

# The Chodefest Journals

Decibel

# Preface

It was late 2007 when I discovered the pick-up and seduction community. First it was the VH-1 show, *The Pick Up Artist*. Then came *The Game* by Neil Strauss. I had by that point hit a new low in my life and needed direction. Good timing.

Little did I know at the time, what seemed like an innovative way to chase tail would become a totally transformative process.

We formed Casanova Crew, and we all had handles like J the Ripper and Action and Sardonyx. These were pseudonyms intended to hide our identities online, given the unsavory nature of some of what we said and did. I chose the name Decibel, not only because I was a musician, but because I chronically had a problem with lack of power and failure to project; the decibel is a unit of power that measures projection of sound, and so it seemed a fitting description of my ultimate goal.

I had myself some crazy adventures, starting with my very first night out, solo and scared shitless, when I nearly pulled a hotty; eventually I realized I should document this journey, and more importantly, the emotions driving it. So early in 2009, I began writing *The Chodefest Journals*.

Each Wednesday night me and my trusty wings would meet up at a little jazz bar in downtown Los Angeles, 7 Grand, to drink whiskey and shoot pool. My intent was for us to all hang out and be “chodes” one night a week, to put the game on hold so we could connect as men without the pressure of performing. Thursday through Saturday were work nights, strictly for getting our game on, but Wednesday night was our night to recharge and regroup.

It's not uncommon for guys to document their progress and exploits in online “field reports” and “lay reports,” but the *Journals* became something unique, a collection of stark vignettes that would describe my journey from loser to lover. Though I began the process as a “pick-up artist,” I kept my entries as non-PUA as possible. Still, some of the pick-up lingo seeped in, and for these terms, I've included a glossary at the end.

Enjoy the read. It may not always be pretty, but it's always honest.

**Evan Marlowe, MD  
aka Decibel**

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## Episode 1...

**“Mingers and cougars and chodes oh my!!”**

You know how when you're falling in a dream?

Or not really a dream, but that moment when your mind turns off and you start to go into a daze on your couch.

Then suddenly, *the jerk*.

Your legs spasm and you wake up. That's your brain's way of stopping you from plummeting to your demise. Because if you don't wake up, if you do keep falling in your dream, *then you actually do die*. And *then* you spend eternity stuck in a bathtub, finger-painting with your own excrement, trying perpetually to escape, but failing each time, failing and slipping and stumbling back down, back into the tub of fetid waste.

This is what in reality happens to you. Believe me, you can't make this shit up. But hell, how did we wander so far off topic?

Anyway, you know that feeling, right?

That's how I would describe it. My brain was shutting down ever so slightly. My hand had lifted off the desk and was floating like a kite, drifting gradually towards my head. As her voice in the background was saying, "...light as a feather. While the rest of your body gets heavier. But your right arm is getting lighter and lighter. And now with little twitches it's moving towards your head..."

It was happening. I was being hypnotized. My right arm was doing something via the power of suggestion. Something my higher brain had no say in. I felt a laugh rise up inside me, but it got stuck somewhere in my lungs.

And then came the wave of nausea. My higher brain, usually an apt watchman, had fallen asleep at its post. Something had suddenly kicked it awake.

*Not this time*, it warned as the queasiness crashed down on me. *I'm still in control here, asshole. Nice try.*

Fucking consciousness.

But this wasn't the beginning of the week. This was the middle. Friday afternoon. Sitting in

Jada the hypnotherapist's office trying something – *anything* – to get past my stubborn-as-hell approach anxiety.

This story actually started Wednesday, at the weekly Chodefest at 7 Grand. Let's see, who was in attendance...me, Tripper, Eyes Wide Open and Motionless. And a few dozen upwardly mobile hotties who'd just finished their first year of med school and were out to celebrate. Yes, we'd hit the fucking motherload. This reminded me of when a moose falls into a lake of piranhas in one of those nature shows. Yeah, kind of a feeding frenzy of hotness.

Earlier that night, as I sailed into town past the towers of glass, something Bono was yelling out my car stereo resonated with me...

LET ME IN THE SOUND LET ME IN THE SOUND LET ME IN THE SOUND

Yep, I remember those days well. Sitting on a bench in Rittenhouse Square watching cuties walk their toy dogs and picking up their toy doodoos. Sitting in restaurants as gaggles of turbos strolled by at dusk on their way to the bars. I wanted so badly to approach them. To be a part of that sound.

And now...well, I guess I was the sound...

The four of us did what we could to pull, get numbers, make out. But it's all mostly a blur in retrospect. The fact that this is second nature is the point here. The fact that I had a stunning and intelligent girl half my age under my arm. Yeah, the mere fact I was mingling with these little smokers instead of standing in the corner with my mojito - *or even worse, staying home again* - meant I'd made it.

Right?

Well, no. The hotties never responded to my texts. Hell, even the mingers often don't respond. This is LA. This is one tough fucking town. It puts the LA in fLAke.

I had hoped Friday's session with Jada would reign in my anxiety, but there it was still squirming to get loose Saturday and Sunday when me and Tripper day gamed. She had given me an "anchor," as they call it...pinch my thumb and index fingers together for an instant surge of confidence. I was pinching and pinching hard while I strolled around the Grove. But there they went, the cuties, right by me, unopened.

There is work to be done.

So then tell me, whose ass crack is this I'm running my pinky down? Whose tit am I grabbing? Whose hands are around my face pulling me close for a make-out?

Ok, back on track here.

It's Saturday night. I picked up HB Snuggles a few weeks back at 7 Grand. Me and

MikeWeston day 2d them several days later.

The whole back-story is boring as hell. All you need to know is I am playing around with HB Snuggles, who is hot and nearly two decades my junior. She is drunk and claiming to be a better pick-up artist than me. She bounces from set to set. This is cute but not productive. She's brought her friend HB Grouch along, and when Grouch grabs my face I realize she may be getting a bit jealous. She would never admit to this, but I know the score.

We get back to their apartment, lights blaring, their mood broken, and there will be no threesome to report on this night.

Meanwhile my cell is blowing up. A cougar I picked up Friday night wants penor; they always want penor, god love em. But she lives in Camarillo or thereabouts, and I'm in no mood to drive an hour and a half for aged vajayjay.

And now it's Monday. Tripper is trying to lure me out to Les Deux. But I need sleep. I've been out every day since...well, I can't count the days at this point. Two weeks? Because this is what we do. We sarge, and we do it until we snap, until the last remnants of our previous life get pissed down the drain.

I've been here before. Sarging until exhaustion. The nights blur. The faces blur. The names blur. The tits blur. I don't want to be that guy anymore. I stay in tonight. I put on a movie. My legs jerk as I drift off, but this time it doesn't wake me up. And so I keep falling in that quasi-dream.

Falling.

Falling.

Falling...

Episode 2...

**"I don't want to see your butt."**

April 13, 2009. 7 Grand.

Cougar is in the air, but I had my sites set for something a tad younger. Joining me tonight are El Guapo and a couple other Casanovas.

A few months ago I realized I am mega attracted to sistas. I almost hooked up with a really hot one on New Years Eve and had gone on a smattering of dates with a few black girls around the time I got into the game. But nothing ever went anywhere.

HB Ebonymodel was fortunate enough to make an appearance at the début night of Chodefest. My goal tonight was to work on non-verbal openers. You know, getting a girl's attention without speaking a word. Come on, keep up, fuckface.

HBEM was playing pool with her date, and for about 15 minutes I gamed her non-verbally. When she made a bad shot, I'd make a disgusted face and shake my head. When her date bent over to line up a shot, I signaled her to pinch his ass. Plus a little eye fucking sprinkled in. At one point, she came around to where I was sitting and lined up her shot with her ass nearly resting in my lap.

Okay, so we're on the same page.

Her date was well-dressed and damned fine. But no game. Zero. I could tell she was trying to get him to put his hands on her, or to at least fucking smile. No deal. It was getting me pissed to see a gorgeous woman going to waste at the hands of some chode with swollen pockets. I'm picturing Will Smith's cousin from *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*, Carlton Banks. *That* fuck.

"Ugh. I really need to do something about this," I tell my fellow playboys, my frustration palpably rising.

"Dunno, man. That guy has game. All black guys have game," they caution.

"Nah, not that dude."

I waited til she went to the bafroom, then positioned myself in the hall and brought the party with ma boys. As she walked out, I was on her like a panther. About a minute of fluff talk, and I said, "I don't want your bodyguard over there to get angry, so I better let you go."

"Oh, that guy is soooo boring. And I think he's a little extra," she said. I guess extra means

high maintenance?

“Yeah, that guy doesn’t know how to handle a woman like you.”

With that, she gave me her card and walked back to her date. Didn’t think she’d respond since the entire verbal exchange was less than a minute. The card said she was a model. It listed all her measurements; my pants felt suddenly tighter.

I followed up the next day with my usual text, “Hey shorty let’s go bar hopping 2nite!” But she had a photo shoot. Tried to get her out a few more times. Music video. Runway. Trip to Hawaii. Damn, this was one busy sister.

My text game (I very loosely use the word “game” here) included the following:

dB: Its midget wrestling nite @ 7 grand 2nite :( r u coming out?

HBEM: Waaa? Midget wrestling lol...isn’t dat illegal lol

dB: Dont hate. Will b there @ 9. ttyl ;)

HBEM: Hate...I neva heard of dat...sounds cruel...really thght its against the little people’s I dunno rules or laws or wateva lol. Its every wed dis happens?

dB: Im just playing wit u girl! But come out I wanna kick ur butt with pool!

She couldn’t make it out. Another trip or some such shit. She left her ID in Texas. A few nights later...

dB: Got kicked outta 7 grand last nite

*(No response for an hour, so...)*

dB: U dont even care :(

HBEM: lol y?

dB: ummm...cuz im a balla? u get ur ID yet?

No, but she tells me she’s going to the Edison. So I roll in solo. Problem is she is a huge fan of the band playing that night. Like HUGE. As soon as the band got off the stage, I was done. No match for a bunch of jazz/funk musicians. Fuck it. I bounce.

I’m not gonna bore you with the intervening textings. Here are some excerpts though.

*Flaking on the day 3:*

HB: Cant go out tonite. Have work in the morning. Maybe tomoro

dB: Sounds good. made u a cake tho. pineapple n corn. guess itll be good 2moro. jk

HB: Ewww

Here I put the interaction on hold til I reopened about a month later. She was modeling in NY at the time and she reinitiated when she returned. We set up a day 3 (finally).

*Prior to picking her up for the date:*

HB: Wats d attire?

dB: Cute

HB: Duhh I wake up cute I mean shld I go jeans dress what kind of place is it?

dB: I have to call them

HB: K yeah please fashionistas do not like to b out of place lol

dB: Tell me about it

HB: Lol I jus did :-p hehe

*Waiting for her to come down from her apartment:*

HB: Gimme 5 min can't find other shoe lol

dB: Check ur foot

HB: Shush lol

I take her to Cobras and Matadors, a tapas joint, and drop way too much money on this dame. At the time I considered it my initiation fee to gain access to her circle of model friends. A small price to pay, I figured.

The date was shit, as most chode dates are. Two people with not much in common, sitting across from each other at a dinner table, someone trying to make a square peg fit into a round hole. It sucked ass. I thought I was gonna have to chalk this one up as an abysmal failure.

She was being cold and not contributing much value on an emotional level, though was bright and interesting to talk to. She reminded me she modeled, and I told her I wanted to be an ass model. She shot that idea down with great haste. I almost curled up in a corner of the café and cried my little eyes out. Just kidding, fucker. Give me *some* credit here.

I bought a bottle of wine. She complained about it.

She picked out the calamari. She complained about this.

She ordered the chicken. She complained about that too.

She wanted the steak (the most expensive dish), but fortunately they were out of it. I'm sure she woulda complained about the steak.

Somewhere about this point I had her pegged for a gold digger, and she was moving from a potential lover to me wanting to excuse myself to the bathroom and then sneak out the back door. Well, in case you haven't heard, not giving a fuck about a girl is an aphrodisiac. So it was around this point that she became attracted to me.

Time to take her back to my home court: 7 Grand.

When we walked in, we got the classic chode whiplash. That's when a girl is so hot that the dudes standing around give themselves whiplash straining their necks suddenly to have a gander. Plus the sight of a tall black chick with a 10 body entering with a scrawny white dude in a 3-piece suit usually does garner attention. I'm sure a few people were imagining the "sugar daddy-call girl" scenario. And they would almost be correct.

We shot some pool, drank a little, then I took her into a dark corner to amp up the intimacy. My value suddenly skyrocketing, she decided to play a game of Double Jeopardy Negotiation Round. That's where a hot girl asks me what I think about her, and I start ranting about all the

deal-breakers. Each time I name a flaw, she finds a way to negotiate around it to salvage our budding relationship. It's a gas; you should play it some time.

I walk her back to my car. In the car, she pulls out this little bottle and starts to spray herself. I would think this chick would use some kinda classy perfume, but the shit smelled like Candy-Coated Whore. I still can't get that nauseatingly sweet odor outta my car.

We get back to her place and I decide to call it a night. I have to be up at 6 the next morning. If not, I woulda invited myself up for a fuckfest. But I figured this was in the bag, so I ended it simply with a kiss.

We texted a bit that night and the next day. She agrees to come over to my place a week later.

So when the day comes, do I take her home and fuck every orifice, thereby getting my money's worth? No.

She flakes. Dead air. Won't respond to any texts. Do I stay home and cry? No.

It's Wednesday night. Which means Chodefest at 7 Grand. It's an all-star line-up tonight, including J the Ripper, SteamRoller, Carte Blanche, Pure, Lord of Allure, my wing girls Snuggles and the Grouch, among others. I don't have time to socialize because I'm busy fingering a Korean chick I just met in a booth. I pull her to her car and bang her.

"So what was the point of tonight's episode?" you ask. Simply this:

Easy come. Easy go.

You spend a lot of cash on a broad. Take her out. Game her for 2 or 3 months. And then nothing comes of it, aside from the learning experience. Meanwhile, you meet some other girl in a bar, spend zilch and do virtually no work to get her pannies off.

Easy come. Easy go.

If you don't fully embrace that one Law of pick-up, I assure you you will find many a sleepless night of grieving ahead of you. This is a tough road laden with a billion challenges that will make you want to surrender.

But as long as you don't catch any venereal diseases, or get a girl pregnant, or spend a ton of money, or fuck a minor, or suffer a broken heart...

...yeah, barring all of the above, I think you and I will do just fine.

## Episode 3...

**“I can’t even imagine what my cock must’ve tasted like.”**

You are not gonna fuck every girl you meet. Some will become friends. And that’s ok.

I began my quest to get a handle on day game about 2 months ago. I was walking around Main Street in Santa Monica with Vibe when I spotted a couple chicks. Vibe was walking his puppy Piper, which I grabbed and used to open with:

dB: Hey, Piper thinks you guys are adorable, and he had to meet you.

We chat for about 2 minutes. I didn’t even get a good look at my chick since we were talking ear-to-ear and she had on sunglasses. I grab the number, do some mutual cheek kissing and jet. Let’s call her HB NYC since that’s where she hails from.

A couple weeks of text game and Thursday rolls around.

dB: Whatcha doin 2nite?

HB: Packing. Going camping tomorrow at the Kern

dB: I love the Kern! Jealous

HB: You and your friends should join us! It’s me and two hot blonds. Come!

dB: Yup will make this happen

So I send out, “U wanna go camping with some hot girls?” to a few wings. Everyone’s busy, except Sardonyx and Pure.

I pick up Sardonyx and we head up to the Kern just before 5 pm. All I had was the name of the campground and a vague idea that it was north of here. Pure was to meet us that night.

“This will either be the greatest weekend of our lives, or the worst decision we’ve ever made,” he eventually warned me on our way. Six hours later, we miraculously stumbled into the right tent. Scared, adrenaline-filled from terror, all hope of survival dwindling. This should have been a 3 to 4 hour drive.

I wish I could tell you exactly what happened during those intervening 6 hours. But reality and psychosis began to blur. We were enveloped by a thick and unyielding blackness, hurtling towards probable death in our tiny metal and glass capsule. We faded into the vast space-time continuum and became unrecognizable as matter or sentient beings.

Strange things began appearing before us on the road and above in the night sky. I often turned to Sardonyx for reassurance that I was either hallucinating or seeing actual events unfold.

dB: Did you see that dinosaur arm?

Sar: I did, but it was just a shrub.

Later:

dB: Did you see that half-naked man just run across the road?

Sar: Yup.

Still later we passed a Boy Scouts camp called Whitsett. Small rodents were darting across the road towards the camp, and so of course I named them whitsetts. We spend an hour or more discussing the life cycle of whitsetts, how to capture them without totally destroying them, and how much a whitsett fedora would fetch if we could sew all their little pelts together (the solution involved mounting a large net to the car, and whether said net should be on the front or the rear of the vehicle took up another 30 odd minutes of heated debate).

You're beginning to see that these two travelers were starting to lose their grip on things. We needed to find the camp as soon as possible. We took a few wrong turns, backtracked, then found a motel that exactly resembled the Bates Motel from Psycho. Norman set me straight, and within a couple hours we made it up to Peppermint Falls. Fortunately, a blond girl was eating chips and dip out of her trunk at the camp ground.

Sar: Hey! Do you know where HB NYC is?

HB Sergeant: Hi, you must be Decibel and Sardonyx.

We park and unload. Sergeant escorts us to the tent where NYC and the third girl, HB Nurse, are sound asleep. I was too on-edge to eat or sleep. I just wanted to stay up and recount the horrors of the past few hours. The three girls would take turns waking up and passing out as Sardonyx and I kept them in hysterics. It was too dark to really get a good look at them.

One question remained...where the fuck was Pure?

There is no cell phone reception at the top of the mountain. It was about 1 am when we all went to sleep, and still no sign of Pure. We assumed either he had pulled over and gone to sleep in his car, had turned around and gone home, or had been raped by a pack of hillbillies with banjos sticking out of their butts.

Fortunately, we would come to find out the next morning it was the first of these three. Pure was safe and sound, and downright chipper as he rolled into camp.

He let out his usual greeting, "Aye, mingah!!"

We all ate breakfast and got ready for our big day of hiking and womanizing.

Ok, so here's the score on the girls. HB NYC was a veritable minger. I tried looking at her from various angles, checked out her entire body, watched her move and talk. Still, there was just no arguing. Minger. And mingers go in my friend zone.

HB Nurse was a half-minger. Not all that bad, and an ok personality. Sardonyx settled on her as his target, though I had no idea until the debrief on our ride home. She told us our first night in the tent she had 36 DD tits. But it was dark and we were delusional. So I believed her

until the next morning when I realized she was lying. But for that brief moment I pledged my undying love to her.

And that left HB Sergeant. She was a cutie all around. Her flaws were that she had a boyfriend, and was extremely domineering and emasculating. She barked orders and expected all work would be efficient and army-quality, hence our nickname for her. With a lot of effort, I considered her bang-able.

Saturday was amazingly fun. We all clicked really well. Everyone had a healthy, fun attitude. Pure impressed me with his ability to sexually misinterpret each and every comment the girls made.

But when nightfall rolled around, Pure had drunk himself into a stupor and passed out on a bench. He kept muttering, "Decibel presents: Mingerfest 2009!" Sardonyx had been working Nurse all day, but wound up getting completely cockblocked by NYC, who was drunk as hell and horny as fuck. Sergeant began taking a liking to me and kept hugging, dancing with and wrestling me.

I told her to squeeze my nipple, which she did. By the way, the nipple squeeze is something I do in any good set and is never denied. I think the power of it is that it allows the girl to give me some kinky, secretive kino which sets the foundation that she can be as rough and nasty as she wants. It's dominant since I'm giving her a command, and yet strangely submissive.

But eventually Sergeant's desire to run a tight outfit outweighed her willingness to relax for the night. And I suppose she remembered that girls with boyfriends shouldn't fuck other dudes. And so her BT dropped and the window closed.

Since my interaction had sunk and Pure was in a coma on the bench, Sardonyx knew the pressure for glory was on his shoulders. He refused to make out with NYC, and sure as hell didn't want to bang her. And so he skipped a few escalation steps and went straight to a blow job. He enjoyed lying under the twinkling summer stars whilst being fellated by a minger. Tragically, she did not swallow.

We hit the hay in a drunken haze. Too much sun and booze. The ride home wasn't nearly as treacherous.

You are not gonna fuck every girl you meet. In fact, some girls you meet will instead go down on your buddy's filthy, unwashed penis under the shimmering constellations. And there is absolutely nothing wrong with this.

## Episode 4...

**“Fuck! My head is killing me.”**

Deceptive. Back-stabbing. Manipulative. Self-serving.

I don't want you to think I'm a girl-hater or some angry dude. Or that I'm a guy who tends to make sweeping generalizations. I am none of these.

Most of the dames I've dated have been decent and trust-worthy. But there have been a few along the way who continue to remind me why I escaped civilian life and got into the community. To get away from their deceitful bullshit and to have options when things go south.

The story of Snuggles and the Grouch is long and twisting, like those black shreds of tire rubber baking on the side of the road. I met these two at 7 Grand a few months back. Snuggles was the hotter bubblier girl so I spent most of the night talking to her. A few guys tried to game the Grouch but she wouldn't warm up. Eventually Michael Weston made a connection with her. Good enough for a day 2.

He and I texted the pair over the next week, but his girl was more receptive. Plus he lives a few blocks away from them in Westwood while I live 40 minutes away. So he sets up the day 2 as a double date. (I call this the BFF date. You and a wing meet two best friends, but because of their tight bond and insecurity about the cold approach, it's easier to get them both out on a double date rather than each independently. The guy with the stronger connection uses that as leverage to get his wing's girl out.)

We take them to Pasadena and things go fairly well. Get them back to MW's apartment. The Grouch passes out and MW doesn't escalate. Snuggles is a tad bit compliant, but won't make out. I call it a night.

I'm not sure what happened between MW and the Grouch afterwards, but I suppose it eventually ended with him leaving the community. I haven't heard from him since.

I didn't find out until my day 3 with Snuggles, but apparently someone called me Decibel in set. The girls heard this, figured out we were PUAs, did a search online. By the time day 2 rolled around, they had read my ebook and watched my seminar. Snuggles went dead air after our day 2, so I called her out on it a week later:

dB: Don't be a brat. Text back

Snuggles: I have nothing to say

dB: Lets go out Saturday

Snuggles: I cant. That's my sarge night

dB: Me 2! U can wing me bro

Snuggles invites me over to her apartment a few times, but all she wants to do is snuggle and not get hard-core, repeatedly pointing out that she's 21 and I'm almost 40. And since I'm a pick-up artist, everything I say is a lie. All I do is deceive girls. She becomes a winggirl, though I never really stop trying to get into her pannies.

All the while, the Grouch seems to be getting jealous.

Finally Snuggles is about to move out of state. I take her and the Grouch to 7 Grand for a going-away party. Tonight I'm standing between the Grouch's legs, massaging her thighs, letting her feel my full intent against her knee.

She suddenly says, "Hey, you know your friend Motionless? He's cute. Invite him to join us."

She lets me know in no uncertain terms that she wants to fuck him. Alright, I don't mind throwing one to my wing. I give her his number and he comes out to join us. She takes a liking to him and vice versa. They pull him out of the venue and I go home. No big deal.

But surprisingly that night I realized I in fact cared about this. I only slept a couple hours and was depressed the next day. Hmm, this is weird. But who or what was I feeling miserable about?

Motionless? I gave him the girl and never let him know he shouldn't have at it.

The Grouch? I barely started to game her, having spent a few months working on her friend. We aren't dating, so I wouldn't be within my rights to tell her not to hit on other guys.

But for some reason there it was. Jealousy. Resentment. Possessiveness. I guess I had started getting attached to this chick. I wasn't happy about that, but even less thrilled about the possibility she was using me to bang my friend. Maybe the two chicks had hatched a scheme to get back at the Pick-Up Artist for his many nights of womanizing...

Strike one.

Snuggles moves out of the state and I turn my efforts towards seducing the Grouch. I resolve my feelings of unease and remember this is all about skill set acquisition. Stop being a fucking chode.

It's Chodefest Wednesday night at 7 Grand. Troublesome stops by that night, but every other Casanova has stuff going on. I bring the Grouch out and let her know what's what.

A little coochy-play in the venue. Make-out denied. I take her back to my place. She tells me my dog is ugly and she's getting creeped out that he's staring at her in bed.

Strike two.

We mess around. I remember why I love 21-year-old tits so much. LMR.

She wants to hang out the next night. And so do I. Not only do I want to seal the deal, but I feel myself getting attached. I genuinely want to spend more time with her at the expense of gaming other chicks. I haven't felt this way in years, and honestly I can't understand why I'm feeling it now. We have almost no commonalities. And yet...and yet...something about her has flipped a switch inside me. Do you know that fucking feeling?

Thursday, we go to Club Crocker which is dead. So we sit on a sofa and connect for a couple hours over gin. I let her know exactly what's going on in my head, though she insists I'm doing "pick-up" things to her and not being myself. She has no idea how that notion flies against everything I believe in.

Otherwise, things are going well and she wants to come back to my place. Then she excuses herself to the bathroom.

She's gone for a few minutes. Then 10 minutes. 15.

When she comes out, she has a headache. She just wants to go home and fall asleep. But she's eager to hang out again the next night. I head the car back to her place. I check my phone and I've gotten a text. It's around 1am.

Motionless: Dude the Grouch keeps texting me...

dB: Tell her to stop?

Motionless: She wants to come over but I don't wanna fuck w your game

*(Insert major blow-out with the Grouch here.)*

I am shaken and hurt. She is apologetic. But only after a barrage of lies telling me she didn't just try to set up a booty call with my friend while the two of us were on a date. After a shitload of excuses about how I deserved this because I'm a pick-up artist, and so nothing I say is honest, and anyways I hook up with tons of girls.

But when I'm with a girl, that time is fully invested in her. The player gets put on hold and I am present in that moment with only that girl. This is about showing respect.

I eventually settle down and take her back to her apartment, though the thought crosses my mind to let her walk the rest of the way ("Uhhh, yeah, my car has a headache.") I text Motionless:

dB: Thanks. we had a blow out and she feels bad about it. never trust them broads

Motionless: Haha you must of let her have it. Shes texting me all mad at me hahaha. She totally got busted haha

Strike three.

The easy part would be deleting her number. The hard part is not letting this affect the way I see all other women in my life. Am I gonna worry from now on that if a girl is spending a few minutes too long in the bathroom on a date, she is texting another guy to arrange a fuck?

Conniving. Scheming. Devious. Dishonest. Shrewd.

I have nothing against her pussy. My issue is with her. And so I try to put my feelings aside and give her one more chance. We plan on hanging out Thursday.

Wednesday morning Motionless lets me know he banged the Grouch the night before.

I won't even begin to try to explain what subsequently went through my head. Part of it was pointed towards myself for blatantly regressing into chodedom. Part of it was a feeling that I had been set up all along by the Grouch and Snuggles to teach this playa a lesson. Undeniably some of it was frustration towards Motionless for fucking a girl I'd spent the past month trying to close.

Whatever it was, it stopped me from seeing straight. I got in my car and drove home from work, pumping the only album that would have conceivably been appropriate at that moment:

*Blood on the Tracks.*

But then it happened. Something lifted. I felt light again. At ease. There was no resentment, no jealousy, no rejection.

Maybe it was Dylan's cathartic voice straining on about the idiot wind blowing through the buttons of his clothes, but by the time I got home I was at peace with the whole fucked up situation.

I had felt blind-sided, but now I saw unmistakably clear. I'd felt upset, but now I was only relieved. I'd felt misguided but now I had a renewed sense of direction.

All of us get into the game for different reasons. Some want a harem of 10s. Some want to reclaim their lost youths. I realize now I want to love and to be loved.

After all the rationalizations that this is bullshit scarcity thinking, that we are out there on a life-long mission of self-discovery, that monogamous relationships are for pussies...after all that, it all comes down to that prehistoric man sitting at a fire that he just started to keep his woman warm. Sharing some animal he risked his life to kill so that his woman could be fed. Reassuring his woman about every distant menacing sound in the night.

I want that. When something threatens that bond – yeah, even when that bond is illusory and insincere – some primitive alarm inevitably sounds inside me.

This thing about possessiveness. It's all kinda starting to make sense now.

## Episode 5...

### “Go get laid 2nite stud”

Tired, homeless, yellow as piss, a full moon hung reluctantly over the city that Wednesday. I felt dejected, and I didn't have the will to go out. Yet to stay in would have meant defeat.

How long would it take for this pain to ease? A residue had been left on my psyche. Like the sediment of grime you could wipe up from the buildings, sidewalks and lampposts of this town.

Some drunken Asian chick at 7 Grand gave me proximity as I was leaning against the wall, chilling, so I pulled her in and told her I was a masseur (a lie). Honesty hasn't been effective lately. I've started resorting to fibs...but sexy fibs. They work. About 8 minutes later I was making out with her and trying to pull. No dice tonight. No pull, and still the same hollow feeling inside.

This malaise, is it something you wash away with booze? Is this something that time alone will erode? Or is it something you fuck away? Back in the day, the answer was simple. Back in the day, I'd simply suffer indefinitely, anchoring every place, every song, every anniversary to my Lost Love. Sobbing in my car, forgetting I needed to eat, staring at a wall for hours on end.

If you can't tell by now I have an affection for melodrama.

I've never been one to drink heavily. And time will take care of itself. So I decide to fuck away the hurt. *That's healthy, right?*

I send Ripper a text: “R all girls nuts?” He responds, “Yes. Chicks are mentally deformed versions of males.” I feel reassured every time I look at that text.

The following Saturday afternoon Apex took me to a fund-raising event in Manhattan Beach. The broad who coordinated it flies all over the world and paints murals for free. She was collecting donations that evening so she could contribute her talent in far-away exotic locations like South America and Asia. These women were saints, no doubt, but quite frankly I was just going there to get my dick wet.

HB ReformedMormon was volunteering at a table, signing people up to buy tiles someone

else had painted. The tiles were brightly colored and floral, reminding me of those old Italian frescos, assuming the guy who painted them had severe, severe, severe autism.

I've dated a Mormon before. The religion can be so oppressive to its members' sexuality that many of the girls revolt, compelled to act out sexually in ways the church would certainly not condone. Unless clit piercings and threesomes are now condoned by the Mormon faith...

The next night was a wine and tapas get-together with Doc and his crew. ReformedMormon sat next to me and we made intense unyielding eye contact for three hours, almost to the point of our faces touching. But when I went for a light shoulder rub she recoiled as if I'd stabbed her with a branding iron. She then told me people are all dirty – but especially men – and that everyone should respect her personal boundaries so she won't get sick. I can't even make this shit up.

She would tell me much later that she never found me sexually attractive, but because she is at a place in her life of sexual exploration, she decided to give me a shot. Words fail to describe how special that made me feel inside.

ReformedMormon is at first a cornucopia of negativity and meanness, ripping apart everything about me – my shoes, my love of my dog Monty, my shirt, my job, my friends. This may stem from a dysfunctional childhood, a fear of losing control or a history of abusive relationships. Usually it's a manifestation of low self-esteem. Whatever the reasons, I'm not here to fix broken girls; I don't have the energy for that.

But in the back of my mind, I wonder if I am gravitating towards her because she *is* broken. Because *I* am broken. Or was. Is there still some force inside me repelling me from mentally sound women?

Nah...that can't be. And yet a survey of my dating life will reveal a plethora of fucked up human beings. Cutters and hair-pullers, drama queens, sexually repressed icicles, users and abusers, neurotics, rage-oholics. Girls looking for a father to ground them, and me acting like one.

Fuck. *Could* it be me afterall?

Hell, ReformedMormon had issues. But they all have issues. They don't all have her depth of character or her endearing history of suffering. And yeah ok, she's also cute as fuck and 15 years younger than me. Call it dysfunctional, call it love...I have no goddamn idea anymore.

This one's a keeper. And I suppose, once again, I'm a father.

We text furiously all week. I build attraction, trust and unmistakable intent. We hang out a few times, but I'm escalating far slower than usual because of the high risk of buyer's remorse. Finally her wall starts to crack and I get that text Saturday at 4 AM every player loves to get:

HB: U up?

dB: Kinda

HB: I want to come and stay

dB: Come where?

HB: Ur house

I text her my address, then wait. 45 minutes later she calls to ask me a big favor. "Can you come pick me up?" I get in my car and drive to her. It turns out she got pulled over for swerving. Her blood alcohol level is 0.07, but she's passed all the sobriety tests. So the officer will let her go without a ticket or incarceration, provided she can get a ride. I'm the ride.

I take her home and she passes out on my couch. Monty sits on her tits licking her face while I massage her feet. Not exactly how I wanted the night to end, but I'll take it. For now.

The next morning I text Tripper, "Im only in this 4 the drama." "Apparently so!" I make peace with the Grouch; we hang out and every trace of heartache dissipates.

ReformedMormon and I see a lot of each other over the next couple of weeks. And by see, I mean see. She won't let me actually touch her, insisting I sit on one end of the sofa and she on the other, a stack of pillows between us. She doesn't like to be touched, she often reminds me, except by people she trusts.

On one of our nights in, she asks me what I like to do in my spare time. I think a bit, then tell her I spend a lot of time giving dating advice to guys. She laughs, not because it's funny, but because it's cute. She would later tell me how I was clearly self-taught on how to date girls, versus guys who are clearly natural at it; in spite of this, I would remind her I still get what I want.

When I mention that guys need help learning how to seduce women, she brushes this off and says, "Men don't seduce women. If anything, women seduce men."

At first I think this is nonsense. But over the weeks that follow, her words begin to ring true. As hard as I resist, I am getting emotionally attached to her. The red flags have gone up but I disregard them against my better judgment. It becomes clear: she, if anything, is seducing me.

Having spent the past two years violently staving off monogamy, I am faced now with the dilemma of not knowing exactly what I want. I love the thrill of the chase, of banging random hotties. And often the thought of surrendering this lifestyle for a quiet life of house-bound monogamy makes my skin crawl. Yet there is an allure to the long-term exclusive relationship, and ReformedMormon is gradually sucking me into that place. I may think I know what I want, but put the temptations in front of me and it is clear I am not so sure.

One night at 7 Grand I see the ultimate turbo sitting with her friends at the bar. I approach direct, then summarize The Chodefest Journals, Episode 4 to her. She's digging it. Banging body, tits hitting me in the chin, an ex-gogo dancer, the works. Then she tells me she loves Britney Spears. She's dead serious. Not just old Britney, but *all* Britney. I taste vomit in the back of my throat and bid her good night.

I may not know exactly what I want. But fuck, I know what it is I *don't* want.

Saturday night at Vanguard. Casanova Crew is holding its grand reunion. She and I are texting all night, her encouraging me to fuck other girls, me telling her all the epic sexual adventures I plan on having without her. Eventually her frame cracks and she asks me to come get her. I leave the party at 1 am, pick her up and spend the rest of the night in bed with her. We talk and mess around until 9 am. LMR.

In bed, she tells me all about her lurid sexual past. Every man, good and bad. This guy gave her the best sex of her life, that guy the best cunnilingus. The next morning over breakfast I ask her why she feels the need to tell me what I don't want to know. "To hurt you," she replies. I ask her, "But why do you want to hurt me?" to which she has no answer.

That night, over her quietly uttered objections, we consummate.

She often reminds me I need to go out and date other girls, that she's not in a place in her life to settle down (though she tends to prefer the stability of relationships), and that I shouldn't get attached. I assure her I won't. But maybe I'm not being totally honest with her or myself.

Life-changing epiphanies can't be found on the shelves of 99 Cent Stores. You can't order them for wholesale prices online, nor off QVC at 1 AM. You can only uncover them through toil and pain. Anytime I hit rock bottom something within me awakens and my game elevates to the next level, as I find a way out of my emotional black hole. And when I can't find rock bottom, well I guess I go looking for it, purposely putting myself into situations I know I should avoid. This may sound insane to you, simple reader, and it most likely is.

As I lay in my dampened bed with her in my arms, falling into slumber, strands of her hair tickling my nose and lips, my mind wanders. I shouldn't get attached to this girl. And yet I feel myself slipping under her spell. This will probably not end well for me.

This will probably end with me spiraling down towards the jagged rocky canyon floor below. First I'll feel myself rising ever higher, ecstatic and euphoric. But that elation will turn to nausea as I lose my bearings and begin to plummet. I will take that abrupt descent and crash, and I will lie on my back gazing in bewilderment up at the sun, and then, writhing in agony, I will realize that I can still feel my arms and legs. And with a new-found perspective, I will get up and do this again.

## Episode 6...

### **“Grow some fucking balls”**

There was a long, sickening pause after the words came out. “My period started today, but then it stopped. I’m worried.”

I guess now would be a perfect time to tell you assholes about Smeagol. When I was about 30, one of my older patients introduced me to her daughter, a 22-year-old girl who had had at least one hundred (and counting) partners. Promiscuity aside, there were many reasons why Smeagol and I should never have found ourselves in a relationship that would last more than a year. Drug abuse, alcoholism and self-mutilation top the list here.

But that was then. I would never allow that kind of girl into my world now, let alone commit myself to a monogamous relationship with her.

Smeagol and I kept up our sexual activity long after she moved out of my house and we officially broke up. On one of those nights we had the most passionate stoner sex I’ve ever had. I didn’t know it at the time, but Smeagol had stopped taking her birth control pills. I guess she wanted me around.

She held onto her pregnancy as long as she could, in spite of smoking, drinking and continued abuse of prescription medications. Eventually she caved and terminated the pregnancy. I was going to be there whatever her decision, though she knew I wasn’t ready for a child. And though I never told her this, she thoroughly disgusted me.

So I’ve had my share of pregnancy scares. Last year I pulled out of a girl to find a broken rubber clinging around the base of my penor. That was a fun time. But as far as I know, I am still childless.

HB ReformedMormon at least assured me she would get an abortion if she ever got pregnant. I’ve been irresponsible with her, relying on the notoriously unreliable coitus interruptus. Her fall-backs were the morning-after pill and if needed, abortion. She flatly refused any other form of contraception. While I’m not okay with this, I confess I’ve been taking a chance for the sake of pussy. And now it seemed chance had come aknockin’.

Wednesday night found me at Chodefest once again. I was breathing a sigh of relief knowing that her period had resumed that morning. And I was falling in love with the cute brunette girl sitting in front of me, a young teacher with an off-centered smile and warm inviting eyes. Her

friend had just gotten out of a five-year relationship and was on the prowl for quick and dirty sex. Motionless was winging me, but he didn't realize just how desperate his girl was. So he ejected, the pull didn't go down, and I left 7 Grand that night with a phone number and the memory of her crooked smile.

ReformedMormon loves to shit test me. She lives for it. When I tell her it's because she just loves to knock me down, she denies it and says she wants me to push back. Because that's what real men do.

Tonight when I checked my cell, I had gotten the harshest of her shit tests thus far, two simple words...

"Im done"

"With what?" I texted back.

"You."

She lets me know I've been sketchy lately, not calling her back when she calls. She has shut down emotionally and is washing her hands of me.

I leave Chodefest at around 1 am, seeing as things have mostly dwindled down to pathetic and ineffectual dry humping. Swagger, 5 Stenson and the rest of the crew are still at it, trying to suck sex out of the room like milk from an aged teat. But I had the shadow of a relationship to salvage, and so I headed out to her apartment in North Hollywood.

We talked on the phone, and I held my ground. This wasn't a monogamous relationship...and so I wasn't accountable to her. She and I were free to hang out with whomever we desired. Nobody was obligated to ever check in. In fact, she encouraged me to fuck other girls (*and if you believe that one, my dimwitted friend, you've just failed yet another test*).

So here it is. Perhaps the first of its kind, an RR. Guys go out to bars and clubs, collecting tales about sex, handjobs and stinky pinky. They blow through bitch shields and LMR. They befriend the warpigs and mother hens. They stand up to angry orbiters and defy social conditioning in fantastic experiments designed to be as uncomfortable as humanly possible. And they post reports about this shit on forums: lay reports, blow job reports, facial reports, you name it.

Well, so now add to that pile the RR: the Relationship Report.

Sure, not as glamorous as getting sucked off in a club. But fuck if this isn't one of the hardest skills you will ever acquire. Managing a relationship. And so from deep in the trenches, here you fuckers go.

That previous weekend I'd attended a workshop hosted by inner game wizard Hristiyan Atanasov. I learned a ton about being a man and how it relates to women. And I began to apply all of it to this relationship. Oh, there's no skill involved in being a little bitch in a relationship; anyone can plunder through life and fuck up a series of relationships. The hard part is being a man and doing it right.

First off, you may not realize that when a girl tries to break up with you, she often doesn't really want you to leave. If you accept her rejection at face value, you wind up packing up your shit and going home. But many times all she wants is the feeling that you really desire her, that you're willing to step your game up and work to earn her as the prize she is. The last thing she wants is for you to surrender and walk away. This is the first realization.

The second thing to know is that when a girl gives you some stupid reason for breaking up – like you didn't call her back when she called – that this is just a bunch of smoke. Maybe you haven't been attentive enough, maybe she feels she's losing you to other women, maybe she senses you're taking her for granted. But she probably won't tell you any of this. She'll mask it inside some inane, illogical excuse, which if you start validating logically, you're done. You need to be present with her and figure shit out for yourself, but she will rarely hand you the actual problem and certainly not the solution to it.

And lastly, you need to constantly check in with yourself. What is it you want, like deep down? Do you even know?

I drove to her place, though she insisted I stay away. I sat in my car talking to her, demanding she let me in. When after an unfruitful half hour of this, I turned my car on and told her I was going home. Only then did she say, "That's it? You're giving up?" I gave her one more ultimatum, and she finally buckled and let me in. She tried to give me more shit when I got in, but I was done with it. I held her down, we made out, and then I went home.

I slept on things, and in the morning I checked in with myself again. What was it I wanted? The answer came easily: I wanted to stay in this relationship. I wasn't ready to abandon ship like a rat. Sure, the next morning she was still mad at me and refused to see me again. But when I called her, I was resolute:

"Hey, look. I'm sticking around. I'm not going anywhere. We're putting this shit behind us. I'm taking you out tonight. So stop being a brat."

She tried to refuse, but an hour later she texted me two more simple words:

“Miss u”

Hristiyan asked me several times why I’m with this girl. I’ll tell you why.

She’s cute and has DD tits. Fine, but that’s not hard to find in LA. She’s smart and mature for her age in many ways (though in many aspects, not so mature). But here’s one of the biggest reasons: because she kicks my fucking ass. If I ever try to wander off the path, she rips me a new one. Anything remotely disingenuous or false, she blows the whistle and stops me in my tracks. Any scent of submissiveness, supplication or flattery, she calls me out on the spot.

This girl wants a man. And at this point in my life, I need someone who will push me to be that man.

Yes, when a girl keeps knocking you down, it might make you stronger every time you get up. But that alone doesn’t constitute a healthy relationship. Ideally, we need to be with women who also want to lift us up. I’m missing that with ReformedMormon, and I’m not sure this girl is ready to relax into her femininity to get there. And so I continue to take this one day at a time.

But for the time being, a good solid kick in my pants is what I need. And for the time being, her foot will remain lodged squarely in my ass.

## Episode 7...

**“I hate my ass!”**

If you're not running away from something, or running towards something, then you're standing still.

I've spent most of my life running. But every now and then, like when I settle into a relationship, I find myself hovering in one spot. My first month with HB ReformedMormon was mostly satisfying, all but for one small matter...she was dead set against being in a relationship. She kept hanging out with me to escape all the douche bags in her life constantly trying to climb on top of her. But whilst I forever remained a gentleman, she repeatedly abused my generosity and hospitality. She said it was because she felt herself slipping into a relationship with me and she didn't want one. So, resenting that feeling, she took it out on me.

Hmm, that sounds logical. I mean, for a chick.

The high point of this resentment came a couple weeks ago when she took a trip to Boston. Late Sunday, the night before she was to fly home, she kept texting me, “I was bad.” She refused to elaborate, went dead air. I assumed – correctly so – that she had gotten some cock and was trying to brag about it. How sweet.

I had learned a shit-load from HBReformedMormon. That's why, in spite of her abuse, I stuck with it. You know, stuff about dominance and relationship management, being present, all that new age crap.

But now was the time to move on. The storefronts along the pier had all been shuttered up. Gail force winds were blowing in. Everyone in town had fled to higher ground. Yeppers, it was time to bail.

If you're not running away from something, or running towards something, then you're standing still.

Time to start running again. Running away from a potential oneitis bound to ruin me. Running towards what I really wanted: some version of a healthy, committed long term relationship. If such a thing still existed. I'd become unjustifiably content with this broad, and I felt myself sinking into my previous sad ways of staying home every night and writing songs about my loneliness. I'll give you a minute now to head to the crapper and wipe the puke off your chin...

Ok, back? Sorry fucker. So let us resume.

A month passed. Six weeks. Fighting these feelings of stagnation, I forced myself to get some field work done. It wasn't like I hadn't gotten numbers...they were all unresponsive. It wasn't like I didn't try to pull...things never fell into place. Either I'd become complacent, or else less attractive to all women. Or hell, maybe both. Girls tend to have a sixth sense, and in spite of my effort they all seemed to be detecting my complacency.

When a guy's getting laid, that can lead to stagnation and lack of drive. But more importantly perhaps, emotional fulfillment is the real killer. Have feelings for a dame, and even without much sex, your game goes to pot. I've seen it time and time again, condemning many a fine player down the tubes.

Friday night was Pure's birthday party at the Edison. Pure was well past the point of no return after four drinks, but then Motionless bought him a shot of absinthe. If you've never had that shit before, here are some fun facts for your silly ass:

- It hovers around 60% alcohol
- It lures you in with the innocent flavor of Good n Plenty, as it reminds you of your childhood
- It is white and cloudy, like a cold glass of camel splooge
- It is nothing less than Pandora's Box of badness

That was just the push Pure needed to start opening sets with what the crew now refers to as the BBJ opener:

“Hey guys... (slurring something incomprehensible while swaying) ...it's my birthday! Who here's gonna give me a blow job!!”

The Birthday Blowjob opener, 100% guaranteed to get you kicked out of the Edison. Somewhere amongst this tidal wave of wrong, I meet HBHeeb, an Israeli belly dancer. HBHeeb was single and horny. Ah, but I was drunk and horny. Not good.

On day 2 her hotness had plummeted a solid 2 points. I took her out for dindin and then dropped her off. She hit me up a few days later and so I figured fuggit, I needed material for the next Chodefest Episode. I go over to her place and watch some TV on her couch. I tried with all my might to make my hands caress her minger legs; they wouldn't. I tried to wrap my arms around her and kiss her mouth; I gagged. I just couldn't do it. I was physically unable to bang a minger. I went home, still in search of material.

BEAT ME OUT OF ME

## BEAT ME OUT OF ME

Driving out to Hermosa last night to meet up with C-dub, Kurt Cobain is growling “Aneurysm” to me. And I get it now. A couple weeks back, I vomited after Brazilian Jujitsu practice. Yesterday I put on gloves and took boxing lessons, striking until my knuckles were bruised and my lats ached too much to lift my arms. A few times a week I pushed my body into painful yoga contortions, limbs trembling, fighting...fighting...fighting the need to collapse. Having only my breathing to focus on to escape the pain.

BEAT ME OUT OF ME

BEAT ME OUT OF ME

I'd spent the past couple years shining a flood light into the darkest recesses of my mind, working my brain cells to exhaustion. God knows I've placed myself into plenty of awkward social situations just to live through the pain.

The average human brain weighs roughly three pounds. Mine is likely a bit more. I tend to weigh in at around 135 pounds total. So in other words, my brain weighs about 2% of my overall weight.

And yet, for these past two years, I've been exercising only 2% of my body, ignoring the remaining 98%. Why? I'll tell you why.

One afternoon, sometime in the middle of 2000 when I was 30, I sat down in a machine called Med-X. It's a big chair with weights that gauges your back muscle strength by having you resist in various angles. I did that for about 15 minutes. Two days later, around midnight, I woke up with severe pain in my right low back radiating to the foot. Over the course of the next few hours this progressed to total paralysis of the ankle with numbness of the foot.

It took five years, four epidurals, countless months of physical therapy and acupuncture, four weeks of anti-depressants and a hundred assorted other pills to get somewhere close to normal again. Eventually the numbness resolved, and while I was left with some leg atrophy and a messed up gait, my strength came back.

But for the rest of my 30s, I had written off my body as a worthless piece of meat dangling off my head. Any attempt at exercise caused low back pain, sometimes with more leg aching and numbness, occasionally severe nocturnal leg spasms. I resigned myself as disabled for all but the most sedentary tasks. I never took on the victim mentality, rarely talked about my injury, and hadn't even missed a day of work. But as a simple matter of fact, there were a lot of things in life I wouldn't be able to ever do again. So I thought.

These past couple of months I began to push myself physically, testing my bounds of fitness. Sure enough, my lumbar spine had long since forgiven me. Though my bottom two discs are essentially gone now, I found I could do things I had given up on. And as I began to use my body more, I began to feel like more of a man. Ok, so now let's see how far we can push this shit...

BEAT ME OUT OF ME

BEAT ME OUT OF ME

But why am I telling you all this? To make you feel sorry for me? Go fuck you and the horse you rode in on. You should know by now I'm not looking for your pity, asswipe.

I tell you this because there has been a shift within me. It's been subtle, yet appreciable. When I step to a girl now, I do it with ALL my body, not just the upper 2%. I feel my legs below me, I feel my breathing, I feel the force of the ground through my feet, I feel the movement of my chest and arms and the power in my gut. I am now present with my body.

Tell me, if you're so fucking smart...how does one pick up women using just their brain? Possible. I've done it. But far less than ideal.

I meet up with C-dub and we together reign terror down upon the Hermosa Beach boardwalk. But this time I am approaching with my whole body, fully grounded and present. Not just my fucking head. I feel it. Girls feel it.

C-dub makes out with some aged cougar, probably in her 50s. Cool. Then a half-minger - cute face but sloppy body (they should coin a term for that beast). I see a cutie and get up in her grill. It's an office party. She's an office cutie. You know, that girl who is just average in the real world, but in an office she's the chick all the dudes want to bang. An Office Chode sits and watches me pull her in and hit her with full-bore intent. Even over the ear-splitting dance floor music, you can hear the sound of his little chode heart breaking as I nuzzle and bite her neck.

dB: So are you Latina?

HB: Of course! Look at this ass! I fucking hate my ass! I wish I could get rid of it!

I grab hold of it solidly, and fuck yeah it's pretty damn big. But I tell her I love it as I squeeze the living crap out of it – figuratively of course. Office Chode's heart has fallen to the floor where it's trampled by security rushing to subdue some drunk frat boy across the room. His lip quivers. His eyes begin to sparkle with tears. He secretly confides in C-dub, "I would marry her in a heartbeat." I kinda feel bad for Office Chode; I used to be that guy. He finally protests, and the group grabs my big-booty broad away from me and yanks her out of the venue before

I can really sink my teeth in.

I'm just getting warmed up. We step to a couple cuties at the bar. More neck biting, make-outs denied, raunchy banter. She tells me she's half Italian, half Mexican.

dB: So say something in Italian or Mexican.

HB: It's Spanish, not Mexican.

dB: Yeah yeah. Say something.

HB: Che la fa vuole sapere.

dB: What the fuck does that mean?

HB: I said, "What do you want to know?"

dB: Umm...are you wearing underwear?

HB: Hey, don't be a dick!

dB: Well, that's what I want to know.

Her friend starts to get cold on C-dub so we eject.

But that fire has returned. The thrill of the hunt. Complacency, fully shattered, replaced by that drive to touch girls, to put my mouth on them, to plant my dirty thoughts into their innocent brains.

God, how I've missed this.

On the drive home, still reminiscing about that ass, I pull out my cell phone and almost as an afterthought send a text to HB ReformedMormon. The text has just three words, but tonight they're my favorite three words of all time.

"I was bad."

Time to get even.

## Episode 8...

**“Ha! That’s been confirmed. Teeheeheee”**

It was a night of sloppy 7s. The Edison was filled to capacity with them.

See, some 7s know how to clean up. But the ones who go out with little regard for their appearance...those are the sloppy 7s. Tripper wasn’t having any of it. Growing impatient, arms crossed, he surmised tonight was hopeless.

I had endured the past three months without a date. Three solid months. I’d been hitting the field like a madman with nothing to show for it. So unlike Tripper, I had a fire in my belly tonight.

Something had to break. There’s a bottleneck in my game, as tight as a young choir boy’s asshole. Ok. I guess that kid’s asshole wouldn’t be so tight after being around priests for a while. So bad analogy. But you get it...I can’t get chicks out on dates.

Somewhere in the chaos of that evening – after I spilled a beer all over my shirt and scattered shattered glass across the Edison, and before I tried to do a catwalk in my tighty whiteys – I plopped myself down next to HB Artmuseum. She’s calmly waiting for her friends to finish partying so she can go home. You know what, I’ll get back to her in a moment.

I met HB Perkytits towards the end of that night. Pure had been chatting her up, but finally ejected and informed me she was too weird for him. She and I talk for a bit. I sense not so much weirdness but a wicked humor. I like. But when I go for her number she refuses, and I get her Facebook info instead. We part company and message each other often throughout the following two weeks.

Now, I know some guys who say there’s no such thing as “text game.” That if your initial encounter was weak, no amount of texting/IMing will fix that. Well, let me tell you I’ve banged girls and gotten girls out on dates by hitting them with solid text game after a lackluster day 1. Perkytits is an example of such; I mean, my initial impression was so poor she refused to hand out her digits.

After a couple weeks of cyberbanter, Perkytits invites me back to the Edison to meet her and two coworkers. I accept and drag along Jungle to help occupy. She’s average-looking, but being mildly cute and having a great personality seal the deal for me. After she leaves, the following text exchange ensues:

Perkytits: Thanks for meeting up. I think you're fabulous

dB: Yeeeeeah!! Ur kinda great 2!!

Perkytits: My face is ok.

dB: So is mine but u have nicer boobs

Perkytits: Yeah, they're full of perks.

dB: Like my bootay!!

Perkytits: Woah, tiger. =P

dB: Grrrrr!

We go on an actual date the following week. I love her style. While we're snuggling in a booth at 7 Grand, it dawns on me that I'm falling into the snuggle-buddy role. It's not quite the friend zone, and it's not the fuck buddy. It's a guy chicks like to cuddle up with and will allow a little bit of kissing and fondling, but not much more. I've played that role way too many times. Time to kick things up.

I go for the make out. Denied. Try again. Denied. Again. Again. Denied, denied. "I'm not easy, Decibel," is all she'll say. So I suppose bending her over the can in the men's room to bang her raw is not on the agenda for this evening.

A couple nights later I'm back at the Edison. This time I keep my drinks off my clothes, the glass off the floor. I pickup HB Mathteacher. She's stunned that I want to see her again, and will only give me her number if I promise to call her.

Let me take a moment and explain something. This has never happened to me before. So what is different on this night? My shoes.

All the time I was seeing ReformedMormon, I wore regular flat shoes, keeping my height at 5'4". She wouldn't be seen in public with me if I wore my elevated shoes, saying they were disingenuous or some such BS. So I abandoned them, and that's when my problem getting dates began.

Tonight, I was wearing shoes that added 4 ½ inches to my height. And that is all that had changed. Towering over HB Mathteacher (who in reality is taller than me), she gave me an unconditional green light to hang out soon.

Ok, so that brings us to this past week.

## Monday

I met HB Asianmodel a week before my birthday. I Facebook friended her, but never got her digits. When she pops up on Facebook today, I hit her up.

dB: They're having Tiny Midget Rodeo tonight at the Standard.

HB: Haha really?

dB: Yea. Midgets on dogs. See you there at 9

HB: Maybe.

dB: Here's my number. Shoot me a text

HB: K will shot you a text if I finish work

dB: U, me, midgets on dogs. Glory times.

HB: Ok will let you know

No text, no call, no HB Asianmodel. I stayed home and cried. Just kidding, asshole. But seriously, what would it have cost her to text me that she wasn't able to make it out?

Facebook...*unfriended*.

## Tuesday

I day 2 Mathteacher near her home in Long Beach. Ouch. While it's on the way back from one of my offices in Orange County, the prospects of driving an hour or more to see a girl did not sit well with me.

Turns out HB Mathteacher probably has only had sex with one guy, and that relationship lasted 6 months, and he sounded like a dbag. She's cute, shy and innocent. Just the kind of chick I'd love to corrupt. Yeppers, I'm going to hell. Here's a nasty emoticon I made up for exactly this moment:

>:~)

To give you an idea of her social life, take a guess at what she does every Friday night. She goes to Borders and reads romance novels, from 8 until close. For girls, that shit is the equivalent of porn.

Makeout denied. No surprise there; I'm not a paperback.

She asks me my age, and I tell her 40. She does the math in her head and comes up with 16.

Mathteacher: Just so you know, I wouldn't date a guy once because he was 35.

dB: Yeah, but I'm a lot cuter.

Thinking back, Mathteacher probably didn't realize I had a giant hickey on my neck. I'm guessing she's never owned, distributed or witnessed a hickey in her life.

Oh, so the hickey was the work of an old fuck buddy, HB Snarfs, who hit me up out of the blue. We'd hung out at the Civil War Reenactment in Moorpark that previous Saturday. People dress up in blue and gray uniforms and pretend to shoot at each other. This to me is not entertainment. And until you give the participants real guns loaded with real bullets, I'll be looking for something else to amuse myself.

Snarfs thinks it's funny to give me big tacky hickeys. She did her Hoover imitation in front of all the families gathered to watch the historical slaughter. When this didn't move me, she slid her hand into the front of my pants. Now I'm all for public handjobs. I think you know this, dude. But I have to draw the line when the audience includes little children. Yeah, I know, I'm old-fashioned that way, and it's fucking with my game.

Girls may think they're claiming their territory by hickifying a guy, but in truth, they're just making him more attractive. Ironic, huh? Eh, not really.

### **Wednesday**

Doc is throwing a birthday bash for his girl. Her friend, HB Gogo, is in attendance. She's a smoking hot gogo dancer. Who lives (ugh) in Long Beach. WTF is going on in Long Beach these days?

We're doing an 80s theme party. Gogo has some gigantic gaudy earrings on.

dB: Wow, your earrings are chandeliers.

Gogo: Thanks!

dB: Yeah, that wasn't a compliment...

We sit together in a loveseat as she pulls out her cell. She shows me pictures of herself posing in her gogo outfit. Her gogo outfit is a negligee. The first pic is of a girl's body standing on a couch, but the head is outside the shot.

dB: What the fuck? Her head is cut off. That could be anyone!

She shows me another picture. It's her banging body in skimpy negligee. I suppose the chode thing to do here would be for me to pull out my Johnson and start whacking it. Instead...

dB: Are you kidding? You took a picture of yourself in a mirror? Didn't you know anyone who could take a photo of you?

At one point she points to her tits and complains they're too small. By the way, they are flawless. She's thinking of getting implants because her butt's too big and so things look uneven.

dB: I don't really like implants. Why don't you just make your ass smaller?

I get the digits, at which point she lets me know she never gives her number out. I can believe this. Call this a testament not only to social circle game and the social proof intrinsic to it, but also to my ability to be fun, unreactive and *normal* around hot babes. Almost a douche, I dare say? One can't fake that, but one can certainly learn that.

## Thursday

Downtown has an artwalk once a month. It's a dramatic collision of artistic whimsy, Los Angeles street scum, and pretentious looky-loos.

Tonight at 7:30, HB Artmuseum confirms our day 2, but she'll be with friends and she's not driving. Fine with me. Those usually turn into actual dates within a week. Either that, or she has better-looking girlfriends that I can mine out.

I make the 40 minute drive downtown and endure the epic parking nightmare. But she doesn't respond to my first two texts at 8:30. It's alright, since the streets are swarming with utterly stunning girls. A gazillion of them, like spring break in Cancun but with clothes. Problem is, they're all in large groups and constantly on the move from gallery to gallery, making my job tough.

I text a few other girls to come meet me, but by 10 they're all tucked away in bed in their pajamas. My feet are sore, and I head home around 11.

At 12:36 am, I get this text:

Artmuseum: Hey! Sry. I'm wasted. Wherew r u?

So maybe this was a call for booty. But I'm in bed and unwilling to make the long drive back

into town. And after she stood me up? I simply don't roll like that, my little friend. HB Artmuseum gets moved from the date stack into the drunken booty call stack.

## Friday

All my boyz are staying in tonight, and I don't feel like going out alone once more. At around 11:30 pm I take up position in Puppy Love Command Center (my bed) and begin Operation Booty Call. I hit up four broads.

Two of my potential lays tell me they're falling asleep, and then they go dead air. Two others take the bait: Perkytits and Artmuseum.

dB: Are u causing trouble?

Perkytits: Sort of?

dB: What kind?

Perkytits: The virtual kind?

dB: Weak. I got campagne!! Let's hang out

*(No response. Time for a face-saver text.)*

dB: It's Kirkland campagne. From Costco

Perkytits: I think there's an "h" in there??

dB: Damn ur rite. Khirkland campagne

Perkytits: No! Are you wearing a mustache???

dB: Come on. I wanna get blitzed and play monopoly. Where u at?

Perkytits thinks this sounds fun, but has a big day of apartment hunting tomorrow, so has to pass.

dB: Where u at

Artmuseum: I'm in Hermosa beach. Where r u?

dB: Driving around aimlessly. U causing trouble?

Artmuseum: Ofcourse. Always.

dB: May head dt. I got campagne!! Let's hang out

Artmuseum: Lol. Uhm, I'm in Hermosa beach...Come?

She's at a bar. I tell her to text me when she gets home. She doesn't.

That night I have a dream. About a year ago, I went to a birthday dinner with Johnny Wolf and Asian Playboy. I left the doggy door open in my house and stayed out later than expected. When I got home, my miniature pinscher Max had vanished, most likely abducted by an owl or coyote. Tonight I dream that he returned to me a year later, smiling, in perfect shape, more bright-eyed and chipper than ever. Not only that, but he had brought a playful twin brother along.

I knew what the dream meant. All of my suffering, all of my losses, would someday be repaid. And in double.

Hang in there, bro, I tell myself.

## **Saturday**

Perkytits and I exchange some texts. She's gonna see a late-night movie with a friend, but wants to hang out afterwards. I go to bed with my phone next to me. The text never comes.

So there you have it, my week in review. One date and a few flakes. Yep, that sounds about right: for every one girl who shows up as planned, there are roughly three who stand me up.

This is exciting news for me, pathetic reader! Let me explain. There are several phases you must pass through before girls will show up, if you're ordinary looking like me:

Phase one. Most or all of the girls completely ignore your texts and calls.

Phase two. They respond to your texts, but only to let you know they don't want to see you.

Phase three. Girls are receptive to seeing you and commit to a plan, but then never show up or let you know where they are at the time of the intended date.

Phase four. They actually show up as expected.

So you see, I have arrived in phase three. This, after two years of tireless work, is cause for celebration.

The lack of integrity among LA women never fails to amaze me. They are nearly impossible to nail down for a date, and when you can get it, they typically back out at the last minute.

Maybe I've become a pessimist. But when a girl wants to see me – and then actually materializes – my feeling is that of disbelief. In fact, I'm left to wonder what the catch is...

Is she after my money? Does she want to convert me to her religion? Is she incapable of

getting dates? Does she want to get revenge on her boyfriend?

These thoughts actually play through my head, because I have experienced each of these and more. That's how little I expect from chicks these days. Sad.

But all that shit just builds up my resilience. It makes the solid numbers that much sweeter. I'm now numb to the utter lack of respect I have to endure from dames. Ah but tell me, what are my other options? Give up? Stay home? Sob like a misbegotten schoolgirl who has just had her cherry popped and her dreams crushed?

Yeah, right.

## Episode 9...

**“Sorry about my cobwebbed pussy.”**

She wanted 400 bucks in total. That included head for 100 and taking it up the ass for an additional 300. So really, he was looking at a package deal. Even still, 400 clams was an outrageous request for a sloppy, slightly overweight minger.

It never dawned on C-Dub til he actually got to the hotel room at the Palms that he'd just pulled a whore. Right up until my phone lit up with the one-word explanation of “Hooker,” I was proud of my boy. After all this time hitting the field, he was finally gathering the fruits of his labor. Or so it seemed. No, unfortunately, it was not to be this night.

“Ew!” he yelled as he yanked his head off the sheets. “Her ass was right *here!*”

Thus ended our splendid Tuesday night festivities in Sin City. C-Dub did all the talking that night, since my voice had been shredded the previous smoke-filled evening. Fuck. I left my Prilosec at home, and the reflux burned the shit outta my larynx. Barely able to whisper, all I was left with was a lascivious leer to guide my seduction. This, surprisingly, did not win over any hearts.

Monday night had been the ultimate weenie roast, with literally a ratio of 20:1. The moment I walked into the bar I noticed HB Promoter, a sexy little blond thing. C-Dub and I made a lap around, then realizing how dismal things seemed, I stepped to Promoter. She was surrounded by a dozen dudes, her clients or coworkers or whatever.

“Hey.”

“Huh?”

“So my friend and I are looking for girls, and you're the only cute girl in this bar.”

Her eyes lit up and she pulled me outside to show me the race track she would be working at the next day.

“I don't want your boyfriend to get mad at you for hitting on me...”

“That guy's not my boyfriend. He's just some guy. I don't like being babysat.”

I see from the glimmer in her eyes that she's in Vegas to party. I grab her number and start texting moments later, realizing I wouldn't get far with 40 eyeballs on her. Here, butt munch, it went down like this:

dB: At the bar

Promoter: Who is this?

dB: Me!! Decibel. Hmmm...good memory :)

P: Haha thought you were business. Sorry

dB: Yea I DO mean bizness ;))

I ask her what her curfew is and if she can cut free from her chaperones. She's a shimmering green light, it would seem, til I tell her to meet me in her room so we can raid the minibar. "Ha ha nice try," she responds. Two hours later she texts me to see if I'm in bed. Encouraged, I again try to meet up, but it's:

"Not tonight :-)" Well damn, them's broads for ya.

Ah, Vegas. You broke my spirit, but I still got soul.

C-Dub and I hobble back into Los Angeles Wednesday. It takes me until Sunday to recover.

It didn't help my ego that HB Gogo cancelled on me Friday at the last minute. Her aunt was in a car wreck, was on the brink of death. I've had girls flake before for odd and flimsy reasons, but I've never once gotten the "my-aunt-is-in-critical-condition" excuse. I assumed this was legit (though it wasn't the first or last time a car wreck was the cause for last-minute flaking), and I also assumed calling her out on it would widely be considered socially inept. So I let it fly.

For the past few weeks I'd been running top-shelf premium blue-label text game on HB Perkytits. Remember, this dame wouldn't even give me her digits at first. But I recover over a coupla dates and the World Series of texts, and Sunday night finds me cuddling with her on my couch watching a horror flick.

To be quite honest with you, when a girl drives half an hour or more to your pad, no matter what she says – NO MATTER WHAT SHE SAYS – she wants you to insert your penor into her vajayjay.

The objections were plentiful, but nothing I'd not heard before. She wasn't prepared, she hadn't had sex in 6 months, I *must* have a wife, children or girlfriend hidden somewhere. Every few minutes she reminded me it was late and she needed to go home. I'd lost lays before to this kind of babble, trying to be respectful of her wishes. Bah. Her one wish is to get laid. Everything else is white noise that girls feel the need to put out there. You know it. I know it. She maybe even knows it. How do you shut this shit off?

Well, one thing that helps is to get her horny. This means hitting all the right spots without seeming too eager. And each chick has different right spots. It may be her mouth, may be her knees, may be her neck. It may be the words she hears. For Perkytits, it was her nipples; as soon as I focused my attention on those perky tits, she was past the point of no return. But fuck, you've probably been making chicks horny since you was 13, playa. No point in preaching to the choir. Nah, the tougher aspect of this phase is the navigation. It goes like this:

HB: I need to go.

dB: Yea, you can go in a few minutes.

HB: I haven't brushed my teeth today.

dB: Yea, I haven't brushed mine in weeks.

HB: I haven't had sex in a really long time.

dB: Yea, me neither. It's been daaaays...

HB: Why would you wanna date a 24 year old?

dB: Cause girls above 30 are like men...logical and boring.  
HB: Stop trying to seduce me!  
dB: I *should* stop, but that's my job.  
HB: Well you're not getting paid for it.  
dB: I know, I work for free.  
HB: I don't want the responsibility.  
dB: What responsibility? This is all my fault.  
HB: I'm saving myself for a nice guy.  
dB: Uh huh, well you got one lying on top of you right now, so...

Then sometimes they'll talk themselves into sex, or ask you to do it:

HB: I really should be embracing this moment. It's been so long.  
dB: Yea, you really should.  
HB: I don't understand...why do you like me?  
dB: For your personality. We click. I get you, you get me.  
HB: So you don't like any other girl?  
dB: Uhhh...I never said *that*...

There's little you can do logically to bypass these objections. So instead of reasoning with a girl who's giving you resistance, you run the "yeah whatever" campaign. It becomes clear that while you aren't gonna cry if you don't get laid, you also aren't going anywhere anytime soon.

When all of Perkytits's objections had bounced off me like shit off Teflon, there was nothing else should *could* do but submit. Fortunately, I keep my house baby-proof, meaning there are rubbers tucked away anywhere I may possibly conceive. Reaching deep into the sofa cushions, I pull out my protection without a break in the game play.

After she splits, I check my cell phone to find a text from HB Gogo.

"She's hanging in there..... She cracked her left parietal side of her skull and broke her legssss<:L> Aahh i reallly want to hang out with u hun<:)>"

Girls girls girls. When it rains, it pours.

## Episode 10...

**“i wuz a boy and bcame girl!”**

Nobody said banging broads would be child’s play. Nobody promised you’d read a few books, take a course, run some routines, and then the pusspuss would miraculously come aknocking 24/7.

Nay. It’s brutal as hell out there in the dating world. If you’ve been reading along you should know this by now. This is a universe full of uncertainty and disappointment. And so there is one motto I have adopted recently, and once I did, my results shot to the next level:

*Whatever the fuck it takes.*

I am reciting this little slogan to myself, and it’s Saturday at 4 am, one hand on the wheel and one finger trying to forcibly keep my right eyelid up.

Nodding off briefly, swerving, not good.

HB Perkytits lives somewhere close to Watts with her granny. Last night I picked her up (an hour drive), took her to dindin in Long Beach, drove her to my place (another hour), laid down all sortsa nasty, then dropped her off at home (bingo, you sonofawhore, one more hour). So yeah, if you got at least 3rd grade math skills, you can deduce I spent 3 hours or so driving to acquire that lay. So be it...

*Whatever the fuck it takes.*

Every girl I meet lives far, far, far away from my castle in the valley. I’ve racked up over 60,000 miles on my leased Altima. I was only supposed to hit 24,000 over a three-year period. I have another year left on the lease, and the overmileage penalty will likely exceed the residual value of the car. But whatever, let’s write it off as another casualty in the pursuit of poonany.

Perkytits and I hit it off famously, but sadly, she’s heading back home to Arizona this week. Gonna miss those perky tits.

Later that week I would make the rush-hour drive all the way to Long Beach once more to hang out with HB Artmuseum (nearly 2 hours), and two days later her friend HB Flipsinger in

Pasadena (a merciful 40 minutes). Lots of driving, money spent, and neither date goes anywhere. Meanwhile, HB Gogo took a boyfriend. You can't win em all, my friend...

The following Tuesday afternoon I walked into the exam room to see HB Interpreter, a Spanish chick contracted by an office I work at. Stunning as always. The short skirt, the white pleather boots, the needlessly tight sweater barely concealing her oversized silicone rack. We had chatted briefly now and then, but I never really gamed her. I think maybe I joked with her about some of the broads I was fucking, but that was the extent of our interaction.

When she cornered me in my office to tell me her birthday was coming up in 10 days, I knew what was up. Naturally, I offered to take her out for a birthday shot, the conniving scumbag that I am.

Once we exchanged numbers, she was a goner. Once I got onto her Facebook page, I was the goner. She told me not to have a heart attack when I saw her pics, but I nearly did. All of the above...in a bikini. Wowwww.

Text has become my second language. I can convert even messed up interactions into dates through my text game. The thing that's been lacking, though, is seduction...making girls not just eager to go out on a date with me, but hungry to jump my bones.

Interpreter would be my test case. I gradually over many hours dropped innuendos and gently reeled her in. Finally, with care and dedication, I turned her into my own personal dirty little text slut. I'm pretty sure I almost got her pregnant one night, shit was that intense. But I'm not talking so much about text sex, though that did happen; I mean the very subtle moves we make to get girls wet.

She would send me all these dirty jokes while I was working. Stuff about pussies and cum and cocks. Seems like she was determined to make me fall in love with her.

DB: Sorry I don't know any dirty jokes

Her: I know that u r a good boy

DB: ...but I make up for it in other ways

Her: What other ways?

DB: Ur gonna have to wait and c...

Her: Can u get pics on ur phone?

DB: Yes but only if they're reeeally good

Her: ok

DB: ReeEEEEEEEEEEaaally good...

Her: okkkk

We texted like mad – as furiously as two horny adolescents necking behind the locker rooms. She lives way the hell south of me, a couple hours drive, but this time she's willing to meet half-way, thank God.

Wednesday night, 7 Grand. It's Chodefest. It's just like old times.

The day before she lets me in on a little secret, however. Let me see, how can I put this delicately? Hmmm...ok...got it...

HB Interpreter is a fucking tranny. That's right. She tells me the day before our date that she's had a sex-change operation and her son comes from a surrogate. I let her know I respect him/her for this, and that he/she looks *fabulous!* But that isn't what I'm looking for. I shoulda known when the night before I asked her what she'd do with my cock, and she texted back, "That's a secret but trust me u wuld b surprised!" Uuuuggghhhh. Really??

I'm about to cancel the date and delete her from my cell. But then I reconsider.

*Whatever the fuck it takes.*

Fuck it. I need material for this crappy episode. Tranny be damned, I'm going on this date. If it's a shit test, I'm in luck and it's pussy galore. And if it's not a test, well then I have something to keep you assholes in stitches. Don't say I never do anything for you.

So we meet up at the bar, and within an hour or so I'm seriously tonguing her down. Hmmm, tastes like a girl. Smells like a girl. I caress her tits to find large nipples jutting out through her sweater...feels like a girl. Damn, this better be a girl.

The band takes a midnight break and I pull her to my car. The usual front seat bang maneuver, which has yet to fail me. I sit her down, get on top, lock the door, and release the seat into the reclined position. As my fingers roam south to her cleanly waxed nether regions, I discover pure female.

Ahhh, relief.

I called this chick's bluff and this time came out the victor. When we finished conjugating the verb I drove her to her car.

As I'm leaving she gives me a mournful look and mutters that I'll never call her again. Do girls realize this is a self-fulfilling prophecy? What are they thinking?

I'd like to believe she'll be the special one. She's cute, warm, smart, so much of what I'd have settled down with a couple years ago. Yeah, maybe it is time to call it quits.

But somewhere in the deepest recesses of my mind I know this isn't to be the case.

Tomorrow I will wake up, not unlike today and the day before, and do this same thing all over again, this game of musical chairs. Stumbling from one set to the next, one bed to the next, one pussy to the next. Hoping that with enough skill and endurance and luck I will find myself in the arms of my perfect dime. Right before they turn the music off.

## Episode 11...

“Oh joy they have poodles”

She walked into my candle-lit bedroom wearing only her baby doll and her black knee-high leather boots.

HB Interpreter was the nearly perfect girlfriend. To show my appreciation, as she climbed on top of me I made a mental note to give her five screaming orgasms tonight. We only made it to three.

Rummaging through the top drawer of my bedside table, through the Japanese bondage rope, the make-shift nipple clamps I bought at OSH, the various bottles of lube and the fuzzy handcuffs, I found it: the little pink pocket rocket. I slipped it onto my thumb, and when Interpret slid me effortless inside her body, I put the obedient toy to work.

There's good reason why this girl will drive 3 ½ hours through the rain from Orange County to see me. Besides the laughs and free drinks, I do everything humanly possible to give her the most intense sexual work-out she's ever had.

She was fun, made me laugh, didn't get jealous if I chatted up other girls. Plus she was game for anything...*anything*.

And yet there it was: the itch.

“I really wanna fuck that blond chick,” I muttered into Pure's ear as we stepped away.

We'd just spent the past 10 minutes macking a three set at the bar, and my pants had gotten appreciably tighter playing with the cute little blond vixen.

“Do it,” Pure advised.

I eyed that spectacular radiant ball of feminine energy from across the sea of chodes shooting pool at 7 Grand – that babe whose elbow I'd just bitten and made out with – and realized this was my mission.

Gentlemen: HB FIDM, a fashion student and recent transplant from the east coast.

Once in a very great while, I find myself falling for a girl. It doesn't happen often. But it happens too often. FIDM is everything I could want in a girl. Smart, young, warm, down-to-earth, affectionate. Needless to say, this girl's not from around here.

It was now our second night out. Holding hands and smooching in a dark corner, finishing each other's thoughts. Suddenly I had that feeling. You know, where you tell yourself this may be the One.

*Get ahold of yourself, son.*

"Uh oh, this is trouble," I interrupted her.

"What? You're getting too drunk?"

"No...I have to be careful. Sometimes, I start getting...feelings..."

"Oh, that's ok. I'm like that too. It's a good thing, trust me."

"No...I can't let this happen..."

It's not that I couldn't let it happen at all. I just couldn't let it happen *yet*.

I had learned from a string of go-nowhere dates recently that the only effective rendez-vous follows a simple plan:

Get em out, get em drunk, close.

No, they're never really *drunk* drunk, just tipsy. But alcohol gives her an excuse to let stuff happen, and gives me easier access. It's win-win. So I've made sure to follow this plan as strictly as possible on all my get-togethers.

Per my MO, I do very little game when I first meet a dame. It's usually not necessary. I then let things unfold over text the following week or two. That's where the magic really happens.

dB: Where u heading off to homegirl?

FIDM: New mexico for a ghetto finance job. Why dont u hire me as your personal assistant then I dont have to head to the ghetto? (-;

dB: Eww don't move there. We haven't fallen in luv yet!!

FIDM: Haha im not movin there...but just gots to pay the rent in a crappy economy!!!

dB: Hmmm I might have a position as a bodyguard opening up. How r u in cat fights??

FIDM: I fuckin kick ass at that!! u just tell me when and where!

dB: Oooo that actually sounds hot. Stop it woman I'm a good boy

FIDM: Hah for some reason I doubt that (-;  
dB: Moi? I'm a virgin  
FIDM: Haha right??!!  
dB: What's sex???  
FIDM: You're a nerd!! (-;

I took FIDM to Edison our first night out. Things were going well til I tried the front seat bang maneuver, to which she objected: "You're naughty. I'm not making out in the front seat. I'm not that kinda girl!"

When I got off her and sat in the driver's seat, she thanked me for respecting her boundaries. "I bet you do that with all your first dates."

"Uhhh...yup."

The next time I took her to 7 Grand, and when I suggested we go back to her pad she flat out refused, saying, "My place is a total mess! You can't come in." There was no arguing with her on this.

We've been texting frequently since then, but with her two jobs, school and a broken tooth, getting her out again has been an impossible task. And believe me, I've tried to lure her out with everything in my arsenal: midget wrestling, poodles doing the conga and of course pics of my little dog Montgomery (aka Bubbles). Nada.

dB: Just tryin to sweep u off ur feet is all. Not getting far with that plan :(

And so, HB FIDM fades back into the fabric of my life. Maybe I'll never see her again. Maybe we'll get married and have 12 grandkids. It's all a crap shoot at this point.

I'm driving back from Orange County Tuesday night, at the mercy of my own thoughts, and with Lou Reed's cynical ballad "Perfect Day" to keep me company.

*Just a perfect day  
You made me forget myself  
I thought I was someone else  
Someone good*

*Oh, it's such a perfect day  
I'm glad I spent it with you  
Oh, such a perfect day  
You just keep me hanging on...*

Why is it we get attached to those who don't want us, and can't seem to muster up that desire for those who do?

Just before the drive, over Indian food, Interpreter wanted to have "the talk." The moment wasn't right, and so I exited the conversation with an ellipse: "You know, you can have feelings for someone, but this doesn't mean you're exclusive..."

There was a point not too long ago when I forced a round peg into a square hole every time. No matter the incompatibilities between us, I clung to girls who didn't suit me. We call this scarcity mentality.

Step into a busy club in LA and look around. There are dozens if not hundreds of girls on any given Saturday night. You can potentially have any one of these women. And after this flood of hotness, another tsunami is bound to follow.

Look around at this mess of beauty, and realize the absurdity of getting attached to any particular girl you aren't completely satisfied with. It's insane.

So for the past couple years this abundance mentality has seeped into my psyche, and the pendulum has swung the other way. I've come to see women as...dear I say it...replaceable.

Not quite disposable, which is how I feel hot girls often view dudes in LA. If one dude isn't totally up to par, she can ignore him realizing there will be plenty more hitting on her at the bar the next night.

Disposable. The thought disgusts me. But I wonder if I'm treading into this way of thinking.

I hope not...

Interpreter's coming over later. I must show her my appreciation. I make a mental note to give her three screaming orgasms tonight.

## Episode 12...

**“You missed my cock, didn’t you?”**

Friday afternoon. I was feeling alright.

I’d just been sparring with my martial arts coach, “grabbing onto the masculine energy” as he calls it. I was feeling like a man, a man who loves getting his. Interpreter had stood me up twice that week. Thursday night I hadn’t gotten so much as a text to let me know she couldn’t make it. Fed up, I was ready for some action.

Me and HB Snarfs, we used to kick it back when I got into the game. Though she kept me in the friend zone for years, once I learned and applied solid game, she was seduced. Then shit hit the fan in her personal life and we had to stop fucking. She couldn’t afford to make it on her own, was forced to move back in with her ex-husband. She was trouble anyways.

Fast forward a year to Friday, mid-afternoon.

She comes over with her 10 year-old kid and her kid’s best friend. The two girls are playing in my backyard, and I’m seething with that need to conquer.

Dearest reader, this is what I call the scumbag blowjob.

The man-handling began out in public, the four of us getting snacks in Malibu. In spite of her objections, I continued to grab her ass and put my hand in her crotch.

“You can’t grab my ass in public!” cried Snarfs. “I’ll get in trouble!”

“I can do whatever the fuck I want,” asserted I.

Then back at my place, with the kids outside, I grab her for a make-out.

“I want to fuck you,” I inform her.

“No, I’m bleeding. But we can do other things...”

She goes down on me while I keep look-out. A couple times, the kids run into the house,

almost discovering HB Snarfs with a very large cock stuffed into her mouth. Oopsy.

With the kids back outside, I pull her to the bedroom, realizing that time didn't permit for affectionate suckling, merely hard and fast skull-fucking.

"Alright, get to work." And she does, kneeling down at my feet like a faithful church devotee. I reach into her shirt, but she tries to block me. I swat her hand away and grope her, saying, "Give me your fucking tit."

Blowjobs are inherently a dominant act; now is the time to let her have the full force of your authority.

A minute later, she leaves my bedroom with her teeth and lips glistening with jizz. All the while the children are playing in the backyard, none the wiser of mommy's transgression. I assume when she got home she kissed her ex with those same lips.

And voila: the scumbag blowjob.

For the past few months, I've been in relationship limbo with Interpreter. Though she claims she intends on being monogamous and hanging in there with me til I tell her to go to hell, her actions and words don't synch. She becomes increasingly less responsive to my texts, and flakes nearly every night we make plans. Six weeks pass and we haven't banged.

Anytime I go out to game, that old friend Complacency is stopping me, an artificial reassurance that there's no real need to game other girls because I already have one in my pocket.

Since I'm subconsciously hesitating with other broads, I'm losing their attraction and going home empty-handed every time. I start to believe I'm unattractive, because every reference experience is telling me this. A self-fulfilling prophecy is born.

Limbo sucks.

Though Interpreter and I never have the talk, I make the decision that I am now single. And it's time to play.

Wednesday night, I'm making out with a cute blonde. Thursday night it's a petite Asian. But by Friday I was getting slammed with a tsunami of contempt by every chick I so much as looked at.

Some nights you're gonna feel like a loser, like you're starting back at zero. Some nights you're making out with hotties while your boys are standing by doing the wave in your honor.

Makes no diff. You can't hone in on any particular set, night, number, relationship, passing moment, lay or blow job. All you can do is ride them all out, good or bad, and keep moving forward on your mission as a man.

Often you'll feel alive and full of hope. Often you're gonna feel like you've been dipped in horse shit and nobody wants anything to do with you.

That's when it's tempting to revisit your Story.

Do you have a Story? I bet you do, or have had one at some point. I had a Story, and it looked something like this:

Chapter One: Decibel is born. He's too short.

Chapter Two: Decibel has some rough shit happen during his childhood which makes him guarded towards people. Maybe it's around age 6, since that's when he stops smiling in all his photos. Whatever it was, it's deeply repressed.

Chapter Three: Decibel enters high school. He can't get a girlfriend, and all his friends eventually treat him crappily. He attributes this to his acne and weird hair.

Chapter Four: Decibel goes to college. Girls like him, but he can't nut up and so he never gets laid.

Chapter Five: Decibel finishes college and loses his V card to a cougar. He looks back at the age of 21 proudly as one of his best years ever.

Chapter Six: Decibel gets rejected by every medical school except one. He spends the next four years in Arkansas, which needless to say, bites.

Chapter Seven: Decibel dates a virgin for 2 years in Arkansas. Needless to say, having blue balls for two years bites.

Chapter Eight: Decibel tries for a couple of years to get into the specialty of his choice, but fails. Failure seems to be a recurring motif in his professional life.

Chapter Nine: Decibel bangs a bunch of girls during his residency, but because he falls for them so quick, they all run away. Having spent most of his life studying instead of socializing, he finds himself at the age of 30 with no ability to talk to strangers.

Chapter Ten: Decibel spends most of his thirties alone or with a series of low-value girlfriends. He falls back on his songwriting as a form of expression, versus going out of his house and actually communicating in person the way normal guys do.

Epilogue: Decibel discovers the seduction community.

The end.

When things don't go well in your life due to a girl or a job or a school or whatever, how you spin it is entirely up to you. You can either let it deflect off, or you can write another page about it in the next chapter of your Story.

Like I said, this is entirely up to you.

## Episode 13...

**“You can’t kidnap me!”**

Her son was sitting in the backseat while I tongued her down and slapped her pussy. Interpreter and I stood behind her car in some Costa Mesa parking lot, late afternoon, with the rear hood up for some modicum of privacy.

You take what you can get, where you can get it.

We’d just finished downing a coupla Mai Tais and mojitos after work, and were now making plans for a sleep-over later in the week. Interpreter is such a good girl in every way, the kind that inspires me to stay on my path.

She drove away, her tail lights laughing at me all the way down the street, until she was out of view.

I keep my door open these days. Women wander in and out of it as they please.

But not long ago, I was a possessive man. The freer a girl wanted to be, the more I tried to restrain her. It never worked. It only made me frustrated and pussyless. So then I stopped caring. The less I cared, the more girls found their way back into my life.

Interpreter was only the second of three dates in a 24-hour period. All chicks I’ve previously banged, all chicks who wandered away and then came back.

HB Perkytits had moved out of state for a few months. Now she was back in town. I left Costa Mesa and sped off to her new apartment in Venice. She’s as adorable as I’d remembered her. One of the few girls who knows how to make me laugh.

I didn’t have a plan, or any expectations. An Indian food joint caught my eye as we cruised down Pico, and we ran in for a bite. It was getting late and I needed to go home to feed the dog. She wanted me to take her home. No fucking way.

“I’m kidnapping you,” I warned her as I headed for the freeway.

She resisted at first, then said, "Okay...but I'm not putting out this time."

Got it. I felt my coat pocket for a rubber. Check. I hit the gas.

We hung out on my couch, watching Seven and drinking cheap champagne. The night ended in a tickle fight as she started to grab at my man-meat. I tried to kiss her, got a palm in my face. I tried to carry her into my bedroom, my back said no way. Finally, I straddled her on the sofa.

"Awwww...Decibel likes me," she laughed. This girl takes a few dates to loosen up. I'm okay with that. I took her home.

The previous night didn't go nearly as well. HB ReformedMormon had started texted me out of the blue, and unlike her usual hard-ass responses, she seemed softer and kinder. Alright, maybe she had changed. I'm a forgiving man.

I picked her up and took her downtown. There's a little-known restaurant that sits high atop the new Ritz. It was another Wolfgang Puck creation, and boasts an amazing view of downtown LA. Well, as amazing as you can imagine a huge steamy pile of zebra crap would look like at night.

We threw back a few drinks, ate dessert. She started the night warm and humane, but very soon she was into her old ways. Trying to coax me into buying her shit. Trying to belittle me any way she could. Constantly trying to get the dirt on my social life.

"I really like this one guy," she bragged. "He's a *real* man."

"Oh, so you think I'm not?"

"Well, no...you are."

"Okay, well you know I could just hang out with my mom if I wanted to be criticized all night. It'd be cheaper, too."

She told me about all the men she'd been with since we broke up, and how she'd had her heart broken so many times.

"It's hard. I fall in love, and then suddenly he drops off the face of the planet."

"Hmm," I mused. "So maybe...it's about you."

"I know it's about me."

"You're really hard."

“What do you mean?”

“Well, you put up this wall. You feel entitled to everything.”

“I AM entitled!”

“Why? Just look at your competition. You don’t like to go down on guys –“

“Yuck!”

“You don’t like it in the ass.”

“Gross! Don’t ever say that to me again!”

“I’m just saying, there are a lot of girls out there who aren’t so uptight about sex. They like that stuff. You don’t. Plus you make guys work really hard for what you do give.”

“I have no problem attracting men.”

“Yeah,” I agreed. “But they never stick around. Why would they? You’re too much fucking work. There are plenty other options out there that don’t take so much work.”

She thought about it. I could see her crumble a little.

“I have...a lot of issues.”

“Most girls do. But they learn how to check them at the door. You really don’t have your shit together. You’ll see that in about ten years from now. ‘Oh damn, Decibel was a real man!’”

I’d had enough of this one for now. I wanted nothing more than to drop her off. She felt toxic, so much less of a woman compared to the others I’d been with.

There are really only two kinds of broads in the world. The ones who bring light into your life, and the ones who bring darkness. I used to be attracted to the latter. Now they repulse me. Sure they may be a good lay (they often are), but if I have to pay for it with my soul...I’ll pass.

So I guess that’s my confession. Three dates in 24 hours. But only two of them were with women.

## Episode 14...

**“I’m the boss of the poonany!”**

“It’s the closest thing we have to the fountain of youth,” Howard told me. “I’ve been on it for 18 months and I feel like I’m in my 20s again.”

“I’ve been having this problem for a little more than a year.” There I was confessing my shameful loss of libido to a man who was promising to roll back the clock on my cock. “Anytime I see a hot chick, I feel...indifferent.”

“Don’t worry,” he assured me, “you won’t feel indifferent on this.”

It was a concoction of testosterone, growth hormone and some other crap, and you shot it into your leg once a week. Puberty in a syringe.

Sign me up.

It hit me more than a year ago. At first, I figured it was stress. But then it persisted. It got worse. Before long, I had almost no ability to get it up, by myself or with girls. The damn thing just hung there, napping.

I was fuckin tired of the half-chub and the limp chimp, was willing to take Howard’s drugs for a test spin. Dunno, I guess it’s not easy to seduce women when you can barely muster the woodage.

And still, I try...

### **Sunday**

Her roomy was gone for the weekend, so tonight found HB Perkytits sprawled out on her couch with my hands down the back of her pants. I was generously rubbing out her ass knots. Tough job, but what are friends for?

Earlier, we’d hit an improv show in Hollywood, finished dindin and came back to her apartment to watch Mexican soap operas on her TiVo. True, they were in Spanish, but how

much of the language do you really need to understand? One bitch whacks another, a tormented girl cries crocodile tears, a man with a thick black moustache “accidentally” drives over his mistress. This is the universal language of Cheese.

Three hours of this silliness, I firmly believing my time would ultimately be rewarded. Yet whenever I tried to escalate to a kiss or more, she curled up into a fetal position.

“I have issues,” she finally told me.

Yeah, I get that. They all have issues, so it seemed. I crawled into bed at 3 AM, my head filled with images of old Mexican ranch hands shooting rifles, horses leaping straight up as if on cables, and hot Latinas furiously slapping one another. *¡Toma!*

As my thoughts floated away and I fell into a deep sleep, I tried remembering the last time I’d been intimate with a woman. Valentine’s day. That was 4 months ago. This is what we in the biz call a cold streak. Inexplicable and severe. It needed to end.

## **Tuesday**

I get off work in Orange County and drive to a McCormick and Schmidt to meet HB Interpreter. She had dropped her kid off at day care and was due to pick him up in a couple hours.

When she walked into the restaurant with the top of her shirt unbuttoned, her bra peaking out to display two enormous melons, I forgot all about my hormone shots. Maybe I wouldn’t need them afterall.

We got a bit tipsy, sat side-by-side eating a bowl of fetid crawfish, and then I whispered in her ear, “Let’s get a room.” She thought this was insane. Dropping at least one hundred bucks for an hour of ecstasy? Seemed worth it to me. But she wasn’t in the mood for a rush job.

I spread her thighs apart under the table and slipped my hand up her skirt to tickle the ivory.

She grinned. “That guy next to us, his eyes just got really big!” Sure, it wasn’t like I was being discrete about it. “No baby, I need to pick up my boy.” Her Spanish accent could make anything sound hot.

And that was that. I got home at 9 and sunk under my sheets once again, increasingly frustrated. Surprisingly so for a man with zero mojo.

## Thursday

It was a couple weeks back at a warehouse party in LA that I met HB Hatgirl. Me, Cyrus the Virus, and that Russian fucker Troublesome were hitting on broads. It was a meetup.com event, which meant everyone was super friendly, but the talent was less than spectacular.

I'm always a sucker for a girl with a hat. Ask anybody. But aside from her white hat and the fake plumeria in her hair, I was immediately captivated by her energy. We connected at once, and I let that tension build.

There's only so much one can resist something before you either get your way or you wise up to the fact that resistance is futile.

I wanted to be that seductive bad ass from the movies. The dude with shit loads of sexual charge, who could skip past all the fluff and get right down to letting women know of his desires. And so I tried out that character for the past 9 months. But I never fully inhabited that person. Maybe it was my height and face, my voice, my eye contact, my energy.

Or maybe it's simply massively incongruent for a guy with no libido to try to force himself to act seductively.

Whatever it was, things never clicked for me. Enough was enough. It was time to change up my approach, to stop resisting. From now on, rather than escalate and state my desires, I would back off, be charming and romantic, keep girls in the dark about my intentions.

This is what you do when you're in a trench, you grab onto any new root sticking out of the earthen wall, hoping it might be the one to help you climb your way back out to the sunlight.

Our first date was at Toastmasters last week. For those of you schmucks living in caves, Toastmasters is a group that teaches you the fundamentals of giving speeches. After her talk, we chilled with a few of her guy friends back at her pad. We all chatted and drank sickly sweet rosé champagne til midnight, then I took off.

This brings us to Thursday night.

She and I were cuddling on her couch watching a movie on her laptop. My mouth and hands wandered, I grinded my limpy against her firm ass and maneuvered my fingers briefly as far as her nipples. Anything beyond this was denied, however, including the kiss.

“Slow down, cowboy,” she whispered. “Enjoy...the...process...”

Yeah, she was right. To a degree. Slow, gradual seduction is one of the greatest games a man and woman can play together. Still, I wouldn't have minded at all exploring the process of sliding deep inside her.

Frustration builds once more.

I left Hatgirl asleep on her couch, walked down the hill to my car and dragged myself into bed. The clock read 2:30 AM. My long cold spell wasn't quite over, but I was for the first time in months sensing a thaw.

## **Friday**

Fake tits have two advantages, the first being their aesthetic value. You can guess what the second one is, you sicko.

I cruised all the way down to Fullerton a couple weeks ago, again with my two partners in crime, to join a meetup.com bar crawl. A lively group, but all well over the age of 50. That is, almost all, except HB Whitepants.

She felt out of place, the only person - until we showed up - in her 30s. She was also the only cute chick with fake tits in the group, so she met two of my initial screening requirements. Though Whitepants was a bit reserved at first, our personalities eventually clicked hard.

I took her out Friday night at Commonwealth to hear some jazz. We split a table with a couple other handsome Casanovas who happened to be there, got sauced and stumbled towards the next dive bar, grabbing each other and making out.

Sitting in a booth, boozing it up, dancing here and there, people-watching. It was a blast. Sooner or later, though, I needed to get down to business. I amped up the sexual vibe and suggested we head to her place.

Finally, she snapped, “take it easy, rockstar!”

I laughed inside, having been told to slow down by two different dames in the past day, and admonished as either a cowboy or a rockstar. This tickled me. “I'm the boss!” she declared.

“No...” I pointed to my crotch. “This is the boss.”

“No way, *I’m* the boss!” she warned me playfully, letting me know there’d be no access to her womanhood tonight.

“Come on, I couldn’t even get it up if I tried,” I laughed. “Seriously. I’m gonna get my testosterone level checked next week, probably start myself on replacement therapy. So yeah, you have nothing to worry about.”

“Really? Why don’t you try Viagra?”

“No it’s not that, I just have no libido.”

And with that, the light bulb went off in her head. Clearly, this would be a challenge for her, to help a suffering soul overcome his sexual dysfunction, bless her heart. Poor me. She bought herself another couple of shots and pounded them quickly, realizing the arduous road that lay ahead of her tonight.

When the ugly lights came on, we bid our farewells to my friends and headed out. I followed her back to her place, a gorgeous home paid for largely by her ex-husband. I never said I was *totally* against marriage.

Some time between the first and second acts, she told me about a psychic she had recently visited, a woman who predicted she’d meet the man of her dreams soon, and he’d not only be a musician but have a low sperm count. I suppose she meant me. Now, of course she wasn’t telling me that I was the man of her dreams; she was merely creating a rationalization (however outlandish) for us banging. Women need these stories to escape their fear of shame.

“This isn’t normal,” she looked at me almost inquisitively. “We hardly know each other.”

“Of course it’s normal. Men and women have been doing this for thousands of years.”

And so my dry spell came to an end, her proving to me that my lack of sex drive was all in my head. That with the right woman, I could once more fuck like a stallion.

But I wasn’t so sure. Don’t get me wrong. Sex is sex, and it’s pretty hard to make it suck. And the women who surround me now are utterly amazing, constantly teaching me even when I think I understand it all.

Still, there is a certain amount of lust that has gone missing. I yearn for it. No, I don't wanna be like I was twenty years ago, my every waking hour spent obsessing over pussy and the pursuit thereof. I just want a little boost is all.

I drove an hour and a half back home, repeatedly nearly falling asleep at the wheel. When I finally slid into bed, it was just after 6 AM.

My eyes shut and I quickly fell asleep. Not quite frustrated, not quite satisfied. Kind of incomplete.

A shadow of a man, an actor, merely going through the moves.

## Episode 15...

**“Have u shaved like a good girl?”**

**Sunday**

**4:15 AM**

When I woke up she was writhing on my cock and moaning, her vibrator screaming loudly on top of her clit.

Come on, fucker. Like you've never fallen asleep during sex.

By that time I was dead tired and still working off a buzz. I rolled over, fell back asleep for almost an hour, got up and got dressed, and made the taxing drive from Anaheim to the valley.

I wasn't bringing my A game to the bedroom with Whitepants, and I felt a pang of guilt about this.

Because certainly, the hype was all there. We would text each other while I was working, and it always went something like this:

Me: U free tonite?

WP: No, this is my week w my girls.

Me: Too bad

WP: Yeah, Mr. Cock needs to reschedule for another appt.

Me: When's ms pussy available next. It's Dr. Cock

WP: Oops, my bad! Not til next week.

Me: I might be dropping by and giving u special favors next week

WP: I just might be available...

Me: Just warning u. U might get fucked mercilessly

WP: I can't wait for ur hard cock...

Me: I'm getting embarrassed again seeing patients with a raging hard on :(

WP: I'm thinking how much I'd love to lick & suck ur hard cock til u cummmmmmm!!

Me: Also I wouldn't mind it if u sucked my balls :)

You get the point. This isn't fuckin Hustler.

Yet somehow, in spite of these graphic exchanges – which genuinely made my pants tight – in bed I was more of a spectator than a participant. My drive just wasn't there when the rubber hit the road.

The labs had all come back normal. My GP assured me there was nothing medically wrong with me, but for safe measure he referred me downstairs to a urologist. I'd be seeing him next week.

To be totally honest, there was a moment of frustration a couple weeks ago, when after trying in vain to get it up, a wave of sadness washed over me and I cried like a little girl. It felt as if I'd lost a part of me, like I was missing an arm. I felt grief.

### **9:15 AM**

I tried desperately to get a couple hours of sleep in at home, when I got a text from Interpreter.

“Hi g morning =)”

Took a shower, fed the dog, decided my eyes were not as bloodshot as they felt. Got back in the car and drove all the way back to Orange County. What's another hour and a half? I watched my mileage gauge slip past 81,000.

We brunched in Costa Mesa before she left to pick up her son. As she talked to me about the recent murder of one of her friends, I checked in with myself to confirm the emotion I'd been suspecting. I was in love.

It wasn't completely sexual; we rarely banged. Her energy – the way she moved, spoke, smiled, kissed – all of it was becoming addictive.

As we made out by her car and my fingers traced over the outline of her ass crack, a mother and her two adorable children approached selling candy bars. The mom's expression turned to one of embarrassment and shame; she gathered her children up and away from this spectacle. I smiled.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in OC searching for an apartment. There had to be a better way. I simply couldn't keep making these early-morning commutes in a profound stupor.

## **6:10 PM**

I needed to sleep.

But Hatgirl wanted to hang out, and I couldn't say no. She was an awesome broad, and though we hadn't yet moved things sexual, she got me and I got her. A woman, totally conscious.

We held hands, locked arms and cuddled, but that was the extent of our affection. We talked about love and dating, the dudes who live without purpose and the chicks who blindly accept them. Romance, sex, masculinity, intent. Every time we chilled, I learned something.

So there over the course of a day, the arc of women. Passionate lover, object of intense desire, friend.

As my head hit the pillow and I buried my burning sockets under the blanket, I wondered if I could ever be complete without all of these women in my life, each satisfying some unique part of me, each partly defining what it means to be a man. Could I ever find one woman who is all three?

Exhausted, energized, I finally felt ready for the new week.

## Episode 16...

**“I don’t like *any* guy I meet.”**

Friday started out like any other typical Friday, me pulling my dick up while a woman caressed my scrotum with an ultrasound probe. By the time the morning was over, I had been thoroughly violated. Front *and* back.

“You are sonographically ok, but your estradiol is too high for a guy your age,” my urologist explained to me from across his desk. “It’s not super high, but it should be about 20 or 30 points lower. What that means is even though your testosterone level is fine, it can’t bind to its receptors because it has to compete with estradiol.”

Finally, an answer to my year-and-a-half scourge of low sex drive. Quite possibly, I had found my mojo.

“Here’s a script for Arimidex,” he went on. “We give it to women with breast cancer to lower their estradiol level, which helps slow down tumor growth. Take a low dose – half a pill every other day. By a few weeks, you should be noticing a difference in your drive. We oughta run a couple more labs just to make sure we’re not missing anything...”

The next morning, I woke up with woodage for the first time in months. It was a start, a light at the end of the tunnel.

This is something I call, “buying the cow.” I met HB Rhino last week at a dive bar in Burbank, a place popular with the locals. Like most of the chicks I’ve been attracted to lately, she’s older and well-established. Rhino is an upper-level exec at Rhino Records, and has done pretty well for herself.

The problem isn’t with her. It’s with her boyfriend.

We were hanging out, Cyrus the Virus and I, and had been scanning the room but not finding much talent. None except Rhino and her girl friend. Cyrus approached and literally charmed the fuck out of them.

Rhino is everything I want in a broad (minus the boyfriend, of course). So the conversation flowed naturally for both of us. About an hour deep, Cyrus signals me his girl is wet and it’s pull time, so I tell Rhino, “Hey I just got a text from my dog, Monty. He wants to meet you.

Let's get outta here."

"That's sweet," she says, "but you're forgetting something...I have a *boyfriend*. And he's getting off work right about now. And I am very loyal."

"I don't care," I counter sincerely. "Your friend is leaving with my friend. You and I should split too."

She hands me her email and promises she'll write. I believe she will; we had just spent the past hour falling in love.

*Why purchase the milk when you can buy the cow?*

Get the deep emotional connection with a woman – *get under her skin* – and the rest will follow. Love, intimacy, sex, companionship. You feed the cow, let it graze in spacious pastures, take care of it, and it'll reward you with milk.

We emailed back and forth discretely the following week, and met up in the valley Friday night. In fact, it was her birthday, and there she was spending it with me. Not her boyfriend.

By the finish of our beers, she had decided to reconsider her relationship, and wanted badly to see me again.

"We get along really well," she told me. "I think it's because you're from LA. LA people are different. You can tell. But I don't know. That's why it wouldn't be a good idea for me to go to your place right now. I need to work some things out first. In my head, I mean, not with my boyfriend."

"Got it." We embraced and parted company.

My libido in the crapper, I've recently realized I had to find some other way to game girls besides being sexual. That way involves falling in love with them. Yes, after all the gambits and tactics, it finally has gotten back to what normal boys and girls do every night of the week, all around the world.

Fall in love.

Offering your dick to a dame is nothing novel. Women have a wide assortment of cocks to

choose from, most women. What they don't have is a deep emotional bond with a man they've just met. They will call it "chemistry," but I'm here to tell you that "chemistry" can be manufactured. "Chemistry" is game plus falling in love.

Cyrus asked me, "So how is it done? How do you make an emotional connection?" I'll explain, because I have a few minutes and you look lonely. Falling in love, in ten easy steps...

Step one. Get your shit handled. You love women and they love you. You love yourself. You deserve this. If you aren't here yet, come back later when you are.

Step two. Fall in love with the girl you're talking to. But for god's sake, make sure she's a quality broad. She must have depth and compassion, and be willing to reciprocate feelings of love. Permit yourself these emotions, without regard for the consequences. Yes, you may have your heart broken in the process. She may not follow you where you're offering to lead her. But be willing to go there anyway.

Step three. Assume she's falling in love with you. This goes beyond assuming she's attracted or wants to sleep with you. Really, deeply, believe she is developing undying, eternal and limitless love for you.

Step four. Find commonalities. Not the lame shit like hobbies. I mean, mine for things that allow you to resonate in her heart. If you can't find at least three, you shouldn't be falling in love with her. Let's see, what about me and Rhino? Well, we both have an unfulfilled life-long desire to travel the world. When we get there, we are both content roughing it, so long as we can embed ourselves in the native ways. And we both consider work a means of enabling this lifestyle, not a mission in and of itself. Done.

Step five. Let her know the effect she's having on you, the tremendous feelings that are sweeping over you. State it clearly and with conviction, and be unapologetic if she objects.

"Wow, I really want to kiss you," I said.

"I can't," she replied after a pause.

"I know. I just feel very close to you right now."

This doesn't give you license to get needy and pushy, fucker. Be cool.

Step six. Don't take your love for her too seriously. Make jokes about marrying her, having kids, falling in love. Keep things flirty. You are kidding, and yet...

Step seven. Slow it down. Keep your hands off her for the most part. Be a bit shy when talking about sex. Stay squarely in the romantic frame, not the seductive frame.

Step eight. Let her know you have other women in your life, so sex is not something you're primarily after. Add to that my problems with libido, and girls get that I'm not looking for a quick hook-up. I then become that other guy, the man who channels his passion through his heart, sprinkling in sex as a spice.

Step nine. Occasionally push her away. Not physically, you numbskull. I mean let her know there are a few things about her that don't exactly gel with you. Could be her height, age, zodiac sign, ethnicity...though you have been known to make an exception. Rhino is part Mexican, which prompted me to say:

"I only date Latinas nowadays. Half Latina is *barely* acceptable. There's something about Latina energy, the way they can be hot and sexy one moment, yet maternal and nurturing the next."

Step ten. Your love is absolutely destined. Rhino may have a boyfriend at the moment. Other girls may live far, far away. Whatever the hurdle, it will be overcome in the end. It's in the stars. It is fated.

So there you have it.

But please, promise me this: HANDLE WITH CARE. If I hear any of you players using this process to manipulate girls, I'll hunt you down and hand you a wicked Melvin. Now go forth and inseminate the world.

## Episode 17...

**“U seem like a player I can’t trust and would cheat on me”**

“Theres usually only one way to say this: our time together was really nice & I’m grateful u were a complete gentleman. However; its time for me to say, “Goodbye” and move on. I hope there are no regrets. I wish u well in all ur endeavors & relationships. With respect, HB Whitepants”

She was a little less than an afterthought as I held HB Fakeblond last Friday, rubbing noses and planning our Saturday beach excursion.

Sure, I’d miss the Jacuzzi sex and spine-tingling blowjobs, but a large part of me had gotten fed up with the dawn commutes from White Suburbia, Orange County. It was only a matter of time before I wound up in a tangled piece of steel on the 405. Enough.

Not to mention, I needed to focus on my career. In the ever-lasting race between pussy and wealth (and make no mistake, the two are bitter adversaries), sometimes girls *must* take the back seat.

Finally, with my financial house in order and the birth of something I would call Man School, I took to womanizing once again.

HB Rhino and I had kept in touch by phone and email. She let me know in so many words that she had dumped her boyfriend of two years. This had never been my intention – to get between a woman and the man she loves – but shit happens. I do respect a broad who breaks things off cleanly, like Whitepants and Rhino, a woman who has the integrity not to cheat. Hell, for all my scumbag ways, I for one would never stray outside a monogamous relationship, should I ever find myself in one again.

Which makes it ironic that I keep getting called a player, a manipulator, a cheat.

I wonder now if Fakeblond was thinking about her own boyfriend when she was making out with me and holding my hands in Hollywood last week. Or what she was thinking when she cheated on her husband back when she was married. And yet, a week later, here she is calling me a player.

When I first got into the game, and for years afterwards, I found the process exhilarating.

Breaking free from my social anxiety. Hooking up with chicks I'd just met, in an ever-dropping length of time. Running gambits, games and routines. All that was liberating and fun, all of it was a thrill.

But in time we hit a wall. We *get it*. We understand how social interactions flow. We're calibrated and understand the workings of female emotions. We stop feeling the need to "work on our skill set" or "practice a new method."

We shift from the process to the results. In short, we just want some fuckin tail.

I know, I know. Remain focused on the process, and the results will come. But what to do when the process becomes a bore? When going out to bars and having variations of the same conversations night after night for years loses its charm? What then, dear reader? How to keep the process from getting stale, to stay motivated?

Perhaps, drama. Find it, and suck its milky teat dry. You can never go hungry again.

I'm sitting on a bench inside Firefly in Studio City last night, solo for once in a long while. A hot Latina is standing in front of me, and she keeps glancing back. I watch an aged ham blow himself out with the immortal, "Sooo...you look lost. Do you need to get a drink?" She shrugs and smiles, but says nothing to the ham. He turns back and rejoins his circle of ripened cronies drinking at the bar and ogling women.

She looks back at me once more.

"Hey, I know you want to sit down, so get your ass over here," I tease her. I slide to the side as she laughs and sits next to me.

Here's how I scan a woman. Face first (must be adorable). Then left hand (must be single). Finally, the body (must be bangable).

Check, check and check.

"It's a sausagefest in here tonight," I whisper in her ear, "so you better be careful." She's all giggles. We get to chatting for a bit, and I launch into my obligatory Monty the Boston cell phone routine. Yeah, I still drag my dog into every set, jerky.

In return, she opens her cell phone and shows me a photo of a newborn. "This is my son."

Ahhh, got it.

The scenario immediately becomes crystal clear. Blow out with the hubby. Drive to Los Angeles to drop the kid off with the parents. Meet up with the girlfriend. Take the ring off. Firefly.

She's either: a) out looking for validation (no thanks), or b) looking for dick (no thanks). True, the thought fled through my mind. But at this point, I crave certainty and stability. A younger me would have undoubtedly stepped up to the occasion. But now, worn down from a world polluted with dishonesty and back-stabbing, contributing to the shit seems beneath me.

I send her on her way and call it a night.

I'd gotten a text from Fakeblond that I hadn't noticed.

"And when was your last girlfriend"

Carrying on the questions, the screening, the tests. In spite of her boyfriend, regardless of her concerns of my cheating ways, she persists. Do I seduce her or let her go?

Drama or certainty. I wanted neither. I wanted both.

## Episode 18...

**“We can’t have sex same night. That’s dirty!”**

I am inherently a lazy man. Hard to believe, given what I’ve accomplished. Yet it is true. Offer me a path of least resistance, and I’ll follow it every time.

The Huntley is a swankish hotel in Santa Monica that sports a bar overlooking the town. Unlike the Standard downtown, it’s indoors, so you can’t throw people off the edge onto the unsuspecting pedestrians below.

As I enter the lobby Saturday night, I spot HB ShyKorean. And I’m done for the night. One shot, one kill. The path of least resistance. Fucking lazy.

“Are you looking for the party?” I inquire.

I barely understand a word she says. Still, I lead her to the elevator and we go upstairs to meet Cyrus and Troublesome who await me. I parade ShyKorean around the lounge, introducing her to this motherfucker and that motherfucker. Finally, proofed to the hilt, I isolate her at the bar.

I unleash some of my long-standing favorites, such as...

“Oh my god,” I gawk, grabbing her arm. “You have the cutest elbows! Not this part underneath. This looks like old man scrotum. I mean the other side, the soft side.” I begin caressing her elbow, ooing and awing. “But I’m sure guys tell you this all the time...”

“No! What?! You rike my *erbows*?!”

“Yeah, they’re adorable. I just want to...” (begin the Decibel Seduction Escalation Ladder here) “...kiss them.”

From this point on, it is simply a barrage of compliments about how cute she is, and how she’s turning me (*a virgin*) on. She laughs and says something incomprehensible.

“Look, I don’t understand a word you’re saying,” I reply. “But as long as you stay cute, we’re

good.”

At this point, I’m just being a douchebag.

Shy Asians are not my forte. They tend to lock up and resist escalation. Frankly, I almost always give up. And if not for my insatiable laziness, I would have here as well. Getting almost nowhere, I look at her at last – sternly – and say, “Hey, I just wanna snuggle. Stop being so difficult.”

From that point on, she’s sloppy wet putty in my hands.

She won’t make out with me, but is perfectly okay grabbing my junk like a stick shift. That’s girls for ya. Roll with it.

I check my phone and it’s eleven. “Hey, Monty just texted me. He wants to meet you,” I whisper in her ear.

“Who?”

“My dog, Monty.”

“No, I’m just gonna go home now,” she lies to me.

“Yeah? Ok.”

“How far away do you live?”

“15 minutes,” I return the lie. “Come on. Let’s get outta here. I’m sleepy and you need to sober up.”

I bid my farewells to the crew and drive the 40 minutes back to my place. Fortunately, she neither vomits nor passes out.

She delivers the obligatory volley of resistance, which I overcome after about twenty minutes. I’m still not sure if her squeals were those of delight or pain. Once inside, I get no resistance, so I’d like to think the former.

I hold her as we talk for an hour afterwards. Turns out she broke up with her one and only boyfriend a year ago, had spent many months severely depressed, and tonight is her first night out to try to meet people.

“Not bad for your first night out,” I laugh.

“Yeah, I got a cute guy.”

“And you went out alone. That takes balls. I’m proud of you.”

As she sleeps off her buzz, I can’t help thinking that somehow, in spite of my douchebaggery, I actually restored a little bit of hope in this dame’s life. I smile to myself as I get dressed. I’m such a fucking hero.

## Episode 19...

**“I need to feel safe with someone I’m dating.”**

I could only think up four different ways to fuck this broad, and none of them were happening.

### **The Bathroom**

For those who haven’t been, the gentleman’s bathroom at The Edison is staffed by an elderly black man. He quietly turns the faucet on for you and hands you paper towels to pad your mitts dry. Honestly, I find this shit derogatory and racist, but that’s another story.

Point is, I wasn’t much in the mood to give this guy a free sex show. Plus, I liked hanging out at The Edison and didn’t want to be black-listed. So on to Plan B.

### **The Parking Lot**

By the time HB Skinny and I made our midnight exit, the sexual tension had been cranked up to about a 7 out of 10. I hadn’t yet journeyed into her pants, nor she into mine, but things were pointing in that direction.

I needed to take immediate action. Try to crank it up and seal the deal. But where? The tried-and-true Front Seat Bang Maneuver. Of course.

Arm-in-arm, we made our escape through the ocean of drunken street life, and a few blocks later were at my car.

Crap. The parking attendants – about four of them – stood idly around my vehicle. Was I ballsy enough to throw Skinny into my Altima, tear her clothes off and go to town, all the while several dudes stood but a mere three feet away snapping pictures for their families back home?

No. This was not the ideal place for us to conceive our first-born. Next option.

### **The Side Street**

Heading back to her apartment, I realized my next course of action was to find a dark side street. I randomly pulled off the 10, drove around a few residential blocks, and finally navigated into a spot. I’m fairly certain there were illegal transactions going on left and right.

Not a great part of downtown LA. But also not enough to get in the way of our fornicatory revelry.

“Where’re we going?” she laughed, not the least bit alarmed. “This isn’t my hood!”

“Uhhh, I had a plan to pull off the freeway and make out with you...”

“Good plan.”

“But this kinda looks dangerous,” I mumbled as I scanned the sidewalks. Eh, fuck it. I leaned over and started to recline her seat.

“No! Everything’s spinning! I can’t do this,” she moaned.

Skinny is a little girl. It looked like the two rum drinks had hit her hard. This being a brand new Altima, blowing chunks was outta the question. Final option...

### **Her Apartment**

“I need to come up and pee,” I mentioned.

“Sure. Come up.”

I parked and followed her to her apartment. But waiting up watching TV was her fuckin sister. They were roomies. A nice girl, but from the way she stood and watched my every move, I could tell she immediately understood my intentions. And she was voting a resounding “NO” to my hijinks.

Damn.

I chatted them up a bit, kissed Skinny good evening, and headed home.

It’s not that I’m particularly horny. You know me better than that by now. It’s simply a matter of principle.

You meet a girl in a karaoke bar. Yeah she’s cute, but more than that, she’s that rare girl you click with from your first exchange, and within a minute you realize deep down in your soul that you will soon be inside her. It’s all you live for until that day arrives. Naturally then, on your first date, things escalate effortlessly and she complies with your every command, without reservation or hesitation.

How, then, could you *not* close the deal? You want it. She wants it. To leave her without bringing the interaction full circle seems...unnatural. Therein lies the frustration.

We make plans for her to come over to my mansion Monday night. In the interim, I run some of the stupidest text game ever dropped...

### *Sunday*

Me: Let's hang out afta work

Her: I might be going to a party. Not sure yet, sorry

Me: No problemo. Another nite better? Monty wants to show u his piano playing

Her: Yeah, i'll let u know, i had tix to his last performance but had to sell them on craigslist. He's very popular.

Me: Yea he feels bad about that so he wants to give u a private performance. He showered and everything

*(I send a photo of my dog).*

Her: U can give monty my # and we'll schedule a time to hang out.

Monty: Hi lady dis is Monty lets hang out

Me: He typed that. I didn't

Her: Very impressive! He def makes the top ten cutest dogs i know list.

Me: Whew that's a relief. Ok see u soon babyface xo

### *Monday*

Monty: Hey lady u got my kibbles?

Her: I'm hoping that was from monty. Yes I do, I'm at target now picking some up.

Monty: Good I'm hungry. Decibel left for work. See u tonite?

Her: Sure, I've always been a sucker for well-dressed dogs. As long as decibel's not home.

Monty: Yea don't tell him. Come over at 8 ok?

Her: K.

Monty: Don't forget kibbles!!

Her: It must be even hotter up there! I may need to throw a little hotel party with a few peeps for the night. Its like vegas.

Monty: Fine but keep it R rated. I'm just a little boy

Her: I'll try.

I clean the place up and wait. It's 8:00 and no text. Soon after, I send her a text to see what's up. Dead air. Not good.

An hour rolls by and finally she responds, letting me know, "I don't think this is gonna work." When I ask why not, she says, "I was put off by u parking on some random street and trying to do whatever u were trying to do." In short, she felt like I'd crossed the line and made her feel unsafe. Keep in mind, I never actually climbed on top of her; I merely pulled over and tilted her seat back.

I explore this with her some more, mostly for my own education, but also to see if I can turn it around. But let's consider this one a lost cause. I'm not all torn up over it (afterall, I'm still texting three other chicks while all this is going on), but I admit this does sting a bit. I like this one. She's a keeper.

So what did I learn from this tragic turn of events?

First, we as men need to accept and appreciate that girls really like sex. For some guys, this alone is a hard pill to swallow, but yes given the right mood and circumstances, women are inclined to fuck. The key then is in creating the "right" mood.

I have closed many a woman in my car. For some, throwing them in and dominating them is a huge turn on. But for others, such as Skinny, the simple notion of it is an inexcusable offense. How then, can I discern one group from the other so as to never make this mistake again?

In essence, what are the cues I can look for to tell me when it's time to shift from midgame to endgame?

When I look back at which girls were receptive, I find those were the ones heavily turned on. Let's say at least an 8 outta 10, where 1 is shaking hands and 10 is fingering her. Heavy, deep kissing where she's using her tongue. She's grabbing my package. I have my fingers in her. This has nothing at all to do with what we were talking about...sexual innuendos, dirty talk, threats of perversity...typically none of this had been in the mix much or at all immediately prior to sex.

Skinny and I had a long night of intermittent kissing, but it lingered at a 6 or 7. In retrospect, that simply wasn't heavy enough to suggest a car pull, which for some chicks screams "slut!" To overcome their distaste, they need to be fully engaged sexually. Dripping wet. If she's not at that level in the venue, then she's too cool, and it's best not to press the matter.

Yes, even after all the years I've been at this, there is still so much more involved in understanding women.

## Episode 20...

“Sigh...”

When I was about 15, my cousin Merrick and I did an impromptu climb up a hill in Palm Springs. Since I didn't think we'd be hiking that far, I wore only cheap moccasins and no sun block. Two hours later, badly sunburned, my feet blistered and screaming with pain, we were still making our way down the steep terrain.

“What would you do if a mountain lion showed up and started chasing us?” Merrick asked me, trying to encourage me to keep climbing down.

“Then I would die,” I replied.

When we finally made it back to civilization, I laid out on the cool linoleum and drank a cold glass of water.

*It's that glass of water.*

I've struggled writing songs, twisting words to suit a rhyme, splicing ill-fitting chords together to resolve a melody line. I've spent months sometimes composing a tune, and then one night in a dream I hear it, the solution. And I wake up and record it. And the song now makes sense.

*It's that dream.*

It's that final piece of the jigsaw puzzle that fell between the cushions of the sofa, that you discovered when you weren't even looking for it.

For thousands of years – from Shakespeare to doo-wop – men have been trying to put into words that feeling. When you meet a girl, and everything clicks, and you breathe a sigh of relief.

I always considered it a myth. “You'll know it's right when you meet her. You'll know she's the one.” Bullshit.

After 6 years of experimenting with online dating, I long ago gave up on the process. But then Cyrus claimed irrefutable results, and so I had to give it one more go. I signed up, and after a month, wasn't getting far.

But then Babyface came along.

When we flirted over email, she held her own, a worthy adversary. The sexual tension built, and we were each intrigued.

We made a date for Thursday night at the Edison, and while we both showed up, we didn't find one another. So we each left after half an hour believing we had just been stood up. I was gonna let it go, when she sent me a long email explaining how odd it felt to be stood up for the first time in her life.

I believe now this incident only deepened her intrigue. She began to chase a little bit more. We set another date for Monday at 7 Grand. This time, we found each other.

From the first moment we meet, until our farewell hug, the night is nothing less than magical. This is what falling in love feels like. Two people, totally enraptured by each other, becoming increasingly smitten against their better judgment.

We claim my usual dark corner, and the game begins. The band plays, we become tipsy, and little by little find ourselves entangled.

"I am trying really hard not to kiss you," I finally admit.

"I have a rule. I never kiss on a first date."

"Really? That's your rule?" I ask.

"Yeah, I made it up ten minutes ago," she says.

"Hmmm," I counter, "I have the opposite rule. I *a/ways* kiss on the first date."

"Don't get me wrong," she says. "Making out and having a crazy spontaneous night is a lot of fun. I'm sure you've had your share of them..." I nod. "But this is something different, and I don't want to mess it up. Plus, I'm really having fun watching you squirm." She smiles as she grabs my face.

“You’re hitting me on every level, you know,” I admit, holding her as I gaze deep into her blue eyes.

“And you’re hitting me on every level, too.”

“One kiss would be fine,” I lean in.

She leans back, laughing. “But it wouldn’t be just one kiss. We’d be making out for three hours.”

She’s right.

I make plans to take her out on my birthday that Thursday. Not only because I couldn’t think of anyone else I would rather spend it with, but also as a symbol to her that I wasn’t just trying to get in her pannies.

Thursday night, and I drive to her apartment in Santa Monica to take her to a local wine bar for my birthday. “Rockaway Beach” is playing in my car, Joey Ramone putting a sugar coating on the filth of teenage sex:

*Chewing outta rhythm on my bubble gum,  
The sun is out, and I want some.*

We find a corner and settle in, drinking, being playful and flirting with the waitress.

As the intensity builds, Babyface several times hovers her lips just in front of mine, but refuses to kiss. Finally, I can’t stand it anymore, and the third time she does it I grab her head and make out. Our first kiss is long and passionate. We make a spectacle of ourselves and argue the pros and cons of getting kicked out of the bar for indecency.

I feel her hand tighten around my throat as we make out; I grab it and say, “What are you doing? This is *my* job.”

“Just checking...” she grins.

I can tell she’s even more sexually depraved than I am. The waitress keeps bringing free shots, and Babyface toys with the idea of pulling her for a threesome. I’m digging this broad more and more. She tells me she will only consider having a threesome on the conditions that

she orchestrate it, and the girl is hot. It doesn't take all that much convincing to get me on board with this notion.

"I'm feeling very uncomfortable right now," she confesses. "But in a good way." She's losing her ability to resist me.

"Hey, I'm as much a victim of this thing as you are. What's going on here is bigger than either of us."

I sit in awe of this girl, of this moment. Three years of relentless dedication and suffering have trained me to handle this interaction flawlessly.

Back at her apartment, we take her German shepherd for a walk around the block. His name is Kenney, and when I start sucking faces with Babyface again, he becomes jealous and territorial, pacing around, whining and shoving his wet nose into my hair.

"Stop it Kenney!" she yells. "You're messing up my game!"

The groping and kissing escalate, until at last she says, "I need you to leave. I don't want you to, but I need you to. It's too soon."

I bid my farewell to Babyface and Kenney and take off. Not a bad birthday at all. We make plans for her to come over Sunday. "Maybe I should bring my work clothes," she suggests.

But then she's stricken by food poisoning. We postpone until Friday. She wants to make dinner for me at my place. Friday morning comes, and when I get her text driving to work, a wave of excitement hits me.

This quickly fades:

"Can't see you tonight... One of the people I was seeing turned intimate and I want to see where it goes from here. I am sorry."

My heart sinks and I nearly throw my cell out the window. Fuck.

"I hope he worships the ground u walk on because u deserve nothing less," I reply. I let her know my door is always open to her if things don't work out. But my history and instincts both tell me this is the end of the line.

That lucky bastard.

It's been so easy hopping from one set of arms to another, locking lips with any random girls who falls into my trap. This has been possible only because I've forced my emotions out of the scenario.

But every once in a great while, a woman comes along and you drop your defenses. You stop being a pick-up artist and become a human being. This is only natural. This is what most of us eventually want from all this shit.

So how to invest without being crushed in the process? Because it is a mean, ugly, unfair world out there, and even when you're working your A game, some other better-looking guy with more charm and a bigger dick and faster tongue can swoop in and yank the rug out from under you.

What to do? *Never* invest?

The answer, as far as I'm concerned, is to invest fully when she's worth it, but be able to disinvest immediately when the time comes. This second part - detaching myself from any woman at will - is one of the greatest abilities I've acquired during this process.

Back in the day, I would be devastated by a break-up. Even a two-week relationship had the potential of sending me into a deep depression for months. Absurd when I think about it now, but such is the case for those living in scarcity.

Abundance mentality is the very key to dating. It's almost a prerequisite to be seeing several girls at once if you start having feelings for one in particular. Those other chicks buffer the hurt of rejection. If it weren't for the other five girls I've been going out with these past couple of weeks, I might be locked in my house right now, dusting off my X-Box, and taking a one-way journey back to the dark side.

## Chapter 21...

**“Haahaa drunk trannies are fun...”**

Babyface: Can't stop thinking about what you said... Do you really feel that way?

Me: Which part?

Babyface: All of it... About how you felt about me mostly...

Me: I mean it all

Me: You're just so in tune with who I am

Babyface: It does feel that way for me too.

Me: Figure things out. I don't want u until ur 100%.

Babyface: I agree.

There's a certain malaise one feels knowing that the alleged girl of his dreams is getting fucked by another man. And when she continues to dangle the carrot in front of him, suggesting she is still within reach, there is only so much he can take.

Sitting around sulking is not who I am anymore. And so, I do the one thing I know how to do: womanize. Consider this therapeutic.

I sent out the call that Friday afternoon, but only HB Fakeblond was receptive. She and her boyfriend had (I assumed correctly) broken up, and now she was ready to take up my offer from three months back.

We met in Studio City and spent a few hours giving each other tongue baths, not because I was that into her – I wasn't – but because at that moment I needed a warm body to hold. She wouldn't come home with me, although even if she had, it wouldn't have much eased my discontent.

Sunday I got a call midday from HB Rhino. She was at a biker bar near my house and invited me to hang out with her and her friends. It was Halloween, and she was dressed as a black cat.

We spent a few hours chilling, but when her friends left and I went in for the kiss, she let me know she was still in love with her ex-boyfriend and not ready to kiss anyone.

“It's only been two months,” she said as the waterworks started. Gawwwwd.

On top of that, I could see she wasn't my type. Much of the time I had to listen to her litany of things she hated: sports, bars, texting...

“Texting is for cowards,” she argued. “Pick up the phone and call people!”

“I realize that sounds logical to you,” I told her, “but from my experience, any time I call a girl, it rarely turns into a date. Meanwhile, I have two or three dates a week based solely on texting.”

“You’re being a coward. Real men talk on the phone.”

This conversation was over. In fact, this interaction was over. She was making me miss Babyface even more.

I hurried out of that disaster at 7:15 to meet a second date at 8:00 in West Hollywood. Traffic was a bitch because of the WeHo gay parade, but somehow I made it on time.

Like Rhino, HB Brit is dressed as a cat, or so she says. She wears all black and a pair of cat ears on her head. (I suppose there are only a handful of costumes girls consider sexy yet not overtly slutty: the genie, Officer Naughty, the black cat). We pass up the chance to watch cross-dressers parading about Santa Monica Boulevard in favor of cozying it up in a bar.

My first date has become a boiler plate, and it’s rare for the night to deviate from this plan:

Meet at the bar or pick her up

Find a couch in a remote part of the bar where we can people-watch

Check her body language for interest as we sip drinks and chat

When her body language says “kiss me,” then kiss her

Intermittently make out and talk

Make casual remarks about all the nasty things I wanna do to her

Explore her body

Suggest the pull

Other than with Babyface, every first date in recent memory has followed this structure. This night is no different.

Brit is a cute bird I had picked up online. She transplanted from Britain five years ago to run the LA branch of her film production company, spending long hours on the set and in meetings. And though she loved her job, her friends were alarmed by the fact she hadn’t been on a date in forever. Her roommate made her sign up with the dating site. She did so grudgingly, and the first cute man who wandered along (me), she agreed to go out with. After that, luckily, she stopped checking her account.

“Wow, so I was the first guy you met? You hit gold, baby.”

She is very charming. No, she doesn't yet resonate on a very deep level like Babyface, but it's enough for now, and the potential is certainly there.

The top of her outfit keeps opening up, exposing her healthy tits and black bra. This causes her distress, and several times a minute she covers herself. Finally I've had enough of this. I grab her shoulders to turn her towards me, open her top forcefully to expose her chest, and take hold of her hands so she can't readjust her clothes.

“Look,” I scold her. “For tonight, these are my fucking tits. And I wanna see them. So stop covering them up.”

She laughs at my boldness, but stops fidgeting and lets me have my way with her. At one point, her elbow is resting on the seat back, and I find myself caressing her armpit. I lean in to smell it – I don't know why, I guess some primitive urge had kicked in – and she smells like apricots.

She pulls her arm down to stop me. “Girls don't like having their armpits touched,” she informs me.

I put her arm back up and continue what I was doing. “I know you're uncomfortable, but this is you being submissive and letting me do what I want with you.”

The making out escalates, and I whisper in her ear, “I want to eat you out right here on the couch.” She is flattered by my offer. In fact, she later admits it was this moment when the deal between us was cinched.

“I'm amazed at how you keep making these off-handed comments to me,” she says, jaw on the floor, “like it's no big deal.”

“It *is* no big deal. None of these people would even notice. Is your roommate home?”

“Yes,” she laughs. “But that's rather presumptive of you to assume you can come over.”

Her accent is killing me. I'm a sucker for European accents. Not German, of course, but everything else. We make plans for Thursday and I take her to her car. By the time I get home that night, all traces of a broken heart have disappeared.

As I get sexual over text the next few days, she warns me to cool down. But that advice, “slow and steady,” is verbatim what Babyface had told me, and by now I’m confident it is to be ignored.

We meet up at the Edison Thursday, have a couple of drinks on her, and before long I’m heading back to my place with her next to me. I give her a proper shagging, then another, and finally having taught her her lesson take her back to her car.

I lay down at 3 am, having spent three hours of my night driving. Good, I’ll at least get in four hours of sleep before I have to get back up for work. As I start to fade out, I’m surprised by my sense of satisfaction.

We all need a bit of certainty, and bit of uncertainty, to be content in life. Right now, though, my need for stability outweighs my desire for chaos. I need an exclusive relationship. I’m ready for it. It feels right. I’ve put in the work and I deserve it.

And I’m exhausted from investing emotionally in some new girl, only to have her stop responding and vanish from the earth a week later. Tired of the lies, the flakes, the dead air, tired of being played, tired of the chase.

And then these final thoughts as I drift away: at what point will that pendulum swing back, as it always does, to the inevitable hunger for fresh meat?

Let it go for now, Decibel, just let it go.

## Chapter 22...

**“You have to understand, I love you very, very much.”**

We had spent the past two hours playing tonsil hockey at the Edison, and now she stood there debating whether to come home with me. The passenger door was open, my keys were in hand, but she wasn't getting in.

This was one of those pivotal moments, where a single wrong move on my part could turn this into yet another blow-out, and not the start of a new chapter in my life.

How to proceed?

She tilted her head as she considered her options, and looked me in the eyes. Sensing now was not the time for brute force or “alpha dominance,” I took a different and gentler approach:

“Would you like to come home with me?” I asked her. She thought for a moment, nodded, then got into the car.

Since our second date, Brit and I have been virtually inseparable. After two weeks, she met my family. After a month, we were using the L word. She makes my dinner every night, packs my lunch every morning. We turn each other on, make each other laugh, endure each day so we can see one another again at the end of it.

She always hits the right balance, able to charm my parents brilliantly over dinner, all the while slipping her hand into my pants underneath the table. Sophisticated when she needs to be, my scandalous little slut when we're alone.

Naturally, Brit and I don't *always* find each other compatible. I like scotch and she drinks cheap White Zin. I'll eat anything with a face, while she's a vegetarian. I love horror flicks and she'd rather watch rom-coms. But booze and music isn't the stuff of long-lasting relationships; it takes a hell of a lot more.

Resistant at first, I find myself getting lured deeper into this thing. Initially, I couldn't quite put my finger on what it was, but then it occurs to me: I can *rely* on this chick. I can *trust* her. No matter what my needs are, she's already anticipated them and is there for me. Without exception. I've never met a girl not only this completely devoted to me, but entirely capable of bringing it. A far cry from the insecure, back-stabbing, self-serving nut jobs I've dated my

entire life. And believe me, brother, there have been a few.

Yep. This is it. This is what I've been fighting for: a normal, healthy relationship. The first one I've ever had. It took a few decades, but it's finally arrived.

So what the hell happened these past three years? How did I crawl out of my dark fetid hole of despair and lameness to ultimately find myself sane and happy? Because let there be no mistake about it, I have struggled and fought my way to this point, inch by inch. It's never been easy (and I would venture to say it's never easy for *any* average-looking guy who's had little success with women. No matter what the marketers may tell you, picking up girls cuter than you is a skill that only a miniscule percentage of men will master).

Here's how I break it down.

In my first year, I was fighting for my very life. Three years ago, I was scared of people. I couldn't look a cashier in the eye if she was hot, even if she was just 16 years old. Too afraid to leave my house at night, too intimidated to hold a regular conversation with guys or girls, too clueless to know how to date.

I wanted and deserved better; I wanted my life back.

So I hit the streets of Southern California, sometimes five nights a week, sometimes more. Blisters dotted my toes and fungus grew between them. My car got towed one night, I got a couple speeding tickets, I racked up a few thousand dollars worth of over-mileage, and I developed a respectable number of coughs from second-hand smoke.

But there was no turning back. If I was dead tired, I went out. If I had an ear infection, I went out. If I'd gotten hit with a huge bill, I went out. I made a pledge to myself, and I honored my word day after day, week after week.

And sure enough, that shell cracked. It fragmented and began falling off. My verbal skills improved, my fears dissipated, and little by little I felt...normal.

For once in my life, nearing the age of 40, I discovered what it felt like to be a man.

With normalcy becoming a part of my being, I turned my efforts during my second year to getting laid. And I did. Not a lot, but enough. Dating was fun at first, but after a year of meaningless hook-ups and dysfunctional short-term relationships with emotionally unavailable and sexually repressed girls, I yearned for something a little more.

And so for my third year, with a solid understanding of what makes women tick, and an unwavering confidence in myself, I decided I was ready for something real. The big payoff.

Dating takes its toll after a while when you stop fully enjoying the process. Each night you hang out with a new girl, there is the hope this may be the one, but also the disappointment when it doesn't work out. Giving and then withdrawing emotion; it becomes easier and easier to do, but no less exhausting.

Fuck sarging. Fuck dating.

I don't regret *any* of it. But in the final analysis, at least for me, it's all a means to an end. There is nothing more satisfying than being in a stable, healthy relationship with a woman who wants only to see you happy.

And you know what, it wasn't easy at first, this shift. I admit it. I've trained myself to approach, to flirt, to seduce. It takes effort to squash that old habit, but I need to behave myself now. Those urges fade over the weeks. I can actually let a hotty walk by without talking to her, and not beat myself up over it.

Because the thought of Brit losing me devastates me. Hell, just thinking about how lonely and unfulfilling her life would be right now without me in it makes me feel sad. I know, fucker. I'm full of myself. But it's the truth. She'd have a hell of a time finding anyone even close. At least in this god-forsaken town.

Who knows how long this will last? Maybe I'm only taking a break from womanizing, or maybe I'm hanging my gloves up for good. We'll see. I'll take it day-by-day.

One thing's for sure, though. My journey is far from over. I have a lot to learn about life, and myself, and relationships. That journey may never end. But at least for the time being, I won't have to take this trip alone. And that's what it's all about.

Isn't it?

# Glossary

1-10 scale. This form of rating a girl's beauty has been around for ages. A 9 or 10 is a chick who could easily walk off the cover of Cosmo. An 8 is hot, but not supermodel hot. A 7 is your average girl next door: cute in some ways, but not hot. Anything less than a 7 is an ug.

Bitch shield. Since women get hit on so much, some reflexively act like bitches when guys approach them. This "shield" is just an act, a defense mechanism intended to scare away weaklings.

Buyer's remorse. Anytime a girl puts out too soon, she may feel regret, and back out of the interaction abruptly.

BT, Buying Temperature. A spike in a girl's emotional state, such as giggling or horniness. We call it BT because she's more readily willing to "buy" into the interaction.

Chode. Technically speaking, this means any worthless piece of flesh. It includes the area between the balls and anus (also known as the taint). For our purposes, that worthless piece of flesh is the dude who stands in the bar with his drink, staring at girls but too afraid to do anything about it. When he does act, he lacks game and is socially inept.

Cougar. An older woman who tends to like younger men.

Day 2 or 3. Instead of "date," this term refers to the days that follow the day you initially meet a girl. So a day 1 is when you pick her up in the bar, the day 2 is the first time you two meet up, and so on.

Dead air. A girl is not responding to your texts or calls.

Endgame. The final stage of seduction when you have intercourse.

Escalate. To increase the intimacy of your touch. Can start off innocuous such as shaking hands, and progress to sex.

Field. Anywhere you can run game on girls. Bars, stores, street corners.

Flaking. A girl becomes unresponsive to your texts, backs out of the date at the last minute, stands you up on the date, or makes up lame excuses anytime you try to schedule a date.

Kino. Kinesthetic touch, meaning to put your hands on a girl.

LMR, Last Minute Resistance. You have her naked in bed, or nearly naked, usually making out, when she tells you to stop.

Midgame. The part of the interaction between getting her contact information and sex.

Minger. A horribly deformed ug.

Mother hen. The chick in a group of girls whose job it is to maintain social order. As such, she is responsible for keeping out the weirdos and not letting her drunk friends do anything that they may regret the next day.

Oneitis. Having feelings for a girl who doesn't reciprocate those feelings.

Orbiter. A dude who hangs out around a girl, usually acting like a friend but with the goal of banging her. She treats him like a friend.

Proximity. Standing or sitting close to a person.

Pull. To get a girl into a location where you might have sex with her.

Sarge. To go out solo or with wings, with the primary intent of gaming girls.

Shit test. A girl gives you shit, not because she's disinterested, but because she's testing to see how you'll handle it.

Turbo. An absolutely smoking hot chick.

Warpig. The opposite of turbo.