

# 30 Bangs

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# Introduction

The Pareto principle states that 20% of factors contribute to 80% of results, something that I believe applies to pickup as well. The more notches I rack up, the more I notice that a few skills or techniques consistently contribute to my success. While no two bangs are the same, most show remarkable tactical similarities.

This book describes thirty of my early bangs when I was consciously using game every step of the way. I've picked the bangs that vary from each other the most so you won't feel like you're reading shades of the same story. It's my hope that with these case studies you can understand the correct patterns for what it takes to sleep with a lot of women.



# 1: The American Virgin

I was in the game for many months, racking up a lot of numbers and make-outs, but my first game bang eluded me. (I was close with a Filipina girl, but my attempts to get her horny by putting on pornography backfired). The pile of phone numbers I was getting from mostly trance clubs went nowhere. I was ready to try something different.

I met a new guy who was into game as much as I was. While driving around in his car, he would let me listen to his favorite guru, Ross Jeffries. My head was so crammed with different schools of game that I didn't want to pay any more attention to what was out there, so I politely declined when he offered to let me borrow the audio CDs he had paid good money for.

My new wingman told me that swing dancing was an easy way to meet girls. They rarely turn you down when you ask them to dance, he said, and it would be "impossible" not to build strong leads. I was hesitant at first because swing dancing seemed effeminate compared to thumping electronic music, which I preferred at the time, but I was willing to experiment with anything to get my first game bang. He took me to a large ballroom for my first swing dancing experience. It was packed with all white people except for one black guy.

He had some moves and was dancing with girls, occasionally making them laugh. I sat on the sidelines and watched skinny guys with bad style try to bebop to 1920s music, waiting for girls to take a break from dancing so that I could talk to them. At about the time I decided that swing dancing wasn't masculine and that I'd never go to such an event again, I noticed an older woman dancing in a retro black-and-white polka dot dress. I use

the word *older* because I was 22 at the time. She was 26, pasty white, with a sloppy body. She wasn't the type of girl I would pursue today under any circumstances.

I approached her when she took a break, asking if there was a secret to figuring the dance out. She explained it like I was a retard and we chatted for a bit until she asked what I did for a living.

"I'm a hypnotist," I said.

"A hypnotist? Are you serious?"

"Well, kind of. I've read a couple books on it and I can hypnotize people. You seem the type that could easily be hypnotized."

My teasing was strictly amateur hour but she ate it up. After indulging my non-existent dance moves for a few songs, I got her email address. I emailed her two days later and she accepted a date for a weekday. She lived in Annapolis, about an hour's drive from where I lived. I put on my favorite cologne at the time, Drakkar Noir, and showed up a couple minutes early to a bar located around the harbor.

We had a boring conversation about work and family for ninety minutes until it was time to call it a night. At the time I didn't have any real-life experience besides going to college and playing video games, so I mainly went on about the hypnosis books I was reading. With little to say about my life, I used the books for ideas on what to talk about.

She let me give her a peck on the lips and we made tentative plans to hang out the upcoming weekend and watch a movie. On the drive home that night I got so distracted thinking about the date that I hit a barrel cone on the highway with my right side mirror. It flew off and I had to get it replaced for a little over \$100.

The movie date arrived. In her apartment I was introduced to her cockblocking dog, who made me feel like I had to out-game him in order to get the goods. During the movie we snuggled and afterwards had a more proper make-out session. Because we had drunk some wine, I asked if I could crash at her place for a couple hours so I wouldn't have to drive home while intoxicated.



She said yes and we both fell asleep on her bed with our clothes on. I didn't make any attempt to get her naked.

She must've had a sex dream. In the middle of the night she woke up and started making out with me passionately. I started to play with her boobs and then took her shirt off. I tried to unsnap her bra with two hands, but I failed due to my inexperience.

I said, "Uh, a little help, please." She laughed and did it for me. The clothes kept coming off and then next thing I knew we were both naked. I felt pretty good at my chances at this point, but then she threw me a curveball and asked, "Have you had sex before?"

"Uh, yes," I said. "Why?"

"Because I'm a virgin."

"Oh, okay," I said.

"Do you have a condom?"

"Yes, yes I do."

I got the condom and had trouble putting it on until I realized it was backwards. I finally got it on and then after five minutes of trying, I penetrated her vagina. I humped her like a small dog. She didn't make any sounds, telling me to stop before I came.

The next day I met my swing-dancing wingman for lunch. He looked at me and said, "You walked in a little differently."

"Really? How?"

"You have the after sex walk. It's a more confident walk. Your shoulders are more erect and your back is straighter."

"How long is it going to last?"

"About a day or two."

I fucked the virgin one more time after that before she called me to nicely say she didn't want to see me anymore. I think she used me to lose her virginity, but I didn't mind. I couldn't be happier to get my first bang after studying game.

## 2: The Raw Dog

I've previously detailed part of meeting the next girl:

*I went to a wine festival with two female coworkers. I was approaching girls regularly by then, but it was mostly confined to loud clubs. Walking around this farm in Virginia on a 100-degree day, I saw a tall, curvy girl wearing high-heel cork sandals matched with a skimpy outfit. I noticed that the girls were checking her out as much as the guys. I stalked her at that wine festival, fantasizing about her like every other guy. An hour later, I looked to my left and saw her standing under a tent with her back towards me. I walked up to her from behind, touched her upper-back tattoo, and asked, "What does this mean?"*

She was very receptive, surprising since I had essentially stalked her and intruded on her physical space in a non-club setting. Then again, women continue to reward bold moves made by men because of the confidence it displays. In this case, the confidence came after consuming a couple dozen wine samples.

Our conversation was very brief. We talked about basic personal information and her weird tattoo, which was a made-up word that she had invented (drama alert). I told her my birthday was coming up and that I expected a big gift from her.

"I can give you a massage—I'm a massage therapist," she said.

"I would definitely like that. What's your email?"

At that time I was testing out email because I had a lot of

trouble getting girls to call me back on the phone. I ended up getting only emails for a few months until I got sick of that and worked out my phone game for good.

She wrote down her email and I sent a short note a week later, playfully reminding her about my birthday. After a few days she replied with her phone number.

I was nervous as hell when I called her because she was the most beautiful girl I'd met yet, so I delayed until I was slightly intoxicated and already out with friends at a bar. The conversation was fun and light and we agreed to go out on a Saturday night. The fact that she agreed to go out on a first date with me on a weekend should have clued me in that I was getting laid, but I didn't have much experience at the time.

I picked her up in my Honda Civic and we went to an expensive hotel bar a friend had recommended. She was wearing a skimpy blue dress that showed off her slightly oiled legs. The backroom was empty and for the next three hours we flirted, touched, and joked. I felt extremely lucky that I was out with her and even questioned *why* she was out with me.

She wouldn't let me kiss her at the bar. Not at all discouraged, on the walk to my car I asked if she wanted to come by my place for a quick drink. The "quick" part was a total sham since I lived forty-five minutes away in the opposite direction of her city. She agreed. If this happened today, I would have already notched my belt.

Once in the house, she asked for a t-shirt she could wear. She took off her dress and I got down to my boxers. In bed she teased me with a mini-blow job and then we went to sleep. I wasn't aggressive in trying to seal the deal because I was scared she'd be turned off by my horniness, a fatal error that would have cost me the notch if she hadn't taken the initiative the following morning. I didn't understand that girls only get turned off by your attempts to fuck them if they don't already like you.

In the morning I suggested we take a shower together, the only way I knew how to definitely get a girl's clothes off. With one hand I soaped up her body and with the other I rubbed my boner on her vagina. We went back to my room in towels and

she asked if I had a condom.

After sex she complimented my bedroom skill and asked if I'd been with "tons" of women. I didn't want to tell her that I was in fact very inexperienced, so I kept it vague.

"What do you mean by tons?" I said. "I've been with a few girls. Actually I've never had sex without a condom." I said it in passing, not as a scheme to do her raw. A few minutes later she grabbed my dick and put it in. My eyes rolled into the back of my head and my mouth hung open. I was literally drooling on her while moaning in ecstasy. I had never felt such intense pleasure before and decided that I wanted to be her boyfriend so I could experience it forever. I ejaculated all over her back, partially obscuring her tattoo.

After our amazing first date, I went completely beta on her, contacting her too often, showing more affection than she did, and doing romantic things like lighting a million candles in the bedroom, which made sex intolerably sweaty. She let me hit a couple more times before dumping me for good, saying that I was just a rebound.

### 3: The Boy Shorts

For a while I had my eye on a girl who was a frequent poster on an Internet forum I'd read anonymously. She was quite pretty according to the webcam photos she put up. One night she posted her AIM screen name and I wrote it down before she deleted it a few minutes later. (Nearly ten years later I still remember it.) She lived in DC, so I figured it was worth a shot to message her.

"hey what's up," I said.

"hi? who is this."

"i just saw your screen name laying around. you're in d.c. right?"

"yeah i am."

"we probably met at some club then. maybe platinum?"

"platinum ew i never go there."

She was surprisingly receptive even though she knew nothing about me. When she asked for a picture, I sprang into action. Not only did I have three good pictures of myself, but they were all with pretty women. I had learned about social proof, the concept of a man being perceived as having higher value because other girls like him. She complimented my pictures and sent me hers.

For the next month we chatted on and off, genuinely getting to know each other. I'd tell her all the cool bars and clubs I was going to, which in hindsight were definitely not cool. It got to the point where we wondered, "Wait, why haven't we met yet?"

I don't remember what the thinking behind my strategy was, but I insisted she come over to my house to bake a box of fudge brownies. This was in spite of the fact that brownies give me gas. On a Sunday she agreed to take the long drive to my Maryland

suburb. These days I'd play it safe and ask for a normal drink date, but before I knew better I'd just tell girls to come over on first or second dates. Not many girls would do it, but the ones that did were down for sex. I was unwittingly screening out all but the horniest women.

We met for the first time in front of my house and then went inside to start baking the brownies. While they were in the oven, we sat and talked in my living room. She didn't drink because she'd just had an internal organ removed. I had to game sober, the first time I'd been called upon to do so.

I knew that I had to touch her if I wanted to get things into the bedroom, so I offered her a massage, one of my lame vestigial moves left over from college. I insisted she had to give me one, too. We exchanged massages then sat a little closer to each other. I touched her hands and when the talking died down after two hours (and a couple brownies), I asked if she wanted to go upstairs. She said yes.

Once there, I tried to kiss her but our faces didn't align quite right and there was an awkward moment until she said, "Let's try again." Next thing I knew, she was on my bed and clothes were coming off. What was left was her bra and a contraption I'd never seen before called boy shorts. I decided at that point that boy shorts were cute, but unfortunately they never caught on. I never see them in use these days.

I was more aggressive this time around. Once getting her naked, I said, "Can I get a condom?" She said yes and then I sealed the deal. She was the skinniest girl I had banged to date, even a little bony, but I was surprised to find that I actually liked it. It took a few more years until I started consciously going after petite girls (the desire wasn't sated until many years later when I lived in Poland, the land of thin women).

I thought she really liked me because she had sex with me so fast, but she proceeded to flake on me for the next month until I got to see her again. I didn't know that women could separate sex with emotional attachment, but eventually I began to do it myself.

I gave up trying to stay in touch with her because she was

## THE BOY SHORTS

always busy, but three years later we started up again and things got more serious than before. Unfortunately for her, my mentality had changed: I wasn't at all interested in relationships like I was before. Things cooled off, but we remain friends to this day.

## 4: The Coworker

Because my department at work was spread across two buildings, I never got to see coworkers who worked on similar projects. Suddenly there was a big push in the company to cross-train, causing a lot of people to be temporarily moved around. I stayed put, but a very pretty girl (a rare sight in the pharmaceutical industry) was put in the same lab and office as myself. A lot of people say you shouldn't shit where you eat, but I wanted to find out why on my own.

We had a similar sense of humor and exchanged jokes here or there, but there was nothing that told me she was sexually interested. There was no obvious encouragement that pushed me to proceed with the bang. I thought it was possible that she was interested but didn't want to show it when other coworkers were around, so I started noting the times she'd go on break or to lunch, timing it so we'd be alone for a few minutes longer than normal.

After a couple weeks of cross-training, she was permanently moved to my lab. I asked if she wanted to have lunch in the cafeteria and she agreed.

It came out during our first lunch that she was engaged, but it didn't deter me. Assuming that she had a comfortable and stable relationship, I decided on the strategy of highlighting the exciting things I was doing to make it seem like she was "missing out." I'd recap my nights out, as if Washington DC was the best party city in the world. I'd share stories of my Ocean City beach trips like they were something spectacular. She took to it well and we began having lunch every day.



The next step was to move things out of the cafeteria and away from nosy coworkers, who were beginning to gossip, and into a nearby Barnes & Noble. We'd stop by after lunch, grab a stack of magazines and coffee, and sit close to each other. We first started to make physical contact in the form of incidental leg rubbing under the table. At around that point she started acting weird, as if she wanted to tell me something but couldn't. I took it as the green light to get things moving.

One day at lunch I just came out with it: "Do you want to get a drink this weekend?" She said she didn't know what she'd tell the fiancé, so together we constructed a lie that she was going out with friends. By this point we were basically in a relationship. We hung out every day and were developing our own inside jokes that made fun of our company and coworkers. We touched each other more and more, including walking arm-in-arm from our bookstore trips. The sexual tension was growing, although I did a good job of hiding my boners during our lunchtime outings.

On the night of our date we met at a gas station near my house. I told her to follow my car home to drop off hers, but in the process she rear-ended me, causing moderate damage. She said, "Sorry, my mind was somewhere else."

With my mind focused on the bang, I told her not to worry about it. It was the second time my car had been damaged in my quest to get laid. Even though we both had insurance, claiming it would have put her alibi in danger with her fiancé.

We went to my favorite hotel bar where I met some resistance when I tried to go for the kiss. I said something I had already planned: "Look, I don't want to mess up what you have with your fiancé. You keep that, but we can have our own thing, too, and if it doesn't work, you can still fall back on what you have." The ensuing kiss was spectacular because it had been so long in coming.

I took her home, but she only gave me head. It took a subsequent date to seal the deal. We slept together for many months, with things never getting awkward at work because she had to return back to her building.

She got married one week after we stopped having sex. Predictably, she divorced two years later. She has since remarried.

## 5: The Amazonian

I went to the same barber every month for at least a year, long enough that I didn't have to tell him the cut I wanted. Color me surprised one day when he gave me an army buzz cut. That type of cut looks horrible on a guy with a big Turkish face and thick eyebrows like I have. I was repulsed by my appearance in the mirror.

Later, some friends called me to go to a club. I considered staying in to nurse my bad haircut before finally agreeing. I wore a doo-doo green sweater that I had bought at H&M. I didn't feel at all confident and hadn't planned on doing a lot of approaches like I'd usually do.

At the club I started getting into the mood. I realized that the opportunities of that night would only be offered once, whether I was ready or not. It wasn't as if I could go back to the club a month from then and hit on the same girls I was checking out that night. There was absolutely no downside in trying just as hard as I usually did.

Around that time I was having a bit of luck with tall women, prompting a friend to always say, "Tall girls are your niche!" That night there were five tall women huddled in a circle. Their body language said, "Approach us and your balls will be crushed." I took a deep breath and walked toward them, only to chicken out at the last second and make a beeline for the bar. I dabbed my sweaty face, told myself to stop acting like a pussy, and tried again.

I craned my neck partially in their circle and said, "Hey guys! Can I get an opinion on something?" They didn't say yes or no, so I kept going. "Me and my friend are throwing a party soon

and we can't decide on a theme. Do you think we should go with pimps and hoes or professor and naughty schoolgirls?" The club was so loud that only the two nearest me could hear. The others pretended I didn't exist. All signs pointed to a crushing rejection.

I held my breath, waiting for a response. Finally, after ten seconds of silence, one of them looked at me and said, "Pimps and hoes, definitely." A conversation developed after I asked her why. Her face was just okay, but her body was a model of perfection with legs that seemed to go on forever.

I tried to get my friend into the mix, but her girlfriends were so much taller than he was that he felt uncomfortable. I asked my Amazonian girl why they were all so tall.

"We're volleyball players," she replied.

I talked with her for fifteen minutes about partying and boring personal stuff, until she said she wanted to go dance with her friends.

For the rest of the night I tried to talk to other girls, but didn't get anywhere. The lights came on and I saw the Amazonian nearby, trying to gather her friends to leave. I decided to give it one more shot.

"You're still here?" I said. "I thought you left a long time ago."

"We're actually on the way out."

"Well, that's a shame because I wanted to chat a little more. I think you're kind of cool."

"Kind of?"

"Yeah, kind of. I mean I don't know you that well."

She seemed intrigued. While her friends were being worked on by other guys, I tried to tease and touch her more. I had made the mistake earlier of not teasing at all, but now she was eating it up, laughing and playfully hitting me on the shoulder in response to my cocky jabs. I asked for her number and then tried to kiss her, but she turned her head. I had yet to have a one-night stand. It was always phone numbers and email addresses in those early days.

I called her three days later and we agreed on a date. I took her to a café to start then to a nearby hotel bar. We finally did

make out, but I didn't get any farther.

That weekend we had a double date at a club, with my shorter friend running interference on her even taller teammate. At the end of it, my friend drove the teammate home (getting a make-out in the process), while I took mine home under the pretense of eating a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. She said she "loved" peanut butter, but when we got inside she forgot she was hungry and we proceeded to the bedroom, where I sealed the deal. We banged once more after that and then things sort of faded out.

## 6: The Czech Flag

Like almost all other guys who loved trance music in its heyday, I decided that I wanted to be a club DJ. I bought a mixer, headphones, two CD decks, and started practicing an hour a day. After a few months I made a mix CD, told everyone I knew about it, and got a few small gigs in the city. I wasn't that good and didn't have a following besides a couple friends, but I thought being a DJ would help me with the girls. I'm sure it does, but I never got enough consistent gigs at popular venues for it to make a big difference in my sex life.

I went out with a friend one weekday and winged for him while he approached two foreign *au pairs* eating empanadas at an outdoor café. My friend paired up with the Ecuadorian and I with the Polish girl. Numbers were exchanged and eventually I took the Polish girl on a date the day before she had to go back to her sweet country. We fooled around but I didn't get the bang.

Two months later, the Ecuadorian girl came to one of my gigs with a new *au pair* friend from the Czech Republic. She was very petite but with large C-cup breasts. After my DJ set, I went with the girls to another bar.

The Czech girl was extremely cold and barely talked, but I went for her number anyway because I wanted another petite trophy to add to my collection. The Ecuadorian girl knew what was going on and actually helped me out by taking a walk when it came down to get the digits. (I returned the favor a year later when I hooked her up with a friend of mine.)

I took the Czech girl to my favorite café and then to the hotel bar, which was becoming a 1–2 punch in my dating routine. I found that when I took a girl to two places she became comfort-

able with me at a faster pace. The downside was the expense: I was spending about \$80 a date. These days I can take a girl to a dive bar and get much farther for less than \$30, but the 1–2 combo really helped in my early days when I had less-than-perfect game.

That weekend, we went on our second date to the same club I had taken the Amazonian. After some drinking and dancing I took her home under the guise of getting a nightcap. Even with several drinks in her system, she still put up robust resistance to taking any of her clothes off. I slept with a throbbing hard-on, my balls aching in pain.

In the morning I got things going again, taking off her remaining clothes, but she wouldn't let me get a condom. "We're not having sex," she said. But she had no problem rubbing against my dick until we fucked raw. Using a condom would have made the sex planned and her seem more slutty, I suppose.

She started freaking me out about pregnancy since she wasn't on the pill. I called Planned Parenthood and they phoned in a prescription to a nearby pharmacy. I thought about how I needed a smoother way to get the condom on without making the girl feel easy, frustrated that girls would rather have "accidental" unprotected sex than purposeful protected sex. Times have since changed. Now I try to fuck just about every girl raw.

We fucked a couple more times, but I lost interest because she was too cold, never showing an ounce of affection. Thankfully, she's not representative of most Eastern European women.

## 7: The Closet Feminist

I had to put significant effort into every girl I had sex with. I was like the up-and-coming musician who sucked and had no groupies, but soon girls began showing interest without my having to do anything, thanks to continually improving both my look and confidence. I finally got my first easy lay.

There was a house club called Dragonfly that I would visit a couple times a week with friends. I had gotten a lot of make-outs, numbers, and dates from approaching there, but no bangs. One night I was leaning against the bar, doing my thing, when a cute girl gave me a blatant three-second stare capped off with a smile. That had never happened to me before, so I got excited and walked over to say hi. “Either you were looking at me or the white wall behind me,” I said.

“I may have been looking at you,” she said. “What’s your name?”

Because I was so used to getting phone numbers and not going for the gold same night, I settled for puny digits after a short conversation, not even trying for a kiss. I simply wasn’t a closer. One of the reasons was because I had yet to realize how incredibly easy girls really are, and the short amount of time it takes for them to have intimacy with a complete stranger. There’s an expression that goes: “Shoot for the stars and you’ll land on the moon.” By always getting numbers, I was shooting for the building across the street.

Later that night I sent her a text message: “Are you still out?” I didn’t get a response. She answered when I called two days later, apologizing for not replying (she got so drunk that she vomited and passed out). I definitely could have banged the



same night.

I invited her to a barbeque I was having at my house the following weekend. My dad was teaching me how to grill and I wanted to put my skills to the test with a live audience. About ten of my friends came over and we had a good time talking, drinking, and eating tropical chicken burgers with avocado and pineapple. She came in the middle of the party and I introduced her to my friends. They were friendly, making her feel part of the gang. As the busy host I barely had the chance to interact with her, but we made tentative plans to hang out soon.

Another week went by until I finally got her out alone at a Mexican-themed bar known for its margaritas. I filled her in on what had happened at the barbecue after she left (there was an incident with the neighbors and police were called). We settled into a personal chat, since it was technically our first date. After we'd both had two strong margaritas, she told me she lived nearby. I took the hint and asked if she had any alcohol in her house. She did.

At her place she made a couple drinks then I finally went for a kiss on the couch. We were soon going at it and then I said, "Why don't we go upstairs?"

"We can't go upstairs because then I'll have sex with you."

Five minutes passed and I asked again: "So why don't we go upstairs?"

Again she replied, "We can't go upstairs because then I'll have sex with you."

I figured I'd have to try something different if I wanted to get her upstairs. I waited another five minutes, then said, "Why don't we go upstairs, but we *won't* have sex? I just want to cuddle. And I'm being completely serious."

"No, because if I take you upstairs, I'm going to want to have sex with you."

"It doesn't matter, because we're not having sex. It's just that your couch is uncomfortable. I just want to be a little more comfortable."

"Well, okay fine."

True to her word, we had sex upstairs. I spent the night and

she treated me to a Starbucks breakfast the next morning. She wasn't a bad girl, but unbeknownst to me she was a raging feminist and didn't like doggy-style because it was too "impersonal." The problem was that I loved doggy-style, especially pounding it from the back when the girl is on her stomach. We banged once more and then I never called her again.

## 8: The Groupie

The DCBachelor.com blog I had started began to take off. More than 50% of my readers were in Washington DC so it didn't take long to find myself being recognized in public. I wasn't accomplishing much with the site (all I did was share dating tips and complain about feminists), but the impassioned emails and comments from women told me I was angering them. I figured that no girl would want to sleep with me after finding out about my writing, but the opposite turned out to be true. After a couple years, I hit double-digit bangs solely because of my blog.

My first official groupie emailed to complain about the blog's content. I indulged the complaint and then asked her to send me a picture. She looked good so I asked her out for a drink under the pretext of discussing my writing. Because I was a cocky son-of-a-bitch on my blog, I had to play the part by avoiding any displays of interest while remaining aloof.

We started our date at the café with a basic conversation about our backgrounds, where our families were from, whether we liked cats or dogs, and so on. We had plenty to chat about and there were no awkward moments since it was the first time we'd met. She was a recent implant from another state, like most Washington DC residents, and didn't have a lot of friends. She mentioned going to a couple cheesy bars frequented by people who are new to DC and don't know any better (Lucky Bar, Front Page).

She had stumbled onto my blog and it was like a window to a new world for her, not only on the city but also on how local guys acted and approached dating. She was curious about my

game beliefs and made reference to specific posts I had written. At times it almost felt like a media interview, but I didn't mind because it stroked my ego.

After an hour at the café I took her to a new hotel bar I had heard about that had a tavern theme with portraits of former presidents on the walls. My best joke of the night was, "I'm uncomfortable that George Washington is checking out my date."

For most of the night I was cocky, but not in a way that insulted her. Everything I said had an undertone that announced I was simply a man who liked doing his own thing, and that she was lucky I had taken time on a weeknight to give her my company. My most cocky statements were said with a smirk to take the edge off.

I knew her panties were getting wet when she said, "You are incredibly intoxicating," perhaps the best compliment a woman has ever paid me. Then we started making out. To add to my intoxicating effect I'd pull back from the kiss at its height to leave her hanging and reaching for my lips, a trick I learned from *The Raw Dog*. The way I learned how to kiss was actually by stealing moves from girls, so I guess you can say that I kiss like a girl.

My previous bangs had taught me to take more initiative and be more aggressive to get sex as quickly as possible, that I was waiting way too long to move things to the bedroom. I was ready to shoot for the stars.

"How did you get here?" I asked.

"By Metro."

"Oh. Well, how are you getting home?"

"I can just take the Metro back."

"I have a car. I can give you a ride home."

I paid the tab, we walked to my car, and then I drove to her place not more than ten minutes away. I stopped the car in the circular driveway of her large apartment building. Before I could give her a kiss goodnight, I said, "Can I use your bathroom?"

"Uh, no."

"Why not? I really have to go."

“No! You can’t use my bathroom.”

“How about that gas station over there. You think it’s open?”

“I don’t know.”

“Well, fuck, don’t make me go like a dirty animal. How about this: if I can’t find a parking space in one minute, then I’ll go in the bushes.”

After some more urging she agreed and gave me one minute to find a parking spot. I slammed the gas on my Civic, pushing it harder than it’s ever been pushed, and found parking with a few seconds to spare, though I’m pretty sure she would have let me use the bathroom even if I hadn’t. I got upstairs, used the bathroom, and then things moved faster than ever before. I got almost no resistance and banged her rotten.

This bang gave birth to the bathroom line. While I already had lines to build attraction and get numbers, I was starting to build a repertoire for sealing the deal.

## 9: The Resistance

Before I put my name out there on the Internet, I was known as “DC Bachelor,” or DCB for short. At the time I wanted to remain as anonymous as possible because I was scared of my job finding out about my secret lifestyle, though I couldn’t resist attention-whoring a little by putting up a couple photos.

One night I was bar-crawling with two friends, unable to find a place with girls worth talking to. We gave up and camped out in front of a crappy bar, trying to flirt with girls who walked by while deciding whether we were going in or not. It’s then I heard a girl yell, “DCB!” At the entrance of the bar was a cute brunette with a huge smile on her face. After a couple seconds I slowly walked over to her.

“You’re DCB, right? From the blog.”

“Yes, that would be me.” It was the first time I was recognized by a cute girl.

She told me she was going into the bar with her friend and that I should “definitely” join.

I went back to my friends for a huddle. Her friend wasn’t bad, but there was an odd-man out so one guy would have to work the crowd. They didn’t mind that the math was off. After waiting ten minutes (to prevent appearing needy), we paid the \$8 cover and walked into the bar.

She didn’t hesitate in searching me out, still wearing a smile as if I was a famous man. I got a drink and leaned against the bar.

Just like with my previous micro-celebrity bang, the brunette was trying to call me out on the things I had written, whether they were “serious” or not and if I really was sexist and misogyn-

nistic. I didn't want to sell out my writings completely, but I did want her to know that I was a regular guy capable of normal human emotions.

I said, "Well there's at least a bit of truth in everything I write, though I do put a spin on it to push as many buttons as possible."

She was satisfied with that answer. We got to know each other until my hand was permanently attached to the side of her hip.

Unfortunately, her friend had a boyfriend, so my friends ended up running interference so I could have quality time with the groupie. After about thirty minutes I went for a kiss, but she pulled back and smiled. She said, "I don't know if I should be hooking up with you." Most guys in that situation would have started providing arguments on why she should go along with it, but instead I said, "You do what you want. Whatever, it's cool." We kissed five minutes later.

One of my friends dipped while the other stuck around because he was my ride home. I asked if she wanted to come home with me to "have a drink," but she laughed in my face and said no. Then I told her my friend and I could take her home.

Before we got into the car, I secretly instructed my friend to stall and drive in circles to give me more time to change her mind. I told her, "It's still kind of early. Are you going to sleep? I can still hang out."

"I don't know," she said.

"Well how about you come over to my place—just for a drink—and then I'll drive you right back. It'll be like an hour."

It would have been a lot easier if I had tried to go to her house and weasel my way upstairs, but my one-night stand game was weak at the time and I didn't know what I was doing. (I had a couple under my belt by this point but they were with low-quality chicks.) After some more nagging on my part she finally agreed to go to my house. My friend dropped us off at my place in the suburbs.

In my room, we got down to business. After some more kissing, I got all her clothes off except her bra and panties. I ended

up completely naked. Then I tried to remove her panties, but I was denied. Not at all fazed, I tried again a few minutes later, only to be denied again. I tried several more times, but still nothing. I lost count of how many times I tried that night, until I felt too creepy to continue.

When we got up in the morning I tried a couple more times. At that point my balls were in severe pain. I still couldn't get her panties off. They were locked and I didn't have the key. It was a little awkward the entire time because I was naked like a gorilla while she wasn't. I've since learned to keep my boxers on until the girl gets naked first.

We went out a week later. I took her to one of my hotel bars, we had a couple drinks, and then I took her home, where we finally banged. She offered virtually no resistance. We saw each other once or twice after that, and then I told her I just wanted to be friends. She started her own blog not long afterward that took subliminal shots at me.

I never would have thought that I could get rejected so many times but still eventually be rewarded. The reason she didn't see me as a creep was because she was attracted to me (and because I didn't rape her). I had free reign to do whatever I wanted as long as that attraction was there. That's why you can sometimes stick your finger in a girl's anus and she'll politely remove your hand if she doesn't like it instead of bitching you out.



## 10: The Big Ass

It was time for my first social circle bang, the principal way I believe average guys get laid. I've become so used to sleeping with random girls I meet out and about that banging a girl from my small social circle seemed like an impossible task.

One of my lady friends had a friend with a big ass who had heard about me through various channels. Her Friendster pictures showed that she was cute, with an Italian appearance. We exchanged a couple friendly messages but nothing that hinted at what was to come.

We finally met several months later when my friend invited me to pregame at her house before a night out. Big Ass opened the door when I arrived and we exchanged handshakes. She excused herself to the kitchen to work on her pasta dish while I joined the others for a group conversation where we impatiently waited our turn to talk about ourselves. It was during that chat that someone mentioned Big Ass's ex-boyfriend, a Middle Eastern guy. I correctly concluded that she had a thing for men of my type.

We all went to the club where I had a private conversation with her. She was a hyper-educated feminist who thought she knew everything about the world, repeatedly saying things that turned off my wang. I responded with slight jabs like, "Are you always like this?" or "Don't you ever stop?" to let her know I wasn't enjoying the conversation. Instead of feeling slighted, she laughed, which told me she liked me and probably wanted to have intimacy in the near future. I didn't mind the prospect, since her ass was abnormally large and I wanted to hit it from the back.

Eventually, everyone else left, leaving just the two of us. Like an idiot, I suggested to drive her to her friend's house, where she was spending the night. Back then, I'd often regress into dating mode because I thought I had all the time in the world to close the deal instead of staying in rabid wolf mode where I focused on nothing but the lay. It would take another year to completely rid myself of slow close technique.

We made out briefly in my car when we got to her friend's house. She said, "It's obvious that you want me bad." Her masculine attitude all but assured that this would be a pump-and-dump.

A month later, several of us met at the same club. I was wearing a ridiculous puffy vest, as if I was about to go snowboarding. Big Ass complimented it and quickly ditched a beta orbiter who was hoping for a miracle. I remained aloof and mostly silent while she ran her mouth. The more she talked, the less I wanted to have sex with her, but her gigantic ass was begging to be demolished.

After a couple hours of torture, I used the "let's have a drink at my place" line. She was down. My lady friend helped make it happen by disappearing at the right time.

Once in my bedroom, she put in a strong request for me to go down on her.

"I don't go down on women," I said. While true most of the time, it really meant, "I don't go down on *you*."

"Eww," she said, "then we're not having sex."

"Whatever," I replied, rolling over.

We laid in bed, half-naked, until she started touching me. She didn't enforce her ultimatum, because not only did I end up fucking her, but she also sucked my dick.

Over a year later I slept with her again. She paid me a grievous insult, saying that my foreplay was lazy and automaton-like. I decided I'd never give her my dick again as long as I lived, which I've accomplished so far, despite her attempts to fuck me again. Last I heard, she had gotten married to a white guy.

## 11: The Giraffe

There was a Latin-themed lounge I had started to frequent. Even though most of the girls were fat and unsightly, I made plays on the occasional cute girl and got numbers that would wind up in purgatory. After getting a taste of Latina women from a blue-eyed Uruguayan girl I went on a couple dates with (but didn't bang), I made penetrating my first Latina a high priority.

I was at the lounge one weekday night with a big group of friends when I noticed a tall girl with a slender neck and oval face. If she ever reincarnates as an animal it would be as a giraffe. Since tall girls were my niche, I prepared to launch an attack.

She was with one other girl and two guys. During those days, Mystery and his *group theory* style were top dog in the pickup scene. His strategy depended on approaching big groups, entertaining them with stories or magic tricks, and methodically ignoring or teasing the target until her attraction was obvious. That sounded good on paper, but I found it difficult to hold court with large audiences.

I started to develop my own style based on what I called *snake theory*. I'd wait in the grass, hidden, until a girl left her group to go to the bar or bathroom. I'd then approach her when she was alone. If all went well, I'd never have to deal with her group, saving me a lot of work and wizardry. I found that the bigger the group, the more likely there'd be at least one person who would hate my guts for some reason and cockblock me, ending my attempt.

I kept an eye on Giraffe throughout the night while leaning against the bar. After about twenty minutes, she moved to within

talking distance of me. I said, "Let me guess, you're from Argentina."

She laughed. "Nope. Guess again."

"Bolivia!"

"Eww, no."

"Mexico! Panama! Venezuela!"

She kept me guessing for a while, which helped keep the conversation going. We got into a fun little chat until her friend came out of nowhere and killed the energy. Giraffe smiled and said, "Nice talking to you," then went back to her group. All I had was her name.

I kept an eye on her for the rest of the night and caught her peeping at me a couple of times. I was tempted to go over and talk to her group, but I felt that going from talking one-on-one to dealing with her three friends would be a giant step backwards.

I worked on other girls with no success. Finally, toward the end of the night I had another opportunity when we crossed paths near the bathroom.

I said, "Hey, I thought you left. Well I have to go now, but let me get your number."

"I have a boyfriend," she said.

"That's fine he'll give you something to do when I'm not around."

She let out a hearty laugh. It was one of my best canned responses to when a girl dropped the boyfriend business.

After another minute of banter, I walked away with a measly email address, something I had long since given up on. I wasn't at all pleased at the turn of events with a girl I was sure was attracted to me.

We proceeded to email for two weeks. She turned me down twice when I asked to hang out for a drink, saying she didn't know me well enough and doesn't normally meet guys in clubs. I knew she was at least curious because she kept replying, so after a brief cooling-off period, during which I didn't respond for a few days (I wanted her to feel potential loss), I pushed again for a drink, logically explaining that it would be ten times faster and easier to get to know each other in person than by email. It was a

dangerous move to use logic on a female, but she finally agreed.

I gave her the usual date routine: café then hotel bar. The café was for talking about boring stuff like jobs and family so she'd feel like she was getting to know me, while the hotel bar was for touching, heavier flirting, and hopefully, kissing.

It turned out I was the first American guy she'd ever gone out with (she had recently immigrated and had only made friends with her countrymen). At the hotel she was mostly passive, not saying or doing much, but she let me touch her and sit close. Finally I went for a kiss and she accepted. Her lips were especially large and soft. I walked her to the subway station after the bar closed.

Our next date was at my house, where I cooked a boring meal of spaghetti with ground turkey. I got her on my twin-sized bed but she refused to take off a single article of clothing, leaving rather early. I figured that banging her would take forever.

I was wrong.

For our third date I did it classy. I took her to an expensive house club and put on a blazer with a collared shirt. At the club we found a sturdy column against the dance floor and made out like animals. I teased her incessantly, withdrawing from kisses and also going in close, then pulling back. Other times I'd pin her against the wall and make sure she felt my veiny monster pressing against her crotch. After several drinks (and a large tab), we were both buzzing and extremely horny. Since I had picked her up from her house, I also had to drive her back, a 100% premeditated move.

When we arrived at her house I asked to use the bathroom. "It must've been all those drinks," I said. Within fifteen minutes, I was having the best sex I had ever had.

I dated Giraffe on and off over the next year. She was a dirty girl who loved getting pounded, but was a lady out of the bedroom, even cooking cuisine for me from her country. When I found out she had gotten married, I wondered if I should have held on to her.

## 12: The Future Doctor

On Sunday afternoons I began a new routine: huffing it all the way to DC to hang at trendy coffee shops with overpriced drinks and cakes. I wanted to feel hip and cool instead of going to a Starbucks in the suburbs.

I was surfing the Internet in one of these coffee shops, sipping on a latte with extra foam. Next to my table a girl cracked open a huge book and began studying. On my way to the bathroom I glanced at the page she was on and saw diagrams of cells and molecules. In college I had majored in microbiology.

I had little success approaching during the day, so I psyched myself out of talking to her by telling myself she didn't want to be disturbed. I started sweating. Finally, I said fuck it and opened my mouth.

"What are you studying? It looks familiar."

"It's biology."

"Oh, cool. I majored in microbiology a while ago. Are you in school?"

"Yeah, undergrad. I want to go to med school."

"Cool. Yeah, I knew I recognized that picture. I was hoping to never see that again, actually."

I told her that I was a microbiologist and described the projects I was working on and what diseases my team at work hoped to cure. The conversation was easy and natural because we had something in common (at one point she was interviewing me as if I was her career counselor). It was the first time I could remember that a girl was genuinely interested in my job.

While she talked about her life goals, I stole some looks at her body. She could've lost a couple pounds, but it was mostly

agreeable, so I decided to pursue it full force.

After ten minutes, the peak of our conversation passed and the silences got a little longer. I felt that my best bet was to get the digits and leave. Even though I wanted to stay and work a little more, I began packing up my things. Then I said, “Hey, I gotta run, but it was real nice talking to you. How about we continue the conversation another time?” She gave me her number and I went to a Starbucks two blocks away.

I called her a couple days later. It took her a whole day to call back. I hadn’t flirted with her much in the coffee shop, so the vibe was decidedly friendly on the phone. I told her about this “cool bar” I knew of near her. She agreed to meet me on a weekday.

I picked her up in my car and then gave her the café and hotel bar routine. After the café, I was beginning to run out of things to say because we had gone over so much personal chat when we initially met. My conversation game wasn’t tight so I usually needed major assistance from the girl after a couple of hours.

At the hotel bar, in between her telling me silly things such as, “My childhood was harder than most other people,” I wrapped my arm around her back. She didn’t resist. Then I did a fake palm read (one of my new moves) and began drawing random patterns around her knee with my finger. I felt that the act of touching was taking the interaction from a basic friendship to something more, that it alone was building the attraction. During a long silence, I made my move and we kissed.

I didn’t use the bathroom line when I took her home. It felt too early. In hindsight, I should have used it anyway because I noticed that the farther I got on any date meant the less work I’d have to do on the next one.

I took her to my house club when we went out again a few days later on a weekend. We stayed there and drank for a few hours, kissing and dancing. I eventually drove her home, and that time I definitely had to use the bathroom. We sat in her living room and she brought out a photo album of when she was little. That made things strange while I was fucking her because the image of her as a little girl kept trying to enter my mind. The sex

was incredibly bad, but her vagina was tighter than a man's anus. She wanted me to go down on her, but I politely declined.

After sex, she later made a comment that she liked "skinny, tall guys."



## 13: The Artist

I received a random email saying that a local newspaper was throwing a party at a bar with free appetizers and complimentary samples of a new brand of vodka. I got there with my wingman, but we arrived late, missing the free food and drinks. With nowhere else to go, we decided to stay.

My eye caught a half-Asian girl sitting at a table with a chubby girl. Not long after, she walked up to the bar to order a drink. I decided to order one at the same time. While we were both trying to get the bartender's attention, I looked at her and said, "I bet I'll get served before you."

"No way, I'm a girl. He'll see me first."

"Yeah, but I'm taller than you."

We playfully jockeyed for position and I got served first. "That's bullshit!" she said, smiling.

"I should've bet you a drink or something. I knew I was going to win," I replied.

I kept up the playful vibe after she got her drink and she invited me to her table. I told her I'd be there in a minute after getting my friend. We waited at least five minutes.

Her friend was barely bangable, but since there weren't many options, my friend made a play for her while I continued bantering with my girl. We sat close enough so our legs were touching under the table, and in short time I placed my hand on top of her knee. I knew I was getting at least a kiss out of the interaction because she maintained strong eye contact with me during silences.

Since I had taken the subway to the bar, I had to think about leaving if I didn't want to miss the last train at midnight. She

agreed to let me walk her home before catching the train, but leaving took forever. By the time we got to her place, it was already midnight. I was stressing about how I was going to get home, but then realized that I could turn the crisis into an opportunity.

I said, “Hey, can I crash on your couch for a few hours until the Metro opens? I missed the train.”

“Hmm, I don’t know.”

“Okay, well, can I borrow sixty bucks to take a cab home? I don’t have any cash.”

She thought for what seemed like forever before saying, “Okay, fine. You can stay, but *we’re not sleeping together.*”

“Chill out. I don’t want to sleep with you anyway,” I said with a smile. She playfully hit me on the chest.

Once inside her house, she gave me the tour and made Nutella sandwiches. While eating, I commented that her couch looked totally unsuitable for sleeping. She rolled her eyes, grabbed my hand, and escorted me to her room.

“I don’t sleep in my jeans, though,” I said.

I took everything off except for my boxers while she slipped into a granny nightie. We started kissing and after ten minutes I took off her remaining clothing, even as she kept repeating, “We’re not having sex!”

I had come up with a new line to get the condom and was ready to put it into action. I said, “Hey, let me get something, just in case.” I reached into my jeans pocket and pulled out a condom. I tore open the packaging with my teeth like an angry bear.

While putting the condom on my dick, she said, “No, I don’t think so. We’re not having sex.”

“Just for rubbing. I want to be completely safe. We won’t have sex.”

“Alright, fine.”

Of course, rubbing turned into fucking. She was quite a wild-cat in bed, perhaps due to her artistic background. It was my first one-night stand on a weekday, and taught me that regardless of the night, anything is possible as long as I kept aiming for the

bang.

## 14: The Flip-Flops

On a weekend night I went with a friend to a little club that played mostly hip-hop. The crowd was on the young side. We picked a good spot by the hallway where a lot of girls were walking by. Most of them were dressed sloppily, wearing cheap summer dresses and flip-flops, putting as little effort into their appearance as possible. That trend was beginning to anger me.

Soon afterwards, I saw two girls standing nearby, both wearing flip-flops. I went in with my “let me guess” opener, guessing that they were from Italy. I wasn’t far off since they were sisters with distant Italian ancestry.

I played the clown for a bit, entertaining them and getting cheap laughs until my friend came in and occupied the younger sister so I could go for older one. On her petite frame she wore a jean skirt and tight red top. The sister eventually ditched my friend to join other girlfriends. I hit the dance floor with my girl.

The hip-hop proved helpful in allowing me to rub against her body in an erotic way. My friend was lingering close by, dancing with random girls. After a couple songs, the girl looked at me and said, “I know about your blog.”

My mouth fell open as I tapped my friend on the shoulder and said, “Bro, she knows about the blog.”

“Oh shit!” he said.

I give her a look of confusion and embarrassment, but she said, “No, it’s okay. I like it. I debated whether or not I should tell you. I obviously shouldn’t have.” I was glad she did, because it gave us a lot more to talk about.

From then on, it was gravy and I really didn’t have to do much to hold her attention. We started kissing about an hour

after meeting with my hands squeezing her bubbly ass. I gave my friend a grin and a nod that told him I might have to make an early exit.

Then I fucked it up.

While we were hanging outside on the patio, we got into a conversation about dating and the DC scene. I said, "I don't take girls I have one-night stands with seriously."

"Oh, okay," she said. "I'm definitely not sleeping with you tonight then."

I tried to backtrack, but it was too late. In one stupid moment of truthfulness, I had cost myself a guaranteed bang. I considered feeding her more drinks so she'd forget, but she was already drunk and I didn't want her to puke on me.

We continued to dance and talk until it was almost time for the club to close. She walked out, looking for a taxi, and I followed. When the taxi came, I hopped in with her like a stray dog. She didn't object to my going with her, but she reiterated, "We're *definitely* not having sex tonight."

"Who said I wanted to have sex?" I said. Once I got her in bed, I was confident that she'd succumb to my passionate kisses and tender embraces. I turned my foreplay game up a notch, even considering going down on her.

Unfortunately, she did not succumb and made comments about my earlier mistake. I woke up with balls the size of grapefruit and took the subway home, cursing myself for being such a fucking idiot.

I called her a couple days later and took her out on a proper date. She showed up in flip-flops. I had been skipping the café and going straight to the hotel bar because I found that my game was tight enough to no longer need the double venue technique. It was only when my game weakened in foreign countries that I resumed using that move again.

After a few drinks and some typical date conversation, I offered to escort her home by saying, "DC is kind of dangerous, so I think I should walk you home."

"No, that's okay," she said. "You don't have to."

"But I really should," I insisted.

“Alright, fine.”

She didn't resist that time around and I notched another groupie bang. She also made a comment that she hadn't had sex in a while.

## 15: The Brazilian Flag

I quit my microbiologist job and took a trip to South America in search of exotic women and a better life. Things were more difficult than I had expected, but I did get lucky with an amazing girl while out with my Australian friend, Luke. The following bang is excerpted from *A Dead Bat In Paraguay*, the book I wrote chronicling the trip.

Luke and I settled on the *strategy of ten*, where we'd each do at least ten approaches before going home. I did that in Córdoba to help force myself to talk to girls until I eased into a natural talkative state. On this night I made it to two.

I saw a petite girl leaning alone against a wall. She wore a black cocktail dress that started right above her breasts and ended at the meatiest part of her thighs. Further down she had on four-inch black high heels that revealed freshly painted toenails. Her eyes were gigantic globes that moved slowly, deliberately, and she had a satisfied, unaffected smirk on her face as she twirled a small plastic straw in her *caipirinha*. Even though her skin only had a hint of tan, her body language and dark hair and eyes made it obvious that she was Brazilian. I took a gulp of my beer and slid next to her, stopping three feet away.

"Let me guess, you're from Brazil," I said.

"Yes, I am from Brazil."

"I'm really good at guessing where people are from. There are so many countries I could have guessed, you know, but I felt a very strong Brazilian vibe." Her smile showed she understood my sarcasm. It's hard for people to pick up sarcasm in a second language unless they know it well.

“Where are you from?” she asked, still mixing her drink.

“United States. I’m a *gringo*.”

“Why are you in Brazil?”

“Well, it’s part of a trip that started in Ecuador, traveling around trying to find the meaning of life and what-not. The master plan was to visit every country in South America, but I think I’m done with that and am just going to hang out in Rio because it’s a nice place and I’m addicted to *açaí*.”

“You’ve probably seen more of South America than I have.”

“I’ve seen more of South America than I have my own country.”

I went on a little spiel about the countries I had visited and she seemed interested, but I wasn’t sure because she looked at her drink as much as me. A part of me thought she was killing time until her boyfriend arrived.

“What’s your zodiac sign?” she asked.

“Zodiac?” I replied. “What’s—oh, astrology. I’m a Gemini.” The only reason a girl would ask this is to see if the alignment of the stars would allow a relationship to proceed. (It unnerves me when a man asks my sign.)

“That’s interesting.”

“Why is that interesting?”

“Geminis have two personalities, the good and the bad, and they’re often fighting with each other.” She gave me a squinty stare, as if trying to analyze my being.

“Yeah, that’s true. My dark side is pretty... dark. I keep it locked up because I want to fit into society and be normal.”

“I like you,” she said, holding eye contact. I was taken aback and didn’t know how to respond. It had only been a few minutes since we started talking. After five long seconds, I responded. “I think you’re cool.”

I was quickly disgusted at myself for not being able to match her affections properly. We exchanged names and gave each other a stiff American handshake. Her name: Mariana. She told me she worked as a stage actress.

A little later she said she had to use the bathroom. Nightmare visions of all the previous girls who hadn’t returned filled my



head—girls who couldn't possibly have shown more interest in me short of stroking my junk in front of everybody. I assumed Mariana wasn't coming back, so I didn't get my hopes up. I was tired of disappointment.

By then, Luke's friends and other gringos from hostels around the city had arrived by the vanload and turned the party into a dick fest. Luke wasn't having much luck and seemed to give up well before number ten. I told him to keep pushing, but there was no motivation—he had a 16-year-old begging him for sex and a girl from Lord Jim's wanted another hotel rendezvous.

She came back.

We hit the small dance floor and gradually the distance between us narrowed. I'd get close and—while she wouldn't turn her head away completely—she'd move back enough to make it difficult to kiss her. She smiled every time to tell me she was in control. She gyrated her body in a way that only a girl who knows samba can, her large ass bouncing and rotating in spellbinding patterns.

I leaned against a wall with my legs spread partially apart to be closer to her short height. I wrapped my arms around her and breathed in her scent, a mix of floral perfume and sweat. The room was hot and humid. I bent down to kiss her cheek, and then, unable to help myself, I grabbed her head with my hands and held it in place to kiss her on the lips, lightly. She kissed back and for a moment only our lips touched, barely rubbing against each other. She put her head down and kissed my neck, coming up to my ear, and I opened my eyes and watched the dance floor, the people moving to house music. My eyes closed again and I explored her body with my hands. I moved my head back down to kiss her on the lips, this time rougher. I grabbed her forearms and pulled her in close so that our bodies were pressed against each other, and then she pulled away and started dancing, and all I could do was lean there against the wall, dazed, my head hanging off to the side. On and off throughout the night she'd come back close to kiss and touch, and I had trouble playing it cool, concealing my interest. I was ready to give anything to have her.

Earlier in the night I had talked to a tall girl for some time but she had ditched me to dance with a friend. Now she was staring at me. I felt uncomfortable, even bad for her, as if Mariana and I were having sex and she was an uninvited guest I had discovered in the closet. I wondered if she wished it was her instead of Mariana.

At some point Mariana told me she had her own studio apartment, the first girl I met in South America who didn't live with her family. I drooled at the possibility of sex in a place where I wasn't being charged by the hour, only for it to end with a gruff voice on the other end of the telephone line telling me to zip my pants and get the fuck out. My first attempt to get her home didn't generate the response I was hoping for.

I said, "Let's go," my deal-sealer.

She responded with "Where?"

I'd never gotten that answer, so I just stood there twiddling my thumbs, confused.

I waited another hour, until I was about ready to explode. If she wasn't having it, I'd have to go back to the hostel toilet with mental images of her body and take care of myself.

"Let's go."

"Okay."

Turns out she had come with two other friends who didn't mind at all that I was leaving with her. We got into a cab and when I was about to tell her that I wanted to make sure she got home safe, she asked if I wanted to spend the night with her.

Her studio apartment was in Flamengo, a dicey area of town near Copacabana. Her room was cozy and simple with very little decoration or furniture, just a desk and a shelf packed with books and antique-looking bottles filled with natural herbs and remedies. Stuck in the frame of a mirror near her bed was an Indian-looking man with a gigantic afro. He was a guru, she said, a master of alternative medicine. There were also a couple old photos of her before she had chopped off her hair, a symbolic shedding of a recent failed relationship. I was the rebound guy—her black dress was the bait. I moved aside the eight pillows on her bed and laid down while she dimmed the lights.

## THE BRAZILIAN FLAG

“Am I moving too fast for you?” she asked.

*God no!*

“No, I’m fine,” I said, raising my eyebrows.

I needed to have her body on top of mine, vibrating in a way I had never experienced or thought possible. I took off her clothes. Her body and face were perfect. I’ve never been with a more beautiful girl.

## 16: The Clown Lips

With extensive travel under my belt, I noticed that women were asking me personal questions sooner than before. I was becoming more interesting in their eyes, in spite of the fact that I had moved into my dad's basement and didn't have a job. I was having sex with girls fast enough that they didn't even know my living situation until after I had given them my meat.

One night I went to a bar with a large group of friends and caught sight of a pasty white girl with blonde hair and bright red lipstick. "She has clown lips," one of my friends said. It made her stand out, but I can't say it improved her appearance.

Later that night, I saw her roaming around alone as if she was on the prowl. From the corner of my eye I swore she took a peep at me, but I wasn't sure and did nothing about it. More time passed, until I was returning from the bathroom and saw her walking towards me.

I got in her way and said, "Hi, your lips are very red."

"Is that a compliment?" she said.

"Sure, it creates a striking contrast with your complexion."

I said it was a "retro pin-up" look. She took well to my tongue-in-cheek statements and asked who I was with. I introduced her to my friends and then she bought me a beer.

"What do you do?" she asked.

"Right now? Nothing."

"So what do you do for money?"

"I have some money."

"So you're rich?"

"Yeah, sure, you can say that," I said, then smiled, as if saying, "I'm definitely not rich, I live with my dad, and if you

hadn't bought me this drink, I probably would have stolen that guy's drink over there."

In the middle of our banter, two girls approached me and said, "Are you Roosh?" They were fans of my blog. I should've been angry at them for cockblocking, but I'm a sucker for local celebrity attention.

One of the girls said, "We want you to meet our friend. She hates your blog so this should be a lot of fun."

"Alright, fine," I said. Clown Lips had walked away without saying anything.

I met their friend, but instead of being a hater, she showed heavy interest. We talked about my writing for a few minutes, then I turned around and saw Clown Lips staring at us from across the bar.

"Sweet, a love triangle," I thought. I excused myself from the groupie and explained to Clown Lips that the new girl was just a friend. "I got distracted by those girls and you just disappeared," I said. "I looked around, but didn't see you."

"I went to go find my friend downstairs," Clown Lips said.

"Well, I was just about to show you the Turkish kiss. I wanted to teach you some culture."

"What's the Turkish kiss?"

"In Argentina, there's just one cheek kiss when you meet someone. In Turkey, there are three kisses. Let me show you." I kissed her right cheek, kissed her left cheek, and with just a split-second pause, I went for glory and kissed her on the lips. She didn't resist. We went at it just a few feet away from the groupie.

"That was bold," she said.

"I try."

She told me she was leaving. I settled for her number because I wanted to work on the groupie some more, who I also ended up kissing.

The first time I called Clown Lips was two days later. I left a voicemail and she returned my call almost instantly. We agreed to meet for drinks one day before she was leaving to Los Angeles on a two-week business trip. I took her to a Cuban bar.

At the beginning of our date the conversation lingered on

work and family. I went on about what I used to do and how I was working on a memoir about my trip to South America. She had acted before moving into television production, so she appreciated my starving artist lifestyle. Things loosened up after a couple drinks and we moved next to each other to touch and kiss. I kept the kisses short because I wanted to leave her wanting more.

After we were done drinking, I paid the tab and suggested walking her to her home nearby. "I want to make sure you get home safe," I said. She agreed and we walked to her front door, which was actually her friend's front door (she was house-sitting for the week). She asked if I wanted to come in, sparing me the bathroom line.

On her friend's bed, I met a surprising amount of resistance. She kept telling me that it was only our first date, that she didn't normally move that fast, that she didn't know me, and other similar statements I'd heard a thousand times before.

"No problem," I told her. "We can move as slow as you want. I want you to be comfortable."

After a few minutes I'd start again and get just a bit farther until she again told me to stop. That was repeated at least ten times over the course of two hours, until we were finally both naked and I banged her.

I must've had a lot of pent-up rage, because afterward she said, "I can feel the shockwaves of your penis still inside me. There, I just felt it again."

Not ten minutes after I was out of her house did she call me to say that she had a great time. She texted me again before her flight with similar thoughts, so you could have colored me surprised when she came back two weeks later and wasn't at all interested in making plans. Things always seem to get fucked up when a girl goes out of town for a while.

## 17: The Vegas Slut

I went with a friend to Las Vegas for my first visit to the city. He had a relative we could stay with so we planned a weeklong visit, an obvious mistake to anyone who has been there. Besides drinking and gambling, there's nothing else to do.

Going on a weekend holiday was dumb because the lines to every club, even the crappy ones, were long and frustrating. Since we weren't willing to buy bottle service or pay bribes to bouncers, we ended up spending most of our nights at the Hard Rock Casino's circle bar, located right in the middle of the gaming floor. The turnover was fast so all we had to do was wait fifteen minutes for new meat to arrive if we didn't like the current cuts on display.

I began experimenting with a new line: "Have you ever slept on a Persian rug?" They would say no and then I'd partially lift my shirt to reveal my stomach hair. Finally I'd say, "Now's your chance." While it got hearty laughs, it didn't lead to sex. Maybe it was too self-deprecating.

In the middle of our trip I was feeling down from losing several hundred dollars at blackjack, but kept going to the circle bar with my friend. On a slow night I saw a tall, husky girl with a beret drinking alone at the bar.

"Did you lose your savings in blackjack, too?" I said. She laughed and then told me she was a local, out for a few drinks. A couple thoughts went off in my head. First, as a local she probably had a bed. Second, she must have been extremely horny if she was an American girl out alone since it was a rare occurrence in the culture.

We sat at the bar and began the most painful conversation of

my life. Absolutely nothing she said had any meaning or substance. All I could do was nod and say, "Oh, cool" to keep it going. It was incredible how little I had to talk, though she occasionally asked questions to learn about me (or to make sure I was still awake). After an hour of torture, my brain shut down and I drifted off into dreamland. I questioned my intention to have sex with her, but I knew the pain would soon end and be relieved by mediocre sexual pleasure. My friend was whispering in my ear to "go for the notch."

It was during that time that I noticed she wasn't very attractive. I was definitely more handsome than she was pretty, but I stuck around because of my friend's encouragement and because I had been led to believe that I was a loser if I didn't get laid in Vegas. So I kept drinking, almost to the point of stupor, and then asked, "How did you get here?"

"I have a car."

"Do you have food in your house? I'm starving."

"Hmm, not really."

"How about peanut butter?"

"Yeah, I have peanut butter," she said.

"Alright, let's get out of here then."

She agreed and off we went.

At her house, she showed me a Jiffy peanut butter jar. I told her that brand sucked and I'd rather not eat at all if that was all she had. We went to her room and it took about ten minutes to commence the pounding. We fell asleep but in the middle of the night I got horny again and poked her awake to fuck once more.

In the morning I got up with a horrible headache and took a look at the specimen next to me. I instantly experienced a large drop in self-esteem. She went to hop in the shower. As soon as I heard the water running, I put on my clothes and left.

I had trouble finding the exit to her gated complex so I ended up scaling a concrete wall. Unsure of where I was, I went to the nearest store, a Sam's Club, and asked for the phone number to a taxi. They gave me a dirty look like they were about to call the police, so I left and roamed around various suburban streets like a confused cow until I regained my bearings by studying the



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skyline. I got on a street that seemed to head downtown and then took a bus back home.

## 18: The Snooper

I was on a Brazilian kick. My experience with them had been so positive that I decided they brought me more happiness than American girls. In Washington DC I started hunting for bars where Brazilians hung out, eventually finding one with a samba night on Tuesdays. I convinced a friend to go with me.

The party had several Brazilian girls who had the trademark long hair, light brown skin, high heels, and mesmerizing dance moves. I had warm thoughts about my time in Rio while sipping on a caipirinha.

I filled my friend in on the benefits of dating Brazilian women—their sensual vibe, their unique beauty, and most importantly, their willingness to please men. In the middle of my monologue, two Brazilian girls walked in and sat to our right. They were both cute but, like the caipirinha I was drinking, they weren't as good as what you can get in the motherland.

After a few minutes I turned toward the girls and said, "Let me guess, you guys are from... Brazil."

"Yes, we are."

"It was really hard to guess," I joked. They laughed and I went on about how I had recently returned from Rio. I told them about my experiences there, said a few words in Portuguese, and then asked if they were living in DC or just traveling through. It turned out that they were *au pairs*.

I pulled my friend into the mix by saying I was educating him on Brazilian culture. I took one girl and he took the other. I teased mine about her dancing skills, wondering if she was really Brazilian or not. She proceeded to show me that she was indeed very Brazilian, with rapid-fire samba moves that would probably

injure a Western woman.

The bar got packed and the girls ran into several people they knew. Sometimes they introduced us and sometimes they didn't. My friend and I remained cool, talking to each other when the girls were off with friends. They danced for a while and mingled with the crowd, but my girl would always come back and check on me, as if to make sure I was enjoying myself. A couple times she tried to pull me to the dance floor, but because I didn't know how to samba, I politely declined. I didn't want to appear totally lame, so I stressed that I could dance to gringo music like house or hip-hop.

It was a weekday and the girls couldn't stay out late (they had to wake up early to take care of the white children). My girl had a car so she dropped me off at the subway station. I couldn't go for the kiss in front of her friend, so I settled for the number instead.

We played the text messaging game for a week until I finally got her out to a local art festival. She rolled up looking very sexy in a short skirt and high cork heels. The ensuing conversation of American versus Brazilian culture was fun and easy. Our first kiss didn't take long to happen.

At the end of the date, she offered to drive me home and I accepted, since I planned to weasel her into my place (technically my dad's place). Unfortunately, she wasn't having that and refused to come in, despite my borderline begging.

After four dates I still hadn't banged her. I was running out of pre-bang date ideas and ready to pull out the movie date from my younger days. The problem was that she wouldn't go into a bedroom with me. Short of drugging her and wheeling her in on some type of cart, I didn't know how to proceed. I knew she liked me and sex was on her mind, but I didn't like the idea that I was basically getting into a relationship with a girl whose vagina I hadn't yet violated.

The fifth date was the charm. She came in after I told her how badly I wanted to cuddle with her. Sex happened almost immediately. She was on her period, but I banged it raw anyway.

On the next date I woke up the morning after to find her going

through my wallet and cell phone. I used that as a pretext to break up with her even though the real reason was that she wasn't very good in bed.

## 19: The Persian

For many months I kept in touch with the groupie I had met on the same night as Clown Lips. We became Facebook friends, but she was always out of town or ill with mono. There's a window of opportunity with every girl and once that passes it becomes impossible to bang. I figured that was the case with her.

Then something happened. I don't know if she was feeling especially horny or had gotten dumped by a guy who'd been fucking her, but she messaged me on Facebook asking what I was up to during the week. I asked her out for a drink and she accepted, more than three months after we had first met.

We had already kissed, but I didn't know what to expect on the date. I showed up late due to missing the bus and she was already halfway done with her first drink. She didn't seem at all annoyed and we proceeded to catch up on life, mostly about me and my blog (I asked her some personal questions so I wouldn't seem completely egotistical). We also made fun of Persian people, since we both had Iranian ancestry.

We sat facing each other on bar stools and it didn't take long for our legs to interlock. I rested my hands on her knees. A couple drinks later, I started fantasizing about taking her to bed, so I developed a strong boner that reached her leg. For a moment I felt insecure, thinking that I should hide the boner lest my horniness be mistaken for weakness, but I said fuck it and let the cat remain out of the bag.

Her response was one of pleasant surprise. She began rubbing my boner through my jeans, asking, "Ooh, what is this?" I feigned ignorance by shrugging my shoulders as if the matter was out of my control, but I'm sure she was wondering why I

was so aroused even when we hadn't been kissing. I had been eating a lot of watermelon and wondered if it was acting as a mild aphrodisiac.

The kissing came soon after the boner discovery, causing it to throb even harder. I asked if she wanted to leave and she said yes, even though we hadn't talked about where to go.

Outside the bar, she announced she was going to take a taxi home. I suggested escorting her home to make sure she got there safe, but it didn't work. She laughed and said, "I read your blog, remember?"

I decided to move to Plan B and follow her into the cab without her permission, but she was too quick for me and escaped into the darkness. I was disappointed not to get anything after receiving a partial hand job at the bar. It felt as if I lost a contest that had been fixed in my favor.

Over the next week, flirty texts were exchanged in which my boner was mentioned a couple of times. For our second date I had a plan: I'd miss the Metro on purpose so she'd have no choice but to take me home. We went to two bars, drank heartily, made out sloppily, and then a little before midnight I said, "Oh, damn. I missed the last train. I hate when that happens."

"So what are you going to do?" she said.

"Hmm, I don't know. Do you have \$60 I can borrow to take a cab home? Or if you have a comfortable couch, I could crash there for a few hours until the Metro starts up again. I think it opens at five in the morning."

"Yeah, you can crash at my place."

She offered no objection to my scheme, though I'm pretty sure she knew my excuse was bullshit because I could make out a little smirk on her face.

We took a cab to her place. I sat on her couch and complained about how "uncomfortable" it was. She then offered to let me sleep on her bed. In her room, we got down to business rapidly and she proved to be quite the Persian tiger. After I had ejaculated, she made a comment about the couch being ready for me. Apparently she wanted me to leave her bed, but I stayed because I didn't want her roommates to call the police after catching

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sight of a strange hairy man on the couch. She later made it up to me by giving me an incredible blowjob that still ranks in the all-time top three as of this writing. We saw each other a couple more times after that.

## 20: The Freckles

The hipster subculture was becoming mainstream. I made fun of it every chance I got, but I couldn't deny that I had elements of the style: plaid shirts, beard, shaggy haircut, and a generally unkempt appearance. While I wasn't frail like most hipster dudes, I found that it was all too easy to visit a hipster bar and fit right in. I started leveraging my pseudo-hipsterness to slay hipster pussy.

There was one bar in the city that turned into a lively club on the weekend. Every other guy there wore a plaid shirt, had a beard, and sported a floppy haircut. I wondered if it was a good idea to game in a place where the guys looked similar to me. I eventually concluded that it was, because if the market didn't support guys with that appearance, it wouldn't exist. The lumberjack look was being rewarded with female attention and sex.

I went with two friends on a weekend night, looking like a fine lumberjerk. I headed straight for the bar to order a Johnnie Walker Black on the rocks, my new drink that made me feel more masculine. To my left I saw a half-Asian girl stare at me, look at her friends, and then start laughing. It wasn't a mean, maniacal laugh that suggested she was making fun of me, but a flirty laugh meant to get my attention. Though I had sworn off Asian girls after previous mediocre experiences, this girl had cute freckles and looked white for all intents and purposes, almost like Punky Brewster.

Without skipping a beat, I tapped her on the shoulder and said, "Excuse me, but where I come from if you look at someone you have to... ask them what their favorite flavor ice cream is."



She smiled and said, “What is your favorite flavor ice cream?”

“Chocolate chip cookie dough, of course.”

“Oh, my god! I love chocolate chip cookie dough ice cream!”

It turned out that she was visiting from New York City, the epicenter of hipster subculture, and was undoubtedly a hipster herself. I would like to say I used game to build attraction, but it seemed to be already built into the crust. All I had to do was not fuck up.

Her group of friends and my friends converged, and for the next two hours we all drank and talked. I made sure to have little chats with her girls so they’d see me as cool. One of them asked if I liked Freckles and I gave an aloof answer: “Yeah, she seems alright. We’ll see what happens.” I didn’t want to show all my cards (same-night pussy demolition).

After about an hour, I went for the kiss but she pulled back with a smile. She teased me for fifteen more minutes until finally relenting. We got sloppy on the dance floor.

Her friends weren’t interested in my friends for more than dancing, so I was eventually left alone with the girls. The fat friend then yelled, “Hey guys, let’s get a jumbo pizza slice!” I avoid eating foods like pizza, gyros, and burgers with a girl I’m trying to bang because it either makes her feel sick or tired, greatly hindering my sex goal. As a minority voice, I couldn’t protest, so I went with them to a crappy pizzeria where I watched them stuff their mouths. I had a couple bites so I wouldn’t appear to be on a diet, then offered them napkins to wipe off the translucent grease that had found its way to their cheeks.

The moment of truth was coming, but the logistics were off (my girl was crashing on her friend’s couch). I said, “I don’t mind taking a cab with you guys to make sure you all get home safe.”

“Hold on one second,” my girl said, then she went into a mini-huddle with her friends only a few feet away. I’m certain they were discussing my proposition and if I was a good enough man to bring home.

Two minutes later, she returned and said, “Sure, you can take

us home.”

I reached into my back pocket to make sure I had a condom. Then I hailed a cab and we all piled in. We got to the front door of the friend’s house and they invited me in. Her friends went into separate bedrooms, leaving me and the girl to occupy a large leather couch. We got underneath a thin blanket, started hooking up, and were banging within twenty minutes. The leather couch was too hot for sleeping, so I slept on the floor until the subway opened.

## 21: The Train

I went out to a bar with a new wingman who didn't have much approach experience. While he wasn't well-versed in the art of bar pickup, he'd had several sexual partners in the past and wasn't fearful of stepping out of his comfort zone.

There wasn't much action at the bar, so we talked about the concepts we'd be applying momentarily. A petite blonde finally sat near us and after a couple minutes I realized that she was alone. For shits and giggles, I told my friend that we were going to run a train on her.

He started a conversation with her and pulled me into it. Over the next twenty minutes, we developed a good cop/bad cop vibe where I was aloof and cutting while he asked personal questions and was polite. They talked for some time until she got a little bored and turned to me. I'd unleash a fury of cockiness and teasing until she'd feign anger and go back to the safety of my friend. Periodically I'd whisper in his ear, "Choo, choo, the train is coming."

For a while, we both believed it had a good chance of happening, until I noticed that something was wrong with the girl. She seemed slow, more than alcohol alone could explain. We'd say something to her, she'd give us a deer-in-the-headlights look for several long seconds, and then say, "Huh?" The conversation eventually got stale and she started talking to another guy.

A little farther away, we noticed three slightly frumpy girls drinking in a circle. I opened them with, "Hey, what's up? This is my friend." I threw him into the mix and stood in the background, partially to see how he'd perform. When I sensed he was running out of gas, I stepped in and continued the conversation.

The petite blonde stared at us from the corner of her eye.

The frumpy girls went to a different floor and we resumed talking to the blonde. It was then that I became more bold. I said, "My friend and I are trying to run the train on you tonight."

"What?" she said.

"My friend and I aren't trying to miss the train tonight."

"Oh, well, it shuts down at midnight. You have time."

"Yeah, I guess. But do you like the train?" I asked.

"Sure I like the train."

"Because my friend and I really like the train. We like to take the train and we definitely want to take the train tonight."

"Umm, okay. Yeah, the train is fine."

My friend was laughing while my respect for womankind continued its freefall descent. We left her again and rejoined the frumpy girls. They were much more receptive than before and I got into a one-on-one conversation with the least frumpy one. She was barely bangable and not as pretty as the blonde.

I made out with the frumpy chick while my friend returned to the blonde. I'd look over periodically, but I could tell that he wasn't going to close. He was being too nice when she obviously preferred assholes, and unless he started some outrageous cockiness soon, our hope for the train would be lost forever.

Last call arrived. Moves had to be made. Did I want to take home the frumpy dumpy chick, who seemed a little too willing, or did I want to attempt a train on the blonde with my friend? I took a huddle with him and he admitted that he wouldn't be able to close her on his own.

I ditched the frumpy chick and said to the blonde, "Hey, do you have anything to drink at your place? We'd like to drink some more, but everywhere is closed."

"I have some wine, but I don't know if I could fit both of you inside my place." I wondered if "my place" was a euphemism for her vagina.

"I mean, do you live in a closet? We just want a quick drink, maybe we can chat a bit, and then we'll leave."

"Okay, fine, but my place is *really, really* small."

The three of us hopped into a cab and rode to her studio

apartment, where she poured a box wine that went untouched. My friend sat on the small couch and I sat on her bed. I then went to the kitchen to “look around,” which was a cue for him to make out with her or do something that would get her more into him, since she was more into me. I returned five minutes later and they were talking about music—not a good sign. It was at that moment that I realized the train wasn’t going to happen. The best option was to throw my friend under the bus and make sure I get the notch.

I looked at her and said, “Hey, do you mind if we take a quick nap? My friend is drunk right now and I don’t think it’s safe if we leave right away. He’s my ride home.”

“That’s fine,” she said.

“I call bed!” I yelled. My friend let out a loud sigh and began his nap on the couch while four feet away I started hooking up with the girl. We banged about ten minutes later. Her body was a pleasant surprise, petite but juicy in all the right places.

A minute after ejaculating, I felt a little guilty about my friend. I devised a plan: I’d go to the bathroom to “clean up” and then just camp out there until they banged. Maybe our train dream could still be realized.

I went to the bathroom, flushed the condom down the toilet, and then washed my dick. I stood there naked with my ear to the door and could hear him making a move to the bed. I smiled when I heard smooching sounds. All I had to do was wait a little while longer until he got his. But then suddenly the girl banged on the bathroom door, calling my name and yelling, “This is weird! I feel weird! What’s going on?” The jig was up.

I opened the door and my friend was back on the couch. The girl had on her pajamas. She looked at me and said, “I’m not that kind of girl.”

“Of course you’re not,” I said, trying my best to withhold laughter. Then she went to the bathroom to wash her vagina or whatever it is that girls do after sex. My friend looked at me sadly and said, “I missed the train.”

I told him to leave immediately and wait outside for me to join him. He left, and when the girl came out of the bathroom

she asked about my missing friend.

“Yeah, we just got into a little fight. Look, I really want to stay, but now he’s trying to claim that he doesn’t remember where his car is parked, so I’ll have to leave with him.”

“What? You have to leave right now?”

“Yeah, this sucks. I’m pretty sure he’s lying and salty about something, but I gotta go. I’m real sorry. But, hey, I’ll call you.”

I put on my clothes, got her number, and met my friend outside in the hallway. He reluctantly gave me a high five.

## 22: The Gemini

I only had a couple more months left in DC until I was set to return to South America. I wanted to bang as many American girls as I could before I left because they were considerably easier than South American girls. For a few weeks I got into a nice tear where most nights I'd end up on some girl's bed, though I wasn't always able to fully seal the deal.

The streak began at my regular spot, which I'd peg as about 20% hipster. I'd been experimenting with "incomplete" opening lines where I approached with something that either didn't make sense or seemed to be cut off. It was a change of pace from the long, involved lines that were the trend with other players. I learned that it was hard to come across as natural and non-scripted with a 100-word opening statement.

In the bar, we stood at the edge of what we called *the track*, a narrow passageway where everyone had to walk by in order to get from one side of the bar to the other. From there, we'd throw out our lines in the hope of reeling something in. Sometimes we'd get a measly sunfish, but other times a juicy bass would get stuck on our hook and we'd all eat for days. In America, it's easy to fish that way because girls happily stop if you tap them on the shoulder or yell, "Hey!" They have a more curious nature and really want to know what you have to say, even if they're not necessarily interested in meeting a new guy.

There were two girls a few feet away from us. I reached over and tapped the shorter girl on the shoulder three times (the optimum number of taps, based on experiments I had conducted months earlier).

With a smug look, I uttered an incomplete opener that wasn't

even grammatically correct: “Me and my friends.” Then I pointed to my friends. The petite girl looked at me, smiled and said, “Hi, me and my friends!” The interaction got off to a strong start and she asked my name almost immediately.

Not five minutes later, she asked my sign. My Gemini answer was a winner because not only was she also a Gemini, but her most recent ex-boyfriend was, as well. She completely forgot about her more portly friend, who one of my friends took a liking to. He gradually moved her to the other side of the bar and for a second it seemed like we were on a double date. I was impressed with how quickly the girls ditched each other, which hinted that they were both aching for cock.

I can’t remember much of what was said because it was one of those painful interactions where she made so many inane and idiotic statements about astrology, art, and romance that my brain refused to remember it. The formula of our conversation went something like this: she’d say something stupid; I’d cringe and die a little on the inside before making fun of her in a humorous, sexist way; and finally she’d playfully hit me and move a little closer. I was becoming skilled at tolerating stupid girls long enough to beat their pussies up in bed. Since she had a nice body with a tomato ass, I decided a little pain now would be worth a lot of pleasure later.

It turned out that I didn’t have to wait long. I dragged her away from her friend by suggesting we go to another club a block away. She jumped at the chance and we got grimy on the dance floor, grinding and kissing in front of annoyed spectators.

After an hour of that, I said, “Let’s go.” When a girl is ready to bang, nothing more is needed.

Earlier in the night, another friend of mine had given me the manuscript for my second book that he helped me revise, forcing me to carry it around the entire time. The girl was artsy in nature so once she saw the manuscript, it became a 100% money-back guarantee that we were going to fuck. We took a cab to her place and she offered zero resistance. After sex, she said, “This was my first one-night stand.” Yeah, mine too. We banged four more times after that, including once on a bus.



## 23: The Catholic

It didn't take long to get my Colombian flag, but she was a 6 at most. The problem with Colombia is that it's not easy to meet girls at night since they hang in large mixed groups while sitting at tables. I hit the Internet to supplement both my day and night efforts, but the quality online was bad. I had to sift through forty or more profiles until I could find a cute girl to message.

I'd spend an hour on the sites to message five to ten girls. My opening line of "Hola" got a 10% response rate. I'm sure it would have been higher had I not used a heavily-bearded picture of myself as my profile picture (most Colombian men can't grow beards).

One girl bit hard, and after a few back-and-forth exchanges she gave me her phone number. She didn't speak a word of English, but I was conversational in Spanish and ready to game in a new language.

I called her and barely understood anything she said. She talked too fast and had a different accent than I was used to (she lived on a mountain about an hour outside of Medellin). After an awkward conversation, we agreed to meet at a subway station near my place then go for a walk in the Botanical Gardens. The phone conversation worried me a bit because I wondered how I was going to talk with her for the time necessary to get into her pants.

I recognized her at the metro station and she looked even better than I had expected, but there was a problem: she wore braces—the cheap kind that made her smile look like Lil Wayne. I immediately understood why she hadn't bared her teeth in her profile pictures.

We walked to the gardens and so began the most awkward date of my life. I simply couldn't express myself in Spanish. She noticed that I was visibly frustrated and told me to relax before going on about her family and studies. After half an hour I was finally able to calm down. My brain warmed up to the Spanish and my sentences flowed more naturally. I learned that like doing warm-up approaches in a bar, my brain needed to go through a similar process when speaking a foreign language.

I tried to talk about our surroundings of plants, trees, and streams, then gave her a spiel about my job, my travels through South America, and the new book I was working on. She was intrigued by my background, and it was no surprise why: I was the first gringo she had ever met. It turned out that she simply didn't meet a lot of guys on her mountain. (I decided that if I ever have a daughter, I'm going to move to a mountaintop without nightclubs, Internet access, or other human beings so she'll be unable to become like the dirty girls I've slept with.)

After two hours at the gardens, I told her I had to go grocery shopping and asked if she wanted to go with me. She didn't have anything else to do so she tagged along, helping carry the bags to my house. In hindsight, it was a nice move to get her to my apartment without even having to ask.

Once in my room, I put on some music. We sat close next to each other at my desk. I showed her some photos from my previous trip and then put my hands on her legs. She maintained a long stare, which I took as a green light to go for a kiss. Thankfully, her braces didn't ruin the moment. She stayed just a short while longer before leaving.

For our second date she suggested I visit her home on the mountain and meet her mom. I figured that was how things were done in Colombia so I agreed. She picked me up from the subway station nearest her house and we took a bus to base camp. She then called a special taxi to take us up the mountain on a one-lane dirt road. We finally arrived and I was pleasantly surprised by the comfort and cleanliness of her home.

I exchanged pleasantries with the mother (her father was long dead). She was unable to stop staring at me, treating me as if I

was the famous Colombian singer Juanes, so irritating my girl that she kept having to shoo her mom away. It turned out that I was the first gringo ever to step inside their house, which was essentially a shrine to Jesus. There were paintings, statues, and little figurines of Jesus in every room. Even my girl wore a Jesus necklace 24/7. I felt like I was being watched and judged at all times, either by the mother or a supernatural omnipotent being.

Her mom began cooking dinner and my girl suggested we take a walk through a mountain trail. Like a scene from a romantic movie taking place in a quaint Italian village, we snuggled under a tree with only an occasional mountain man and his donkey passing by. I won't lie: the moment was conducive to love and it was there that she said she didn't want to "suffer" and be hurt when I eventually had to leave.

I thought, "Slow down, girl, I'm just trying to hit it first." I ended up telling her that I also didn't want to get hurt, but such was the nature of my lifestyle. Then we returned for dinner.

While I ate, her mother watched me with a shit-eating grin on her face. I let out a couple moans of pleasure to let her know I was enjoying the food. I hyped up the meal even more by saying it was the best I'd ever had in Colombia. After dinner, my girl took me to her room and we snuck in kisses between her mother offering me dessert and coffee. I left after it became dark.

For our next date I asked her to come over for dinner. We ate a simple meal of chicken and rice with a bottle of wine. She was very proactive about helping and cleaning, much more than an American girl. After dinner we went upstairs and I eased her onto my king-size bed. It took four hours of foreplay and at least thirty repetitions of "No, Roosh, no" until she allowed my penis to enter her vagina. No means no—until it means yes.

The sex was painful for her. I was only the second guy she'd ever had sex with. I didn't think she was lying, because pumping her was like jamming my cock through a medieval keyhole. She whimpered like a wounded puppy dog the entire time, but I really wanted to have an orgasm, so I was "almost there" for about ten minutes. After sex she sobbed for a good while, talking about how she had sinned in the eyes of God, but in an hour she

got horny again and we went at it once more.

Even though we used a condom, she stressed me out for the next couple weeks about how she thought she was pregnant. She reminded me how she doesn't believe in abortion under any circumstances. I decided it would be a good idea to find a new girl.

## 24: The Student

After the debacle with the religious chick, I decided it would be better to up my day game instead of relying on the Internet.

I was attending a daily Spanish class in a local university. After class I'd study on the picnic tables in the outdoor cafeteria. There were a lot of people sitting at neighboring tables, so I figured that would be a good spot to spit game. I came up with an opener: "Excuse me, can I ask you a Spanish question?" The plan was to say the line in Spanish, ask a real question about Spanish grammar, and then see if I could get a number out of it.

The first time I tried it on a girl, I was extra nervous because I wasn't used to approaching in Spanish during the day. It went fine, with the girl showing genuine interest in helping me with my Spanish. I did it again the next day on a rather beautiful girl, and the conversation lasted almost a half hour. She had to leave, but I chickened out on the close.

After a few more approaches and getting two email addresses (for MSN chatting), my nervousness disappeared as my negative expectations became aligned with a more positive reality. I was also becoming more prepared because I had developed a basic framework for how that type of approach should go.

One afternoon after class I was studying across from two girls. One was tall and lanky while the other was petite. I whirled into action by standing up, walking to their table, and delivering my line. They were helpful, as I had come to expect. When my question had been answered, I made a comment about how learning Spanish was more difficult than I had thought. The petite one asked where I was from, allowing me to tell her the beginning of my life story that I had since rehearsed in Spanish

several times after my garden date with The Catholic. I was becoming more smooth at delivering game in Spanish.

We talked for a while and once I sensed the conversation had peaked, I said, “Well, I’ll leave you guys to your studies. If I have another question, though, I’ll be sure to ask.” I sat across from them and over the next hour caught the petite girl glancing at me several times. I decided that she would be the one to go for.

She started packing her bags with her friend and when they began to walk away, I asked, “Hey, are you guys leaving?”

“Yeah, we’re done studying,” the petite one said.

“Cool, well do you have email? Just in case I have another question.”

“Oh, okay, sure.”

“And maybe we can all hang out and get a drink so I can practice my horrible Spanish a little more,” I added with a smile.

The petite girl got out a pen and wrote down her email address. I probably could’ve said, “Why don’t you write down your number, too,” but I still had low confidence with having phone conversations in Spanish.

I waited two days and then sent her a short note to thank her for the Spanish help and to fill me in on the next time she would go out with her friends. She emailed within a few hours, told me that she was going out the upcoming Friday, and asked if I wanted to go along. I wrote back saying I was down. We exchanged phone numbers.

On Friday the plan was to meet around 9:00. She called an hour before the meeting time and said, “I have some bad news. My friends don’t want to go out tonight after all.”

Bad news? That was more like great news.

“Well, I don’t mind going out,” I said. “If you want, we can still grab a drink.”

“Are you sure that’s okay? Because it would just be me alone.”

“I don’t mind at all. Let’s stick to nine o’clock.”

She wore tight jeans that revealed an incredible Colombian ass, made even more bulbous by her heels. Her hair was silky

black. We warmed up at a bar with a couple drinks, going through some basic conversation. I then suggested we head to a bar nearby that had a dance floor. We walked arm-in-arm and I ordered several more drinks. We did a lot of staring and touching until I went for it and kissed her.

Later I escorted her home by taxi and got ready to use my bathroom line, but then I remembered that she shared a room with her sister. I had royally fucked up by not getting her to my love nest first. Resigned to failure, I gave her a goodbye kiss and then whined about my mistake to the sympathetic taxi driver.

It was time to bust out a cooking date. We set up a meeting for five days later where she'd come over for food and drink. I made a pasta meal and she enjoyed it except for the green peppers. The less she ate, the better it was for me because the boxed wine I had bought would be more quickly absorbed into her bloodstream.

I took her upstairs to my bed. After some heavy initial resistance (she wouldn't even let me take off her shirt), I eventually demolished her amazing vagina. It was constructed so perfectly, with just the right amount of lubrication, that even with a condom it felt like I was hitting it raw.

She was one of only a handful of girls in South America to understand my sarcastic humor, and her sweetness and affection were endearing. I continued to bang her for months (raw dog, of course) until she went to a spiritual retreat a few weeks before I left the country. "I found god, and he found me!" she told me on the phone before announcing a vow of celibacy. No goodbye sex for me.

## 25: The Sister

It was hard making friends in Colombia, but I eventually connected with a guy from New York. We had similar personalities and got along well, but he was less enthusiastic than me about approaching and preferred to get an invitation first in the form of eye contact or a smile. To each their own.

The nightlife in Colombia wasn't fruitful for us so after a while we'd go to a casino to play blackjack at night instead of trying to chase girls. We both had a main girl along with a couple floaters we were trying to pull into the rotation.

On a Saturday night he went on a date with one of his floaters while I stayed at home and prepared for a marathon jerk session. At the start of the date, he texted me: "Bro, she brought her hot sister, come now." I immediately put the bottle of Astroglide down and hopped into the shower.

I arrived at the bar just as they were leaving for a nearby club. The sister was indeed beautiful, with huge fake tits and the type of Colombian ass that gives men happiness. My boy had hyped me up by saying I was a writer and all-around cool guy, so when she saw me she smiled and shouted, "Roosh!" She didn't speak a word of English, but I was becoming rather confident in my Spanish game.

She was into me from the start. It seemed that we had skipped the awkward introductory period where we had to feel each other out. She even made a positive comment about my unruly beard, something that never happened in Colombia.

We entered the club and I danced with her on and off for the first hour. I was aware of how much attention I was giving her and tried to regulate it by taking frequent breaks to talk to my



friend or caress my alcoholic beverage. I also talked to her sister for big chunks of time, trying to gain valuable intel that I could use for the seduction.

We danced some more until my hands found their way to the sides of her body. Initially I thought she barely felt their presence, but after a couple more songs my grip grew more firm. Then a meathead she knew showed up and occupied her for at least ten minutes. When she was finished, I pretended I hadn't noticed, forcing her to seek me out if she wanted to resume the interaction.

She eventually came back, but several more breaks followed, mostly while she checked her phone or talked to people she knew. To not appear needy I stopped dancing with her almost as many times as she did with me. I wanted all signs to point toward my having a good time whether she was in the picture or not.

After two hours at the club, I decided it was time to go for a kiss, but each time I got a few inches from her face, she'd turn away or step back. I played it cool by not showing any disappointment. I bought her a couple rounds and, surprisingly, she did the same for me. Finally she stood still long enough for us to kiss.

My friend checked in with me and joked, "Have you even talked to her yet?"

"I hit her with a couple good sentences," I said. He had noticed that we exchanged few words. Instead, we used dancing to get comfortable with each other. When the chemistry is right and the alcohol is flowing, not many words are needed.

After the kiss, I teased her unmercifully. I cut every kiss short to leave her lips hanging in the air, wanting more, and withdrew my touches as well. She kept coming into me, trying to kiss and grab me. She was being teased, but so was I, and after another hour I was in desperate need of sexual explosion. I suggested we leave, well after my friend and her sister had left.

She followed me into a cab, then began to freak out, saying, "Where are we going? Where's my sister? I'm not going home with you."

I said, “Chill, we’re just going to my place for a drink. Your sister already left with my friend.”

“No, I just want to leave. I don’t want to go to your house.”

The one-night stand was slipping through my grasp, but I maintained my composure, not indulging her temper tantrum. “Alright, fine, but the taxi is going to drop me off first. Then you can go home. I don’t care.”

When the taxi arrived at my complex, I said, “Well, I had a nice night. If you want to come up for a drink, that’s fine, but you can’t stay long because I have to get up early.”

She threw me an intense stare. The next few seconds of silence felt like an eternity. All the bangs I’d had in my life began to flash before my crotch and I had no idea what she was going to say.

“Okay, fine,” she said.

Ten minutes later we were fucking like rabbits in my bed. Halfway through, she stopped and said she needed to use the bathroom, insisting that I go with her. I guessed she was into water sports so I made my way into the shower to get ready to go R. Kelly on her, but it turned out she just wanted me to watch her take a piss. Then we went back to the bedroom where I finished her off.

## 26: The Colombian Virgin

In Medellin there's a club called Babylon that has ladies night every Thursday. The first fifty girls get in and drink for free. I'd regularly roll into the club around 10:30 to be greeted by a few dozen girls who were already buzzing. The only problem was that they were all sitting. A good move to use early in the night was simply to ask if I could sit with them, but later it got tougher because their guy friends would arrive and form an impenetrable force field around them.

I was there one night with a new wingman who quickly got in with a girl, leaving me solo. I saw three young girls dancing around a table. One of them was very cute with a petite body (which was back to being my number one preference). The smaller a girl's body, the bigger my manhood looks and the more powerful I feel in bed, as if I'm raping a teenage girl.

I moved over next to them. The petite girl gave me a quick glance then looked at her friends and began laughing. It was on.

"You guys look like you speak Spanish," I said.

The petite one rolled her eyes at me and said, "Well, duh."

Not only did she speak English, but she also had a firm grasp of American slang. Her sassiness meant I could ramp up the teasing and cockiness.

We chatted for a bit and then danced, but with very little touching. She took frequent breaks to whisper things in her friends' ears. I assumed she was talking about me.

After thirty minutes of on and off dancing, I asked if she wanted to step outside for some air. She agreed and we had a fun conversation about how it's a shame she was too young for me or I would have "totally" gone for her. She was 19 years old. She

teased me about how old I was. Touches were exchanged and her stares became longer and more steady.

We went back inside the club to dance some more. My hands were touching her body and I was ready to go for the kiss, but suddenly her friend wanted to leave. I offered to escort them outside to a cab, where I planned to persuade the girl to ditch her friends and go back inside with me. The plan failed and all I got was her number.

Young Colombian girls are extremely flaky, so I wasn't confident I'd see her again, but after a single phone call she agreed to a weekday date. From the start of that date she was touching me and I took that as a cue to move my chair closer so our legs were in constant contact.

"How much longer are you staying here?" she asked.

"I've got one more month."

"Oh, no."

"Why?"

"That's not much time."

At that point I knew she really liked me and that it was time to escalate. I made my move ten minutes later. Between kisses, she told me how much it sucked that I have to leave since I was "cool."

Unlike 99% of South American women, she was living on her own with a couple roommates while attending college. After the date I offered to accompany her home in a taxi and once there I weaseled my way up using the bathroom excuse. She wouldn't let me do anything in her room so I left after twenty minutes.

That weekend the plan was for her to cook in my kitchen before we went out to a bar for drinks. She came an hour late and I ended up cooking because she hadn't done the necessary grocery shopping. I gave her shit about it and she promised to make it up to me. After dinner she asked if she could spend the night.

I said, "Yeah, the sofa is really comfortable. You can crash there." She called me an asshole.

We went to a club and got dirty on the dance floor. She said, "I like you," but I held back and said the Spanish equivalent of

“ditto” to maintain the jerk vibe she seemed to like. She called me an asshole again then grabbed me and attacked my face with her big lips. To an outside observer, our interaction was one of a young girl trying to win the affection of an experienced older man. The less affection I showed, the harder she tried.

After a few drinks I hit her with “Let’s go” and we took a cab back to my place. The clothes quickly came off, but she abruptly stopped and said, “My mind says yes, but I can’t.”

“Okay, that’s fine. We can just sleep.” But ten minutes later she was back on top of me.

Finally it came out: “I’m a virgin!”

“You’re a what?” I replied.

“I’m a virgin! I know it’s weird, but I turn twenty next month and I just want to get it over with.”

“I can help you with that problem,” I said, smiling.

I eased my dick into her and she screamed loud enough for people in the hills to hear. For what seemed to be the next hour, I worked my cock in an eighth of an inch at a time, getting impatient and trying to stuff it in after pouring lubricant all over her vagina. She was so tense and in so much pain that I kind of felt bad for her, but I kept going until she finally stopped me, unable to take any more abuse. I never got it in more than halfway.

In the middle of the night I woke up to jerk off on the toilet to relieve the pressure in my sack, skeeting all over the wall.

The next morning, I busted out with even more lube and got it in enough so that we were having what resembled sex. She squirmed and yelped while I was saying things like “You’re doing fine” and “I’m almost there.” I eventually blasted and collapsed in a heap next to her. I saw her a couple times after that, but she always had an excuse for why she couldn’t have sex. I’m pretty sure I ruined it for her forever. Poor girl.

## 27: The Flooder

When I arrived in Rio the second time, I lodged in an Ipanema hostel until I could find a suitable room to rent. During my previous trip to South America I had sworn off all Western women to focus on local girls, but I had since ended that discriminatory practice and decided to put my dick in anything reasonable.

After an experience with a British chick, I noticed that it was painfully easy to get in with a girl who shared my hostel room, since she had no choice but to be constantly exposed to my game spell. Things got a little more challenging if a girl was staying in a different part of the hostel.

One night, a day before I was to move into my new apartment across town, I went downstairs to the kitchen to make turkey breast sandwiches. I passed by the television room and noticed a blonde girl reading a book alone. I decided to chat her up and feel things out. By the time I got there, three other people had joined her (two guys and a girl). She was still reading her book. I sat next to her and started eating one of my sandwiches.

I looked over and asked, "Is that a good book?"

She said it was, and we talked about it for a few minutes before exchanging typical traveler questions like how long we were traveling and where we were from. The other people in the room were transfixed by the television and didn't pay much attention to our conversation.

"Are those cucumbers in your sandwich?" she asked.

"Yes, they are. I love cucumbers."

"I love cucumbers, too!"

"Well, you can't have a piece, sorry. I can't spare any." I then

shielded my plate from her as if she was trying to steal my cucumbers. Her eyes and mouth opened wide.

I went on to tell her I was a cucumber farmer back in the States and like most gullible girls, she believed me. She only became skeptical when I said I used my bare hands to fertilize the soil with elephant manure.

“You’re weird,” she said.

The other people in the room began to notice our lively conversation and wanted to participate, in essence cockblocking me. I kept cool and only spoke when I had something outrageous or funny to say. After an hour of group chat, I knew I had to change venues if I wanted a shot at anything more.

“Hey, are you guys up for getting a drink?” I asked. “There’s a bar nearby that just opened up and it’s pretty cool.”

The girl and other guys were down. One of the guys was cognizant that I was trying to get with the blonde, but the other guy, who was only 18, didn’t know I was running game.

We walked to the bar and I sat next to the blonde while the guys sat next to each other. The conversation was mostly centered around travel, the places we’d been and the cultural differences we had noticed. The young guy said he was broke and could only afford one beer. I thought that was a good sign because he’d have to leave after his purchase, but he went on to nurse that beer for an hour until it was as warm as urine.

There was a moment when I locked eye contact with the young guy and gave him what I’d describe as an intense stare of death. I then twitched my head as if to say, “Dude, leave!”

He didn’t get the hint. I gave a wink and a nod to the older guy, who stepped up and asked the young guy to check out another bar.

“We’ll catch up to you after we finish these caipirinhas,” I said.

Finally, they both left.

During the group chat I had been able to accomplish some light leg contact under the table, but I desperately needed isolation to start escalating. The window was now open to strike.

Things moved quickly after they left. We were kissing by the

end of our third caipirinha. The next step was to get her into a taxi and to a love motel. We paid our tab and held hands back to the hostel.

I said, “Do you still want to hang out?”

“Where? In the hostel?”

“I don’t know, I mean I want to keep hanging out with you. It wouldn’t feel natural if you go to your dorm room right now and I go to my room and we sleep on bunk beds.”

“Well, what do you want to do then?”

“How about we go somewhere just to talk and take a nap?”

“Where?” she asked.

“I know of this motel nearby that... ”

“Motel? Are you kidding!”

I dropped the issue and we went to the hostel kitchen, where she made herself a peanut butter and jelly sandwich.

As I watched her eat, I said, “Look, it wouldn’t make sense to end the night right now. Let’s check it out for a couple hours. We’re not going to have sex, if that’s what you’re thinking.”

“I don’t know.”

“How about this? If at any point you feel uncomfortable, we’ll come right back. It’s not a big deal.”

She thought in silence for a minute, then said, “Alright, fine. But we’re not having sex!”

We went back outside and hailed a cab. I showed the driver an address that was already in my phone. Fifteen minutes later we had our own private room with a stripper pole and circular bed like in *Austin Powers*.

I don’t think it’s ever happened in the history of Brazil that someone went into a love motel and didn’t fuck. This time was no exception. My dick was inside her within a couple minutes. She was a flooder and completely soaked the bed. That night I slept on her vaginal juices.

The next day I checked out and never saw her again.



## 28: The Squeaker

While still in Rio, I went to a large club in Lapa with a new wingman. It was mostly empty as we settled into the upstairs bar. Two tall girls ordered drinks near us and I made a comment to my wingman that it was time to get to work. I approached them in Portuguese by asking if they knew whether *tecno brega* music would be playing later on. It turned out that they were American girls, so I was immediately turned off and backed out of the conversation, letting my wingman chat with them for a few minutes until it finally ended.

That night I was unable to make headway with the Brazilian girls despite my best efforts. I talked to at least eight of them, and only two bit enough for us to get into some semblance of a conversation. One girl was gorgeous and digging me enough to laugh at my jokes, but she kept going on about her boyfriend and wouldn't let me isolate her to another part of the bar.

Later I ran into one of the American girls near the bathroom. She was surprisingly interested, asking questions interview-style about what city I was from, where I was staying, for how long, and so on. With no other options, she seemed like a good play.

I looked at her face, examining it from different angles. She had some natural beauty but the problem was her age. She claimed to be 32, but she looked more like 36. On the bright side, her body was nice with a Brazilian-type ass. She was a classic butterface.

I couldn't decide what I wanted to do with her. Even though I was putting very little effort into the conversation, looking around and seeming disinterested, she kept things going. It soon became obvious that she'd be a freebie.

A battle was raging inside me. Did I even want to kiss her? She didn't make it difficult, maintaining a steady, warm stare, as if saying, "Kiss me, you hairy stud!" I went for it. Her kissing technique was okay, but her breath was a combination of beer and garlic. I withdrew.

She said, "Usually guys keep kissing me instead of pulling away so fast. Am I that bad?"

"Oh, no, that's just my style." I began wondering if I could even get my dick up for her in bed. I stopped looking at her face and focused more on her body. I put my hand on her ass and it was spectacular. My dick instantly grew into a 85% boner.

Might as well.

"Do you want a share a cab home?" I asked. She said yes.

I didn't want to take her to my home in the *favela*, so I told her she should be dropped off first.

We got to her place. I said, "Can I use the bathroom real quick? I suddenly have to go."

"I can't have visitors upstairs. They'll get mad at me."

"That information would have been useful to me fifteen minutes ago," I thought. "Okay, let's go to my place," I told her.

As I gave the taxicab driver my address, she said, "Wait. What are we going to do there?"

"Well, first I'm going to use the bathroom. And then let's just have a drink and you can go home after a little bit."

"Okay, but we're not having sex!"

"Who said I wanted to have sex with you?" I felt silly playing that game, but that's what it took to seal the deal.

Since I lived in a slum, there were always armed commandos posted at the entrance. Their presence was intimidating, with M-16 rifles braced across their chests.

She said, "Is it safe here? I'm scared." She grabbed onto my arm. I assured her it was safe, as I was still alive, and we proceeded to my apartment. I was confident that the gun show got her pussy juices flowing.

At my place I used the bathroom and then grabbed a beer. I suggested that we take a short nap, then added, "But I don't sleep in my jeans." I got down to my boxers and waited five minutes

before I said, “You should take off your dress so it doesn’t get all wrinkly.”

“But we’re not having sex.”

“Of course not. By the way, do you have a cold?” Without the club music, I noticed that her voice was squeaky, as if she was on the verge of losing it. It sounded like she was speaking from her throat.

“No, that’s how I sound.”

“Oh. Cool.”

We had sex fifteen minutes later. It was fine, but her pussy labia were beat up and stretched out, looking like old roast beef.

The next morning she said, “I don’t usually do this.”

## 29: The Doctor's Daughter

Rio had two Starbucks, both located inside malls. One was closer to my apartment, but it was hot due to weak air conditioning. The other was cooler but a twenty-minute bus ride away. I'd go to one of the Starbucks every day, depending on my mood and the outside temperature.

At the hot Starbucks, I sat on a comfortable chair and began typing on my laptop. Three girls came in and sat near me, but not close enough to be in conversation range. The one that caught my attention was petite with olive skin and Middle Eastern features. She had long, thick hair and a big nose, which I actually like, since it gives faces more character.

I exchanged a glance with her and thought of how I could approach. All I needed was an opportunity in the form of her walking by my chair, either to leave or to use the bathroom. I waited.

A short time later, she answered her phone and began a lengthy conversation. She moved away from her friends, perhaps not to disrespect them, and then sat across from me.

Two seconds after she hung up the phone, I said, "You look like you speak English."

"Yes, I do," she replied.

"I noticed that a lot of Brazilians speak English. It's making it hard to learn Portuguese."

We talked about Portuguese and English until she asked where I was from. Not only did she like speaking in English, but she loved the United States, too. She had traveled there several times in the past three years because she had an uncle in Boston. She had also seen other parts of the country.

I found out that her father was a renowned doctor and she lived in a mansion in the most expensive part of Rio. Things were going well and eventually we got to the topic of nightlife. I told her a couple places I'd been going to and she made some other recommendations. We'd only been talking ten minutes, but she began glancing at her friends as if she was feeling bad for leaving them alone. I decided to get the number and leave.

"Maybe one night you can show me a cool bar. I'm tired of going to the same places."

"Sure," she said.

I got her number.

Three days later, on a Saturday, I sent her a text message in the early evening, asking what she was up to. She told me the name of a club and said she'd be there around midnight with her friends. I showed up late, about one-thirty, in the hope that she'd already had a couple drinks in her.

For the next hour we did the group thing with her three friends where we'd all dance in between periods of talking. Then I said, "Do you want to come to the bar with me to get a drink?"

She said yes and it was there that I finally got to start the touching process, beginning with the top of her hips. We chatted at the bar for a bit until her friends came and said they were leaving. They had no problem ditching their friend with the new gringo (in America this is where I would have been blocked).

I suggested we go somewhere else. She recommended another bar, so off we went. I knew the venue change would contribute to an "I've known you longer than I really have" feeling.

Things moved at a faster pace after the move. We sat and had a couple more beers, my hands resting on her knees. Finally I leaned over and we kissed.

Afterward, she blurted out, "I like you." It was common Brazilian girl behavior that I was already used to. I was also sure she wouldn't sleep with me that night, but I wanted to see how far I could take things, especially since it would make the next date much easier.

We hopped in a cab and got to her place. I said, "Can I use your bathroom? I can catch another cab afterwards." She didn't

object. After using the bathroom, I asked if I could take a quick nap before leaving.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea,” she said.

“But you have sweet air conditioning,” I said. “My apartment is like an oven.”

“Next time,” she said.

I backed down and toured her place for about five minutes, peeking into the fridge and grabbing a snack. Then I asked, “Alright, how about I take a one-hour nap until the sun comes up? It’s kind of dangerous to be on the streets right now, anyway.” I stopped short of saying, “Pretty please.”

She relented. We got in her bed and I quickly disrobed to my boxers since “I don’t sleep in jeans,” but she refused to take off any clothes despite some heavy kissing and groping. I couldn’t make any progress the next morning either.

A few days later I invited her to my place for dinner. After eating, we went straight to my room. In my bed, we started hooking up and I got her clothes off, but she hit me with heavy resistance at the panty-removal stage and refused to budge.

We took a short nap of no more than an hour. She woke up disorientated and suddenly horny, biting my neck and driving her fingernails into my back. The panties came off and we banged.

She was borderline anorexic so her musculature was on full display during sex, something I can’t say was a turn-on. Her stomach would cave in while riding me, showcasing her rib cage, and her spinal cord jutted so far out that I could identify individual vertebrae. It would take another month of banging until I was done with her gaunt body.

The next Brazilian girl I banged was far thicker, with double-D breasts.

## 30: The Hair

After nearly six months in Brazil, I headed to Argentina and rented an apartment in the best part of Cordoba. I figured that my improved Spanish and South American game would make it easier to bang Argentine girls left and right.

I hit the ground running, approaching on the street and in malls and clubs. Within a week I had six phone numbers, but only one resulted in a date. I felt that a lot of girls gave me enough attention to see if I'd ask them out or not, but once I did, they'd disappear. It got so frustrating that I decided to stop approaching completely, focusing on improving my Spanish instead.

My landlord was a 28-year-old Argentine woman who had recently lived in Brazil for several months (her friendly and warm vibe made her more Brazilian than Argentine). Along with her boyfriend, she made me feel welcome by sharing tips on where to go out at night. Not long after I moved in, she invited me to a dinner party across town. I went mainly to socialize, since many of my days were lacking in human interaction.

The dinner party started on a Friday night at 11:00 (Argentines eat dinner rather late). I arrived closer to midnight and was greeted by a large group of people eating homemade pizza. My landlady introduced me to her Brazilian lady friend who was smoking a cigarette on the balcony. Her dirty blonde hair was curly and wild, as if she had just come out of the jungle. I started speaking in Portuguese, saying I had just spent six months in Brazil. She seemed impressed and hit me with a barrage of questions: what I was doing there, how long I was staying in South America, where I was originally from, and so on. We

eventually switched to English, which she was fluent in.

I teased her about her dirty Converse shoes and loose sweater. “I think you’ve spent too much time in Argentina,” I said. She dug it and we settled in on the balcony to have a fun chat about our travel experiences. Then she asked my sign.

“You mean my astrology sign?” I replied.

“Yeah.”

“You want to see if we’re compatible or not?”

“No, silly, I just want to know.”

“Gemini.”

My landlady knew I used to be a bartender so she asked me to make mojitos for everyone. The Brazilian girl wanted one, too. I rolled up my sleeves and got to work.

I thought hard about how strong to make her drink. At first I was conservative and put in only a standard amount of alcohol, but at the last moment, before I gave her the drink, I said to myself “fuck it” and added another shot of rum. She gulped it down like a good girl.

Out of the blue she asked, “Do you have a big dick?” I figure other guys get instantly excited by the question and make a fast move, but I remained cool.

With a serious look I said, “Well let’s just say I shouldn’t have worn my tight jeans tonight.” She stared at my crotch. Then I put my hand on her shoulder and said, “Look, we’re at a respectable dinner party. You need to behave yourself.”

She couldn’t stop talking about sex, so I concluded she was genuinely horny and not merely trying to test me. On one hand I wanted to keep her mind on sex by talking about it, but on the other I wanted to remain a challenge. I balanced it out by letting her do most of the sex talk while I gave cocky responses about how she wouldn’t be able to handle me in bed.

We were sitting alone on the balcony, just a few feet away from twelve Argentines in the dining room. They stared at us as our touching increased. Argentine girls play hard-to-get game so I’m sure they were thinking about how “easy” the Brazilian girl was. We’d been talking for about an hour.

“Why don’t we go in that dark corner over there and... do



things,” I suggested.

“Why do you want to do that?”

“Well, all these people are kind of staring at us right now.”

“Oh, I don’t care about them.” Then she started nibbling on my ear and neck. It didn’t take long after that for a kiss to happen in front of everyone. I forgot that she was Brazilian and not Argentine, with little social filter to care about what others thought.

The iron was getting hot so it was time to leave. I asked if she wanted to go to a club and she said yes, but first she had to go to her apartment to get some money. My plan was to get into her place and stay there.

Once in a cab, we went at it. I put her hand on my cock and she rubbed it up and down. The driver saw what was going on and took the long way back to pad the fare since he knew we were distracted.

When we finally got to her place, she ran to the bathroom and stayed there for over five minutes. I realized that I had blocked myself by making her drink too strong. I wished that I could have turned back time and not thrown in that extra shot.

She finally came out and said, “Get my number, get my number,” as if she wanted me to leave before she puked. I didn’t want her number, so I tried to convince her to come to my place. I figured that we could go to sleep and I’d try to hit in the morning, but she wasn’t having it. I got her number and left, disappointed that I had lost out on what had seemed like a sure thing.

We set up a date soon after that, but she flaked a few hours before. I pretty much wrote her off, becoming even more bitter about the extra shot debacle, but she seemed sincere in wanting to reschedule for the following day. I told her to wear high heels and something sexy, not that “dirty shoes stuff” she had worn at the dinner party. She followed my instructions and came dressed in tight jeans, heels, and a revealing top. With her wild hair she looked like a Brazilian version of Shakira, with a booty just as big.

After the first round, we were unable to stop groping each

other. It was only one more round until I asked if she wanted a “tour” of my apartment. After another cab ride of cock stroking, we made it to my place. Half of her clothes were off before we got into my bedroom. She talked dirty to me in Portuguese as I penetrated her.

## Final Thoughts

From reading these bangs, I hope it's clear that approaching, flirting (in the form of teasing), and having a reliable means for venue changing to an apartment are the three most important things you can do to have sex with a variety of women. If these three skills were put into a Pareto graph, they'd be the 20% of factors that will contribute to 80% of your bangs.

Of course I'm not suggesting that you don't need well-rounded game, as I'm sure you noticed that there were some techniques I only had to use a couple of times, but to get the most bang for your energy and time buck, it pays to approach, it pays to adopt an attitude that pushes a girl's attraction buttons, and it pays to always look for a way to get her in a private room. Then all that remains is demolishing the pussy.



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