and smiled. I told her she has obvious sexual power, and she agreed (and I saw a flash of that “little girl” smile again). I asked when she got that power? At what age? How did she feel about it?

These are the things I like to talk to girls about – these moments where a girl will tell me about her sexual development. We catch these girls at 18, or 20, or 24… but they have been “in process” for a long time. I am interested.

She said she got her “shape” when she was 20. Hmm, that surprised me. She said she was kind of fat before that. I see zero signs of fat, but she is “soft” and curvy, so I get it.

But 20? That is surprising. One thing led to another, about her experience with men, about getting asked out, and…

> NASH: Are you a virgin??
> HER: Yes

It was easy for her to say. It looked real to me.

Could it be true? I have a long history of stories like this… and here we are again.

> How do you meet so many virgins?!
>
> — RoyWalkerPUA (@RoyWalkerPUA) February 21, 2018

Now, with the context of Yohami this week: Let's rewind to a story I told three years ago, and here are his comments about what I wrote:

> "Count how many girls tell you you are the 'first'. Telling you you are the 'first' is part of female sexual dance, and if you do things right (aka you fuck them) ALL OF THEM tell you you're the first at something. Which is why I laugh every time it pops and men take it seriously."
> — Yohami

Here we are again. I have more experience, but I do have yet another girl telling me she is "virgin." And she seems like an unlikely candidate. A super sexy, high value girl… that lives alone (not with her parents)… she is 24… and she's never been fucked?

What is more likely: That that story is true or that I am a fool?

I know what I think. But let's go back to Yohami:

> "The 'first' is a lure. Men value virginity. Their 'lack of experience' is your lure to come in and have power over them. They will tell you they have less experience than you do. Even a professional hooker will find something you did where you were the first and the best, if she's into pleasing you and luring you to invest more. Female dance. Hey Nash, you're the best man I've ever met! Get it?"
> — Yohami

These comments are about a totally different girl, but here I am, tonight, in the same conversation, many years later.

She also says she has never been kissed. Is it possible? Or is there some "neon sign" on my forehead that makes girls say ridiculous shit like this to me? Which is true?

Here is what I think:

That she might be a virgin was a surprise, but also note that under her "mega hot" look, I kept wondering if she was "16." Could it be that she is "basically" 16, even though she is biologically older than that? No school, no job, almost no socializing. So her being a virgin isn't that "odd," given her "social age" and circumstances.

She told me she has never been to a party. Never. That she is an introvert. That she reads a lot. And I have to say… her vocabulary, even in English, is maybe better than mine. Is this profile starting to come together? I think it is.

> "This is about you screening each other, anything she says here is to both lure you in and make you do moves, while filtering to see if you're bottom or top guy. Now you ask if she's had sex. She'll ask herself what is more luring to you, and say that."
> — Yohami

I agree with Yohami that girls will say things that will "work" on me. "Work" to make me like her. Or "work" to make me act the fool and blow myself out (shit tests).

But along with bullshit to lead me around, to spin me like a toy, a woman will also tell you her fatal flaws. There was a lot of "confession" on this first date. Was she all "lures" and artifice? Or was she some of that… and… some "little girl" showing me just how little she is?

I am not certain.

But I DO have an incredible radar for virgins and die-hard introverts. In fact, it is a beautiful thing about daygame, that girls that never go out, that don't online date, do in fact walk across town sometimes… and men like me can

“feel them,” and we approach, and we get access to them when all the other avenues are blocked. In that way, those ARE “my girls.”

So… Am I getting hustled? For money or resources? No. She hasn’t asked for anything.

We met because I approached her. The set hooked because I didn’t back down when she went “hot girl” on me. We kept talking because I took her number. We had a date tonight because I asked her out. She came where I told her to come to meet me. I am leading in a strong, masculine way (which is rare) and she was lovely (and feminine) the whole date.

Am I getting mislead? Well, girls live in the Land of Maybe, but… no, she is what she looks like.

She is a very smart girl. She is an “only child” and a pain in the ass. She is not friendly. She uses her “hotness” as a weapon to both attract attention as well as to freeze everyone out. She is a very introverted, former fat girl, that is now hot, spending time by herself, with her great body, her long hair, and her books. She doesn’t like Japanese guys. When she does get approached, she gives them even less than she gave me.

And… how many of the guys in this city can take “hot bitch” to the face like I did, and smile, and lean into it, and ratchet up the tension?

Did I show some skill in this seduction? In how I am reading her now? Or am, after all these years… a fool?

Is she really a virgin??

At the end of the night, I walked her down the stairs to the subway. She followed, every time, everywhere I asked her to move.

We chatted a bit more, I said I was going home, and she should come with me. She slowly smiled (sweetly), and said, “No.” Cool, I said. We talked a bit more. Again, Are you sure? Come with me. “Umm.” A tempted smile. She gets it.

I think she wanted to, but she said no. I made her take my hand. She resisted, bratty teenager, saying “no” for no other reason than to say “no,” but she took it. I held it and stared at her.

Okay, I said.

We turned our backs and walked off.

What an interesting girl. What a great date. Is she an “8?” You know I don’t care, but for accuracy’s sake: Yeah. Being 24 helps, but yeah.

I know Yohami thinks I send “secret signals” to girls to get them to say the same bullshit to me each time, and I have to admit, I keep searching for a way to see if that might be true but…

No. I think she is what she looks like. A complicated, very hot, introverted virgin, that was picked up by a much older, very experienced daygame hound, that just happens to specialize in exactly her type… introverts are “my girls.”

Hmmmm.

Who knows. If the Daygame Gods will it to be… maybe we’ll find out.

And it all started when a man talked to a girl on the street. Viva daygame.

Breakfast Date (A Lay Report)

Nash · 1 January 2022 · Archived copy · Original

How do you set up a date to get a girl into bed? Common wisdom says: Meet late, for “drinks.” One drink, and then maybe another in a more intimate venue. Then bounce her back to your place. Everyone knows “drink dates” are the sexy dates, right?

I like Game stories that open our eyes to possibilities. This story is about an everyday possibility that shows the fundamentals are much more important than the venue, liquor, or the time of day.

I took the girl in this story for a first date for coffee and conversation at 9:30 AM on a Tuesday morning. We talked. She wasn’t quite finished with her coffee when I said: “I am going to the bakery to get some bread. After that, I have to go back to my place to get my books for school. Come with me.” She agreed. We bought bread. I took her back to my place…

We had sex.

If I were Roy Walker that would be the whole story. But since I am me, I have more to say.

We’ll call her Miss Breakfast. And I met her that week, via daygame (of course).

> “SO CLOSE TO ME.
> “She was tall, tight jeans, great ass, slow walk. I opened her, she checked me out, and when she answered my first question, she basically PRESSED HER BODY UP AGAINST ME.
> “SEXUAL TENSION. Wow.”
> — From my notes when I picked her up

She is not (actually) that tall, but it was a crackling good set. I have opened thousands of girls and very few of them

step in on me like she did. She both turned me on and was a little too much for me.

Despite being somewhat intimidated, the set went well. I took her number, and we started texting.

She was messaging me a lot. More than just responding to my messages, she was "reopening" me.

Maybe she felt she'd found a "bold man?" Maybe she was a "yes" girl?

That week I was working through a ton of new leads and had six dates with five girls. I was juggling timeslots, and she was saying "nights were busy," so we set up a lunch date.

As the day arrived and I got a text from her. It came unexpected and at the time of day that often means a girl is cancelling. "I can't." Guys will say "that always means…" but this time, it felt like an honest cancellation. She sent several messages with times to reschedule. I had three other new girls to date in the next few days, so I wasn't overly desperate or eager.

Later:

> HER: I want to make up for yesterday

I haven't written about Miss Healthy (wonderful girl, and a +1 from November), but I also had trouble getting her out. At one point I offered to meet her for a "breakfast date" before work some day. As she ended up in my bed one evening after she finished work, I didn't get to test my "Breakfast Game."

A breakfast date is totally irregular, but that was part of the appeal. There is a myth that "lunch means friendzone" (amateur comment), but I have closed several girls over lunch (I am not an amateur).

Could I meet and close a girl for "breakfast?"

I took a shot at the breakfast setup:

> NASH: Have you ever had a date with a strong man in the morning before?
> NASH: I am happy to see you at night
> NASH: But if you are so busy…
> NASH: We can still have an interesting date in the morning

She accepted.

That would mean I would (in fact) get her out before things fizzled. But more than that…

Good seduction is about masculine/feminine tension. It has nothing to do with "nighttime" or "drinks." Guys argue, but they never really try the alternatives. They pay more attention to the booze than the fundamentals of leadership and escalation… so they don't know what is possible.

I showed up to the café early and managed to snag a good spot with side-by-side seating (more important than "drinks"). I pinged her and she responded quickly saying she was on her way.

I didn't really know much about her: I knew she was 23, and was going to college to study pharma. I had these assumptions: That she was a little bold, that she might have some sexual experience, that she might be a "yes girl."

I looked up, and… there she was.

She looked fantastic. Big, beautiful, black hair, full of curls (and a few, faint highlights). She wore a black down

jacket over a big, flowing sweater. And… a very short skirt. Big thighs. Knee-high boots. Great look.

I met her eyes, and she paused a little. I stared at her. She gave me no giggle, no "little wave," only a cold, confident march over toward me. She took off her coat. She had already bought herself a coffee. She turned around, sat down next to me, crossed one sexy thigh over the over and…

The date began.

This girl was all attitude and eye lashes. She wasn't a sweet girl or full of charm. She had edge.

She was never rude, but her comments had a consistent coldness to them: She was "not interested in other people." We talked about the typical Japanese "kawaii" cuteness and she said "I hate those girls." As for boys and dating, "to be in love is annoying," she said, "I always want to be free."

You get the picture?

I bantered back at her with a similar edge, challenging her, "breaking rapport," disagreeing with her. I touched her (a little). I was more serious (and less sweet) than I might be with a softer girl.

Did I like her? It's amazing how we talk so much about girls but rarely ask that question.

Yeah, I did. I liked her crispy energy. She was a bit of a "bitch," but never directed that energy at me. And she was very sexy, down to the beautiful perfume she wore that morning. I also had the feeling there was more to her than what she was showing me.

I wanted her.

I announced my plan to go to the bakery and then back to my place. I think the quick transition and lack of "comfort" fit her style. There was surprise in her eyes as I put my offer to her – "Come with me" – but she was in.

She was cold and didn't volunteer much on the way – in part as she is this "difficult" girl, and in part as taking her home this fast was a sign I was a "dangerous man."

More cold independence in the bread store. Strained conversation on the walk to my place and into my building. A few more comments to keep us going as we rode the elevator up to my floor. Inside… I had made sure my apartment would be toasty warm.

I put on some music. She sat on my couch… and busily toyed with her phone.

It was time. I put out my hand and she pretended not to see it. Hey, I said. She looked up, still pretending not to see my hand. Come here. She took it and stood up. And I gave her "that look" and…

"No," she said, as I moved in to kiss her. She looked at me with disapproval. She would say "no" a lot that morning.

I said, okay. And she was tossing up obstacles. She was a bit agitated. "What do you want?," she said. I want to get to know you. It's was true.

She used her phone to translate and showed me: "Friends with benefits?" on the screen. I told her I didn't like that term.

I tell every girl I date that I like the term "Lover." I am a seducer, not a "fuckboy." I want to be a lover to these girls, not a "friend" with "benefits" (that phrase is cynical).

A lover gives a girl three things: Attention, affection, and sex. As her English isn't that good, I said it slower, and demonstrated each part. And when I got to affection, and I was softly pushing her hair back and stroking her cheek… she melted a little. Her tone had changed.

She turned her face as I got close to her lips. I moved in by her neck… and she took it. And I put my lips on her skin and ran my hands over her body, down to her hips, up under her sweater…

(Notice how the escalation > drinks.)

It was around now when she told me she was on her period. Her eyes bulged a little when she said it. I assumed it was another “hurdle” between me and sex, and maybe a test. I was going to play on as if it was true. But we could make out. I could get her hot. I could show her I was for real, and maybe she’d come back another time.

Maybe she said something about a “condom.” Her English wasn’t good, I wasn’t sure. And the look in her eyes said that “no, I mean, maybe, no, no, well, maybe, yes, but, no, no, no…” kind of thing.

I pulled her to my bed… and she complied.

And I pushed her back and really tried to kiss her, and she said, “no” again, “only for a boyfriend!” Her eyes snapped as she said it. She was a little too serious, and also… pretending.

Pretending. That is a huge clue to what I think about this girl. She isn’t “fake.” She is just more, and different, than what she pretends to be.

She squirmed around. Pinning one arm to the pillows above her, I slide my free hand down to her waist, under her sweater, found her skin. She was a bigger girl than I was expecting (maybe even chubby), very soft.

She was still “pretending” to be tough. She smelled fantastic. I wanted her. I stared a lot. I was serious.

I had her shirt off (no resistance), and her bra, and her very large, D-cup tits spilled across her chest. I sucked on dark nipples. And I grabbed a fistful of hair (to hold her head still) and pushed my face against hers and finally got her tongue in my mouth. (Turns out, “being her boyfriend” wasn’t really required to kiss her, after all.) It was good. And she was getting into it.

As I ran my hand across her belly, she grabbed my wrist and push my hand down under her tights and between her thighs.

She is not as strong as she pretends to be, but she is no “virgin,” she has a bit of aggression to her, and definitely some sexual experience. And even though it was only 11 AM, I now had her very hot. With her pushing my hand into her panties, and the look in her eyes, I slipped a finger into her… and she was sopping wet. And so into it. Kissing me hard now.

Are you really on your period? I had no signs yet. And she looked a little childish, less certain. She wasn’t lying and I assumed this was maybe the last day.

You’re ready, I said. Her eyes burned back at me. She was. I went to the other room, got a towel. I pulled her tights and her panties off in one slow movement.

Again here she said something about a condom. She was stern. So much emphasis on condoms. I never hear this from girls.

This detail is important, as I think this is her showing both some sexual experience, and… that she has had some bad experience where a guy pushed too hard for taking her “raw,” or that she has been made pregnant before, or who knows. Very serious about it.

Yes I did have a condom (of course). And within reach (in the case I keep between my bed and the window). I pulled one out. And made a show of it, so she could see it. And laid it on the bed next to her.

And I slid a finger in her, and she loved it. And then another. And no blood. And I worked her with my hands, and she moaned, and she was softer with me. Warmer. More real. And then, yes, a little bit of blood.

And she took my other hand and put it on her clit. Clit girl: That is a type. That she was so explicit, directing me on our first time in bed (very rare), also taught me something about her.

The seduction was a little harsh, and rushed, and there was very little tenderness. But she was ready, and like a good solider I got naked, and stroked my cock hard, and…

And I reached for that condom. Tore it open, and rolled it on, and…

And she checked to make sure it was on. She reached down, and felt my cock to be sure I was wearing a condom. I have fucked a lot of girls and girls never do that.

But the condom was on, and…

+1 daygame.

The sex was… just okay. Which is unusual for me, actually. I have really fantastic sex these days (it's the Tantra thing). The sex with Miss Breakfast lacked any depth, and I could literally feel the difference. I had fucked her… but she hadn't really surrendered. Sex can only be so good when she hasn't really "opened" to you as a man.

And yet, a conclusion: Yes, you can close a girl, dead sober, first date, on a "breakfast date." Of course you can.

I like this girl. And I am not here to "check boxes." But in terms of the pursuit of the fundamental truth of Game: Alcohol and "darkness" have absolutely nothing to do with what is really important between a man and a woman.

Don't get distracted by "nighttime" or "drinks." All you need for a sexual date is: You, her, some privacy, and your ability to escalate.

We had had very fast sex. And after: It was quiet and a bit awkward.

Mystery has his claim that "solid Game" means you should not try to fuck her before you've had "seven hours together" (to bond). It can be done (much) faster than that, but his point is basically right: Fast-sex will often leave you "naked" and exposed in uncomfortable ways… not always the best for everyone's self-esteem or if you want to see her again.

I gave her a wild experience, but it left us – post sex – in the same cold space we started in, and without the sexual tension to keep us warm.

I wiped myself down, and pulled my jeans on. She dressed quickly. She looked amazing, as before, but was even less friendly.

Back down the elevator, and almost silently, we moved together toward the café where the morning had begun.

It was only 12:30 now. I told her I wanted to see her again. And I said goodbye.

Some of our messaging:

> HER: I wish I could be friends with you
> HER: Do you want to be a lover with me?
> NASH: I have many friends
> NASH: You told me you wanted to be free. I understand it and respect it.
> NASH: But…
> NASH: If you want to spend some time with me…
> NASH: I will talk to you. And touch you. And fuck you.
> NASH: Yes. I want to see you again.
> HER: If the timing is right

> NASH: I can't tell if you're dangerous or vulnerable
> HER: Neither
> HER: I'm just a college student

> NASH: Again, I mean sex, but I mean all of it
> NASH: Attention, affection, and sex
> NASH: When we were alone, I gave you all three. And I always want to give you all three.
> HER: I'm sorry, I've been busy for a while
> HER: I will contact you when I have time again

The New Year season in Japan is for family, and who knows if she is really busy, but I have not seen her since.

On a basic level: This story is a great example of execution and possibility for a man that knows what is required in seduction (masculine penetration, leadership, a place to lay down together) and what is not (drinks, or even a free evening).

On a more personal level: She is a fascinating girl. A fist-full of clues, half-slipping through my fingers… and another fascinating foray into female psychology.

She is a type. Sexy. Young, but not innocent. On our first date together, she gave me all that "I want to be free" and "love is annoying" kind of talk. She is a little icy and hard. Her very-careful handling of me in that moment when I put the condom on shows something serious in her past. She is physically soft, but something about her history has knocked some of the girlish "magic" out of her.

I am intrigued by her, and even writing about her turns me on. I want her. And I want the chance to "show up" for her, so she can feel me being solid and real and more than "friends with benefits." If she'll give me the time, I'd like to take this girl deeper than she allowed me to do (so far).

With Miss Breakfast, the end of the year has been quiet. I have shown her lots of "pull." I have shown not only intent, but an ability to lead and a very clear sense that I know what I want.

But I can only "pull" so hard before I snap the line. And a man can only lead the willing.

I've been inside her, but she is still "closed" to me. I like so much of what I have seen, even the rough, calloused quality of her edges. It is always "maybe" with girls, but I hope I see her again.

Viva Daygame.

After Breakfast – They Are All “Maybes”

Nash · 5 February 2022 · Archived copy · Original

UPDATE: It is January 4th, here in Japan (or it was, when I originally wrote this). And my one date with Miss Breakfast was three weeks ago. I had not seen her since, until just now… less than 10 minutes ago. I have this beautiful overwhelmed feeling having seen her. It feels amazing.

I was standing at the train station and leaving a friend a voicemail, and she came around the corner. There she was.

She recognized me before I saw her, and she walked right over to me, and once again – pressed her body up again mine. This is just her way. She was not trying to turn me on. But as she did it, I had the “she belongs to me” feeling.

This isn’t some ego-rant (I am quite clear, this girl is not “mine” at all), but that is how it felt. As she once again bounced her soft body off of me, I had this certain feeling that I could (and I should) lay hands on her (which I did) and do whatever I wanted with her. That feeling was convincingly natural; a spell that came over me as we locked eyes. It was like a mathematical fact, but much warmer, like fresh baked bread, buried deep in my chest.

I immediately started touching her. Through her big winter coat, but even so; Layers of soft on soft.

It may seem strange, but I wasn’t sure exactly which girl she was when I first saw her.

I only had the one date with her, and that was three weeks ago. But the look in her eyes when she recognized me lit up my nervous system. I felt the importance of her, immediately, even if I could not identify precisely the episode of my life to which she belonged. I was coming towards her, and touching her, and “telling her how I feel,” even before my mind was certain who she was (that would be a formality)… my body was already quite clear.

Seeing her was like slamming back a shot of 1 part relief/1 part joy/1 part hunger, and the feeling was an instant-buzz of: “Oh my God, it’s you.” I grabbed her, pulled her in. I mentally took off her glasses and her hat (undressing her), to see her, again, as she was in my bed on our date. And yes. Yes, it’s her, it’s her, it’s her. It’s her. It’s Breakfast Girl.

I have missed that girl. And as I said in my post about her, I want her. I did. I do. And instead of anything else, I

spent my time on New Year's Day writing about her. And it felt good.

As I said to Sundance in the comments of the post: Writing about her was a way of letting her go. I had let go. I like her. (More than "like," obviously.) What I saw in her had created an intense longing in me (even as she was so difficult), but I had let her go.

> "Ecstasy… Stay humble. Stay available. Be gracious when you're able to touch it. Let yourself and your life be nourished by it. And then let it go."
> — Om Rupani

I let her go because there was nothing to hold on to. Even as I found my way between her thighs that morning, she was never mine… not at all.

But I had let her go. And I'd done it with an acceptance of some kind of heartache. And with some discipline, because it was the right thing to do.

I had let her go. So when I saw her, I was able to see her from a "clean" place. I didn't feel needy. Or confused. I was just happy to see her. And I told her that. It was a celebration.

> "Oh my God, it's you."

And she was serious, and a little pouty, as always. And I touched her and looked her in the eyes. And said many thing in English I am sure she couldn't not have understood. But she "felt me" (I am sure of that), in the way she might have felt if she were trapped in a closet with a stallion. I had some beautiful energy with that girl just now. Generous, appreciative, and explosive.

I do want to see her again. So I became a little more serious and started translating our broken language via my phone to make sure she understood me.

As we had left it (and the details are in my first post about her): She had suggested being friends, and had pushed away the idea of sex. Since our one and only date I have come forward, several times, saying I want her, and that it is not only sex, but it is also sex (it always is). Of course. That I want to talk to her, and touch her, and fuck her. Again. Yes. Full yes to all that. I feel it ringing through my body right now as I type this. And not seeing me again may be better for her (for any number of reasons). But I am not in charge of her feelings, or her reactions. I am in charge, only, of knowing what I want.

And I want her.

So I said:

> "I want to see you. This year, I want to see you."

And I do.

From my one date with her I know she has a fire inside her. A smoldering "strong flavor." But she is quiet in terms of words, and does a lot the work of communication with her eyes and how she holds her hips. She used those eyes to signal back to me as I told her what I wanted… showing me smoke, showing me the glow of hot coals.

And I said:

> "You're a free person. Always. You should do what you want. Of course."

> "But I want to see you."

And then I laughed, and said:

“I had a funny dream about you…,” which is true. I did. She has been in my dreams.

The dream was about going to lunch with her and one of her friends (in Mexico… dreams are weird). And she was being a bitch (and she is kind of a bitch, at least so far), and I was doing a mix of being a cool guy, leading, charming her friend, not taking her shit, but not getting mad. Staying in the Game. And in the dream, her friend eventually laughed, which was a kind of confession that Miss Breakfast was, in fact, being a bitch, and then Miss Breakfast laughed, and she soften. I was dreaming of her being her, and of her mellowing out a little, and opening for me. If I have a dream for her, that is certainly it.

As I told her about the dream, she smiled and she was warm. I had physically turned her, and pushed her back up against the barrier to the subway entrance, and we were chest to chest. And she reached down and played with my ring, turning it, and touching my hand. It was intimate, instantly. As if we were proper lovers. As if we had always been. I know almost nothing about this girl, but she does give me that feeling.

It is so natural to touch her. And for her to touch me. And we did, so quickly and easily. She is probably a “physical girl” (that may be part of her nature). Even though I have fucked her she is not my lover… but we sure looked like it, today, mixing breath and staring at each other as the crowds walked by. It sure felt like we were lovers.

So then I said:

> “I don’t want to put pressure on you, but I want you to know I like you.”

This is a theme in my Game.

Recently I talked about this girl Miss Pierced (a different +1 from December), and how she had nearly “ghosted me” after our sex date. And how I kept trying to get her see me again, to take me seriously, to feel that there could be something genuine to all of this. A lack of feeling of anything genuine is a big part of what is missing from most seductions. That “lack” takes something that could potentially be beautiful, and strips it down to a guarded, shallow “hook up” that is (and feels) empty. Don’t do that.

> "Genuine loving will lead to humiliation. No humiliation, no love. I'm not saying that this is all that loving brings. But this is one polarity… It will create painful humiliation at one end. And at the other end, it will make joy accessible."
> –Om Rupani

Put some heart into it. Do that for you (if not also for her). You will get kicked in the teeth sometimes. But it is only by risking that kind of injury that you gain access to bliss and ecstasy. Do it for you.

For the more traditional guys trying to understand what I am saying, even in romance: "No pain, no gain." You don't have to be "good" at it. But go put in your reps. And put some of you heart (and your balls) into it. It makes a difference. "Go first."

I want these girls to know: There is nothing about me that is "empty." I feel something for them. I do feel something and I want them to know that. What they do with that, is up to them. I will have been clear. I will have penetrated them with love and lust and affection and possibility. That is all I can do. That is my job as a man. And I love my job.

I said:

> "I don't want to put pressure on you… you should do what you want."
> "But I have a real passion for you. I felt it as soon as I saw you."

She pushed her eyes down and nodded. It was sort of nostalgic, and sad, and sexy, all at once.

I have a Monster's Passion for her. It is true. I want to be a big, terrible, horrible Monster of Love, for all of them. That is how I feel.

There are "beautiful times" as a seducer where I don't get what I want. (Those times exist, you know.) I want her on her back, with her tongue in my mouth, and my cock buried deep inside her. In case it is not obvious, that is what I want. For now, I am not getting what I want… but I feel "clean." I may not have what I want (not with her, not today), but I really gave her everything I had to give. If there is a lack of bold, direct, sincerity in her life – there wasn't today. Not with me.

As men, we have an opportunity to keep an eye on the bigger picture here: It is not really about her, is it? It is. I burn for this girl. She is lightning to my imagination. But am pointing to some clarity – some clarity in me. That is what this is about.

Win or lose with this girl, my clarity is like a stone, each time polished a little more, the shine growing more radiant. This is about picking up, and taking magical girls on dates where each look between you makes the moment more fertile and expectant. It's about sweeping little girls off their feet. "It's about sucking and fucking and blowjobs and facials and penetration and hard pounding and quickies and all this raw stuff" (credit: Jason Savage). It is all of that.

But it is also about "pounding" yourself into gold. About cleaning yourself up. And win or lose with a given girl, that shine that is building in you is yours to keep. You're clear. You're solid, more solid each time. You learn to trust yourself and you feel more certain.

Not always, but in this story, I hope you can feel I am past the numbers and the notches of it all. I am less horny, more heartfelt and cocksure. And that certainty is a kind of strength. It is an element of inner Game, where you're "aligned;" No half-measures. Your intentions are straight and stacked and cutting and true. This is rare in any age. And it's attractive. It's attractive to even talk about it. There is good energy here.

> "There are aspects of your soul that need expression during this Earth journey. Have some respect for that expression. Give it room. Let the yearnings of your soul trump your constructs. That's where discovery is.

> That's where Ecstasy becomes possible."
> — Om Rupani

Yes.

And then…

I told her I had to go. I did. I was tempted to try to do something with her right then (and I have a nagging memory of that moment that she might have wanted to be led, right then, into some time together), but I had done enough "pull" (in general and in this time with her today), so it was time for some "push:" I said I was going to lunch. And I told her to message me. And then I said, "maybe." And smiled.

Maybe.

I love that word. I learned it from the girls, but these days I feel like I know it was well as they do.

> "Message me. I want to see you."

Very direct. Almost licking my lips as I said it. A kind of "pull," but like a command, very orderly and masculine. And then…

I leaned back. Pointedly.

"Maybe," I said. And I shrugged my shoulders in that "maybe it'll happen, maybe it won't" kind of way. And I smiled a very real smile. And I was a bit cocky. It all felt right. Because it is right. It always is "maybe."

"Let yourself and your life be nourished by it. And then let it go."

Maybe she will see that I am for real. Maybe that isn't what she cares about, or maybe it is. And maybe she'll send me a message (like I told her to do). If she does, I'll ask her out, she knows that. There is no maybe on my end.

So I said it one last time:

"Send me a message." And I fucked her with my eyes as I said it.

And then I said: "Go."

And I pointed away from me. And she was a little shy, and young-looking, as I sent her away. I'll give that girl "pull" all day long, but there is also some "push" to my Game.

"Maybe." I said it again. And I flashed some "who knows!" challenge from my eyes.

I don't know. I don't. We never do. But there is something in maybe that I trust. In "maybe" – when I am clean, when I have said my peace, when I have done what I need to as a man to make things clear, to drive things forward, when I have done all that – I can be certain.

Ahhh, it was fantastic to see that girl. Uhhhh! Just fantastic. I want her. I am so interested to see what else there is to see in her. And even this small, unexpected time with her has been another wonderful chapter in my Book of Girls.

Viva daygame.

The Sequence + BrownDaygamer's Vegas Daygame Jaunt

Nash · 27 February 2022 · Archived copy · Original

This is a story about BrownDaygamer and his 2021 daygame "jaunt" to the ~~completely filthy~~ fine city of Las Vegas.

> "If I look at the trip from non/daygame lens then I had a great time exploring the casinos, having some good food, living the Vegas experience of a city that never sleeps and winning some $$ from gambling which covered my flight cost. But as for daygame experience, I would not recommend this city."
> — BrownDaygamer

It is an interesting case. I want to look at his trip, breakdown his stats, and use his experience as the context to talk about some more advanced concepts in Game.

> "Booked my first ever Daygame jaunt to Las Vegas in August."
> — BrownDaygamer

Here are the stats he posted from that trip:

> "My stats after 5 days…
> "In short, Vegas is not a city for daygame."

(Note the "5 days" – we'll come back to that.)

> "Approaches: 54
> Number closes: 14
> Responded to text: 3
> Instant dates: 2
> Date 1: 0
> Lays: 0"
> — BrownDaygamer

In addition to these stats, he also posted a field report on MidWestDaygame's blog. I quote from that post below as I break down what I see.

Brown's stats give us a chance to think about what kinds of results he got – and why. I am all about "why." "Why" is where it's at for getting better.

But first, let's talk about a concept I am going to call "The Sequence."

THE SEQUENCE:

"The Sequence" for pickup and seduction (or "finding a girlfriend") is something like:

Go out > Approach > Take numbers > Message the girls > Date > Take her someplace private > Escalate > Sex > Relationship

I recently started using this sequence when I talk about Game. It shows the basic steps toward success with women (mapping it out for beginners), and can also help pinpoint where a man is succeeding vs struggling (very useful for intermediate and advanced).

Where is Brown at in The Sequence?

He took 14 numbers… and none of them turned into dates. That is irregular… and it helps to break down where he might improve his Game.

He got out, he approached a bunch of girls (very good), he had a lot success (good sets), and his success slowed down (somewhat) around the "Take Numbers" and "Date" stage of The Sequence. It was a short trip, but in those few days he couldn't get into the later stages with a girl (other than some idates – more below).

His stats help us see where his "sticking points" might have been on that trip.

STICKING POINTS:

"Sticking points" is an old school PUA term that help diagnose a man's Game. Where a man gets "stuck" shows you his "sticking points" – and where he might get better.

He took a bunch of numbers, but got no dates. Why?

I wasn't there, but I do know girls and pickup. I have seen 100s of guys go through this process. We can say that numbers that don't turn into dates are basically weak numbers (generally true). It seems a lot of those numbers where weak.

Brown probably took some numbers that he didn't need to take. Meaning, the set was decent but she wasn't that into him or the logistics were impossible. Nothing wrong with that, but he ended up with some weak numbers and a low number:date ratio.

He could probably improve his approach and/or vibe (almost all of us could) to get better numbers. Sure. But what else can we read into this story based on these stats?

SHORT TRIPS ARE "HARD-MODE:"

For most guys that are not Roy Walker "Chad," one week is not enough time to reliably get laid.

You want to increase your chances of success: Make the trip longer. You can practice and have fun in less time than that, you might catch a "Yes" girl that can't wait to get naked, but, 1.), Most guys need time to explore and "warm up" (important). And 2.), Girls often need time to schedule dates, etc.

Going someplace new will give you a burst of energy (which can help your vibe), but jaunts mostly make Game harder. With only 5+ days, Brown didn't have time to settle down, to warm up, to explore and feel like a "master" in Vegas, or enough time to schedule dates with girls that might have needed more time.

Getting laid on a week-long trip is totally possibly, but short trips are hard mode. You are more likely to be (and appear to be) a "beginner" when you don't know the place and that will make you less attractive.

For jaunts, lower your expectation, make the trip longer, or both.

IS VEGAS BAD FOR DAYGAME?

> "In short, Vegas is not a city for daygame."
> — BrownDaygamer

The correct answer is…

Of course you can daygame Vegas.

It was Brown's first jaunt, some of his numbers look weak, maybe because he was kind of "rushing" through the process in a city that was not a place he knows well. If he had more time, he might FEEL more confident, actually know Vegas better, have better ideas for dates, and more time to warm up, meet more girls, and allow the seductions to unfold.

I acknowledge that Game in Vegas might require some "adjustments:" Most people go to Vegas in groups (for business, for bachelorette parties, to party with friends). Still gameable, but might need some special handling, maybe a more aggressive style for the "City of Sin," and more skill at setting up "Secret Society" hookups (underrated concept) that her group wouldn't know about. Same day lay (SDL) is probably a more important skillset in Vegas than most places. All true.

Vegas is definitely gameable, but a fast trip might not give an intermediate guy enough time to genuinely get established and crank up his Game in a believable, attractive way.

ADVANCED NOTES:

Now let's look at two longer interactions with girls Brown had via some instant dates from daygame.

INSTANT DATE #1:

> "I seeded a drink at the bar but she says she doesn't drink so I seed non-alcoholic drinks in my room. It was hot outside so I said let's go back to my room, listen to some music, have some drinks and then we come out after an hour to explore rest of the strip. She agreed and we were on our way to my room. As soon as we got off the elevator on the floor, I noticed her being a bit hesitant and having some thoughts in her mind but as soon as we reached my door, she said she can't come in and needs to go back to her family now. She suggested we can meet later but I never heard from her again."
> — BrownDaygamer

Cool. I feel like Brown was reading the girl pretty well. What else can we see in those details?

"I noticed her being a bit hesitant and having some thoughts in her mind." Yeah. I am going to suggest that SHE noticed something in him. Maybe he was too "in his head," too self-focused, thinking too much about the pull. She felt that. And then she started to wonder if going up to his room was a good idea. She backed out.

Good for her. It is smart for a girl to double-check that going to some guys room will be a good thing for her (often times it is not).

Brown is a player. He demonstrated that. Girls often like the experience a smooth player can deliver. Girls like sex, players communicate sex might happen, all that. If Brown never pretended to be anything other than a player, why did the girl "suddenly" decide she wasn't going to have a good experience with him?

I would argue it was because Brown wasn't really thinking about her experience. And at the crucial moment, she could feel that.

I know girls. And I know guys at Brown's stage… so this is a good guess. He was trying to get laid. Nothing wrong with wanting to get laid, but…

The best guys are "orchestrating a scene" that feels like a big beautiful win to her. She feels this most easily when it's true, when you know how to give her that feeling, and when you are setting things up so she feels that all the way to and through the end of the date. This is what high-end Game feels like to a girl – and she can relax into that.

This ability to help a girl feel certain that you are creating a big win for both of you (and certainly her) is one form of "very good Game." It's not easy… but it is how some smooth guys approach seduction. Guys like Zan. And Hans Comyn. Increasingly, I think my success is because I am committed to this kind of Game.

Another example:

INSTANT DATE #2:

> "I tried to seed the next drink in my room. She knew what was going on and said 'don't try to bring me back to your room, I am not coming.' I switched the topic and talked about something else. After a few mins, I seeded a drink at another bar on the strip since I felt she wasn't ready for a pull yet. But then she denied to go to other bar and said she has to go back to her hotel to change and come back out again at night. She suggested we should meet at night, I texted her later but again didn't hear from her."
> — BrownDaygamer

Okay.

Brown really gets "how to lead" at a logistical level. "Intermediate stuff": how to move things forward, how to make a plan, to invite her along. He can clearly lead a girl to sex. He is showing some good skill at that stage of the "The Sequence" (which will get him laid… sometimes).

"She knew what was going on and said, 'Don't try to bring me back to your room, I am not coming.'"

So here we are again. Brown was clearly leading toward sex. She bounces.

Both of the girls in his examples saw Brown on the approach. They had time to consider Brown's offer of an idate, and they said yes. They spent a bunch of time with him. But…

They didn't trust him enough. That is what I see. No dis to Brown, but he hasn't earned this level of trust yet. When he does… everything gets much, much easier.

Here is what I think is going on:

> "You can tell that a lot of times men just want what they want, and they want you to show up in a way that they can get off on the whole situation, and it's not too much of a turn on for women. Even if they're running after you and they're are seducing you… you kind of know if the man is actually really connected and wants something to happen for both of you."
> — Patricia Albere

“Wants something to happen for both of you,” yes. And certainly for her, right? If you get that, a lot of your experiences with women (particularly around “last minute resistance”) will change forever.

Patricia is okay with seduction, but she isn’t “turned on” by the idea of being used as a fuck-doll for his benefit. This is not about “BF/GF” or commitment. It’s about inviting her into a situation where you very clearly have a plan where she can FEEL you are making sure she will have a good experience emotional, psychologically… and yeah, sexually.

You don’t tell the girl all this (although, you can… preferably subtly). Just begin to think of doing all that for her, make that your goal, and then escalate as usual, with all this “how can I make this good for her” running, consciously, in your mind. It is more than that, but that is a good start. Many girls will feel the difference.

Most guys are thinking about their own basic needs, about “the notch,” about the lay report they are going to write later… they are not thinking of her at all. And she can FEEL that lack of attention. As soon as she can feel that, she rejects you. Either “at the elevator” or in bed as you’re trying to make it happen. This is the essence of “last minute resistance.”

I put a lot of attention on this part of “The Sequence” in my own Game. I start thinking about “LMR” (thinking about what she needs) way before I get her to the bedroom. There is a lot you can do to “communicate” to her that you’re going to “take her someplace she wants to go.” That is what seduction is all about.

What does she need to see?

You should be thinking: “I am going to give this girl a great experience, she is going to feel comfortable, and interested, and cared for, I’ll pace where she is at sexually, I’ll read her, I’ll respond to what I see she needs, she’ll feel that response (specifically), we’ll move forward as she is ready… and of course great sex will be part of that. ” Do that… and never go any faster than it takes for her to feel all of that from you.

Pacing the escalation to her feelings is a huge part of what makes a girl lean into you. If she hesitates, and you miss it… she knows you’re not sensitive. She’ll tighten up. She’ll lose trust in the situation. So noticing her hesitation, specifically responding to it… that is part of mastery at this stage. She feels your mastery, she can trust you more, and she lets her “inner fuck” come out.

What is missing for most girls?

> “I think that you’ll trust a man’s strength…if he takes you someplace you want to go, then you can surrender to him. A lot of men… are not that attuned to you. They don’t necessarily care how it is for you, they are way too selfish. There is something that just doesn’t happen.”
> — Patricia Albere

Almost nobody in seduction talks about this: The kind of seduction where she FEELS that you are very “attuned” to seeing what she is feeling and making sure she has a fantastic time.

Where was the breakdown in the process for Brown? The girls showed real resistance to his escalation. That is about him not knowing how to create these warm, “cared for” spaces that women want to step into (some of them probably felt that as early as the pickup, it starts there).

This is advanced Game. You want to fuck? Attention to these details will lead to better experiences… and more fucking.

YOU: Hey, let’s go back to my room and listen to some music
HER: *!!!*
YOU: Hey, hey, hey… slow down
YOU: I am an exciting guy…
YOU: But I can read you, I can see how you feel…

YOU: Come back with me
YOU: It'll be my job to read you, make sure you're in a good place
YOU: If you're not, I'll send you home in a cab

This is where I am at in my own Game: Constantly monitoring her to see what she is ready for, testing her, moving deeper when I can see she is ready. And the girls can FEEL THAT expertise… this is how she knows you are better than some horny guy that misses her signals or will be "weird" if she is not ready. When she can feel this kind of skill, she can totally relax and be led into a great experience.

It's not "words." It's not really a "technique." It's about reading her. I'm teaching you something very real.

If a guy isn't sensitive at this level, it is not safe to be alone with him. His lack of attunement could put her in a dangerous place. When you lead both of you to a deeper, better place, when she can be sure you are reading and responding to her moment by moment, she can "open up" for you.

Brown's trip is much more interesting when we look past the stats. The notes from the idates are more revealing, and show how good Brown is at some things, and some places where he can get better.

> "I understood that Vegas is not a good city for daygame."
> — Brown

It's not about the city. When you dismiss an entire city like this, you miss a chance to improve your own Game.

Jaunts are "hard mode." Most guys need time to warm up, time to become a "master of the territory," to allow time to meet more girls and to coordinate dates.

At a more "intermediate" level: Guys can daygame Vegas, but they'll probably need more skill around fast closes. Looking smooth will be harder for a guy if he "hasn't settled down" or doesn't have his logistics worked out yet. Any incongruence within himself (if he is not used to fast-pulls) will make it harder to make a quick Vegas jaunt successful.

If quick hit-and-run jaunts in a high turn-over place like a Vegas require more fast-seductions… a player has to create a lot of trust quickly. You need to know how to bring a girl to sex in a way that makes her feel safe, and excited, and sexy. And if she feels like you're not up to the job (and that is a hard job) she is going to bail.

I don't like Las Vegas at all, but it's Game-able (if you can meet women there, the place is gameable). Same principles.

Regardless of the city, there are things in this post that could help lots of guys learn how to get women to "open up."

Big thanks to BrownDaygamer for providing so much to talk about. In many ways he killed it in Vegas. I am proud of him. He'll do much better when he can communicate that he can read girls' feelings (at all stages of the game) at an expert level. Even in fast pull environments (maybe especially so), that is a key to mastery.

Viva Daygame.

Shit Tests and Frame: A Case Study

Nash · 14 March 2022 · Archived copy · Original

I recently met this lovely, young girl – we'll call her Miss 19. Pickup was solid. Got her out: Nice daytime coffee date (I was excited about her). Got her out again, did the "coffee to makeout" plan and she got the first kiss of her young life (yes, really). And then we had another date (back to my place) where the little thing and I "made it to second base" – and she felt a hand down her pants (another first for her). And then… before what would be our fourth date, Miss 19 tossed a shit test into my seduction.

> "When she [tests you] – she will play. It's play as long as you're playing. As soon as you take it seriously, it's game over, you lose, and she can't trust you. For most of us, that is most of the time."
> — Deida

Below we'll look at her shit test and review some suggested ways to respond.

Then I'll show you what I did. And as we talk though this case study, I'll breakdown some opportunities deepen our understanding of Game.

HER SHIT TEST:

How it started:

> ME: What are you doing today?
> HER: I am going on a date

Why would a nice girl say something like that to a guy she likes?

> "If she views you as a contender, she will test you. A woman often won't even bother to test a low-value male; instead, she will just become non-responsive and then leave as soon as possible. A test can be considered an indicator of interest of sorts."

> — From “Mystery Method”

Miss 19 is young and inexperienced, but… yeah. Girls (even young ones) have a built-in, natural ability to present tests that allow proper men to step up, or give less-effective men a chance to hang themselves.

I knew she liked me. She had given me some really direct statements showing interest (“I am totally into you”). We’d had some good dates. Why test me like this? I assumed she was just fucking around.

But I didn’t like it. It was “bad Game” on her part. Her test was noise that was keeping me from asking her out – which was my goal that morning.

As it was an interesting test, I wanted to see what other guys would say.

SOME RESPONSES TO HER SHIT TEST:

> “ME: What are you doing today?
> HER: I am going on a date
>
> …
>
> QUESTION: What do you like as a comeback to that?”

I showed her test to some guys and asked them what they thought.

My initial reaction wasn’t playful or confident. I was irritated – which is not attractive, but a lot of guys might react like that.

> “Def stay silent and ping her later.”
> — GayKhalDrago

GayKhalDrago doesn’t like this kind of thing either.

> “Silence is the magic trick.”
> — Dark Horse

Right, let her sit.

Silence can be powerful. And it can be a bad idea to “reward her” with attention when she is causing trouble.

In my case, I don’t like being “intentionally passive.” It is part of my core philosophy of Game that masculine value is about “what he does:” It’s about action, not “waiting” or passivity, or being reactive to the girl. I had a plan and I wanted to move us forward. Are my plans as a man being influenced by the whims of some goofy teenage girl?

Is that my only choice?

> “Honestly bro; my best answer would be to do the ‘thumbs up’ to her response and leave it there. Make her fumble the football now.”
> — Antifragile

I get it. But then…

She “fumbles,” and I punish her by rolling off, and that stalls out the affair… it’s “all struggle, no snuggle” and nobody gets laid. I don’t really like that either.

And “going silent” (particularly suddenly) risks looking butthurt and crushed by the test.

> “How to FAIL a shit test: Let her see you stumble, struggle to respond, go uncomfortably silent, get noticeably embarrassed or upset, or try to defend yourself.”
> — Bobby Rio

“Struggle to respond, go uncomfortably silent.” Bobby’s right. Part of the purpose of shit tests is to see if you’ll flinch. Going silent could look like “I get hurt easily.”

Other guys had light-hearted responses that could work in a situation like this.

> “In this situation… I respond with a variation of ‘lol ok’ or a 🤷. Not saying anything makes it feel like she got under my skin. Dismissive fits my style better.”
> —Jack North

I like that. The vibe is “at ease” and unbothered.

> “Always have a couple alpha dismissive lines in your pocket:
>
> “ME: What are you doing today?
> HER: I am going on a date.
> ME: gay”
> — FortWorthPlayboy

A dismissive response can be a good solution to a test like this.

And I personally like “gay.” That counters some feminine BS with a Heartiste style, “bro-y” response.

> “Two options:
> 1.) Ignore for a few days then hit her with a ping text.
> 2.) Try cocky-funny with something like, ‘Very nice, I hope you take your mom someplace nice ;).’
> As an older guy I’d do #1, it has more gravitas.”
> — Magnum

Both work. And that second response by Magnum is a good illustration of another way to see tests…

> “I love shit tests.
> I LOVE THEM.
> And here’s why you should to:
> They are an easy opportunity to display VALUE.”
> — Bobby Rio

Bobby is right again. While shit tests can throw a seduction off track, they can also be an opportunity.

> “Where a NICE GUY CHUMP sees barriers, the TAKE CHARGE MALE sees open doors.”
> — Swingcat

I love this line from Le ‘Swing. Yes.

We could get pissed off… or we could see a shit test as: “She wants to be Gamed.” You take her “chaos” and you use it as an opportunity to show off. That is how a Take Charge Male might handle it.

Here is another great answer that shows some value:

> "If you're still unmarried by Tuesday, come out with me."
> — Runner

I like the feel of that. It's "jokey," but it calls her bluff, shows no insecurity, and plows through in a confident way. Bobby would approve.

> "A very simple framework to remember that will help you pass almost any shit test is: Agree and amplify."
> — Bobby Rio

Right.

Here is similarly sharp response that passes the test with style:

> "Oh cool, are you in love?"
> — GTG Education & Consulting

This is my favorite. It's so short, it feels effortless.

WALK AWAY:

There are dismissive or playful ways to handle a shit test. But some guys felt like the best move was to drop her.

> "Shit test or not, that's dishonest and manipulative. I walked away from the last chick who was dishonest and manipulative. I don't want those kinds of women in my life. There are way too many options out there to tolerate that kind of disrespect."
> — John Wick

This is a really common expression in the Game community.

Should we walk away when we're tested? Is it "disrespect?"

I say: If you're flush with pussy, maybe blowing a girl off for this kind of behavior is valid.

But first, be real with yourself. Do you actually have "too many options?" Or is that impulse all "ego" or a lack of creativity?

I have been a player for a long time. I've known 100s of men who were trying to (and often actually were) getting better with women. Almost none of them had "too many options." 95% of the time, the guy has little-to-no options (even players that have some skill).

This "cut her off" attitude is mostly self-defeating. Both short-term (you lose this specific girl), and long-term, in that you lose the chance to practice, to grow, and maybe pass the test and experience what it feels like to move on to glory.

A willingness to stay in the seduction is the focus of the rest of this post.

"CRITICIZE HER AND QUIT:"

> "Not worth the effort.
> Too much work."

> — God

For any given reason, guys will tell you to “walk away.”

I understand the impulse, but this “criticize her and quit” is dramatically over-recommended in our scene. Wise men know when to back out of “a bad investment”… but most guys learning Game aren’t actually “wise men” (yet). They love this “criticize her and quit” solution because it appeals to ego (and pride), it’s “safe” (less risk of rejection), and it requires no effort (it’s lazy).

I want to find that “warm, wet, sticky space” between being a high-ego, lazy quitter (a lot of guys) and a low-value, dancing monkey that doesn’t know when to quit (also a lot of guys). I have some love and understanding for men in these situations, but I have enough experience to challenge both ideas.

We can do better.

> “One of the mindsets that all player’s share is something I call ‘being comfortable in the grey area.'”
> — Bobby Rio

This is excellent. Red hot.

Guys should resist the urge to “criticize and quit.” They should instead “hold the tension” of the moment, and practice displaying some value when tested (by girls or by life in general).

That’s right.

MY RESPONSE: An Example of FRAME and RE-FRAMING

I could have ignored her. I could have come back with something dismissive or used humor to cruise through her test (which is a pretty good solution). I could have dropped her (which is a pretty lazy solution). We have good examples of all those ideas above.

As I didn’t like her test, my first instinct was to “smash” that behavior. I wanted to use the opportunity to teach her what I want, to receive her chaos, punish her a little (chaos sucks), and then add structure to coach her into better behavior. That would allow me to make the test into something constructive.

How could I do all that?

I did this:

> HER: I’m going on a date
> NASH: Is this how you like to FLIRT WITH ME?
> NASH: You can do better than that.

I like it. And it’s a good example that demonstrates what we call “frame control.”

I took her comment about a date and I played it back to her in the frame of “her trying to flirt with me.” It’s not dismissive (not really). It could be humorous, but it’s not super funny. What it really does is work to control the “frame” in which she and I see her test.

Maybe she was thinking: “Watch this, this will make him squirm.” I step past that frame by changing the meaning to: “I see you like to flirt with me… but you’re not very good at it.”

“Frame” is not some juvenile, power-monkey technique where you “win battles” by telling her “no.” That attitude is missing the power of frames to be more constructive and seductive. Frames are about creating a specific meaning in the relationship.

> "To understand frame control, we must first have an understanding of frames: A frame is the surrounding meaning of any interaction (your reality)."
> — Jon Sinn

I looked up this stuff from Sinn and Bobby Rio after I made my response, but this is almost exactly the effect I wanted to create:

> "Reframe the underlying meaning to her chasing you
> EX: Are you a player?
> PUA: You know you're not gonna talk your way into my pants like that
> PUA: If you want me, you're gonna have to do some serious courting"
> — Jon Sinn

By correcting her and reframing her intent as trying to flirt… I had now taken her bullshit move (that was killing our love bubble) and spun it into me leading her.

I liked it.

STRUCTURE:

I have been using the word "structure" a lot recently when I talk about the potential of Game. It's a big concept for me right now.

> "In the Third Stage, you're helping manifest the unseen thing that has to happen, that should happen, that is the right thing to happen. You intuitively feel what should happen (like an artist), what the universe wants to do, and then you use structure to create it. That is the masculine way."
> — David Deida

> "You need to have the structure of: 'What is this moment for?' Whoever is playing the masculine in an intimacy has to define that."
> — David Deida

Gorgeous stuff from Deida.

My initial impulse was to "crush" her for fucking around. Not only to "knock her down," but when I think of "structure," the impulse is to lead her toward what she needs to do to have a better experience with me. We have this opportunity with all of the "women and children" in our lives.

This is a big lesson: Proper men provide structure to help the girls and the relationships thrive. This is really what I wanted that morning as she tested me.

So I "reframed her," and then… I dove into some "role playing" so I could provide some structure:

> NASH: Is this how you like to FLIRT WITH ME?

That is me setting the frame that she is a bad flirt. It is a little bit of a "gotcha" – a pretty accurate read of what she was doing.

I went on to "teach her" how to flirt better:

> "You can do better than that.

> Like this…
>
> You: I wonder if the STRONG MAN is thinking of me???
> Me: GRRRRRRRRR
> You: Ohhh, he is a little dangerous…
> Me: GRRRRRRRRR
> You: I want to kiss him and touch him!!!
> Me: YES, YES, YES
>
> This ^ is better… it will help you get what you want"

I am framing myself as the "strong and dangerous man." And I am framing her as being very into me. It's good frame (and it isn't about "winning" or "power," can you see it?).

I am trying to building something. And I am specifically teaching her how to think about me. And how to do it in constructive ways.

While this kind of Game isn't for everyone, I think this is me showing some really solid understanding of how men can lead women and create what they want. Instead of indulging my ego, or protecting myself, I used the moment to set up some structure (once again) via this "Beauty and the Beast" material.

I am "framing" her as the feminine girl seeking the attention of this "big monster," in a way that should make her feel good. Those are actually the "roles" I want for her and me. And I am coaching her into her part of our affair.

I am literally putting words in her mouth – and words that will help us to seduce each other. Words that would feel good if she felt them. Words that help craft a beautiful image of her and I in healthy masculine/feminine polarity.

I could have done the "criticized and quit" move. But instead, I passed her test, I showed some value, and I used the opportunity to introduce more structure into our relationship.

Yes, I am happy with that response.

I didn't actually have to "crush her." I can get her on track so we can be "the happy girl and the dangerous man" together. And then I can praise her – which is how I want to spend my time with her. In praise, and lust, and looking "up."

That is what I want. I am leading myself (and her) toward what I want.

HOW DID SHE RESPOND?

This is a real case study from a real girl, and she had a response:

> HER: Haha
> HER: Just kidding

And just like that – shit test, obliterated.

Was she really serious? No. Was she really trying to "manipulate me?" No. She was just a young girl being a brat.

After her "just kidding," we banged out a few more back-and-forth messages and set up a date.

I didn't go silent (which would have killed any momentum and leadership I had). I didn't drop her (which would have killed the whole thing). I led in a masculine way, and…

The following Sunday we met up, she came directly to my place, and…

That little 19 year old girl lost her virginity. Yes, that happened. It was a beautiful night.

CONCLUSION:

You get laid more by what you do, than by what you don't do.

> "Not worth the effort.
> Too much work."

Guys are giving up way too often, and too early… and missing a lot of really great experiences.

Try a little. Put in some effort and often you'll land on the other side, happy, more sexually satisfied, and will learn a lot more in the process.

(It's hard to learn anything when you give up before the Game gets past the opening moves.)

> "You don't have to collapse. That is practice: Not to collapse – specifically when she is 'insulting you,' her rejection, pushing away, closure, creating combat, etc."
> — Deida

A girl I call Miss Pierced was "one and done" with me after I fast-closed her in December. But I kept going, and she has turned into a regular (she'll be with me tomorrow night). In Fall 2020, I had to "double text" with Miss Words. She came through, and I had the most meaningful relationship I have had in years (I love that girl). And this Miss 19… I have since fucked her a few times. She has become a wonderful lover. I like her a lot (for a variety of reasons). And it's "on" with her because I didn't quit.

Those seductions happened because I wasn't too proud or too stubborn to show a little effort. I had to "penetrate" the situation… really stick my dick into things to get it done. Sometimes it feels good to stick your dick in there.

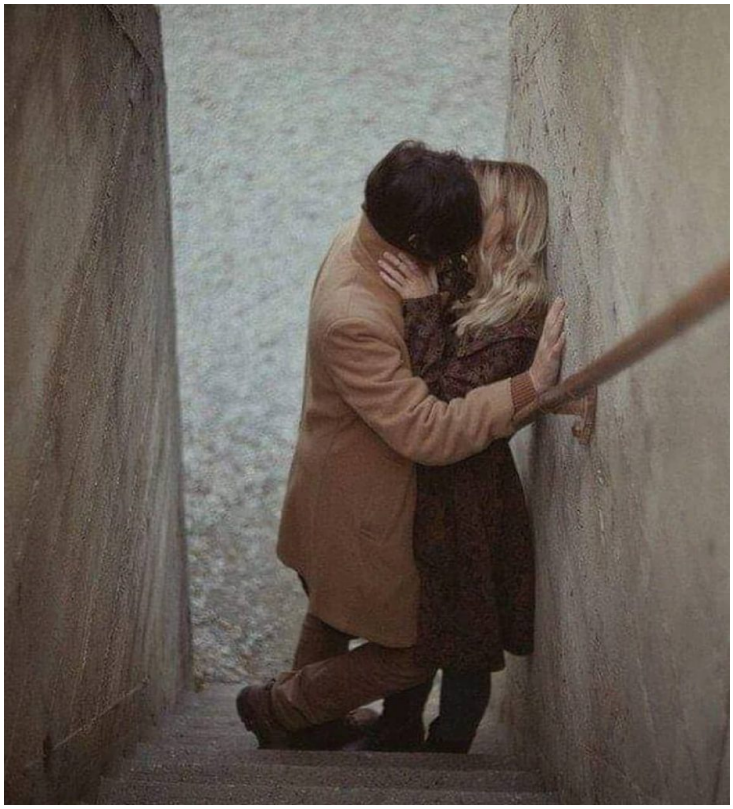
Lots to learn here. And it all started when a man walked up to some girl at the mall and said, "Hey…"

Viva daygame.

Making Out on a Staircase

Nash · 12 June 2022 · Archived copy · Original

Miss 19 is the “recently deflowered” former virgin turned lover to this 49 year old man. This story is about girl wrangling, a sexy girl, and making out in public places.



Maybe I have had a mental list of “boxes” I wanted to check off from my daygame adventures. The seduction of Miss 19 earlier this year tics a lot of them: She is a teenager, she is was a virgin, she is 30 years younger than me, I was her first “everything,” etc. There is food for my ego there, but the thrill of dating her isn’t that she feels particularly “young” to me – she doesn’t. Day to day she has a lot in common with most girls I date – she is fun and sexy. We have been a remarkably good fit. It surprised me for the first few weeks, but it doesn’t any more.

If we connect well (and we do) I will claim it is because I see dating through a masculine “frame.” Masculinity and sexual polarity tend to generate a feminine response in a girl. When I am being a “strong man” (or a “beast”) and she is being a pretty girl (or a “Beauty”), more often than not, the relationship will flow in passionate and predictable ways (as much as anything can be predicted in the Land of Maybe).

She is a college student. She works part time. And (like a nice, healthy girl) she spends time with her family and with friends. We tend to meet up for a long date on weekends, usually on a Sunday afternoon.

This week, however, I had a date for Monday scheduled with Miss Aloha.

When I have the opportunity to date multiple girls in a week, I enjoy myself more when I don’t see the girls “back-to-back” (either in the same day – which happens often enough – or on consecutive nights). I want time to clear one girl out of my system before I can property focus and embrace the next girl.

The way I see it, the ideal pace when dating multiple girls is: Get some pretty girl out on a date. Drink her in completely. Release her. Then, “clear out the vibes” from that exchange. Maybe work a little. Workout, perhaps. And then with at least one night to myself… bring in the next girl.

Some time alone, a change of the sheets, and I am ready.

Because I wanted to be fresh and clear for my date with Miss Aloha on Monday, I wanted to see Miss 19 earlier in the week:

NASH: If I want to see you on Friday or Saturday
NASH: Do you have time?

I have been on using a lot of "I want" statements lately.

MISS 19: I am on my period

Uh. Okay.

Ill-timed periods are an ongoing reality of "being a player." It's not a glamorous part of Game, but it's true.

NASH: Send me pictures of you
NASH: And come see me when I can kiss you everywhere

This is my "sexualized" way of saying, "Oh, you're on your period… let's see each other later."

She did, in fact, send me a picture of her. I praised her, and said "I like this girl," trying to feed the relationship until we could be together again. Then she said:

MISS 19: Would you like to have lunch with me?
MISS 19: If you want to
MISS 19: I just want to talk to you

I was trying to push back on the date, but she was still coming forward. I like the girls I date for more than their bodies, but certainly also for their bodies. I thought she might "get it." and lay low for a few days, but she did not.

And beyond that: Can you see her start to lead here? Do you know why? When girls lead like this, it is almost always because I didn't give her a enough "structure."

Girls need structure. And they like it. We should provide structure, basically all the time, or they'll create complications. Since I was vague about our next steps, she was stepping into the vacuum to present a plan of her own.

There is a big lesson there. When we don't provide structure, she will test more, there will be more drama, or things will fall apart. The structure is our responsibility.

In the case of her plan to have lunch… I do like her and I had the time. She was only available Sunday. A Sunday date for lunch with Miss 19 would still give me time to be recharged and hungry for my date with Miss Aloha on Monday afternoon. It sounded good and I decided I'd do it.

As I thought about the date, though…

I wanted to maintain a sexual vibe with Miss 19, even if I didn't plan to fuck her. She may be on her period, but for a man with imagination it could still be a fun, and potentially sexy date. So…

NASH: Sounds good
NASH: But I will need one thing
NASH: YOU HAVE TO KISS ME
NASH: A LOT

There we go. It is not the "friendly lunch marketplace." It is the sexual marketplace. I want to keep it sexual. And by adding "demands," I am also reclaiming control of the date. And of course I would provide the structure, as well.

She responded:

MISS 19: Haha
MISS 19: We can't kiss each other in public

Really? Is that so?

NASH: Oh my darling…
NASH: I promise I can find a way

The stage was now set to give the little girl some time outside of the bedroom, but with some potential for sexual spikes to keep it spicy.

I happen to have some experience with public makeouts and I would give my teenager a taste of the Secret Society; we could have what we want, in the middle of the day, it could be dirty, but done right, the non-sexual "normal people" wouldn't see a thing. I wanted a makeout in public, I wanted to turn her on, but in an exclusive, private way. All that… was the plan.

Sunday arrived and I pinged Miss 19 that morning, wanting to "touch her up," give her a little emotional ping to maintain the structure, and to begin to nail down where we might meet for our date.

NASH: I know a place
NASH: Great burgers and cool atmosphere

And while it's busy on a workday, it's pretty reasonable on a weekend. Knowing not only the place, but the best times for that place, is part of being "masterful" with a girl on a date.

It would be a delicious lunch, yes. And my plan was to use the staircases to isolate her.

I have known since I was an "average frustrated chump" (AFC) that a staircase – especially in a building with an elevator – can be a hot place to steal a makeout or grope a girl. If you want to get a girl alone in public, staircases can be great places to do it.

When I was a pre-Game man in San Francisco, I was (and am) very into art, and I knew several high-end galleries where the art is expensive, but looking is free. And that could be a great date. Dragging a girl through an art show is a high-end experience. And…

I could lead her into some old marble staircase, pull her into the shadows of the "Secret Society," and have ample opportunity to paw at her, or pin her to the wall and ram my tongue down her throat. I did it many times.

I occasionally mention the original "Siren," a 25 year old Korean girl I dated when I was 30 (one of top three lovers of my life). Even as an AFC I made out and fucked that girl in public places all the time. Once, mid-afternoon in a classroom at the UC Berkeley Extension on 3rd St in SF (with huge floor-to-ceiling windows looking down on Yerba Buena park). And another time; I fucked her in the stairwell of a big hotel, at a business conference, just pulled her through the door, half way up a flight, pulled her panties down and stuck it in.

I loved that girl (I really did). We had a lot of good times. She loved public sex (many girls do). Which brings us back to…

On the morning of my date with Miss 19, I told her I would go to the gym, and after, that I would be "as hungry as a bear." I finished the work out, I pinged her again… reinforcing the structure, keeping her emotionally on track, and already giving her the feeling of being led by a man that knows what he's doing.

We met at a plaza downtown. She had her hair up – which is the way she wore it when we first met. She looked charming and pink-cheeked (and younger than when her hair is down). She wore a sweater, a light jacket, and a leather skirt… so I could see her thighs. I hadn't seen her in "skirt" before. She looked fantastic.

We walked slow. I teased her a little. I "pushed" her away several times as we walked… and also told her she looked beautiful, I liked her legs, and I wanted to fuck her. The push (literal) and pull (verbal) flowed nicely, and she was happy to be with me.

The burger shop is on an upper floor of a tall building. As we walked through the doors, the lobby was empty. I had been dragging her around, so she wasn't surprised when I took her firmly by the wrist and pulled her down the stairs

at the side of the lobby. She was a little confused when the restaurant on that floor was closed, but I wasn't.

I grabbed her, I said "give me your mouth," and I kissed her. She will often resist my first attempt to kiss her, but she didn't this time. She took it. And then, she giggled. And I grabbed her again, forcing a few more aggressive kisses on her.

NASH: See…
NASH: I told you I'd kiss you

Mission accomplished. Not a big deal, but certainly a big contrast to a typical day. We were creating a sexy story together. Her eyes were a little bigger now as I molested her in the stairway, with people walked passed us up above.

I started into some normal conversation to camouflage our return to the lobby. I led her to the elevator. We were alone there too, so… I kissed her again. Elevators are also great places to isolate and kiss a girl.

I was having a great time. A proper seducer can make a lunch date sexy. Alcohol and darkness are irrelevant; it is the man, not the "time of day," that matters.

They seated us at the counter – which is perfect. Side by side, I could touch her easily, lean into her ear. You can be very physical and sexual over a food date (even a lunch) if you sit side by side and take advantage of the possibilities.

She had wanted to talk, and now was the time. Not about anything in particular, just a young girl, at a nice restaurant, enjoying some food in the company of her lover.

For my part, I had a fantastic view; down past the counter top, beyond the hem of her skirt, at that gorgeous paradise between her bare legs. Every time I perved out on her legs I would announce it to her… telling her she was hot, and that I wanted to fuck her. She would take on a look like she wasn't paying attention, almost a "zoning out" look on her face… but I know her well enough she was feeling the tension and getting turned on.

We finished the meal, and I paid, and I walked past the elevator and pulled her into the staircase. Totally empty and "private" (in a way), I made out with her over and over again as I walked us down those stairs.

While the restaurant is modern, and nice, the building it is in is old and ugly. The staircase wasn't nice, and various parts of the decent from the sixth floor smelled like trash… but that added to the seedy public sex vibe.

She followed me easily, but then squirmed girlishly when I would turn it on. I pinned her to the wall, and she leaned into the kissing. I slipped one hand up to her neck, and then, the other, down past the front of her skirt to stroke the bare skin of her long legs. The skirt was kind of tight, not easy to slide up, and she fought me a little.

I dragged her down another dingy flight of stairs.

Maybe on the fourth floor of the staircase (which was behind a close door, and dead-quiet) I got her skirt up enough to press the back of my hand into the mound in her panties. She groaned for me.

Somewhere during lunch I mentioned something to her about her period. She said, "it's over now." It was? Hmmm.

Even before lunch was over I was turned on. With her period her over I did want to fuck her, but I had fucked Miss Words the night before, and my bed was still full of her long black hair and the mess of sex… I'd stick to my plan of "lunch only," and take any pent up sexual energy from Miss 19 into my date the next day with Miss Aloha.

However… knowing her period was over, I could push past a simple makeout.

Down to the third floor and I used both hands to pull her skirt up to her waist. It was a hot moment; A teenage girl, skirt up, panties exposed on a secluded stairway of an old Japanese building. I put my hand between her legs, pushed her panties to one side, and worked a finger into her until it was wet. She was gasping now and her cheeks were red. That same "far away" look was on her face. She was pulling me into her, and really going for it.

On the second floor, I stopped and gave us some more. I put her hand on my cock. She rubbed at it while I reach down the back of her underwear and played with her ass. I was talking to her.

NASH: A bad man is touching your ass in public…
NASH: I think you like it

That seemed to be true.

A few more big tastes of her mouth and we arrived at the door that would lead us back, once again, into the lobby on the first floor. I grabbed her ass one more time and shoved her out into the well-lit hall. I chatted about how girls like privacy, but are happy to be touched in public if they can do it without everyone watching. The look on my face was calm and serious… even as my fingers smelled like young girl pussy.

I told her I wanted to get to work. I gave her one last round of "structure," announcing that I would take us to buy some chocolate scones for dessert and then I would send her on her way. She nodded and followed me along.

She had tried to help pay for lunch, but I wouldn't take her cash. I said she could buy me a scone… and I made her buy me two. We walked out of the department store where we'd bought our snacks and we stopped and stared at each other. She gave me a beautiful look and said "do your best" (がんばる) in Japanese. She was sincere and supportive. Very feminine.

I went off to a café and got a ton of work done.

I'd had a solid work out, some public groping with a pretty girl, and a very productive afternoon. For a man like me, it was a near perfect day. Regardless of what she originally thought, I knew it would be fun and hot for her to be kissed in public, but it had gone better than I'd planned.

Later that night she messaged me, talking about the date. I took the moment to further advance my frame:

NASH: YOUR ROLE is to look in my eyes, to touch me, to tell me you like me, and to kiss me
NASH That is what I want
NASH: When you do that, everything is perfect

This ^ is structure. Literally telling her what to do.

NASH: Can you say, 'Yes, Sir?'

I had never played with "Sir" with her before.

MISS 19: Yes, Sir.

Okay.

NASH: That is perfect
NASH: Makes me want to kiss your sexy mouth

I always want to rewarding her when she does some positive. And I added some sex to it.

MISS 19: Thank you for taking me to lunch

Yeah… it was a great experience, for both of us.

MISS 19: Fuck me more when we meet next time

Okay, yes. Perfect.

NASH: You were delicious in the staircase today
NASH: I think maybe you like it when I TOUCH YOUR PUSSY in public
MISS 19: Yeah
MISS 19: I really like

Okay. And And (in case we needed it): More evidence of how an older guy can be very sexually relevant to a much younger girl. And how a young girl's sexual education can move forward quickly in the space of an afternoon.

She does want to be properly fucked in public. Yes, it seems she does. Fuel for another time.

Viva daygame.

Good Game is About Reactions and Responses

Nash · 2 October 2022 · Archived copy · Original

Here is an idea that's been kicking around in my head: Game isn't as much about "what you do," as it is about how you respond to her reactions to what you do. That is the main thing that separates beginners (that focus on techniques and lines) from really seductive men (that focus on feelings and responses). You will get better at seduction when you see Game as a series of reactions and responses.

Four parts:

1.) You make a move of some kind. Then there is 2.) Her reaction to your move. I want to emphasize the opportunities in the next part, which is 3.) Your response to her reaction. That is where most "good Game" happens. And then, you'll know "it's on" when 4.) She opens up or in some way recognizes your response. That is not simple (not necessarily), but when you're watching good Game you'll see it play out again and again.

I'll give some personal examples below, but here is Jon Sinn with a demonstration that nails the concept:

> "There is this girl, she's my ideal physical type. I tell her I'm gonna hit on her, tell her she's my type, tell her I like her, tell her I'm gonna have sex with her. She says, 'Well, it's not going to happen. I say, 'We'll see, I'm very charming.'"
> — Jon Sinn

And he takes her home that night.

I've always loved that story. When he says, "We'll see" he shows it's our responses to her reactions that create real attraction. Even bad reactions from girls can create a space to show "good Game." Sinn has killer responses to her reactions and he wins, again, again, and again. And he gets the girl.

Let's dig in.

The “dance” between men and women is a sequence of steps that goes 1-2-3-4, 1-2-3-4, etc. Move, reaction, response, and recognition. It plays out over and over from pickup to the bedroom to long-term relationships.

Every beginner wants to know, “What do I say to girls?” He wants to know how his opening move is going to win over the girl. But that isn’t really what happens when a man is smooth with a woman. The Game starts when she reacts to him and he begins to show her that he can feel her and respond to her.

The purpose of this post is to get you to see the flow of the four parts. And to anticipate moving through them with girls. And specifically for you to put more emphasis on seeing her reactions and really using what she gives you as you respond. That’s where the magic happens.

A little more explanation:

You make a move. All of our moves (social, conversational, sexual) are a kind of “penetration.” We penetrate her day on a daygame approach, or the group in a nightgame set, or penetrate her body during sex. Penetration is the move; a key element of masculinity. But if that is all you understand… you’ll be this lame robot throwing moves and techniques at girls. That “move oriented” thinking is not sexy because you’re not involving her. You’re trying to “do Game to her” and that’s not how good Game works.

After you make your move, she has some kind of emotional reaction. She feels something and the dance begins. Beginners think the move is important and that she has to like it, but that isn’t required at all. She can like it or hate it, but as our move inspires some feeling in her, she will indicate that in her reaction. Focus on this part. To get better, tune into her reactions (on the pickup, in bed, etc).

Let’s say you’re getting better at noticing the reactions you create in women (great start). Now what? Can you “catch” her reaction and then do something with it in a way she can feel? Can you show excellent timing as you do that? That is where there is a big separation between beginners/intermediates vs men that have real skill with women. Game is about creating a reaction, and then doing something with that reaction via your response. Artful responses are at the center of effective, beautiful seduction.

And the last part of the dance is when, after you responded to her well, she opens up to you or recognizes that you made her feel good; she “likes it.” The recognition that she likes what you’re doing will usually be non-verbal; she’ll laugh, or relax, or she touches you or begins to surrender in some way. She’ll give you more room to seduce.

While some girls hook early, very often girls get into you after it’s gone back and forth a little. Game goes beyond “moves” and becomes “personal” as you respond to her specifically. Real attraction (and trust) happens when you demonstrate that your Game is built around her and the moment. She “opens” because she can feel that you are capable of responding specifically to how she feels.

There is a lot of opportunity for mastery here. Put more of your attention deeper into the interaction. Notice the feelings you create in her with your moves. “Listen” for information in her reactions about how she is feeling. After you’ve genuinely felt her, you’ll take the vibe deeper when you show her that you feel her.

Let’s get specific:

PICKING UP:

One thing I see a lot in my Game is that girls often “jump back” (in small or big ways) when I open. Does that bother me? Not at all. Because I know that when I “catch her reaction” and show what I noticed in my response, I have a lot of room to create connection and attraction.

Here my move is the approach. I approach the girl. (Assuming she doesn’t reject me,) she might love it or she might feel nervous and cautious. Both are pretty normal reactions. I can work with both.

Let's say some nice girl is walking along, she is "in her head," and I come around her to deliver an approach. She might be surprised; she might "flinch" or jump back, etc. That might sound odd to some guys, but if you're a big, scary, older American (like me) approaching a lot of cute, little, Japanese girls (which I do all the time), it happens. I have dated and fucked sooo many girls that "flinch" on the open, and that is why I think this is such a good example of the point of this essay.

So, I open. She jumps back or recoils a little and… that is her reaction. It's easy to notice. And I do. How do I show her I can feel her and begin the dance?

I will watch how much she pulls back, and then I will step back also, kind of matching the space she created. That's my response. If she pulls back 6 inches, I can just rock back 6 inches as well – immediately. If she takes a full step backwards (also happens all the time), I also take a full step backwards (immediately, the timing is important). I am showing I can feel her. I create a specific, well-timed, response to her reaction.

I can add here that if she "flinches," I give her space but I am still Gaming. Just because she is surprised or nervous doesn't mean anything is "wrong." I don't act alarmed or apologize. I immediately accommodate her (which is sensitive and good Game), but I stay calm. Maybe better than calm. Maybe as I give her a clear response I also show that (even under pressure) I can be charming or horny or both.

At this point I'll often see the last step unfold: I will see her relax. Even these girls that "jump" when I open them will often relax (or become attracted) as I give them a smooth response. They often relax immediately when I step back and give them a little space.

If she has an emotional reaction to my moves (on the pickup, or at any time in our relationship), and I notice her reaction, and I adjust to it with a clear response, and she FEELS me respond specifically to her feelings… just like that, she has (some) proof I am not clueless or dangerous, and she the beginnings of some basis for trust or turn-on.

And, and… If I can see her start to get attracted, I can kind of nod my head like, "yeah, yeah, we both get it." And she'll smile. And that can make it really "on." See it? When she relaxes (a reaction), and I "wink" in that moment (another response), I am not just doing moves, she can feel us working together.

There is no "trick" here (I don't believe in tricks), this is actual social skill. This is deep, effective "calibration." You can learn it. This is good Game.

A SPECIFIC EXAMPLE:

In June of this year, I was on the phone and a girl passed me going up the stairs.

What an amazing body she had, with this hourglass figure and an old-fashioned umbrella hanging off her arm. Her long, tight skirt constricted her stride and made her kind of shuffle as she walked. I was turned on. I came up the stairs behind her, came around her as she stepped outside and I approached…. a little out in front, a little to the side, slow, one hand out, low, palm down. And, she "flinched."

She pulled her little hands up to her neck (classic feminine defensive posture). She recoiled a little. And I gave her space, immediately, pulling back about as much as she did. I smiled, and kept my Game flowing. And she noticed that space, she felt safe to check me out, and as she did, she calmed down.

That was a "round" of the dance. So I began another round, said a few words, gave her "the eyes." She reacted by giving me more time, more room to Game her. I felt her reaction, I responded by slowly stepping into her. She was recognizing something she liked, and was getting interested. I could see that. And, in response, I took her number.

And I fucked her 10 days later. Was she a little afraid of me on the approach? Yes. Was she into me a few minutes later? Yeah. I dated her for a few weeks, had her over several times, sex was fantastic.

That kind of "jumpy-start, strong finish" is a common way for a seduction to go down. Things turn around. She gets

into the guy based on how he "catches" her reactions. This kind of thing happens a lot… but it only happens to guys that can stick around through some tension.

And speaking of tension…

HOLDING TENSION:

Let's take the concept one layer deeper. Same dance, but all playing out on another level.

In the example above, I made my move… and the girl (at first) was something like "scared." The approach was emotional. That emotion added tension to the scene, and that tension can be a lot to "hold." If her reaction is "caution," but my response is to "hold that emotion," to "catch her" in a calm, grounded way… I might turn the set around.

The specific moves will vary. but holding tension itself is a kind of response. Can you see that?

> "You can get rejected, and still get the girl. You can get rejected a bunch, as long as you don't take it badly. What happens when guys get rejected is that they let it affect their state, and that is how you lose the set."
> — Jon Sinn

If a girl has a bad initial reaction, some guys might give up, or apologize, diffusing the tension (or "framing" it in a bad way). In his response to her reaction, he is showing he can't hold tension.

But if I don't panic, don't feel any need to apologize, if my face stays open and interested, what I am showing her in my response is that… I can hold tension. I can be calm, even when she is emotional. That is an awesome skill to be able to demonstrate to a girl in real time.

A lot Game and attraction is impossible without creating real man-to-woman sexual tension. Your move creates tension, she might jump or squirm, you take that in, in your response you show her your capacity to hold her emotion, and… as she feels "held by you," she can relax and open.

BEGINNER vs INTERMEDIATE vs ADVANCED:

A beginner is usually overwhelmed by his own nerves and is also overly focused on moves. He is usually too self-conscious, he can't see beyond himself, he won't notice information in her reactions, won't catch what is there to be seen. Girls can feel his lack of depth.

An intermediate is more "slick" in how he delivers opening moves. He'll not only create reactions in girls, but begin to welcome those reactions. He'll be better at creating tension.

An advanced guy has experience; talking to hot girls is normal for him. He can be calm and attractive even under tension, and he puts more of his attention on her reactions (even subtle emotions in her). He can show clear, well-timed responses to what she is feeling in the moment. She might become delighted, or turned on, by a man that can create emotions in her, consciously, and then adjust to those reactions. That is a rare man, indeed.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE: Going for the Kiss

I have a girl out. Toward the end of the first date it's time to "make it sexual" (if it's not already). She isn't showing me "green lights," but I'm a solid guy, and I know that a lot of girls will be receptive long, long before they ever show me obvious signals. I step in, make it obvious I'm trying to kiss her. That is the move. Just like that, she no longer thinks "maybe he just wants to be friends?"

I love it when the girl reacts by throwing her arms around me and dives into the kiss. That happens maybe 20-25% of the time. But if she doesn't? Let's focus on less ideal circumstances; what happens if she rejects the kiss?

Often I will make a move to kiss her, and she either freezes, or pulls away. Very common. Her "freezing up" is her reaction. That's it.

For my response, do I just smash in an kiss her anyway? That is a typical low-skill, mechanical, insensitive kind of sexuality. Not ideal. If she is thinking "wow, not yet!," and I don't see that… I will have demonstrated I can't feel her emotions. That makes me less safe (which is not sexy). If I missed her reaction in the kiss, she's less likely to want to be more vulnerable or take risks with me or get naked.

Insensitivity in your responses to her reactions creates sexual resistance. I can do better than that.

If she freezes, I want her to feel me respond right away. I want her to know I get it. I may pause. I often rock back a bit. I am communicating.

There is tension here – lots of it. Tension is good. I can just sit with it. I can try to "influence" the tension by holding it, but giving her a bit of space, show her I am not going to take that kiss until I feel she is open or ready. I might run my hand through her hair, and down her neck. And smile. No explanation (I'm not sorry, I like tension, and I want her, it's okay to show her that), but my response will show her that I felt her reaction. I don't talk about it, I just demonstrate that I can see it… it's in how I respond.

She may not feel "safe" or "comfort" but she should know things aren't "out of control" and that should help her relax or maybe open.

Then I might just go back to talking, or purposely walk across the room, get a glass of water. And then…

Another round. I walk back over to her, step back in, thigh to thigh, maybe leaning back a little at the waist. Heavy eye contact. I kind of expect her to get it by now. "Here we go again," but this time, she has some evidence that I can feel her, that I am making choices based on her feelings (none of this is verbal, it's all demonstrated). I get real close, I look at her, maybe really close, watch her…

The activity I am doing now is not "trying to kiss her," but is "actively reading her reactions." I love this part. It's hot.

When I feel it's there – "You're ready now, I can see it" – I kiss her.

It's going to be different each time. Look carefully, show her – in how you respond – that you can see what is going on for her. Yes, you should make a move. And then really watch her. And then show her you can see what she is feeling.

So, that's it.

All of this is micro-pattern (very early) as to what she can expect deeper into the relationship. How you do anything is how you do everything.

I could do 100 more examples, but a man that is this responsive on the sidewalk… is more likely to be at least this responsive in bed. Sex… works in exactly this same way (more so, more intensely).

Make a move. Expect a reaction. Notice her reaction, and respond to it (preferably non-verbally). And when you do that in smooth ways, you will prove you have a skill most men do not.

Girls can definitely tell the difference between men that can notice and quickly adjust to her reactions and those that cannot. Girls open to men with these skills.

This is good Game… really broken down.

Viva daygame.

Breaking Rapport as Part of Push/Pull

Nash · 18 October 2022 · Archived copy · Original

I want to talk about a concept called “Breaking Rapport,” and how breaking rapport is used to create attraction, as a part of push/pull (a mega concept in Game). And I’ll provide several good references and examples to help the discussion along.

Here is Krauser, demonstrating “breaking rapport” with obvious body language (one of many examples).

Sinn can get us started:

> “Breaking rapport is a form of attraction. It’s just a mechanism to start that attraction.”
> — Sinn

That is true. And we’ll get into why below. But first, a little context.

Before you can understand when and why to break rapport, we can define what “rapport” is in the first place.

> “‘I’ve finally figured out the formula for getting rapport with a woman. Are you ready?’ Big pause. ‘Rapport equals trust plus comfort!’”
> — Mystery PUA, from The Game

I’ll venture my own definition of rapport:

It’s the feeling of some kind of connection with someone. From the very “basic rapport” of being willing to smile at or acknowledge someone, to a more “social rapport” of being friendly and engaging in conversation, to “deep rapport” where you might share sensitive details of your life.

Here is Yad from Daygame.com "seeking rapport" in set.

> "When you noticed that you're exchanging emotions and sensations with the woman you want to seduce, and when you have succeeded in getting her emotional, then you are at having real rapport with her."
> — Franco

I like that.

If you successfully engage a women, you are most likely using some rapport to do so. And if you fail to engage a woman, you have no rapport.

> "I'd figured out my own routine. It was a simple structure that allowed me to determine the direction in which I needed to take a girl: First, open. Then demonstrate higher value. Next, build rapport and an emotional connection. And, finally, create a physical connection."
> — Neil Strauss, from The Game

There are lots of "models" of pickup, but Neil is showing one example of where rapport fits into Game.

When it comes to dating and sex, rapport plays a role – it does – but when most guys try to "get in with a woman" they will often try to substitute rapport for attraction; trying to "rapport" his way into her panties. And that, does not work. Does not. And most guys will fail at seduction, over and over, until they get this lesson.

> "Rapport is unattractive because it's what beta guys do when they can't just fuck the girl."
> — Yohami

True.

If he could just grab her, and kiss her (which is how I treat a girlfriend), he would. But he can't. So he does, "oh, you like cats, I like cats, you like Chinese food, I like Chinese food." That's all commonalities… which are fine for comfort, but not for attraction. You can't move toward the sexual though rapport.

BREAKING RAPPORT and PUSH/PULL

We sometimes talk about “hook point” – where a girl “hooks” and becomes interested in you. There are different degrees of “hooking.” Social hook point is where she is friendly with you (rapport based). But sexual hook point, where she is ready for your tongue in your mouth, is a very different experience. And you cannot “friend” your way into that zone.

While rapport is a good thing (it’s comfortable, it indicates some shared emotional territory), rapport could be seen as part of the “pull” in “push/pull.” Push/pull deserves its own thread, but for now I’ll say it’s about balancing a polarity of emotions – might be “hot/cold,” or “spicy/sweet,” or “exciting/comfortable.”

Almost every seduction needs both the push and the pull. And rapport, rapport, rapport… is like “sweet, sweet, sweet.” It gets sticky and disgusting without some contrast.

Showing interest or approaching a girl will create some “pull.” So to seduce a girl, we need to generate some “push.” We can do that by breaking rapport to provide some contrast (and also to show more of ourselves).

If you think of breaking rapport as part of “good push techniques,” it’s less mysterious, and you’ll have a better idea of when to use it (when you need to balance the pull).

So you see a girl you like. You head over, you get her attention… you are probably already doing some kind of comfort/rapport.

> “As soon as you have superficial comfort, you ‘break rapport,’ it pushes you into attraction.”
> — Sinn

Maybe you say a few words to get her to engage, she is listening to you. You done some pull. If you’re not “doing attraction” yet, you might start to do so intentionally, show the “full spectrum of emotion,” and you add some push.

> “Tease. Back turns. Going sexual. Shove her away. Disqualifiers (‘It’s too bad you’re blonde, or you’d be my type’). Take aways. Arguments. Purposely disagreeing with her. Jealousy plotlines. Going sexual… all ‘breaking rapport’ techniques.”
> — Sinn

Sinn is mapping out a variety of ways to “push” and break rapport, you have choices. All of them serve the same function of showing her that you can have some personality, some balls, and that you’re willing to go beyond being agreeable. Showing some edge is important, it’s exciting, it’s sexy. Without it you’re just a study buddy or a teddy bear – and girls don’t fuck their teddy bears.

Here ^ Krauser breaks rapport specifically as she mentions she's "a model." He looks away, makes this bored, disapproving face. Most guys would get "horny" when she mentions "modeling," Krauser breaks rapport instead.

We'll make this a little more advanced:

> "Rapport is specially unattractive when "Bottom Guy" tries to offer it as if it had any value. Like when rapport comes along with 'caring,' and then the rapport is done basically to tell the girl how good of a heart you have and how motherly you can be, aka, you're trying to be a girl."
> — Yohami

Yohami is showing what happens when you spend too much time cultivating rapport (all pull). This is almost every guy, and it's not sexy, it's not seductive, it's a big part of why most guys can't get laid.

> "I was too scared to break the rapport and trust I had built. Unless she gave me a clear indication that she was sexually interested in me, I felt like trying to kiss her would disappoint her and she'd think I was just like all the other guys."
> — Neil Strauss

Here Neil's giving a great example of the psychology of most men. He has a "friendly vibe" going with the girl, and he doesn't want to risk what he has… so he stays "friendly." He is "safe," but hopelessly asexual. He won't escalate, he won't show any edge… so he never gets laid.

> "You must be willing to risk offending a girl before you can ever get in her pants."
> — Sinapse PUA

I like that. It's basically true.

Offending her is not the point. But being endlessly "safe" is boring, and girls don't get wet for boring guys with no substance (gravity) of their own.

Years ago, Daygame Runner introduced me to the world of PUA instructional materials. The first video I think I ever watched was a series by RSD Tim. And while Tim is an epic douchebag, I immediately learned some things from him:

> "In any kind of communication, when you're communicating with anyone, you're in any of these three modes:"
> 1.) Trying for rapport
> 2.) Neutral rapport
> 3.) Breaking rapport"
> — RSD Tim

I don't like Tim (he is an example of the worst of RSD), but in the images below he does a good job of demonstrating three kinds of rapport – and shows that that breaking rapport is not about what you say. In fact, like most communication, rapport can be communicated most effectively via the body, through the tone of voice, and through eye contact. Tim (for all his many faults) is very expressive, and we can learn from him.

SEEKING RAPPORT:

> "Listen to my tonality. What is it doing: Sloping up. You're all laughing because you know it's pretty chode. I guarantee you're not like that with your friends. It's 'trying.' It says you have a certain 'social value.' It's low."
> — Tim

Some good notes there. "It's trying" (or "try hard") Yes. And while we often need to put energy and effort into the pickup and carry her along, we don't need to use this "slopping up," trying energy.

Tim is a "status" freak. I would downplay all of that part; just focus on push/pull. Always "trying" (pull) is weird. It's unbalanced. We do some work to create rapport sometimes, but not always.

NEUTRAL RAPPORT

> “Very neutral. My tonality isn’t fluctuating that much.”
> — Tim

You can’t hear him, but focus on the look in his eyes. You see how he has stopped “trying so hard.” He is more relaxed and “neutral.” He is more real (super important). If you can’t be normal around a girl, she’s not going to find you attractive.

BREAKING RAPPORT

> “The tonality curves down. What I am displaying about my self is I am kind of like testing you. Its saying something about my value. About my own sense of self worth.”
> — Tim

Again, Tim is too focused on “power” (he can’t see beyond that), but he IS demonstrating breaking rapport here. His face is no longer “seeking approval,” is it? He is now giving us some push… and when we need to balance pull, some push is a good thing.

> “Where I am at, in terms when I talk to women, I fluctuate, depending on the person, between neutral and breaking. Depending on how the girl is reacting, or what is happening with the girl.”
> “If she is being a total retard, I am like, ‘Hey! What is this? Get back here.’ Okay, ‘breaking.'”
> — Tim

NOTE here, that Tim says it “depends.” And it does. If she is a little intimidated or unsure, I want to add comfort/rapport (pull). But if she is comfortable with me, and she isn’t all over me yet, I can break rapport (push), and show her I can not only “be about her” (pull), but I can also go for what I want (push)… even when it’s edgy or unsafe.

Okay, that’s enough of Tim.

PERSONAL EXAMPLE:

> “Approach #19. Very hot girl, fast walk. Great stop, my best in Tokyo. She stood so close to me, she was cool, non-reactive. ‘Russian minute.’ I was as strong as I have ever been in set. A breaking rapport look in my eyes. She took it, and then softened. Lovely. Beauty marks. Took her number. Msg’d me on her own. Solid. We’re chatting.”
> — From my notes, Jan17, 2017

I still remember that girl.

And she was hot. Blazing hot. And she hooked.

> “Hot girls want to know you’re not going smother them, and you can actually break rapport. They have so many guys with their energy on top of them… they want to know you’re not going to be that guy.”
> — Brian Begin

I break rapport more with the “hot bitch” type. Not to be mean (there is a good girl in there), but because I know they need me to show some edge, that men typically go nervous around hot girls, and that when I can be bold and strong in front of her (and not crumble) she’ll have a better experience.

I love pull. I give girls tons of praise. I’m very affectionate. And I also use boundaries, sexuality, “big ego,” and lots of other ways to show her “she’s special, but I’m Andre” (credit: Lance Mason).

Breaking rapport is a tool. And when she needs it… I give it to her.

A NOTE ON “NEGGING:”

> “One thing we realize we need in order to be someone that might be attractive, is we have to break rapport. Mystery calls it ‘negging.’ David Deangelo calls it ‘cocky funny.’ Brad P calls it ‘the shocker.’ Everyone is doing this kind of stuff.”
> — Sinn

I hate the concept of the “neg.” It’s about “lowing her value” (only low value men need to do that), and appeals to

the worst guys. It is, however, a rapport break… so we know where it fits in the process. And…

We have other choices. So yes, you can "try to lower her value" by cutting her down. That particular choice is unnecessary (and not overly successful).

You can also break rapport via "cocky funny" (much better vibe) and accomplish the same goal. You can show a boundary. You can challenge her. There are lots of ways to provide some "push."

When you see the function that the "neg" is trying to serve, you can easily substitute another choice, and avoid low-vibe tactics.

Leave her better than you found her, boys. It's not that hard to do.

SEXUAL RAPPORT BREAK:

> "You break rapport to go sexual. To get into seduction, you have to break rapport. It doesn't magically happen. You have to prep and lead things up to arousal. That is where 'sex-scalation' comes in."
> — Sinn

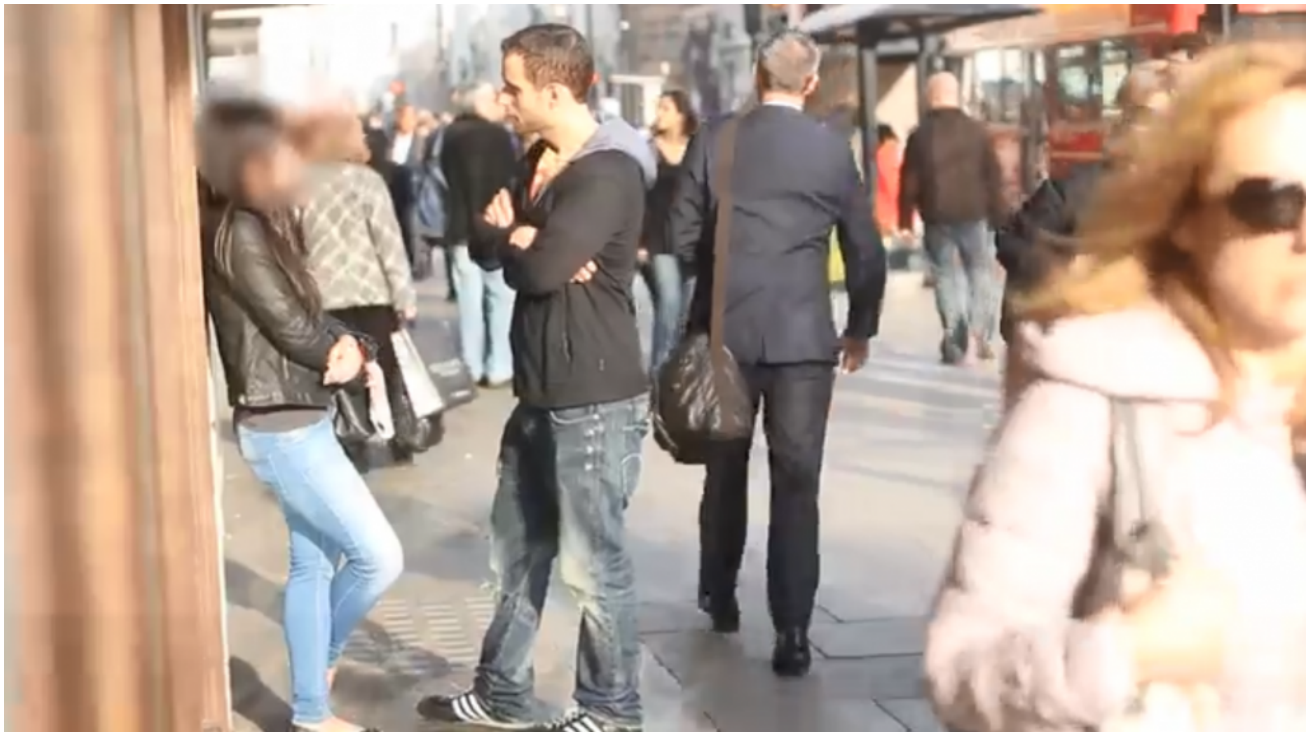
This is a killer bit of coaching from Sinn, and it ties together almost everything else in this post.

Imagine I approach the girl. I have some kind of basic rapport. She is unsure, but she is curious.

Maybe I then drop a big compliment, "I love your walk, very feminine." That is a lot of pull. Am I kissing her ass? No, I'm just a man communicating my desire.

And then, I rock back (just leaning back can be a mild rapport break), and I cross my arms (classic Jon Matrix crossed arms), and I am still being charming, still moving the conversation along, but I give her a bit of RSD Tim's "breaking rapport" eye contact (which adds a little edge). I take her number, and exit the set.

So far, so good.



(Matrix crossing his arms ^.)

I message the girl a bit and I get her out on a date. As we meet I say, "You look cute" (pull), but I do it with a bit of

smirk and mischief in my eyes (push). My compliment is genuine, it's based in desire, but I'm not seeking her approval. Push/pull.

On the date we sit close. Chat. We are in social rapport. I'm talking about working out, and I "flex" for her, but it comes from a cocky attitude, so it breaks out of the "nice guy" rapport, and she laughs and is a little more attracted. And now…

I lean in the for a kiss… and that also breaks rapport.

Why? Because I'm breaking out of a safe, comfortable rapport into being bold and sexual. When she is with me it won't always be safe. I can create tension; I am making her a little uncomfortable, in a good way. I'm showing I am cool and confident when things heat up; all indications of an attractive man.

Does she like it? Does she kiss me? It depends… but I'm communicating what I want. I am showing where I'm going to take her. If she doesn't like me, she'll likely want to get away from me (fine). If she does like it, even if she doesn't kiss me, my willingness to break rapport and escalate will often turn her on.

> "That's a sexual rapport break, breaks comfort… but builds attraction. You set the tone… this breaks rapport, and that's how you move into seduction. It's a mechanism."
> — Sinn

Good Game.

We can show some gravity and certainty in ourselves when we are willing to break rapport.

Needy guys are thirsty in a way that causes them to constantly make these safe, "socially acceptable" moves, so they can get some approval at each step of the way. Like, "Is this good, mommy?" That's gross. You can't imagine how often attractive girls feel this vibe from guys.

Stronger men don't need her approval. They can be real, they can disagree or argue with a hot girl, if that's how they really feel. And they're not afraid to take risks with her… cool guys respect themselves (gravity), and they know they can meet more girls, so taking a risk is a good way to screen for what they want.

> "Breaking rapport is attractive because it's compatible with "Top Guy" frame. That's all. If you want to micro analyze it, breaking rapport means you don't need the interaction and have better things to do, and she's not interesting enough – YET. She may earn that in the future, but right now, going to the point, the Top Guy would talk to her to screen if she's fertile and not crazy and figure if she passes his boner test and then bang her shortly after."
> — Yohami

> "Breaking rapport is intrinsically non-needy, so it's only compatible with Top Guy: highly attractive."
> — Yohami

If you know me, my approach to Game, I don't believe in "tricks." None of this about "faking" anything. Breaking rapport is a chance to be real.

Breaking rapport is something I do when I read the girl; I know from her reactions when she has felt enough "sweet," and I want to give her the experience of some "spicy." It's not about posturing or lame "power" behavior. It is all a part of good push/pull orchestration, where I use all my tools to give both her and I a great experience. I show some "balls," I lead us into sex, and take the relationship deeper than superficial social fluff.

I don't always need to (or want to) break rapport. But breaking rapport is about being myself. It's about being

sexual, when that is what I want. It's about expressing my true feelings, even when I want the girl. And I do want her. But I also want to own who I am.

When I know what I want, and I go for it, it is attractive to girls. But maybe more importantly, it's me being real, having some gravity, feeling confident to express myself while I bring her into my world.

Viva daygame.

The Heartbreaker and the White Monster: A Lay Report

Nash · 15 November 2022 · Archived copy · Original

Last night, in some nonsensical moment from a dream, I said to someone, “I’m going to give her the ‘White Monster’.” If that sounds like a “high school kid” talking about his cock, that is about right.

Who was I talking to in the dream? I don’t know. Was there context? Dreams don’t seem to need any context. But it does seem I was suggesting I wanted to fuck some girl. Which girl? This girl, the girl in this story. She wasn’t in the dream, but when I woke up, she was the girl in my mind’s eye.

I’ve never called my cock the “White Monster,” but I did give it to her tonight, after all. Can dreams foreshadow reality? Who knows, but this is definitely a lay report.

A little over a week ago, I was sitting in the Fish Bowl: which is what I call my favorite café here in Japan. The café has a long counter behind big floor-to-ceiling windows. The view from that counter is like being inside a ‘fish bowl,’ looking out, and watching all the girls walk by. That café is where this story begins.

I was doing some work at the Fish Bowl when I saw her. She was about 20 feet away, and staring at me. Huge smile on her face. It was a massive IOI, more than that, it was recognition (although I didn’t know it then).

I did what I do when girls hold eye contact with me; I said “Hi.” I just mouthed it, “hi,” with no sound. I held eye contact. And her feet were moving, slowly, a bit trancelike, and her eyes shimmered. Then she was just about past me, but still looking at me, and then farther, and looking back, and to the doors nearby, and one last glance before she walked out into the station.

Talking to Runner I referred to her as “1980’s b-list art school girl.” That was what she looked like that day. Big overcoat, red plaid pants, with punky, half-bleached braided pig tails, chipped black finger nails, and sneakers. She wasn’t my favorite girl of the day, but after that big look she gave me, I had to go talk to her.

She was lingering as I approached. She had seemingly run out of gas, and had settled near some guy, and I half expected that he might be a friend or a boyfriend, but he was not. I opened her. That huge smile was back again, in an instant.

I said, “do you speak English?,” and she said no, but she was hooked. I said, “I saw your eyes,” that we had looked at each other, and that I wanted to meet her. We struggled a bit in a mix of Japanese and English, and we started using my phone to translate. Yes, she was an art student. “Nan sai, desu ka” (“How old are you”), I asked? 19 years

old. And then…

“You talked to me before,” she said.

I had already hit on her, two years ago. If you’re quick with the math, you’ll know that means she was 17 when I first stopped her.

I am hot-blooded enough to be attracted to the fertility of young girls, but I am pro-social enough to support the idea that we should leave girls alone until they are of the legal age. I might not know a girl’s age when I approach, but if I’m unsure, I can ask. If she’s underage, I tell her she’s lovely and excuse myself. That is what I did with this girl, two years ago. I know that… because that is what I always do.

This is maybe the first time that some young girl that was previously under the age of legal consent has bounced back into my life.

Of course she gave me her number.

She was fun via text. She did ask about my age. I said, “much older than you.” She said, “40s?” I just moved deeper into the conversation, and she seemed fine with that.

I said I wanted to see her again, she said “how about tomorrow?,” and it was on. We made plans to meet at a different café.

As that first date happened, she showed up looking much cuter. Tights, a skirt, her hair now in little “buns” on either side of her head. Her skin is not great, but her eyes are fantastic and big, like two small mice perched on her cheeks.

We talked for two hours. Sitting, side by side (of course), just coffee and conversation. She smelled wonderful and I felt myself wanting her. I invited her back to my place. She declined in a very warm way, with a smile and some promise in her big eyes. I liked her.

She thanked me via text after the date. And I responded, and then…

She kind of went dark. No response.

She was so on with that IOI the day I took her number. And then on via messaging. And then when I asked to meet, she volunteered for the next day. And then, she looked great on that date. And wore this perfume that tempted me so much. And then… silence.

And THAT is when I got this feeling that this girl was going to have a talent for breaking hearts. That is how she got her name, The Heartbreaker. Even now, it is mostly an intuition, but I get that feeling from her.

I don’t really “chase.” I am the hardest working man in daygame, but I don’t chase. “We all want what we can’t have.” Nah. I don’t feel that way. No hard feelings, but fuck what I can’t have.

I did feel this little ache when she went quiet, though. I almost always want to see a girl again after a good date and when she “shut it off” for a few days… I noticed.

She reminds me of a girl my buddy Moving Target dated a few years back. They were on, on, on and very into each other. And then… trouble. There would be these “gaps” where she was “out of pocket” that drove him crazy. And there were “other people” too. I think they genuinely loved each other, what they had was real (for a while). But the “pull away” – that was talent she had. It “got” him. And I felt it with this one… she’s got the same talent.

In my personal experience, the closest I have felt to that as an adult man was with The Siren. She was on, on, on with me too. She told me she loved me. She was a composer, a truly artistic soul, one of my favorite girls of all time. We dated for months; a beautiful, artistic connection, and then… she pulled back. I am not afraid to work, but sometimes chasing a cat will only make it run away faster. I let her go, but I felt the effect. Did she do that all the time? Did it “get” guys when she did it? I was not the man I am back then, but I was on my way. And even

though she was special, when she “pulled back,” I could let her go. I did have other options. I missed her, she was special, but I didn’t “get got.”

The Heartbreakers was a similar kind of dangerous temptation. She had that same talent.

In our last exchange, she told me she would “see me next week.” I pinged her three days later, on a Saturday. We chatted, and she offered to meet me that night, after work. She didn’t have much time. I said, yes. I wanted to see her.

She tried to get me to come to a café she works at. No, I said. I don’t need her friends and co-workers around. I’ve been in cafes all day, I said, maybe ice cream? She accepted. We met up. I said, let’s get ice cream, go to my house. She had a tight, nervous smile, but she agreed. Off we went.

She only had an hour. My place. Music. Some ice cream. After about 30 minutes, we were looking at the books on my bookcase, and I did want her. I stepped in. Kissed her. She took it. Not overly passionate, but some good achy noises coming from her. With a few minutes left, I tried to drag her to the bed for a heavier make out, but she said no. Cool. I told her so. You can talk to me, I said. Your feelings are important, I said. I believe all that.

I walked her out. Her dad (yes, really) was coming to pick her up in 10 minutes. Did she tell him she was on a date? “No!,” she laughed. Okay, good. Smart girl. Off she went to see dad.

Later that night she sent me a three messages:

> HER: I want to talk about my love
> HER: I am in love with a lot of people
> HER: Do you mind if I have a boyfriend?

Okay.

She is young and I couldn’t really know what she meant by all that. I am also dating other people, so, no, I don’t care if she has a boyfriend (although this was the first time she’d mentioned him). That line “I am love with a lot of people” was actually unusual and interesting, I kind of liked her for saying it. Anyway… I knew I would keep going.

A few days passed, and I told her I wanted to see her. We had good momentum, time to move it forward. She said she was busy and that she’ll let me know when she’s free.

Runner and I talked about this kind of line from a girl. He had a girl tell him the same thing that same week. Do you really listen and wait for her to tell you when she is free? I don’t. I take it as “not now,” give her some space, ask her out again. That is always my plan.

I waited a few days and messaged her, told her the days I was free, said I wanted to see her. She suggested “tomorrow” (which was today). I accepted.

And then… she flaked. Bummer. That is how it goes sometimes…

But in this case, I argued the toss.

I sent her “NO FUN” (push), in all caps. I told her I liked her (pull), but when she makes plans with me, I want her to keep them (push, enforced a boundary). I told it was exciting when we are together (pull), that I love her eyes (pull, again), but we need to make a plan (a kind of push). None of this was ideal, but it was better than giving up – and as it was, it got me laid that night.

I had shown some strength. I could come back to her again later without feeling like a pussy or a pushover. I didn’t know how she was going take all that, but I had played my hand, and for that moment, I was off the gym to lift some iron.

But before I even made it to the gym, she had come back to me, saying, “how about dinner?” Tonight, I said? I was surprised, but yeah… the push/pull and the strength seemed to have worked. She had reversed herself. She was coming out, after all. I saw this same pattern with Miss 19 earlier this year.

I had her come to my house. We hung out a bit, I kissed her, lightly, and then a bit harder, and then I took her to dinner.

Some of the appeal of her, was this “heartbreaker” archetype. It’s not my thing, but I was curious to explore the psychology of it all. She was an interesting case.

I asked her why she had said ” I am in love with a lot of people” and she said: she wants to love many people because she wants to be loved by many people. I fucking hate the idea of modern “polyamory,” I am a “don’t ask, don’t tell ” kind of guy. But she wears this vibe of hers very well. She is “dumb teenager,” I don’t take her 100% seriously, but there was something almost original in her expression of “love.” She is sincere, and I can see this adding to the “heartbreaker” vibe.

My friend Moving Target’s girl was bisexual, sort of “airy,” hard to pin down, “spread her love around.” Similar vibe here; this might be a type. I think this lifestyle is just taking root in her, but even so, I think it would make most guys insecure. Jealousy can be the most destructive thing, but in this case, that wasn’t what I felt. I was unbothered.

She is an interesting type. I have fucked a lot of girls, but some of her psychology was “first time” for me, at least in terms of being conscious of it all. I was watching her… studying her.

After dinner, back to my place. Took her right to my bed, no resistance. I didn’t have much time (like 40 minutes) and I assumed I would get close, but not try to fuck her tonight… but it went farther than I assumed it would.

In bed, I wanted more tongue from her and I was trying to teach her that. She said, “deep kiss is rare in Japan,” but she is 19, and I assumed she is no expert on any of this. I told her to “give it to me” (I love to say to girls)… and she did. And she was purring nicely. And I moved a leg between her legs, and she took it. I grinded a thigh into her mound, and she pushed back.

I untucked her shirt, and ran my hand up her belly, to her neck. She took it. Under her bra, to her little hard nipples. Purr, purr, purr. Yes, she was in.

I gave her so much eye contact. I literally welcomed her, and she laughed, but I mean it; This is our time, I told her. Welcome. Welcome to being in my bed. Welcome to how I see sex. Welcome, if she is into it, to the first of many deep sessions. This is literally what I say to girls. I don’t expect her to understand all this (not yet), but she took it.

I touched her everywhere, and when I went to pull off her skirt, and her tights, she took that too. And then, her shirt. She is tiny. Small tits. I had her down to little white underwear with red trim. I wonder if she expected to get laid tonight? In this case, I don’t think so.

I put my hand between her legs and she was sopping wet; like a jar of warm jelly. I just played with her. More eye contact. No hurry. No rush.

I took her panties off. Yes, I was going to fuck her. But I ate that wet box first. And gave her my fingers. She was “with me.” So I took my pants off, and got a condom. And she was careful to watch the condom go on, to make sure I put it on, and…

+1 daygame.

We only had like 5 minutes until she was supposed to go and catch her train. I took the liberty of an extra 10 minutes or so. I fucked her slow, mostly. No goals. No need to prove anything. I made her look at me. I reminded her that we were doing this together. She put her arms around me. It was not epic, not at all, but it was good.

It was time to go. I pulled out. I held her a bit. Still giving her 100% eye contact. I said, lets go. I handed her those

white panties. And I stood up. I pulled the condom off as I walked across the room.

Her laying in my bed tonight, and taking my cock inside her, was a kind of surrender. But after the first time, you only know so much. She doesn't really know if I'm going to disappear with my "trophy." I don't know if she's going to run off, if she'll be "one and done," a sexual experiment, and nothing more than that. But I like how I played it.

I had taken another girl across the river. And she was not my favorite, but she was interesting date.

Conversation was good with her. She isn't a super beautiful girl, but I have had a great time with her every time I've seen her. She does have fantastic eyes. And through those eyes, she seems to be comfortable holding the heat with me, and the heat of wanting multiple lovers, and the heat of wanting to tell each of them that that is how it's going to be. For a tiny girl, she has a quiet power.

And tonight, yes, I gave her the White Monster. It was a dream come true, I suppose.

She feels dangerous to me, and it's not because she is experienced. I would give her those big, wet kisses tonight, I'd suck at her tongue, and she wanted to wipe her mouth after each one. Very young, very new to all this.

I thinks she is a heartbreaker. And I think I'm on the early part of her career of breaking hearts, very early, before she's perfected her poison. I have enough experience and confidence to play with her without getting burned. But I guarantee that some young guy she'll date soon will be outmatched by her. I think she has a talent for a kind of tension that teases, that "gets" guys, that isn't about potential, but mostly about getting strung out.

I am so interested. In her. In all the girls. It was a good experience.

Viva daygame.

This Guy is So Interesting | Breaking Rapport Example

Nash · 28 November 2022 · Archived copy · Original

I recently wrote a post about "breaking rapport," with lots of theory and quotes from PUAs. Here is a follow up where I reuse some of the quotes from my last post, and combine them with some specific examples from Vicky, Christina, Barcelona (a film by Woody Allen).

The scene I will focus on is of a man walking across the room to hit on two girls. I like the approach because it's bold, it's sexy (sexual men are rare), and it does an excellent job of showing how a man can become more attractive as he "breaks rapport" and demonstrates that he "trusts himself."

Let's review both rapport and breaking rapport:

Rapport is about "getting along" with others. A lot of rapport is about establishing a superficial comfort. While some of that is necessary to pickup, a little goes a long way.

If you can imagine a hot girl's experience: Guys are always coming up to her, being nice, "kissing her ass," complimenting her, etc. They are trying to establish rapport. There is more to Game than that.

Breaking rapport is way to help balance an interaction with a girl, to balance her perception of you, to balance the way you express yourself. If most guys are overly accommodating to girls (which is true), a rapport break can be a way to show more gravity and personality.

When you are willing to break rapport, you can go for what you want and be more honest about who you are. When you break rapport with a pretty girl, you show that you are comfortable with yourself in the face of beauty, that you are still "centered in yourself," even as you feel desire for her.

A man that can feel free to do what he wants in front a of a hot girl is rare. It's a sign that he trusts himself; a powerful thing to show a girl.

Let's get into the approach:

Vicky and Christina are in a restaurant, having dinner. They are chatting, and Christina keeps looking over at a nearby table.

VICKY: Who are you looking at?
CHRISTINA: Isn't that the painter we just saw at the gallery?

In this scene we have two hot girls, unescorted, out for dinner, having a good time. And Christina is really feeling her sexuality. Perhaps a little over-the-top in some ways, which makes it even easier to see the “dance” going on between her and the man at the other table.

And now imagine that guy, on the other side of the room…

He is at dinner, enjoying time with friends. And he is feeling the looks from the blonde… checking him out.

Here is Christina again, looking over at him. Can you feel the “hunger” in her eyes? She is into him.

That “look” is what we might call a massive IOI (indicator of interest). The desire is all over her face. You may notice girls are “more open” when they are with friends, when they “feel safe.” And in those moments, they can be more receptive, and even encourage an approach…

CHRISTINA: He keeps looking over here
VICKY: That is because you keep provoking contact

Is Christina provoking him? Or was he already staring at her? Maybe both.

You don’t need any IOIs to go talk to a girl. You will get 10X more action if you don’t wait for “permission.” When you are interested, approach. That is the path.

With that said: If you get one look, that is basically as good as it gets. If it’s warm and “hungry” like the way Christina is looking at him, that is incredibly rare. That is the equivalent of a girl “screaming” at you. For her to do it over and over again… well, it’s a movie and she’s overdoing it for dramatic effect.

CHRISTINA: I'm not provoking contact
VICKY: You are, you've been throwing little looks at him all night
CHRISTINA: I'm just drinking my wine
VICKY: Uh-hum, of course you are

Once girls are obviously talking about you (like in this scene), your job is to "go penetrate her world." If you don't take action early on, you're being passive, you're losing value. Get in there.

VICKY: Well, you must be doing something because he's coming over

This guy… is more than ready. And here is where he starts to demonstrate "breaking rapport:"

This ^ is the look in his eyes as he walks toward them. Is he trying to be "a nice guy?" Sure doesn't look like it. You can learn from this.

Let's go through "push/pull" again:

He walks over to the girls. Approaching a girl is kind of expression of desire, it's "showing interest," it's a kind of "pull." He wants something, true. The girls will feel it. That is fine.

Does that mean he is "putting her on a pedestal? No. It is natural and cool for guys to go after what they want. It is also true that the more your approach is about what you want (versus wanting validation and acceptance from a girl), the more solid it will feel to both you and her.

He walks over to these girls, shows some "pull" (which is good). At the same time, the look on his face provides some "push" (also good). The balance of the two is part of good Game. He is interested, but he isn't needy, he is showing plenty of edge.

> "Breaking rapport is a form of attraction. It's just a mechanism to start that attraction."
> — Sinn

This is how breaking rapport operates. He is going for what he wants. This is about him. And he isn't trying to bribe these girls with "being nice." He is "selling edge," and testing to see if they are buying. That should feel good to him. That kind of vibe is attractive to girls.

This ^ is the look in his eyes as arrives at the table. And that look is most certainly "breaking rapport."

JUAN ANTONIO: [slow, deliberate walk… creating tension]
JUAN ANTONIO: [breaking rapport expression on his face]

That look is pretty harsh. In a different scenario, that "look" could get you blown out. But in this scene, it's perfect.

Let's review the context: He is not doing a truly "cold" approach. They are in a safe environment. The girls have seen him being social at a party and at dinner with his friends. While I hate the concept of "social proof" (totally over-rated, not at all necessary), he did come over from a table full of people that like him.

The girls feel safe and are in a comfortable environment, so he can come in and immediately start to break rapport, beginning with this look on his face. That is the context. Context always matters.

Now, the dialog starts:

JUAN ANTONIO: Are you American?
CHRISTINA: I'm Christina and this is my friend Vicky

The way he opens these girls is also breaking rapport. It's in his eyes, yes. But it is also because doesn't do anything here that is typically or "polite."

Tom Torero "famously" opens (every fucking time) saying, "uh, sorry…" as his opening line. That is pure "rapport-

seeking." It is unsexy.

> "Rapport is unattractive because it's what beta guys do when they can't just fuck the girl."
> — Yohami

Here, Juan Antonio skips that "beta" behavior. He is effectively assuming that he can, in fact, just fuck these girls.

He offers no introduction, he just immediately asks a question, doing what Mystery would call "setting a hoop" for her to jump though. He is "asking for compliance." It's a "small hoop" (asking where they are from), but it sets a tone. And Christina does comply, not exactly answering his question, but she is playing along.

JUAN ANTONIO: [pauses, creates more tension]
JUAN ANTONIO: [more breaking rapport expression]

He breaks rapport again, by just staring and holding tension. A lot of good Game is played in silence.

A "nice guy" would offer his name in return; "matching" the girls, seeking rapport, trying to "connect." Juan Antonio just stares. He is (almost) cold, dominant, and looks at them like an animal stalking his prey. He is not "negging" or trying to make the girls feel bad. He is solid, bold, and unapologetic. Good Game.

JUAN ANTONIO: What color are our eyes?

He is all about his agenda. It's another "hoop" for her, a more personal one. He is just asking about her eyes, but if she "jumps through it," he is starting the process of surrender (where she "gives herself to him"). And she is happy to play along.

All these things are "of a kind." The breaking rapport, the slowness, the dominance, the constant building of tension. They are all signs of a sexual male. They are attractive in a way that seeking rapport (asexual), quick movements, and releasing tension are not.

This is the sexual marketplace, not the "being nice marketplace." If you want to be more attractive, you can start to model these behaviors. That is the main thrust of this post.

Here ^ is the way he looks at Christina when he asks about her eyes:

He is still breaking rapport. But… can you see some "playfulness" in his expression? I can. And that makes sense: He is not kissing these girls asses, but he's not actually mad or disappointed either. He is having fun. He likes these girls. He is trying to get laid. For a solid guy, that is a form of play.

You can break rapport, and have a “splash” of fun in your eyes as you do it; let it show through your facial expressions and how you carry your body. As you’ll naturally express these kinds of feelings, the girls will feel it. It all begins as you cultivate your sexuality as a man.

Here is another “hot” moment:

JUAN ANTONIO: When I saw you across the room at the art gallery
JUAN ANTONIO: I noticed you have… uh… beautiful lips
JUAN ANTONIO: Very, full, very… [pause] sensual

Being so direct with her about her lips goes beyond being social, to the sexual, and breaks rapport yet again. He is demonstrating sexual tension (over and over) in this scene. Such a great example.

> “That’s a sexual rapport break, breaks comfort… but builds attraction. You set the tone… this breaks rapport, and that’s how you move into seduction. It’s a mechanism.”
> — Sinn

Basic report seeking is about “making people feel comfortable.” You will see “nice guys” always trying to remove the tension. But tension is required for sexuality. (An orgasm is a release of tension.) To get to a sexual place, you “build up tension.” It’s a series of “pushing her,” pushing yourself, pushing the context and the boundaries.

Being a man is important. But a lot of masculinity is sexually neutral. This kind of tension building is a way to distinguish yourself as a specifically sexual man.

And here ^…

What is Christina looking at? My word. Maybe this is getting “sexual” after all.

JUAN ANTONIO: I’ll show you around the city
JUAN ANTONIO: We’ll eat well, we’ll drink good wine, we’ll make love

> “You must be willing to risk offending a girl before you can ever get in her pants.”
> — Sinapse PUA

Here he straight up says he wants to fuck them, but everything he has does in this scene has already communicated that point. They know he wants to fuck them. Here, he is just showing that he is durable enough to really “hold the frame.”

He doesn’t try to lighten the mood by trying to explain it or by softening his look. He is raking them with tension. It’s very sexy. Most men can never give a girl this kind of experience. You can learn to do this.

And note how Vicky laughs, releasing some of that tension. Christina is moving around, also leaking off tension. But Juan Antonio holds very still, solid, grounded, showing incredible gravity. They are the wind, he is the oak tree. It is hot precisely because they are so different (that is what sexual polarity is all about).

His ability to hold himself together under this kind of pressure is proof he is solid. He is not saying that, he is demonstrating it. He has control of himself. He trusts himself. And because he trusts himself… the girls can trust him too.

That is how it works.

So: A cool guy gets up, walks over, starts "questioning" these girls, is standing there, not smiling, creating massive tension and holding it, and how does it make them feel?

They love it. Of course. That part of the scene is very real.

He has been tested, and he comes out looking strong.

Bravo.

DAYGAME EXAMPLE:

In the way of personal examples, I am happy to show some of these same patterns in the context of a typical daygame approach:

I see a girl I like on the street, I walk over to her, and approach. I would usually smile as I engage (I typically need more initial comfort in proper cold approach than he does in this scene). I don't say "uh, sorry…" (never), I just look into her eyes and start asking questions ("Do you… speak English"). I want to create tension, and I do a lot of that in how I hold that eye contact.

Often that is enough; the girl gets it. She knows this is "sexual."

I typically do give the girl a compliment, which is rapport seeking (in a way, yes). Some rapport is good. In this kind of situation, the more my compliment is about my desire for her, the less she will feel that I am seeking validation or wanting a reward for "being nice." I want the balance here to feel more like "sexual man" than "harmless nice guy." And after I give the compliment, I can stare, create some more tension, and get a little more "wolfy," which is… back to breaking rapport.

> "That's a sexual rapport break, breaks comfort… but builds attraction. You set the tone… this breaks rapport, and that's how you move into seduction. It's a mechanism."
> — Sinn

Once there is some comfort, I can immediately break rapport to get back into a more attractive, sexual frame. I can "cross my arms" (another rapport break), I can tease a little, I can challenge her (which I do a lot), etc.

And then… as I have shown some range, I can "pull" again. Pull, on the approach. Push, in the sexual tension. Pull, in the compliment. Push, in the challenging as we talk. And then… I go for the number, big pull.

I often end the set by saying, "I hope I see you again…," which is pull… and then I say "maybe," with a breaking rapport look in my eyes. That is push.

Push/pull. Push/pull. Push/pull. Breaking rapport is a major tool to aid in the "push" part of the dance.

Do you see it?

CHRISTINA: Oh my god…
CHRISTINA: This guy is so interesting

That is right. Breaking rapport gives her "strong feelings."

Most men wouldn't approach. And when they do, they are full of "oh, uh, sorry" (don't do that). They seek rapport, trying to establish commonality ("Oh, you're from America?! I have a friend in America, OMG…"), etc. Some of that can be fine, but it mostly paints you as asexual.

I often say that as you approach a girl, she will essentially read you to see, "Does he trust himself?" Words are easy to say. The clothes you're wearing, etc, also relatively easy to "fake." She can't be sure about any of that. But showing that you trust yourself, face to face, in front of a hot girl… that is hard to do. Most men can't do it.

> "As soon as you have superficial comfort, you 'break rapport,' it pushes you into attraction."
> — Sinn

A willingness to break rapport is a sign that you are for real. The girls can watch for these kinds of signals to identify the strongest men. If he trusts himself, under fire, in front of her… that is a very good indicator that he is

for real. A good sign of “fitness” in a man.

Juan Antonio most definitely seems to trust himself.

It’s a movie, but this is a good example of art reflecting life. I have seen all of this in person, many times. I have never said “why don’t you both fly off to a city with me so we can fuck,” but I have said “why don’t you come back to my place and make out with me.” As I break rapport (by going sexual), and I show I am certain of myself as I do it… it can be a powerful way to create attraction in girls.

Viva Daygame.

Extraverted Girls and Kennedy Smith

Nash · 1 January 2023 · Archived copy · Original

This post is about Extraverts. And about how certain psychological types can make or break a relationship. And about how underneath a lot of concepts we talk about in Game, the meta concept of "Energy" can help explain so much about what girl is right for you.

> "Women are on the lookout for the guy with the most energy, the most life force. These are the guys they want to commit to. Since women (in general) have a harder time cultivating their own energy, they are very oriented towards men to develop it for them."
> — Pat Stedman, from his Masterclass product

An uncommon but brilliant way to learn to understand the psychology of attraction is to start with energy. Pat is saying something important here. And while an extraverted girl is a special type that can bring her own energy… Pat's comment holds true there also(more below).

Looking at energy is a hot way to understand attraction. As you understand this concept, it might help you make choices about where you invest your attention with girls.

For this post, let's start with this girl:

She is a special one. And you can feel it in this shot.

What is she looking at? Is she looking at you? What if she was?

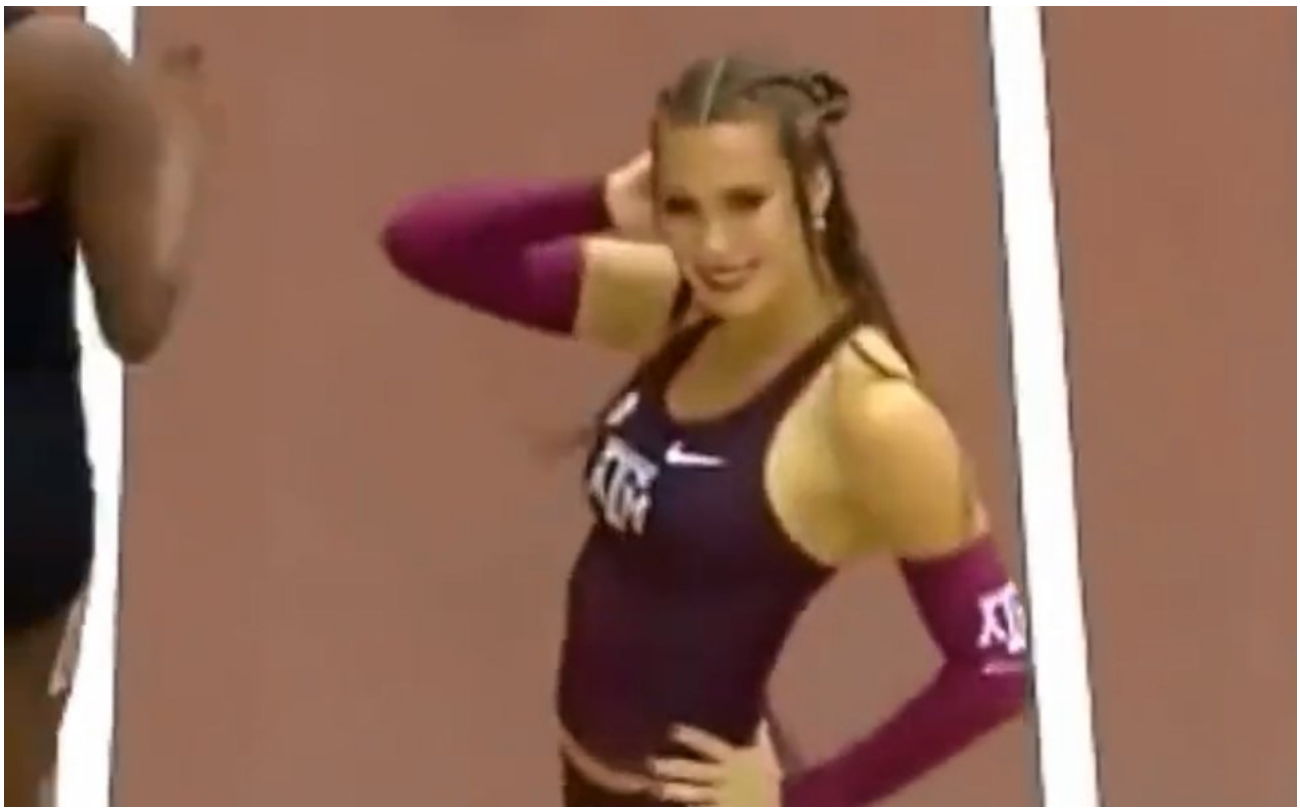
In this case, she is not looking at you. She is looking at the television camera. Why? Because she wants to be seen. And not just seen a little bit…

This ^ is what an extravert looks like.

This particular girl is Kennedy Smith. She was a student at Texas A&M, and these clips are from an event where she was an athlete, from a race where she was completely dominating the other girls in the hurdles.

In the clip I took these still from she is amazing. I will say a lot of things about extraverts in this post, but it is not lost on me:

She is an incredible girl. A fantastic athlete. Full stop. Attractive, certainly, but more than that: “she knows how to play the game.” There is a kind of charm in that, certainly.



Here she is, “workin’ it.’

When I came across this footage of Kennedy, there was frenzy of people excited to be looking at her… really “feeding off her energy.”

> “Beautiful, athletic, fun personality. Wife material.”
> — Hayden Houser

This kind of comment is what makes me want to write about her. She is a very, very special girl. And maybe Hayden is the kind of guy that can wife up Miss Kennedy… but I doubt it. And I say that, not because I know about Hayden (respect to you, Sir), but because I am interested in extraverts… and the men that are quick to want to get involved with them.

As it was, this other dude made a similar comment:

> “I might be in love.”
> — KyanteWilson

We can see why. And for Kyante and all the other guys that were “drawn to her” there is something going on with extraverts and about “energy” in attraction and relationships that I want to focus on.

That day, I responded to Kyante with this:

> “She is amazing, bro. I like her too. But she is sooo ‘extravert.’ I always feel bad for dudes that like extraverts. That is a lot of attention seeking and trouble. If you can’t outshine her, you’ll be in her shadow… Hard for her to be turned on by that.”
> — My comments

I got completely flamed for those comments. And at the risk of being further aggravating, I will say more. The example of Kennedy and all the guys professing their love that day can provide an excellent view into dating and

psychology.

I do think extraverts are harder to date than most girls. I think they need a special kind of man. And I think most men that are focused on extraverts are doing themselves a disservice; they could find more of what they want and need if they learned to notice the beauty and sexuality of less “obvious” women.

Good romantic matches are often made when the man and his girl are well matched in terms of psychology, energy, and sexual polarity. Most men don’t truly need (and aren’t ready for) an extraverted girl.

There are so many ways to do “types” in terms of psychology, but for now, let’s do two types of guys: Assuming we’re talking about “dateable men,” let’s separate men by their level of energy. There are high-energy men that penetrate the world, that have learned to create and channel their energy, and to use that energy get things done. These men are attractive, but more than that they create their own opportunities. Among attractive men, there are also low- and mid-energy men that don’t go charging into life. Because he has less focus and energy, this kind of guy’s relationship to life and to girls is more passive.

For a given type of man, some girls are better suited than others. And for some types, extraverts are a particularly ridiculous choice, but one with strong appeal.

Before we say more, how do most relationships even get started?

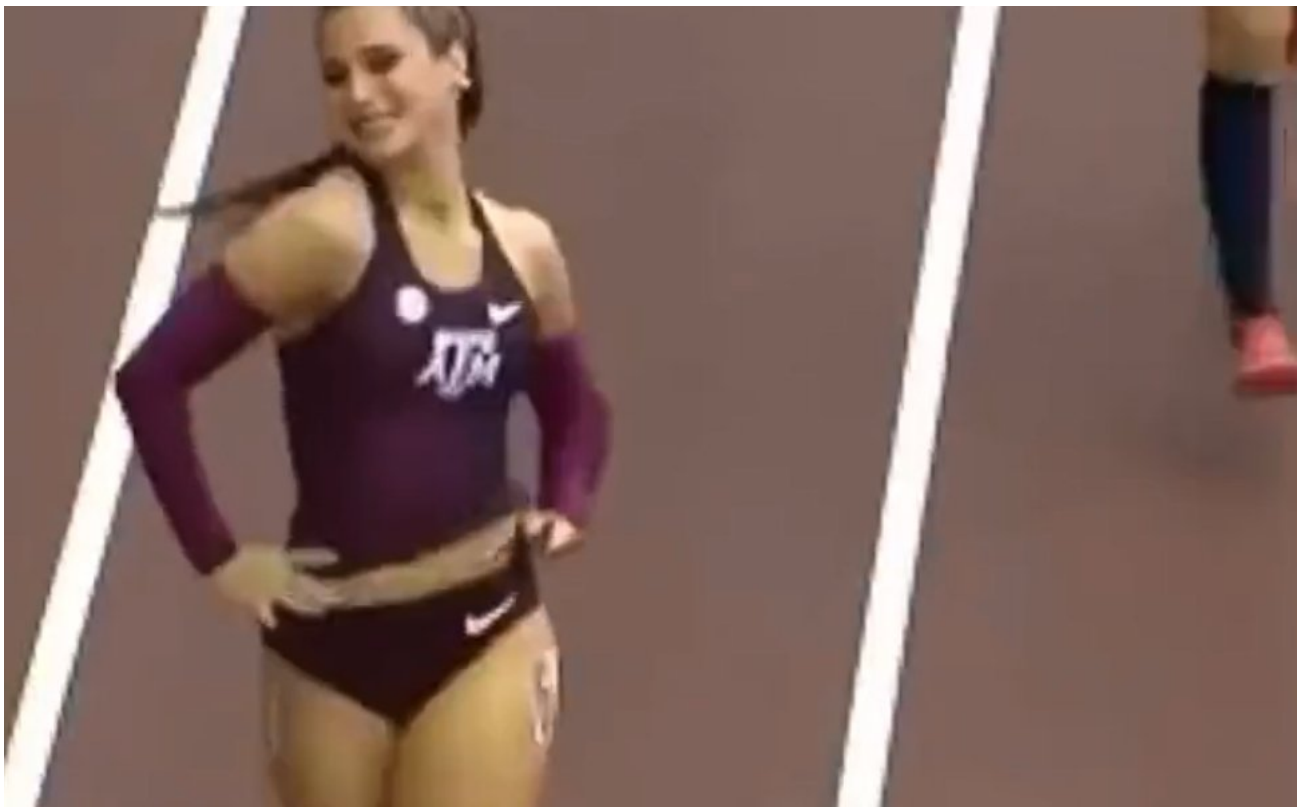
In every social situation, someone supplies the energy for the relationship to begin. I will say it’s ideal when the guy is overflowing with energy, he is out exploring, he sees her, he approaches her, it’s his energy that gets the relationship started.

And yet, a lot of guys want the girl’s help to get things started. They think the girl needs to “make herself available.” Or they want the girl to “pick them,” to lead the whole thing. While that can happen at some level, if that is what you’re waiting for, you’re missing your opportunity as a man with women (and you’re much less attractive than you could be). But I think that is what a lot of men are waiting for…

And this is why I think “most men” are easily attracted to high energy girls. And to extraverts. They have an expectation and hope that girls will help things get going (they mostly won’t). I don’t think relationships with those extraverted girls are likely at all, especially for men that “want help” with the dating process. And even if they could happen, this kind of “match” can create problems for lower-energy guys.

There is a catch-22 where the guys that have less energy will be attracted to girls with high energy, creating an uncomfortable mismatch for romance. Unless you’re a certain type of man, allowing yourself to be drawn into extraverts can be self-defeating. While you can “park your attention” there, those girls have special needs, and require more in a man than the vast majority of girls.

Extraverts have two qualities that make them easier to notice than other girls. They tend to be more social than other girls, going out a lot, making a lot of social contacts. And, when they are out, they display a lot of energy. They are shiny, easy to see.



So imagine you're a guy that isn't getting this needs met, and doesn't have a good plan to fix that. You happen to be out in public (or even poking around on social media), and this flashy, high energy girl comes along… bam, she's captured your interest. And more than that, you feel her energy and you might even feel more awake when she is around. You're attracted. And because you feel more alive from her energy, you're hooked.

I see this pattern a lot. It can be as simple as guys chasing after the idea of a "model" girlfriend. Or the guys that put a heavy emphasis on girls with big Instagram accounts. Or any of us that have ever wanted to date "the most popular girl" at school. A common desire, but ill-advised for most men.

I will double down and say when guys chase after extraverted girls, they are not just interested in her because she is hot. That thought may cross your mind, but it's much more than that. Lots of girls are attractive (and/or incredible in bed). But as most of them start off at low energy, the typical guy won't even notice them. That same guy will look right past many perfectly beautiful, charming girls, but he'll always notice the fiery extravert. He is likely to do this, even if she is objectively less attractive than the girl next to her: the extraverts level of energy itself is a big part of the attraction, especially for lower-energy guys.

Even more than most girls, extraverted girls want to be seen. So an extravert will put herself in those positions, and she'll behave in ways that attract attention. She likely has romantic and sexual needs also, but attention (from men, but from everyone) is a more basic sustenance for an extravert. While her radiance is extraordinary for you, receiving "donations" of attention from low energy men is incredibly common for her. She'll float along, encouraging tribute (she needs it), but not much more.

This is the basic story of orbiters. And that relationship is much more common with extraverts than most girls.

We know most guys will jump all over the extraverts (the model, the performer, the popular girl). We may want her, but what does she want?

A girl like Kennedy Smith wants an even higher energy man. Of course.

> "Even if she makes energy on her own… she is always going to be looking for a guy to take energy from. That is the nature of the male and female dynamics. When we talk about women 'dating up,' we are talking about them dating up in terms of energy… really, that is what they are looking for. All the other stuff is downstream

> of that."
> — Pat Stedman

Everyone wants energy, including high energy girls. Beyond that, girls always want a man that is "better than them" (credit: Patrice O'Neil). She wants a man that has more energy than her (he has more lifeforce, he does more, he penetrates the world more than she does). That, and the quality of his energy is better than hers also (more effective, more conscious).

She wants a guy that can "take her deeper than she can take herself" (credit: John Wineland). That is as true with extraverts as any other kind of girl… but extraverts start at an every higher place, in terms of energy. If she is going to be "wife material" for you, you're going to have to be a special kind of man.

Adam Lyons once said that what the extraverted woman wants is the "leader of men" type of guy. A hot match for an extraverted girl is the CEO, the captain of the football team, the club promoter. A girl like Kennedy wants a guy like that.

While being "alpha" is a great goal, it's unnecessary in relationships with most women, but… it might be crucial if you want to lay claim to an extravert girl.

The very extraverted girl wants to be seen by "everybody." And the leader is often in a position where everybody is looking at him. For the extraverted girl, the perfect position to be in is to stand at the side of the leader. From that role, she is both "seen by everyone" and is with a man that is still more important than she is, is better than her, can "feed her" energetically, can "take her deeper" than she go on her own. That is a perfect fit. Adam Lyons is dead on there.

> "Every woman is looking for your attention, for your energy."
> — Pat Stedman

And that is what I was getting at when I made my comment about Kennedy. I do feel bad for guys that want to date extraverts. As a man, it takes a rare set of traits to make the most extraverted girls come alive. All women want a man that can "take them deeper," and he can only do that when he has more to offer than she does. That often starts with more energy.

For an average guy, extraverted girls are a bad fit. He doesn't have the energy to captive her, to lift her up. And he wastes his focus "paying tribute" to her, instead of getting serious about putting energy into himself, and finding a girl that is perhaps less energetic but a better match for him.

I am not telling anyone to "settle." You can grow as a man. As you grow, you can engage more dynamic women. But your ability to match well with a high-attention girl isn't always about you being "good" or "bad;" it's about being a certain type.

I get how extraverts can be appealing. But I don't think the relationships with those girls are any better. Certainly not as we rule. But they are likely harder.

In general, even if most low- to mid-tier guys can hook "the popular girl," they are set up for trouble. She still wants to be "seen by everybody." And if he is lower energy, if his lifestyle doesn't put him in the spotlight, where she is seen often… she'll miss that attention and she'll work to find it in other ways… by getting a job that puts her in the flow of the public, going out a lot with girlfriends, building an big online presence, etc.

This energy relationship explains a lot of the examples we see of guys "chasing" girls, particularly extraverts. It is not really that they have no other options; it's that they aren't awake enough to see their other options (less energic girls), they only notice the most obvious girls, which they are unprepared for: not a good match.

Guys that are left hanging by extraverts invent a lot of the "girls are bad" stories we hear out there about women

being attention seeking, cheating, or causing drama. While I think most extraverts are challenging to date, of course they can be super loyal, bubbly, awesome girlfriends – for the right guy. But if they end up with a guy that doesn't "do enough" for them, they will seek attention elsewhere. Not necessarily cheat, but flirt and "put it out there" in a way that will cause drama in the relationship, will make him feel bad, will "depress" his energy further, and send the whole relationship in the wrong direction.

If you understand what a "good match" is from the beginning, you're more likely to get in where you fit in.

When I made my comment about Kennedy and extraverts, a lot people came back saying that I just can't handle extraverts, that I was insecure, etc. Is that true?

I have no interest in extraverts. I'm not extraverted, myself. While I have been successful in life, I've built many things, I have never put my name on any of them. I have no interest in public status. I like anonymous experiences. I have done very well with girls, I have lots of energy, I can penetrate… but I want more subtle, often introverted girls. I am happy to bring them my energy, to "wake up the potential" in them. And I have had ridiculous experiences with unassuming girls.

Again, I see why extraverts can have tremendous appeal. My point here is about "what makes a good match." The goal is not to find someone like you (for sexual polarity, you want difference, not "sameness"), but rather someone that works with your type. As most men are not "leader of men" alphas, I think they are wasting their time being "seduced" by extraverted girls.

The real upside here for most men is to see the role of energy and types. In general and always; develop your energy, do more, try harder, build your capacity to shine. And then… open your eyes to the beauty and sexuality of "less flashy" girls. What a girl appears to be like in public and what she is like in a one on one relationship are not the same thing. If you can develop your energy, and wake up some beauty and potential in lower-energy girls, you could find more success with women (even if she isn't a model, an influencer, or a famous athlete). I have talked a lot about extraverted girls here, but many low-energy, introverted girls are a gold mine of possibility.

When you provide energy, when you can "pump her up," you will see girls "bloom," come alive, and shine in ways that they cannot without you. This is true for the extravert, but is very true for less shiny girls.

Daygame has been a way for me to meet less "famous" but totally amazing girls. And because I know it's my responsibility to bring energy to these girls, and I do my job, I have seen many "ordinary" girls have very extraordinary moments.

Viva daygame.

The Power of the Pose – Her Axilla

Nash · 1 January 2023 · Archived copy · Original

And now for something completely different: A tribute to women. And to a particular part of their anatomy… and a magical pose that inspires me, and apparently many other men and artists throughout history.

Let's start here:

This is "Les Demoiselles D'Avignon Carnet de Dessins," by Picasso. It was finished in 1907, and is one of the signature paintings that highlights the transition into the "modern" period of art. Picasso is inspired by the African mask here, by its ability to recreate the face in these flat, geometric forms. This was one of the earlier works that walks him toward cubism. I am interested in all that, but those details aren't why this painting has always captured my attention…

I just love that pose:

Her, arms above her head. Her neck. That exposed, underside of her arm. Apparently, I'm not alone: In that scene, Picasso puts four of the five women in that position.

I have been thinking about doing a post like this for a long time. It is my style to collect elements, and then put together a piece that tells a story. I usually have a theme I want to focus on. And I look for supporting examples. And then try to keep it real and immediate by adding some personal elements from my own life… even though this is a very different post, I'll try to do all that here.

For this post, I have been collecting examples for years. Every time I came across an image that was an inspiring instance of the pose, I would save it to a folder on my computer. Today, as I went to assemble this piece, I had no less than 140 different examples, collected casually, over the years. In this post, I'll share a few that are meaningful to me… and I'll try to present a visual theme (at least that) about women, about their bodies, about being inspired, and in love, with all that, and more.

Can you see what I'm saying? Will you just look at that, for a minute. Wow, thank you.

This post isn't porn for me, but it is sexually stimulating. Looking at these images, I breathe a little deeper, and little slower, I lick my lips and drop into a smokier, more serious mood. These images do make me want to fuck, but in a different way than more explicit porn might.

These images, and the pose itself, not-so-subtly suggest something…

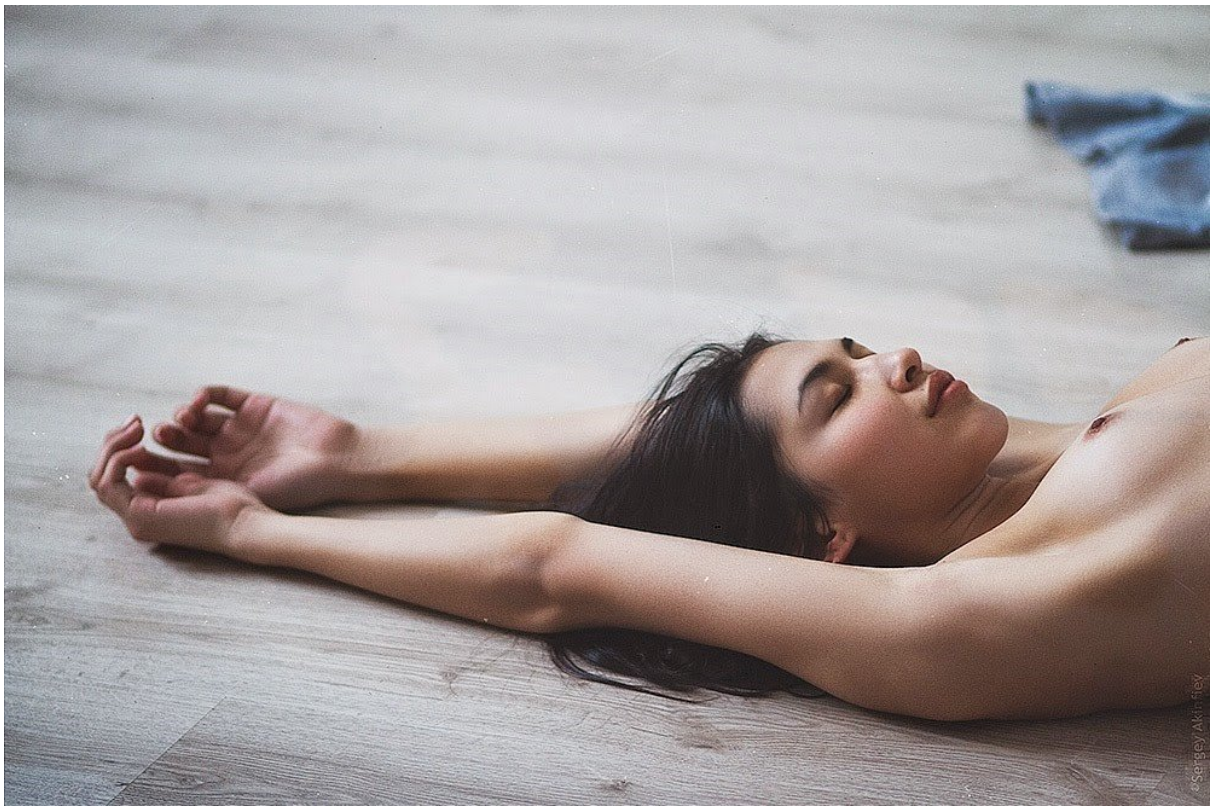
What is it about the pose?

When I saved this picture to my computer, I saved it as: perfect.jpg. She is a lovely girl.

But the pose itself does a lot of the work here. Even a lesser girl can look extraordinary as she assumes this pose… and they often do.

Combing through my memory for this post, I can think of so many times, going back at least 20 years, when a girl would casually put her arms up over her head… to pin up her hair, to take off her sweater, to stretch… or perhaps intentionally to turn me on. Is that ridiculous? I don't think so.

For me this pose has an almost mathematical ability to trigger feelings of desire. And based on how often the culture offers up women in this kind of physical alignment, I think we all know there is a magic when she holds herself just so.



Here is an Asian girl, "assuming the position." And I am in love.

I want to eat her.

I have mentally consumed so many women I didn't even know, when they would raise their arms like this. And, in my own love life, I am apt to push a girl into a similar arrangement. Just today, I had my girlfriend beneath me, with her arms just like the girl in the picture above. Me, up on my elbows on either side of her, and grasping the soft parts of her arms, I pinned her just so. And I fucked her, and told her she looked absolutely beautiful in that position.

They all do.

I was reminded of the potency of the pose when I wrote, recently, about breaking rapport, using images of Scarlett Johansson from Vicky, Christina, Barcelona.

Why does the pose come up in that film, also? Did Woody Allen instruct the actress to take that position? Or does he put her in the mood, and she just naturally assumes it?

This essay is in some ways more sexual, more fetishistic than some of my other writing… but as a man that loves women, I can see something. We all can. And it's such a common theme.

I use the word Axilla in the title.

In my early 30s, in my pre-game days as an artist in San Francisco, I was studying some art history and practicing my craft. As I read some old art book, I came across that term… axilla. I already had a growing fetish for that part of a woman, most especially when she would display herself in the pose. Just reading it… I was turned on and transported.

Axilla means, and let's say it… her armpit.

That term is not usually meant to inspire desire or generate turn-on, but… here we are. And maybe the armpit is more erotic that we consciously think it is? Maybe somewhere deep inside, we know something about that part of a women's body.

The pose is about her arms above her head, and it may include a focus on her neck, but not always. And while it puts her tits on display, that isn't really the focus either. I don't think so.

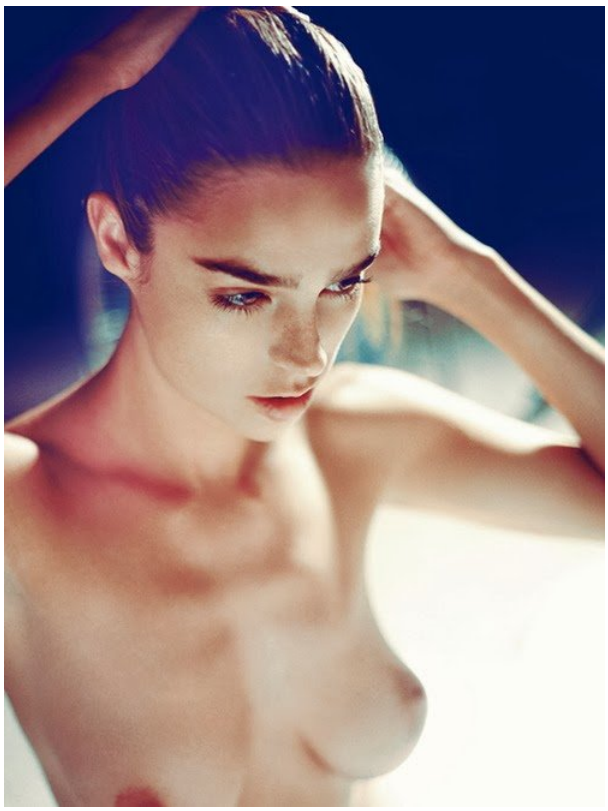
It's all about her armpit. That is correct.

I won't speak for you, but I'll say it's sexy, in a way that is almost irritating, and puzzling, but consistently brings a heat and a certainty. How is that so? And why would so many artists (photographers, but also long before the invention of the camera) take the time to preserve a woman's body in this position? Why would a woman know, maybe instinctively, to show us her armpit, as a surefire way to turn us on?

Could it be true?

The shot just above is taken from such an angle that is has the same effect as all the others while narrowing down what we are looking at… the essential bits.

Her boob and her nipple… I feel the allure, but that isn't where this image peaks. The focus is her armpit. That… and the look on her face, which is like an exclamation point on a sentence that originates under her arm and reaches down our pants, pulling us into action. Yes. That is getting somewhere.



I felt compelled to include this shot. She is desperately thin, in a smoldering way (to my tastes). Lovely girl, if perhaps a little harsh. But here, the armpit is excluded, on her right, cut out of the frame… and even in its absence the effect holds.

I want to see it. I wish it was there. It makes me want her.

I include this shot, in particular, again… as it obscures the center piece. It hides the prize. And by doing so, draws even more attention and heat to the subject.

If this shot was about her tits (which are fantastic), this would be a more satisfying image. But it is not. So I'm left wanting, aching for something… which makes the image successful and satisfying in a completely different sense.

Show it to me.

Here is another beautiful example.

She is big, but she is pretty, in a wonderfully everyday way. In a way so many girls are pretty.

And while we can see through her shirt, the pose is about more than her skyward nipples and the invitingly soft treasure of her chest.

On that subject though:

Long ago, this topic was already arousing for me. And once, in the company of three lovely, young 20-something girls, I brought it up. "Why is it so hot? Why does it get me?" All the girls leaned forward, interested, easily agreeing that there is a power to the pose.

One of them, quick to affirm my passion, said, "It does make 'the girls' look good." "The girls" here are in fact "her tits." And yes, it does "lift, and position," even heavy pendulous tits, into perhaps their most advantageous presentation. That is true.

The girl above has her big heavy tits up where we might most love to see them…

But "the pose" is about more than that.

I opened this piece with Picasso, and now I'll take a moment to show how incredibly prevalent the pose is in art. I had too many examples to include, but here are a few:

I am not sure who this artist is (although, I bet some of you reading this might know). It's a brilliant piece of art. Certainly erotic. And while it gives us so much to look at (the bones of her hips make me want to run my mouth up her thigh)… the artist has assembled the pose in a rough and most forceful way.

And that may be a clue as to why the pose has such power as a symbol of eros.

Here is a simple example from Otto Mueller.

In this piece, he does a fantastic job showing a very clear and personal style, while at the same time, really nailing

some familiar and tender views of womanhood. The blonde at the mirror… her round, low belly, and the way her ass is perched on the chair… beautiful. I want her also.

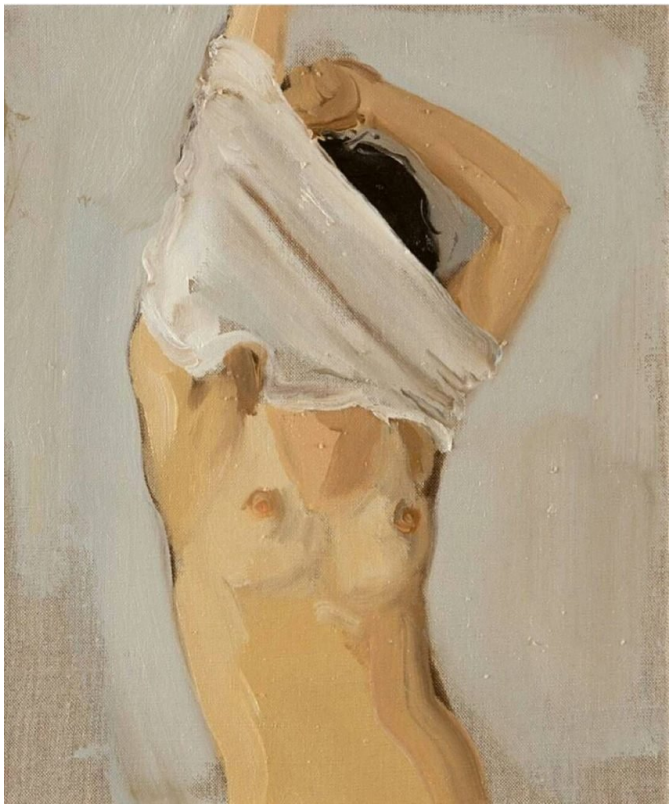
But then we come to the girl in the upper left corner, giving us yet another demonstration of the pose.

Otto paints girls in the pose over and over and over again. If this essay errs into the deviant in any way… I am not alone, my friends.

I don't like this sculpture as much. There is something about it that is a little too classical, and lacks some of the wretchedness of desire that I want. But even still…

Look at his role in that image: He is below her, and he gazes up at her in a restful awe. He seems to be looking past her tits. I think that is true.

Maybe it's his passive harmlessness that defeats this image for me. But I include it because it is so classic; it belongs here, with these other images, showing a continuity through history; the pose appearing again and again.



I love this image. It is simple, and somewhat abstract, but I burn, intensely, when I look at it.

Almost cartooned… she still turns me on. There is something lithe and quintessentially feminine that is captured. Simple clothes, so sexy. Rising, rising, to reveal her body in a pose that makes me want to ravish her.

Maybe it is because the model's body style is one that I am attracted to… lean, small breasted, and… she is giving me the pose. And the pose is always irresistible.

And here…

For years I would find an image of the pose that I liked, and I'd save it (thinking I might write a piece like I am writing now). Quite often I'd select images presented by Jan Slauerhoff; he would not only post incredibly lovely images of girls… but so very often, specifically in the pose.

In this case, he is posting beneath another excellent art account, intentionally echoing an example from the restot account showing the same subject that I have chosen to pour all this love into. A reference to a refence to a reference… all in tribute to the pose.

Here is an unusual example.

I began the piece with Picasso, and here we are again, but this time, he has made himself the subject. Or a male model, but I assume it is a self-portrait. And what pose did he pick, the pose, of course. I think he is playing with desire, and intentionally using a powerful symbol to intensify something sexual in himself.

He is also "breaking the rules;" we don't want men in this position. That isn't the way we show men or want to see men. In this case, he uses it as a device to draw attention to himself and to add ardor.

She has a big mouth. And a simple, plain attractiveness, with some tomboy to her.

And she looks like a good time.

This shot, taken just before all the rest of her clothes come off… the seduction, lengthened. Or just after sex… her, presenting herself, satisfied and open, and still feeling the buzz of thrusting and wet parts and being speared by her man.

My goodness.

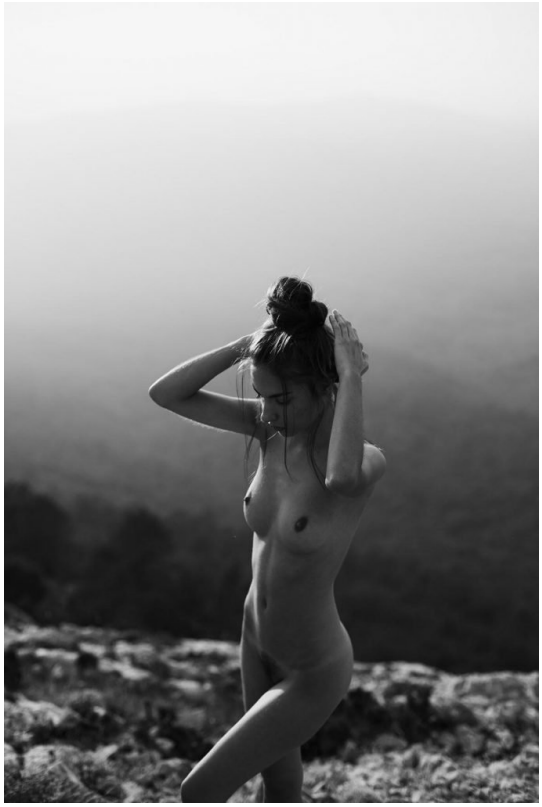
I will confess something now: I have been a little bit coy, and have intentionally buried the lede… if you're still with me., I'll tell you what I really think.

The pose is about surrender. And about vulnerability.

I won't provide a counter example here (it would ruin an otherwise perfectly steamy mood), but a girl that is not into the moment can't "open," like this. The pose is an openness. And a calling forth.

The pose is that of a flower unfurled. She is open. She is exposed, showing so many soft, tender, vulnerable parts.

That is it. She is ready to be taken… but it's more than that.



In that space beneath her arms, is a warmth, and perhaps a smell…

It is a theme of mine that while we in sex give so much attention to what we can see, sex is much more about what we can smell. Sex is about feeling, about what is felt, about pleasure, primarily so, of course. But smell, in terms of the essence of sex is much closer to the heart of it than what is merely seen.

The spectator can see. But none but the pikeman himself knows what she smells like.

And while the pose offers so much to look at, that warm, swampy area under her arms would give a smell… probably so. One of many smells that a women can produce that despite all my years in bed, with many women passing across my sheets… there are frank and direct smells that still surprise me with their immediacy. While she can be so perfectly soft and delicate, the natural smells coming off her body have a darker, hotter currency than her rosy cheeks or the sparkle in her eye.

The smell… coming from under her arms, or her pussy, or her ass. The smell… and I will include a pre-sex announcement that girls give me (all the time), as I begin to take them, an antagonistic smell that comes from their nipples and from the backs of their necks…

Those smells are a declaration told in an old language that something serious has surfaced. It has begun.

The pose offers surrender. A visual surrender, but an actual one, with real vulnerability. Each sensitive section, her neck, her tits, her face, and her magnificent axilla (but of course), are all laid bare, exposed, and at your mercy. If

you take her, take what is now yours… If you slide into that space that is created when her arms frame her face and her boobs lift up toward your chin…

In that space, the conversation would likely continue, with smells of a design that nature perfected in order to spur you forward, to stoke your desire, to make you need it. To make you take it.

To make you want her.

Oh yeah.

Viva daygame.

Hard is Good | How to Find Girls in the Suburbs

Nash · 30 January 2023 · Archived copy · Original

Hey Max'.

From an email:

> "Nash, I think you and I are similar in a lot of ways, though you have a lot more experience. I see you live in SF and was wondering if you've ever tried to game in Orange County (where I live). Could use some advice. I'm in a bit of a daygame rut. It is tougher to find target rich environments here (college campuses, large shopping malls and beaches) though I think there's a lot of girls that match your taste here."

I am going to make a very general statement: If it's "hard" (EX: cold approach) it pays well. If it's "easy" (EX: online dating) it doesn't. So, if there are hot girls in OC, and they're hard to find… finding them likely "pays more" than places where the girls "get found" more often… those girls are dying to be "found" by a cool guy (all girls are, actually).

This is related to the idea of a "barriers to entry." I LIKE barriers to entry… that keeps other guys out and makes my "pay go up" when I can overcome the barrier. If you can figure it out, you could clean up… while other guys still think "it's hard."

Hard is "good."

For you: Imagine if some rich guy was paying you $10k a month to find the best daygame spots in OC. "But it's hard." Yeah, I know… but what if someone was paying you $10k to find the best spots? Month after month. Let's say you really wanted that $10k. You could figure it out. You'd find him a series of places to approach girls. Right?

When I read Sinn, he was in Dallas (suburbs), but originally from the San Fernando Valley (suburbs), and did a bunch of Game at the Northridge Mall (a less-than-super-cool mall). The San Fernando Valley is not walkable, and isn't densely populated (not "target rich" like NYC). But Sinn… he figured it out. He has stories of picking up girls at Baja Fresh, or whatever. Sinn is awesome – one of my top 10 influences of all time.

So, that is the answer.

For the suburbs: Do 3 sets at the mall (40 min). Then go to some "strip mall" and do 2 more sets there in "Whole Foods" or "Trader Joes" or "Target" or whatever (30 min). And then do 2 more sets at the new "outdoor cluster of small pop-up restaurants" (I know this is a thing in California). You'd eat dinner somewhere in that mix. So it might take 3-4 hours (including dinner), but you'd have 6-8 sets. If you do that 3X a week, with real discipline… you can make something work out (that is about 100 sets a month, min to get good).

And then, on Saturday… do Newport Beach, 5 sets. Or a "farmers market" (3 sets), take a break, have a cup of coffee, then back to the same farmers market, 3 more sets. At that to your 20 sets from the week, and BOOM… you have real volume.

Every time you're thinking about jerking off or playing video games (because you don't have a date)… don't do that shit. Do your list of spots instead. Just doing your list of spots 3X week is developing discipline… disciplined men are good men, and successful men. If you can't be disciplined, you won't earn your place in the list of guys that fuck (at all, or potentially often). This is how it's done.

All of this is infinitely cooler than "swiping and praying." You are in the real world (increasingly rare). You are dominating your environment. Masculine. These kinds of men are more likely to EARN the "right" to fuck.

Do you see what I'm doing here?

Or the mall: 3 sets. Then sit down, have some Chipotle (whatever) for dinner. This is your "reason" to be in the mall

so often (“I come here for lunch/dinner” – because you really do, never lie/fake anything as a man, never). As you eat, read 10 pages of some book… take your time. When you see a girl walk by that you like, approach her (“Here I was, enjoying a hamburger, you walked by… I want to meet this girl. I’m Max. What’s your name?”). That “sniper Game” while you sit, is fun. I like it. All my Game “in the Fish Bowl” (here in Japan) was “sniper Game.” Then, after dinner, back on your feet, 3 more sets, and go home. That’s 6+ sets. You can do that every time you want a quick dinner. 3X per week would be 18 +sets a week… not great, but 100X better than 99% of all men that ever walked the earth.

This is a lot of work. Especially for a beginner (because results are low), but it’s not about “approaches per girl.” In the beginning it really is about turning yourself into a “man of discipline” (and worker harder). It’s really that. And later, it becomes about about “recurring revenue,” when you hook a girl, and she fucks you (because you’re a sold, disciplined man, that works hard = attractive) for 2+ years, every week, over and over (and it’s fabulous, every time). Then the “girls approached to total times in bed” starts to make more sense.

And some dumbass is: “Hahahah, what a loser, you drive all over the city trying to find girls, I am so much cooler than that, IDGAF, blah blah…” But over time, you fuck and he doesn’t. Who is laughing now? This is really how it works.

Last year, I had 3-5 “GFs” all year. 3 of them I had picked up in previous years. So the ones from previous years, I would fuck again and again (my sex Game is on point now). And then, I didn’t need “200 sets a month,” I could do a few here/there, pick up a new girl, add her to the rotation… and the “work to total sex and/or relationship opportunities” started to be really nice.

Everything in life is hard. Everything. Embrace it. Don’t wish it was easier, just get better.

I’m recently really into Grant Cardone as a “work hard” role model (I don’t care what anyone says, I read his book “10X,” his ideas about working hard and “overcoming obscurity” are golden. And I think he influenced RSD with their “massive action” line – which they say all the fucking time.).

He says: We all do some work, but not enough to get results, so it never feels worth it. He says we need to work hard enough to produce results, THEN we think the work was worth it. He is right. That is almost everybody. I got my ass kicked in daygame, for a yr (1000 approaches) before I got laid. But then… I killed it. I did the work… it was “hard.” But I got better. I had a ton of success, year after year (in every city I tried to Game). And eventually, I blew up; I had the best year of my life for girls last year.

Everything is hard. What are YOU going to do to make yourself proud of your efforts? What are YOU doing to go beyond “some average guy that is intimidated by hard things?” How are YOU going to force life to “pay you?” It can be done. Be the kind of guy that does it.

Viva daygame.

‘ Not his real name.