

TOM TORERO

BELOW THE BELT

Secret Society Seductions

To all the girls who got me a leg
over the Secret Society walls ;)



Black Sheep Bandit Books

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Contents

Foreword.....	5
Chapter 1: The Secret Society.....	7
Chapter 2: Obtaining The Belt (2009, London).....	15
Chapter 3: Below The Belt Behaviour.....	19
Chapter 4: House Of Horny Horrors (2012-2014, London).....	25
Chapter 5: Egyptian Princess (January 2013, London).....	35
Chapter 6: Forbidden Fruit (2012-2013, London).....	41
Chapter 7: Lessons from Assholes.....	47
Chapter 8: Fucking Feminism (Autumn-Winter 2013, London & Heidelberg).....	55
Chapter 9: Wakey Wakey (Spring 2014, Belgrade).....	63
Chapter 10: Bloody Marvellous (June 2014, Baltic Sea).....	69
Chapter 11: Obsession.....	77
Chapter 12: Russian Shapeshifter (August 2014, Russia).....	81
Chapter 13: Bed Hopping (Summer-Winter 2014, Moscow).....	91
Chapter 14: Soho Seediness (2015, London).....	95
Chapter 15: Gotta Catch 'Em All (2015-2017, Japan).....	105

Chapter 16:	A Winter's Tale (January 2016, Reykjavik, Iceland).....	115
Chapter 17:	Fucked Up, Not Just Fucked.....	121
Chapter 18:	Meal Time (July 2016, Poland).....	133
Chapter 18:	Nice Guys Cum Last (July 2016, Prague).....	143
Chapter 19:	Victoria's Secret (May 2017, Ukraine).....	149
Chapter 21:	Bodily Fluids.....	157
Chapter 22:	Benchmarks.....	163
Chapter 23:	Secret Society Expulsion.....	173
Chapter 24:	City Of Gold (Summer 2017, Bogota, Colombia).....	179
Chapter 25:	Temple Of Doom (November 2017, Bangkok).....	185
Chapter 26:	Bachelor Blues.....	193
Chapter 27:	Women's Woe.....	199
Chapter 28:	Checkmate (October 2017, Russia)....	203
Chapter 29:	Bang Bus (May 2018, Ostrava, Czech Republic).209	
Chapter 30:	Deeper Down The Rabbit Hole (2016, Poland).....	217
Chapter 31:	Yes Sir! (December 2016, UK).....	223
Chapter 32:	Three Is The Magic Number (December 2016, Warsaw).....	241
	Postscript.....	251
	APPENDIX.....	255

FOREWORD

*"When you're good they never remember.
When you're bad they never forget"*

This book you hold in your grubby hands aims to be even grubbier, not just for the sake of more squalid Street Hustle lay reports to puff up my already overblown ego. I want these accounts of my daygame degeneracy across the globe to help kill off any residual Nice Guy beliefs you might still have about the real sex lives of women, plus give you access to this "Secret Society" world of filthy fun yourself before settling down too soon.

Why do girls cheat? What is it about 'bad boys' that girls are so drawn to? How can you keep sleeping with her without becoming her boyfriend? What's a proven way to get threesomes? How can you speed up your seductions to cut out 'romantic dating'? What are the ways to bring out the naughty side of a 'good girl'? How do you seduce a girl who's got a boyfriend or is married?

We'll explore all these key questions and more through the prism of real world daygame lay reports

from both myself and other hustlers around the globe. I'll underpin the seduction stories with scientific explanations from the findings of evolutionary biology to make sure you're up to speed on the bigger picture of why the Secret Society exists and how to gain membership yourself.

Many of the stories in the collection I've previously not published because I was nervous about friends and family reading them and discovering the full extent of my naughty pickup adventures (many had read my first few books and found them shocking enough). But as this is the likely to be the last book of lay reports I release then I thought I'd go out with a bang, bodily fluids and all.

In this book I've also made a conscious decision to document the darker sides of the player lifestyle, from rejections and dry spells to runaway egos and fuck ups. If you want to be a member of the Secret Society and get lots of casual sex without the romance then there's a price to be paid, even if it's not initially obvious.

Hence the title of the book: *"Below The Belt"* - the naughtiest, rawest, most badly behaved Torero tales that certainly don't abide by the usual dating rules.

Stay horny my friends,

Tom Torero
London, UK, August 2018

Chapter 1:

THE SECRET SOCIETY

*"Nice guys finish last.
Awesome guys finish on her face"*

I first heard the term *"The Secret Society"* in relation to pickup and dating in a now infamous 2007 seduction forum post by Tyler Durden (of *The Game* and *Real Social Dynamics* fame). I read it at the start of my pickup journey through a Nice Guy lens, shaking my head at the concept and disbelieving the majority of it.

The post said that 99% of men on earth are having sex only as a girl's loyal boyfriend, husband or Sugar Daddy. But that the remaining **1% of guys are part of a hush-hush inner circle having no-strings sex for free as her lover**. The former are getting 'negotiated' sex because of their commitment to a girl. The latter are getting wild passionate sex as the 'bad boy.' They're the guys girls cheat *with*, not on. This 1% of guys are said to be in the 'Secret Society.'

I brushed the concept off as nonsense. At the time I was a polite, respectable Primary School teacher in

London who'd slept with less than half a dozen girls in boyfriend mode. I'd had a couple of "lucky" casual one-night stands but I presumed that most girls were sweet, innocent and "not like that."

Even when I began daygaming (chatting up girls during the day) in 2009 I was doing it in Nice Guy mode, presenting myself as the boyfriend-to-be and taking girls on numerous dates with romantic undertones. Long walks by the river, concerts, the cinema, boat trips, all before getting anywhere near sleeping with them. I was puzzled why so many of the girls would make me wait so long for intimacy, and why many dropped off the radar even before sealing the deal.

Almost 10 years and more than 350 notches later, I can confidently say that Tyler's post was right and I was wrong. The Secret Society is real - not in Freemasons, Scientology literal type of way like an underground cult, but as a biological truth when it comes to human male-female mating strategies. I've not only read the scientific studies underpinning it, which I'll be quoting later on in the book, but much more importantly I've gained access to it from a decade of approaching, dating and sleeping with hundreds of girls out in the real world.

The biggest concept you need to grasp, which took me many years, is that **women have a dual-mating strategy** (whilst men just have one). They date and marry from the 99% of guys who are offering emotional and financial security, whilst still seeking out and

sleeping with the 1% of guys who are the lovers, the cads and the Chads (for alpha DNA).

At the start of my daygame I was auditioning to be the boyfriend, not realising that there was a faster, no-strings way of having sex with her. **“Alpha fucks vs Beta Bucks”** is a popular way of remembering this subconscious double strategy of women. Think of it as paternal versus financial investment to maximise her genetic legacy.

As Tyler’s original post correctly stated, all females are born into the Secret Society. They are the gatekeepers to sex, getting to decide *who with*, *when* and *how often* it happens. It is men who are either in or out of the Secret Society*, competing for membership into the exclusive club. Some get in early (the ‘naturals’) but then lose their access, while others have to work hard (by learning Game) to get in and stay in for as long as they can.

By now you’re most likely wondering if you’re a male in the Secret Society. Are you in the 1% club? If you’re ticking off most of these requirements then the answer is yes:

- *You’re in control of your sex life, sleeping with a number of younger hotter girls when you want to. You haven’t settled down*
- *Sex with a new girl occurs on the first or second date. It’s passionate and happens quickly. She doesn’t make you wait as a bartering tool*

- *You're single (or in an open relationship) and having sex with a number of girls without being (or promising to be) their boyfriend or more*
- *Some of the girls in your rotation have boyfriends, partners or husbands, and they come to you for lover-only sex*
- *You're not doing romantic, couple-like things with the girls you're sleeping with*
- *The girls don't sleep over for the night in your bed*
- *You're not seeing one girl too often or texting her routinely*
- *Your girls know (usually implicitly) that you've got other girls you're sleeping with*
- *The girls usually don't ask you to wear a condom*
- *The sex is often wild and naughty (anal, domination, swallowing, risky etc)*
- *Girls contact you to come over during the middle of their month when they're at their horniest (ovulating)*

Only you will know deep down if you're in the Secret Society or not. Perhaps you're pretending to be a girl's boyfriend to get laid, then doing a runner (what I call the 'Bait-&-Switch' strategy). Maybe you're taking a girl on many dates with dinners and flowers. Some of

you might even be helping girls out financially in some sort of Sugar Daddy pay-for-play role.

Most guys have glimpsed the existence of the Secret Society on random occasions which they frustratingly can't replicate. A drunken One Night Stand at university. A friend who seems to be an arrogant loud mouth but who's always getting laid. Or they've been on painful other end of it experiencing their girlfriend cheat with a bartender or their wife leaving them for the plumber.

This book, along with all my other daygame and dating material online and in print, aims to help you gain access to this Secret Society. You'll need both the theoretical understanding of biological truths and, much more vitally, the real-world infield experience from cold approach pickup to back it up. The stories in the book aim to shock you out of denial, pushing you to go and get similar experiences for yourself rather than just being an online voyeur.

NB: Scientific Explanations

If you read through the book thinking *"this is all nonsense, these are just anecdotal stories based on outliers"* then flip to the Appendix where scientific explanations and studies are given to answer the most common questions about the Secret Society.

* Gay men are automatically in the Secret Society, as I'll explain later. Married men or guys with

girlfriends can have temporary access to the Secret Society if they have lovers or are lovers on the side, but their movements are restricted because of their monogamous commitments elsewhere.



SECRET SOCIETY RULES

In Tyler's original Secret Society post he sketches out some of his ideas about rules those in the Society follow. I've taken some of these and adapted them with my own infield findings to create this overview.

Remember that the Society is not a literal organisation with membership cards and a secretary (some guys have asked me in seminars what the email address of the Society is!). It's just a real-world metaphor for the hardwired scientific truths of evolutionary biology.

DISCRETION: The first rule of the Secret Society is that you don't talk about the Secret Society. I'm clearly breaking the rule by writing this book, but I'm aware that it's for a very niche audience. Discretion in the Secret Society is key, especially when sleeping with girls who have boyfriends and husbands. Even single girls need their "good girl" reputation maintained, not to harm their long term partner possibilities.

SUBTLETY: Communication between members is largely non-verbal. A cheeky glance, a certain walk, physical proximity, the subtext of a conversation, a plausible excuse to find some alone time. This comes back to keeping things discreet. If communication was verbal and loud then too many other guys would pick up on it.

LACK OF JUDGEMENT: Those inside the Secret Society don't judge other members for their sexual freedoms and casual hook ups. They get it. It is those males outside the Secret Society with puritanical ideals that sexually shame and get angry with the true sexual nature of women and men.

SHARING IS CARING: Non-monogamy is at the heart of the Secret Society, and it's very normal for girls who are friends or colleagues to all sleep with a male in the Secret Society (either separately or together in threesomes, foursomes and more). Men in the Secret Society also can share girls in their harems but this is less common, as we'll come on to.

DON'T GET CLINGY: Clinginess, neediness, telegraphing too much interest, mate guarding. All these are signs that a male's lover status is slipping. Other Secret Society members will quickly eject such a male. Mate guarding is for providers, not lovers.

SHOW, DON'T TELL: You can't convince girls you're in the Secret Society by telling them, you can only gain entry through your behaviour. Girls are extremely good and sensing which males are in or out (from seeing which men follow these Secret Society rules in their interactions with girls).

CONFUSE OUTSIDERS: It's in all members interests that those males not inside the Society don't know about it. Girls will hide their true sexual natures from 99% of guys in order not to harm their chances of settling down later. Men outside the Secret Society usually have Purity Fantasies about women as fragile, vulnerable angels that need saving. They have to pay for something the 1% get for free.

Breaking of these rules means the termination of a man's Secret Society membership. Just because you've gained access doesn't mean it's a lifetime membership.

Chapter 2:

OBTAINING THE BELT

(2009, London)

*“He who makes a beast of himself gets rid
of the pain of being a man”*

Samuel L Johnson

This book's title is inspired by a weathered brown leather belt with a gold buckle, cowboy-like, that I've been wearing on all my daygame, dating and seduction adventures from the very beginning almost ten years ago. It's been with me around the world multiple times to over 60 countries, as I documented in my first three books *Daygame*, *Torero Travels* and *Cold Calling*.

The infamous belt was originally obtained from a vintage clothing store on Drury Lane in London at some point in late 2009 / early 2010. I'd read about the peacocking needed in nightclub pickups to stand out from the crowd so I'd gone to the shop to buy a ridiculous blue fluffy jacket, forgetting that daygame was very different from club game.

After paying for the jacket, putting it on and walking around Covent Garden for half an hour, I realised how

stupid I looked. People were pointing and laughing at this guy who resembled a blue chicken rather than a suave player. I went straight back to the store and asked for a refund. The lady said I couldn't have one, but that she could swap it for a plainer jacket. To make up the price difference she threw in the old cowboy-style leather belt which she said came from Texas.

From that day forward I kept the belt on whenever I went infield to do daygame, go on a date or travel. I'm not a superstitious guy but the belt has become something of a trademark ('torero' means 'bullfighter' in Spanish, a name I chose after reading *The Game* and then moving to Spain for a year where I dabbled in some indirect street opening).

In the early days it was like a superhero belt for me, representing my double life of being a clean cut school teacher during the day and then a wannabe-seducer after work. I often felt like the Karate Kid putting on the belt as a daygame apprentice, ready to learn the art and craft infield. More recently it's become one of the symbols of my gypsy life of travel, reminding me of something out of *Butch Cassidy And The Sundance Kid* or a sepia toned John Wayne movie.

The belt has been with me through thousands of approaches, blowouts and rejections, hundreds of failed dates and dozens of blue ball incidents late into the night. It bears the scars of almost a decade of infield pickup quite literally. It's worn and

frayed, the shine of polished leather long gone. You can see the stretching of the belt holes where I've put on weight, lost it, and put it on again. There are scratches and scuffs, even faint blood marks from certain stories where girls have been on their periods, as you'll read about in this book. Only once I've accidentally left the belt behind, in a hotel after a successful seduction with an Iranian girl (ironically in my home city of Cardiff). I raced back to rescue it before the cleaners or reception staff binned it. For those couple of hours of separation, I was distraught.

I have no desire to clean the belt or change it for a newer one because of the memories associated with it. It's been my silent witness to the roller coaster ride of my daygame, from my Nice Guy stable beginnings to something far more dominant and nomadic. From cast off on the bedroom floor after a failed seduction to being the spanking tool for hundreds of girls' juicy behinds, the belt has seen it all. It is the nearest thing I've got to a dogeared Secret Society membership card.

Chapter 3:

BELOW THE BELT BEHAVIOUR

“Libertine – a person (especially a man) who leads an immoral life and is mainly interested in sexual pleasures”

Merriam-Webster Thesaurus.

Look up the synonyms for “*libertine*” or “*player*” and you’ll quickly realise that Secret Society males are painted in a very negative light: *rascal, cad, brute, caveman, swine, creep, scoundrel*. Not exactly good Christian boys.

The word “*libertine*” originally comes from 14th Century English meaning “*freedman*” after the Latin *libertus* which the Romans would call a slave who’d been set free. Shakespeare used it to refer to anyone who followed their own inclinations. However by the 17th century it became infused with a puritanical meaning about immorality and the sins of sexual pleasures.

The antonyms (for men *not* in the Secret Society) are glowing terms: *hero, gentleman, saint, role model*. Those men that are faithfully monogamous boyfriends

and husbands look down on (or even detest) those inside the Secret Society, angry and judgemental at both the dual nature of girls ("*Why isn't she slutty with me?*") and the guys inside who are getting no-strings lover sex without investment. Thus the shaming of the Society and its members.

Looking at my own behaviour, and the behavioural traits of other experienced players I've lived, travelled and winged with infield, I can't deny that there's a so-called "dark side" to having the ability to seduce hot girls. Much of what a Pick Up Artist (PUA) does could be seen as "below the belt" behaviour - sleeping with girls who have boyfriends, not calling girls back, bragging about your conquests to other guys (or even writing books about them!)... it's no wonder that upstanding members of the public with religious morals are shocked and outraged.

I've made a lot of mistakes in my daygame journey. Lots of rough edges had to be smoothed off. In the early days I was like a bull in a china shop, taking things to the extreme by swinging from Nice Guy to egotistical asshole in an almost caricature-like way. Feeling like I had a point to prove after years of being bullied and hopeless with girls, I pushed things to the limit, not only with girls but with those around me.

From 2010 to 2012 I still had a regular stable day job as a Primary School teacher, and my work started suffering as I'd come in hungover or lacking in sleep after a date the evening before. I was no longer

focussed on furthering my career or earning more money. Everything quickly became about pickup. I'd be out on the bustling streets of London every evening after work and all the weekends either daygaming or dating.

With wings there was always competition. Who could get the most numbers? Who could go on the most dates? Who could get the most notches? Who had the hottest girls? This competition was both fantastic for pushing me way out of my Nice Guy comfort zone and detrimental in that it raised our so-called "Dark Triad Traits" (see below).



DARK TRIAD TRAITS

Psychologists group together three specific behavioural traits which charismatic, dominant, persuasive people show. Having met, lived, travelled and winged with most of the world's top daygamers and PUAs, it is my belief that those males inside the Secret Society all have raised levels of the three Dark Triad traits.

- 1. Machiavellianism:** the manipulative and charismatic skills of all hustlers
- 2. Narcissism:** the inflated, grandiose ego that is central to an unshakeable frame
- 3. Psychopathy:** the ability to remain "ice" like a pimp through selfishness

By definition, a cad or libertine doesn't play by normal societal rules. They're the "anti-heroes" of our collective conscience because this rule breaking and freedom comes at a cost. Standing out means not blending in. Getting your own way means ignoring others' demands. Doing your own thing means detaching yourself from the wants of others.

A long-term PUA *has* to be selfish, by default. He doesn't settle down in one place or with one girl. He goes for what he wants and perfects how to get it. Learning the pickup skill set is exactly that: improving your frame, standing up for what you want, not being the Nice Guy doormat. The same techniques that work with gaming girls (breaking rapport, qualifying, leading, dominance) spill over into all your interactions. It's not only girls that start calling you an asshole and a jerk.

Quitting my school job in 2012 and becoming a full time daygamer raised the stakes even more. Now I didn't just have a point to prove with wings and housemates but with the entire internet. Making your passion your business is a double edged sword in that you get to immerse yourself in the thing you love (and get paid for it) but now the pressure's turned up to the max.

You're suddenly a performing monkey. Guys are literally paying to watch you do your thing on the streets. You're getting fan mail in your inbox and being recognised out and about. Now you're getting

a buzz not just off the daygame but the recognition for doing it too. Fame, even on a micro niche level, amplifies the Dark Triad traits (which in themselves are needed for the initial fame). As the following seduction reports document, things can very quickly spiral out of control.

Chapter 4:

HOUSE OF HORNY HORRORS (2012-2014, London)

*“Her bar of expectation is incredibly
low for bad boys but magnificently high
for nice guys”
Torero Twitter*

In Neil Strauss' book *The Game* they had “*Project Hollywood*” – a group of peacocked pickup artists living in a shared house in Hollywood and gaming in the surrounding swanky bars and clubs from the early to mid 2000s.

London had a daygame equivalent from 2011 to 2014, but something far dirtier and Dickensian. Right in the middle of the city, just off the busiest shopping street in Europe, two early daygamers called Andy and Mark had rented a dilapidated penthouse from a rich Arabic businessman who needed someone to keep the property occupied until he redeveloped it. In exchange for its shabby condition and resident mice, he gave them a good deal on the rent.

From the outside it looked like a luxury property, surrounded by posh hotels and apartments, a stone's

throw from Oxford Street and Hyde Park. But on the inside it was like a House Of Horrors at a theme park or something right out of the *Addams Family* TV show. The property was the perfect metaphor for Secret Society members - respectable on the outside, filthy on the inside.

That penthouse in Marble Arch became a legendary focal point for London's emerging daygame scene. When I moved there in early 2012 there were six other people living inside (despite the house only having three official bedrooms). Mark shared a room with his volcanic Peruvian girlfriend, while Andy had a room to himself and spent most of his time on the sofa in the living room building an online business around the daygame he was doing.

Two random Danish girls who were friends of the Peruvian girl were squatting on a bed in a partitioned off section of the living room (rent free, which annoyed the rest of the house but the Peruvian had gotten her boyfriend under the thumb). A young guy who was an intern for the Andy's business lived in the house for minimal rent on the condition that he sleep in a tiny attic room at the top of the house which was essentially a cupboard.

I moved my few belongings into the last empty bedroom off of the landing and took stock of where I was. Since starting daygame three years prior, I'd managed to move from Wimbledon to Earls Court, and then from Earls Court to Marble Arch, getting ever closer to central London. Now here I was, right in the beating

heart of the city, just yards from Oxford Street and officially a full time freelance daygame coach. What the hell was I doing?

I'd left my regular Nice Guy job of a school teacher to coach the hustle full-time. In my first book *Daygame* I talk about how I started my pickup journey and how I came to teach it to other guys. It was surreal standing in that bedroom with my frugal possessions around me with no boss, no timetable, no structure, realising that I was on my own.

It reminded me of that scene in the classic 80's movie *"The Secret Of My Success"* when Michael J Fox arrives in New York City to find fame and fortune, only to discover he's unemployed and sleeping in a rat-infested rundown apartment without a dollar to his name.

I'd left behind a respectable life and a stable bank balance to live in a ramshackle place ("penthouse" only on paper) with an eccentric collection of colourful characters, equally unemployed and hedonistic. Paper peeled off the walls, water ran down from the ancient bathroom into the rooms below, the Victorian elevator which looked like something from a Stephen King horror film kept breaking down and a happy collection of mice would regularly come out to play and consume the food remnants left on the floor by the crowded occupants.

Very quickly I realised that this house was held together by one common thing: sexual debauchery. My previous single rooms in Wimbledon and Earls Court

had seen their fair share of filthy notches but now living in a shared house where pretty much everyone was smashing girls took things to a whole new level.

I'd bring girls back to my room to shag while above me Mark would be nailing his Peruvian girlfriend nightly and making her scream in Spanish like it was an Olympic sport. In the living room the two Danish squatter girls would spend their days dossing around getting ready to go out and then their nights cock-teasing a whole host of rich guys at London's swankiest clubs. The joke was they'd come home each night with more money than they'd left with.

The frayed, stained living room sofas were used by male friends of Mark and Andy for bringing girls back and smashing them because of the great central location of the house. One guy called Sam went from being an occasional guest to sleeping full time on the sofa. He was also a daygamer (and later a coach) and would bring back a whole host of girls to make sweet love to on those worn out couches.

Soon (because of my rapidly dwindling bank balance) I'd moved out of the room off the landing and into the attic cupboard, saving me hundreds in rent. The intern had moved out and I discovered that he'd just been sleeping on the carpet without a bed, so the first thing I did was manage to squeeze in a double mattress which filled the entirety of the space.

The one saving grace of the tiny room was that it had a cracked window out onto the chimney-lined roof

where I could take girls after bouncing them home to see the “*rooftop terrace.*” It was like a porn version of Mary Poppins amongst the chimneys of London. If you stood on the very peak of the roof you could just make out Hyde Park in the hazy distance. Girls loved it despite (or because of) the squalor.



THE MYTH OF “HIGH VALUE GUY” LOVER GAME

It’s very popular amongst online keyboard guys to talk about how pretty girls only sleep with rich, jacked, sophisticated, cultured men. They see images of billionaires or celebrities and assume that that’s the way to get hot girls. Yachts, Ferraris, private jets - you’ve seen it on Instagram again and again.

What these guys fail to understand is that they’re looking at Provider Game, where girls are hooking up for some sort of financial incentive (even through it’s not defined as prostitution). These guys flashing the cash are the antithesis of Secret Society males who excite girls with their personalities and behaviours rather than their bank balance.

As this chapter demonstrates, many of the top players I’ve gamed with in the world lead pretty squalid, filthy lives in all respects. They’re usually unemployed (other than coaching

pickup) and living in scruffy dwellings. They dress like surfers, rock-n-roll roadies or hippie travellers. They drink and smoke far more than normal. And they're magnets for hot girls because of their flirty, naughty, cheeky charm and bad boy behaviours.

The "value" they offer is super high Sexual Market Value, not monetary. Let that sink in.

Within months a fellow daygame coach called Jon moved into my old room downstairs and we started teaching bootcamps together as well as hosting students in the house for a few days on residential programmes. They'd have to sleep on worn-out single mattresses on the living room floor and share the tiny bathrooms. I felt sorry for them but there was a queue of guys wanting training and they never complained.

From there on in, things snowballed. I'd smash dozens of girls in that tiny shabby attic room. I had sex with a few on the roof. Jon would be pulling lots of girls back to close too, along with a new guy living on the sofa called Martin (who was first a daygame cameraman for the bootcamps before becoming an instructor).

Students would be bringing girls back for Same Day Lays and smashing them on the mattresses in the living room. The Danish girls moved out and were replaced by a whole host of rent-paying daygamers who also sometimes fucked into the wee hours.

At one time in 2013 I remember counting twelve people sleeping in the house. Girls were nailed in every room (except the tiny toilet under the stairs) including the elevator and hallway outside. If a forensics team came and took DNA swabs from the house then they'd have found more profiles than in a serial killer's car trunk.

Tenants of the house came and went (quite literally). Rooms were occupied by a colourful collection of characters: a guy who ran a sly scheme of telling girls he was a photographer and then trying to take pictures of them nude, another dude with a girlfriend who was bisexual and a nymphomaniac (she demanded hard noisy sex twice a day from him and knackered in him out) and another daygame instructor called Dave who started making low budget porn movies (that story comes later in the book).

Most of us in the property were officially unemployed. The majority of guys in the house didn't get out of bed until mid afternoon. Mark and Jon earned a living from online poker, Andy obsessively built his online business propped up on pillows lying on the sofa. Nobody took out the bags of rubbish piled high in the kitchen.

Pizzas would be ordered directly to the penthouse with the delivery man looking stunned as he walked into the living room to drop off the food. Rows of zombified guys playing Xbox on the sofa, someone passing a shisha pipe around, a seedy photo shoot happening in the next room, unidentifiable females drifting through the kitchen in their underwear.

There were arguments about who owed who money, who was meant to clean up, who hadn't paid enough rent. Friendships frayed over girls - someone would flirt with someone else's fuck buddy, a housemate would share a girl from their harem but then another housemate wouldn't reciprocate. It's not surprising that the majority of pickup companies started by friends quickly descend into chaos and closure.

Once I came back from a long coaching trip to Australia and opened my bedroom door to find the young instructor Sam smashing an Italian model in my bed (after I'd asked the other guys in the house not to let anyone in my room while I was gone). I'd just come off a 22 hour flight, was totally jet lagged and I lost the plot, shouting at him and pulling the duvet off her, telling them to get the fuck out. Later that day after I'd slept I realised that a wardrobe full of my belongings on the landing had been emptied. I asked Jon and Dave where things were.

"We had a big clean up and gave everything to charity shops" he said, "we didn't think you were coming back from your travels."

As the daygame phenomena grew the house was used as a podcast studio, a set for my first video products and by numerous photographers and film crews. One major British TV production company came and shot a pilot episode of a reality show about taking loveless guys and with our help turning them into playboys (the show never got commissioned, which was a good thing

in hindsight because of the squalor they would have stumbled across if filming 24-7 in the house).

By 2014 I was travelling more and more, spending hardly any time in London or the Marble Arch property. I gave up my room to another digital entrepreneur and some of the daygame guys had gotten live-in girlfriends so the vibe slowly changed to something more civilised. At some point in 2016 the landlord kicked everyone out so he could finish his multimillion dollar redevelopment of the whole terrace block. I'm not sure if he ever found out what had happened in that penthouse but I pity the builders who had to handle the stained sofas and mangled mattresses.

Chapter 5:

EGYPTIAN PRINCESS

(January 2013, London)

“A woman is as loyal as her options”

The weekend daygame bootcamp started ominously with heavy rain, thunder and lightning. Our backup plan was to meet the students at Marble Arch near the penthouse and jump straight on the Central Line metro heading west to Shepherd’s Bush to do most of the daygame in the giant indoor Westfield Mall.

On the subway there myself and the other instructor Jon would chat to the students to find out about their backgrounds and put them at ease before going infield. Two stops down from Marble Arch at Queensway a glamorous looking girl boarded our carriage and sat almost opposite us. She clearly wasn’t English; high heels, fresh makeup and lots of visible gold jewellery. I guessed Persian or Lebanese by her exotic features, mid to late twenties, Muslim because of the headscarf.

Myself and the students were still soggy from the rainy meeting, our clothes soaked and our hair dripping. I was sitting in the middle of two students talking animatedly about the plan for the day and

that's when I first clocked the first Indicator Of Interest (IOI) from the exotic girl - a quick look over from her with her large cat-like eyes, something more than just an inquisitive glance.

A minute or so later the student next to me noticed she'd done it again in my direction.

"Is that an IOI?" he muttered.

A magical effect of teaching students infield is that the coach is infused with extra mojo, spurred on by his keen students and their desire to see a demo. Rather than answering his question I stood up, crossed the carriage and put out my hand out to introduce myself to Miss Queensway. I can't remember exactly what I said but it was something about her exotic look and her cat-like eyes.

Approaches on the subway are tricky because both you and the girl are trapped, so you've got to be extra calibrated to any Indicators Of Disinterest (IODs) and be ready to back off. Her IOIs made the open easier, and sure enough she hooked pretty quickly, telling me she was from Egypt on a shopping trip to London and asking me what I was doing that day.

By now we were past Notting Hill Gate, only one stop away from our destination. The students egged me on with their smiles.

Everything needed to be sped up as I wasn't sure where she was getting off. I sat down next to her and

tried to get her phone number. She said she didn't have a phone that was working. I went for my Plan B at the time - Facebook. She said she didn't have a profile. It was a very sexual set that felt pretty on so I persisted, asking her what she was doing later. She said she was going shopping in the mall then heading back later that day to her hotel (the Hilton) by Queensway station.

Perhaps because I knew my students were watching, I tried a Hail Mary move of telling her I'd show up in the reception of the Hilton at 8pm and we'd go for a drink. She smiled back with twinkling eyes and verbally agreed before the carriage doors opened and she vanished into the crowd. As we got out of the metro I explained to the students what a long shot it was going to be, but I was still happy they'd seen the flirting in action.

The bootcamp finished for the day back in the Marble Arch daygame house around 7pm. I told the other housemates about the mystery Egyptian girl and debated whether I should go to her hotel. I was tired and very tempted just to crash out. But one thing pushed me forwards to have a shower, get dressed and board the metro again - I hadn't got an Egyptian flag in my notch collection.

In my ripped jeans, leather jacket and scruffy boots I looked out of place sitting in the swanky reception of the Hilton Queensway an hour later. I've never gone to a date being less sure the girl's going to

turn up - no phone number, no way of messaging her, just a brief metro promise earlier that day.

8pm came and went. 8.10, then 8.15...I gave myself another five minutes before I'd be on my way, tail between my legs. Just as I was about to head back home there she was, marching into the hotel carrying armfuls of shopping bags, straight from the mall. She looked just as shocked as I did that we'd made the reunion happen and ushered me to follow her into the lift before reception staff noticed me with her.

As soon as I got into the lift I was filled with doubt. Was she a hooker, hustling me for money? Was she going to take me to her room and drug me for body parts?! The conversation was so awkward and stilted because of the bizarreness of the situation. We made chit-chat about her shopping and London life as we moved from the lift to her room. She was so nonchalant about me going to her room, yet nervous about anyone seeing us.

In the room she went straight into the bathroom to have a shower and change into some of the new clothes she'd bought. I was left sitting on the bed and conversing with her through the bathroom door that was slightly ajar. My usual dating and seduction model had gone out the window. Was she waiting for me to go into the bathroom and nail her immediately? Did she think I was her gay best friend and we'd just go out for a friendly drink? Was she calling someone to come and kill me?

I learnt a few key things during her bathroom session - she was from Cairo, married, and her rich husband was away on business in Iceland so she'd come to London to use his credit card in high end shops. She said she wasn't that religious but her husband was. So, there's me sitting on a posh hotel bed talking to a married Muslim woman who's having a shower only metres away, who I'd only met a few hours before on a metro train.

Almost an hour later she emerged in nearly all white, like a glamorous mummy from a tomb covered in gold accessories. It felt so weird just escalating out of nowhere and she was clearly dressed up to do something, so I suggested a "*beer in a real English place*" in a classic pub opposite the hotel (which I've heard has subsequently become derelict).

In the pub we sat in an alcove and I felt on comfortable ground, running the usual date model of verbal then physical spikes. It was funny seeing such a glitzy girl in a proper London pub drinking local ale. I was reminded of Eddie Murphy in *Coming To America*, with royalty trying to blend in to a scruffy situation. She said she'd got married at an early age and spent little time with her husband. Shopping trips abroad were her only hobby.

I don't remember much of the date, just the awkward bit where we walked out of the pub, crossed the road and I tried to keep cool as I strolled once more into the reception with her, knowing that if she invited me into the lift again then it was presumably game over.

Fast forward eight hours and I woke up in her giant double bed covered in scratches and with big love bites on my neck. She lay next to me still sleeping, equally covered with the marks of a wild night. There were towels all over the bed from where she'd gushed when she'd orgasmed (way more fluid than normal squirting) and it took me a while to gather up all my clothes that were scattered around the room in odd places.

I left her sleeping as I let myself out, took the elevator back down and rode the subway home to clean myself up and get ready for the second day of the bootcamp, battered and bruised from a new notch. I'd never even gotten her name. It had been a wild night with a married millionaire Muslim woman - had I gamed her or had she gamed me?

Chapter 6:

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

(2012-2013, London)

*“Good girls are just more selective who
they’re bad with”*

I’ve often said that if you try to repress human sexuality, it surfaces in even more wild and wonderful ways. I call this the *Pressure Cooker Effect* – telling someone that sex is shameful, wrong and not allowed, leading to them diving head first into the Secret Society once they’ve got the opportunity to escape the societal / religious restraints on them. The following lay report is the best example of the Pressure Cooker Effect I’ve come across in my Game journey.

In early 2012 I was in my final term of being a school teacher in London and getting ready to jump ship to become a full-time daygame coach. As part of my resignation I’d been asked to hand over the reigns of my position to the replacement member of staff.

The teacher who was shadowing me for a term was a pretty English girl, 21 years old, newly qualified and full of feminine energy. She had the usual

new-to-the-job sparkle and was great fun to work with. I'd half been excited about working with her because she was hot, but half frustrated as she was a distraction from my work life at the school.

Early on I'd invited her out for an after work beer but she told me she didn't drink alcohol because she was a member of a pseudo-Christian sect, a bit like the Mormons. She'd only dated one guy from her church and all her free time was spent in Bible studies, youth work and soup kitchens. To a normal guy, this would seem like the ultimate angelic "good girl." I suspected something else.

Biology is biology. Primal hindbrain circuitry is more powerful than recent forebrain thinking. You logically know you shouldn't eat that piece of cake or watch that clip of porn but you do. Desire almost always beats duty. It's exactly the same for sex.

Both of us would try to focus on the job in hand but without me actively gaming the classic Mystery Method "Attraction Switches" were being flipped as she spent weeks and months with me in the classroom. She saw me with other female teachers and parents who looked up to me (*Preselection*). My status as classroom teacher with wider responsibilities was clear (*Leader*). Taking care of children was a given (*Protector Of Loved Ones*). I was a creative, successful teacher (*Willingness To Emote*). She also knew about my out of school hobbies of travel, adrenaline sports and guitar playing (*Risk Taker*).

We'd go out of school for lunch in a local cafe and she opened up to me about being raised in a religious household, and how she'd fooled around with boys from her church but she'd never had sex. She'd never tried alcohol but had a *"guilty pleasure"* of smoking when she was stressed, which she hid from everyone.

The lunches turned into after-school drinks - I'd have beer and she'd have coffee. I could see in her eyes the pent-up sexual frustrations and tensions. She'd learnt of my dating life with other teachers, single mums and nannies at the school, and was clearly turned on by my "bad boy" alter ego. I'd flirt more and more with her until the point where we'd hug and I'd kiss her on the cheek.

To add to the tension, one day she found me on my laptop at lunchtime writing an article for the pickup company I was freelancing with at the time. That night she Googled *"Tom Torero"* and read up on my second life as a part-time daygame coach. She was completely fascinated by this underworld of Secret Society pleasures, all the more so because they were off-limits to her. As the old saying goes, *"if you want to draw attention to something, put a cloth on top of it."*

One evening after work we'd been in a pub beer garden (her drinking juice) and I'd leant forward and kissed her on the lips. At first lightly, then a full-blown make-out. She enjoyed it but afterwards was shy about it, worried that she was breaking her own rules.

Soon after, term ended and I'd left the school position, leaving her to take on my role. I didn't see much of her anymore other than occasional coffees if she was in central London on the weekends. I presumed she'd reached the limit of her naughtiness.

Fast forward a few months and she got in touch with me to "*ask for advice*" about exam paperwork. I told her to come over to the Marble Arch House Of Horrors and we could go through the files she was preparing. She arrived and sat in the living room where three other scruffy daygame coaches were dossing around on the sofa playing Fifa. Since working with me she'd followed my new job online (and I'm suspecting watched all my YouTube videos). She was fascinated about the pickup penthouse situation, the other coaches and the whole idea of degenerate daygame.

I gave her a house tour and we ended up in my shabby attic room with the window out onto the roof. It was a warm summer evening and we sat with our backs on the slanted roof tiles, smoking and reminiscing about working together. As the sun dropped it got colder so I had my arm around her. Soon we were making out. First nervously, then passionately. My hands wandered under her top and then I took her hand and put it on my crotch. She was really into it, so I opened my jeans zip and she held my hard dick.

Moving back inside to my tiny bedroom was straightforward as it was now dark and cold. I put on some music and low light, she smoked another cigarette, then we resumed hugging on the floor

mattress (I hadn't gotten a bed frame yet). She was playing with my dick again and I was trying to get my hand down her jeans, but they were the super skinny ones.

As if making a final mental decision, she opened up the buttons herself and wriggled them off. I fingered her before sliding off her panties and opening her legs.

"Be gentle" she said as I slowly went inside her and took her virginity.

I slept with her one more time a few weeks later when she returned for more of the forbidden fruit, but after that it was the school summer holiday and she was back with her family and strict way of life. We stayed in touch for a while but then she told me she'd gotten another boyfriend from her church and *"things were getting serious."*

I'm sure her future husband will never find out about her Secret Society adventures. A girl's dual-mating strategy (lovers & providers) means that she must hide her short term trysts from her long term partners, as Society rules dictate. Her stable boyfriend or husband will be warm, faithful, respectable, a good father and financially successful. I'm sure he'll be a pillar of church life and a real family man. But she'll never forget about biting the sweet apple in the Marble Arch Garden Of Eden.

Chapter 7:

LESSONS FROM ASSHOLES

"I'm not a bad man, but in certain situations I have to ask myself: 'What would a bad man do?'"

War Dogs

Everyone remembers the “bad boys” at school. The athletic jocks, the loud frat boys, the ruthless assholes. Think of Stifler from *American Pie* or Biff from *Back To The Future*. Nice Guys like me hated them because a) they bullied us and b) they got the hot girls. They were in the Secret Society and we were shut out.

The reliable, sweet, romantic guy simply doesn't get why women find jerks so appealing.

Using IQ and logical deduction, it just doesn't make sense. Such guys use girls for pleasure and mock them for fun. They're arrogant, cocky, unreliable, dramatic, often rude and act (or are) stupid.

Until you learn the principles behind Game, it will remain a mystery why girls are so turned on by

such guys. But once you've been picking up girls infield for a while you realise that such men (fabled "naturals") display the exact group of charismatic traits that Game principles aim to emulate:

- *adventurous / fun / risk takers (childlike energy)*
- *loud, brash, cocky*
- *leader of men (to the point of being cruel to other guys)*
- *non-needy (through abundance mentality)*
- *spontaneous / in the moment*
- *teasing & challenging girls (i.e. breaking rapport)*
- *making girls chase by pushing them away (again from abundance)*
- *desired by other girls, so preselection kicks in (plus jealousy)*

If you're looking for a list of behaviours that will get you into the Secret Society as a guy then that's it. You'll hopefully have spotted how the three overarching Dark Triad traits encapsulate all of these behaviours, so it's no wonder such guys are magnets for pussy.

Why do we call them "naturals"? Partly because of a genetic predisposition to having this cocktail of traits, partly because of the early reference

experiences they might have had at school which gave them a temporary pass to the Secret Society.

Since getting into Game I've spent a lot of time around such guys. Some got into pickup to make their results more consistent. Some went on to become daygame coaches who I lived and travelled with. None of them will mind me calling them (loveable) assholes as they know in Game that's a compliment.

My second daygame wing (who I met on a London seduction forum in late 2009) was a guy close to my age called Anthony. I struck gold with him as from our very first infield session together I could see he had the opposite sticking points to me. I was meek, mild and chronically nice. He was loud, cocky and intense. Whilst I had to calibrate up to showing my intent and breaking rapport, he had to calibrate down to easing off and bonding normally.

In high school Anthony had been on the football team and dated one of the hottest girls in the school for many years. He was about to finish his PhD to go into the intense world of city trading so had that natural self-assuredness. After a couple of beers this confidence would flip to superman-like arrogance which did wonders for his date game.

Why would a guy like this be learning pickup you might ask? Well if you remove such a guy from his ecosystem of school / work / sports team and take away the crutch of alcohol, he's almost lost. What he found so effortless in school is now a mystery to

him when he has to cold approach in a big anonymous city. Remember, it's very easy for a guy to lose his Secret Society membership (especially if he doesn't know how he got in).

We complemented each other well. He'd come from a serious academic background too so despite his boisterous exterior he was as fascinated by the minutia of social dynamics as I was. He'd push me to dress with more of an edge, improve my posture, speak louder, break rapport and be far more sexual with girls. I'd help him to build trust, story tell, calibrate to an environment and win over a group.

The best way to learn from natural assholes is to see them in action and absorb what they do infield through osmosis. I spent two years winging with him and we both witnessed each other's pickup progression. As chronicled in my first book *Daygame* I banged many girls with Anthony: the first was a Polish girl who I'd picked up in Trafalgar Square, the second was a German girl he'd seduced who had a boyfriend, the third a bisexual French girl who I was seeing. We also smashed another busty German girl of mine together one New Year's Eve (after a near-miss foursome, but his spoilt Russian girl got cold feet and bolted out of my flat).

Anthony was cocky, loud and very funny. He'd relentlessly knock girls off their pedestals and instinctively sexualise things quickly. I remember once in South Kensington seeing him walk into a pub, go straight up to two girls on stools at the bar and

push their heads together for a three way make out. Things like that blew my mind at the time.

We took one of our first foreign daygame trips together to Riga, Latvia. I was still daygaming in Nice Guy English Gentleman mode, collecting numbers and going on dates as their potential boyfriend, all very Hugh Grant like. He was pulling girls back to his room direct from bars and escalating rapidly in parks off of instant dates. It was clear I had a lot to learn.

The traits that made him fantastic with girls also made him a live-wire friend. His testosterone levels were through the roof - ultra focussed but also ultra competitive. Most of the time we'd be a good pairing for winging, like a Good-Cop-Bad-Cop movie partnership, but of course there was jealousy over each other's conquests and the desire to out perform the other infield.

He went on to get a girlfriend who was open to threesomes with other girls they'd pick up in kinky clubs. I left London to travel full time in 2014 whilst he climbed the ranks of London's financial sector to a high-level hedge fund manager position. Contact fizzled out as our world's diverged (until the start of 2018 when he became single and started Gaming hard again. Watch this space!).

After Anthony I lived with a succession of daygamers in the House Of Horny Horrors who also had natural jock traits that I saw infield and learned a lot from.

The most memorable was a tall chiselled Norwegian photographer who came to stay for a couple of weeks.

The photographer knew nothing about pickup but had a background of being the top-dog in his social circle and something of a local celebrity in his Norwegian city. From a young age he'd had lots of hot girls in the palm of his hand because of his good looks and family status. He was in London to take photos for one of the Andy's online business and was fascinated by the whole concept of daygame.

We took him out onto Oxford Street for a few hours and explained the London Daygame Model to him. He wasn't really listening, just goofing around, shouting Borat impressions across the street and totally in his own reality. He walked with swagger, always self-amusing and full of childlike joy. In the whole two weeks he never really changed his clothes - a scruffy basketball top, gym shorts and trainers.

I remember showing him some demo sets and him asking *"Why do you talk to them for so long?!"*

In around 10 days he pulled 7 girls back to the penthouse, mostly directly from the street as Same Day Lays and a couple after an evening drink. One of the last girls he fucked was a gorgeous tall model-like Danish girl who he'd pulled straight home from outside the metro. He didn't have a room to fuck them in, just a dirty mattress on the living room floor behind a partition. The daygamers in the house were stunned by his success. With his natural

arrogance and jerkboy characteristics he was tearing up our model and our results.

There were plenty of other guys in the Marble Arch house with more of a natural background with girls to me. Through living with them, going out to do daygame and teaching with them, I learnt lots more. A young guy called Martin who started off as a bootcamp cameraman quickly rose the ranks to become a fantastic PUA. He was the master of Secret Society fast lays approaching off the briefest of Indicators of Interest (IOIs) that he'd pick up on. Like a dog sniffing out a buried bone, Martin could smell an IOI a mile off. Once he clocked an IOI off of an American girl in a pub who was with all her friends. He called her over, took her outside into an alley off Leicester Square, fucked her and returned with her twenty minutes later. Her friends knew nothing.

Another legendary housemate, instructor and travelling partner called Dave Diggle taught me the power of being physical on the street and getting in close. He redefined the dating model that Anthony and I had structured (which went on to become the "*Girlfriend Sequence*") by pushing for one venue, one drink pulls back to the house immediately. He was the guy who I shot a porn film with (behind the camera, not in front!) and who was infamous for his kinky sex locations of toilets, parks, phone boxes and even a bus. More about Dave later.

It's not all sunshine and rainbows living with such loveable assholes. The loud, cocky confidence which attracts girls is abrasive when you're dealing with it 24/7. Roller-coaster emotions, competitive focus and egotistical meltdowns are all par for the course. As I shifted from greenhorn Nice Guy daygamer to full time player I was starting to embody these jock behaviours (which is what "learning Game" really is). It's not difficult to see how a house full of guys with these traits is like a barrel of dynamite ready to explode.

Chapter 8:

FUCKING FEMINISM

**(Autumn-Winter 2013,
London & Heidelberg)**

*"Getting angry with biology & genetics
is like getting angry with gravity.
There's no evil wizard punishing you.
You're punishing yourself"*

Torero Twitter

It's popular for guys in the online PUA world to get reactive when it comes to feminism. They'll get mad, try to debate feminists using logic and go on long angry rants about the collapse of civilisation. You can feel their simmering anger towards women under the lid of trying to learn to pick them up.

Therein lies the problem. Feminism is just a giant shit test to see how strong a man's frame is, and by reacting you're immediately losing. Just like with any other shit test, you've really got two options: 1) *to ignore* or 2) *to agree and amplify*. This filthy story is about a third option - *fucking them*.

In the early Autumn of 2013 I was teaching a student in central London, taking the tried-and-tested daygame

coaching route from Trafalgar Square (warmups) to Covent Garden (compliments and stacking), onto Regent Street (front stops and numbers) and then finishing on Oxford Street to really toughen the student up. At the end of every session I would take the guy indoors into TopShop to give him a go at high pressure situations.

Not enough daygamers take advantage of indoor game. Topshop's like a nightclub just without alcohol or men - it's three floors of girls all crammed into a small area, plus feel-good music pumping and zero competition. I wanted to demo for the student who was worried about the shop security and other people listening, so we lingered around the ground floor to see what we could find.

On cue we spotted a tall girl with dyed red hair who was about to exit the store. Right in front of the burly security guard I opened her and gave her a compliment, then pulled the rug out from under her by teasing her that she looked like a Mr Freeze Tip Top. Luckily she laughed and gave me big eyes. She was German, a newly qualified teacher and in London with a group of language students for a few days.

The close was rushed and only a Facebook as she said she didn't have a UK number yet, plus the security guy was giving us cock-blocking proximity. Ah well, only a demo, just a flaky lead to put into the funnel, nothing to write home about. To my surprise she accepted my request soon after and proceeded to send me lengthy invested messages about her trip. As any

guy does, the first thing I checked was her profile pictures. Here's where I uncovered the truth about her...she was a hardcore radical feminist.

She ticked every feminist cliché going: coloured shorter hair, owned a cat, vegan, Greenpeace member, online activist. The only difference was that she was hot. Her German genetics meant that she was tall, skinny with strong model-like cheek bones. Luckily she hadn't shaved off all her hair and still had it down to her shoulders.

I know many pickup artists that would immediately dismiss her as a lead. They'd go on a long tirade about her character and moan about how the world is going to the dogs. I prefer to see these girls for what they are - lost puppies who need a pack leader. Feminists are craving a strong male frame more than any other group of females, like children who've been abandoned by their dads.

Rather than debating her or getting reactive, I stuck to my guns and just played up my side of the equation when she'd ask me why I ate meat (I'd send her pictures of delicious steak) or question my "excessive" flying (I told her I was an international drug dealer and bodybuilder).

The sporadic messaging on Facebook continued back and forth throughout Autumn and early Winter until I told her I was going to be in Frankfurt in December (I was coaching a guy there for two days). Immediately she suggested meeting up in Heidelberg where she

lived, not far away, and showing me around the Christmas market.

Travelling to another city to see a girl is a dangerous strategy and poor frame, unless you've got some green lights. Up until this point we'd not really sexualised the Facebook chat and I'd not gotten any intimate selfies off of her. So I went for the nuclear option - asking her outright if I could crash at her place for a couple of nights. If a girl replies positively to this then you know it's 99% on.

This is what unleashed the beast in her. She wrote back accusing me of being presumptuous, of being a womaniser, a *"typical guy"* with a *"patronising view of women."* I opened the message, chuckled and then quickly forgot about it, filing it away mentally in the dead-end leads section of my brain.

Non reactivity and the power of the push. Two key components that guys forget when a woman's going off on one. Accidentally my silence spiked her emotions even more. She'd send longer and longer schizophrenic messages, one minute telling me I was *"cold hearted"* and then the next minute liking all my Facebook pictures and asking if I was still visiting her in Heidelberg.

December arrived and soon I was off to Frankfurt for my coaching session. I'd tentatively agreed to seeing Feminist Girl (if the demo sets in Frankfurt with the student didn't uncover any calmer, hotter girls)

and sent her a tongue-in-cheek message saying she should meet me at the train station with “*balloons and chocolates*” to welcome the British VIP.

It was freezing cold and a light covering of snow was on the ground as the train pulled into Heidelberg station. I’d taken a gamble and not booked any accommodation, even though I’d not brought up the topic with Feminist Girl since the initial message. And there she was standing by her car, waiting for me... with some balloons on strings and a box of chocolates under her arm!

Repeat after me: *Girls like to please guys. Girls like to submit to dominant men. Girls want you to pass their shit tests. Girls don’t want to lead. Change her mood not her mind.*

First she took me to her apartment to drop off my bag. Sure enough her place looked like something from a Feminism101 handbook. *Breakfast At Tiffany’s* poster, yoga mats, lots of house plants, art projects and weird fruit teas. Plus a cat. A very angry cat.

We headed out into the cold snowy evening to explore the Christmas market and climb the cobbled hill up to Heidelberg Castle, drinking Glühweine and taking pictures. She flipped between passive and accusatory just like on her Facebook messages. One minute she’d be dreamy and open, the next she’d be having a mini rant about how there was sexism in her school and the local government should build more housing.

Like with any other shit test, the key was to ignore what she was saying or make fun of her by amplifying it. I told her I'd lock her in the castle and make her grow her hair again so a noble prince could save her. She pretended to be in a strop but like a little kid I could see she was enjoying not being taken seriously for once.

Back at her place we settled down on the sofa to watch a movie as her cat hissed at me from the table tops. I purposefully didn't make any big escalation moves as I knew that if the clock counted down, later and later, I'd have to stay the night and therefore we were going to fuck.

By the end of the movie I'd still not done more than put my arm around her. She was so engrossed in the film and I was starting to doubt if the bang was actually on or not.

"I get up for school at 7am" she said, standing up and yawning.

Without saying a word she climbed the wooden stairs to her loft bed and started changing ready for bed. So clinical, so practical, like only German girls can be. In the semi darkness I followed her up and did the same, stripping down to my boxers. She opened a bedside drawer and took out a condom, prepared and precise. I couldn't take the sterile vibes any more, pulling her towards me and making out with her like it was the end of the world.

I remember fucking her into oblivion; she was so loud and wanting me to pull her hair harder and harder. Slapping her arse, my fingers in her mouth, hand around her throat, she couldn't get enough. All the while her angry cat looked on from the staircase, eyes glowing in the dark.

Chapter 9:

WAKEY WAKEY

(Spring 2014, Belgrade)

*“See sex everywhere, bubbling under
the surface of girl’s ‘chaste’ lives.
This mindset shift alone will transform
your Game”*

Torero Twitter

A common misconception is that because girls are automatically in the Secret Society and can be just as naughty as guys, they therefore must need sex as much as guys do. Whilst it’s true that girls can be nymphomaniacs, it’s not accurate to think that they’re all going around hunting lovers all the time like men do.

Girls love sex, girls love orgasms, girls love domination – all correct. But they don’t need it all the time, with any guy that’s around. The fundamental difference in male / female sexual strategies (sperm cheap / eggs expensive) means that for girls, they can put sex on hold in a dormancy phase until the right (alpha) guy comes along. And then they go crazy. It’s like a “feast-and-famine” strategy as opposed to a guy’s “always on” strategy.

This dormancy can be linked to her monthly cycle, where she's only really horny for a few days of the month (usually around ovulation), her age, her stress levels and her life circumstances. Some girls are hornier than others, but many go long periods between intense windows of sexual activity.

A daygamer with good pre-approach calibration might be able to spot an ovulating girl through the classic signals (tighter clothes, swaying walk from the hips, flushed face, giving off IOIs) but it's often hidden (there's a clear evolutionary reason why females hide their ovulation window, as I describe in the Appendix).

That sweet innocent looking "cultured" girl in the museum might be hiding the fact that she's just entered a horny window in her life and is down to fuck. That "slutty" looking girl dancing on the stage in a club might be in her dormancy phase and not feeling sexual at all.

So what can a player do? He can do everything in his power to either find girls that are horny or learn (through tighter Game) to flick the switches inside her so she wakes up from the dormancy phase and dives deep back into Secret Society pleasures like a dessert plant flowering after sudden rain.

The following story from the Spring of 2014 illustrates this well. I'd flown to Belgrade, the capital of Serbia, for my second daygame expedition there. I had arrived a few days ahead of my wing so I hit the streets to blow the cobwebs off my skills. Belgrade's not a city

for beginners. Even though the girls are stunning, the reactions are polarising, as I talk about in *Torero Travels*. You'll get many fast blowouts if your frame isn't strong and for a new guy that can be demoralising.

My first day infield there on that trip was brutal, I felt like I was starting from scratch. It had been a rough year so far, my father having passed away at Easter and my mind still numb from the collateral grief in our family. This would be my first time back out daygaming since his death.

My vibe was flat and the consecutive blowouts were knocking me all over the place. A daygamer always starts to wonder "*Have I lost the magic?*" after time off, but this felt like being a beginner all over again.

Approach number ten or eleven near the train station was on a tall slim girl, dark eyes and hair, classic Serbian. She looked like one of those skinny moody models on a billboard for H&M or Zara - melancholic and intense. At least she stopped and listened to my Opener and Stack after all those previous rejections. She was on her way home from work as a pharmacist and finally she hooked after a bit more banter.

I instant-dated her to a nearby coffee shop where I tried my best to get her to open up and invest, but she was pretty shy: 25, still living at home, a self-proclaimed introvert who had given up partying to read books and listen to obscure British hipster bands that sang about sadness. She said she hadn't dated a guy in two years.

I don't remember much about the texting or first date except she came back to my apartment below the fortress gardens and there was token LMR when I escalated towards sex. She was more frigid than frigid, like a nun in a strip club, telling me she hadn't had sex in a few years and that she'd decided for herself that she was *"over guys."*

A girl's limited window for reproduction means that she has different phases in her sex life.

After her Party Years (18-24) a girl has a nagging realisation that she's got to switch from lovers to providers as she feels her fertility dwindling. This gets intense after the age of 30 where she goes on the hunt for marriage and stability.

The Pharmacist Girl was fitting right into this timeline, now that she was in temporary hibernation after previous bad boy fun. I'm sure she'd had lots of fun with Secret Society guys, but now she was feeling the tick-tock pressure to get serious.

After that first date I wasn't sure if I was going to be able to thaw her out. She seemed pretty resolute with her hibernation decision. But I knew to listen to her actions, not her words (a Game fundamental). She'd come back to my apartment on the first date, we'd kissed, cuddled, and she was up for seeing me again. So Game on.

The second date was a late afternoon adventure bubble up at Belgrade fortress where we sat on a grassy bank

and shared a bottle of wine as we looked out onto the Danube river below. She played her melancholic music selection on her phone as we lay back, hugging and kissing. Was I slipping into romantic boyfriend box?

I knew the lay had to happen on that date otherwise the momentum would go and I'd be relegated from the lover to a potential long-term partner. I reminded her I was leaving the city in a week's time, I weaved in some DHV stories about reckless risk taking and adventure and I spiked things up by sprinkling in some pre-lay dirty talk about the things my mind was imagining us doing if nobody was watching.

From the grassy bank we crossed the road down to my apartment where the shoe-gazing music and wine continued. Under the coat she was wearing she'd put on a black dress and floral lacey tights. That was the last signal I needed. I led her up to the loft bedroom and we fucked into the night. She was nervous and reserved at first, quiet like a mouse but wanting me to go harder and harder. Clinical, precise but weirdly erotic.

After sex she told me she'd decided she was going to sleep with me when I'd kissed her on the first date. She'd gone home and felt her mojo returning, dressing up especially for the second date knowing that I'd try to fuck her.

After that it was like I'd unleashed a tsunami of horniness. She wanted to see me every evening of that trip, coming over to get fucked on every surface of

the apartment. I've got a distinct memory of smashing her as she bent over the dining room table and her looking down to see a copy of Matt Ridley's *The Red Queen* (a classic book on the evolution of sexuality) beneath her.

She turned out to be one of the wildest girls of the year. On the last evening of my stay in the city she came over wearing a long coat and just suspenders underneath. When I moved on from Belgrade she'd message me constantly, asking to be fucked as she felt so up for it all the time and couldn't get sex out of her mind.

Chapter 10:

BLOODY MARVELLOUS

(June 2014, Baltic Sea)

*“Most people in monogamous relationships
feel like it’s the best they can get.
If they were assured of an upgrade,
they would”*

Torero Twitter

It had been a tough few days of daygame hustling on the grand streets of Saint Petersburg in Russia. I’d gone there on a reconnaissance trip, taking an overnight ferry from Helsinki and making use of the visa-free three day window allowed. The girls had, as predicted, been stunning but the blowouts, flakes and two near-misses had reminded me about Russian iciness.

I boarded the ferry from the docks in Saint Petersburg ready for my overnight trip back to Finland. It was mid summer and the infamous White Nights were in full effect, bathing everything in a solstice glow. After dropping my bag off in my small cabin below deck I went up to watch the ferry depart and breath

in some Baltic air, resisting the urge just to sleep after a few hectic days.

It was now around 7pm and I was strolling around on the top deck watching Russia fade from view as we got out onto the Baltic Sea. Tourists mingled around at the outdoor bar or lounging on deck chairs soaking in the last warm rays. On one of the chairs I saw a girl in her early twenties, blonde hair, sunglasses on, with a red and white striped dress. Her high cheek bones and hot features told me she was Russian.

I couldn't be sure if she was alone or if her friends / family / other half were somewhere around snapping pictures, so I walked on by and went back down to my cabin. Lying on my narrow bed I closed my eyes and was tempted to just crash out. But part of me felt guilty for not being on deck and filming the Nordic midnight sun panoramas.

Around 8pm I was back outside for my last evening stroll. Suddenly the girl in the striped dress walked past me, still with sunglasses on, carrying a camera. All the daytime I'd done in Saint Petersburg made the approach and opener instinctive and polished.

I told her she looked beautiful, and that her dress made her look like a sailor. She accepted the compliment but in true Russian style was frosty in the interaction, not obviously hooking and just letting me do the work. I found out some basic facts that she was indeed Russian, alone and heading to Helsinki for a short city break with a tour group she was joining there.

The wind was whipping up and the temperature dropping so the bounce inside to the bar / cafe was easy. The instant date itself was not. She insisted sitting opposite me and drinking tea (after I'd ordered a beer for myself). She was a classic "Princess" girl - an only child, spoilt, a big fan of Disney movies about maidens and princes and a seeker of luxury. Typical hot Russian girl stuff. Her boyfriend of three years was back in her Russian city, but she was frustrated with him as he kept proposing and she felt she was too young to get married.

The conversation was hard work, and we were slipping into too much rapport, so I had to change things up a gear. As is normal with Former Soviet Union girls, challenging works better than teasing. I disagreed with her about lavish shows of wealth (which I called vulgar) and said I didn't like Dubai (which she said was her favourite destination).

To spike things up, I started the usual verbal escalation gambits: I said she had a sexy-but-dangerous accent, we talked about plastic surgery of Russian girls in Miami, I asked her what kind of guys she found attractive ("*rough men*") and we joked about Kate Middleton's sister Pippa having a great ass.

Despite the spikes, she was hard to read - a weak "maybe" girl, but certainly no green lights flashing. I told her about the tacky variety show taking place in the ferry bar later in the evening and that we should meet to have a drink and watch

it. She agreed saying she needed a shower and would meet me there.

Back in my cabin I had a shower too, put on my clothes which hadn't been washed since I'd arrived in Russia and slipped a condom into my pocket. In the bathroom mirror I gave myself a pep talk.

"Run the train Tom. You've only got one night. Assume attraction. Don't fall into rapport. Escalate towards seduction as the lover. Get her to the cabin. Pull the trigger!"

I arrived in the bar as the show was starting, found two seats close to each other, ordered a beer and lent back waiting for her. The free show was like something from a Soviet time machine - Eurovision meets the Russian State Circus. Every cliché was peddled out: Cossack dancing to techno Russian pop, ballroom dancing combined with a dog jumping through a hoop. It was car crash entertainment but weirdly engrossing.

Sailor girl arrived 20 minutes late (normal in Russia) wearing a little black dress, heels and make-up, taking her from a high 7 to a 8. She squeezed in next to me and ordered a whiskey-coke. This was getting better.

The show was so loud that there was nothing else to do except lean into each other's ear to say something or just be physical in the dark bar. I started the usual escalation ladder: incidental touching to point

things out, comparing sun tans, pulling her in to say something, briefly holding her hand and brushing her hair from her face.

The first big green light was that she was “floppy” when I’d pull her in, leaning on me for a few seconds as we were watching the show. As the room got darker for the show’s finale (a cringy version of Swan Lake with what looked like a stripper twirling feathers through a dodgy smoke machine) I pulled her in closer and kissed her. She jumped me. Game over I thought.

“Let’s get out of here...” I said in her ear.

She replied that she wanted to stay and watch the end of the show. Lose the battle to win the war. I rolled off and endured another 20 minutes of Swan-Lake-Gone-Wrong.

Luckily that was the final act and the show ended as quickly as it had begun, the harsh room lights turned on and the audience sent scurrying as it was past midnight and the bar had closed. I stood up and led hard.

“Let’s go for a walk, but first I need to get my jacket from the cabin....”

She was slightly hesitant but followed my lead, coming into my cabin which was only five minutes away. Awkwardly we sat on the narrow bed and switched on the ferry radio that was built into the wall. I remember Phil Collins blasting out of the crackling speakers.

I kissed her once more, but she wasn't as floppy as earlier. She said it was fast and that she hadn't done this before. After a bit more kissing I realised her nervousness was largely to do with the fact she still had her heels on (a Russian norm is to remove shoes inside a house). She kicked them off and we lay down on the bed.

"I have a boyfriend...." she reminded me.

"Let's just hug, it's ok..." I said as I pulled her in and she made mini moans of pleasure.

More kissing. Neck biting. More sighing. It was time for the classic Torero move: Get Your Dick Out (GYDO). I unzipped my jeans and got it out, putting her hand on it. The kissing intensified. But when I went to put my hand up her dress she stopped me.

"It is my woman's day" she said.

Still both of us fully clothed, I opened her legs, slid off her panties and began fingering her on the outside of her pussy, then pulling the dangling cord of the tampon she had inside. It sounds gross as I write this, but in that moment of intense passion we were like wild animals and it was totally fine. She finished pulling the tampon out and dropped it on the floor as I lifted up her dress and went inside her.

Fucking with clothes on often makes the experience even more intense, as it's so spontaneous and furious. The sex was raw and primal - lots of biting,

scratching, hair pulling and blood everywhere. On the sheets, on the pillows, on the sink after she'd gone to clean up.

"With you very wild. You like an animal" she smiled as we hugged after sex on the bed.

I lay there glowing with pride at what I'd just managed to do: a fast Same Day Lay with a young hot Russian girl on a boat in the middle of the Baltic Sea. It was a key moment in my journey from the nice sweet boyfriend-like daygamer to the adventurous, naughty lover-mode daygamer which glimpsed more and more of the Secret Society.

Chapter 11:

OBSESSION

"Obsession is a young man's game. And my only excuse is that I never grow old"

Michael Cain

Despite what the Self Help books tell you about finding "balance" in your life for success, someone who wants to master something at the highest level needs to be obsessive about it. Top seducers, with their Dark Triad traits and overblown egos, push themselves to the limit which is both a good and a bad thing.

Such drive is fantastic at the beginning. I was out every evening after work from 2010 to 2012, meaning a never-ending supply of contact details, dates and possible lay opportunities. Anthony and I treated it like a military operation, calling each other from our offices every lunchtime and planning that evening's location, timing and logistics. We'd set ourselves specific missions for the day or the week: instant dates to kiss a girl in a park, two sets to bounce to a bar, girls on the phone, Same Day Lays.

Obsessiveness pushes you forwards. You want 50 lays. Then 100. Then 200. Then 300. You start out going after the cute girls, then the hot girls, then wanting even hotter. In the beginning it takes a few dates to lead to sex. Then you go for it on the second date, then the first, then directly off of the street.

Without a normal job I spent all of my mental and physical energy on daygame. I taught bootcamps almost every weekend from 2011-2014, first in London then gradually across the world in over 60 countries and 80 cities. When I wasn't teaching I was either making content about daygame or hustling the streets for girls myself.

The other side of obsession is burn-out. If you eat, breath and sleep something then you're going to crash eventually. My first experience of it all getting too much was after I'd cut ties with London and began travelling full time. I was in Prague in the winter, it was snowing, and it hit me that I'd left my job, my friends, my relatives and my base city to drift out into an ocean of possibilities without an anchor. What am I doing? Where is this all going? I questioned to myself in the dark snowy night on Charles Bridge.

Burnout is like a bell jar feeling for me. Everything dries up creatively. I feel lethargic and heavy, mentally overwhelmed. There's no desire to open any more girls, to go on more dates or to make content about daygame. My previous Black Dog depression temporarily returns for a few weeks as I lose my passion for my mission.

I have such periods once or twice a year after long stretches of travel and hustling. The roller-coaster of emotions that goes along with cold approach pickup means that daygame makes the highs higher and the lows lower.

To get my mojo back I've learnt to take time off of hustling. Go into nature, return home to see family, take a trip with male friends which has nothing to do with pickup. Consume unrelated books and movies. Let my horniness return by disbanding any harems I have.

This bi-polar swing from high to low is very common in all the good pickup artists I've met who are obsessive about their craft. Many excellent daygamers I've known over the years have quit altogether to get off the roller-coaster of emotions. Some get into monogamous relationships as a 'time out' method. Others suddenly rebel against the PUA world and turn to spirituality, self help or business.

The Game games you, be aware of that if you're going to go all the way with it. Like a gambler at a slot machine, the erratic wins will pull you in to bet more and more, sure that the next payout is just around the corner. Is the next set going to be the winning hand? Is that girl over there going to be the next new notch?

Pickup magnifies the normal range of emotions for better or worse. You've got to learn to take the rough with the smooth like a pro poker player or a seasoned fisherman. If you're a sensitive guy who already struggles to

regulate your mood then be warned that daygame pickup will really test your emotional control to the limit.

Game holds a mirror up to you with relentless real-world feedback that you can't hide from. Your ego will take a battering over and over in the process of obsessive reforming, like a stone statue being carved with a hammer from a block of granite.

"If you're going to try, go all the way. Otherwise, don't even start" said Charles Bukowski.

Chapter 12:

RUSSIAN SHAPESHIFTER

(August 2014, Russia)

"Your position on the lover-provider spectrum is your choice, not hers"

Torero Twitter

Nice Guys like to think of girls' personalities and behaviours as binary and fixed. They imagine her as either the "good girl" or the "bad girl," the "girl next door" or the "slut." This reveals their lack of infield experience and an underlying Madonna-Whore complex which leads to having a Purity Fantasy.

Those small minority of guys in the Secret Society understand when I say that women are actually 'shapeshifters' - they change their pattern of behaviours based on the frame they're presented with.

To a guy who comes across as sweet, stable, boyfriend material, she'll mirror that by showing her angelic, innocent, squeaky clean side. To a guy who comes across as the rogue adventurous bad boy who wants a passionate fling she'll reveal her naughty, wild, kinky side.

If you wear a Ralph Lauren polo shirt, an expensive watch and drive a Ferrari then don't be puzzled when every girl you meet seems to be a gold-digger. If you bang her after an hour of stopping her on the street in a pub toilet, don't be surprised when she wants to keep it casual and not introduce you to her mother.

She'll accept the value proposition you're offering at the start, whatever the form. The guy sets the frame, and it's hard to change once in place.

It's crucial that you understand this: the *same* girl can show different sexual behaviours depending on the guy she meets. For one guy she'll fuck him on the first date, swallow, do anal and outdoor sex. For another guy she'll wait five dates, demand dinner and roses, plus only do missionary position with candles.

This story from Saint Petersburg in Russia with a rich Daddy's Girl illustrates the shapeshifter concept perfectly. I was spending a month in the city (as I describe in my book *Cold Calling*) and hustling every day on the long main street of Nevsky Prospect. I'd conditioned myself like one of Pavlov's dogs to reward myself with some cheesecake after the first week's daily marathon hustling session of 20 approaches. I'd gotten to 19 in the hot sun and was looking for any hottie to finish the session with. This girl was number 20.

When you've just landed in a Russian city it's easy to be intimidated by the over-the-top shows of female beauty around you. High heels, long legs, tight dresses, long hair, full makeup...all in the middle of the day

like they're off to a night club. After a few days of daygame you're desensitised to it but when I saw this girl come out of a metro entrance I was nervous.

She looked like a brunette Barbie doll - pink dress and bag, visible gold accessories and luxury labels, strutting down the street with her iPhone in a pink Playboy bunny case. Fuck it, face the fear - jump in and approach.

Barbie was actually far friendlier than I'd predicted, with excellent English having spend a month in the USA at a summer school. She was 22 years old, fresh out of university and off that day to spend her dad's money in some expensive stores.

The set went well but as ever in Russia, a solid interaction meant very little in terms of guessing if a notch was going to happen. I took her WhatsApp and we split.

My first date with Barbie happened three days later in the early evening. I met her outside Galeria Mall and took her to my usual date venue across the road - an English style pub called the *William Bass*. We sat at right angles to each other upstairs under a portrait of the Queen (lots of easy role play fodder) and I ran the usual structure.

I don't remember it being that eventful, other than her telling me her father was very wealthy, she'd just come out of a two year relationship with a rich guy who had taken her to the best restaurants and clubs

in the city but had *"made her feel like his medal."* She wasn't like her Barbie image at all, despite her looks. She'd graduated with a degree in Economics and knew more about English literature than me.

The compliance was nothing special - she kept her cards close to her (ample) chest. I must have done my usual verbal and physical spikes but I remember not getting the full make out or bounce home as we walked past my apartment, ten minutes away. Slower dating is normal in Russia so I seeded another meeting and sent her on her Barbie way.

The second date was two days later, meeting at the same spot *"for a walk."* She turned up with a tight white dress on and taller heels like she'd come to fuck. Note that if a girl is wearing white with you (especially jeans or tight dress) then it means she's not on her period so that's a good signal for sex. Blood and white clothing don't mix well.

As we walked past my apartment door on Nevsky Prospect I told her I wanted to *"get my jacket"* because the evening air was chilly. She climbed the stairs and came into the small bachelor pad with little hesitation, taking off her shoes and looking at the view of the street below. More green lights. I was quietly confident this was going to be a straightforward lay so in the bathroom I took off my weathered Torero belt to make escalation easier.

We listened to songs on YouTube and chatted to put her at ease, changing the music for the movie *"Dirty"*

Dancing" which she said she'd seen hundreds of times but loved. Sitting on the bed we started drinking wine whilst watching the film. Even though it's a crappy movie, it's good to go along with girl's fantasies and play them out in real life. Patrick Swayze's character was doing a lot of the escalating for me as he wracked up the sexual tension with the movie's sweet, innocent "good girl."

The sitting turned to reclining, which turned to an arm around her and some light kissing. This is where the usual token LMR kicked in. She said she only had sex with a guy she was dating, that it was too fast, that she didn't know me etc etc, the usual forebrain roadblocks that an experienced player will have heard hundreds of times.

I rolled off and we watched more of the movie. Patrick Swayze was now getting down and dirty with the good girl. I noticed that Barbie girl sighed a little when I pulled her hair into a ponytail.

The arm around her and hair pulling turned to making out. She gestured for me to pull her hair more, "*like you own me*" she said.

I remember the final escalation taking a long time (we got to the end credits of the movie!) with her enjoying the teasing and building of sexual tension. Dick out, fingering, then fucking her for all of twenty seconds before she fell off the bed onto the floor where I carried on nailing her. She was a real biter

and scratcher (girls do this as territorial markings) and left me looking like I'd been in a bar fight.

She orgasmed first and went to the bathroom to clean herself up. I went in after her and got her to give me a blow job so I could cum in her mouth. I remember her continually asking for my approval, loving it when I told her what to do.

After she said she wanted to be my *"plaything"* and next time be *"told to shut up and then fucked as I walk in the door."*

She said that I was the third guy she'd ever had sex with (the first two were long term relationships) and the first guy who'd not bought her expensive shit. She also said she liked the direct way I stopped her on the street and that she knew I wanted to fuck from the start. Good feedback for a player, I'd felt my frame improving since daygaming Russians.

The total amount I spent on her: two beers on the first date (around \$10) and a bottle of white wine at mine on the second date (\$12), so around \$22. Not exactly a high roller guy like she was used to.

The next time I saw her I was meant to meet her outside Zara on the main shopping street. She messaged me to say she was trying on clothes inside and that I should join her. I found which changing room cubicle she was in, waited until other shoppers were not looking and then went into the cubicle with her.

We didn't fuck, but we made out and I fingered her under her skirt. She didn't buy anything, saying she'd get her dad to order it to the house when she got home.

To a Nice Guy this shapeshifting nature of a girl seems so strange as it's just not logical. One moment she might be a butter-wouldn't-melt university student. The next she might be a flashy Barbie girl on the arm of a rich guy. The next moment she might fuck a scruffy Welshman who stopped her on the street and spent peanuts on her.

I even know prim and proper conservative guys who are horrified at the thought of girls asking to be dominated and treated like "objects." They are morally outraged, describing it as "degrading." Their usual reply is that "only some girls are like that" as they bury their heads in the sand and pretend that the Secret Society doesn't exist (see below).



NOT ALL WOMEN ARE LIKE THAT (NAWALT)

"Good girls are just bad girls who haven't been caught"

Here's a mental exercise to wake you up at this point in the book. I warn you, it's not sugar coated. The whole point is to give you some tough love.

Picture a female actress, TV personality internet celebrity who is the most wholesome, sweet, feminine girl you can think of. Butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. Real girl-next-door material. The future mother of your child. That Christian girl at the church Bible Study. So innocent and chaste.

Now imagine the face she makes when she's getting fucked. Really hard. She's being nailed from behind, the guy pulling her hair, his hand around her throat. She's screaming just before orgasming, the guy getting her to say that she's his '*little slut.*'

Now imagine her masturbating in the shower to the mental image of a wild, dangerous man she's read about in a romance novel. She moans loudly as she cums, before getting out of the shower, drying herself and getting changed ready for a family dinner.

Let's take it up a level. Imagine how bad her feet smell after she's been walking around in the hot sun all day. Picture her taking a giant crap on the toilet after she's eaten a big meal. Imagine her farting when she's home alone and bloated. Burping after stuffing her face with a BigMac.

Still not woken up? Change the female actress for an image of your mum in her twenties, your

sister or your gran in her younger days. Try imagining the Queen of England giving birth to her children, or even having sex if you can picture that.

"No, no, no!" the typical guy will proclaim. *"Not all women are like that! She's so sweet, so innocent, so pure, so different from all the rest!"*

NAWALT is typical Purity Fantasy thinking, believing girls are either good or bad, Madonnas or whores. A man in the Secret Society knows full well about the reality of women as shapeshifters and doesn't hold it against them. In fact he uses it in his favour, unleashing the wild girl within.

If you found that basic visualisation exercise difficult, I'd really encourage you to read the book *"My Secret Garden"* by Nancy Friday. It's a 1973 real life collection of women's fantasies, submitted by housewives across America, which will serve to further shock you out of your remaining Nice Guy purity fantasies.

Chapter 13:

BED HOPPING

(Summer-Winter 2014, Moscow)

"No beautiful woman is ever completely single. Get over it. Accept it"

Torero Twitter

What if she finds out you're a player? How do you hide the fact that you're a pickup artist? Won't a girl get mad if she realises you're sleeping with other girls?

These are very common questions from guys who lack much experience with girls. They're coming from the Nice Guy mindset which has never learnt or internalised the principles of the Secret Society.

Like many aspects of Game, the truths about playing the field are counterintuitive. A seducer knows that girls will still sleep with you if you're upfront about not being monogamous. She'll actually get *more* turned on knowing that you're desired by other women (pre-selection) and the jealousy she might feel will *increase* her attraction towards you.

She'll happily have random, casual sex with a guy in the Secret Society and know he's seeing other

girls, as that's one of the fundamental tenets of the society. But she won't put up with it from her Nice Guy boyfriend as the frame he set from the start shows he's not a member of the casual club.

This story from snowy Moscow in December of 2014 illustrates the point well. I'd gone back to the cold Russian capital to close some loops with girls from a trip months before. One was a hot Russian brunette that a former daygame wing of mine had put me in touch with (he'd fucked her a few times in London previously), telling me she knew all about pickup and daygame.

This particular daygame wing remembered he owed me a referral girl because I'd given him one of the girls I'd been sleeping with a few years previously so he could have a threesome with her and his girlfriend. He'd messaged this Moscow girl before my summer trip there to tell her I was coming.

I'd pinged Moscow girl on Facebook and she was up for meeting in a bar near the Kremlin. Our first date felt a bit like an interrogation. She walked into the bar looking hot, but accompanied by a female friend who she hadn't mentioned she was bringing. Straight away I realised this was going to be a gigantic frame test as they grilled me, KGB-style, about my job as a pickup coach and my experience with Russian girls.

It was clear that she'd watched most of my online videos and read up on me. There was a sexual vibe

immediately – she was very feline – but I could tell she wanted to see if I was the real deal. The wing who had passed her onto me was also a lover-mode daygamer so she knew what she was letting herself in for. With her friend it was like good cop-bad cop between them. The friend would interview me suspiciously whilst Moscow girl enjoyed seeing how I answered with non-reactivity and cocky funny banter.

They were simultaneously shocked and stimulated by my lifestyle and love life. Each question they fired off wanted more and more detail about the debauchery. But I could see that the lay wasn't going to happen with Moscow girl that night, as her friend was keen to go onto a club (her boyfriend included) so I knew that was my cue to bail.

Fast forward five months and I was back in the sub-zero capital, blanketed in snow. I'd been messaging Moscow girl so she knew I'd returned, and this time she came to the date alone. We had a cosy beer in a faux-Irish pub just off of Tverskaya Street and then the bounce back to my apartment was straightforward to get out of the cold and give her the small bar of British chocolate I'd brought over (just a token gesture to create plausible deniability for the final bounce). Make out – green light. Fooling around on the bed – green light...

“I still haven't decided if I'm going to fuck you” she suddenly declared in true blunt Slavic princess style. *“I really don't want to be disappointed if you are not actually a good lover.”*

Wine flowed and the music playlist unfolded as I stood behind her looking out onto the dark snowy street below. Neck kissing. Lip biting. Hair pulling. Clothes off and very physical sex; I remember her wanting to dominate things and me continually having to take back the reins. The cliché about Russian girls being ballerinas on the outside and bears on the inside is largely true - they're often amazing in the sack but endlessly demand a strong frame from you in return.

The point of the lay report is not really the fact that we had sex, but to illustrate how open girls are to "sharing an alpha" rather than being stuck with one beta. If another male member of the Secret Society gives you a decent reference, she'll be more than happy fool around with you for some no-strings fun. Remember - sharing is caring.

Chapter 14:

SOHO SEEDINESS

(2015, London)

*"The fact that girls are simmering
promiscuous nymphos is only disturbing
to monogamous guys and White Knights
with purity fantasies"*

Torero Twitter

For those of you who are not familiar with London geography, Soho is an area right in the centre of the bustling city. It's infamous for red light seediness, the gay village, fashion (Carnaby Street was the centre of 1960s "Swinging London") and music (Hendrix, the Rolling Stones, Bowie and the Sex Pistols all recorded there). In recent years Westminster Council have tried hard to gentrify it, but a few seedy streets survive with walk-ups, sex shops, strip clubs and corner dealers.

From early to late 2015 I rented a room in a shabby house on Rupert Street, right in the middle of the remaining seediness. Even though I was still doing a lot of travelling I planned to use the room as a London base and rent it out to other daygamers when I wasn't there. My original daygame wing Rami already

had a room in the house and had let me know when one had become available next door to him.

The rent was pretty steep, but the location was unbeatable. Five minutes from Piccadilly Circus, ten minutes to Carnaby Street, dozens and dozens of cafes, bars and clubs just metres from the front door.

It wasn't a surprise that the room and house were grotty. Rami had warned me it was noisy and chaotic but he hadn't told me about the abundant resident mice or the fact that the person who had the room before me was a transvestite hooker. The whole building had been a brothel up until a few years before and when I moved in there were still walkups just doors down and two strip clubs opposite. Dealers would prowl around the streets until the small hours and smash shit up when they got mad, waking everyone around.

So why would any sane person choose to live there?! For a daygamer it was paradise - logistical heaven - and the seedy vibe actually aided the pulls. Taking a "prim and proper" girl to the bars and pubs in the area made her eyes sparkle and spiked things up for me. I'd always point out the Windmill Theatre, London's oldest strip club, just yards from my door and tell girls about the famously filthy history of the district.

I've always felt more at home in grungy parts of a city, rather than the squeaky clean airbrushed neighbourhoods. Real, raw, and therefore human. I loved my time in Soho with its neon-lit bohemian

vibes, and that year living there on and off produced some appropriately filthy daygame lay stories.

I'd hear Rami next door through the thin walls, banging a whole host of hot girls. He'd turn the lights down real low and put on ambient music to drown out the sound of gnawing mice or stop girls spotting them as they dashed around from under the bed. I chose to set mousetraps and sprinkle the carpet with black pepper to deter them.

My favourite story with a girl there started just up the road on Long Acre Street near Covent Garden, one of the best streets in London to daygame on. I'd gone into Stanfords travel bookshop for some indoor hustling and noticed the staff setting up a table piled with books by the ex-Monty Python / traveller Michael Palin. It was his TV series "*Around The World In 80 Days*" that had initially inspired me to travel the world (plus I was raised on the Pythons) so I grabbed a paperback of the book and got in line outside to wait for him to sign it.

Joining the line behind me I noticed a very cute, fresh-faced girl, petite, brunette, in a tight woollen jumper which accentuated her small boobs. She was carrying a coffee and a copy of a book for Palin to sign too. Opening girls in this environment is not your standard daygame, as you're both trapped in the situation.

After five minutes of thinking what to do, I opened indirectly with an innocent comment about which book

she was going to get him to sign. She was very shy and fidgety which I couldn't tell if was because of me or if that was just how she was. I rolled off and waited for her to re-engage.

A minute or two later she did, making chit-chat about which Monty Python sketch I liked and where I was from. I found out that she was English, 18 years old and was just starting her first year at a London university. She admitted she was a "nerd" who liked reading, old British comedy and "*wasn't good with groups of people.*" I teased her for being a "HERD" (a "Hot Nerd") and a grandma-like introvert rather than your typical British uni girl, which she took well.

We bantered back and forth and the time went quickly as we got closer and closer to the front of the line where Palin was now seated at a table, happily signing away. Just before I went up to meet him, I turned to the girl and got her Facebook, telling her I'd "*get her out of the house*" for a Soho beer.

She was witty over messaging, very literary and sarcastic, as we continued the banter using Facebook. Her studies were keeping her busy but a week or so later she agreed to a Guinness in a pub I was going to show her (I'd established that she had family in Ireland and that was the only alcohol she'd ever really tried).

I met her at Piccadilly Circus and walked her up Rupert Street to my favourite date pub in London, the Blue Posts (which I've discovered to my sorrow has recently been tarted up and made into a chain pub).

We sat side by side in the busy bar downstairs as a guitarist played covers in the corner. I loved the cosy vibe of the place, like a tiny local pub you'd find in Galway or the Highlands. She was just as nervous and jittery as when I'd first opened her outside the bookstore, but the loud noise in the pub meant that we had to lean in to each other's ears from the start and the mood quickly became very familiar.

Nice Guys and men with the Purity Fantasy need to sit up and take notice: just because a girl is an "introvert," quiet, bookish and inexperienced does NOT mean that she is a "good girl." As I've said many times, girls like this have so much pent up sexual frustration that I call it the Pressure Cooker Effect. They've read books and seen movies about wild adventures with dangerous men, they've just not had the chance to live out their fantasies yet.

As she opened up answering some of the classic verbal escalation questions after we'd got the chit-chat out of the way, I found out that she had very little experience with men and dating. She wasn't a party girl and sheepishly told me that she'd never had sex.

Once you find out crucial reconnaissance information like this, her behaviour often falls into place. It explained the simmering tension I'd felt with her outside the bookshop, her nervousness and the hungry look in her eyes.

One Guinness lead to another and we got on to talking about *"Fifty Shades Of Grey"* and how she preferred

the movie "*Nymphomaniac*" because it was far more gritty. She'd clearly fantasised about such plots and she admitted she found older men more attractive than her university peers.

From the pub we walked up Rupert Street and I pointed out the sex shops, the walk-ups, the dealers and the Windmill strip club. For a "sweet innocent" 18 year old girl from a small English town, this made her head spin and her eyes dilate. She'd read about Soho but never seen it for real. Now here she was with an older man (I was 35 at the time) who'd suggested going back to his room to "*watch an episode of Monty Python.*"

The two minute bounce home was easy, she was so captivated by the seediness of it all. She sat on the chair by the desk whilst I sat on the bed and found some classic Python comedy online. Up to this point I hadn't really physically escalated (except for incidental touches) and certainly hadn't kissed her, so the sexual tension was crackling strong.

Two minutes into the episode, I gestured for her to come and sit on the bed. She was very nervous, so I took her hand, stood her up and got her to sit on my knee. Her hand was trembling she was so inexperienced. I turned her head to face me and we made out passionately. I knew I couldn't rush things as she was so nervous so I rolled off and we watched more of the episode on the laptop as we lay on the bed.

Hugging turned to cuddling which turned to wandering hands. I played with her small breasts under her

jumper and put her hand on my dick over my jeans (she said she'd never felt one before). Every move was electric, slow and intense.

I unzipped my jeans and put her hand down my boxers as I undid her tight jeans. She asked me to be slow and gentle, as no guy had touched her between her legs. Sure enough she hadn't shaved her pubes and her pussy was wet but tight. She shuddered with the smallest of touches.

I tried to take off her jeans but she was understandably nervous.

"I wasn't expecting this!" she told me as we went back to hugging.

I backed off and continued watching the laptop with her. It was now quite late and I knew she lived in Zone 3 (almost an hour away on the metro) so I planned to let her sleep over and then try again for the virginal notch a bit later.

We got through most of *"Monty Python Live"* (their reunion show) and then I suggested getting under the duvet, removing my socks, jeans and shirt so I was just in my boxers. She slid off her jeans and jumper but kept her shirt on. We curled up and watched the end of the video with make outs and wandering hands every so often. I closed the laptop, switched off the light and fingered her once more as she held my hard dick.

"Oh let's just do it..." she suddenly exclaimed to herself, sliding off her panties and getting on top, slowly guiding me inside her.

After a painful few moments for her, she got into it and I flipped her onto her back and went deeper and faster. Outside the window the whores and drug dealers screamed at each other on the dirty streets below.

That night started a whole host of filthy meet ups with her. The following week she came over again straight to the house, wearing a red dress that I'd told her to put on after she'd sent me a selfie in it. She had a fantasy of not wearing any panties and being fucked as soon as she walked in the bedroom door, which I'm pleased to say I happily fulfilled.

We watched porn together (she loved seeing a girl being dominated), I showed her how to give me a good blow job, I spanked her hard with the infamous belt and I got rougher and rougher with her as she had fantasised about, pulling her hair, gagging her and talking filth to her.

She admitted to me that she'd wanted to lose her virginity for the previous two years, but hadn't found a guy yet who she thought could do it properly. She'd said to herself that the first guy she met who seemed experienced would be the one to do it with.

My travelling meant that soon after I left London for international coaching. The last time I saw her was a few months later when she'd invited me to her

home town about an hour west of London because she wanted to be fucked in a car and then *"taken into the woods at night and fucked bending against a tree."* How could I say no?!

I drove a friend's car to her town, picked her up and was on the way to a nearby country park with her when she suddenly asked me to stop the car, opened the door and vomited onto the road. She'd not told me that she had a fever and the beginning of the flu. We'd been texting about the forest fantasy for days and she hadn't want to let me down. I turned the car around and dropped her home.

From taking her virginity in Soho to the vomit moment in the car, it had been an unexpectedly filthy adventure. Remember to never judge a book by its cover.

Chapter 15:

GOTTA CATCH 'EM ALL

(2015-2017, Japan)

*"Never in the history of humankind has it
been so possible to have fast casual sex.
Why guys moan about sexual freedom for
girls is beyond me"*

Torero Twitter

From the first time I landed in Tokyo in the Autumn of 2015 I realised that I loved the city, the country and the people. Even though I'm not really attracted to Asian girls, I've always loved the special kinkiness of Japanese sexuality.

In my first book *Daygame* I tell the story of banging a Japanese girl in a London hostel who I'd met in a bookstore from one of my first ever daygame approaches. Like the Russian girl on the ferry in Chapter 10 she'd been on her period and just pulled out the tampon in front of me. I remember her weird and wonderful sex noises and the fact that she'd seemed so timid during the initial pickup.

Japan is all about this schizophrenic, Jekyll-and-Hyde nature. On the surface the society and its women

are very calm and orderly. You'll realise as soon as you start hitting the streets for daygame that it's not the norm for strangers to talk to each other (or even look at each other). Girls scurry off giggling or muttering. English levels are very low. They're intimidated by the front stop. After an hour you start to question whether daytime hustling will work at all.

Slowly you'll calibrate to it. You'll tone down the bad boy verbal vibe on the street and learn to plough on through their nervousness and lack of English. You'll use the *Google Translate* app on your phone to do voice translation. Holding her hand will calm her down and you'll start going for the digits anyway, realising that their timidity and short sets doesn't mean they're not interested. You'll download the app "*Line*" - their version of *WhatsApp* - and be bemused by the number of weird and wonderful emoticons they use.

My lays in Japan have all had filthy twists to them. The dating is always stifled as conversation is so hard, and you're sat there wondering if she's a secret nympho or not under the "shy girl" exterior. Apart from the photo stack routine and some light physical escalation (not too much in public - remember this is Asia) you only find out how on she is when you get her in isolation away from the strict gaze of society.

One of my first lays was with a girl I'd number closed at the famous Shibuya zebra crossing by telling her she looked like Harry Potter because of her schoolgirl blazer. The date a few days later was awful - pretty much silent and stilted. But when I asked her to come

back to the apartment to watch a movie she complied completely. Straight into the bedroom. Make out. Clothes off. Dirty sex with those funny grunting and squealing noises from her. This is the very definition of the Secret Society - filthiness hidden below the orderly surface.

Another lay on that first trip came from a date in the same bar the following week which was equally awkward. She replied to everything I said with "Ooooooh!" or "Ahhhhhh!" and giggled for the rest of it. When I was done with my photo stack she showed me photos of her tiny apartment (normal in Japan) and her many cats. She had an Instagram account just for the cats where she'd dress them up in Disney princess or Pokemon character costumes. I suggested the bounce back to mine but she said she had to go home to feed her "babies" and that I could come.

We got a cab out to the suburbs of Tokyo in one of those retro taxis driven by an old guy with white gloves and when I stepped into her miniature apartment I was overwhelmed. Firstly by the smell of cat shit. And secondly by the fact that the entire bedsit was full of cat paraphernalia - an obstacle course of ropes, swings, tunnels and bridges hung from the ceiling and there were boxes of cat costumes and Disney figures everywhere. I ended up fucking her on the sofa as I held my breath against the stench of cat shit and with all her cats milling around. She was equally noisy and as rampant as the Harry Potter girl, proving in my mind that Japanese girls are bipolar with their sexuality in true Secret Society style.

2016

On my second trip to Japan in the Autumn of 2016 I fucked three girls from daygame. The first (a Same Day Lay with a girl who had zero English) is on my infield video programme *Stealth Seduction*. The second was a girl I'd met in Starbucks who was visiting the city and who I ended up fucking in her hotel with her colleagues down the corridor. The third girl was the the most Secret Society of all because of the fact that she was engaged.

It had been a fast, throwaway number close with her on the street because of the typical Japanese daygame problems. The date was very awkward too as she didn't drink alcohol and we'd met early evening in Starbucks. Quickly she told me she was engaged to be married and that she lived with her fiancé. Again there was really no English, and the wifi in the coffee shop was down so we resorted to communicating through drawing pictures in a notebook (I'd yet to learn that you can download *Google Translate* packages to use offline).

Just for the heck of it I invited her back to watch a movie and to my amazement she agreed. Back in the small rented apartment across the street we sat on the bed, listened to music and I started escalating. The usual token LMR reared its head and she wouldn't go beyond cuddling and very small kisses.

Plan B - I put on a hypnotically beautiful documentary about a landscape photographer in South America (chosen because it had very little dialogue). The images were

dreamy and the music relaxing – it was doing a lot of the LMR-busting for me. I slowly realised that she was enjoying the cat-and-mouse dance of me pulling the trigger and her playfully pushing me away. She made small simpering noises as I kissed her neck, her ear and then got really into it as we made out. Japanese girls seem to especially love the fantasy of “submitting” to a dominant man as she play-acted being coy and surprised.

Soon we were fucking like rabbits – on the bed, on the floor, on the balcony looking out onto the neon streets below. I was so horny I shot my load inside her so we had to go to an emergency pharmacy across the city in a taxi for the Morning-After Pill before she returned to the train station to meet her fiancée.

2017

My third trip to Japan started off with more flakes and blue balls than normal. Perhaps it was because it was a solo Japanese trip without my usual partner-in-crime Tim. I was getting plenty of numbers and dates but my vibe was off – too fast, too outcome dependent, perhaps too burnt out from another mad year of hustling and endless travel.

I approached Model Girl on my third day of number farming. 23 years old, hot, she was dressed in grungy denim with a Nirvana t-shirt and told me she was a professional fashion model, working in Japan, Korea,

France and Italy. The joke between us was that I was Harry Potter who'd magically jumped in front of her.

After we exchanged details on *Line* I sent her a Potter GIF. Because she seemed on with her reply I sent her a date request that evening.

She turned down the request so I rolled off for four days as I had many other leads I was pinging plus I was also travelling between different Japanese cities. I gave her the ultimatum text of telling her I was leaving and that I wanted to see her before I flew home. Normally this is not good strategy but when you're against the clock on a daygame trip you can do it as a last-ditch attempt to resurrect some flagging leads.

When I realised she was away for fashion work in Korea I thought that it was a dead end so I didn't bother following up. I'd already gotten two notches on the trip by this point so I wasn't that fussed. But on my penultimate evening she suddenly sprung to life, saying she was free to meet.

My texting was blunt. I didn't want to waste any more investment. So I just proposed a time and place, which she pushed back 90 minutes (a good sign as the later the better for first date sex possibilities.) A small frame concession is ok if it's losing the battle to win the war.

It was my last night of the trip, I'd already got my other notches, so I turned up for the date with

nothing to lose and a nonchalant vibe. She was there on time, wearing a leather corset type thing over a tight black top, black boots but tight jeans rather than a skirt. Straight away she said she didn't want to drink alcohol which threw me off balance a bit.

As usual in Japan, her English was terrible. We used *Google Translate* on our phones for 90% of the communication. I walked her to a dark billiards bar I'd already chosen halfway between the meeting point and my apartment where we sat on a couch. She was standoffish and secretive, sipping her coffee while I had my beer. I got her to show me some non-modelling photos and I showed her some of my travelling pictures.

Verbal escalation was lost in translation, but I noticed that despite her seeming closed and shy, when I'd pull her in momentarily (the "Floppy Test") she didn't object, and when I got her to warm up my cold hands in hers she was more than willing to keep them there.

From the first venue we walked the short distance to outside my apartment. I had planned a second venue down the street (a cocktail bar) but my senses told me just to try and bounce her straight back. In Japan it's been common for the girls I've dated to say yes to the bounce home without much of a pretext (even though the Token LMR begins later up in your apartment).

Inside we took off our shoes, I made some tea and she put on some Justin Bieber on my laptop (lose the

battle to win the war!). Slowly I ramped up the kino from an arm around her to hugging, but she didn't want to kiss and kept saying I was a "bad boy," a "crazy boy" and she was a "good girl." I went to the bathroom to give her space.

She was still sitting on the sofa smiling when I came back, so I moved the laptop to the bed opposite the sofa (it was a typically tiny Japanese apartment) and beckoned her over. She just stood by the wall like a child having a pretend tantrum, her arms folded and a mock sad face. I got her to break her Token LMR strop by singing along badly to Bieber and doing the worst impression of him which she giggled to.

We hugged standing up, then I picked her up and dropped her onto the bed. She still wouldn't kiss, saying over and over that I was a bad boy but at the same time hugging and grinding on me. This went on for ten minutes during which time I wasn't sure which way it was going to go.

"You walk me to train station" she asked meekly.

I rolled off. IOD for an IOD. I said I'd walk her back after I finished my tea. We sat on the sofa once again and she went back to her token tantrum, arms folded. It was clear she could go at any time but I could sense she didn't really want to, hoping I would call her bluff. More hugging, a light kiss, then back to the bed.

Grinding, wandering hands, more moaning in Japanese, her hand down my jeans, me pulling hers off, then wild

fucking with almost all our clothes on. The weird and wonderful sex noises Japanese girls make are something else. It was a great smash.

Out of the three lays of the trip she was my favourite not just because of her model hotness (and rare height for a Japanese girl) but because she'd seemed like such a weak-maybe girl and I was proud of my handling of the micro signals. Spotting the tiny cues and calibrating to them can give you almost as much satisfaction as the sex itself.

Chapter 16:

A WINTER'S TALE

(January 2016, Reykjavik,
Iceland)

"How do you break the news to her that you're a player and want to be open? You don't. She should know that from the second you approach"

Torero Twitter

In the bleak midwinter of early 2016 I'd headed north to freezing Iceland for an escape from everything. I had just broken up with my last long-term girlfriend. We'd been in an open relationship for a year but reached the point where she'd asked *"where this was going"* and wanted monogamy. Even though I'd slept with over thirty girls since being with her, I'd grown very fond of her and her family so the decision to end things with a clean break was tough. She took it very badly and I was feeling both guilty and lonely.

Perpetual players are in no way immune to the love chemicals of oxytocin and serotonin. In fact pickup artists often fall harder for girls who show them warmth and affection as it's this that they're

not getting from the one night bangs. I call this "*Affection Addiction*" and recorded a podcast about the topic on that very trip (Episode #43).

Touching down in the icy capital Reykjavik was like landing on the moon. With a very short daylight window of four hours per day, sub zero temperatures and a landscape blanketed in snow, it wasn't exactly a warm welcome. However I'd chosen a winter trip to Iceland as it is precisely these conditions that inspire me the most.

My plan was to hire a car and drive around the frozen landscape to take pictures. I wanted to snorkel the Mid-Atlantic Ridge in a dry suit with a guide and then spend the rest of my time far removed from the player temptations of daygame and dating by hibernating by the fire in a cosy cafe to finish writing my textbook *Street Hustle*.

Things didn't kick off exactly as planned. I took a taxi from the airport to the hostel downtown where I'd booked a private room. Even though it was only the middle of the afternoon it was already dark. A fresh flurry of snow covered up icy patches which made climbing the hostel steps lethal. I got to the reception to find it was already closed. They'd left envelopes with check-in forms and room keys with names on them propped up against the shutter.

As I collected my envelope the door opened and in walked an American backpacker girl, looking for the reception like me. She was in her early twenties,

brunette, a cute face that was glowing red from stepping in from the cold and wearing as many layers as an Everest mountaineer. I smiled and pointed to the row of envelopes, but was too tired and out of it to engage in any further chit-chat.

The envelope contained a map which showed that my room was in a separate building a few doors down the street. I headed back out into the dark and cold, trying not to slip on the icy pavements, looking for the building number in the driving snow. Moments later I turned around to see the American backpacker behind me, also looking for the same building.

"They've left us to fend for ourselves," I chuckled as we climbed the steps up to the annexe. *"It's like a reality TV survival show."* She grinned back.

"Where are you from?" she asked in a strong American accent, hooking off the bat.

A newbie to daygame and seduction would be puzzled as to what had just happened. Where was the front stop? Where was the direct compliment? Why wasn't there proper stacking and storytelling?

Someone who's been gaming infield for a long time will understand these spontaneous situational infield encounters. A good seducer can (and should) go off-script, abandoning the safety net of the model and relying on gut instinct. Strong non-verbals (tiger eyes, a smirk and some swagger) can do a lot of the heavy lifting for you.

We bantered in the hallway to the building for a couple of minutes as we took off some of our warm layers. She was 21 years old, from Chicago, stopping off in Iceland for a couple of nights before her onward flight to the UK. Her female friend was flying the other way, joining her in the hostel when she landed in Reykjavik the next day. I suggested a walk to find a local bar later once we'd unpacked and showered, which she was up for. I found out her room number and said I'd give her a knock in an hour or so.

Standing in my compact room, drawing the curtains and unpacking my books and maps, ready for the adventures the island had to offer, I questioned whether I should go out that evening with the American. The whole point of the trip was to detox from pickup for a while and move on from the sting of the breakup. But I hadn't gotten laid in a couple of weeks so my blue balls made the decision for me.

An hour or so later I walked with the American through the snowy darkness to find the nearest bar. Usually you can tell how a date is going to pan out by what she turns up wearing, but in this case we both looked like Arctic explorers, wrapped in every layer we had. Only when we got to a rock'n'roll themed sports bar a few streets down and she took off her coat and jumper did I see her figure for the first time and breathed a sigh of relief.

I'd love to write how the rest of the evening was some epic seduction masterclass with twists and turns to rival an action movie but the simple truth was

that we had two or three beers sitting on the stools by the bar, made out and then went back to my room and fucked like it was the end of the world as the hostel got snowed in.

The only Game things I had to do to get the lay were to open her (indirect-direct), invite her out, escalate verbally and physically, then lead home and pull the trigger. A "yes" girl who is complying still needs something from the guy to comply with.

I also had to deflect her little whines and rants about the Millennial life and overcome the usual tests by either ignoring her or making fun of her. Regular guys don't understand that these female quibbles are par for the course, they never go away, and are your chance to shine rather than react.

In the bar she also told me about a semi-serious boyfriend back in Chicago but that she was going to London to "*get some distance*" and to "*find herself*."

Whilst I was in the post-coital bliss after the lay she was so excited about being able to brag to her female friend the following day who'd "*always wanted to nail an English guy*" (I didn't have the heart to tell her I'm Welsh).

The lay that night, however trivial and temporal it might seem, blew the cobwebs from my breakup confusion. The next day when I went to dive the Mid-Atlantic rift I felt a clarity of mind and a freshness of spirit. Like the tectonic plates I was diving between that

were being pulled apart in the middle of the Atlantic, I felt myself drifting further and further away from my former Nice Guy idealism towards something stronger, resilient and resolute.

Chapter 17:

FUCKED UP, NOT JUST FUCKED

*"Either it goes well,
or it's a funny story"*

Embracing the joys of cold approach pickup gets a hustler into some bizarre situations, far beyond the usual "I daygamed her, number closed her, dated her and fucked her" linear stories. Each of these fucked up tales is worthy of its own chapter but there are just too many to recount from nearly ten years infield.

A daygamer will most certainly get rejected way more than he gets laid. A beginner might have to approach 100 girls for a lay. An intermediate 50. An experienced player 20-30. That's a 95-97% "failure" rate at best, so a lot of "funny stores" to own up to.

The rejections will fall somewhere on this ascending ladder:

Level 1: *She ignores your approach and carries on walking / brushes you off*

Level 2: *She listens to your sales pitch for a few moments and then dismisses you*

Level 3: *She accepts your approach but won't give you contact details*

Level 4: *She gives you her details but doesn't reply*

Level 5: *She replies to a few messages but then ghosts you*

Level 6: *She comes on a date but won't accept escalation*

Level 7: *She comes on a date, is into it, kisses you, but won't come home*

Level 8: *She comes home but won't get intimate*

Level 9: *She comes home, gets halfway with intimacy but won't get her clothes off*

Level 10: *She comes home, is on your bed, almost naked, but won't fuck*

When new daygamers worry about "getting rejected" they mean at Levels 1 & 2, unaware that the real pain of rejection comes later. The higher up the rejection mountain you are, the further you're going to fall and the nastier the agony.

"Game begins where compliance ends," I've said many times before. It's perfectly normal to face these threats of rejection as you climb the mountain. Wanting to summit easily with no work is just looking for yes girls and shows a complete misunderstanding of the sport that is daygame pickup.

So why would a player put himself through such brutal rejections (way more than a mountaineer)? Pickup has far more similarities with professional gambling. Even with skill and experience, the siren song of lady luck makes play unpredictable and keeps pulling you back in the hope of the jackpot. Those big wins make you forget about all the smaller losses.

It's ironic that the non-lay stories of near misses or disasters make for much better reading and are far more popular than straightforward pulls. Humans identify far more with the struggle, the saga, the battle and the comedic tragedy, as that's what life is mostly about. My first two books were mostly successful lay reports, one after the other, but I soon realised that by excluding the fuck ups they made for repetitive reading.

Below are some of the most memorable rejections, bizarre situations and fucked up events from my pickup journey so far, incorporating all of the "failure" levels from micro to macro and beyond.

Blue Balls

In the 10,000+ cold approaches I've made in the last decade I've experienced the complete failure spectrum from 1-10, over and over. Girls have ignored me or pushed me aside as I've gone up to them. Angry boyfriends have entered from nowhere. A pigeon's crapped on my head as I've gone for a number. I've had more flakey numbers than you've had hot dinners.

Dates have been cancelled because of thunder storms, a death in the family, and even once because of an earthquake in Japan.

Girls have agreed to a date then left me high and dry at the meeting point. Her friends have appeared in the middle of the date or I've lost the girl to a guy with better Game who's whisked her away in front of my eyes. Many times we've kissed and she's then vanished into thin air.

I've ruined the lay myself by losing apartment keys, not having condoms and a few times by not being able to get it up at the last moment because of too much previous wanking or performance anxiety (if she's really hot and the pull has been fast). More than a few times I've woken up to see missed booty calls or text messages that girls have sent me as I was sleeping deeply, and then been unable to subsequently get them out.

I can't tell you how many times I've had a girl back at my apartment and the lay didn't happen: she was on her period, her mum called, the token LMR was insurmountable, I pulled the trigger too quickly, she was a time waster....there's too many incidents to recount.

From daygame cold approach pickup I've had over 350 new notches, but if you consider the 10,000+ approaches then that means I've "failed" more than **9650** times. Let that number sink in. That's the reality of the daygame. If you want the highs you've

got to take the lows. If you're not getting rejected, you're not even playing the game.

Knife Girl (January 2016, Colombia)

I'd gone to daygame in Colombia with Rami, my original daygame wing. The number collecting had been easy but the flakes through the roof. On my third attempt I'd managed to get out a hot petite 18 year old who walked like she was dancing salsa, sexy and oozing with femininity. Her English was zero so we used *Google Translate* on my phone. She didn't drink so we had a coffee then I got her back to the apartment.

No resistance. Straight to Level 8. On my bed she demands we watch a creepy black and white animated film about murder. I'm getting to Level 9 with lots of token LMR. I go to the bathroom to pee and when I come back she's hiding something behind her back. After lots of arguing I get her to show me what it is - a flick knife!

I demand to know what the fuck she's doing. She says all Colombian girls carry a knife in their bags for self protection. I kick her out after much shouting, my flatmates laughing at the bizarreness of the event.

Shooting A Porn Film (Spring 2014, Essex)

I was still living in the daygame House Of Horrors at the time with Dave Diggler. We'd just come back

from a tour of the USA and Dave had told me about some side work he was going to do with a mate working as a cameraman on a low budget porn shoot in Essex just outside of London. I had nothing better to do so tagged along for the afternoon, arriving on a drizzly grey industrial estate full of skips and white vans. Not exactly the sunny palm trees of the Los Angeles porn industry.

As soon as we got there we realised it was grotty and very DIY. Nobody knew what they were meant to be doing. The female lead was a washed up 5 at best but had sizeable fake tits. The male talent was off his face on coke and trying his best (but failing continuously) to get it up.

Dave quickly climbed the ranks from humble cameraman to co-producer and director to take control. He handed me another camera and the shoot began. Shitty vampire porn if I remember correctly. Every five minutes the pseudo fucking would pause as the female lead stopped to drink a can of lager and eat pizza. The whole thing was the least sexy experience of my life but very funny.

Androgynous I-Date (January 2016, Colombia)

Back to Colombia (where a lot of fucked up stuff seems to happen). I was in a shiny new mall with Rami trying some indoor daygame to escape the heat outside. As we were about to head home after a usual number farm I spotted a tall skinny model-like girl

about to go up an escalator. I remember thinking she was out of place, as the Colombian girls had mostly been small, petite and curvy.

I stopped her and felt like I was talking to a runway model from London Fashion Week. Angular face, no boobs, long legs but very feminine vibe. It was a fast bounce to a nearby coffee shop for an instant date.

She said she was indeed a model and had just finished high school. I knew there was something odd about her (she was way too keen) but I couldn't put my finger on it. Luckily there was no fingering of any kind as when I got home I accepted her request on Facebook to see that "she" was actually a "he" - a famous androgynous model and reality TV star in South America. Thank god I didn't get beyond Level 5!

Bulgarian Cage Fighter (March 2014, Bulgaria)

I'd gone on a budget ski trip to Bansko in Bulgaria with Dave Diggle and an older daygamer called Mr A. After a couple of days on the slopes we were all itching to chase some tail but the resort was tiny and we'd missed the busy season. One evening we got pissed and ended up in the grottiest strip club I've ever been in. It looked like the upstairs of a pub with one flashing light and girls who had front teeth missing.

From there we tried the other bars in the village and eventually found two girls having a smoke outside

one cafe. I opened them, Dave and Mr A bantered with the chubbier one as I got the other one's number, a local girl a bit curvy but a nice face. Long story short - a couple of evenings later I met that girl for an afternoon coffee and she suddenly told me that she had a boyfriend in the village who was "*away in Russia at a cage fighting competition.*"

She showed me a picture of him on her phone - he was a massive fucker, like a meat head Bulgarian Bond villain. She assured me that their relationship was open when he was away competing which still didn't fill me with confidence.

I walked her back to her car as she knew everyone in the cafe, she drove me up to near my hotel and then we made out heavily in the car, wandering hands everywhere. The next day her boyfriend returned and we were anyway flying out back to London. She'd message me every few weeks asking to see me again but I politely declined.

You Can't Always Get What You Want (March 2018, Estonia)

Sometimes the daygame gods explicitly laugh at you, especially when you're over confident. On my chilly van tour around the Baltics in the Spring of 2018 I'd met a hot rock chick university student in a small Estonian city. The temperatures had dropped to -11'C so I'd gotten an apartment for two nights just off the main daygame street to thaw out.

I took the rock chick out for a first date and it all seemed so easy. Touching each other in the first venue, her stories about how rebellious she was, her suggesting the bounce to my apartment to get cigarettes after two beers.

Up in the flat we shed our winters layers, relaxed on the bed and made out like horny teenagers in between choosing rock songs on the laptop.

"I'm a fucking boss," I said in my head, "a daygame king...4 approaches, soon to be 1 new lay with a hot 19 year old Estonian blonde!"

It was her turn to choose a song. She put on the Rolling Stones' *"You Can't Always Get What You Want"* as we'd be talking about the TV show *'Californication'* we both liked (this was the theme song). As it played she went to use the bathroom. This is usually the key moment when a girl decides you're going to fuck (she goes to the bathroom to make the mysterious 'pre-sex preparations').

"You can't always get what you want. But if you try sometimes, you might find, you get what you need..." Mick Jagger sang out across the dark room, snow falling onto the van outside.

Rock chick came out of the bathroom fully clothed, her bag under her arm and her phone in her hand.

"Thanks for the cigarettes" she said, *"see you around"* and with that she walked out of the front door, never to be seen again. Mick Jagger was laughing hard.

Bootcamp Madness (2010 - 2018)

In the last eight years I've taught hundreds of daygame bootcamps around the world in over 60 countries and seen a mad mix of students, scenarios and sticking points.

There's been guys so riddled with approach anxiety that they've puked in the gutter or gone off to take massive craps every few minutes. One student kept vanishing *"for a pee"* which we discovered was actually to the nearest bar to down shots of vodka.

Many times I've mistakenly pointed out girls for the students to approach only to find out that they're just dudes with long hair - the student's reaction of horror is always gold. Sometimes an angry father has come into the interaction, other times we've been evicted from a mall because of our wireless microphones. Twice students have been hit - once slapped by the girl's female friend, and another time punched by an angry local White Knight in Poland.

Other students have simply vanished with a girl (on an i-date and then off for a Same Day Lay) messaging me hours or even days later from another location. The record was a student who disappeared during London training, only to text 24 hours later saying

he was 200 miles away in Manchester in a hotel room with a girl he'd met.

I've taught ex-military guys who've fought in Afghanistan but are unable to run up to a hot girl because of anxiety. There have been plenty of successful businessmen and rich guys who've found the rejections crippling to their egos. Conversely, it's often been the younger broke guys with nothing to lose that have taken to the daygame roller coaster much easier.

Inspiringly I've coached guys who've overcome physical limitations. In Russia I taught an Paralympic medal-winning athlete who daygamed in a mobility scooter. In London I coached a guy who had almost zero vision and used a white cane. Men like this really take away the excuses you might have about why you can't do daygame.

One of the strangest bootcamp experiences was in Vienna, Austria where one of the students was a local priest. He let us use his church for the end of bootcamp debriefing where we watched each other's infield videos on the projector in the church. Amen!

Passports, Punch-Ups & Prostitutes

Twice I've had passport disasters when travelling for pickup. The first time was early on when I accidentally put it in the washing machine and ruined a trip to America (as told in my first book). The second time I left my passport in the back of a taxi in Miami

on the way to South America. I raced back to the airport where I'd got to cab from and offered cash to drivers for information, but to no avail. A trip to the British Consulate the next day for an Emergency Travel Document saved my bacon.

Four times I've been in punch-ups on Game trips. The first was in a glitzy Moscow nightclub when I flirted with a married women whose husband was a few feet away. The second was in Belarus with a local businessmen who didn't want my wing and I encroaching on his turf. The third was in St Petersburg with an angry boyfriend or brother who turned up to the date meeting point. And the forth was in Kazakhstan with a guy who jumped the queue in a gas station (note the common USSR theme).

A handful of times in the last ten years I've almost been scammed by female hustlers. Girls on the street that give you false IOIs and try to get you into a bar to get conned into buying pricey drinks. Girls who you number close, invite out and sometimes even take on a date who then reveal they're pros earning a living. Twice I've even gotten a girl to my apartment who seemed totally sweet and naive, only to have her announce that she's a working girl at the last moment and expecting cash.

Learn to hustle or get hustled. It's a messy old world.

Chapter 18:

MEAL TIME

(July 2016, Poland)

*"Daygame in lover or boyfriend mode. Pick
one. Confused intent will lose the girl.
Set your frame and stick to it"*

Torero Twitter

This story illustrates the raw feral "hungry" nature of Secret Society truths. Whereas Mr Nice Guy goes about his day looking and interacting with girls in a platonic, asexual manner the player walks around life with a hungry twinkle in his eye, claws ready under fluffy paws and a carefree smirk. Girls sense he's a tiger ready to pounce, not a pussycat hiding his dick.

Below The Belt tales are founded on biology, not ideology. They come from ancient hardwired circuitry that is millions of years older than language or modern societal norms. A player who is calibrated knows how to tap into this hindbrain operating system in himself and the girl. He knows the difference between being social and sexual, attraction and arousal, and getting her to not like him but desire him.

I can teach the basic daygame model and get Nice Guys to become more direct and begin to hold the frame, but the animalistic "killer instinct" is much harder to impart. It's something that the guy must learn for himself infield with enough notches under his belt. A beginner will always ask *"What did you say to open?"* or *"What was the stack?"* after a demo set, missing out the complex subtleties and implied nuances completely.

Anyway, back to the story. It started at the end of morning daygame session in a Polish city when I'd stopped off for lunch at a sushi restaurant, sitting outside in the sunshine. I'd mentally switched off from daygame, looking at the menu and watching the comings and goings on the street around me. Soon the waitress came over to take my order. She was young (21 or 22), blonde and had her sizeable boobs pushed up under a tight white shirt.

"Can I take your order?" she smiled.

"I'd like a bottle of whiskey and two strippers" I replied with a smirk, using a canned line on autopilot to playfully break rapport.

She went red and her eyes dilated.

"Actually I'll have the set lunch...and maybe the whiskey later."

There were lots of other customers waiting to be served so she scurried off with her notepad.

The secret of indirect-direct waitress game is to remember to turn the attraction down after you've sparked it up. Once you've shown you're not just another identikit customer then you have to fractionate the pickup by getting her to do some of the work, otherwise you're just her entertainer.

When she returned with my food I acted as if the initial banter hadn't happened, checking my phone and just giving her a quick *"thanks."* This made her intrigued and keep coming back to give me water, napkins etc.

"You are from England?" she asked, finally hooking.

From there on in I built rapport with her every time she came to the table to refill my glass with water, sprinkling in a few more teases. I found out she was moving to the UK in less than a month and that she actually hated sushi, which became a running joke.

The couple on the table next to me were listening to the pickup, so I made sure to spike hard when they looked over, telling Waitress Girl that the uniform should be Japanese maid outfits. A lot of the real communication was being done with our eyes - I was laying on my strongest tiger eyes and she was giving them back.

The hardest bit of an indirect-direct pickup on a *"hired gun"* (a waitress, shop staff, a bar girl or a stripper) is to get the digits as it has to be discreet enough that she doesn't get fired. Remember

the rules of the Secret Society. When she brought over the bill I said I'd find her on Facebook just in case she'd poisoned my meal, getting her to write down her name at the top of the bill. That evening I sent her a request and she accepted pretty quickly.

We set up an evening date in my usual venue district where there were lots of grungy bars, ten minutes from where I was staying. She messaged to say she was late. I did the usual thing of going into a bar and sending her a picture of where I was. After twenty minutes still nothing. She messaged again asking me to come and meet her outside the sushi restaurant. Classic frame control. I declined, telling her she should come to the bar.

Another twenty minutes of nothing. I downed my beer, paid up and got ready to leave. She messaged again, pleading that she didn't know where the bar was and asking me to come and collect her. I was half tempted to just walk home, but felt myself getting too reactive so walked back up to her restaurant where she was chatting to the other waitresses.

I knew I had to get the frame back, so I pretty much blanked her after saying hello and bantered hard with the other waitresses, using as many spikes as I could muster. Classic Mystery Method - bait the target to invest by ganging up with her friends. The plan worked as she was visibly annoyed that her female colleagues were getting the attention, and she pulled me away to go back to the grungy bar area.

Rather than snapping at her and losing the frame again by being prickly, I kept the vibe light and told her she had to buy me a shot of Polish vodka to make up for her lateness, which she did. I don't remember much else about the date other than that she was hard work. Loud, confident, opinionated and a tease. There was a constant "*I-know-that-you-know-that-I-know*" vibe going on. Just like in the initial pickup, she knew I wanted to fuck her, I knew that she was attracted but we both knew that it was a frame control dance.

After a few drinks with her in the bar area I got her back to the apartment using my guitar and "*free minibar*" seeding as normal. All the while she was enjoying being the flirt, the plaything for the tiger, coming close to my claws but then backing off. She was clearly an expert in fractionation. Vodka flowed, we made out, rolled around on the bed but she was milking the token LMR for all its worth. Not in the way that genuinely shy or nervous girls do when they're apprehensive, but like a porn actress teasing the camera to get viewers hornier and hornier.

There are key behaviours from a girl in the bedroom that signal she's going to be a wild ride. When you make out with her, pull her hair and see how she reacts. Put your thumb in her mouth as you're kissing and see what she does. Hold her neck under her hair and see if she's into it. Kiss her neck, then bite it as you're rolling around the bed. Put your hand under her top and scratch her back. When a girl's encouraging all these signs of male dominance by moaning, sighing

and trying to do them back, you know that the right frame has been set.

After that I remember more token LMR games, so I pulled the classic move of “*letting her sleep over.*” Under the duvet with some of our clothes off, it was just a matter of time. Dick out, fingering then an animalistic explosion like something from National Geographic. She was the most physical girl of the year, sinking her teeth into my lip and her nails hard into my back. She left love bites all over my neck and wanted me to fuck her harder than any girl I can remember. For a petite 21 year old girl she had the energy of a tornado.

The next morning once she’d left to go to work, my housemate bumped into me in the kitchen and remarked that I looked like I’d been in a wrestling match with a bear. And in some ways he was right – as I say over and over, daygame IS dirty. The Secret Society is feral and primal. As a member you’ve just got to rediscover your claws.



DOWN & DIRTY

Forget candles, rose petals and soft jazz. Throw away the provider idea of “romantic” sex on a four-poster bed with your “soulmate.” Give up on the habit of missionary position and only having sex in a bed with lots of cuddling afterwards.

The key element of the Secret Society is that you're sleeping with her as the lover. By definition it's therefore passionate, intense, wild and raw. An easy way to unleash this side of you and her is to engage in adventurous sex together in risky locations. Fulfil her fantasies of meeting a dangerous wolf in a dark forest or of being dominated by a strict boss with others close by who could potentially catch you in the act.

In my own daygame journey I've gradually taken things with girls from vanilla love making in the bedroom to filthy sex in a myriad of weird and wild locations. I've been inspired by other daygamers I've lived and travelled with to push the envelope further and further, and I'd encourage you to do the same.

First the locations. I've gone from the bedroom to doing it on sofas and rugs, then to bending her over in the kitchen and doing her in the shower. If you're scared to try anal sex with her then having a shower together first is an easy way to begin.

Open a window in the apartment, let her lean her head out and look at the street below as you do her hard from behind. Push her against a wall by the front door as she comes in and go inside her with her legs wrapped around you, clothes still on but her dress hitched up and your flies open.

My infield video product *Stealth Seduction* has a lot of interesting sex locations: my wing Craig and I fucking a Canadian girl in a van, me fucking an American girl as she bent over the cliff fence looking out above the Pacific Ocean in LA, a Moldovan girl and I fucked at the top of an overgrown staircase of an abandoned nightclub in a dark park, plus fast Same Day Lays from daygame and Gutter Game.

Girls love this stuff, it's what they literally fantasise about after searching for similar porn (visual or literary) online. If you don't believe me, read the books *A Billion Wicked Thoughts* or *My Secret Garden* which reveal the real-world fantasies of women. There's a reason why *Fifty Shades Of Grey* has sold over 125 million copies worldwide.

I vividly remember fucking an English girl on a beach in Greece, a Russian girl in a sauna in Barcelona (we snapped one of the wooden bench planks), a Ukrainian girl up against a church in a park in Krakow, a Moldovan girl in a car and a field, a Latvian girl on a roof top of an abandoned hotel, a South African girl on some scaffolding outside my bedroom window, and an English girl sucking me off as I drove the car.

It has to be risky, it has to be spontaneous, it has to be intense. I fingered an Italian girl in a taxi in New York (the cab driver

knew what was happening) and did the same with a Ukrainian girl in Poland. I've unzipped my jeans and gone inside a Romanian girl who was sitting on my lap wearing a dress in the middle of a sky bar in Warsaw. Many times I've fucked girls in bathrooms (once getting kicked out in a London pub - the story is in my first book *Daygame*).

After you've tried some of these locations, make sure you're trying different positions. Bend her over a desk, get her to sit on your lap on a dark park bench, wrap her legs around you as you're standing in a bathroom. Let her suck you off with your coat over your lap in a dark bar.

Tell her what you want her to wear when she comes over. Underneath the PC veneer of equalism, girls love to submit sexually to a dominant man who makes them feel fragile and feminine. Hold your fingers around her throat (but obviously not endangering her). Pull her hair. Spank her ass. Get her to kneel in front of you, her hands behind her back as she sucks you off. Don't just cum on her back or her belly but shoot your load on her face or in her mouth.

Dave Diggle encouraged me to try a lot of this lover-type stuff after I'd lived and travelled with him. He'd regularly fuck girls in toilets

and in parks. Once he fucked a girl in a phone box and then weeks later he took her on an open top tour bus of London and fucked her on his lap on the top deck with London's sights whizzing past and clueless tourists next to him.

Switch the soppy Barry White soundtrack to some hardcore heavy metal or something dark and dangerous like twisted trap. You want to tap into ancient, primal instincts and the soundtrack can massively accelerate this. Accompany it with lip biting, nail clawing and neck biting instead of romantic sloppy make outs.

This is what keeps girls cumming back for more. They get addicted to the thrill of the bad boy. It's what they can't get from their boring beta boyfriends and clean living conservative husbands. Fulfil her primal sexual desires and she'll follow you around like a kitten.

I'd encourage you to watch the documentary "Rocco" about the legendary Italian porn star Rocco Sifreddi (the "Italian Stallion") famous for his rough sex scenes, if all of this is new to you. It's a masterclass in being a wild lover as well as being an eye-opening portrayal of Dark Triad traits in action.

Chapter 18:

NICE GUYS CUM LAST

(July 2016, Prague)

“A Nice Guy / White Knight lies more to girls about his intentions than any player”

Torero Twitter

This story illustrates the difference between being her lover versus getting stuck in the Friend Zone after drawn out dating. It also encapsulates the hidden nature of the Secret Society, and why girls must keep their sexual adventures behind closed doors.

I was renting a room in a shared house in Prague for a week or so right in the middle of the city. The main tenant who was renting the other rooms was a middle aged guy who was very Blue Pill – angry with the world, inexperienced with women and using a Mr Nice Guy front to try to bed them. He would meet up with girls “as friends,” take them to dinner, solve their problems for them (including financially sometimes) and then get upset when they wouldn’t sleep with him.

I was in the city to daygame and pull. He saw me bringing a number of girls back to the house and

I could see that this didn't sit comfortably with his "*conservative lifestyle*" as he'd described it when we'd gone out for a coffee early on.

One lunchtime during a Street Hustling session on the main daygame strip I opened a tall, slim, high heel wearing girl in her early thirties who looked typically Slavic, hot for her age. As I was running the Opener and Stack she grinned...it all seemed so familiar. Indeed a year previously I'd stopped her before and instant dated her to a Starbucks. We both laughed it off and she didn't seem to mind that I clearly did this a lot.

I mini bounced her to the side of the street under a cafe umbrella as there was a sudden light summer rain shower. We were standing close to each other as she pulled out her cigarettes and lit one. Just that simple shift in proximity immediately took the sexual tension from low to high.

I'm pretty sure she was in her Ovulating phase of the month as her energy was so sensual and electric. She was wearing a tight black skirt to her knees, heels and a white blouse which I could see through. We made chit-chat about our lives in the past year but underneath it all there was clearly a sexual spark getting stronger and stronger.

She told me she'd quit her job and was having lots of interviews. I teased her that she should become a stripper or find a Sugar Daddy. More green lights as she blew smoke in my face and stood even closer as

the rain intensified. I pulled her in and kissed her, it was one of those super charged moments in pick up that happen in a flash. She kissed me back with tongues. Everything inside me was screaming *"pull home, pull home."*

"Come and have a glass of wine to celebrate your interviews..." I said.

"What, now?" she questioned.

"Yep, don't pretend you've got anything to do, you're unemployed!"

The five minute walk home was easy as there was still light drizzle so it made the fast bounce plausible. As I took her into the entrance porch of the shared house she stopped and looked guilty.

"What's up?" I asked.

"I've been here before" she giggled, *"Do you know a man called Pavel who lives here?"*

I explained that he was my host but that he was out at work right now. She told me how she'd met him a long time ago in a bar and how he'd befriended her, taken her out for dinners and concerts but then got angry when she wouldn't accept his romantic advances.

"Are you sure he's not in?!" she asked with a naughty grin.

"Definitely" I said, "he's at his office and doesn't normally come home for lunch."

Inside the apartment it was all too easy. I'd like to write that there was a big seduction battle of wits but the reality is that I'd stumbled upon a girl who was up for fast casual sex. A year before things had been more complex and she had fizzled out over text after the instant date, but I'd clearly caught her at the right time of the month in the right moment of her life.

I poured some white wine in the kitchen, she smoked from my bedroom window, we made out again and then fucked on the bed. I remember her wine glass falling off the bedside table and smashing into a million pieces on the floor as we carried on fucking, rain bucketing down outside.

Suddenly we heard the front door go. I jumped up mid lay and shut my bedroom door.

"Tom?" I heard Pavel's voice in the corridor.

"Hi Pavel, just...um... on a call" I replied back, putting a chair behind the door just in case.

I heard him dry off his umbrella and take a shopping bag of lunch into the lounge which was just across the hallway from my room.

The girl was half panicked, half giggling. She was clearly enjoying the naughty pantomime nature of

it all as she hid under the duvet. I got back into bed, pulled the duvet over us both and we carried on fucking in silence, slow not to make the bed creak and both of us trying not to make any sex noises. She was loving the awkward situation, grinning as we could hear Pavel rummaging around in the kitchen.

I remember shooting my load in her mouth and then getting up, putting my clothes on and going and closing the lounge door, waving a phone at Pavel and saying I didn't want to disturb him.

Back in my room the girl got dressed as quickly as she could, leaving her heels off so they wouldn't make a sound, and I snuck her out of my room checking that the lounge door was still closed. Outside the front door she put on her heels and in silence we said goodbye.

I went back into the house and chatted to Pavel about his day as he finished his lunch, trying to look as nonchalant and non-sweaty as I could. Some readers might be angry with me thinking that I "stole" his girl, but that's not what happened at all if you understand the Secret Society. He'd Friend Zoned himself by hiding his intentions when he met her, trying to win her over in Provider mode and then getting annoyed with her when she'd rejected him sexually. Pavel wasn't my friend or a wing and he'd blown his chances himself.

Later I got a message from the girl who wanted to know if he'd heard anything, and telling me that

she'd loved the adventure. As harsh as this sounds, girls are doing this all the time as that's their hardwired sexual strategy. They don't just pity the Nice Guy who hides his dick but they actively mock him and often use him.

It's the Nice Guys who you could say are the biggest liars, the biggest "creeps" as they are hiding their intent with girls as a failed sexual strategy, pretending things are platonic but secretly scheming about how to "get her." When that fails they shower girls with money hoping that the strategy of "impressing her" will win.

So make the choice - be the lover or the provider, the guy girls cheat with or the guy that girls cheat on. Just don't blame girls when your passive sexual strategy doesn't work.

Chapter 19:

VICTORIA'S SECRET

(May 2017, Ukraine)

"Marriage is the #1 cause of divorce"

It had been a tough reconnaissance trip to a second-tier Ukrainian city. The daygame had consisted of a lot of fast blowouts from very hot girls with a few numbers a day from short sets with little English. The dating was (as is typical in the Former Soviet Union) drawn out. Make outs were easy but fast sex was not.

At the end of a particularly brutal number number farming session I made a short cut through a small shopping mall to head back to my accommodation. A tall girl, brunette, hot with red lipstick walked past me and something in my gut told me to go for it, even though I'd mentally declared the session over because I was tired and had done my ten sets.

Pre-approach calibration is something that can't be taught. It's an instinct that develops from years in the field, dating hundreds of girls and internalising the smallest of social cues. A daygamer shouldn't just rely on opening "girls that seem up for it" or girls

that give Indicators Of Interest (IOIs). But sometimes your sixth sense tells you that you should definitely approach a certain girl, from a very primal place.

Perhaps it's in her swaying strut, her tighter fitting clothes, her flushed cheeks - all of which might well indicate she's ovulating. Maybe it's in the hair flick she does subconsciously in your direction as you pass each other (an "Approach Invitation"). Perhaps it's because your daygame-wired brain reminds you that she's exactly like a girl you opened and slept with many years ago.

Anyway, back to the brunette in the mall. I'd not clocked any IOI but my tired body found just enough energy to jog back and open her. She was startled and didn't say much, which I wasn't sure was because of her lack of English or her disinterest. Weak signals - a normal Former Soviet Union phenomena.

I ploughed on, talking low and slow, all the while holding eye contact and stepping closer as I held her hand to introduce myself. She didn't pull her hand away, telling me her name was Victoria.

Her English was actually excellent. She gradually warmed up and told me she was a scientist at a local university where she'd recently graduated (she was 22 or 23). I looked down at her hand to see a shiny wedding ring.

"I've been married for three years" she said almost apologetically.

"How's it going - are you happy?" I asked.

"Sometimes..." she replied, her eyes dilating slightly.

If there's one thing you need to learn to read for Secret Society clues it's eyes. I can't stress how much a girl's eye contact tells you about what's really going on. It's something ancient and hardwired. Looking back there were other clues: she touched the silver ring I had on my forefinger and asked what it meant (a clear IOI). Later in the set she touched my anchor tattoo on my wrist and asked the symbolism (a blatant IOI).

She was off to the gym and so the set wasn't that long. I took her WhatsApp and suggested we have a drink one evening soon. She threw a spanner in the works and said she was off to Berlin with her husband in the next few days for a short holiday, but that she'd let me know if she could meet before she went. I left the set thinking it was fifty-fifty shot at the goal. Even with such strong IOIs in set, many times the bubble can burst and the number can lead to a dead end.

Messaging was basic. She wasn't a texter, as is normal in Ukraine. Short, functional answers, mostly about logistics. We worked out that we could meet two days later in the evening for a quick drink after her evening gym session.

The date wasn't anything to write home about, except for the final few minutes. We'd met in the same mall

and gone for one beer at the rooftop bar. She'd sat opposite me and her conversational skills were like her texting. I'd gone and sat next to her to show her the photo stack on my phone but she'd not reciprocated any of the incidental touching or verbal escalation.

In my mind I chalked it up as a road-to-nowhere date. She had to be home in less than an hour and the date had actually felt like a step backwards from the sexual tension in the initial set. Ah well, in it to win it, another one bites the dust. A good daygamer can just smile and move on, knowing that there are more nos than yeses.

In the elevator from the bar back down to the mall ground floor we found ourselves alone as the doors closed. I suddenly felt that muscle-memory urge once again, pulling her into me by the loops on her jeans and making out with her mid sentence. She was into it straight away, with tongues, lip biting and sighing for all of the ten seconds it took until the lift doors opened on the lower floor.

"See you after Berlin" she smiled as she headed off to her bus.

"When are you back?" I shouted after her.

"Four days," she replied, vanishing into the crowd. So perhaps not a dead lead after all.

Once again, I urge Nice Guys to sit up and take note. Just because a girl is "educated," works in

a university, is married and doesn't say much does NOT mean she's a "good girl." Too many PUAs are roaming countries like Ukraine and Russia looking for their mythical snowflakes because of a Purity Fantasy. They go to Eastern Europe, South America or Asia looking for "pure conservative girls" hoping to live out a 1950s fantasy with girls that are "not like all the rest."

For the next five days I went on another reconnaissance trip to a different Ukrainian city, all the while Victoria messaging me from Berlin, sending me photos of her visiting galleries, the Sex Museum and random selfies from bathrooms while her husband waited outside. Welcome to the Secret Society. I took a gamble and arranged my return trip to Kiev to make a detour via the city I'd met her in. Even though the texting seemed so on, I'd only been on one date with her and gotten a make-out. Neither are green lights for a lay in the Former Soviet Union.

I'd booked the same AirBnB for one more night so had only one shot at the goal. Victoria had returned from Berlin and was back at work, so we arranged to meet outside the mall at 6pm (she'd told her husband she was off to the gym for a couple of hours). I knew time was against us and that I had to get her straight back to the apartment, so before the date I went to the supermarket and got a random bag of groceries that I could turn up with.

Another key tell for predicting a lay is what the girl arrives to the date wearing. It's not cut-and-dried

but if she arrives in jeans, trainers, a jumper and other layers then she's most likely not left the house to fuck. I was late to the mall to meet Victoria, but when I turned up I saw her standing there in a blue dress, small heels, hair down and makeup on. Things were looking good.

She followed my lead without question as we walked the ten minutes back from the mall to my apartment, making idle chit-chat about her holiday to Berlin to give both of us plausible deniability about what was going to happen. Remember, the key rule of the Secret Society is that you don't talk about the Secret Society. Discretion is key. You don't need to tell girls that you're a member, you have to show them with your actions.

Back in the apartment we took off our shoes, I unpacked the fake shopping bag and gave her a tour of the apartment, still not escalating at all as the tension was so obvious. I pointed out the view from the bedroom window and suddenly things went from zero to a hundred. We were in each other's arms, passionately making out as I dropped her on the bed and took out my dick. Without taking off her clothes I lifted up her dress, pulled her panties to the side and went inside her. She was a fantastic notch, with so much pent-up horniness, really loud and sensual.

After the lay we reclined on the bed and I asked her my typical post-sex questions (you've got a short window after the notch to get a girl to spit some truth from her hindbrain before her forebrain guards

take over again). She said she knew what I wanted because of my eye contact in the mall. She only had sex with her husband once or twice a month, telling me she was naturally horny but her husband had got bored of sleeping with her. She admitted masturbating to me in Berlin at night when her husband was snoring next to her. She said I was the second guy she'd ever slept with (in Ukraine this might well be true).

Now I knew the meaning of Victoria's Secret.

Chapter 21:

BODILY FLUIDS

“Sex isn’t for the squeamish. Sex is an exchange of fluids, saliva, breath and smells, urine, shit, sweat, microbes, bacteria. Or there is no sex.

If it’s just tenderness and ethereal spirituality, then it can never be more than a sterile parody of the real act.”

Pedro Juan Gutierrez

Lover sex can’t be negotiated. It’s raw, primal and based on desire rather than duty. Without this acceptance of dominance and submission there is no sex, as the above quote makes clear. When couples get into an exclusive relationship, this desire in the bedroom fades (because humans aren’t monogamous) and sex becomes either romanticised or plain boring. It’s now a sterile negotiated thing, not a spontaneous hot dirty explosion.

Secret Society sex is certainly not for the squeamish. If you’re eating your lunch and reading this, perhaps save this chapter until later.

I've already written about bloody sex and why it's common to have sex with a girl when she's on her period. Many times I've been covered in blood (and my bed sheets too) after such lays. Only once was it my blood, when I got my foreskin caught in my jeans zipper in a hostel as I was about to bang a Czech girl, as I recount in my first book *Daygame*.

Anal sex is something I initially tried with a hot Turkish virgin in London (also recounted in that first book) and subsequently with around a dozen girls. I'll admit that I've always gone bareback, but at least half of them have had showers beforehand or I've smashed her in the shower itself. My rule for anal with a girl is that she has to be hot - I save it for the 8s and above. It's a really dominant move to introduce a girl to it, something that pimps do in a Dark Triad way to keep the girls in their frame.

Only twice I've looked down after anal and seen shit on my dick. Once with a hot Ukrainian and once with a Russian. The girls are just as embarrassed as you are so I always go straight to the shower afterwards. One time when living in the Marble Arch house I shot my load inside a hot blonde's ass and after sex I left her to go on her shopping outing to Oxford Street. She texted me from a shop to tell me she had my cum dripping down her legs and that it was turning her on.

Sometimes girls' pussies smell bad (or taste weird) for whatever reason. I've always found it odd that some girls don't smell or taste of anything at all

whenever you see them, where as others can stink. And I mean really stink. Two of the hottest girls I've fucked (one Russian and one Lithuanian) both had smelly pussies which was nauseating as I was fucking them, especially from behind. Whether they knew they had a problem or not I don't know, but it really changed my Nice Guy opinion of hot girls as marble statues and pure angels.

I've fucked a handful of girls who were natural squirters where towels were needed to soak up the wetness on the bed after she came (most likely female piss, whatever porn wants you to believe). The SDL Las Vegas girl from *Stealth Seduction* squirted out so much fluid when we were going for it doggy style that the carpet around her was drenched.

Sex in a Romantic Comedy movie is all kissing, mood lighting and vanilla missionary. The reality of Secret Society sex is much more similar to that seen in the Lars Von Trier film "*Nymphomaniac*" - there's scratching, sweating, biting and domination of intense proportions.

In the heat of the moment with a lover she'll let you go inside her without a condom (or sometimes she'll pull the condom off). She'll scream for you to cum inside her, to spank her harder, to call her a whore, to pin her down, to face fuck her...and that's just the beginning.

Real dirty sex reveals repressed fantasies, ancient forces and primitive urges. It's so liberating

precisely for those reasons, where you can both finally turn off your forebrains and reconnect to the hindbrain. It's the Big Bang personified - the whole reason for life on Earth - released in a cosmic explosion of orgasmic energy.

I've pissed on girls in the shower and fucked them as they've pissed in the shower too. I've not gone as far as the Japanese do of taking a crap on a girl (or, even worse, her on me) but I've tried everything I want to try. In Chapter 30 I'll recount the threesome adventures and my forays into BDSM which have taken me to the limits of my fantasy tick list.

There's plenty of embarrassing things about lover sex. The sweatiness of it, her fanny farts as you pound her, the awkwardness of cleaning up after you've shot your load into the face of a girl you've known for less than two hours. The self-consciousness of lying there butt naked after sex with a stranger and making weird small talk. The times when you lose your wood after hours of token LMR and she then decides she wants it. The stinky morning breath of each other's mouths when you wake up. The fact that some hot girls have strong body odour after she's been walking around a city all day getting sweaty and you've pulled her back for a SDL. The times when a girl's puked from a night out of drinking and then gets back into bed wanting to fuck you.

There's also the embarrassment of going to get your gear checked out at a Sexual Health Clinic. You're going to drop your pants, have a bright light shone

on your manliness, have to piss in a tube, have a swab shoved up your dick and your blood taken, all while trying to make small talk with the cute nurse. One time I walked out of a check-up clinic to have a guy tap me on the shoulder and tell me he enjoyed my videos - I wasn't sure if I should shake his hand or not.

Any experienced daygamer who hasn't come across (... get it...cum across...) such girls or scenarios is either telling fibs or he hasn't actually banged that many girls. Dirty sex in lover mode is, by definition, filthy, in more ways than one. Either you can accept it and enjoy it as part of the Secret Society, or cling to the Purity Fantasy and pretend that it doesn't exist. And that denies your humanity.

Chapter 22:

BENCHMARKS

*"We drive into the future using only
our rearview mirror"*

Marshall McLuhan

Many lays (and many of my lay reports) blend into one: *approach the girl, get her number, take her on a date or two and sleep with her.* Some of the girls stand out in the mind for their level of beauty but that doesn't often correlate to how good the sex itself was. Some you have a connection with outside of the bedroom, but that also doesn't always influence how mind blowing the actual sex was.

There's nothing wrong with lots and lots of casual sex that is unmemorable beyond the climax. The experiences alone take a guy from inexperienced to confident, Nice Guy to semi-pimp. In the moment the daygame, the date and the pull home are an end in themselves. A touring musician doesn't remember every single gig he's played but the cumulative effect of playing those gigs is what makes him great.

That's precisely why I tell any guy getting into pickup to aim for at least 30 new notches from

cold approach before considering any long term relationship. A guy under 35 should be looking to get as much Secret Society sexual experience as possible to strengthen his frame and "scratch the player itch" before moving in with a girl and trying monogamy.

A weakness of writing books of just lay reports (like my first book in particular) is that once you work out how to have casual sex, the infield reports start to sound robotic as you get less and less learning points and levelling up in each one. The puzzle's been solved, the hustle has become consistent, so why keep writing? Is sex just sex at the end of the day?

When reflecting back on the many notches on my belt, I realise that there are a handful of key ones that really taught me about sex and myself. Just a few that were "peak experiences" in terms of how intense the act was and what I got from it. Planets colliding, sexual chemistry, Big Bang benchmarks...call them what you want, they taught me a lot.

I'll stress once again that these lays have had *little* to do with "deep connection" (many of them are anonymous fast pulls) or if she was one of the hottest girls. It's not related to how sweet / innocent / intelligent / interesting [insert your own Purity Fantasy goal here] she is. It's just a clitoral click. A sexual spark. A fleeting flame. A bloody good bang.

These are the girls who gave me a leg up over the Secret Society walls:

French Exchange Girl (2005)

Exchange student teaching assistant at my first job. First notch after reading "*The Game*." She was sensual, so comfortable with her body and so open about sexuality. Had my first 69 with her.

Czech Bar Girl (2006)

Met her in a bar in Inverness, pulled her back to her hostel and fucked her on the top bunk bed in a crowded room. My first real glimpse of the Secret Society. Kept sleeping with her because she was so horny and had a big sexual appetite.

English Bookshop Girl (2007)

My first real daygame lay after meeting her in a bookshop in Oxford. She was petite, delicate in bed, her fragility was so erotic. First time I felt such extremes of male-female polarity.

English Single Mum (2009)

Young mum at the school I was working in. She had such intense orgasms on our filthy weekends away to Brighton. Carried on seeing her while she had a Nice Guy boyfriend. Eyes opened to the double life girls lead.

Paris Girl (2010)

Write a lot about her in my book '*Daygame*'. My first Oneitis from pickup because the sex was so good. Like the first French girl she was so open with her body, so erotic, so feminine. I'd go to fuck her in Paris,

she'd come over to London. First time I really learnt how to dominate and "let go."

German Girl (2010)

First time nailing a young (18) inexperienced girl and teaching her what to do. Lay happened in her dad's house in Berlin after initially meeting her in London. My first "*Fifty Shades Of Grey*" moment realising younger girls have older guy fantasies.

Romanian Girl (2011)

A Cambridge University student I met daygaming in London on Oxford Street. My first proper bisexual wild girl who let me into the Secret Society fully. Amazing in bed, a nympho and first girl who was openly picking up other partners just like me.

Swedish Girl (2012)

Another Oxford Street close and a great lay because she was so comfortable with open relationships and so confident with her sexuality despite being so young. The speed of the lay and her hotness pushed my future daygame endeavours

Portuguese BJ Girl (2013)

Former model for Bacardi. Addicted to giving blow jobs. Taught me fully about the fuck buddy dynamic. Had demonic-like possession in bed. Wanted to be fucked in crazy places. She gave me a lot more confidence to lead and do wild things.

Belarusian Barbie Girl (2013)

My first real "Barbie Doll" who got off on role-playing me as a wild tiger. Anal sex with her was amazing. Could totally lose myself with her in primal sex. The most biting, scratching and animalistic sex I've had.

Russian Ferry Girl (2014)

Lay Report in Chapter 10. No going back after seeing what was possible.

Polish Girl (2015)

17 years old, she'd skip college to come and fuck. A very *Fifty Shades* frame - she loved to be submissive. Made me fully realise that younger girls (17-21) can be easier to Game than older girls.

Ukrainian Girl (2016)

18 years old. Had a thing for much older guys (she lost her virginity to a 40 year old American dude). Loved the Secret Society dynamic, had her own rotation of lovers, we'd meet every few months just to fuck and nothing else.

Ukrainian Bisexual (2016)

Some of the greatest sex of my life. She was bisexual, very open and up for exploring the world of BDSM and threesomes properly. With her I had almost out-of-body sexual experiences. I write about her in Chapter 30.

Polish MILF (2017)

My first real addiction to a MILF. Early thirties, petite and another nympho. She'd come over to fuck while her long-term partner looked after the kid. She made me feel like a lion and loved being submissive.

Colombian Girl (2018)

A petite early 20s brunette who had zero English but expert sexual vocabulary. We'd meet only to fuck - no dating, no conversation, no small talk. One of the few times I've been able to have repeat sex throughout the day and keep getting it up after multiple climaxes.

Just as daygaming girls is a mirror up to yourself, so are sexual experiences. Great ones reconnect you to the primal man inside (some would even say to the divine above) and strip away all the strict social programming and personal baggage we all carry around.

There are dozens more that I could include as "timeline" benchmark moments (first anal, first threesome, first black girl, first toilet pull etc) but the ones above stick in my mind as being euphoric, sublime and game changing. It's worth reminding you again that I had to go through *hundreds* of other notches to find these magical moments. That took me *thousands* of cold approaches. So if a guy is only having a handful of sexual partners before settling down, I don't see how he can have a real grasp on male-female dynamics.



COMMAND & CONQUER

Biology by its very nature is sexist in that there are two sexes that compliment each other. Men are sexually attracted to beauty, women are sexually attracted to power (in all forms). This is genetic, hard-wired and primal. Even when gay or lesbian couples have sex, there's still this dominant-submissive dynamic at play.

Whilst female anatomy and physiology are universal, each girl has a certain thing you'll notice that sends her into ecstatic revelry. For many it's kissing and biting their neck, pulling their hair, breathing in their ear, scratching their back etc. For others it's pinning their hands behind their head, putting them in a certain position, holding their throat (lightly) or getting them to suck your thumb. Spanking, slapping, tying up - it's all part of the dominance-submission dynamic.

There's nothing I like more than the sounds girls make when you're fucking them good and proper. Her moaning and sighing in a foreign language is glorious (French and Russian sound the sexiest to me, German and Japanese the least). The panting, the whimpering, the pleasurable screams. It's music to my ears.

In many of my podcasts I mention the art of "dirty talk" to add to this frame which is vital

for admission to the Secret Society. It's tough for Nice Guys to implement, so I recommend a staggered approach where you work up to it.

Even if she doesn't speak your language, you'll notice how well dirty talk works in creating the dominant vibe.* Start it before you're even in the bedroom (I'd avoid it over text if you haven't already fucked her) when you're on the date in the second venue and things are escalating nicely. Try some of these (calibrated to the situation of course):

- *For the last five minutes I've not been listening to you. I've been imagining you on your knees...*
- *If we were alone right now I'd bend you over the table and pull your hair*
- *You need to be spanked*
- *You need to be punished*
- *When I get you home I'm going to show you who's boss*

If you're making out and almost ready to do the final bounce home, take her hand as you're kissing her in the bar and brush it against your crotch, telling her *"Look what you're doing to me"*

Back in the close location (your place, her place or a secluded location) try some of these before you're actually naked with her:

- *Come and sit on my lap and let me look at you*
- *Put down your hair, I want to see it*
- *You make me so hard (as you put her hand on your crotch)*
- *I want to be inside you (as you're making out with her)*
- *You need to be fucked*
- *I'm going to make you cum so hard*

When you're actually having sex, push things forward with some of these:

- *Feel my hard dick?*
- *Take my dick*
- *Suck my cock*
- *Open your legs*
- *Give me your pussy*
- *You're my bad girl*
- *This pussy is mine*
- *Who owns this pussy?*
- *You're my little slut*
- *Shut up*
- *I'm going to destroy you*
- *Cum for me*
- *Get on your knees*
- *Open your mouth*

As I said, work up to it if you've not tried much of it before. It's not enough just to say the words, you have show her you mean it with your delivery, your tonality and obviously your actions. The best dirty talk just flows in the moment when you both lose your inhibitions and let go. Remember that she *wants* to be dominated, she *wants* to submit - she's just waiting for the powerful man she can do it with.

Chapter 23:

SECRET SOCIETY EXPULSION

"Women seem wicked when you're unwanted"

Jim Morrison

Despite the huge effort it takes to gain access to the Secret Society world of being a player, your membership card to the Society can be withdrawn as quick as a flash for breaking the rules and making basic dating errors.

Perhaps you're not being discreet, but instead being a liability by letting the world know about a girl's indiscretions. You're putting pictures up on Facebook of you together, you're holding hands in public, you're getting all romantic.

Maybe you're trying to rationalise with a girl logically about why she should sleep with you. You're getting reactive and angry, judging her for playing the field just like you do. You're getting jealous of the other guys in her life and not happy about sharing her. She feels your neediness and clinginess more and more.

Often your behaviour stops matching her initial impression of you as the cad. The frame slips away

from you and reveals your desperation inside. "*He was't a real player,*" she concludes and soon stops coming round to fuck you.

I've gone through expulsion numerous times because of such behaviours. Every player has dry spells, periods of Oneitis, Affection Addiction and times when he hates the Game.

There have been two significant Oneitis moments for me since getting into daygame properly in 2010. The first was with the Parisian girl (who features at the end of my first book) in 2012 who I'd fallen for in a big way despite her wanting to keep things open. I could see all the mistakes I was making right before my eyes but felt powerless to stop them: texting her too much, going over to see her too much, stopping approaching other girls because I felt she was "The One." Unsurprisingly my needy behaviour repulsed her and she fizzled out contact with me.

The second was with a Ukrainian girl who I had a year long open relationship with in 2015. It was the lengthiest relationship I've had since getting into Game and although she knew what my job was and that I had sex with other girls, the predictable jealousy kicked in. She slept over at mine more and more, she left things in my apartment, she introduced me to her family. All of these tactics worked slowly but surely, and by the end of the year I had deep feelings for her. We'd been on trips together, I'd been a guest at her friend's wedding, I'd even introduced her to some of my daygame wings.

The sick irony of a man conceding the frame to a girl after her strategies to lock him down is that this loss of frame then turns the girl off. She can't put her finger on why she's no longer attracted to the guy who she's spent so long trying to get once she's got him!

When the cat captures the ball of wool, the game is immediately over. With the Ukrainian girl I'd had my player membership card taken from right under my nose with my full permission. Oxytocin combined with scarcity is a powerful drug that makes a man do crazy things.

Expulsion is deeply frustrating, especially if you don't know how you got into the Secret Society in the first place. A High School jock on the football team might be a playboy in his teenage years but then settle down quickly into a monogamous marriage. A few drunken One Night Stands in college might not be able to be repeated when a guy leaves that ecosystem for the real world. A celebrity's popularity wains and the pussy suddenly dries up.

Not being in the Secret Society but knowing that it exists is far worse than being ignorant of the whole concept in the first place. This is why many guys who are only armchair pickup artists online in forums and comment sections are often very angry. *Why isn't she a slut with me? Why won't they give me my membership card? The Sexual Market Place is not fair! Why do girls get a free pass? Why do those jocks get her for free? Fuck those bitches!*

It's very easy to fall into a downward spiral of anger and bitterness against the Secret Society. A harsh breakup or a messy divorce of course amplifies those feelings. Guys who've tried a bit of pickup but not had much luck will turn on the whole concept and either rage against it or flatly deny that it exists. Sinking into victimhood soon follows.

The Health Warning with this book is that knowledge of the biological truths is not enough to get access to the Secret Society. Theory alone without real world application in the field will only serve to make you more angry. Instead take this knowledge about the Sexual Market Place, however harsh it seems, and realise that it's a loop hole to getting ahead if you apply it with real life girls in real life situations.

Don't get mad. Don't get even. Get ahead (to get more head).



LESSONS FROM GAY GUYS

No, you haven't stumbled upon 'gaygame' advice for picking up guys. I'm experimental but not *that* experimental.

But there are many reasons why straight men can learn pickup lessons from homosexual guys, seeing as though gay dudes are automatically in the Secret Society. They're already having

the wild, uninhibited promiscuous sex life that you're trying to achieve (just with members of the same sex).

You can read about the evolutionary biology behind homosexuality in the Appendix at the back of the book but for now just consider why gay guys are in the Secret Society:

- *Women are incredibly relaxed and open around them, spilling all their sexual secrets, as they're non judgemental about casual sex and don't pedestalise girls*
- *They follow the male sexual strategy of spreading their seed far and wide whilst at the same time being able to tap in to female emotions. They're like spies deep in enemy territory living double lives*
- *They have vast sexual experience, often more than pro pickup artists, which demystifies human sexuality for them*
- *Their vibe is fantastic - playful, light, fun, physical. Girls love them for it*
- *They often fool around with girls, even sleeping with them because "it doesn't count"*

It's no accident that many famous cads and dandies throughout history have amplified feminine traits in some respects, from Casanova to Russell Brand. A man inside the Secret

Society *gets* women in more ways than one. He's tapped into their way of thinking, he's turned down his heavy male logic, he's upped his playful vibe.

Straight men should take note. The two-dimensional "Just Lift Bro" alpha advice all over the internet misses the whole point that a man like Mick Jagger is (or certainly was) more sexually attractive to many women than Mike Tyson.

Chapter 24:

CITY OF GOLD

(Summer 2017, Bogota, Colombia)

*"Start with the belief that
women are sexual creatures that
long to be submissive"*

Torero Twitter

I had decided to take a day off from Colombian hustling to explore some of the tourist sights of the city. A daygamer on a notch trip is often plagued with guilt that he's flown thousands of miles just to walk around another identikit shopping mall. Even though I was on a number farming mission it was important to have a break from pickup and see some local culture.

I took a taxi to the Old Town full of colonial colour and character, even though some girls I'd been dating had warned me against that part of the city because of armed thieves. Wandering around the squares and narrow streets nestled into the foothills of the Andes was a great daygame detox. I headed to museum of pre-Hispanic gold and satisfied my inner nerd for the day.

I stumbled out of the darkened museum into the bright sunshine and headed back towards the Old Town in search of good coffee. Coming towards me I spotted a tall skinny girl with shoulder length light brown hair, spray on hipster jeans and a tiger print top without a bra on underneath. She looked completely out of place in South America, more like something you'd find in London or New York's Soho district. The daygame gods had delivered, perhaps because of my sacrificial museum visit.

She stopped to hear what I had to say (I made fun of her tiger top and her London style) even though her English was pretty basic. She was 22, a model and a student of fashion. She was indeed South American but said she had Italian genetics far back.

The conversation was simple but the eye contact was fizzy and sparky. I suggested coffee there and then but she said she had to go to her studies. We made basic plans to do something on the weekend, exchanged WhatsApp and then split.

The messaging was direct and to-the-point, as my time in the city was running out and I had other leads to try and close. I suggested an "*adventure with Tom later?*" and she replied that Sunday would be better.

We exchanged photos of ourselves over the next few days (always good to remind them of what you look like and get compliance from her) and then I bit the bullet again and suggested meeting "*later.*" She made the excuse that it was raining outside her house.

I sent her a screenshot of the forecast showing it was going to clear by 14:00. She replied saying she'd finish her study work and then come out.

An hour or so later she said she was coming out and that we could "*take a walk.*" I sensed her trying to snatch the frame and derail the date, so replied mocking her by calling her "*boss*" ("*jefe*"). Both of us were replying on Google Translate so the meaning got a bit muddled, but we agreed to meet at a bus stop near a park. I planned to walk her from there to a bar near mine.

Of course (as is very normal in South America) she was late and then changed the meeting place at the last minute. Another attempt at frame control. She had no data or wifi connection so had gone to a nearby supermarket to text me. I was starting to think that this date was going to be a waste of time.

When I met her by the supermarket I gave her a light-hearted telling off about being late and disorganised but then quickly moved on to simple vibing as we walked in the direction of my area. She'd clearly dressed up - a lacy white top, again with no bra underneath, skinny jeans and boots. Her mood was adolescent-like, dreamy and chaotic. As we walked she'd bump into me, touch me and be floppy when I did some incidental touching back. All good signs for a first date lay.

I was getting really horny already because of her visibly ample boobs on her skinny frame, the "thigh

gap of glory" which her skinny jeans showed off and her catwalk-like face. She looked like a hot carefree girl you'd see in a 90's indie band music video - all my teenage fantasies came flooding back. I loved her sexual energy that oozed out of her, perhaps because of her modelling confidence, but I tried my best not to show it.

The conversation was again basic because of the language barrier, but we both used our phones to do some of the translating. I suggested a beer in an English-themed pub around the corner from my apartment, but when we got there it was closed (Sunday hours) so we made do with a local bar across the street. She wanted to smoke so we sat outside, but the waiter came over and said that smoking wasn't allowed. I seeded the bounce home by saying she could smoke from my window, pointing to my apartment block.

As we drank our beers and I ran the usual date questions on her (via Google Translate) she told me that:

- *she didn't like relationships*
- *she preferred tall guys (not the shorter local guys)*
- *her passion was hard house and partying hard*
- *her teenage love was the British pop-rock band The Kooks*

These were all the green lights I needed. One small beer in that venue was enough. I could sense that

she'd come to fuck, but I didn't know her time limit when she had to get going so I ramped things up. From the bar we walked the two minutes to my apartment and soon we were sitting on the sofa drinking another beer from my fridge and looking at her modelling pictures on her Instagram.

A player has to be very wary of "Beta Bait" that a hot girl throws out to trip up thirsty guys at the last minute. When a girl shows off her modelling portfolio or endless selfies surrounded by glamorous people, it's vital you don't take the bait and supplicate, showering her with praise like an average joe would do under one of her Facebook pictures. A good trick is to point out something in the background and make fun of it ("*you need to tidy your room young lady*" etc).

I changed the subject by opening up YouTube and getting her to show me the tracks that she liked. The tunes she put on were dark, aggressive forms of house like a 90's rave. The accompanying music videos featured fucked up human forms in basements performing BDSM with chainsaws and animal costumes. Enough green lights to pick up the laptop, take her by the hand to my bedroom and start making out, then grinding.

And then the magic words: "*You have a condom?*" I reached into my bag and realised that I'd used the last one the evening before. Beginner's error. I unzipped my jeans, got her to suck me off (which was the best blow job of the year) while she wriggled

out of her skinny jeans and I fingered her as she sat on the bed.

Suddenly she stopped mid-blow job and changed the music on my laptop. She put on a twerking music compilation track (I didn't protest) and then danced around my room, bending over and wiggling her ass at me. God bless the sexual confidence of South American girls. I went inside her as she knelt on the bed and then spent the rest of the night happily nailing her to more and more twisted tunes.

I remember looking down on her mid-fuck and suddenly feeling incredibly grateful. Me, a 37-year old scruffy Welshman deep inside a hot 22 year old model who had the sexual energy of a tiger. And all from one spontaneous approach outside a museum on my "day off" from daygame.

All hail the Street Hustling gods.

Chapter 25:

TEMPLE OF DOOM

(November 2017, Bangkok)

*"Women are hard-wired to follow and
fall in line with a dominant man's
self perception"*

Torero Twitter

I've travelled to some rough-and-ready locations before, including backpacking around India, Morocco, and the Egyptian Black Desert, but my a 24 hour layover in Bangkok, Thailand, was next level wildness of a different sort.

Forget the dirty chaos of Delhi or the steel cold grimness of a backwards Ukrainian city. Bangkok makes the slums of Bogota look like paradise. I've avoided going there for years, put off by the grotty sex tourism and hot humid climate. But on my way back from Japan the best ticket I could find offered a stop over in Bangkok (plus a brief change of planes in Istanbul).

I knew that many guys on pickup forums and blogs lived or travelled to cities like Bangkok, Manila and Jakarta, singing the praises of the titty bars

and Tinder lays. My plan was to see if the Shangri-La tales were true when it came to daytime there.

I landed early morning and got a taxi into the centre where I'd booked an apartment for one night. The city was shrouded in a blanket of hot grey smog and the roads clogged up with manic traffic. It reminded me of Hong Kong or Cairo just without the attractive sights.

I was staying near Siam Square One, the biggest mall in the city and ground zero for daytime. It was too hot to be outside for long. The pavements were a circus of fat old western men in shorts, socks and flip flops getting hustled by bar ladyboys and weathered hookers. Street vendors pedalled every variety of dead-animal-on-a-stick, their rickety carts dodging the moped taxis and swarms of pissed tourists. Squalid.

The giant mall was an air conditioned refuge from the madness outside. I stumbled about looking scruffy and tired after the seven hour flight from Japan. My first couple of approaches were awful, with the Thai girls being as confused as I felt.

"This is silly," I thought to myself. "Go back to the apartment, have a shower, sleep and just go sight seeing."

As I headed to the exit I saw a slender girl wearing a long red dress and matching shoes coming out of H&M. My senses picked up and I opened without delay,

telling her she was cute and that she reminded me of the dancing girl from the opening sequence of *Indiana Jones and the Temple Of Doom* (children of the 80's will know what I mean). She had no idea what I was on about, but seemed impressed by the approach. Her English was good, better than the Thai girls, as she was Vietnamese and just visiting Bangkok for a few days on a cookery course.

The bounce for a coffee was easy as she'd just arrived like me. We sat opposite each other sipping our lattes and she told me more about her life in Saigon. She was 26, single and her course was starting the following day. Her apartment was in the centre and she also planned to do some exploring like me. I moved to sit next to her so I could run the usual photo routine and spike things up with a bit of kino. She seemed shy but had a rebellious vibe about her which I liked.

It was still only 11am and I knew there was no need to rush things so I came up with the plan of going to get my camera from the apartment with her, see how compliant she was and then go to visit some temples with her before seducing her in the evening after a bit of a bar crawl. After all, I wanted to see the city and an Adventure Bubble together would just make the lay easier.

We grabbed a taxi back to my place and she came in with no hesitation. After looking around, using the bathroom and me getting the camera we got in another taxi to head to the Old City. The traffic was hardly

moving and the taxi driver kept throwing up his hands and laughing (the smiling nature of Thai people in the face of such filth is remarkable).

"*Same same!*" he giggled over and over, the only English he new, in between happily jabbering away in Thai.

On the map on his phone he was trying to explain that with the traffic jam it was take us over an hour to get to the Grand Palace, but that he could take us down to the river from where we could catch a ten minute boat to the Old City. Was this a scam to sell us a boat trip from his cousin? Where exactly were we going? Fuck it, we said ok and he happily drove us down to the river.

"*Same same!*" he beamed as we paid and said goodbye.

Miss Saigon was afraid of the ancient rickety looking wooden boat, telling me she couldn't swim. Just like my old London *Clipper* hustle of taking girls down the Thames on a bamboozling adventure, this boat trip worked in my favour. A tiny man helped us into the boat which we had all to ourselves, and off we went up the choppy river. The waves were taller than the boat sides so he had to zig-zag his course. Miss Saigon held onto me with my arm around her, both afraid and excited. A perfect spiking of emotions. I pulled her in and kissed her briefly.

Outside the Grand Palace we disembarked and found ourselves in a huge crowd of tourists and pilgrims, jostling to get in a long queue into the temple grounds. It was utter chaos with thousands of people

(mostly Chinese tourists) pushing their way forwards in the 32°C midday heat and 100% humidity. We were drenched in sweat and the crowd was claustrophobic.

Luckily the queue moved quickly and we were in the temple grounds within half an hour. It was just as packed inside and I could see that Miss Saigon's energy and enthusiasm was draining away.

"Let me just take some pictures and we'll get out of here" I said, opening my small shoulder bag to get my camera out.

Immediately I spotted the open zip of the front pocket. A huge sinking feeling overwhelmed me as I realised my slender card wallet (with credit and debit card inside) was missing. For eight years I'd carried that thin wallet in my jeans pocket, day in day out, all over the world with no issues. But in the mad scramble of taking Miss Saigon to my apartment and getting my things, I'd dropped it into the front pocket without thinking.

The oldest hustle in the book. At some point in the packed crowd I'd been pick-pocketed. It was totally my fault. At least the camera was still there, my phone was in my pocket and my passport was safely hidden back in my apartment. Coincidentally Miss Saigon had snapped a photo of me at the exact moment I realised the wallet was gone.

I'd gotten some cash out that morning when I landed but it was only worth about £20. I knew straight

away that that was going to have to last me the day and get me back to the airport in the morning. The main priority was to phone my bank and cancel the cards. Neither Miss Saigon or myself had a working international SIM so I said we should go back to mine where I could make a Skype phone call from my laptop.

We jumped in another cab and realised that her place was much closer to where we were than mine, so told the driver to head there to save time. Miss Saigon said she had an international phone card I could use. What an excuse to bounce a girl back to her place! The new trademarked Torero technique: get robbed and "have to phone the bank" seeding trick.

Within half an hour we were at hers, both sweaty from the temple of doom adventure. The cool air-conditioned apartment was luxurious, she obviously came from a rich family and her parents were paying for her cookery school getaway. She handed me a towel and said I could have a shower before her, as she'd take longer. I rinsed off the filth of the city with a hot shower and then emerged just in my boxers and the towel over my shoulders, as she went into the bathroom to take her shower.

I called the bank with her SIM card and cancelled the cards. No withdrawals other than mine had taken place that day thank god. Miss Saigon emerged from the bathroom in what looked like silk pyjamas and we curled up on the sofa, drained of energy after the whirlwind morning. It was still early, around 2pm.

"Let's have a siesta," I said, "Then we'll go to my area and eat something."

I picked her up in my arms (she was so petite) and carried her into the bedroom. Under the duvet we hugged and kissed some more. I was waiting for the Token LMR to start and indeed it did, right on cue.

I'm not so easy. I don't know you. I'm not experienced. It is so crazy. I don't want you to judge me. I'm not that kind of girl....

Any experienced daygamer will have heard this dozens, if not hundreds, of times.

There was no rush. I took things slow. On and off. Hot and cold. Kissing and then pretend sleeping. Letting her re-engage. Putting her hand down my boxers and then going back to just hugging. Touching between her legs and then rolling over to "sleep" more. This seduction dance went on for almost an hour until she couldn't keep up the Good Girl charade any longer and let me pull off her pyjamas to go inside her. The sex was passionate and rapid after all the horny buildup. Neither of us lasted long and we sank into real sleep soon after.

That evening we headed to my area to experience the chaotic evening vibes of street vendors, hookers and fat tourists in Chang vests, arm in arm with ladyboys. She bought some fruit to make sure I wouldn't starve until I got to the airport, we went for some drinks and then parted ways at the metro stop as she had to

prepare for her classes in the morning and I needed to sort out my finances.

A totally filthy adventure in a city I'm never going back to. Despite the magical Same Day Lay experience with Miss Saigon I felt like I needed to have multiple showers to cleanse myself of the squalor of Bangkok when I got home.

Chapter 26:

BACHELOR BLUES

*"You can be married and bored,
or single and lonely. Ain't no
happiness nowhere"*

Chris Rock

If only 1% of men are in the Secret Society then it's quite a lonely place to be by default. Whilst the other 99% of guys are coupled up and cuddling, the perpetual player is hunting for his next meal which is consumed rapidly before moving on.

Monogamous relationships make a man soft, mentally and physically. You get comfortable, you stop trying, the frame slips away. Oxytocin, the "cuddle hormone" floods your body as you get settled. Things are familiar. Safe. And boring. It's no surprise that this turns the girl off.

A player, in contract, rides the wave of adrenaline, dopamine and serotonin highs as he's out in the field getting an addictive rush off of cold approach pickup. He's energised and focussed, and the youthfulness of the girls he's pursuing rubs off on him. What he's

massively lacking however is the oxytocin-induced bonding feelings as he moves from girl to girl. Once the sex is over and she's left the apartment, it's just him, alone.

The character of Hank Moody in the TV series *'Californication'* exemplifies this dilemma well. Hank is a middle aged bachelor living a bohemian life as writer and womaniser in LA. Despite a huge abundance of casual sex, he's prone to longing for his former longterm girlfriend and emotional around his daughter. The surname "Moody" sums it up. Booze, weed, meltdowns, mess - classic bachelor hallmarks.

Players are certainly not immune to Oenitis. I've often said that playboys fall harder because of the lack of oxytocin in their lives. This explains why many legendary cads from Frank Sinatra to Hugh Hefner get married (multiple times) and lose both their frame and freedom.

So is there a solution to the bored vs lonely conundrum? It's very rare for a guy to pull it off, but a man can remain in the Secret Society and have a longer term relationship if it's open and he continues to fuck new girls (with or without his girlfriend). Or a player can ensure his oxytocin levels are topped up with mini relationships (a few days or weeks here and there with girls as you travel), close male friendships and even female friends sourced from former fuck buddies.

Such "love bubbles" where you ensure that you're getting enough affection from women whilst not

compromising your freedom are the equivalent of divers using a network of air cylinders on a long dive to be able to stay under for longer.

It's a tough balancing act that every guy in the Secret Society has to master. Enough adrenaline, dopamine and serotonin to stay single and horny, but also enough oxytocin to feel loved and human. Too much of either can dash you on the rocks.



BECOMING A 'FUCKBOY'

"I'll call you again when I'm back in February," I smiled at Celia as I put on my coat at her front door, ready to face the snowy Parisian December evening outside.

"Congratulations," she shot back with faux indignation. *"You're now officially a fuckboy Tom."*

We kissed once more and then the door closed behind me as I walked out into the Paris night.

On the train home I Googled the term **"Fuckboy"**:

"A man who sleeps with women with no intention of dating them. Synonyms: asshole, horny prick, douchebag, jock, chach"

Some men want to send rockets to space, others want to win an Olympic gold. I'll take the badge of being a Secret Society fuckboy.

In December of 2017 during a hibernation period away from cold approach daygame and my distractions with the *Hustle On* documentary editing I went on short trips to see four girls that I'd already got the notch with earlier in the year. All of them are aware that I'm not wanting a relationship and that the sex with me is casual. Two of them read my website.

There was Celia, a girl in Paris whose husband worked away as airline cabin crew. Then there was Victoria, a girl in Poland who was in a long distance relationship with a guy in Spain. There was also Maria, a Ukrainian living in London who was spinning more plates than me. And finally Sylwia, another Polish girl who told me she was "*kind of serious*" with a guy at her university.

Going from girl to girl in just a few days, I felt like a call-out tradesman visiting each one to service them. It was comical, like an old movie with Charlie Chaplin appearing and disappearing in and out of opening and closing doors.

I found an article on a womens' gossip magazine webpage called "*15 Signs You're Dating a Fuckboy*" written with the purpose of warning girls about '*fuckboyism*'. Here are some of those signs, which every Secret Society member should nod and smile at as he reads them:

- *He asks you to hang out but doesn't text you to follow up*
- *He uses phrases like "keep me posted" and "let's stay in touch" when you invite him to come out*
- *His friends don't seem to know who you are*
- *He'll disappear for a few days without you hearing from him*
- *When other guys flirt with you in front of him he seems totally unfazed*
- *He's always texting people when you're together*
- *He won't respond to you during the prime dating hours of 7-11pm*
- *He's never initiated taking a picture with you*

So there you have it. Your mother is going to be so proud when you tell her that your New Year's Resolution is to become a fuckboy rather than a Nobel Prize winning author or an upstanding member of your local church group.

Chapter 27:

WOMEN'S WOE

"Men and women have different reproductive goals based on hardwired genetics. Without understanding or accepting this, everything's confusing"

Torero Twitter

"It's so easy to be a girl," guys will moan. "All she has to do is look cute, open her legs and she can have unlimited sex with unlimited men..."

Yes, she's the chooser when it comes to sex but men are the choosers of commitment.

Step back for a second and remember the fact that men have a single mating strategy (to spread their seed in as many girls as possible to maximise genetic success) whereas women have two (Secret Society alphas for genetics and stable betas for provisioning).

Women have a tough balancing act with these two Sexual Market Place strategies. Too many whirlwind flings with Bad Boys and she'll be left high and dry holding

the baby alone. Too many long term relationships with Nice Guys and she'll be stuck in a dead end marriage having missed out on her party years with the chads.

A guy's Sexual Market Value peaks in his thirties (and can stay high if he remains sexually relevant with good health, grooming and style to prolong his bachelor years). Because it's based on his overall power, he can build it up gradually, brick by brick. Charisma, charm, confidence, leadership, swagger and personal success all have a robust shelf life.

A girl's Sexual Market Value peaks in her late teens to early twenties and is based on her looks and her fertility alone. That's it. The clock is quite literally ticking for her to capitalise on what she's got and fulfil her dual mating strategy schedule of dating and mating. In most parts of the the world she's in need of a provider male to help raise her children, and there's a constant worry about the threat of desertion on top of the initial risks and burden of pregnancy.

Which one would you want to be - a lottery winner at age 18 who could lose their fortune at any time, with no knowledge (or real possibility) of getting it back, or a self-made millionaire who built up their wealth over ten years and knows the ins and outs of the industry, who could do it all again if things crashed?

Women's dual mating strategy drives them mad. By definition, lovers don't stick around. They cum and

go. Providers provide but are as predictable as worker bees. In a woman's mind there's a constant battle going on between her conscious brain and subconscious body. She's walking a tightrope to maximise her genetic success with two opposing forces pulling her in different directions. Alpha fucks or beta bucks?

"Why am I still attracted to bad boys?" she questions for the millionth time. "But why then am I living with my childhood sweetheart?"

Women confuse themselves, not just men. The cocktail of hormones in their bodies each month takes them on a roller-coaster ride of emotions, moods and subsequent decisions that they have very little control over. Can you imagine that?

They want to be admired but at the same time want to be consumed. They want to be dominant at work but dominated in bed. They want to be seduced but hate knowing that they're being seduced. They find warm romantic gestures sweet but drama and strong male frame sexy.

Competition for top-tier 1% guys is fierce amongst girls. Behold female cattiness and bitchiness to each other, how they sabotage each other's chances and are born with the social savviness of a KGB spy. Whereas men can pat each other on the back down the pub about the recent conquests they've had, girls have to hide their Secret Society liaisons from friends and family. She can't seem too loose, but at the same time too square.

So next time you read reactive angry comments on pickup forums from men who fail shit tests, moan about being victims and whine about opposing sexual strategies to their own, remember that there are 40 year old cads sweeping Spring Break hotties off their feet who hate neither girls or Game. They're in the Secret Society. They just *get it*.

Be the hammer or the nail. Moan in pain alone or make her moan in bed with pleasure.

Chapter 28:

CHECKMATE

(October 2017, Russia)

“She’s not different. Your situation is not different. The biological principles of Game are universal”

Torero Twitter

In much of my material online I’ve discussed the overlaps between daygame pickup and the game of chess, but this lay report particularly maps out just how fitting the analogy can be, especially when you’re seducing Russian girls.

This lay was my most technical of the trip, and perhaps of the year. A weak “maybe” girl who I eventually banged through tight strategy, technique and persistence. Most of the Torero Toolkit was used over the period of three weeks from start to finish.

A game of chess has three **phases**:

- 1) *Opening – Getting your pieces out there as fast as possible onto useful squares, allowing things to open up*
- 2) *Middlegame – Begins when most, if not all, pieces are in play. Both you and your opponent have a plan*

3) *Endgame – Calculating very precise lines to victory using tight knowledge*

Let's now apply these three phases to my seducing of the petite 19 year old Computer Science university student in a bleak Russian city as the Autumn leaves fell:

Opening

I front stopped her on her way to university. I gave her the compliment and usual stack about speedy walking, but her English seemed poor. She indicated she was in a rush so I number closed rapidly and let her go. So in terms of chess, poor development and little piece positioning. I'd stated my intent but that was about it.

After sending off the usual opening text I was surprised when she replied quite solidly that evening. She asked me lots of curious questions and I managed to get a ping-pong flow of messages going that evening. This completed the first stage as I got my pieces out there and opened up the board. I exchanged some photos with her, spiked things up to pass her shit tests and got her curious to play on. She agreed to a drink the following day.

Middlegame

When she turned up for the date she was late (blaming the heavy rain) and tried to pick the venue for coffee instead of alcohol. I stuck to my plan and

took her to a bar (I had a beer, she had coffee). I ran the usual first venue model - rapport mixed with verbal escalation. Her English was much better than I'd presumed (she was just shy). She was very curious about my bad boy nomad persona, asking me lots about my lifestyle and my peacocking (rings, tattoos, fashion). She let slip that although she was a diligent student, her ex-boyfriend was a bad boy bass player in a metal band. We both verbalised that we didn't want a relationship because we were too busy.

From there I bounced her to a second venue near my apartment - a rock bar with loud music and only alcohol. She had wine, I had another beer, and we sat on bar stools next to each other so I could run the usual physical escalation. An hour later she had to get home, so I walked her to the bus, kissing her along the way.

Straightforward lay I thought. All the pieces were now in play. I was confident it was going to be a speedy victory with weak counterattacks from her. She was 19, I'm 37. She said she's slept with 2 guys. I've slept with over 300 girls. She was accepting my escalation with pretty smooth compliance. What could go wrong?!

Just like in chess, you should never be so cocky so soon. I'd massively underestimated my opponent. The second meeting was the usual Coffee Bridge Date in a place opposite my apartment. I managed to bounce her from there to my place where we put on some

music and dry-humped on the bed. She stopped any wandering hands and gave the usual token LMR to any more compliance so I rolled off and chilled out.

On that date I learnt about her darker nature underneath the “sensible student” persona. When she left mine to go back to university I realised she’d left herself logged in to her social media account on my computer. A new message from a different guy would pop up as a notification every few seconds. I didn’t open them (as she’d see they were read) but just watched in awe as the notifications flooded in. I could see that she was replying to multiple guys at once (often with copy-paste), like a Grand Master chess champion playing multiple games blindfolded. That night she logged herself out of all devices from her end, so my window into her world went cold.

Endgame

What seemed like a simple win turned out to be extremely convoluted. What I presumed were clear predictable lines to victory were counteracted by her advanced skill. I started losing pieces fast as she deftly moved around the board and we became locked in an almost stalemate situation.

It became very hard to get her out. She went to another city to visit family, said she was sick, and then would only agree to an afternoon date with a time limit. I sat in a cafe with her and we actually

played chess (a common sight amongst young people in Russia). I'd make out with her in between moves but she was focussed on the game. I'm happy to report I won the actual chess, but lost the attempt to bounce her home again.

After that she agreed to meeting for an evening date (accepting the wine/movie seed) but after we'd sat down in a bar with our first drink she took a call from a "*friend*" and said she had to go. I couldn't work her out - she seemed so keen one minute, so cold the next (classic female fractionation). I realised I couldn't chase any more, so I employed all the classic frame principles: 48 hour text vacuums, amused mastery, jealousy plot lines, qualification and added scarcity (telling her I was leaving for London soon). This seemed to do the trick as she started chasing me.

A week or so later I got her to agree to come to mine late one evening but she vanished online at the last minute, texting me late in the night that her "*battery had died*" and she'd been busy with her "*friend*" in a pub. I mentally accepted defeat and was annoyed at myself for having come so close but messing things up with sloppy Middlegame.

The following day, mid afternoon, I decided to try one more move whilst risking burning it forever. I sent her a short text asking if she was alive. She replied that she was free to meet. I quickly tidied my apartment, grabbed a bottle of wine from the supermarket and went to the meeting point near my house. And there she was in a tight black dress,

heels and fresh makeup. Now or never - the line of victory had opened up. We walked straight back to mine, put on some ACDC and within minutes I was inside her, nailing her like it was the end of the world. No token LMR. **Checkmate!**

Chapter 29:

BANG BUS

(May 2018, Ostrava, Czech Republic)

"Be the guy girls cheat with, not on"

Torero Twitter

My main project for 2018 was buying a white builder's van and converting it into a campervan bang bus; double bed, sink, toilet and shower included. You can see the van adventures I had in Series 1 of the *Black Sheep Bandit* on YouTube where I drive over 7000 miles around Europe through 16 countries in 4 months. It was a wild ride.

One of the lay highlights in the bus was real Secret Society stuff. I'd driven the van from Poland south across the border into the Czech Republic. To break up the drive to Prague I stopped in the Moravian city of Ostrava, a former industrial heartland that wouldn't win any prizes in a beauty contest.

After parking up the van in a small square not far from the city centre I went out for my first Czech daygame session of the year. I had that puppy dog energy of a beginner after cabin fever from the long

drive in the van so with a spring in my step I bounded around more than happy to do my ten approaches. I think Czech girls are hotter than Polish girls (slimmer, higher cheekbones) and so it was easy to find targets to approach, especially the university students rushing around between lectures.

By a tram stop just north of the Old Town a dreamy girl walked towards me wearing a Beatles t-shirt and tight denim shorts. I picked up on what I felt was a tiny glance my way as she came level with me and then walked on by. I ran after her and opened.

Immediately she seemed shy, unable to make much eye contact. Her English was ok but I couldn't tell if this was a set to nowhere or if she was just overwhelmed by the approach.

"How old are you?" I asked, double checking it was ok to proceed as she was definitely a student.

She told me she was 21 and finishing her university studies as a graphic designer.

We vibed about her love of the Beatles and I teased her about the indie patches on her rucksack from The Smiths and The Cure. I was getting distracted by the fact she wasn't wearing a bra underneath her t-shirt and I could see a pair of pert nipples poking through the image of Abbey Road. I'm pretty sure she saw me looking. Nervous sexual tension crackled underneath the quite bland surface conversation.

I got the number even though it didn't feel like a solid set. She hadn't invested much and I still couldn't tell if it she was shy or disinterested. We parted ways as she scurried off to university and I carried on up the street to finish my ten sets for the day.

Texting wasn't invested from her either. Short answers to my messages and delays in between messages. I added her on Facebook and saw that all of the pictures on her timeline from the last few years were her cuddled up to the same guy. "*My love*" read the caption under the latest photo of them together hiking in the mountains.

I asked her if she preferred wine or beer. She texted back saying beer, so I proposed a pint or two after her studies in the week (she spent her weekends in a different town with her boyfriend). To my surprise she agreed, giving me the day and time she was free.

I re-parked the van in a better position in the square, under a tree to shade it from the midday temperatures that were already warmer than a normal Spring. I made sure the side door was facing away from the apartments and shops on one side of the square, so locals wouldn't get suspicious of me bouncing a girl into the van. Then I scoped out a few local bars nearby for my venue logistics and headed off to the meeting point.

Beatles girl was just as nervous when we met up in the main square, scanning around as if to check

nobody was watching us. Soon we were in the first venue, a normal Czech bar full of locals smoking and gossiping the afternoon away over delicious dark Bavarian beer.

She immediately relaxed in the privacy of the bar and was far more chatty than on the street.

After getting the usual small talk out of the way as quickly as possible we moved on to her passions and pleasures (without me mentioning the boyfriend). Looking embarrassed she showed me photos on her phone of her dressed in a complete cat costume at a "furry fandom" convention. She had hundreds of sketches and paintings she'd done of other furry characters.

The furry subculture revolves around dressing up in animal costumes and imbuing them with human characteristics. If it all sounds kinky then you're right, it is (even though many in the subculture say it's just dressing up). I'd randomly watched a documentary about furry fandom one evening in the van (for "research" purposes only of course) so I wasn't totally in the dark discussing it all with her.

All these photos and talk of her dressing up in kinky cat costumes was turning me on. The vibe was unspokenly sexual as we moved from the first venue to a bar very close to the square where the van was. This time I got her to sit next to me as I showed her photos and videos on my Instagram of the van travels (for seeding the final bounce).

Her eyes lit up with excitement as she saw pictures of the guitar, the eclectic grungy interior and the impressive mini-bar I'd amassed. She was touching my wrist tattoos and asking about them, playing with my bracelets and asking if I had any Captain Morgan rum in the van. Enough green lights; we downed the second beer and I walked her towards the square telling her we'd go and play guitar for a bit.

Pulling girls back to the van had not been as big an issue as I'd predicted. By this stage of the trip I'd succeeded in Poland and the Baltics, learning that as long as I seeded it properly beforehand then girls were curious and eager to see the quirky cabin-like interior. Usually to keep things stealth I'd get into the van with them through the front cab doors so people around wouldn't see that it was a conversion and I was living inside.

She was more than comfortable being in the van, taking off her shoes, sitting on the bed and strumming the guitar as I poured us drinks. I mentally high-fived myself that this lay was going to be so easy. A rebellious, adventurous girl with kinky hobbies who loved the whole idea of the van. Celebrating a new notch before it has happened is never a good idea...

Sitting on the bed progressed to hugging, which led to kissing.

"Just a siesta" I said, "it's healthy to hug people for at least 10 minutes a day."

So far so good. Light kissing became a heavy make out, then wandering hands and me unzipping my jeans as she played with my dick. As I went to finger her inside her tights she froze.

"I can't, I'm so sorry" she said looking sad, "I couldn't cheat on my boyfriend."

The mental conflict was written across her face. She was horny and full of desire, but her rational mind kept reminding her of her relationship.

After half an hour or so of making small progress but hitting the same roadblocks I pulled back and resigned myself to the blue balls. We put our shoes back on, straightened our clothes and headed out of the van back into the Old Town. She said she was off for the weekend to see her boyfriend and that we could maybe meet the following week. I didn't fancy my chances, and I had already made plans to drive on to Prague, so I politely kissed her on the cheek and said I'd be in touch.

Fast forward a few days to the weekend and I was getting ready to leave the city after exhausting all my other flakey leads. I Hail-Mary mass texted all the girls I'd met in Ostrava...

"Driving to Prague on Monday. Drink before I go?"

To my surprise Beatles girl pinged me back with a photo of her legs in a flowery meadow with a caption saying she was thinking about us. Bingo. The perfect

storm. She'd had an adventure with me, then gone back to her boyfriend and had enough time to realise that he didn't give her the same sexual buzz.

I bit the bullet and suggested meeting to "*drink Captain Morgan.*" She replied quickly saying that was a good idea and she'd "*bring some weed.*" Even better.

I extended my stay by a few day in the city as she wasn't free from studies until the Wednesday. And sure enough we met up in the afternoon by a park near the square where the van still was, smoked, took sips from the bottle of rum, kissed like horny teenagers and were back in the van within an hour.

We got straight down to business, no plausible deniability needed. Shoes off, my jeans off, her tights off, and then fucking good and proper as she moaned loudly. I didn't last long, it was too exciting, shooting my load over her pert tits.

We emerged from the van a while later, both tipsy, to discover that locals were sitting on benches a few metres away having a civilised afternoon neighbourhood BBQ. They looked at us like we were an alien species as we stumbled out of the side door and tried to pretend that nothing had happened inside. How much of the lay they had heard I'm not sure, but their expressions of disgust said it all.

Chapter 30:

DEEPER DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE

(2016, Poland)

*"Trying to run the 'I'm monogamous but
I secretly cheat' model is far more
draining than seeing multiple girls who
are in on it"*

Torero Twitter

By this stage in the book you should have a good grasp of the transformative power of daygame, from Nice Guy to Bad Boy, romantic to rogue, idealist to realist, provider to lover. Street Hustling has been my route into the Secret Society which has taken almost a decade of personal change. Girls are the catalyst to so many seismic shifts. This chapter is about one girl in particular who lead me further and further down the rabbit hole.

I met White Rabbit in a Polish coffee shop early in late Spring of 2016. The daygame was pretty basic as she was Ukrainian, studying abroad and typically icy. Super long legs, catwalk-like skinniness, long dark hair, dark eyes, Slavic to a tee, just past 20

- exactly my type. When I met her my first impression was that she was serious and studious. She was reading a book and seemed focussed on her student life.

The first date with White Rabbit was just a quick coffee mid afternoon (not ideal at all for seduction) as she was off to Ukraine and I was off travelling, so it was the only chance I had to get the ball rolling. The date was similar to the approach - pretty flat, pretty boring, she was keeping her cards to her chest in true Former Soviet Union girl style. I was surprised at the end of the date when I leant in to give her a small kiss that she reciprocated with a short but proper make out. Again, never judge a book by its cover.

A few weeks later when we were back in the same city I took White Rabbit on the second date for beers in a dark hipster bar. As before it was an uphill struggle - she wasn't saying much and seemed flat. After an hour or so of trying to spike verbally, I took a chance and went over to her, put my arm around her and pulled her in. She said she was sleepy and that she didn't want to drink any more. I'd already seeded a movie (she said she'd never seen James Bond) so I went for it and invited her back to my place, five minutes away.

No resistance. Up to the apartment. Into the bedroom. Watching the opening sequence of *Skyfall* on the projector for plausible deniability then straight to sex. It shocked me how easy it had been, especially after all the weak positive signals I'd got from her

up to that point. That first time we slept together was actually pretty crap. She lay there like a starfish and I shot my load pretty quickly because she was so hot and it had happened so fast.

There's always that awkward moment for both of you in the Secret Society when you've just cum and you're lying there naked on the bed together, realising you don't really know anything about the other person other than their body. Both of you are mentally deciding *"Is it worth it to see them again?"*

I walked her back to her apartment and I think both of us were undecided about whether to stay in touch for another fuck.

Long story short, she came over a few times more after that, once a week, just for sex. We scrapped the pre-drinks and just got down to it in true fuck-buddy style. Slowly I realised the kind of things she liked, and what made her cum. Newbies might wonder if a girl is having a fake orgasm or not, but if you've slept with enough girls you know what to look out for:

- *her pussy suddenly gets real tight and spasms*
- *her legs and feet lock and she can't move for a while afterwards*
- *her eyes roll to the back of her head*
- *she claws hard into you / the pillow as she shudders*

Don't go by the noises she makes. Real orgasms often actually make them go quieter as they gasp, lose control and hold their breath for a second or three.

More and more I realised that White Rabbit loved domination. She liked me face fucking her, she came best when I pinned her arms down, spanked her, put my thumb in her mouth, pulled her hair, put my hand around her throat, talked dirty to her - the usual repertoire. The more of this stuff I did, the more she wanted it. Sex with her changed from a 20-minute quick hard fuck to an hour or two of rough foreplay, intense animalistic fucking, a break and then more fucking.

There's not many girls you can cum with, then get hard again five minutes later if you're a 38 year old man. With White Rabbit I could cum and cum like her. I'd finish in her mouth then after a break I'd be good to go again inside her.

The third or fourth time we fucked she told me that she was pretty bisexual, fucking more girls than guys. She was wild and free, only looking for open-relationships and hating the idea of romance and dating. She started to show me pictures of the girls she was fucking regularly - very hot - and telling me about some of the wild sexual experiences she'd had. I mentally put her in the "girls for potential threesomes" box.

Her favourite book was Nabokov's *Lolita* and her fantasies were off the charts. Girls like this are

absolute gold. Out of the hundreds of girls I've slept with, I've only found two or three in this category. Proper bisexual wing girls. Perverted partners in crime. The perfect pickup storm.

In the following few months we kept seeing each other once a week, or whenever we were in the same city (she liked taking mini weekend breaks to European destinations). We went to a strip club together where I watched her make out with hot strippers, I fucked her in a bar toilet, in a park, and became increasingly dominant with her. Spanking her with my hand changed to using the belt. Restraint with my hands changed to hand-cuffs. Bed sex was totally replaced by sex against the wall, on the floor, on the sofa, against the window. Each time I saw her she'd wear more and more fetish-like clothing.

What Nice Guys don't realise is that the way to really keep a girl around ("in your frame") is not flowers, chocolates or date nights. You just have to fuck her like she's never been fucked before. With White Rabbit girl I fucked her so hard, so many times that often she'd lie there on the floor after she'd cum and not be able to move.

"What are you doing to me?!" she'd gasp, her eyes sparkling.

I fucked her in the ass a few times (the ultimate pimp method for frame control) and made sure to keep the submissive polarity.

Finally she found out about my double life and my *Tom Torero* brand (I'm not sure how, but who cares). After a little bit of coldness she was increasingly turned on by the idea of me fucking lots of other girls for my job. Pre-selection and a bit of jealousy never fail. More and more we discussed having a threesome with another girl - she wouldn't give me any of the girls she was seeing and (quite rightly) said it was my job to find a cute girl for us to bang together.

There were two or three near misses, where I'd found other girls I was sleeping with that had tried FFM threesomes before and were provisionally up for it, but who had fizzled out at the last minute. The year was drawing to a close and still I'd not managed to bring White Rabbit girl and another from my harem together. I knew time was running out as she was leaving the city like me. The sex with her was mind-blowing but I wanted to reach the crowning glory of an end of year orgy together.

With two weeks left of 2016 to go, I suddenly came across a possible solution...

Chapter 31:

YES SIR!

(December 2016, UK)

"Girls fall for guys who don't fall"

Torero Twitter

Just as I thought my luck was running out with finding a plaything girl for a threesome with White Rabbit girl and I, the Secret Society stars seemed to align.

I was back in the UK for the Christmas holidays and White Rabbit girl was still in Poland. With nothing to do I started pinging girls that I'd slept with through the year around Europe to try to form a plan for New Year's Eve.

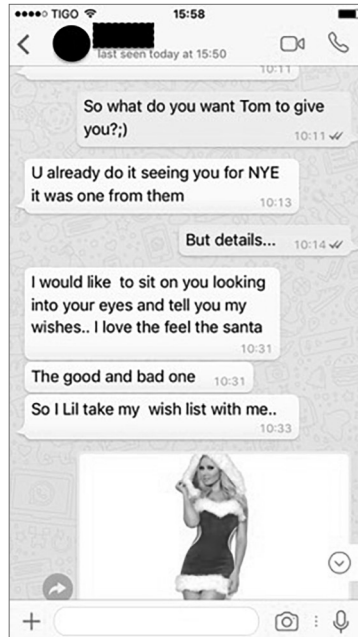
A hot Moldovan girl got back to me who I'd smashed that summer. She'd been great in bed and very up for wild dominant adventures, but I remember her telling me at the time that she wasn't into girls (although she'd kissed her female friend). I asked her what she was doing for New Year's Eve and she said nothing, but that she could come to Warsaw where I said I was probably going to be.

TOM TORERO BELOW THE BELT

This was my last chance to finish the year with a threesome for White Rabbit and I. It was worth risking the Moldovan girl saying no, so I started hatching a tentative plan over WhatsApp with the Moldovan:



Notice how her first reaction is negative. I reframe things by saying that the experience is for us, not for me, which is the correct frame for a threesome. She replies with a small green light, saying *"just after I get enough of you."*



Here the role play starts. She wants to be dominated by Santa. I'm happy to oblige.

I remind her of my fantasy ...to be her Santa Claus but with White Rabbit as our "toy." I start to build things up in her mind with erotic BDSM-style photo pings I find online:



In the context of the role play she's complying.
Another green light with her "yes master":



Now I've got her complying, I push it further knowing that she's in bed and the fantasy is building. Remember girls get turned on by the *anticipation* of an event and how it makes them feel, not dick pics that newbies so often send thinking girls are as visual as them.



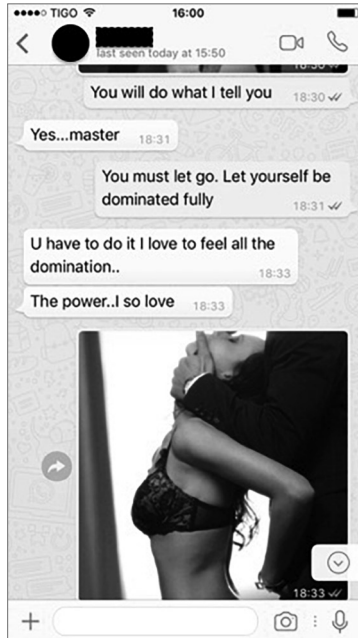
The Christmas tree photo is to fractionate things. I don't want to over pull and seem too needy. The rest of that evening's WhatsApp chat is comfort building and normal stuff – I don't mention the threesome again that night.

For the following few days we plan logistics of how she's coming to Warsaw and the AirBnB we're going to get. I mix this rapport based stuff with more erotic photo pings and mental seeds. This is the end of one of the evening chats:



TOM TORERO BELOW THE BELT





I've still not mentioned the threesome idea again. I'm just building things up with the role play and the theme of her being dominated. Note that I've already fucked her many times before during that year (anal too) and already dominated her heavily, so this is not just out of nowhere. She lives with a boring boyfriend (whom she rarely has sex with after six years) and hooks up with me for down-n-dirty sex.

I continue the theme of me as her master:





Notice the photo ping of the two girls. This is a new reminder about the threesome with Rabbit Girl (who I've also been messaging separately telling her that I think I might have found a girl for a New Year's orgy).





I hope by this stage in the book the remaining Nice Guys reading this are getting a glimpse of Secret Society truths this girl is writing in black and white. Remember she has a boyfriend back home, but absolutely loves the idea of dominant, controlling bad boy sex with a lover. The truth hurts, but it sets you free.

The following day she messages about what to pack. She tells me the dresses she's going to bring. Once again I remind her of my threesome plan (without being too obvious):





TOM TORERO BELOW THE BELT



In those last few messages I've gone full on BDSM, and most of the photo pings have two girls in them so she understands that the fantasy is going to happen. Because I've set the dominance-submission frame correctly, she's not questioned it.

Two days after that thread I flew to sub-zero snowy Poland. The Moldovan had booked her ticket for the following day. Still unsure of if she was going to go along with the threesome plan in reality, I met up with White Rabbit girl for a coffee and together we went over the different scenarios of how we were going to pull it off. I explained how I'd lead it: meeting the Moldovan, taking her to a bar, then back to the apartment where I'd start ramping up the foreplay before giving White Rabbit a message to come over.

The following afternoon I went to the airport to collect Moldovan girl, nervous about whether she was going to go along with the plan or not...

Chapter 32:

THREE IS THE MAGIC NUMBER

(December 2016, Warsaw)

*“There is a charm about the forbidden
that makes it unspeakably desirable”*

Mark Twain

In preparation for the possible threesome I'd had to go shopping the afternoon before Moldovan girl arrived in Warsaw. Because I only travel with carry-on luggage and didn't want to go through airport x-ray security with handcuffs, a whip and a mask in my bag, I found a sex shop when I got to Poland and stocked up.

Remember that I'd slept with Moldovan girl and White Rabbit *separately* many times before, and for both of them it had already been all about domination, submission, role play and filthy sex. I'd used my infamous Torero belt on each of them, spanking their ass and tying their hands. What I'd not yet done was introduce the two girls to each other.

The following afternoon I went to the airport to collect Moldovan girl. We took a taxi back to the AirBnB apartment we'd rented for two nights for the NYE celebrations and straight away we got down to business. She'd travelled in a short black dress and heels and inside the apartment I pushed her up against the entrance hall wall and fingered her. It was good to see her again after our passionate summer of fun months earlier.

She unpacked her things and then we went to eat at a cafe just minutes away. It was snowing and the wind biting, so staying indoors was the only option. The plan was to have something to eat, warm her up with some verbals whilst getting the drinks flowing to calm both of our nerves.

As I mentioned in the last chapter, I'd already met up with White Rabbit the day before to go through the seduction plan (remember that she knew all about my PUA job and that I'd been nailing her hard for a year). When Moldovan girl arrived the following day I messaged White Rabbit the door code so she could let herself in later:



[NB: the Facebook timings are off by a few hours because of phone data syncing]

Dinner was over with Moldovan but I didn't want to rush things and seem like I was trying too hard. Very slowly I turned up the heat as the wine flowed: we reminisced about our crazy summer of sex, the places we'd fucked, the phone sex we'd had. I dropped in that "my Ukrainian is excited to meet you later" to see her reaction. She was clearly nervous, saying that she didn't want to share me or get jealous. I was updating White Rabbit from the cafe via Facebook Messenger.

Trying to seem as matter-a-fact as possible, I explained to Moldovan girl how it was White Rabbit's last night in the city and that she was going to call round anyway with a bottle of wine to wish me Happy New Year (this was part of the plot White Rabbit and I had come up with the day before). Moldovan girl didn't object, she was just a bit timid. I reminded her that White Rabbit was just our "toy" and it was really all about "us."

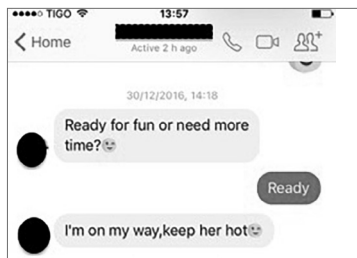
One bottle of wine between us and we were both relaxed, telling each other about the fantasies we wanted to try. I asked Moldovan girl again about her experiences with girls, and she admitted she'd made out with a few female friends and rolled around in bed with one of them. I updated White Rabbit to tell her we were running behind schedule:



With Moldovan girl nicely warmed up, we paid the bill and went back to the apartment, opening another bottle of wine and fooling around on the lounge sofa. I knew I had to keep her warm so that by the time White Rabbit showed up, we were good to go. We made out, I fingered her again and opened a cupboard to show her some of the BDSM toys I'd got for later.

Moldvan sat on the window ledge, smoking a cigarette, letting the sub-zero frosty wind blow in. Down below the Christmas lights danced in the night sky as the light snow flurries continued. I'd try to escalate a bit more but she was purposefully putting some breaks on. She knew that White Rabbit was going to call round (under the pretext of the "NYE drink") and was playing jealous already.

I messaged White Rabbit to say we were ready, even though I hadn't started fucking Moldovan:



There's always a nervous tension with FFM threesomes. I knew the full burden of responsibility was on me to orchestrate it and lead them both. When White Rabbit knocked on the apartment door we all knew what that meant, but didn't want to verbalise it. White

Rabbit had also put on a tight black dress with heels (as planned).

I introduced the two girls to each other and poured White Rabbit some wine. Luckily the girls' native language was both Russian so they chatted between themselves getting the formalities of small talk out of the way. The tension was crackling. It was a very fine line - I didn't just want to get down to business and seem overly keen, but I didn't want to let the temperature drop. We were all in a giggly kind of mood trying to dissipate the tension as we knew what was about to happen.

White Rabbit sat on the edge of the sofa while Moldovan girl went to the window to smoke. I went up behind her, put her cigarette down and started kissing her neck. Turning her around I started making out with her, first by the window and then on the sofa. I unzipped my trousers and got my hard dick out, bringing the Moldovan in to suck me off.

I signalled to White Rabbit to come and join in and started making out with her. That was the magic moment. The whole thing came down to this move. I brought the two girls' faces together and they started kissing. As soon as the girls were making out, I knew it was a done deal.

I moved down between Moldovan girl's legs and started to lick her out as White Rabbit carried on making out with her and playing with her large fake boobs. Remember that White Rabbit had far more experience

with girl-on-girl action than me from all her bisexual adventures. Soon I was fingering Moldovan girl and getting her to suck my dick again as White Rabbit swapped over and went down on her.

From there it was one big glorious memory, perhaps the highlight so far of my pickup journey. Dresses came off, they were both on their knees sucking my dick one after the other as I pulled them in by the hair, then I was bending them over in turn and fucking them from behind as the other girl licked the other one out. White Rabbit and I knew we had to give Moldovan girl more attention, so as not to trigger the left out feelings that often happen in threesomes.

I can't think of many things that are better in life than two very hot early twenties girls sucking your dick at the same time. I'd met them individually through daygame cold approach pickup - no Tinder, no online, no social circle, no night clubs, no provider game tactics. Just Secret Society hustling. I'd dominated each of them sexually during the year and now here we all were celebrating the last-but-one day of 2016 in an orgy. My frame control had gotten so much better in the last few years and I felt immensely proud.

"Can you go and get vodka?" the Moldovan asked as we were taking a break, the girls chatting in Russian.

"Why? We've got the wine that White Rabbit brought" I said.

"Please - just leave us for five minutes, we have a surprise..!"

I was suspicious that something was off as the girls were whispering in Russian and giggling, but I put on my jeans, layers, boots and coat and went down to the small 24 hour supermarket below near the cafe. I remember stepping out of the building into the crisp night air, snow falling, looking up at the cold sky and grinning to myself. I'd just pulled off one of the top heists of my daygame career.

With a small bottle of vodka I climbed the stairs to the apartment again and opened the front door. And there they were - the two girls in sexy costumes. Moldovan girl in a maid's outfit and White Rabbit in a school girl outfit. They giggled as I congratulated whoever had brought the costumes along (turns out it was Moldovan girl...she'd brought the costumes for her to wear, but wanted to share with White Rabbit).

More alcohol flowed as the sex got more intense. Fucking them both on the floor, on the sofa, whipping them with my belt, handcuffing White Rabbit's hands behind her back as I made her watch me dominating the Moldovan girl, then swapping over. Finally I led them both to the bedroom where there was a tangle of arms and legs as we fingered, fucked, sucked and rode. The whole thing ended with me shooting my load onto the two girls' faces as they lay flat and I knelt up to cum.

To some guys in the league of Hugh Hefner or Mick Jagger, that story would seem pretty normal and even

lame. To other guys reading it with little sexual experience, they'll shake their head in disbelief and dismiss it as a figment of my imagination.

None of that matters. All I know is that in that apartment on that snowy penultimate night of 2016, I felt like I'd mastered the Game, temporarily at least. I'd had two FFM threesomes before but this one was very different. This time I was fully in control, fully uninhibited and it was all so blatantly Secret Society stuff. The feeling was almost transcendental when I realised how far I'd come since my Nice Guy beginnings and my first fumbling attempts at pickup in late 2009.

My worn leather belt discarded on the floor of the apartment in amongst the wine glasses and abandoned clothing had come along way, not only across time and space but in regards to dominance and frame. From holding up my baggy Nice Guy jeans in 2010 to being used as a kinky whipping tool for a threesome in 2016, the belt had been my silent witness to a journey of epic proportions.

POSTSCRIPT:

*"After debauches and orgies there always
follows the moral hangover"*

Jaroslav Hašek

We're human. We're flawed individuals. We all have our Dirty Little Secrets that we keep locked away in the dark crevasses of our minds. It is both cathartic to write them down and to own them, bringing them out into the open bit by bit and realising that we're not so alone in our guilty pleasures.

I chuckle when I see attempts to sanitise pickup, daygame and the player lifestyle. For many the biological truths of the Secret Society are too much to handle so they try to mould PUA pursuits into 'self-development' and motivational feel-good platitudes.

The tough love is that this is not really a men's movement, this is not exactly making the world a better place, and you won't necessarily be a better person because you can get laid consistently.

Make no mistake, the Secret Society walls are as tall as a medieval fortress. Scaling those walls to gain access to forbidden fruits is a mighty task, with armies of men equally motivated to stop you. It's a herculean job that will leave you bruised, battered and dirty in more ways than one. The battle to enter the Secret Society unmask the raw, the visceral, the primal instincts in you that are far from flattering.

Pickup knowledge is like a stick of dynamite in your pocket that needs to be handled correctly. Your attempts to join the Secret Society will mean you neglect other areas of your life. You'll most likely be drinking more, staying out later and behaving badly as you shed your Nice Guy skin. Friendships will form and fall by the way. Money will vanish from your bank balance. You'll miss family gatherings and nephew's Birthdays. It's not exactly the clean living that Life Coaches and motivational speakers recommend - more Machiavelli and far less Mother Teresa.

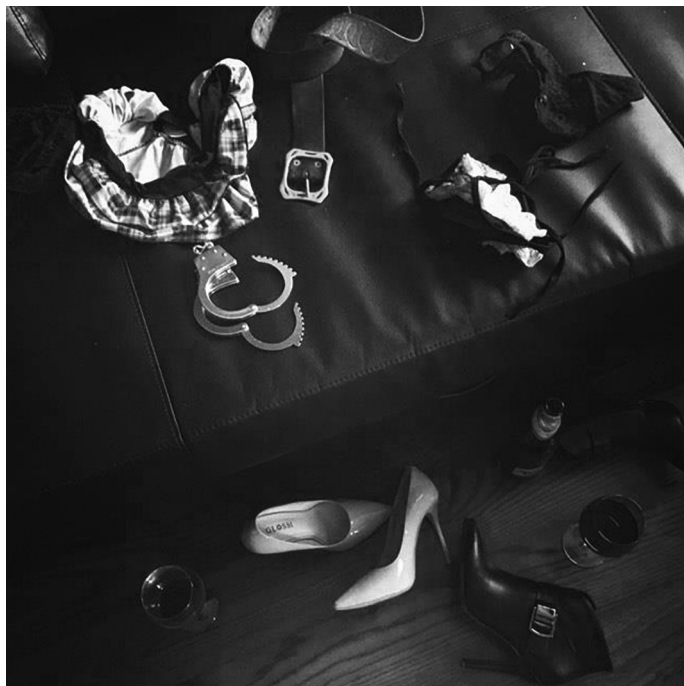
Again and again you'll be knocked off your feet by blowouts, flakes, blue balls, dry spells and break ups. The daygame roller-coaster will blast your brain with adrenaline as well as making you puke your guts out with motion sickness. The highs will be higher but the lows will be lower. What you gain in dopamine, you'll lose in oxytocin. Many times you'll want to get off the ride.

You may well go through dark nights of the soul where you sink into a Darwinian daygame despair about society being such a thin veneer over potent

primal urges. There's no point getting angry with the biological truths of human behaviour. You must embrace and adapt to them, not rage against them or try to change them.

Last winter during a month-long hibernation from daygame I began asking myself big questions about the player journey. Could I stop seducing girls for good, even if I wanted to? Was I addicted to sex? Would I be able to go back to a regular job and a steady girlfriend? Like a sailor who's raised the anchor and headed far out into the ocean a long way from land I realised that I'd gone past the point of no return.

'Live by the pork sword, die by the pork sword.' Below The Belt behaviours are now who I am; it's not just a passing phase or a weekend hobby. Owning and embracing this lifestyle, however vice-ridden and decadent, is the biggest step I've taken on this journey so far.



APPENDIX

- i) Hustler Lay Reports*
- ii) Science Of The Secret Society*
- iii) Secret Society Signals*
- iv) Lover Guidelines*
- v) Glossary*

i) HUSTLER LAY REPORTS

Below are 11 additional raw lay reports from amateur daygame hustlers across the globe who've emailed me their success stories from inside the Secret Society. For many of them English is not their first language so go easy on the write ups. Gentlemen, I salute you for your horny endeavours!

1) A Helsinki hustler called Mr M sent me this lay report about losing his daygame v-plates. It's a great story about pushing through lethargic negative mindsets and trusting the process of pickup

I finished work at 3pm. Got home, did some yoga, had a snack and went out. I went to Kallio, an area in Helsinki. Nothing ever works there. But that's just a statistical anomaly. So I'll fucking make it work I said.

First chick I approached was an Estonian insurance salesperson. I saw her from afar, meeting me on an empty, sunny, quiet street. Blonde, red lipstick. So I was turned on. Game was ok, I took her number and it seemed positive.

After this, a blur of women with boyfriends... all of them. Really hot girls. Gotta give that to Kallio. All except approach number three or four. A skinny, decadent looking chick with big, red hair. Hot!

"Hey. Don't worry, I'm not drunk or crazy or anything... but I saw you on the zebra crossing. I thought you looked good, so I decided to come and say hi."

She was on some trip that was part of her studies. We talked about dogs and dialects.

I asked her how long she was staying in Helsinki. Just tonight. Ok, we should go for a beer then...

Yeah, maybe, she says. She likes to go with the flow, she doesn't like being too systematic. I tell her I'm a systematic bastard, but I regularly remind myself to jump into the flow. I took her number, walked off and kept training.

A very dry session from there on. After nine approaches, I decided to turn back and do the last one on the way home. During the session I had approached a couple of girls that upon closer inspection were not so hot, and as I had one approach left, I decided to look for a really hot girl.

Of course there's no limit to how much one can approach. But I've found that for me, sticking to the routine is sustainable, whereas approaching endlessly, or outside of my training sessions, is not.

Suddenly she stood before me. Round sunglasses, leggings and some kind of skirt with nice patterns. Leather jacket, hot body. Symmetrical, wholesome face and... red lipstick. Classics are classics because they work. Only problem was, she was standing by

a crossing, waiting for the green light. Oh well, she's too hot to skip. I have to do it!

I chatted her up. We crossed the street together. Perhaps not optimal to follow her, but there was no realistic option. She missed her bus. We sat down at the bus stop and waited for the next one. I had trouble keeping the conversation going, but we exchanged numbers and the vibe was remarkably positive.

After I got home, I considered texting Redhead. I didn't feel like it. Maybe I'll just watch some crap, go to sleep and start all over again tomorrow.

Then my neighbours started having sex. Maybe I'm weird, but I find it super arousing to listen to... especially since the guy doesn't make any noise. The girl was being smashed properly today, I even heard the slapping of hips and occasionally the furniture scraping against the floor. I got damn horny and texted Redhead. She happened to be staying in a hostel nearby. We agreed to meet.

My mind raced to the future, to the moment when I could say I'd have gotten laid from daygame. I did what I could to calm myself down and take on the attitude, "this is just practice. I'll go on the date and practice setting a sexual mood." There are still gaping holes in my Game, I don't get many dates. So I programmed myself in this way.

I knew from previous dates, that sometimes when I try to lead the girl, I do it in a way where it sounds

like I'm begging and hoping for her to grant me some favour. So as I walked down to the meeting spot, my brain was already arranging how to ask for each thing (let's go for a walk, let's go for a beer, hey, let's go to my place and X). Learning is a pretty cool process.

This girl was completely compliant with everything: We took a walk. Then went to a bar near my place (she knew we were going closer to mine all the time). I asked her about her guilty pleasures (thank you, Tom Torero). I dug deeper and found out she watches too much porn and horror movies for her own good. Cool.

"Hey, do you wanna go to my place to watch some horror?"

Yes.

We got to mine. Sat on the couch. I put on *Ash vs Evil Dead*. Within ten minutes I started kissing her. She did not stop. The situation escalated almost without interruption.

At one point she told me she hasn't been with many men lately. She's been more with girls. Oh, that's cool ;) Back to kissing and touching... and it happened.

We had briefly talked about rough sex earlier in the bar. I pulled her hair and play choked her for quite a while during sex, and apparently she came four times during that.

A sweet, decadent, pessimistic girl. There's a specific reason I'm happy with this lay: it was a pure daygame lay. We do not have any friends in common, nor any other connection. Two complete strangers. That's pure daygame. Standard issue for many more skilled guys. A first for me.

2) A Same Day Lay report from Mr M in Toulouse, France making use of the full Torero toolkit with a Moroccan girl.

Lately I haven't been daygaming properly, mainly because I am not consistent enough, and usually not feeling like it, and most importantly approaching only 4 or 5 girls each outing (or rather mini-outing). But today, after work, I arrived home, took a shower and went to hit the streets properly.

I got out at around 7.30pm to hustle, did some sets (good sets in my estimation) but closed only two girls out of six, which was slightly under what I hoped for. Anyways, as I'm gaming, it turned dark and I thought to change it from the usual daygame situation (closing with the number) to gutter game by asking for an i-date first. By that time, I was just aiming to finish my sets and go home.

I walked for about a half an hour without an approach, and then I saw this petite, short-haired hot girl walking very fast. I didn't want to approach immediately because she went down an alley and it was narrow enough to block her path if went in front of

her. I thought it better not to approach from behind or touch her on the shoulder.

I followed her until the end of the alley which wasn't long, as odd as that might sound. The moment she emerged into the main street I did the front stop. She looked a bit confused but I went on delivering my piece. Her legs were shifting, but I carried on nevertheless, throwing in some teases. She smiled and hooked.

The approach went fine from then on. I was rocking with my body a bit, slightly closing the distance between us. The girl now was comfortable and talking.

"Oh interesting, but one thing, what kind of person are you, a wine girl or a beer girl?" I asked.

She said a wine girl, and I replied *"I see, well, you can take your glass of wine, I'll order my beer, there is a bar around the corner...fancy a drink?"*

She smiled and said *"Why not, but I can't stay long, I have to go home in about half an hour."*

I said that I couldn't stay long either, as tomorrow I had work in the morning. By this time, I had got to know that she was Moroccan and that she spoke Darija (the Moroccan language), so we switched from French to Darija. A very helpful move.

We went to a bar nearby (though it was far from the corner I pointed at), and sat facing each other.

The first five minutes was simple interview-like conversation, but after that I started teasing and challenging. I disagreed with her on some things, I tried to push her buttons by playful teases, about how men love long hair to pull seeing as she just cut it short that day. She was pretending to be cross and annoyed, but secretly loving it.

Smoking and drinking as we were, I went quiet, and then she started asking me several questions, qualifying herself to me by explaining how much she liked art, about being in business school etc. I said that I liked that about her and that there was nothing more frustrating than a pretty face with nothing to say.

Then I restarted the process of teasing. This time she was giggling a lot, so I did the hand trick:

"You laugh a lot I see. Let's play a game, give me your hands, do not laugh for ten seconds...."

She gave me her hands and I started counting: 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,8,8...!

She got the joke and laughed, but after that our eyes were locked on each other, no smiles no laughs now, just pure silent deep eye contact.

Later I went to the bathroom, ordered an Uber and payed the drinks. As we were talking, I said I had to go. The Uber was parked few meters away, so we got up, walked a bit, and I said *"I have a half bottle of*

wine at mine, let's go and have a glass, otherwise I'll just throw it away."

As I was saying those words, my hand grabbed the car door handle and opened the it.

"Let's go..."

She said *"Wait, what?"* but I was already inside the car and left the door open for her to enter. She stood there for a few seconds and then joined me.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"I live about 10 minutes away" I replied. (the truth is I live at the edge of Toulouse, and that's no less than 25minutes).

"But I'll have to go home in a bit" she said.

"Look, it's fine, the Uber that'll take you from here to my place can also bring you from my place back to here whenever you feel like it" I replied.

I forgot to seed the bounce using the piano or a painting I have, but it still worked.

We got to mine, I poured what was left of the bottle of wine, put some music on and we kept talking for a couple of minutes to make her feel comfortable.

She said *"Listen, I trust you, is it all going to be ok?"*

I called out her worries by saying *"Look, I understand this is mildly unusual, I am a stranger, we just met, but you can leave whenever you want..."*

After that I pulled the escalation trigger and I failed at first (too bloody fast). We were making out, she paused and said *"Wait, wait, wait, I don't do this"* and then swore that this never happened to her, and that at that very moment nothing made sense to her.

I did the freeze out, changed the music and I sat by the window smoking and drinking wine. She asked me for information about my family and I answered. I told her a bit about myself, my work, my studies and the things I liked. She asked me about my years in Morocco a bit, whether or not I went there often now that I was in Europe, plus other personal questions.

She saw a girl's hair band on the table and asked me if I had a girlfriend.

"Hmm, let me see, there's one, two, three... I don't know, about seven or eight of them I think, I stopped counting at five" I replied with a smile.

Then I played some piano, I taught her a bit, we giggled, then we watched something quickly on YouTube.

Afterwards, standing in the middle of my flat, I took her by her hand next to me, looked her in the eyes and kissed her. She then gave herself to me, as if melting in my arms, completely passive, only her

hands caressing my head and back as I put her on the bed, undressing her slowly. She closed her eyes, and they weren't to be fully opened until we had finished.

After sex I asked her what she thought about the approach. She said she loved the front stop, and after years of only being stared at or whistled at by guys, it was refreshing to be approached straightforwardly in an honest manner.

3) Mr O, a London daygamer in his mid twenties, sent me this naughty Secret Society lay report from a trip he took to the Middle East.

I was in Abu Dhabi for a 36 hour layover (pun intended) and staying in an average Hilton Hotel. I went out to daygame while seeing the sights but quickly realised that no one walks the streets really. Stopped a young, blonde, slim off-duty stewardess who I had seen in the gym earlier and opened her but she was planning on visiting her dad who lives there and was flying out that night so I didn't push for a number.

Went to a few places: malls, hotels and bars to look around but didn't open anyone because I did not see anyone who interested me (though I did open one and got blown out by her, a gorgeous girl (easily a 9) who looked like she was waiting for her billionaire boyfriend in a 7 star hotel. Also, I did pussy out on a good looking girl who was walking with her friend. I regret that).

Back at the hotel at around 10pm, I just walked into their club where a salsa class had just finished and it was turning into a party, though still very empty. I talked to the first girl I see who is sitting with a friend. I ask her to dance and she laughs and politely declines because her fiancée is getting drinks but tells me that her friend wants to dance. So I go over to her, ask her, take her hand and lead her to the dance floor. She's quite small for me, wearing a tight dress and heels and make up. Definitely Eastern European with dark hair, nice tits and a friendly face. Only a 6 in my books though but what the hell.

The dancing is pretty crap. I suck at salsa and make a fool of myself but just accept it and don't let it phase me. We sit back down and talk/shout a little in the loud club which is still very empty. I'm exhausted by this point and don't really want to put anymore effort into this girl even though she responded very well to everything I was doing and saying.

I say my goodbyes, thinking I won't see her again but sit down in the lobby, just in case she does come by and I can have a proper, calm conversation in private without her friends nearby. I answer work emails and suddenly she comes out. It takes me a while to remember her name but then I call out 'Ksenya' and tell her to have a seat.

She was just leaving to get a cab home but I convince her to stay and have a chat. We speak and I escalate

very quickly implying that she should come back to my hotel room. She's shy or at least that's what she says but her body language says something different. She stays, we talk about something else and about the craziest things we have done in our lives (she's not done much) and then I mention it again. She's warming to the idea and eventually I can take her into the lift under the pretence of having a coffee in my room.

She says she's never done this before and I can tell she is nervous but I have no idea how nervous she really is. I tell her she can leave whenever she wants to and keep my distance, leading but not forcing her or holding her hand.

In the lift she starts shaking and I realise that this girl is genuinely nervous and actually shitting herself with a mix of nerves and excitement at how naughty she is being. There's a proper internal battle going on in her head! I guide her to my room, always talking some bullshit to keep it friendly and not make it weird and quiet and keep her (relatively) comfortable.

She slowly comes through my door and I immediately go to the coffee machine, putting a lot of distance between us and start making the coffee with my back turned and talking, seeming very blasé about the situation but inside feeling very excited with the knowledge that I'm going to bang that chick at some point soon.

She sits down on a chair and doesn't want to take off her heels. I give her the coffee and sit on the other side of the room. We talk again. Eventually, she takes off her shoes and says she wants a shower and after talking more I tell her to go into the bathroom and have a shower and give her a towel and my t-shirt and boxer shorts to wear afterwards.

She has a shower and takes her time. I answer work emails. When she's out, she sits on the bed and I join her. I suggest a foot massage. Every time I touch her even gently she flinches and is really nervous and pulls back, surprised at her own reaction and apologetic. She is still very excited about being in a strange guy's hotel room. I give her a quick hand massage and try to kiss her but she's not ready yet so I just continue with the massage and then try again. We kiss and she starts shaking with nerves. Her whole body. She apologises that she is so nervous and I tell her it's ok and start stroking her hair.

I kiss her again and this time it's more intense and she is starting to ease up and stops shaking. I touch her body and tits and she likes it and doesn't stop me/herself anymore, starts to relax and give in to her feelings. When I get down to the boxers she's wearing they are soaking wet! I'm so surprised. The situation was making her so horny I had no idea what an amazing experience I was giving her. Then quite quickly she relaxes completely with me and starts to moan, ride her crotch over mine and has her first orgasm with clothes still on.

After that, it's easy. I take our clothes off and she gives amazing head and really enjoys going deep. I'm so surprised at her sudden vigour and enthusiasm. I fuck her against the window with a view over the corniche and her tits against the cold glass. She loves it and has an orgasm which almost makes her fall to the ground. I have to half carry her back to the bed because she can't walk properly. Her legs are shaking and she can't believe it herself. We fuck a few more times and she completely loses it and just screams repeatedly "*I like it. I like it!*" over and over again with her back arched and eyes rolling to the back of her head.

Afterwards she takes a while to calm down and asks me for my real name because I never told her. She'd been calling me Mr Grey the whole time we were in my room, a name she gave me inspired by the *50 Shades of Grey* film/book.

I was so proud of myself after she left the room at 4am, having met her only 6 hours previously. Especially the fact that she seemed like a totally shy girl who wanted to run away from me and I was able to stay calm, act cool like I don't give a fuck, lead and take this girl from nervous wreck to releasing her inner slut (I use that word with a positive connotation, not with the negative stigma that most people associate with promiscuous girls).

Thanks Uncle Tom for teaching me some of these tools!

4) A British daygamer called Mr D who I taught on a bootcamp in the Summer of 2017 sent me this naughty lay report from his time in Barcelona

I stopped a Canadian girl who was in the city, alone, for a few days, before going to another Spanish city. She was cute, alternative and had a great body. She was heading to her hostel for the complimentary sangria so we swapped numbers and arranged to meet later.

I sent her a message an hour later and she told me to join her as she was having a few drinks with people she had met at the hostel. My initial reaction was 'fuck this,' not really being in the mood for large scale socialising.

I did eventually decide to go and at least try to have some fun and meet new people. I arrived at the venue and grabbed a drink, spoke to her for a bit and then started speaking to some of the guys who were there. My value rose when I beat her at pool a few times, and I flirted with some of the other girls there too.

The night progressed and the plan was to all head to the club, but as the group left we stayed to finish our drinks and then we couldn't really find the club. I did the decent thing and offered to take her back to my apartment for pasta, for which she agreed. Up to this point I was unsure about her attraction to me - I am normally pretty good at detecting attraction but this girl had a great poker face.

As I sat there next to her on the sofa I knew I had to make the move so I went in for the kiss and there was no resistance. Clothes came off and we ended up fucking.

The apartment where I live is an AirBnB place in which all 4 rooms are rented to tourists. There are usually 10 to 12 guests in the apartment at any one time. I sleep behind a curtain in what was a living room, but two of the rooms are directly next to this curtain so sleeping with a girl behind just a curtain is very exciting.

That evening wasn't a problem as everyone was asleep. In the morning we woke up with horniness in the air, the problem was that the apartment was bristling with life, people walking past the curtain constantly. We could hear the conversations going on in the other living room which is just feet away. This didn't stop us though - we fucked again with people walking past every few minutes, with the bed squeaking and her moaning. One dude even poked his head in to have a cheeky look. He gave me the nod of approval as she was riding on top of me with her back to him.

My notion that girls may be hesitant to have sex in a place with so little privacy has been smashed, quite literally, many times now, and I am sure that they all love the extra adrenaline that comes from the idea of being caught.

5) A wild Same Day (De)Lay report from Mr O, a London daygamer. Stories like this are real Secret Society stuff which should push beginner and intermediate hustlers to the try for faster notches in lover mode.

I was sitting down in *Itsu* restaurant on the outside chairs in the evening light. Got my sushi and my vegetable smoothie and went to sit outside and I notice a cute slim woman, long black hair, burgundy American style dress with white stripes running down the side, Reebok high top trainers to match.

She gave me the eye a couple of times but she was with five kids so I didn't feel too confident about approaching. It hadn't been the best day either, a few bad rejections, was feeling sluggish and didn't feel like I had the momentum I would need to go in full power. I assumed she was an au pair or something like that.

I took my seat outside and my wing came and joined me a couple minutes later after doing his own approach down the street.

"How'd that go?" I asked. He just gave me a thumbs down and we laughed.

"That woman's eyeing me up bro" I said. He glanced over at her.

"Go chat to her...."

"Bro, that's awkward, she's with all of those kids."

She was sitting with the kids but not on the exact same table, just directly next to them. I caught her eye again.

"Bro, stop being a bitch and go approach her," he ordered me.

"Fuck it."

I stood up and just hovered, hesitating to go inside for a couple seconds. My wing started counting down from 5.

"Go tell her you saw her checking you out".

I laughed, took a deep breath, grew a pair of balls and went in.

Gave her the usual lines that she looked nice and she had caught my eye, her style stood out to me a bit. I asked her if the kids were hers and she laughed. We got talking and turned out she was from Lviv, Ukraine, an English teacher and the children were her students.

They were looking over me a bit which made me feel awkward but they were probably just secretly thinking how much of a boss I was. Carried on talking and turned out she was leaving the next morning at 7.30 am, plus she was married.

"Just my luck." I thought to myself. But you should never rule anything out, well that's what they say. Always push it to the end.

"So have you had a London adventure then?" I asked.

"No I haven't had time" she responded.

"Do you want one tonight before you have to head back?"

"That sounds good. We've got the London Eye booked for 9.30pm but we can meet quickly after."

It was about 7.45pm at the time.

I grabbed her number quickly, (it was Ukrainian but she had WhatsApp). She was staying in a hostel in Soho which made it much more convenient for the logistics in terms of where I could take her. I already knew the Hippodrome Casino would be the place if somehow this came through.

I went back outside and sat with my wing. A couple minutes later she came back out with the kids to leave.

"My battery is low but when I get back to the hostel I'll charge it," she said to me.

"OK, I'll message you later," I told her.

She walked off with the kids.

"Bro, you're gonna bang that tonight," my wing said.

I laughed. I had a feeling too but I didn't want to jinx myself. Daygamers know how many hurdles you have to jump over, especially in a case like this.

My wing and I hit a few more sets for the next couple of hours. It got to 11pm and the initiation text I had sent her still only had one tick. I went for the call and it went to answer machine. My wing and I decided to call it quits for the night and I jumped on my moped to drive to my place. I had this feeling I was going to hear from her just as I got home. About two minutes away from my house and I get a response from her.

After a couple of quick messages back and forth I arranged to meet her outside her hostel in 45 minutes, by now it was about 11.30pm. She said she had to make sure all the kids were in bed. So back I went, hoping for the best but prepared for the worst.

I drove back up to Soho, parked up around from her hostel and messaged her that I was outside. The message went through but she wasn't responding.

I gave her a WhatsApp call and she hung it up, then messaged straight after saying she was coming out. A minute later there she was, looking all cute in the same outfit and I thought this was an occasion to push it hard and go all in. It was half past midnight, she was leaving in 7 hours back to Ukraine so no time to waste.

We got to the Hippodrome casino (after having to go back to her hostel because she didn't think she would need ID) and after a quick tour of the smoking area and ground floor we went up to the first floor with a couple of drinks.

We were talking and I spiked it up a bit, telling her she looked like she worked out because she had a nice ass. I don't know why but I felt like it was slipping out of my grasp a bit because I wasn't making a move and it was getting later and later. I was just about to go in for the kiss when a waitress came over and said they were shutting off this section so we had to move. I felt like throwing my beer at her head.

We walked out and I told her we were going to the basement. We stepped in the lift and I just pulled her in for the make out, not crazy heavy but nice and intense. We got down to the basement and I smacked her ass as the lift doors opened and she laughed.

"You were waiting to do that for a while weren't you?" she asked.

"Of course," I grinned.

We grabbed another couple of drinks, sat down and carried on talking. She was fun to talk to - sometimes I get super bored on dates pretending to care about what the girl is saying but we actually shared quite a few common interests. While we were talking I asked her where the longest she had had her hair down to.

"This is it..." she said. I pulled it and she said she liked it and that's why she was growing it, for someone to pull it. Now I was so down for the bang it was unreal, and I knew she wanted it too. We kissed another few times throughout the next half an hour or so and she went off to the toilet.

Earlier I'd messaged my wing I was meeting her and I just had time to read his response now.

"Bro, do whatever it takes!" it said.

I was thinking hard about logistics. She had her own room in her hostel but it looked like the sort of place that wouldn't allow visitors and that would really have fucked me off. I couldn't risk it.

She came back and I told her I needed a piss too. I went for a piss and then went up a couple of floors. On one floor there's two disabled toilets that are isolated from anything else on their own floor, it's like they're made for daygamers to take girls to when there's bad logistics.

I've gone a couple times before and sometimes they're locked, sometimes not. I stepped out the lift, went to the one on my right, grabbed the handle, took a breath, turned the handle and the door opened. I punched the air with delight. This was the last bit of the puzzle and I knew it.

I went back downstairs to her and finished my drink. A couple of minutes later I said I wanted some fresh

air and she agreed, so I took her hand acting like we were taking the lift up to the smoking area. I pressed the button for the floor and stepped in and it went up. When the doors opened I just stepped out with her, looked at her and went in for the deep make out, grabbing her ass hard. I then opened the door to the toilet and she looked at me and smiled. We got in and it was on!

I pulled her dress right over her head, she had black hot pants on and I slapped her ass so hard she gave a little yelp. We then got straight down to it and were in there for over an hour. It was awesome and dirty. The way the toilet was meant it was only good for fucking her from behind, just how I liked it. She had quite small breasts but they were nice and perky with really nice nipples and they were great to grab from behind. I could see her face in the mirror and she kept making these sexy faces at me as I put my fingers in her mouth.

We had to keep stopping and starting as we could hear people coming out the lift which made it even hotter and intense and I had to cover her mouth to stop her from screaming a couple of times, she fucked like a porn star. After we were finished we went out and up to the smoking area for some water and fresh air. We were both content.

"Have you done something like that before?" I asked.

"No, but I loved it" she smiled.

After ten minutes of fresh air and rehydrating ourselves I walked her back to her hostel. We kissed goodbye and I told her to have a nice flight and that was it. Off she went into the hostel and back to my bike I went, feeling very smug with myself. That's why you always try and push no matter how unlikely you might think it is.

6) Mr B in Glasgow Scotland emailed me this horny hustling lay report from June 2014 after his first 6 months of daygame. It's a good example of getting past the nice conversational friendly daygamer stage to something far more flirty and filthy.

Today was my first daygame session this month and fuck me did approach anxiety come back. I was nervous all day even before travelling to town as I knew what I had to face, so I told myself I'll do 5 warm up sets and embrace the awkwardness.

As I've not done any daygame for a while I felt that what I was doing was weird and not normal, so I knew I had to push myself into sets and normalise it again. I open 2 sets, the first one immediately blows me out and the next, a stationary set, chats for a few minutes before telling me she is waiting on her bf so I bounce out.

Due to my daygame immersion this year, almost reaching 400 approaches, it doesn't take long to get back into the swing of things when I've had a break. These two approaches were enough to get my head back in the

game and reduce the massive AA I had. I stroll down the main street with a sharp eye.

The Approach

She glides past, hips swinging and legs out, complimented by a bright summer skirt, black shades and sexy heels giving off a real bad bitch image. I hesitate due to intimidation but dive in for the sake of a warmup.

She looks Spanish due to a glazing tan and long brunette hair. I open and naturally chat away (dropping the training wheels and not pre-thinking before sets). She is from the Czech Republic to my surprise, an accountant here to better her English and what a sexy European accent she had.

I'm expecting her to walk away as she is a solid 8 and looks a bit older which intimidates me, but the conversation naturally flows onto more topics and she laughs at my teasing. I ask her to remove her sunglasses where she revels deep brown eyes with a sexual desire. I feel a spark go off inside me and my natural biological instincts kick in as we seem to connect sexually.

I-date

After 10 mins of chat I suggest coffee. She irremediably agrees so we grab some Americanos and sit at the top of high steps in the sun, looking over

the busy shopping street. The whole interaction flows so natural with me teasing and building comfort, and her telling me about herself.

I spiked it up with some compliments on how sexy her legs are and find out she is a salsa dancer, lived here for one month, has no bf or kids and... she is 30! Wow, I would never have guessed. Normally I'd be very intimidated by older woman as I'm only 20, but this set was so natural, and she was really into me.

As I've been doing night game lately, physicality is easy to establish. In daygame you're more inclined to have nice conversations rather than physically escalate which separates entertainer from seducer. I'd recommend 'beasting' the night club scene to practice more high energy and physical interactions as it makes daygame seem so chilled and less intimidating.

I hold her hand, touch her legs and put my arm over her shoulder to pull her in. Make out! I reached a new level of game by making out with a sexy older woman from a distant European country after meeting her 20 minutes ago. Fuck yes!

I feel a Same day Lay is on the cards so start to seed logistics. She lives with a flatmate 20 minutes away but is expecting a Skype call from her mum later. I bounce for beers where we walk through the sunny streets, pulling her in with my arm over her shoulder.

In the seduction location (bar) she buys two beers and we sit close in a dark corner. The place is dead as its

midday, so things get sexual with strong eye contact, lots of touching and make outs. I continue to build comfort whilst seeding going back to her place. The full i-date flows nicely and I can tell this girl is DTF.

30 minutes later I walk her to the train station, hand in hand we stroll through the sunny streets as I tease her, make sexual jokes, fluff talk, and I occasionally kiss her to turn her on. Two people who have just met walking through the city like a couple, making out in front of hundreds of passers-by, that's a 'We Bubble' right there.

At the train station I think 'fuck it!' and tell her we're going back to hers as I walk towards her train. She objects but I sense she wants to.

"I've just met you, it's too fast... I'm going to kiss you and leave but we'll go out again," she says.

I'm determined to push this as far as possible so I plow on and tell her that we must keep the party going, providing a time constraint that I can't stay long. I can see her logic and emotion battling it out right before my eyes but in the end, she sticks to her guns. We passionately kiss before she goes for her train and I head out for more daygame.

Texting

I didn't text this girl until a week later as I was intimidated at the thought of the age gap, how hot

she was and the fact I ran the train which may have turned her off, but I send a ping text anyway and to my surprise she immediately responds saying she is free the next day. Good signs! I kept texting minimally to the point of meeting up with no bullshit chat in between.

Date

We meet at 3pm after I done a few hours of daygame. The sun's out and with the Commonwealth Games on here in Glasgow the streets are packed. We bounce for some smoothies before I test out my secret romantic spot. Down a side alley in the city centre lies an art museum hidden to the world, in this art museum a spiral staircase unwinds taking you up to a tower gazing over the full city.

After climbing the stairs with banter and physicality we are met with a blue sky and the sounds of a busy metropolis below. She loves it, I love it! We make out heavily and if not for the fact there were other people around we could have fucked then and there. There's a strong sexual connection established now and both of us are having fun. She was impressed by the tower and thanked me for showing her.

I bounce to a beer garden to chill out in the sun and have some drinks. After a while things hit that point of staleness where her buying temperature is high enough and we are waiting for me to lead to a sex location. I scan logistics, with her telling me her

flatmate is out and she is free all night. Good news. She tells me of a salsa bar she loves which happens to be in the direction of her flat, we walk there with constant physicality, comfort chat and banter along the way.

The sun is shining as we pass through the crowded streets. Once at the salsa bar she buys us a round as I think of ways to get to her place. In the end I lay my cards on the table and tell her we should go back. She agrees without any resistance to my surprise - perks of dating an older woman who knows what she wants rather than fucking around.

Escalation

At the flat the vibe turns awkward as we both know what's going to happen but again she wants me to lead. I get nervous. We chill out for a bit, drinking rum and coke as she shows me Facebook pictures. An escalation move I've been wanting to try is pinning the girl against the wall with your full body pressing against her tits and letting her feel your hard dick against her, whilst locking both her hands above her head against the wall with one of your own, giving you a free hand to escalate with.

She goes into the kitchen to top up our drinks and after a few seconds of hesitation I overcome the nerves, stand up, follow her in and do 'the move', pushing her against the fridge. It worked wonders

and she's breathing heavily. The masculine domination has her submissive.

We make out heavily as our bodies grind together. Her hands wander down my jeans and grab my hard dick as I lift her dress and squeeze her tight ass. I stop all making out, take her by the hand and walk out of the kitchen towards her bedroom without saying a word or even looking back at her. Leading like a boss.

Sex

I was taken by surprise at her tight body: abs, perky tits, firm ass. She may have been 30 but the salsa dancing has kept her in prime condition looking better than most hot 21-year olds. With the experience of being 30 and the salsa moves this girl knew how to look sexy and fuck good. I spent the whole night at hers fucking and again in every room in the flat the next morning. It was passionate, rough, wild and wet. She loved anal and being bent over her open window facing the street below. A true sexual goddess who has taught my young 20-year-old self many a thing during our short-lived experience together.

Finally, after months of graft I've got my first daygame lay and probably the best lay I've ever had. This pickup was my best yet, all the skills I've developed and lessons I've learned through continuous failure have come together to create something beautiful.

7) A high pressure daygame lay report from Mr W all about overcoming the Spotlight Effect and putting yourself in uncomfortable hustling situations. High risk, high reward.

I started out in pickup over ten years ago having read *The Game* in 2008, initially learning Mystery Method but over the last few years I have started to lean more towards daygame, in order to chase hotter girls. Also, the loud nightclub environment was taking a toll on my hearing and body in general.

Recently I came out of a LTR and decided to dive into the deep end going on a solo two week Euro bang mission during the time I had between switching jobs back home. Usually before any Euro trip, I tend to warm up for two weeks in my home city so I can hit the ground running when I land. But sadly, because I booked this two week trip to Croatia a few days before actually flying out, I didn't have time to brush the cobwebs off. Instead, I decided I would literally start gaming the moment I woke up for my flight.

Having opened a few sets on the way to the airport, I started to feel good. Just then, as I waited in line for airport security, I clock a really stunning black haired, olive skinned girl, with a peachy ass. A solid 9 and just my type. I open direct after positioning myself next to her in the line and we banter for a couple of minutes and I feel a sexual spark, but we get separated all of a sudden and we both end up going through security at different points.

Furthermore, I get stopped for a random security check. I think *"Just my luck!"* Sure enough, by the time I am let out of the other side, she is nowhere to be seen.

I head towards my gate and play the situation over in my head. I then remember she mentioned she was heading to Ljubljana, Slovenia. Since I had an hour to kill, I decide to check out her gate number and head over, to build a couple more minutes of comfort, and number close.

Upon arriving at her gate, I noticed a huge bunch of people standing up to board the plane and she is already standing in the line, with people close in front and behind her.

I remember thinking, this is way too much social pressure. This is like Spotlight Effect at its hardest. So I slunk away, but I have adrenaline running through my veins. I message a close wing of mine, who messages me back instantly telling me to do it.

"Either it's going to be a great story or a funny one! You have nothing to lose. PUSH YOURSELF!"

With that in mind, I decide to go back. I remember noticing how quiet the line was which made me feel extremely anxious, as I hadn't done a high social pressure approach like this in a while. But I decide to pull the trigger anyways by tapping her on the shoulder, and to my surprise she greets me warmly with a hug. Everyone turns around to listen thinking

I'm trying to cut the line, but I block everyone out and fixate my eyes on her.

"Hey, I know this is random, but I just had to find you again because I didn't want to end the conversation so abruptly, plus I wanted to know, how long you were going away for?"

She replied and told me she was going away for two weeks, at which point I pulled out my phone and number closed her. My hands were shaking which was crazy as I've done lots of approaches, but I guess I've never done anything on this level, with a crowd of 200 passengers watching me.

To make matters worse, as I walk away an onlooker shouts *"Nice one mate!"* while a few people close by who listen to the whole thing start clapping! I remember feeling like I was on Cloud Nine, and I hadn't even taken off to Croatia yet.

Fast forward two weeks, I drop her a text and she agrees to meet for drinks one evening.

I had planned to take her to two bars, with the second venue in a more dimly lit bar, closer to my house as advised by Uncle Tom himself in *Street Hustle*.

Just as we get drinks, and sit outside in the patio, a drunken lady interrupts and asks for a cigarette but just keeps talking and asks if we are a couple. I handle it gracefully, and then cut her out and retake the situation. After the

first drinks are done, I bounce her straight to the second bar for cocktails.

During the second bar, I find out that she is from Bosnia (a heavily conservative Muslim country) which made me think a one-night stand was out the question because of a limiting belief I had (the "Good Girl" myth).

But after prodding deeper, I found out she was bisexual which perked my ears up again. I started lacing sexual spikes into the conversation and bounced her back to mine under the pretence of showing her photos of my recent trip to Cuba as well as smoking a Cuban cigar. I deliberately held off kissing her in the bar because I preferred not to burst the sexual bubble I had created until we were back at mine.

When we got to my place, I tried going for the make out, but she refused, giving me her cheek. She then confessed, that she was kind of seeing a girl and that's who she had flown out to see in Ljubljana for the last two weeks.

I felt deflated, but also slightly drunk and I remember thinking *"Why is this girl here? Surely, she must still like me,"* so I decided to commit and run the train anyways because I realised I had nothing to lose at this point.

So, after we finished smoking the Cuban cigar, I lead her to my room and get her to sit on my bed. We end

up making out but the token LMR hyena rears its head and she stops me.

I decide to roll off, stick on a playlist of songs, and when I rock back in bed, I think to myself *WWTD?* (*'What Would Tom Do?'*). Then it hits me... *GYDO* (*'Get Your Dick Out!'*)

Let's just say there was a happy ending to the story shortly after and this still remains to be one of my most memorable daygame lay reports.

Couldn't have done it without your wise words of wisdom over the years, Uncle Tom!

So, I'm raising my glass of Havana Club to you right now as I write this. Tomorrow I fly out for another Euro trip, and you bet your ass I'll be approaching in the airport again.

8) An classic lay report from a local daygamer in Riga called St Robert with some excellent Secret Society revelations about hustling girls with boyfriends

I opened her in late January in a shopping mall in the heart of Riga. She was a flamenco dancer who was studying to become an artist. As I told my usual *"I stopped you because I really like the way you look. But you seem interesting. Another time we're gonna go for some wine,"* she said she has a boyfriend.

"I do too!" worked perfectly as a reply.

A week later we met to go for the wine. As we went into my favourite date location, she rushed out. There was a strong lavender scent which caused her to have a panic attack. Turn out she sometimes had them. She felt bad and didn't want to ruin the date. After she calmed down I told her we could either go back in or just grab a bottle of wine and go to mine. It was a bold move but it worked.

She put on some Russian pop music while I opened the wine (which she decided not to drink and wanted some tea). I treated it as a regular date and escalated as usual. She didn't go for any physical escalation. Even getting to the kiss took a long while.

From time to time her boyfriend texted to know where she was. She was *"at a bar with her friends."* After a while she called him to tell him she just got home and was going to take a shower and go to sleep.

Interesting parts:

- *She complained guys stopped pushing it once they found out she has a boyfriend*
- *She had been on a date with another guy who stopped her on a street. While she had the same boyfriend*

Her body language and other non-verbals said she wanted it. Her logical brain kept stopping her.

It was late, we had finished the bottle of wine and I said she could stay overnight if she behaved.

"And it doesn't mean we're gonna have sex"

She sent a text to her mother saying *"I won't be home"*. I later found out the mother replied with *"It is a mistake."*

As always, I told her I didn't have any t-shirts. We went to bed. I didn't do anything for the first five minutes and then...well it was an explosion. She went for it full throttle. And just as we finished, her "moral hangover" started. Turns out this was the first time she cheated.

The other daygamer she went out with was uncalibrated and didn't get the lay.

Main take-aways:

- *Keep going for the number if she has a boyfriend*
- *Non-verbals > verbals*
- *Calibration, calibration, calibration(push-pull)*

9) Mr L, a London hustler, emailed me this 'flying fuck' lay report which illustrates the power of the direct daygame approach:

Hi Tom, I have just finished FaceTiming an old lead of mine who lives over in Mexico and thought I would

share part of this story with you after listening to your latest podcast.

Rewind three years almost to spring 2015. I am walking down near Victoria Train Station in London and spot a petite cute little blonde girl strolling along with her suitcase. Fuck it, I jog down and stop her. Immediately she has the biggest smile on her face.

She was a Mexican girl living and studying in Ireland but visiting a friend in London. Unfortunately she was on her way to the airport but I managed to get a Facebook close and left with a little grin on my face.

After a couple of days she gave me her WhatsApp and after a couple weeks of cheeky texts & flirting she arranged to fly back to London to spend the weekend with me. Sitting at Victoria Station on the Friday night she was due to meet me, waiting for the Gatwick Express train to pull in, I still had it in my head that she wouldn't come and it would most probably be a flake.

5, 10, 20 minutes went by and eventually there she was standing in front of me. We got the tube back to where I live in Zone 2 and went straight to a few local bars for drinks. It wasn't long before we was dancing and having fun and then kissing. As the night drew to a close we headed back to mine for the lay.

We spent the weekend out and about in London before she caught her flight (and hopefully nothing else)

back home to Ireland on the Sunday. She has not been back since but after speaking on FaceTime tonight she is planning her next visit to see me. Three years later she still calls me by her nickname for me when we first met, her *"cheeky boy."*

I've come a long way on my daygame journey and it is by no means complete or anywhere near the end, but through the highs and lows this will always be a memory that will stick with me forever.

This is a perfect example of what is possible and one of the many crazy things that can happen through daygame. I would never of imagined that a stranger I met on the street would fly back and spend the weekend with me two weeks later.

10) One of my regular wings and assistant coaches Craig Cassidy sent me this naughty write up of one of his Gutter Game lays (his speciality) in Prague. He's got an amazing eye for spotting the simmering sexual nymphos behind "good girl" facades, as this story shows.

It was the third day of my residential in Prague. The student and I were sat in a cafe on Na Prikope, drinking a beer and reflecting on the previous night's antics in Roxy nightclub.

The student had stayed out and ended up bouncing a hooker home unbeknownst to him and whilst we were laughing about that fact, out of the corner

of my eye I spotted a cute blonde girl saunter past wearing a large puffy red coat. My spider senses starting tingling.

I immediately put my beer down and gave chase, much to the amusement of my student and the rest of the customers on nearby tables who looked on as I stopped the girl and launched into my usual daygame patter.

It turned out the girl was a student living in Prague but was from Kyrgyzstan and lit up when I teased her about knowing Borat and how she must have grown up in a tipi with a pet goat. She was studying business but had a passion for classical music and was outwardly sweet and innocent which may have caused some daygamers to assume she was a "good girl." However, I noted the fact she'd left a predominantly Muslim country at a young age to move to Prague on her own to embrace a Western lifestyle and that she had a couple of fairly large tattoos which gave me confidence that she may be open to a nomadic lover.

After taking her number, I returned to my student and debriefed him on what happened and told him that as I only had a few days left in the city, I had to act fast in trying to set up the date. I sent my initial text a few hours after meeting and by the end of the day we'd agreed to meet the next evening for a coffee.

I'd suggested a drink but she told me that she had to work a night shift so she couldn't drink alcohol. I decided that on the first date I'd play it safe and run a two date model. Most of last year I really

pushed for first date lays and whilst I ended up with a high lay count at the end of the year, I dread to think about the amount of leads I burned by pushing too fast.

We met at 7pm outside New Yorker, the famous meeting place on the main daygame street in Prague and we went to a nearby coffee shop after a brief walk through the beautiful Old Town Square. The date itself was fairly relaxed, I mainly focused on creating rapport and getting to know each other but making sure I didn't fall too much into Nice Guy mode.

She turned out to be a really cool girl and was great fun to be around which kind of threw me off my seducer vibe a bit and I ended up weaselling myself out of attempting the kiss at the end of the date. I was pretty annoyed at myself but was confident that she liked me enough to come out on a second date, knowing the next day was my last day in the city.

Luckily the daygame gods were on my side and she didn't have work the next night and agreed to meet me for drinks this time.

Again we met at New Yorker but I'd had to push the date back a bit later as I'd got caught listening to a student on an Instant Date. She didn't seem to mind and said that she'd just spend the extra hour singing and dancing while she got ready (a good sign).

She was already waiting for me at New Yorker when I got there and this time she'd dressed up (another

good sign). I'd researched the two venues I was going to take her to ahead of time, the second being a 5 minute walk from the apartment. My plan was two venues, two drinks, then bounce, the classic Torero date model.

By the second venue the vibe was definitely on but she seemed a bit shy, I'd still not kissed her but the bubble was building and I felt like it was the right time to bounce her home. On the way back to the apartment she threw a curve ball saying that she was hungry and wanted to show me this cool restaurant. I decided to roll with it knowing I had all night but just to make sure I tried to kiss her on the street to see where I was at. She accepted the kiss and so I went with her to the restaurant, which turned out to be this awesome place that served beers to your table via a mini-railway system. She'd obviously put some thought into showing me that place and it was a nice touch.

I didn't eat but sipped on my beer as she had her food. After she finished eating we were sat playing with each others hands, her wearing one of my rings and just enjoying each other's company. I knew it was time to go and suggested we go back to mine for another drink. She paid the bill and we left for my apartment which was only a short walk away.

Back at the apartment I made sure not to jump on her immediately and we lay on the bed watching YouTube videos of some of my past trips and her showing me some of the classical music she liked. In between videos we would passionately make-out but she wouldn't let me

escalate any further. I could sense she was probably a bit shy rather than a game player so continued in classic two steps forward, one back fashion.

By about 4am I was shattered. I knew it wasn't going to happen right then so suggested we got to bed and get some rest. She agreed and took off her clothes, borrowing one of my t-shirts to sleep in. An hour later, at around 5am, I woke up super horny and started kissing her neck and letting my hands wander.

This time she fully reciprocated and was dripping wet, kissing and biting my neck. She took off her underwear and we proceeded to have loud, passionate sex which I was surprised to find out later that my student managed to sleep through! We fell asleep immediately after and a few short hours later I had to get up and check out of the apartment.

Kissing her goodbye drew to a close another crazy week of teaching daygame in a foreign city and although personally I had a great week, I was glad that my student got to see how learning the skill of daygame can result in you having some epic adventures with some awesome girls.

11) Mr C sent me this Same Day Lay report from his London adventures getting back into the Game after a breakup. Just like riding a....bike ;)

Just listened to your latest podcast so thought I would fire this across as you've asked for some

other **Same Day Lay** (SDL) reports. Wouldn't say it's anything 'crazy' but it's definitely a testament to daygame being 'like riding a bike'.

Around March last year I'd just moved to London to start my new job and had recently broken up with my ex (who I'd also met through daygame) and it was the perfect catalyst for getting back into daygame. Years before I'd been hitting the streets hard but around academic studies during my final year at university (2015-16) I decided to go the 'relationship-route' so that I could focus on what I needed to do at the time. Once I'd graduated and the relationship had ended and I was moving to London, however, it was the perfect time to dust off my boots and get back out there.

My first session was on a Saturday and all I wanted to do was just get in a single approach, that would be considered a victory after around 18 months with no development of my daygame skill set. As it turned out, I did around 4 approaches that day after the initial Approach Anxiety (AA) from the first approaches makes you realise it's really not a big deal. So I went home with a couple of numbers from those approaches and that was that.

The second session I did the following day on the Sunday. I headed back out and was ambling down the street as usual. I noticed an attractive Asian-looking girl walking on the opposite side of the road going the other way (my type). I was debating whether to go in for it (AA strikes again), but then just thought the usual '*Fuck it*' and went for it.

After opening her with the usual structure, the first thing I noticed was the dreamy look in her eyes and the intense eye contact she had with me. I can't remember much of what we talked about but essentially she said that:

- *She'd just landed earlier that morning from Singapore*
- *She was visiting London by herself for the week*
- *She had just left her hotel to go out and explore the city*

Even from being out of the Game for as long as I had been, I could see those green flags waving.

I basically said to her that I was free for a few hours before I had to go meet some friends so we should grab a coffee. She was up for it so we went to the nearby Starbucks, got our drinks and just started walking. The whole time in my head though I was thinking that this was an SDL opportunity, but I'd never done one before so it really was an on-the-fly "*how the fuck am I going to pull this off?*" moment.

The first decision I made was to start heading in the general direction of my flat, as we were about a 25 minute walk and it was feasible without using any transport. It was a nice day so we went to a nearby park on the river (I was in Hammersmith at the time) and just lay on the grass and just kept talking. All the while I was keeping in mind the end goal, and as a result spiking up the conversation accordingly with the usual '*looking for tattoos*' (I've got a few)

and '*comparing skin tans*' (given that she was from Singapore) physical escalation techniques.

I then suggested that we go to another park (getting ever closer to my flat haha) and to pick up some ciders on the way (telling her that you have to drink cider if you come to England, it's one of the Queen's Golden Rules, etc etc) so we do that and get some alcohol going in the next park that's now only five minutes walk from mine.

After we'd finished, I said I needed to use the bathroom (which I did) and that I didn't live too far away so I said let's go to mine quick and she didn't have any issue with it.

On the walk there I did some last minute verbal bamboozling to really bed things down and to keep her mind occupied, so just started talking about my family and that sort of thing and we went straight to mine.

In the flat, it wasn't long before I'd whipped out my... guitar and started to teach her how to play, getting her to do the strumming whilst I did the chords, then I just started to slowly touching her and physically escalating.

The rest is history really, not any Token LMR to speak of. So from approach to lay it was around two hours, not the quickest SDL by any means but definitely something I'm proud of given how I had been out of the Game for so long and I'd never done one before.

ii) SCIENCE OF THE SECRET SOCIETY

The following texts are essential reading if you'd like to fully understand the evolutionary biology behind male and female mating behaviours in humans.

- **The Evolution Of Desire** – *David Buss (1994)*
- **Sperm Wars** – *Robin Baker (1996)*

The former, written by a professor of psychology, gives the evolutionary explanations for the mating strategies that men and women use. The latter, written by another qualified evolutionary biologist, gives case studies to illustrate these same mating habits of humans.

Below I've summarised some of the key findings from the scientific studies in these texts which specifically apply to the themes of this book.

Also referenced are notes from the additional text "**A Billion Wicked Thoughts**" by the neuroscientists Ogi Ogas and Sai Gaddam which uses big data from the internet searches of men and women to reveal what really turns humans on. It's another classic read.

1) On the evolutionary 'arms race' between men and women's different sexual strategies

"The sexual strategies that members of one sex pursue to select, attract, keep or replace a mate often have the consequence of creating conflict with members of the other sex.

These battles create a spiralling arms race over evolutionary time. For every increment in men's ability to deceive women, women evolve comparable increments in their ability to detect deception. Better abilities to detect deception, in turn, create the evolutionary conditions for the opposite sex to develop increasingly subtle forms of deception.

Some sexual strategies remain secret for an excellent evolutionary reason – they cannot be implemented successfully if their true design is revealed.

Women are more likely to be sexual deceivers (using sex as bait) whilst men are more likely to be commitment deceivers.

Women focus on enhancing their physical attractiveness along youthful and healthful lines (e.g. cosmetics, breast enhancements, clothing choice).

Once she's got a man from short term sex, she can draw him into a long term relationship (making him dependent on her for more and more things)

Men deceive women by feigning an interest in commitment, feigning confidence, status, kindness and resources" (Buss)

2) On the dual-mating strategy of women ("alpha fucks and beta bucks")

"For women who stay with their primary partners, affairs are likely to serve a "good genes" function: obtaining investment from one man and superior DNA from another.

It is far easier for a woman to get a man with better genes / higher SMV to have sex with her than it is for her to get him to marry her. She might try to secure the investment of a lower-ranking man by marrying him while simultaneously securing the genes of a higher-ranking man by cuckolding her husband.

Women prefer to have casual sex with men who other women find attractive because they will have sons who possess the same charming characteristics." (Buss)

"In this case study the central character successfully cleared all of the obstacles to reproductive success that women normally encounter when choosing a mate. First, through her choice of long-term partner, she engineered an environment conducive to the easy and successful raising of children (from the point of view of being in a position to offer them every opportunity, anyway).

Secondly, she managed to collect some of the most sought-after male genes in her vicinity. As a result, she produced children with the looks and ability to make the most of the comfortable environment into which they were born. Her strategy was risky, but innate ability was on her side. She made the most of her daring and cunning, her composure and good looks, and successfully walked the tightrope of disease, discovery and desertion." (Baker)

A woman desires different men during ovulation (superior genes - dominant behaviour) and off ovulation (resources) (Ogas and Gaddam)

3) On the single mating strategy of men ("spreading seed")

Sexual intercourse with as many 'bonus' women as possible is the perhaps the main way whereby a man can enhance his reproductive success if his only option is not just a standard relationship.

A man suffers very few costs from casual sex that might erode this potential bonus. Harsh though it might seem, all each conception needs to cost him is a few minutes of his time, an ejaculate, and a slight risk of contracting a disease.

The major problem a man encounters in trying to bolster his reproductive success via casual sex is the difficulty of finding enough women to cooperate with him" (Baker)

4) On sperm competition between men

"Large testes typically evolve as a consequence of intense sperm competition. The testes size of men, relative to their body weight, is far larger than that of gorillas and orang-utans.

This is evidence that women in human evolutionary history sometimes had sex with more than one man within the the time span of a few days.

Another clue to the evolutionary existence of casual mating comes from variations in sperm production and insemination.

Men's sperm count increases dramatically with the increasing amount of time the couple has been apart.

Thus men carry a physiological mechanism that elevates sperm count when their wives may have had opportunity to be unfaithful." (Buss)

"Once a woman's body contains sperm from two or more different men, those sperm compete for the prize of fertilising her egg. But the contest that takes place is not a simple game of chance, nor is it just a race. It is indeed a war – a war between two (or more) armies. And it is this warfare between ejaculates, or the threat of it, that has shaped the sexuality of every man and woman alive today, as well as the sexuality of just about every other animal that has ever existed." (Baker)

5) On cheating in relationships (non-monogamy)

"If ancestral couples had always remained faithful, there would have been no selection pressure for the intense concern with fidelity.

The Kinsey study shows that 50% of men and 26% of women had extramarital affairs. Other studies show gap is narrowing. Out of 8000 married men and women, 40% of men and 36% of women reported at least one relationship affair. The Hite Report says that 75% of men and 70% of women cheat in relationships." (Buss)

"Monogamous couples cannot escape the shadow of sperm warfare. It is irrelevant that neither partner actually engages in sperm warfare. Their bodies will still have spent a lifetime 'on alert' for a war that might never come.

Everyone's body - with no exception - is similarly alert. Continuously throughout reproductive life, the body both assesses the likelihood of sperm warfare and makes the appropriate preparations. When the likelihood is low, some preparations are made but they are minimal. From time to time, however, absolutely every body contemplates behaviour that could lead to sperm warfare" (Baker)

6) On cuckoldry

"Estimates of genetic cuckoldry range from 1 to 30 % with the average hovering around 10%.

Genetic cuckoldry looms an ever-present threat to men. Internal fertilisation guarantees that women are certain that their children are genetically their own. The phrase "Mama's baby, papa's maybe" captures this sexual asymmetry.

In our evolutionary past, men who were indifferent to the sexual infidelities of their mates risked compromising their paternity. They risked investing time, energy, and effort in children who were not their own.

Ancestral women, in contrast, did not risk the loss of parenthood if their mates had affairs (why men more jealous) because maternity has always been 100% certain. But a woman with a philandering husband risked losing his resources, his commitment and his investment in her children." (Buss)

"A man has a lot to lose from his partner's infidelity. First, he may be tricked into devoting a lifetime of wealth and effort into raising another man's child. Secondly, he is at greater risk to sexually transmitted diseases, because his partner is at greater risk. Thirdly, he risks being deserted by his partner if she judges the other man to be a better prospect – in which case, she may either take their children with her or leave them.

Unlike a man, she is in no danger of being tricked into raising any children by her partner's lover. This means that, on balance, infidelity is slightly less of a threat to a woman than it is to a man." (Baker)

7) On women's preference for lovers who are strangers

"Xenophilia, a preference for strangers, is a powerful factor in a woman's choice of mate, particularly as a target for infidelity. In this, women are typical primates. A female red monkey, for instance, was observed allowing nearly every new male she met to inseminate her, while avoiding those she knew" (Baker)

8) On the evolution of marriage and mate guarding

"The advent of agriculture 10,000 years ago and the invention of cash economies permitted the stockpiling of resources, central to the evolution of marriage and sexual ownership.

Marriage helped males be more certain of genetic paternity due to vigilance in mate guarding. A proprietary attitude (holding hands, putting an arm around her) is part of this male sexual jealousy to prevent infidelity." (Buss)

"In human evolutionary history monogamous partnerships did not last a lifetime. Often a person had two, or even three, successive involvements, very similar to what happens in modern industrial societies.

"Men seek to avoid the costs of their partner's infidelity by being vigilant for signs, minimising opportunities, and threatening desertion or retaliation. If signs of infidelity are detected, then guarding and threats are escalated" (Baker)

9) On the shit tests of women

"In order to collect information about a man, a woman in effect needs to set him a series of tests. Depending on how many tests he passes compared with other available candidates, she will then either accept or reject him. She needs to set tests that

are challenging but not impossible. They are of no value to her if they are too easy, or if they are so difficult that no man can pass them. A woman's body and behaviour have been shaped to present such a test. And as often as not the male quality being tested is his ability to learn how to use her body and cope with her behaviour.

Women, like all female birds and mammals, are genetically programmed to be cautious and selective. In past generations, women who were not so were less successful reproductively than those who were. All women alive today are the genetic descendants of the more cautious of female ancestors, not their more reckless contemporaries. Men, on the other hand, are genetically programmed to be urgent and single-minded about one-off sex" (Baker)

"Women exert sexual choice (due to their larger sex cells). Because they hold valuable resources they therefore do not give them away cheaply or unselectively. Testing of males is a necessity." (Buss)

"A man's true character can't be evaluated as swiftly or as easily as a woman's bust size.

The female brain is the most sophisticated neural software on Earth - it's a system designed to uncover, scrutinise and evaluate a dazzling range of clues to judge genuine male sexual value. Think of it like the "Miss Marple Detective Agency" to separate her mind from her body.

She will look for other clues...his reputation, social status, if other women are eyeing the same guy...women ask other women. That's why women are more verbal than men and their social environment is so important to them." (Ogas and Gaddam)

10) On the importance of pre-selected males

"Basically, a woman uses a man's approach to foreplay and intercourse to gain information about him. A man who is able to arouse a woman and stimulate her to orgasm signals that he does have past experience of other females. This tells her that other women have also found him attractive enough to allow intercourse.

The more effectively he stimulates her the more experienced he should be – and hence the greater the number of women who have so far found him to be attractive. Mixing her genes with his, therefore, may produce sons or grandsons who are also attractive to women, hence increasing her reproductive success.

Interestingly, the females of some species of birds are also known to use this yardstick during mate selection. If a female sees one or more other females mating with a particular male, she also is more likely to mate with him. So being seen to be attractive to other females is an attractive male trait in its own right" (Baker)

11) On the dangers of casual sex

“One act of sexual intercourse which requires minimal male investment can produce an obligatory and energy-consuming nine-month investment by the woman that forecloses other mating opportunities.

She might lose resources from her long term partner, she might get a reputation for promiscuity and she might even get physically / sexually harmed by a lover she doesn't know well.

Sexually transmitted diseases are also an increased risk for both women and men.

Men have to face potential harm from her long term partner if he finds out too.” (Buss)

“Once a man and woman have established a long-term relationship, the costs and benefits that they each experience from intercourse become similar, even though the function may differ. But with first-time intercourse the situation is very different. Apart from the chance of contracting disease, which is a risk they share, their potential costs and benefits are not at all the same – especially if there is a strong possibility that their first intercourse together may also be their last. A man, like all male animals, has much less to lose and much more to gain from a one-off intercourse than a woman.” (Baker)

12) On the female orgasm

“If they have sexual liaisons, women are more likely to experience sexual orgasm with their affair partner (Sperm Retention Hypothesis), retaining 70% of his sperm (higher than with her regular partner).

Women were almost twice as likely to achieve more orgasms with their affair partners as with their husbands” (Buss)

“The female orgasm is pleasurable because it has a function. A woman feels like an orgasm whenever her body judges it will enhance her reproductive success. When her body judges it will reduce her reproductive success, she feels no such urge” (Baker)

13) On why girls masturbate

“First, masturbation temporarily increases the flow of mucus from the cervix into the vagina. Secondly, masturbation increases the acidity of the cervical mucus. Thirdly, masturbation changes the strength of a woman’s cervical filter.

On the whole not only does a partner encounter a stronger filter than a lover, he is also less likely to receive help in bypassing that filter. On average, the advantage enjoyed by a lover in sperm warfare is relatively large. When a woman is not being unfaithful, she helps her partner to place

a large sperm army inside her on 55 per cent of occasions. When she is being unfaithful, she helps him on only 38 per cent of occasions, but helps her lover on 65 per cent of occasions – nearly twice as often.” (Baker)

14) What men are evolved to find attractive in women

“Observable evidence of a woman’s health and youth: *full lips, clear skin, smooth skin, clear eyes, lustrous hair and good muscle tone. Bouncy, youthful gait, animated facial expression and high energy level.* These are all cues of a women’s reproductive capacity.

Many people hold an idealistic view that standards of female beauty are arbitrary, that beauty is only skin deep, that cultures differ dramatically in the importance they place on appearance, and that Western standards stem from brainwashing by the media, parents, culture, or other agents of socialisation. But standards of attractiveness are not arbitrary – they reflect cues to youth and health, and hence to reproductive value.” (Buss)

“Men naturally objectify females, it’s hard-wired. *Anime* exploits these biological visual cues – big eyes, high-pitched voice, low waist-to-hip ratio, small feet.

The female waist-to-hip ratio is a key visual cue for men (0.7 being the most arousing). And breasts, no matter what size, are the most popular body part

in make internet searches in every country” (Ogas and Gaddam)

15) Female Sexual Market Value vs Male Sexual Market Value

“As a woman ages from 25-40 she experiences a rapid decline in her reproductive value. During a comparable period a man may elevate himself in status and so enjoy an unanticipated avalanche of mating opportunities.

When a girl is at her peak (15-24) a man’s SMV is at his lowest. When he is 35-44 a woman’s SMV is declining rapidly where as he is at his peak.” (Buss)

16) On female ovulation

“Women time their affair copulations to coincide with the point in their ovulatory cycle when they are most likely to be ovulating and hence are most likely to conceive.

Cryptic female ovulation obscures a woman’s reproductive status – it decreases the certainty of male’s paternity. Marriage provided one solution by men to counteract this.

Women at the most fertile phase experienced more frequent fantasies about other men and felt the strongest sexual arousal in response to other men.

Women's desires and fantasies for other men were at least 65% higher during their fertile phase.

Women find "good guy" qualities most attractive in regular mates since they indicate the long-term provisioning of her and her children. So nice guys may indeed finish first - but only when their partners are not ovulating.

Men who could detect when women ovulate could channel their seduction tactics and sexual overtures toward woman at this time

She can be seen glowing (radiating sexuality) - women's skin colour varies over the menstrual cycle, being lightest near ovulation. The skin also becomes vascularised near ovulation, more suffused with blood in a way that corresponds to what men subjectively experience as a woman appearing to "glow."

Women change their behaviour in their fertile phase: tighter blouses, shorter skirts, greater amount of skin showing." (Buss)

"A predictable menstrual cycle is a rarity rather than the norm, and only occasionally does a woman ovulate on day 14. The key to her body's strategy is variability, and hence unpredictability.

"A woman is much more likely to have penetrative sex with a man other than her partner during her fertile phase. Moreover, she is much less likely to

use or insist on the man using contraception on such occasions." (Baker)

17) On the evolution of rough sex

"Rough sex is an interplay between mate selection by females and the display of quality by males. The females set tests of physical strength and sexual competence, which the males then either pass or fail. In their pursuit of reproductive success, the judicious use of rough and tumble can have important benefits for a woman – and a satisfactory performance can be equally beneficial to a man.

On average, men who are physically able to overcome the final tests of a female and achieve insemination leave more offspring than those who are not." (Baker)

18) On the evolution of oral sex

"Most male mammals, from rats and dogs to elephants and monkeys, nuzzle, smell and lick the female's vulva during foreplay. Monkeys also touch a female's genitals, sometimes inserting their fingers in to her vagina, then smelling and licking them on withdrawal. What all these males are doing is collecting information.

They are seeking the answer to three questions. Is the female healthy? Is she fertile? And has she recently had sex with another male? A man is doing exactly the

same – and the information he collects can be a big help in his pursuit of reproductive success.

A man seeks or allows oral sex as a display of health or fidelity. He ejaculates openly as a display of health and potency. From time to time, the benefits of such display outweigh any cost” (Baker)

19) On why women have orgies with multiple men

“By putting two (or more) men’s armies into competition, she increases her chances of being fertilised by an ejaculate competent at sperm warfare.

At one extreme is an orgy in which a woman allows several men to inseminate her not only within a short length of time but also in each other’s presence. At the other extreme is conventional infidelity in which a woman allows two men to inseminate her over a slightly longer time span and not in each other’s presence.

At both extremes, what the woman is doing is essentially the same. Having selected two or more men as suitable genetic fathers for her next child, she calls their sperm to battle. This ensures that her child will inherit not only all the other qualities she has selected, but also the genes for the production of a competitive ejaculate. As long as this latter benefit outweighs any associated costs, such as a greater risk of disease from having sex with two men instead of one, she will gain from her behaviour.” (Baker)

20) On male masturbation

“Masturbation may not seem a very sophisticated activity, but it is. It is the means by which an active, or hopeful, man tailors his next inseminate to its likely circumstances. By anticipating what those circumstances might be, he can use masturbation to adjust the age and number of sperm he will then introduce into the potential female. Not only that, but he can also adjust what proportion of those sperm will be blockers, killers and egg-getters. A man’s body can distinguish between masturbation and insemination. The ejaculates produced are not identical

If the gap between inseminations exceeds four days, the ideal inseminate is produced by masturbating two days before the next intercourse.

In order to have a two-day-old column of sperm waiting to be introduced, a man needs to anticipate his next intercourse with his partner. Subconsciously, the brain must play a major role in this anticipation. The urges that men get to masturbate are timed by their brains and bodies to achieve this gap between masturbation and intercourse.

When a man has an opportunity to inseminate a woman other than his partner, he has a problem. The ejaculate waiting in his sperm tubes is tailored to top up his partner, and so is relatively rich in blockers. What he needs for infidelity, however – if it is to be reproductively successful – is an ejaculate rich in killers and egg-getters. The woman he is about to inseminate has an

above average chance of containing sperm from another man, especially if she has a regular partner" (Baker)

21) On modern birth control

"Modern birth control technology has altered these costs to casual sex. In today's industrial nations, women can have short-term dalliances with less fear of pregnancy.

But human sexual psychology evolved over millions of years to cope with ancestral adaptive problems. We still possess this underlying sexual psychology, even though our environment has changed." (Baker)

22) On optimal compromises for mate selection

"Competition is fierce. Everything is compromise, and time is limited. If a person settles too readily for a poor compromise, they may miss the chance of a much better compromise later. However, spending too long in search of the best compromise can be equally disadvantageous" (Baker)

23) On why women differ sexually more than men

"The answer is that it is yet another manifestation of the advantages gained from confusing men and testing their abilities. It works because, as we have seen before, men have to learn their sexual technique.

First, she can set each man a much more challenging test of experience and competence. From this she can quickly learn whether he has a little or a lot of experience of other women. Because women are so different, a man will only have encountered her type before and thus know how to treat her if he has had a lot of experience.

Secondly, she has more initial control at each sexual encounter with a new man, which lasts for as long as it takes the man to fathom the best way to relate to her. The result is that she has more time to assess the man as a long-term partner." (Baker)

24) On homosexual clues to heterosexual strategies

"Homosexual relationships provide an acid test for the evolutionary basis of sex differences in the desires for a mate. Gay men put great importance on youth and physical appearance of their partners. Neither lesbian nor heterosexual women, on the contrary, place any importance on youth in their ranking of attractiveness." (Baker)

25) On opposition to Secret Society strategies

"Many shun the promiscuous and scorn the unfaithful because they often interfere with our own sexual strategies. From the perspective of a married woman or man, for example, the presence of promiscuous people

endangers marital fidelity. From the perspective of a single woman or man seeking marriage, the presence of promiscuous people lowers the likelihood of finding someone willing to commit.

We derogate short-term strategies as cads, tramps or womanisers because we want to discourage casual sex. It is a taboo topic. But it fascinates us.

Evolution operates by the ruthless criterion of reproductive success, no matter how repugnant we may find the strategies produced by that process.

All this violates our socialised conceptions of matrimonial bliss. But simultaneously this knowledge gives us greater power to design our own mating destiny than any other humans have ever possessed.

Although the term *sexual strategies* is a useful metaphor for thinking about solutions to mating problems, it is misleading in the sense of connoting conscious intent. Biological hardwiring operates without this." (Buss)

"We think our own desires as normal but think of other people's are gross, immoral or dangerous. The power of internet big data is that it puts a billion anonymous people in a virtually darkened room and sees what they do when desires are unleashed.

The sexual brain is guaranteed to upset the politically correct, the socially conservative and everyone in between" (Ogas and Gaddam)

iii) SECRET SOCIETY SIGNALS

NB: Beginner's should not try to predict the outcome of an interaction or filter their approaches or dates based on what a girl initially looks like. More often than not a prediction is wrong - the "bitchy looking speedy girl" might turn out to be a very fun and flirty girl with nothing to do. The "shy sweet girl" might give you a harsh blow out. If you're starting out then skip this section and approach any girl you find attractive.

Use these check-lists to look out for ovulating horny girls if you've already got the ability to approach and daygame a whole range of girls. This information is just the icing on the cake if you can already cold approach strangers without filtering.



HORNY SIGNALS ON THE STREET:

- *a light bouncy walk with swaying hips*
- *tighter, more revealing clothing than other girls around*
- *wearing of the colour red / pink (which studies have linked to ovulation)*
- *the giving off of Approach Invitations (see below)*
- *girls by themselves in situations where this is irregular (e.g. late evening)*
- *wearing of chokers or similar fetish attire*
- *girls who have no plans and are ambling around*
- *younger girls (18-21) who are primed for no-strings fun*



APPROACH INVITATIONS (AIS) & INDICATORS OF INTEREST (IOIS)

- *hair flick in your direction*
- *eye contact and / or a smile when she sees you*
- *proximity – she changes her walking direction or position*
- *‘Anime’ eyes when you approach and compliment her*
- *flushed cheeks, especially just after the compliment*
- *her touching you anytime in the initial interaction*
- *strong compliance – she follows your lead*

In the initial interaction or on the first date you want to subtly gather the following information from her to gauge her Secret Society experience and openness:



DAYGAME INTEL GATHERING

- *What does she turn up wearing? (white jeans or a skirt/dress positive signs)*
- *What time does she need to be home?*
- *Does she have work the next day?*
- *Where does she live?*
- *Who does she live with?*
- *Are her parents still together? (girls without a father are more promiscuous)*
- *What bands / movies / books is she into? (Marilyn Manson is a strong positive)*
- *Has she travelled alone?*
- *Is she adventurous / a risk-taker?*
- *Does she have tattoos?*
- *Does she smoke?*
- *What kinds of guys does she find attractive?*
- *What alcohol is she drinking (shots / liqueur / beer always a green light)?*

iv) LOVER GUIDELINES FOR MALES IN THE SECRET SOCIETY:



LOVER GUIDELINES

- *You should only see her once a week maximum*
- *You shouldn't text daily (only communicating for logistics to meet)*
- *Don't let her sleep over at your place*
- *No Public Displays Of Affection*
- *No posting pictures together on social media*
- *No love bites or obvious marks on her during sex*
- *Let her have a shower after sex (to hide your scent)*
- *Be flexible with her schedule (lunchtimes or her breaks might only be possible)*
- *Be flexible with location (car, low-key hotel, park might be necessary)*

v) GLOSSARY:

Affection Addiction: the oxytocin “cuddling” hit that men crave beyond sex which comes from pair-bonding in evolution

Adventure Bubble: spinning a girl’s emotions by doing something adventurous with her during dating e.g. a bike ride, an arcade game

AIs: acronym for “Approach Invitation,” the **IOIs** a girl gives when she wants a male to approach

Alpha: a guy who has a girl in his **frame**

ASD: acronym for ‘Anti Slut Defence,’ the token objections that a girl might give during courtship so as not to seem too easy in a guy’s eyes

Beta: a guy who is in the girl’s **frame**

Beta Bait: tests that a female gives to see how sexually thirsty a guy is

Closing The Loop: achieving a lay finally after a significant gap in courtship

Cuckolding: guys who are unwittingly investing parental effort in offspring that are not genetically their own

Daygame: chatting up girls during the day without using online apps or going to bars

Frame: a term that determines if it's the guy or the girl controlling the relationship dynamics

Gutter Game: daygame during the evening outside bars, clubs and restaurants

GYDO: acronym for 'Get Your Dick Out,' a Torero phrase to encourage guys to escalate on a date rather than sinking into the Friend Zone.

Hook Point: the moment in a cold approach when the girl begins to invest and shows **IOIs**.

I-Date: short for 'Instant Date,' where you take a girl you've just met using daygame to a coffee shop

IOI: acronym for 'Indicator Of Interest,' the signals that girls give off to show they're sexually interested in a guy (e.g. flushed cheeks, dilated pupils)

LDM: acronym for the 'London Daygame Model,' a heuristic tool developed by early London daygamers that adapted the Mystery Method phases to the street

Lover: a male in the **Secret Society** who has sex with girls without being their boyfriend or long-term **provider** partner. Girls desire sex with him for his **alpha** DNA.

NAWALT: acronym for 'Not All Women Are Like That,' a popular internet term for describing the idealistic **beta** mindset that there are 'good girls' and 'bad girls'

PDAs: acronym for 'Public Displays of Affection,' the mate guarding behaviours that men use in public to signal sexual ownership (e.g. hand holding, arm around a shoulder).

Ping: a phone message sent to a girl in order to maintain contact without asking predictable or needy questions. It might also be a photo (Photo Ping) or a voice memo (Audio Ping)

Pressure Cooker Effect: when girls from conservative, religious or shy backgrounds find new sexual freedoms after a change of circumstance, often leading to heightened promiscuity

Provider: a male outside the **Secret Society** who can only have sex with girls by providing them with resources (time, commitment, monetary).

Pull The Trigger: a term that reminds men to escalate towards sex on a date

Purity Fantasy: the belief that many **beta** males have that women are innocent angelic creatures that need protecting and saving. Linked to **NAWALT**

SDL: acronym for 'Same Day Lay,' the term for meeting a girl during daygame and sleeping with her on the same day without a break

Set: a girl who you're trying to pick up. A '1-set' being a single girl, a '2-set' being two girls together etc.

Secret Society: the group of men and women who engage in casual, no-strings lover sex without monogamous commitment or resource provisioning.

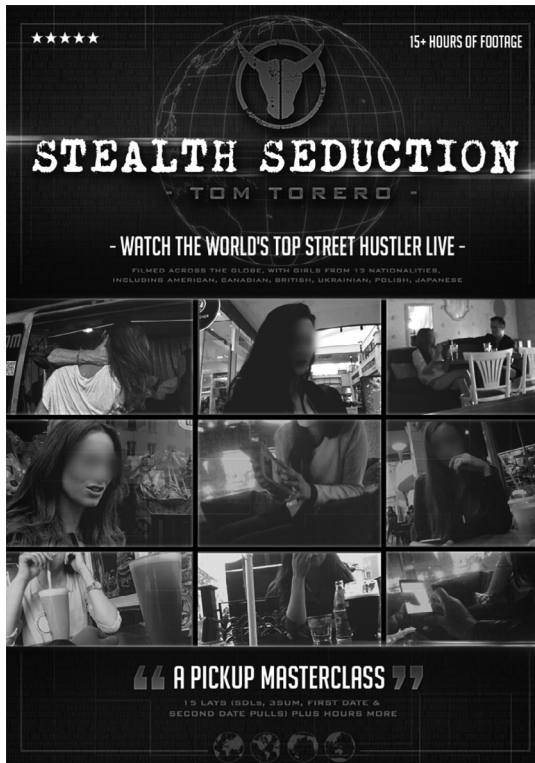
Shapeshifter: the fluid nature of a girl's sexual behaviour based on the value proposition she's presented with from the guy

Shit Tests: the compliance / congruency tests given out by females to see whether a man holds **frame** or not

Token LMR: the acronym for 'Token Last Minute Resistance,' the final **shit tests** given by females in the bedroom to test a man's **frame**.



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