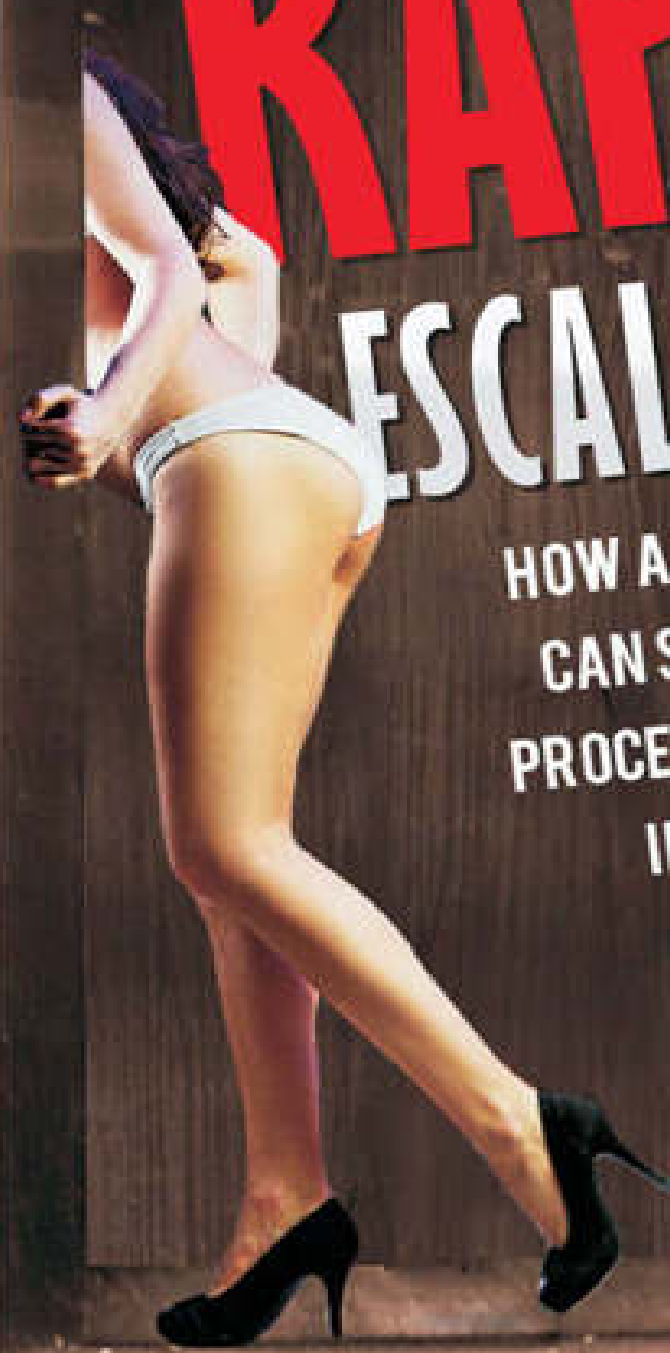


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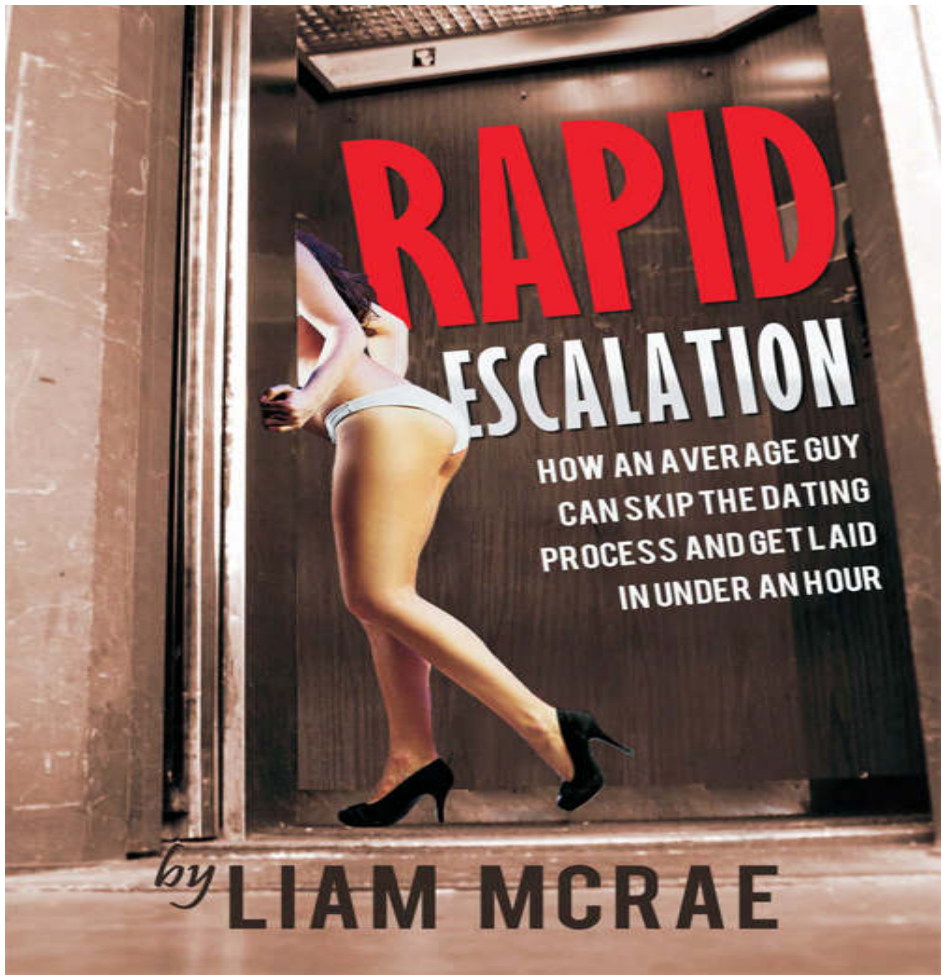
ESCALATION

HOW AN AVERAGE GUY
CAN SKIP THE DATING
PROCESS AND GET LAID
IN UNDER AN HOUR



by

LIAM MCRAE



RAPID ESCALATION

**HOW AN AVERAGE GUY
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A TASTE OF WHAT'S TO COME...

“There is a myth that women are pure, innocent angels, and I think it is actually grossly disrespectful to women to hold this belief because it is denying them their nature and judging them for something they’re born with: sexuality.”

“I couldn’t believe it. Here I was, balls deep in this hottie, slamming her from behind in a public bathroom, 20 minutes after meeting her.”

“So I was sitting on a milk crate in a dirty alley, with my cock in a 31-year-old woman’s mouth, thinking “How did I get here?!””

“2 minutes after approaching her on the street, I told her she had really nice backpacker skin, and stroked her neck sensually with my thumb. She responded well to my touch, with a sly smile and a grin. At this point I knew I’d fuck her. Or at least I knew I could make it happen. I just had to create that reality and follow through with it. Hours later, I had her bent over in her backpacker hostel, screaming to be fucked harder.”

“As she came close to climax I was furiously finger fucking her while beating off pretty hard, and she squirted all over the seat of my car right as I blew one of the biggest loads all over her legs. It’s probably the most cum I’ve ever seen from myself, and rivals some of the big cumshots I’ve seen in porn.

Her leg was absolutely coated in my thick white jizz, and as she sat there in a post squirting orgasmic haze, she started running her fingers through my cum and licking it off her fingers. She had a few good mouthfuls but there was so much that I had to get an old rag from the backseat to clean her off.

She said “That was fun...on my face would have been better.”

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FOREWORD

When Liam first walked into my warehouse several years ago, my first thought was... This guys needs work. He had a scruffy unkempt beard and was breaking every style rule with his hodgepodge skater, hippy, and hobo rags. Despite all that, he was obviously incredibly motivated, had outgrown his dabbling with indirect scripted PUA methods and was hungry for real change.

He joined the Masterclass in Melbourne and it became clear very quickly that this quirky 19 year old death metal kid was something unusual. Once we overhauled his fashion and helped him tune his hyperactive nature into a white-hot sizzling point, his results skyrocketed and he left the rest of the class behind.

It wasn't that Liam had some innate advantage, he just wanted it far more than the average guy and he was prepared to put in the work.

As a coach it's always fascinating to see how students mutate your ideas, filter and mix them and express your principles in fresh ways. With Liam this experience has been taken to the extreme. For a young guy he was unusually open and hungry for new ideas. As I took him on as an apprentice, he hounded me constantly, soaking up everything I, the other coaches in our team and anyone else with knowledge or experience had to offer.

But much more than learning and repeating technique, I watched Liam become an incredible seduction innovator in his own right. Keeping his quirky personality intact, he relentlessly put theories, methods and mindsets to the test and warped them through his own insanely positive and proactive

value system. The results are chronicled in precise graphic careering detail in this book.

I was around for many of the adventures detailed here and despite the fact that I work every day in the field of audacious seductions, many of the pickups Liam pulled off were mindboggling to even me. In fact if I hadn't been there, or seen the girls slinking out in the morning, I'd be tempted to say it was all fantasy. As men, we have been so comprehensively brainwashed to think of women as part of two categories: either coy good girls we need to cajole, buy, sneak our way into bed with, or easy slappers with no self-respect. The truth is of course far more chaotic, flexible and multi leveled than that. Almost all women have the wild sexual desire to experiment in them and they look for particular types of men they feel they can express that with. If you hold onto out-dated ideas about women and sex, it's very hard to become the man women feel comfortable unleashing their animal desires with. This book shows the mindsets and actions that a lothario, one night stand, dirty fling male archetype lives by and the way women respond to him.

From a man who has crafted his life's work about mastery of the erotic and courtship arts, take notice. The simple distillation of The Natural Lifestyles core principles into a ferociously effective set of steps that Liam has managed with his Rapid Escalation work is the real deal.

If you've ever lamented the glacial pace of your dating life, are sick of having multiple awkward dates that go nowhere, or you just want to bring more fun and irreverent adventure into your life, then this book will give you the inspiration to get out there and rapidly escalate your own conquests into reality.

Enjoy,

James Marshall

December 2012

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INTRODUCTION

This book and the stories contained in it may shock you, as they go against many typically held ideas about female sexuality, and you may find some of it hard to believe.

I encourage you to read with an open mind. Women crave sex and adventure as much, if not more, than men. The actions of the women in these stories are part of a fantasy that many women desire to experience at some point in their lives: a short, passionate encounter with a relative stranger.

This is a theme that runs throughout a large portion of female erotica. Part of the reason that this fantasy exists is that women are often judged harshly for their sexuality. The fantasy of ‘sex with a stranger’ allows them to indulge in guilt free, no-strings-attached sex.

If you create and share this experience with a woman, you’re giving her the gift of a rare yet beautiful sexual experience. It starts with breaking out of the idea of ‘women don’t like sex, just clothes, jewellery, validation and money’ and recognizing that despite what the media tells you, women have the same primal desires and lust for sex as men do. The fire is already inside her, you just have to know how to make her feel comfortable unleashing it!

If you want to get straight to the dirty sex scenes, skip forward to the first story. If you want a bit of background on how I was able to escalate to sex so quickly in these stories, I present you with:

The 5 Pillars of Rapid Escalation

This book contains stories about me having sex with women very rapidly after meeting them. It's a seduction style I call 'Rapid Escalation' but I certainly didn't invent it. Men have been able to get physically seductive with women since the dawn of time; I've just adapted it for the modern age.

There are five basic aspects of this seduction style, which I will briefly outline for you to keep an eye out for in the stories. A longer, more detailed explanation of these elements and some of the other aspects of my style can be found at the end of the book.

These are

- Intent
- Touch
- Trigger Pulling
- Response Rule
- Social Freedom

Intent 1: Eye Contact

Your eyes are the window to your soul, and you have to be able to show a clear sexual intent and handle the pressure of looking her right in her eyes.

The average guy will break eye contact regularly, or if talking to a woman whose beauty is particularly intimidating may avoid eye contact all together. The effect this has is to instantly kill any potential sexual tension. If a man doesn't even have the balls to look a woman in the eye, how can she expect him to be a confident lover? A lack of eye contact shows a lack of confidence. Powerful sexual eye contact is referred to in this book as 'Hellfire eyes'.

Intent 2: Voice

99% of guys speak way too fast around women, nervously stumbling over their words. If you can speak in a low, relaxed voice, it will instantly improve your chances. Women will feel relaxed around you, as opposed to speaking fast where your nervous energy will put her on edge. Speaking slowly also allows them a chance to contribute and feel like they're seducing you. It also gives you more time to think of what to say next.

Touch

“You should touch a woman like she’s already your lover”

Even if you don’t speak the same language, your touch can do all the work. I had an Asian student who seduced a smoking Brazilian woman; both of them barely spoke English but because he was touching her in a sexual way, they went straight back to her hotel for a night of passionate sex. Physical love expressed through touch is a universal language.

The way you touch her reflects what kind of lover you are. In the same way that a handshake in the business world can speak volumes about your confidence and power, the way you escalate on a woman tells her a lot about whether you’ll be any good in bed.

The easiest way to touch a woman is...stand closer to her. It seems obvious but many guys will never take this risk. They’re worried about making the woman uncomfortable. If the woman is uncomfortable she will make it clear and you should respect that boundary, but in many cases if you are flirting with a girl and she’s talking to you, she’s interested, and she wants you to touch her.

Don’t expect her to lead the touching or give you a glaring green light. Touching involves gradually increasing contact and gauging her reaction. Passive acceptance of touch is a green light: if she doesn’t want you to touch her she’ll make it very clear, very fast.

Trigger Pulling

“Pulling The Trigger” is a term used to describe any moment where you need to take direct action to push the seduction forward, such as going to talk to her, the first touch, asking for her phone number, the first kiss, taking her out of the club, taking her into your room, taking her clothes off, or putting your dick in her. Hesitation or failure to act at any of these key decisive moments is where many men go wrong, leaving women frustrated and confused. I’ve heard countless women say things like “I don’t get it...I went outside with him for a smoke, we went for a walk alone, and... nothing. He didn’t even try to kiss me. Am I fat?!”

You are the man and you have to act like one. Take a risk. It’s better to push it too far and then apologize than to be too scared to act at all. Even if you go for a kiss and get rejected you still earn respect for having the balls to be clear about your sexual intent. If you consistently pull the trigger, you will never get put in the friend zone again.

Response Rule: Reading Her Signals

James Marshall taught me a simple yet powerful rule for Seduction:

“It doesn’t matter what you say or do, or how she reacts to what you do, it is your response to her reaction that counts.”

The key concept I want to impart in this book is that at the end of the day, being able to read a woman’s signals is what drives every other element of a rapid seduction (or any seduction for that matter). What’s the difference between a creepy, sleazy guy who makes women feel uncomfortable, and a confident, bold, dashing seducer who takes women on wild sexual adventures?

The difference is this: *a sleazy guy just blasts his sexual intent with no perception or concern for how it’s making the woman feel.*

A true seducer is able to see if he’s making a woman uncomfortable and adjust his behaviour as appropriate.

This is going to be a concept that I’m going to return to many times throughout the book. It is what sets apart sleazy creeps from the bold and daring, yet respectful, seducers. Many of the behaviours that I describe in my stories (such as taking a woman’s hand and putting it on my erection) can seem extreme or crazy, and if done the wrong way they can be. The key thing that allows me to do such extreme sexual touching in such a short time frame is that I’m reading the woman’s signals the whole time and adjusting the intensity of my escalation in response to her level of comfort.

Social Freedom

A huge part of my seductive development was related to me taking an active interest in Social Freedom. I define this as: *Not letting your fear of what others think of you control what you’re doing.* For example, you’re on the train, and there is a girl you’d like to talk to, but your fear of other people overhearing you or seeing you get rejected stops you from talking to her. She might have been the woman of your dreams, but you will never find out if you continue to allow other people’s judgment to affect your decision making process.

The reality of Social Freedom is of course that you will always care what people think of you to a degree: it’s a natural social instinct. The fact that you have that feeling is a sign that you are normal and socially adjusted. The question is how much you want to let that feeling control

your life. I care what people think about me to a degree, but I care about the following things a fuckload more:

- Meeting, seducing, and dating beautiful women
- Going after my dreams
- Not letting my fears hold me back
- Living for the thrill
- Pushing my comfort zone
- Being a trigger puller

My mind creates a list of pros and cons, and when you weigh up the chance that a random person on the street *might* think I'm weird and all the other positives listed above, it's a pretty easy decision. There are so many reasons to do it, and only one (relatively weak) reason not to do it.

I wouldn't say that I do what I want and I don't care what people think. I do what I want *despite* the fact that I care what people think.

I hope you enjoy these stories, and as well as popping a huge boner while reading the sex scenes, try to see how the lessons I learned can apply to your life: to give you the confidence to go after the women you want and create wild sexual encounters for yourself and the sex-starved ladies of the world.

Secret Videos! Throughout this book you'll find links to a Secret Members Area where I have uploaded videos of my insights into these stories. Re-live the seductions as I break them down into takeaway pieces for you to implement into your game!

Secret Video #1: To find out which of these 5 pillars is THE most essential taking this to the bedroom, go to secret.rapidescalation.com/register Guys who have this will consistently get results, and guys who lack it will struggle...

DAYTIME SEX IN 20 MINUTES

Date: 15 Mar 2010.

City: Melbourne, Australia

Seduction Time: 20 Minutes

Seduction Location: Crown Casino Bathroom

Oh fuck. What a day. From meeting her on the street, to sex in Casino toilets 20 minutes later, in the daytime. Where do I start...

Yesterday I gave my first presentation on Social Freedom. The next day, I was inspired by my own talk to walk the walk; to go do something crazy. So my friend and I went to the city with the idea to really push the limits of daytime seduction.

Before I left the house I felt awesome. I told myself, "Today, I am going to go to the city and either get a daytime kiss or fuck a girl". I strutted to the station.

We got to the city and started to warm up. We talked to a bunch of girls, some of them were responsive and gave me their numbers, others just walked off.

One interaction that's worth mentioning for the fact that I overcame a barrier in my head:

I saw this glammed up female TV presenter, with a camera crew of 2 guys. My gut reaction was excuses like "Oh I can't approach her she's with guys" and "Oh they might be her boyfriend/brother/dad".

Then my friend goes "Yep, it's too late now, she's 20 meters away" sarcastically, making me realize how silly my excuses were. Then I thought "No, it's NOT too late! I gave a talk about Social Freedom less than 24 hours ago! There's nothing stopping me talking to her but my own fear!"

So I went up to her and said “Hey, what are you filming?” She responded well and we had a friendly chat for 20 seconds, then I asked for her number. She was married but flattered. I felt great, giving her a confidence boost, and on top of that the pro-Social Freedom voice in my head said “This just proves your ultimate limitation is your fear! You can do this!”

Anyway, onto the sexy adventure. My friend was walking and chatting up a girl. I thought “WOW she’s hot!” He ejected from the conversation after about 10 seconds. I asked why he left and he said “Oh...she didn’t seem interested”.

So I said “Cool, my turn.”

I approached her and said “Hey, it’s validation day. I just saw a guy try to pick you up, so I’m gonna come do the same. I’m Liam”.

She responds warmly to this, laughs, and introduces herself; she’s an American tourist. I had a flirty banter with her right off the bat, we make a club for people who’s names start with L as her name also started with L. I mention something about how us meeting was like a movie moment and try to kiss her.

She lets me plant a kiss on both cheeks but isn’t down for lips... yet. She drops her sunglasses and I make another movie moment out of being a chivalrous man and picking them up. She was enjoying the role-play, and also the fact that I wasn’t phased by her rejecting my advances initially.

This is from an email I sent her asking her about it a few days later:

‘I was a little nervous when you first tried to kiss me cause I knew it could possibly lead to sex and I wasn’t comfortable enough yet to let that option in. But once I decided I was down I really wanted it cause I thought it would be good. It wasn’t one thing in particular that made me think that, it was just something about the way you carried yourself... not sure if that makes sense haha.’

We name our club called LL cool J, but then change it to LL cool X because we’re Xtreme. I start asking her about the most extreme thing she’s done, and I tell her how a 31 year old lesbian architect sucked me off in a laneway and how she wanted to design vagina shaped buildings (see my ‘Laneway Blowjob’ report). We keep talking about dicks and sex and then nails, I tell her to scratch my arm, which she does. I scratch hers sensually, then take her arm and lick/suck the fleshy part inside her elbow.

By this point we've turned the corner and we're walking through Chinatown. I suggest we walk to the river/Southbank area and she agrees. We're still flirting, and as we descend the stairs I say "It's like we're Jack and Rose from Titanic..."

This is a compliance thing that I get her to eventually do on every staircase we come to; it builds our physical connection and puts us into the role of lovers. I have been saying that to girls for over two years now every time I hold their hand while descending stairs, but it's true every time, because it's as much about transporting me into that fantasy (two powerful sexy young lovers magnificently descending a staircase in style), as it is about her. It's not a trick I say for the girl, it's a fantasy that I like to play out for myself.

We get to the river, and as we walk under the bridge she says "It's nice here" and I grab her hands and pull her in close like a waltz position, and say "Now we just need a..." and she finishes my sentence with "French street musician?" and I say "Yeah... how romantic", pull her in, and kiss her. She kisses back passionately.

I slam her against the wall and we kiss for 5 seconds then both stop. "Whoa" she says, "we should uhh...". I can see she's a little nervous so I pull back and give her space to process what's happening. We keep strolling to Crown Casino. In the back of my head I'm thinking "I should take her to the Crown toilets". So I tell her we're going to check out the casino and fill up her water bottle. On the walk there, I get her number. During the conversation I also ask her where she's staying and she says, "We could go back to my place but my roommates are home..."

We finally get to the toilets and I say "Cool, lets both go in and fill it up" and she says "Are you sure...?"

I say, "I'm sure..." and take her in.

This is another perfect example of me taking responsibility. She can't admit that she wants to come inside because it puts the responsibility on her. If she allows me to take the lead it absolves her of any guilt or judgment or feeling like a slut.

As soon as we get in I lock the door and slam her against the wall. We kiss for a few seconds as she traces her tongue along my lips, and I start biting her neck and grabbing her tits. I go straight for her skirt and she's not wearing any panties! I start fingering her straight away, she's moaning, I chuck a condom on (thank fuck for remembering these!), she sits up on the

sink, spreads her legs, and I start fucking her. I'm a bit worried the sink will break but it holds up okay. The toilets are really nice and classy in Crown Casino.

Then we hear a whole bunch of commotion outside the door, people speaking in a foreign language, the door rattles a few times.

I keep fucking her, but we both get freaked out and get dressed again. She bends down on all fours to look under the door, and I go down behind her and start fingering her from behind again, really quiet so as not to disturb the people outside. She told me later that she found this really sexy because it was like our little secret.

We're still unsure if it's just random people or security. I fuck her doggystyle like this for a while (she stops me at one point to make sure I still have a condom on...good girl!), but the door keeps shaking and there are all these voices outside.

We get dressed and leave unsatisfied, and as we open the door, it turns out that first it was a mum with a kid wanting to use the baby change room, and then her other kid was just playing around and hitting the door! So at least she got to use the bathroom for a 'real' emergency.

We decide to go find another toilet. We get there and it's taken, so we wait a bit, then go in. I kiss her, it gets heated again quickly as I start fingering her again, and she's moaning so loud. I keep putting my finger to her lips to tell her to be quiet, like in the movies.

I bend her over the sink this time, so I'm watching both of us in the mirror, her bent over and shaking with pleasure, and me pounding her from behind. I was surprised how masculine I looked, the combination of my dirty facial hair, necklace, and the 5kg of muscle I've put on (bringing me to a whopping 70kg) came together to present a really surprisingly pleasing image.

I couldn't believe it. Here I was, balls deep in this hottie, slamming her from behind in a public bathroom, 20 minutes after meeting her.

I hit her really hard from the back for ages, my tantra training paid off big time; I knew when I was getting close to pull out and tense my PC muscle for a bit. Her skin was so nice and tanned, and her tits were actually better out of her bra, really firm and smooth. Watching them shake from the pounding was SO hot.

I turned her around so I could stimulate her clit more with each thrust. When I started hitting it from the front she started going all silly and I could

tell she would cum soon.

I try out what my tantra teacher Shae Matthews said when girls get close to cumming: tell them that they're not allowed to cum yet. That made her go over the edge.

I was so fucking grateful for all the tantric work I'd been doing for the past year and a half. I could have easily blown my load at this crucial moment; the sight of her about to cum sent me nearly over the edge. I rode it out, and pounded her till she came really hard. I went a bit soft at this point because I had a mini-orgasm without ejaculating, so I pulled off the condom and told her to get on her knees.

She took a moment because she was in an orgasmic haze, but then gladly held my dick and licked and sucked it really slow. I got hard as a rock again and chucked another condom on. I keep at least 6 on me at all times for this exact reason.

I put her lying on the floor, and it was as nice, clean, smooth and classy as bathroom floors get. I pounded her in missionary and she gasped that she was going to cum again. I felt her shaking and it sent me over the edge this time. I came so hard and so deep in her, I was wrecked. I just collapsed on top of her. We were both covered in sweat and shaking, holding each other while we caught our breath. It took us ages to get dressed, both of us in a sex haze.

As we walked back to Federation Square I told her, "I planned this. I came to the city today with the intention to fuck a girl in the day. I just didn't know it would be you." I was just in a post-orgasm haze and I wasn't filtering anything I was saying.

More from her email:

"Also something I noticed which is kinda indirectly related was that you became way more open after sex. I liked that a lot!"

She just said 'Wow, that's kind of cool. I like that'.

Then I said, "You know what else? The guy who approached you before me was my friend!" So we met up with my friend who opened her initially and the first thing he said was, "So are we gonna have a threesome?" and we all laughed. Great tension breaker, what a champ.

On the way to the train home I approached this stunning girl in a purple dress and got a cold shoulder. She was an ice queen and totally ignored me.

Whenever I get a reaction like that, I think “Well, it’s the approaches like that which lead me to fucking girls in the toilets of Crown after 20 minutes. Wooahoo!” Part of my success is that I’m open to the negative reactions as much as the positive ones. I accept it all as part of the process of putting myself out there.

The lesson from today was that it all came down to setting a clear goal: “Today, I am going to go to the city and either kiss or fuck a girl” and following that intent through to its orgasmic conclusion.

Secret Video #2: : Some girls have a fantasy to meet a stranger and have sex with him during the day (especially tourists!). To understand how you can approach girls who are looking for the same thing as you, go to secret.rapidescalation.com/register

TOILET SEX AT THE IVY

Date: 4th March 2011

City: Sydney, Australia

Seduction Time: 15 Minutes

Seduction Location: The Ivy Pool Toilets

James and I had finished a workshop in Sydney and so we hit the town to let off some steam. The Ivy is a big multilevel club, which attracts a crowd of wannabe suburban hotties, suits and corporate chicks. On the top level is a VIP rooftop pool bar, where B-list celebs, models and the young-money set hang out. We schmoozed our way up, flirting a little with the gay doorman.

As soon as I got to the Ivy, I knew it was my kind of place. Instead of a male or female logo on the toilets, they all had both the male *and* female logos on them, in a variety of sexual positions. One had the female giving a blowjob, one had the couple in a doggystyle position, and so on.

It was a really classy place, with a pool in the middle which some of the sexy young ladies chose to swim in.

James and I got chatting to a group of ladies. I was exchanging sexually charged small talk with a petite one in a tight white dress. She said, "I'm a pretty docile person" and I said, "But sometimes you like it rough" while giving her deadly hellfire intent eyes. We held eye contact for a very long 3 seconds; the moment seemed to last for an eternity. The sexual tension reached a peak and she let it break as she breathed a sigh. "How did you know?! You know me already..." she gasped. I just smiled, thinking, "How did I know what? That you enjoy passion and intensity during sex? You and 99.99% of women."

James ended up having a whacky conversation with her and she wrote his number on her arm in mascara.

As we turned away from the bar, I locked eyes with a fair skinned, dark haired burlesque-looking girl, her bright red lipstick glistening like a film noir femme fatale.

I glanced away, and we looked back at each other again. There was an awkward moment as her group was moving; I was moving in her direction and it wasn't clear what was happening, so I just motioned to her to come over and said, "Hi."

The next morning I told her, "During those first few moments, I knew we would have sex. In a way, we already had energetically; it was just a matter of details from that point onward."

We introduced ourselves and shook hands, and were standing 10 cm apart so that our bodies were almost touching. She kept holding my hand long after the handshake, and didn't let go for at least 10 minutes. Good sign.

We had a pleasant conversation; I can't remember much of what was said, but that wasn't really important. Our voices were dripping with seduction, drawing out our words, holding intense sexual eye contact, and leaving long energetically charged pauses. I was giving her a blast of hellfire eyes and she was sending them right back.

At one point, maybe after 2 or 3 minutes of this sexual conversation dance, she asked if I was having a good night. I told her that the toilets in this place were so cool, and that they were designed for sexy liaisons and asked her if she'd like to come check them out with me. She politely declined, but kept holding my hand, holding sexual eye contact and the flirty conversation continued. It wasn't a yes, but it wasn't a clear no either. She was saying, "Not right now...maybe later."

I was telling her about my habit of meditating in clubs. She told me I was crazy, but I told her that when I accept and transcend the intensity of the environment and all the associated internal dialogue, I actually go to the deepest point of immersion and inner peace/tranquillity.

I let go of thoughts like:

- Do I look cool?
- Do I fit in? Do I belong here?
- How's my hair?
- Am I looking like a chump standing in this spot?

- Will that girl reject me? She's way too hot...
- It feels like everyone else here knows each other...

And so on.

I'm also released from other bad habits such as checking my phone every 37 seconds, looking around frantically, talking too fast, excessive smiling, fidgeting and not keeping a still, relaxed posture.

She got on board the meditation train and we began to do belly breathing together. We were still holding hands, staring into each other's eyes, standing with our stomachs almost touching.

At one point she closed her eyes. I was so impressed; it showed how immersed she was in the moment. She wasn't worried that people were watching. She wasn't paranoid that people would look at us standing in the middle of a exclusive VIP bar, embracing each other in some faux-eastern breathing trance with our eyes closed. She was just relaxed and vibing on the energy.

After another few minutes of placid conversation and relaxation I said, "Want to go for a walk?"

"Where?" she inquired, her eyes flashing with danger and passion.

"Dunno, just around..." I replied casually.

She agreed. I spun her around so I was behind her, and wrapped my arms around her. We slowly walked through the crowd, still in a trance. A group of glam girls watched us with envy and one of them said, "Oh my god, you guys are so cute!"

I told her to resist the urge to hurry through the crowd and we walked in unison (the only option really when you're standing up spooning). We walked down the stairs holding hands in my classic Titanic style and walked towards the toilets.

This is where it got tricky. You would think - given the fact that the toilet signs overtly implied they were to be used for sex - that this environment would make toilet sex a breeze to pull off. Wrong. Dead wrong. The fact that the toilets were unisex meant that there was a horde of men and women all hanging out on the circular couch; the girls waiting either for friends or the toilets to be free, and the guys swarming around all the girls.

I had been anticipating marching right up to a free toilet and taking her in, but given the informal line, it wasn't that simple.

I leaned against the wall and pulled her in close, holding her around the waist and lightly tracing my fingers up her legs (damn her skin was soft!). As I'd lean in to talk, my stubble would brush her cheek and ear. Everything I was saying and doing was slow, subtle, seductive and sexy.

I was telling her how cool it was when she had closed her eyes upstairs, and about how I used to have a problem doing that during the Masterclass meditation exercises because I was paranoid I was the only one closing my eyes and that everyone else was looking at me.

I kept avoiding extended eye contact because I didn't want her to initiate a make-out session and risk blowing the sexual tension, so I just kept whispering in her ear and holding her close (sometimes with 40 seconds of silence between talking). This went on for a good 5 minutes. We were still breathing together; she said, "I'm so relaxed right now."

I realized that the line for the toilets was endless and that the tension would die if we joined it. I knew I'd have to just push in. That made me a bit nervous. I saw an opening and quickly led her in. Some asshole yelled, "Hey! There's a line!" There was maybe 2-5 people waiting, and about 10 toilets...not a very long line. He was clearly just jealous.

I locked the door, pushed her up against the wall and kissed her. Her eyes sparkled with excitement. "What are we doing?!" she said in a hushed whisper. I ran my hand up her skirt and started fingering her; she closed her eyes and was panting.

Some jerk (presumably the same guy) banged on the door, yelling to hurry up and that people were waiting, as if there was some huge shortage of toilets. He was probably trying to look like a big man for the girls in the line, but they would have seen his macho faux-chivalrous act for what it was: jealousy.

This door-banging snapped her out of her sexual state a bit and she said, "Gosh, I can't believe we're doing this, you're so bad...look what you've made me do! How did this happen?"

I figured (correctly as I later confirmed) that this was just part of the fantasy for her, being seduced and it being the guy's fault/responsibility. The fact that she later took me home and drove me to work the next day is more than enough evidence to me that she was just playing up the "it just happened, it's his fault!" theme for her own excitement, and that she was into it the whole time.

She kept this frame all the way through to sex, which was a bit of a turn-off for me. That, combined with the guy's yelling and banging on the door, psyched me out a fair bit. Once I got the condom on, I could feel myself going soft straight away. I tried to shove it in, but no luck: too floppy.

I pulled my dick out and put it in her hand. "I need a little inspiration" I told her. She gave me a dry handjob, I spat on her hand, and it helped a bit, but I got the most turned on when I started fingering her again and I could feel how wet she was and hear her moan. I turned her around, bent her over and shoved my face into the soft skin of her pussy from behind and ate her out for a bit.

Condom number two went on. I started going soft again and could barely shove it in. I managed to get it in and pump her for a while but it wasn't fully erect and wasn't much fun.

It was hot visually though, looking at her seductive face in the mirror while fucking her from behind. She had an hourglass figure, and that sexy burlesque look of pure milk-pale skin under a dark skirt. Her pale round booty bursting out from her little skirt with a tattoo on her ass cheek topped it off for me.

I wasn't even properly hard but I felt myself ejaculate. I had the rare experience of faking my pleasure, as I knew that it would make the overall experience better for her if I seemed to fuck her hard from behind and blow a huge load. Much sexier than going "Oh... Well, I guess that's it then. I've ejaculated. Better dispose of this condom. Sorry for blowing so quick" or something lame and mood-killing like that. I understand why women will fake orgasm now, having done it myself: it's to enhance the experience for your partner, and show them that even though you're not having a peak experience you're still enjoying the moment you're sharing with them witnessing their pleasure.

We walked out and some hotshot male model in a classy suit said "Well done" in a French accent. Approval from one of the cool guys! Feels funny as I used to resent this archetype in high school.

We walked back to the bar and she bought me a drink. We were holding each other like a couple at this point. She kept shivering and saying "I can't be around you! You make me too horny..." Every time we'd start touching each other, I'd get a boner again, but it fucking HURT! I think my

dick was raw/confused by the weirdness of having ejaculated while still half-soft.

She asked me, “Where are you staying tonight?” and I said “Your place I guess...” Her eyes lit up, and she said ok. We caught a cab, which she paid for. We slowly undressed each other on the couch and I gave her a hard pounding. After this she was still saying things like, “How did this happen? I don’t normally do this...” and “You’re bad, what did you make me do...”

The old me a few years ago would have taken all her comments “blaming” me for it on face value and made me feel like I tricked her, or like I was some sort of predator. But now I see the bigger picture of how much she was driving the seduction. She held my hand for 10 minutes, she bought me a drink, asked me to come home with her (which I did, she paid for the cab), begged me to fuck her all night (which I did for a while but eventually had to sleep), and drove me to work the next day. She was investing as much as me into the interaction, if not more. It might not seem like it, but it was a very mutual seduction.

She seemed to just get turned on by the idea that I was a bad boy seducer who swept her off her feet in the heat of a passionate moment, against her better judgment. I was able to discern her token fantasy resistance from real resistance, and she was very grateful for this.

During the night we ran out of condoms! I always carry 6 condoms in my pocket with me no matter what I’m doing, even if I’m just walking to the shops. You never know who you will meet. I used two in the toilet, then 2 more broke at her place and we used another two. So even 6 condoms is still not enough!

Also, in the morning we got a little kinky: I gave her the silent duck (4 fingers) in her pussy, while fingering her ass with a condom on my finger, in a 69 position while she sucked me off. I blew all over her tits. We cleaned up and she drove me to work.

She looked like a 21-year-old hipster, but to my surprise she was 30! Great body for a lady of her age.

Good start to my Sydney weekend.

Secret Video #3: Even though this girl verbally said no, she still came to the bathroom with me for sex and took me to her place later

that night. To watch a video about the right time to verbally ask for sex and when to subtly lead instead, go to secret.rapidescalation.com/register

LANEWAY BLOWJOB

Date: 14th November 2008

City: Melbourne, Australia

Seduction Time: 15 Minutes

Seduction Location: Laneway next to police station

So I was sitting on a milk crate in a dirty alley, with my cock in a 31-year-old woman's mouth, thinking "How did I get here?!"

Back up an hour or so: I got to the city at 11.30 p.m. My friend and I were walking along and I was being social with everyone on the street, chatting to people and complimenting girls if they had cool outfits. I saw this older looking lady with a kind of dark gothic look going on, walking with a bike, and I asked her why she wasn't on it. She giggled, asked me who was asking, and we started flirting.

The vibe was clearly sexual from the start; we didn't really say anything logical to each other. I rode next to her on the bike for a bit, and our touching smoothly became overt: hand holding, squeezing and these little dominance games where she'd twist my arm. I'd misinterpret everything as sex: She said "Oh fuck me, I'm late for the party" and I said, "You want to fuck me? Sorry get me a drink first" with a flirty tone.

We didn't really talk about anything serious; all our words were just a context for us to pump the sexual tension. We had a very antagonistic playful frame happening. It was like we were in our own little world and we both knew what was going on, so what we said didn't matter. We were walking along, lots of hugging and play fighting and pushing each other, with both of us stopping every now and then for me to slam her into a wall and dry hump her.

She told me she was a lesbian, which I thought was a lie, and I just said “Good for you” and didn’t let it change anything. She later admitted she actually was one and lived with her butch girlfriend, but just missed the feeling of cock.

Earlier in the week, I had watched a Robbie Williams video on YouTube where he was doing this crazy eye contact thing and nearly seducing an interviewer, and this is pretty much what I was doing: Looking *right* into her eye, no matter what, for periods of 30 or 40 seconds. She was staring right back and loving the tension we were creating. Whatever we were saying didn’t really matter; it was just the burning sex desire. The vibe was playful but challenging, as if we were playing mind games and trying to psyche each other out...or out-sex each other. She’d say stuff like, “You think you’re in control...but you’re not. I have the power!” while grinning, and then she’d twist my arm. She was pretty dominant. I just stared right back and grinned like I thought whatever she was saying was cute. She later told me that she was attracted to how bold I was being, and thought it was a very fresh perspective. She was surprised that a 19-year-old kid was acting like he was more sexually experienced than her, a kinky experimental 31-year-old lesbian.

The touching was getting pretty crazy. It was like we were play fighting and I got a massive hard on. She saw my boner and could not stop looking at it. I was trying to hide it by turning away from her to tuck it in but she kept pushing herself up on me, against the wall, trying to press herself against it. I was fighting back, but at the same time worried that it’d look like I was attacking her and cause a scene. I was just matching the same amount of aggression she was bringing to the flirting: slamming her into walls and biting her neck, all of this going down on Swanston Street, in front of people. When she saw that I was willing to step up and play on her naughty level, this furthered her attraction to me. She liked the fact that I wasn’t afraid to take a risk and be a bit dangerous.

More importantly, she liked the fact that I could read her body language and vibe, and tell it was appropriate for me to escalate on her. Women love it when a man can read their signals; it means they can trust him to be aware of how she’s feeling, and it means she can relax and be in the moment without having to worry about him doing the wrong thing. It also shows that he has experience, and it’s something that many men lack. Many women have been on the receiving end of so much uncalibrated male

attention that meeting a man who's on her level sexually and energetically is a rare and exciting experience.

I'm holding her hand and leading her, and she asks, "Where are we going?"

"Over here" I reply, and we walk to a bench. I sat down, and she sits so her legs are across my lap, and starts rubbing my dick through my pants while grinning sexually. We still haven't kissed yet. My wing, who had been walking along beside us and watching the whole thing go down says, "Hey I'll go grab some food..." He knew when to leave.

I take her down a side street further under the guise of "finding some stairs to show you something cool" (I planned to kiss her on the stairs), and she just leaves her expensive sports bike and follows me! Then *she* pulls *me* into a more private lane-way. So this is a maximum 10 minutes after meeting.

She starts making "stairs" (a seat) from milk crates and tells me to stand on them. I sit down and she sits down on a lower one, face in line with my crotch. We've been holding hands playing power struggle games the whole time, she's really aggressive, and I grab her hand and put it on my dick. I'm still giving her hellfire eyes and sly seductive smile combo the whole time. It's like I knew from the start what she wanted and knew I could make it happen.

I start to open my fly and she goes, "I want to see it", and my dick comes out. She sits there on the milk crate just marvelling at it, holding it between both hands. After a while she starts licking and kissing it. She keeps looking at it, telling me how pretty it is, and is genuinely fascinated with it. Sometimes she would pause for 20 seconds and just stare at it from different angles, pulling the skin in different ways. The fact that she was a lesbian and had a girlfriend probably meant she missed dicks (she later confirmed this; she hadn't seen one in 2 years and said, "It's been so long since I've had a dick!"). She still hadn't kissed me at that point...the lesson is that escalation doesn't always have to be linear.

She started sucking it, getting really into it and making crotch thrusting movements, and told me she wanted to fuck me up the ass with a dildo and that she'd be able to fuck me harder than I could fuck her. I found this a little off-putting, but hey, when you're getting your dick sucked 10 minutes after meeting someone, who's complaining? The laneway was next to the cop station, and cops kept walking past the window and glancing over.

Every time this happened, I'd look up, and she would sense my reaction and turn to check if anyone was there, but by then the cop was gone, already past the window. I'd just say "What? There's no one there, baby" and guide her head down, and she'd go back to work licking and sucking my cock. This happened 4 or 5 times; I'm sure the thrill of being caught excited her on some level.

Then in the middle of all this, another girl I was seeing called me. I answered "Hey I'm busy..." Great timing. It's an open relationship and she's very relaxed about sex. I told her the full story later, and she thought it was awesome.

The lesbian didn't let me cum, on purpose. She said that the next time I blew it'd be better. (She was right; the next time I blew in the mouth of my lady friend who had called me, it was amazing). I sat there with burning eye contact and told her to finish what she started, but I wasn't really in a position to bargain. We walked back towards the street, and I kept pushing her into walls and dry fucking her while we kissed. Near the end of the lane we kissed with our eyes closed for half a minute, and when I opened them a 50-year-old cop was standing right there. He was 20cms from my face. He must have been standing there watching us the whole time. It was a funny shock. He was cool though, and just told us to take it somewhere more private.

She said, "I don't normally go for men...they don't turn me on. I don't know what you did...The eye contact and the play fighting was so exiting... maybe it was your innocence...you have a really beautiful cock. It's so pretty, seriously it's like a work of art."

Pretty cool compliment to receive as a 19-year-old.

We walked out of the lane, and it turns out her bike had gotten stolen! To my surprise, she was totally not fussed about it. She just said, "Ah well, that's what I get for sucking off some guy I just met and forgetting to lock my bike..." A very Zen reaction if you ask me.

I hung out with her for about 20 minutes after that, and she bought me some fries. It was so refreshing how mature she was. We just talked about non-sex related stuff, her work and my music, and her life experience, her relationship with her girlfriend, her work as an architect and how she's against the penis shape of most buildings and wants to design a vagina-shaped building. I was actually enjoying talking to her. She was really cool and interesting to just hang with, and I told her to come to my next gig just

as a friend and to bring her girlfriend. She was interested and asked my band's name, but didn't want to give me her number. I understood; for her it was just a random sexual adventure with no strings attached.

Things I learned from the seduction:

- Not apologising for your desire and having a sly sexy smile is great in the appropriate context.
- Eye contact can be so powerful! Hellfire eyes!
- Once you're already flirting with a girl, then finding out that you have a hard-on can be a massive turn on. They can see the sexual effect they're having on you, which can make them feel very sexy and seductive.
- Taking escalation windows: imagine if I had missed/ignored her subtle sexual signals and tried to have a deep conversation with this woman? You have to assess each situation as it comes and take the appropriate action. There is no one-size-fits-all approach to seduction because every woman is different. I was able to calibrate and see this girl was in a sexual state and just wanted to be taken on a wild sexual adventure then and there.
- Seduction is not linear. You don't always have to kiss first... she put my penis in her mouth before we kissed!

Secret Video #4: Using Hellfire Eyes™ to convey your sexual intent in an honest and direct way is vital for creating these fast encounters: this is what allows the seduction to progress so quickly. Learn how to access your sexual power and project it through your eyes at secret.rapidescalation.com/register

PEARL NECKLACE ON THE TRAIN

Date: 18th August 2010

City: Train between Munich and Prague

Seduction Time: 25 Minutes

Seduction Location: Train Carriage

For those who don't know, "The Eurotour" is a traveling seduction workshop run by James Marshall from The Natural Lifestyles. Basically we take 8 guys through Eastern Europe: 8 hours of infield a day, 10 days of mayhem.

This report is pretty long, but as you can guess from the title I got a hand job off a girl on the train to Prague and gave her a "pearl necklace" (blew my load on her neck).

Before I left the house for the flight to Europe, I dressed up real slick. I thought, "I have about 36 hours till I get there and lots of hot women to meet during my hours of travel". Good decision.

Waiting in the airport, I met a girl in the waiting lounge and got her Facebook. I love this type of 'anywhere' seduction where you're just going about your life and you meet girls as opposed to having to go to bars specifically for it.

Then I sat next to this cute Asian chick on the plane... and didn't talk for the first 7 hours. It's so funny thinking of all the thoughts going through my head "talk to her...but people will hear...it's been too long...what if she doesn't speak English...what if she has a boyfriend?"

After a few hours we started chatting about food and ended up talking for ages. Her name was Candy (I told her it sounded like a stripper name) and I got her number.

(Update: I went on a date with this girl in Melbourne and while it was fun, we didn't really click. She was nervous and found my energy and humour too weird for her to deal with. In the past I would have seen this as a failure but it's actually just effective screening: I'm being myself and we're both realizing we're not right for each other. So much better than "playing it safe" on the first date and then her finding out she doesn't like you further down the track.)

I talked to a random girl on the subway train from Munich airport; she had a boyfriend so we just talked, and as she got off was like, "Maybe we'll meet again? Add me on Facebook!" While I was chatting to her I cut my hand on the zip of my new bag, and an old lady next to us leaned across and handed me a tissue, while giving a warm smile: she was clearly enjoying watching the young romance unfolding in front of her.

It was just cool to talk to so many girls during my trip in the sense that it solidifies all the identity transformation I've put myself through, confirming beliefs like:

- I'm a relaxed guy
- Talking to strangers is normal
- People enjoy my company and a conversation with me brightens their day
- Girls are instantly attracted to me when they meet me and talking to me just makes me grow on them

It's cool to believe that and then get feedback from the universe confirming that.

After arriving at Munich station, I had two hours to kill, so I checked my bag in and thought, "Time to go find out which woman here is becoming my lover for the next few hours".

I did a lap of the station, didn't see anything I liked, went back to my locker to get some water, and accidentally reset my locker so I ended my time early. So now I was stuck with my heavy luggage. Not the best logistics for a daytime seduction.

So I didn't end up even talking to anyone. But I thought, "Well dude, reality check: The fact that it's *normal* for you to think of checking-in your luggage so you can go meet a new lover for a short sexual affair while waiting for your train is fucking *awesome*. It shows how far your mindsets have come: You've really internalized that daytime sex is not only possible,

but something you can do in your day-to-day life. This is the kind of stuff you used to fantasize about in high school, sub-consciously hating every Hollywood representation of “easy” romance because it always came with the ugly question, “WHY DOESN’T THAT STUFF EVER HAPPEN TO ME!!!?” And now your day-to-day actions are the actions of one of those guys from movies that just seem to be naturally good with women.” This mantra would prove true just an hour later, culminating in my semen coating a Chilean girl in a pearl necklace on the train.

Walking towards the train, I asked these two girls if they were sisters, talked to them for 10 seconds, then got on the train. One of them was behind me in the aisle, and I had a cute, flirty exchange with her. She barely spoke English and that, coupled with the sexual tension was too much for her to handle, so she moved carriages.

So 5 minutes later when I’m thinking about moving carriages to find one with more girls, a voice in my head goes “Nah but that’d be weird, she’ll think I moved because of her and I’ll look like a stalker...”

Then the Social Freedom voice goes “Uhhh dude, it’s a free country. You can sit where you want. And if she thinks you’re a creep, deal with it. She doesn’t even live in the same hemisphere as you. So Fucking What.”

It turned out changing carriages was a good idea: the one I was on first actually detached at the halfway point and went to a different city. Social Freedom saved the day! How stupid would I feel when I rocked up in some dodgy Eastern European town going, “FUCK. I should have checked the train instead of worrying about what a random girl thought of me...”

On the train they had all these 6-seater compartments. A few had lone females in them; I mentally bookmarked them to go talk to later.

Eventually after a few cycles of thinking, “Oh, it’s weird to talk to strangers on a train” and that playing off in my mind against, “No it’s not, you’ve picked up heaps of girls on the train before, and even when you get rejected it won’t matter in 6 months”, I walked past a compartment and saw a cute dark-haired girl by herself. She was looked South American and had a cello. I stuck my head in and commented on the cello, and we started chatting. She invited me to sit in her carriage.

I end up hanging out in her carriage for ages. We talk about music, she knows her shit. She is an ace cello player. I told her about my goal to play 4 hours a *day* of guitar, and she’s like, “Yeah, not bad. Six hours or more is ideal.”

I was impressed. She was the first person in ages that had responded like that when I told them about my dedication to guitar shredding. Most people say “4 hours a day?! WHY? That’s dumb man, just play with feeling...”

She showed me a video of her on stage performing in a huge concert hall, ripping it up with this piano shredder. It was moving and deep and beautiful and intense, all at the same time.

Since we had a 6-seater compartment to ourselves, we were touching each other incidentally, but because I was sitting next to her, it just felt so normal.

It feels weird to document the “escalation steps” because it was such a natural flow and so much more a product of my headspace than anything overtly tactical. Mindsets that are subconsciously ingrained such as:

- women like to be touched,
- touching girls is normal, I’m not weird about it
- passive acceptance of touch by a woman is a huge green light
- touching a woman shows your intent honestly
- even if she rejects your touching, she still respects your balls for having a crack

Gradually over the conversation, we became closer and closer. I wasn’t hesitating to touch her; I could feel the sexual chemistry there. It’s a snowball effect: at the same time as acting upon the tension, I was creating it.

As I was sitting next to her, I began holding her hands, tracing my hands over her arms, and sometimes I’d brush her neck or face. Picture a couple who have already been lovers for years and are just sharing affectionate touching. It wasn’t overtly sexual; it was very subtle. If someone had walked past the carriage, they would have assumed we were boyfriend and girlfriend.

At one point I got her to stand to compare height, hugged her, then kissed her neck. I didn’t ask if I could do it. I just did it, and she responded well. If in doubt, it’s always better to escalate and deal with the rejection than to hesitate.

My whole vibe was, “touch her like she’s already your lover”. There was no hesitation when I touched her, and I think she could sense that and it made her comfortable. I wasn’t weird about it, so neither was she.

We were playing games on each other's bodies (comparing hand size, feeling the sensitivity on her inner arm), and after a while she says, "It makes you laugh if I squeeze your thigh" and tried to tickle me on my thigh. I calmly say, "No, but it makes this happen" and brush her hand lightly over my boner.

"You're so horny!" she gasps with faux shock. "So are you" I respond casually, while giving her a blast of unwavering hellfire sex eyes.

She blushes and then starts trying to tell some unrelated story, her voice going higher and higher and leaving lots of half-finished sentences. I laugh and say, "You can't concentrate when you're horny, can you?" She shakes her head. It was so cute to see her resigned to her horniness, knowing that it was pointless to try to hide it from me.

I decide to pull the tension back a bit and tell her some lame joke story, and she stops me and goes, "How are you doing this!? You're so relaxed but I can feel how horny you are!" (Referring to my raging, throbbing erection which she was still lightly touching). I explain to her how I'm actually more relaxed when I'm horny because my mind is clear of unwanted noise and I'm just focused on enjoying the sexual energy. It's a form of sexual mediation that I picked up off James Marshall and Shae Matthews in The Masterclass.

Her hand has just been lightly resting on my cock for the last few minutes, and I nudge it closer, she says "What do you want me to do?" in a naughty voice so I lean over and close the blinds of our compartment. She gasps. It's funny because if I wasn't so confident I could easily have gotten freaked out at any of these points where she was a bit hesitant, but it's my job as the man to lead it, trust that she will follow, and hold space for her to enter the moment in her own time.

She keeps rubbing my dick through my pants, and I can tell she is frustrated with it being trapped under my belt at an angle, and wants to see it fully erect in all its glory. I push her hand down my pants and she starts grabbing at it, but my belt's too tight. She uses this as an excuse to stop and says "We're not doing anything on the train..." for the 10th time. Again, I see this for what it is (an objection based out of nervousness) and I just roll with it and keep going.

I just slowly unzip my pants and pull it out. She's fascinated; I get a feeling it's been a while since she's seen a dick. All that passion and intensity she experiences while performing music and no sexual outlet for

her must be frustrating. I like ravenously horny girls so it works well for me.

She leans right over really close to get a good look, and is just grasping it really firmly with both hands and slowly moving up and down the shaft. With her thumbs she's just swirling my pre-cum around the tip, using it as lube. It feels amazing, and I'm semi-orgasmic already.

She says, "I give really good blowjobs."

I guide her head down but she resists. I think she didn't mind touching it with her hands because if someone walks in it's easier to just step back, but if her mouth is right around my dick it makes her more vulnerable.

This little double-handjob/almost blowjob thing went on for a while. She stopped, then repeated how good her blowjobs were, so I just stood up, with her sitting down and me standing over her, and guided it to her mouth. She didn't take it in her mouth but still put her hands around it and was pumping the shaft slowly, alternating from marvelling at how hard my dick was, and looking me in the eyes seductively. Every thrust had my cock brimming with energy, sending ripples of pleasure from the lubricated tip right through the shaft.

I could feel myself close to the edge, so I started jacking it and said, "Open your mouth". She was in this weird hesitation of wanting to do it because she was so horny, and not wanting to because of being caught (the ticket lady had already almost caught us before when we were holding hands). She kept stroking it with her hand while looking at it longingly, and the sexual tension of the moment combined with the look of sexual lust on her face and her petite soft hands caressing it made me cascade over the edge into an explosive orgasm.

I blew my load in short powerful bursts, on her hair, neck, chest, jacket, my pants, and a huge pool in my hand too.

For someone who had just been drenched in cum without expecting it, she took it pretty well. She was a bit shocked, but still fascinated with the whole experience, trying to process what had just happened and make sense of all the excitement. She was still very composed and relaxed, but clearly stimulated. We made a team effort to clean up, then kept chatting.

Looking back on it later, I thought, "Man, my touch escalation techniques and advanced calibration are so smooth now". It didn't feel particularly noteworthy at the time, because I was actually in the moment experiencing it. Then it felt weird as that thought passed through my head

later, and I realized why: It's because treating it like an elite skill puts a layer of myth around touch escalation that exaggerates its greatness...it was just natural, biological male-female affection exchange. It's nothing special that you have to train for; it's a skill everyone is born with and people just repress for a whole host of reasons, from not wanting to feel creepy or sleazy to being uncomfortable with sexual tension. Learning successful touch escalation is less about knowing what moves and tricks to pull and more about removing the mental blocks and layers of fears and other mental bullshit that stop you doing what you're born to do.

The part that I'm proud of is not that I was able to touch her and make her horny...humans have been doing that to each other for millennia. The part I'm proud of is that I see me being able to have this kind of experience as a product of all the hard work I've done removing all the roadblocks to me being relaxed in the moment. There's a degree of learning specialized touching techniques, but the bulk of this involves learning to overcome all the fears, limiting beliefs, anxieties, and bad experiences from your past that cause you to tense up and miss out on these opportunities ever happening. Your outer game is just an expression of your inner game.

So you should think of it as getting back to nature, to your inner instinctual seducer. Women want a man who is in touch with that part of himself, and many men (myself included for the first two decades of my life) have been taught to suppress this. Allowing this innately sexual part of yourself to shine is going to bring you the greatest results.

Part of the whole "It didn't feel like hard work" vibe is also because it *wasn't* work...she was investing as much as I was. And that is a product of it being so normal/relaxed/chill for me, and drawing into that frame. It was a mutual seduction, my favourite kind.

From a technical point of view this means keeping the same relaxed vibe and energy before, during, and after any escalation point. This is really important: when she sees that I'm not going to be weird if she rejects me, it makes her much more comfortable to flow with it. It means that she feels safe that I can read her signals and that she can trust me to stop if she wants me to.

She texted me the next day telling her to send me a song I showed her, and she's going to record a solo cello version of it.

2012 Update: I've been in contact with her since on Facebook, sending her my classical and film compositions and getting her feedback on it.

Secret Video #5: Learn how to get physical with a girl you just met, while making sure she's comfortable with you getting in her personal space. Watch me explain how gradually increasing your touch as she becomes comfortable allows this process to be smooth at secret.rapidescalation.com/register

TWO GIRLS IN ONE NIGHT

Date: 25th May 2010

City: Melbourne, Australia

Seduction Time: 1st girl - 15 Minutes.

2nd girl - 2 Minutes

Seduction Location: park/club Toilet

This is a long story, but the short version is: I pulled a chick from The Hawthorne bar to the local park and fucked her 15 minutes after meeting...

Then I went to Cheers Nightclub and fucked a girl in the toilet about 2 minutes after meeting her.

I was in the city doing a coaching session and I got a call from my wing girl saying she was eager to go pick up. I was dressed in a suit jacket and well-wrapped scarf, feeling sharp, handsome and dashing.

I had been experimenting with a new kind of game. It's *really* low energy...I would find a seat, and literally just sit there doing nothing, being still, both internally and externally, and getting in touch with the dynamics, energy and flow of the room. I was just meditating, getting a handle on the nerves and converting them into positive intent and energy.

It's such a massive contrast to how I used to be when I was out. I used to go into a club, be all nervous, looking around frantically, be freaking out about what people were thinking, when I was going to do my first opener, what I would say, etc. I would talk way too much, and make pointless observational comments like "this line is taking ages" "this music's loud" "this song sucks" "that girl looks like someone from my old work" "that light bulb is broken" etc to release the pressure I was feeling within myself. I was really jittery and nervous internally and externally. During that period

I still got some scattered results, mainly pash-and-dash make-outs. The fact that I was high energy meant I was talking to a lot of girls, and some of them were receptive, but in terms of maximizing the impact that I had on each girl I was really wasting a lot of energy.

So this night we rock into the Hawthorn. It's a really loud, Uni party style bar, heaps of 19-22 year old Uni students, mostly glam girls and sporty jock dudes.

I walk in, *really* fucking slow, with all the Shaolin state-control techniques I've picked up off James kicking into gear. I'm really calm, relaxed, and taking in the whole room. My head moves slowly, all my actions are deliberate and I only speak when necessary.

We go to the dance floor and my wing girl and the two other dudes with us are all bubbly, drinking and dancing. I just lean against the wall, holding space and centring myself, while I drink in the room. It's a weird paradox because I'm totally removing myself from the environment and separating myself so I can observe it, but it takes me to a new level of hyper-awareness of everything, so that I'm *more* immersed in the moment and the room.

It's like in the video game *Max Payne* when you use bullet time to slow everything down. Everything is happening so slowly around me, it's like I can anticipate everything before it happens.

In *The Matrix*, Neo can see the code, he can see the Matrix, and it's like he's separate from everyone else walking around in the system. But he's still IN the system, so instead of making him separate, it just allows him to navigate the Matrix better and bend it to his will, to manifest what he wants.

I felt like I was Neo from the Matrix, in the space of the bar: separate, but also part of it, and able to assess it from a new angle. My awareness took me to a new level of immersion in the environment.

I talked to a few girls here and there, and it was funny because action-wise it was still very similar to how I used to be when I was high-energy; I still just chat to people in line or at the bar and have fun. Now it's just like I'm on this new level where I'm not thinking, "better chat to people to get in state" or something, I just DO it. I feel so comfortable in the environment, and with myself, that it's like I'm at my own house party and everyone already knows me. I don't have to prove myself to anyone, and I accept that not everyone will like me... but then I'm very well received

because of that non-attachment. They see that I don't give a fuck, and respect me for it. I'm not stuck in my head trying to prove myself to strangers, which makes me cool.

I think part of this mindset might have come from me doing so much night game coaching. It allowed me to observe bars and clubs from a new angle. Now when I'm in there to pick up for myself, it's like I'm my own best coach.

I spent about 40 minutes approaching girls. Some of them I just chatted with; some of them I got numbers from. I was on my own by this point because my wing girl had already left for the next club. The fact that I was cool to just hang out and chat to people without my friends there says a lot about how relaxed and comfortable I had become in the bar environment.

Another thing worth noting is that not every girl I approached was receptive. I didn't take the rejections personally and just kept rolling with it. If I had given up at this point, I never would have experienced the wild adventures that were to follow.

After spending some time in the smokers area making new friends, I went back to sitting super still on the couch, just relaxing and getting in touch with the dynamics of the room. I felt like those wilderness trackers who can pick up the vibe of the forest.

As I was sitting there, every minute or so, a pair of hot girls would come and sit on the couch near me, and I would move couches and talk to them. There were a few other people on the couches near me, and if they were watching me it would be very obvious what I was doing: talking to every girl that sat near me. This is where all that Social Freedom stuff comes in: I felt a bit weird knowing that they were watching me pick up and fail multiple times, but I didn't let that stop me. I could have easily been clouded by thoughts like "Oh that dudes watching me, he saw me fail with the last 3 girls, I should stop. He'll think I have shit game, or that I'm a desperate loser, or a creep."

The fourth one was where it got interesting, so I'm glad I stuck it out and didn't let my fear of those random people watching get to me. I opened two girls by telling them it looked like they were checking the camera to make sure no bad photos get on Facebook. I chatted to them for a bit, and one of them started dancing with her boyfriend, but the other one was investing a lot: leaning in really close, long eye contact, touching me all the time. She had a really sexy energy, and it made me really horny.

We chatted about architecture shaped like dicks, and she told me her friend was moving to New Zealand, so I said she could dress me in a wig and I'd pretend to be her friend. I said, "So, you better get my number." She got her phone out and put it in. We bounced to a nearby couch, and she sat REALLY close to me, pressing against me. I said, "I'm gonna be really honest...you have an awesome sexual energy. This is what you're doing to me" and put her hand on my boner.

She giggled, and we kept chatting. This is a perfect example of me reading the situation and knowing from her signs that she was ready for that kind of sexual touching. It was still a very subtle move; much more subtle than if I had kissed her in front of everyone. It's sexy for her because it's like it's our little secret and no one else in the bar knows.

Furthermore, the fact that I'm so relaxed about it allows her to enjoy it without feeling weird. Your vibe is contagious, and if you're nervous, you're going to infect her with nervousness too. But if you feel sexually relaxed, it makes it a lot easier for her to enter that headspace.

I found out that her parents were strict, and told her that meant she was probably a bad girl who loved rebelling. She agreed. I said, "Let's do something crazy...let's go for a walk right now" (accompanied by blazing hellfire eyes).

There was a pause as I continued to burn her with deadly unwavering sexual eye contact, which she matched. She looked into my eyes, saw that I was serious, and then agreed excitedly. I took her by the hand and led her outside.

We walked outside, and she started asking me a bunch of questions so she would feel more comfortable about fucking me. I just chatted happily about my family and music. My vibe was very relaxed and not overtly projecting sexual intent, but I was speaking slowly and calmly, so it was ambiguous in a good way. We got to the park, where I kissed her, and she said "We should go somewhere darker..." I took her behind a tree, we started kissing, and things got hot and heavy.

What followed provides the best reason to get your inner game tight and get clear on your intent and beliefs, to be congruent with your beliefs, and to be able to effectively communicate them to the universe/other people:

She says, "I'm not fucking you tonight...you have to wait."

Now, in my reality, this is BULLSHIT. She wants to fuck me, and I oppose the whole “women using sex as a power tool” paradigm with a passion. However, I wasn’t angry about it. I understand why women say those things, and that it usually relates to past experiences and social conditioning.

So I said, “I’m gonna be totally honest with you, just like I have been so far. I think that whole idea is fucked. I hate the way women are demonized for being sexual, and I actually think sexually liberated girls are way cooler.”

“Umm...can I just say something...I luuuuuuuuuuve sex,” she purred.

“I know. And you saying that you want to make me wait is such a silly concept.”

“But so many guys just bail after they fuck me. I want to see you again.”

“Okay I’ll be straight with you. I will be more likely to want to see you again if we have sex now, because I think girls who just go with the moment and do what they want are way cooler. So if we do the naughty things that I know you want to do right now, I’ll respect you more for not being weird and uptight about sex.”

Now the key part of this is that it’s *true*. This is not a trick to get her to fuck me. This is my reality. The frame that it implies is powerful: “If we have sex now, you are cool!” This frame is in direct contrast to that of most guys, which is: “If we have sex now, you are a worthless slutty whore that I never want to see again.’

This discussion went on for about 2 minutes, her asking me questions and me clarifying my mindsets, and at some point I started fingering her. After a while she just whispered, “Let’s have sexxxxxxx.”

I put on a condom, rolled her stockings down and pulled up her skirt, turned her around, and pressed her up against the tree while I entered her. Her ass was amazing, and looked so hot shining in the moonlight. She was really responsive and let herself go, telling me how much she liked to be fucked hard. I pounded harder and harder until I felt myself release inside her.

We finished up and started walking back. I started telling her about polyamory, and she said, “What, so you sleep with lots of girls...does that mean you’ll never have a partner?” I said, “Well no, I have a girlfriend. It’s an open relationship.”

She fucking FLIPPED OUT. She started sobbing intensely as tears streamed down her face, calling me a jerk, saying I was just like every other guy, that all guys were dicks, and her life was shit. At this point I could have just been like, “Fuck it, I don’t need this shit” and walked off. But I felt a duty to care for her, and stayed with her even when she was telling me to fuck off and being negative towards me.

A lot of the detachment that I’ve built up from coaching was really helpful. I wasn’t getting emotionally invested in an argument; I was just trying to reason with her.

One thing that James really inspired me about was not letting people put you into roles that you don’t represent or value. The example he gives is if you approach a girl and she calls you a creep, you don’t have to accept that title, and you can challenge her on it, not as a way to get her, but just to break her out of her silly reality and reinforce your own. The time that he did it was because some girls were trying to pin that identity on a student, and James was standing up for him.

The same thing happened here, but with myself. She was basically calling me a jerk, implying I had done something wrong, and reinforcing all these ridiculous ideas she had about men, so I was very invested in breaking her out of this shit.

I sat there with her for around 20 minutes, talking her through it and trying to get her to see past the guys that hurt her in the past and see that I wasn’t like those guys.

I was very calm and collected, but I still made it clear how I felt:

“It’s actually offensive to me what you’re saying. We talked about how shit it is that girls get judged for their sexual behaviour and now you are basically doing the same thing to me. You’re judging me for being a slut without even knowing me and now you’re telling me to fuck off, so you’re not even giving yourself a chance to get to know me.”

So I guess I got a hint of 0.0000001% of what girls must feel for being judged on their sexuality...it fucking SUCKS.

Her friends came and got her. I spoke to her on the phone the next day; I did most of the talking, but I think the fact that I even called spoke loud and clear to her that I wasn’t a jerk. The conversation started with me reiterating how she had so many false perceptions about men, and eventually ended with us talking about sex and both of us getting really

horny. I was telling her about how I wanted to fuck her, how I knew she wanted to fuck me, and what it would be like if we were together.

She added me on Facebook that night, and on chat said, “Ohh...you’re right. Now I’m really horny and don’t know what to do!”

It felt pretty good to have been able to deal with her calling me a jerk while sobbing with mascara streaming down her face. I held my intent and identity and didn’t let her pin the crimes of her previous lovers onto me, then turned it around to the point where she respected me and didn’t hate all men, and was open to the potential reality of us having casual sex.

After she left with her friends, I went to Cheers nightclub, chatting up this fashion model chick on the way. She was so beautiful, chocolaty brown skin and deep green eyes. I got her number before meeting my wing girl, who had some long hilarious story about hooking up with some girl who used to date a guy she was fucking.

I was considering going home, when she said, “Yeah just come inside for a bit, see what happens.” Good decision.

I went in, and I was in the same state as I was before: really relaxed, super still, drinking in my surroundings, not in any rush to be anywhere. I sat alone on a couch a bit away from the dance floor, watching the room, and I felt so still. Just un-restless; even my usual habit of fiddling my hands and checking my phone was gone. My wing girl was hooking up with some other chick, and I could see they were looking over thinking, “Pffft this whole ‘sit alone and do nothing’ game plan that Liam’s running is bullshit...it’s not working” because I was just sitting *alone* in this deserted couch area.

I held out, enjoying my borderline meditation, and eventually two chicks came and sat near me. They were both on the phone; I looked over and grinned at them. One left, and when the other got off the phone, she was sitting there alone, so I motioned for her to come over to me.

She sat down and said, “Have you seen my friends?” All I could think was, “What the fuck...?” It was the most retarded question ever. I didn’t know who she was or who her friends were, and had been sitting in the same spot the whole time. HOW THE FUCK COULD I HAVE SEEN HER FRIENDS? The question made no sense. But of course I was aware that it was really just an excuse to talk to me and start flirting, so I let her off the hook.

I told her that it looked like she and the other girl were talking to each other on the phone before, and she laughed.

I told her we could be friends now instead, and she said no. So I said, “Cool, we can be enemies. That’s good because it makes it more intense and violent.” As I said this, I grabbed her arm, slowly pulled it towards my mouth, and nibbled her inner elbow.

I said something else, and she said, “Enemies don’t talk to each other,” and I said, “Oh ok” and then we just sat there in silence. But I started moving my hand up her leg and massaging her inner thigh, slowly at first, but then firmer. This went on for 10 or 20 seconds, with her doing nothing; I took this as passive acceptance and a green light. I grabbed her hand and slowly pulled it onto my boner, and massaged her inner arm with my other hand.

I gradually turned into her and kissed her with no resistance. As soon as our lips parted, I stood up, took her by the hand, and started leading her through the club. I was totally in the zone, there was loud music and distractions everywhere, but I was just walking slowwwwwwwww as, not looking back or hesitating.

I was still playing along with her “enemies don’t talk” theme and hadn’t said a word. I walked straight to the toilets, went in, and pulled her into a cubicle. Luckily there was no one in there when we went in, as it was the girls’ toilets.

As soon as we got in there, I slammed her against the wall, pulled up her skirt and started fingering her. I whacked a condom on, turned her around, bent her over, and fucked her silly. I tried to get her to ride me while I was sitting down, but it was too awkward, so I turned her over again and pounded her until I blew.

I still hadn’t said anything. I pulled out my phone, she put her number in, and left. I walked out of the toilets feeling amazing; my chill factor was growing exponentially.

I ended up on a couch with my wing girl and the blonde chick she was picking up. There was no way this chick could have conformed to her stereotype any more. She was blonde, dressed like a glam girl, and totally bubbly and a bit too drunk.

Talking to her was fun, but not in a way that made me think she was cool. It was amazing to meet someone who had such an abrasive personality. Wing girl introduces us and tells her what just happened. I said,

“I’d shake your hand, but it’s covered in two types of pussy juice right now.”

She asked, “So how did you get them to fuck you?”

Facepalm. (Literally. I used the cum to do my hair, just like in *There’s Something About Mary*. Just kidding.) What she said conflicts with so many of my beliefs, and is borderline insulting. She had to really press me before I would even answer.

“Get them? GET them? You make it sound like I had to force them or trick them.”

Later she said “People look at me and think I’m just this dumb hot girl, but I’m actually really intelligent. I don’t know how they can just judge me on face value like that.”

I said “Actually, if you were really intelligent, you WOULD be able to understand why people judge you like that.”

I can’t remember what she said to that, but from her answer it was very clear that the point I was making went straight over her head. She could not have done anything more to brand herself as a dumb club chick.

Later, my wing girl said “Dude, when we were talking to that chick you were in some kind of fucking Zen state. I’ve never seen you that chilled out.”

Every time the ditzy blonde talked, I would just turn my head really slowly to her. I’d think about my answers for 3-5 seconds, and everything I said and did was super deliberate.

The whole night I was so relaxed. Part of it is outer game to the extent that I’ve been gradually training myself to chill out and slow down over the last two years, but so much of it is inner game. Knowing my value, feeling good about myself, feeling confident, not owing anyone anything, and not needing validation. Obviously everyone needs validation, it’s just that it’s harder for me to be validated now because my reality is upgraded. A hot girl just talking to me is not validating in itself.

It all comes back to watching the way James and Zanna operate, with such low energy and investment. It’s about being really selective about when I choose to speak, which makes my words have greater impact. It also builds tension with the pauses. It’s a super efficient use of my energy, and it makes my vibe so relaxed that it’s like everything is happening in slow motion.

So in summary:

- Think about how much energy you currently use and think about what effect altering this energy might have. Try going out and just relaxing. This is obviously an advanced concept; if you are a new guy, or still have issues approaching, don't kid yourself into thinking you are just "chilling out" as an excuse to do nothing. But if you can already approach, experiment with slowing down your energy and assessing the situation for the right time to approach, as well as allowing your state to bring girls into your reality. High energy is not for everyone, and I would say it actually has a negative effect for many guys who end up putting on a false persona and wearing themselves out.
- Leave space. There were so many moments in the night when I was talking to a girl and my old self would have filled in the silence by talking. Not just talking, but talking fast. I'm so relaxed now, that I just wait for the girl to say something. It flips so many typical patterns, because social pressure compels her to talk and puts her in the mode of trying to keep the conversation going with you, as opposed to you desperately trying to cling onto her by bombarding her with random shit to make yourself sound cool and not letting her say anything. If you don't leave the space, she doesn't get a chance to show her true self or seduce *you* at all.
- Own your intent and hold your frame. I strongly believe that sexually liberated chicks are cool and they're the kind of girls I want to hang out with long-term. I really do think a girl is uncool and clearly not someone who's ready to be my friend if she's still at the stage of using sex as a weapon, or thinks that she has to hold off so that guys will respect her. The first girl would have actually lost value in my eyes if we didn't fuck in the park.

Having a Rapid Escalation skillset and being a trigger puller rules.

Speaking slow is the best, because it allows you to think of what you're going to say next without rushing.

Always bring condoms and heaps of 'em. You never know.

Secret Video #6: How to avoid the NUMBER ONE mistake guys make when trying to pick up in bars and clubs, that makes them nervous, uncomfortable, and afraid to approach...using an ancient 2500 year old technique secret.rapidescalation.com/register

ANOTHER DAYTIME LAY

Date: April 24th 2010

City: Melbourne, Australia

**Seduction Time: 2 Hours (6 hours total, 4 hour
break while I was coaching)**

Seduction Location: Crown Toilets, Her Hotel

Yesterday I was running my Month of Mayhem infield workshop. Before I left my house I made a mental note. “Just catch the train to Melbourne Central Station and go straight there. I know you’re tempted to get off at Flinders Station and chat up girls on your walk up, but you need your energy for the class and your band’s gig tonight”.

There was a chick on the train who was eye-fucking me; she kept looking at the top button of my shirt and at my crotch. I caught her because I was pretending to be asleep but I’d open my eyes and catch her.

So I gave in to temptation, got off at Flinders Station with her, and chatted to her. She had a boyfriend, so I walked with her to Bourke street and got her Facebook.

I did another direct approach, and this crazy guy behind me started doing a weird laugh. I thought he was her boyfriend or something. It totally psyched me out, even though I’m pretty sure he was just some crazy random. Ah well, good start to shake me up a bit.

I also opened a mother/daughter combo with “Hi, your little sister is really cute...I had to come say hello.” The mum loved it, but the girl was shy with her mum there, so I said goodbye and left. I did a few more direct approaches that went nowhere.

I saw some delicious tanned legs on the other side of the street, and a voice in my head said, “Nahhh man. She’ll probably just reject you like the last 5 girls. There’s no point.”

Obviously I know this thinking is total bullshit, but it still comes up from time to time. The deciding factor in me taking action isn’t whether I have that voice in my head; it’s whether I choose to listen to it or let it control my actions.

I also have another voice in my head that says, “Go and do it, who knows what might happen? What if you bang her? Is it worth risking rejection again?”

The other motivational factors that influence me are: “Why not? Would you rather walk by, just looking at her? What’s the worst thing that could happen? What do you have to lose?”

And also: “What kind of man are you? Are you the kind of guy who pulls the trigger? Are you the kind of guy that goes after what he wants? Are you the kind of guy that deserves hot girls like her?”

So the positive outweighs the negative. I crossed the street and told her she was cute. She had headphones in and couldn’t hear me, but my flirty hellfire intent eyes said it all. She responded well, with an accent. She was German, in town until Monday. I always find that out when they’re backpackers. Super important logistically.

I told her that since she was leaving, we couldn’t get married, unless she wanted to use me to extend her visa. I said, “We’ll get married now, have our honeymoon when I finish work, and get divorced tomorrow before you leave.”

At this point the sexual energy between us was brimming and we were standing really close. I told her she had really nice backpacker skin, and stroked her neck sensually with my thumb. She responded well to my touch, with a sly smile and a grin. At this point I knew I’d fuck her. Or at least I knew I could make it happen. I just had to create that reality and follow through with it.

She had a pretty cute face, but her body was smoking hot. Perfect tanned skin, athletic body, and nice juicy tits, all showcased in short shorts and a tight top.

I met her at 11:48 a.m. and I had a daygame infield workshop starting at 12 midday at the State Library. She was going to the library too, so she waited with me on the steps for the class to arrive. As we walked up the

steps, I held her hand all formal and ye-olde style. I do this every time I go up or down stairs with any girl for a laugh, as a great touch moment, and for putting myself into the archetype of a seducer/gentleman.

“You should touch a woman like she is already your lover” really sums up my frame when I touch women. The way I was touching her was as if we were already a couple. It was gradual, so in a sense I was allowing her to become comfortable with my touch, but I wasn’t asking permission. I was just assuming that she would be into it, which she was, and acting accordingly. It’s better to push too far and find out where her boundary is than stay in the safety of your comfort zone and never find out, while she’s craving you to connect with her physically.

While sitting there on the steps, I said, “So what makes you special?” and she said, “I dunno, what makes you special?” and I said “I have a job that transforms people’s lives”.

She said, “I’m a no-drama kind of person,” which was an okay start. Then I said, “Hmm, are you a good kisser?” She said yes. I said, “Kiss my arm then,” but she just smiled and shook her head. I didn’t take this as an all-out rejection. I just said, “Okay, on the hand then”, and she gave me a peck on my hand.

Then I kissed her on the inner arm for about 3 seconds, lots of sensual tongue.

She said, “Do you always do this with girls on the street?” I replied, “Only the hot ones. And I figure it’s better than drunken bar pickups. Right?”

Then I got her to stand up, and I showed her the “Aussie Lean” as James calls it, which is a touch tactic drunk Australian guys accidentally use where they just kind of lean into the chicks because they’re swaying from booze. My demonstration was another good excuse for us to press our bodies together and enjoy the good feelings that came from it.

She laughed, and then a few workshop students rocked up early. I introduced her as my wife and put my arm around her. I turned to face her so we were both leaning against the wall, and I can’t remember what we talked about for the next minute, but I was giving her a hellfire eyes burn. We were both wearing shorts, so I was grazing my leg up against hers really sensually. It felt really good; there was so much sexual tension staring into each other’s eyes while my legs were rubbing against her soft, tanned skin.

I told her we had to meet after the workshop, and got her number. She went into the library, and the workshop started. The class was awesome; three guys got instant dates, and everyone got at least two phone numbers. Good fun was had by all.

During the class, I texted her “We have to rob a bank to pay for our Wedding”. She said we couldn’t get married because she wanted an expensive one with a band. I said cool, as long as the band was Slayer. She didn’t reply. I texted her after work, and she said, “I’m at the hostel... What are you up to?” I said, “I’m meeting you to plan our wedding. Where’s your hostel? Want to meet at Flinders steps?”

She texts “Ah our”, as if to imply, “We’re NOT getting married”. So this was total non-compliance, apart from the fact that she texted back. It would have been easy to get disheartened, but I just saw that she was playing/testing me, so I wrote back “divorce planning” to tease her. She saw that I was confident and persistent. What did I have to lose? I knew she was leaving the country in a few days. She texts “Ok could be there in 25 min, k?” so I set off to meet her.

On the way, I approached five chicks and got all their numbers.

Even if they all flake, I don’t care. How much have I invested? 2 minutes of my life talking to a pretty girl and 75c texting her. For the outcome of conditioning myself to be a trigger puller and knowing that I gave it a shot, and opening the potential reality of bringing a sexy girl into my life. All on the way home from work, and on the way to meet a girl (who I’m about to seduce and share orgasms with).

I met the German girl at the steps, grabbed her hand, and walked like I was already her lover. She was surprised but flattered. We walked towards Southbank, and I told her we were going to check out the Crown Casino water show.

As we were walking she was pretty cold and unresponsive. First it threw me a bit, but again it was one of those moments where I said to myself:

“Dude. CHILL OUT. You’ve already had really overt sexual touching with her, and she’s agreed to meet you and is still hanging out with you. It’s HIGHLY LIKELY she is just nervous, so roll with it as if that’s the case.”

I continued to do the “holding hands down the stairs” joke. We got to the super long spiral stairs going down to Southbank. I was holding her hand the whole way, and halfway down I leaned her into the rail and kissed

her on the forehead. She shook her head and said, “Uh-uh”. I put out my cheek for her to kiss me, and she hesitated. I held the tension, and then she gave me a peck.

We kept walking, I asked her stuff like, “So what else makes you special?” and similar qualifying questions, and she kept giving vague answers.

She said, “You’re weird.” I said, “Thank you,” with a grin. Then I said, “Sorry, would you prefer me to ask boring questions like ‘Where are you from? Germany? Oh cool, what part of Germany? Oh cool, is that near that other city? Oh cool, so how long are you traveling for? Oh cool. Yeah my friend went on holiday once. He took a backpack. That was cool.’”

She laughed. I kept trying to leave silence/space to get her to invest, but she wouldn’t. I still used this to my advantage by looking at her sideways with a cheeky grin, and every time she looked back I’d look away. It was as if I knew something that she didn’t. She was smiling too, the silent tension was building, and she’d eventually say, “What?” and I’d say, “What?” and she’d say, “What?” and I’d say, “Huh? You asked me ‘what’ first”, and she’d say, “Why are you doing that face?” and I’d say, “What face?”

Cue more silence, repeat. I figured it wasn’t working, and started initiating conversation again.

After asking her a bunch of ‘deep’ questions and her not investing much in the conversation, I realized I was over-qualifying her. I said, “I think you are nervous to talk...because you think I’m going to judge you if you ask a boring question.”

She said, “Yes... that’s true.” So I said, “Okay, sorry. We can start with boring questions and that gives us more information to take the conversation to interesting places.”

She asked about where I grew up, and I told her a story about when my family moved from Sydney to Melbourne when I was young, and Dad getting pulled over by a cop for speeding. Earlier in the trip we had put underpants on the back of Dad’s headrest as a prank. The cop was so weirded out when he saw the underpants on the head rest that he didn’t give us a ticket. Boring questions can lead to interesting conversations!

It’s moments like that that make me so glad to have field experience and calibration. I could have easily lost the interaction at this point if I kept pushing her to invest in this “tell me how amazing you are, prove to me that

you're cool" paradigm, especially when she had limited English and was already a bit nervous.

Her mindset would just be a choice between "staying here with this random guy who's consistently making me feel uncomfortable/nervous...OR leaving.". Pretty easy choice. Even if the nervousness stems from her wanting to impress me, it could still be too much negative energy for her to endure, so she could bail.

So glad I picked up on that one and changed up the dynamic to allow her to relax. Again it comes back to the fact that I wasn't stuck in my head and I was able to read her signals. She seemed to open up a lot more after that. I asked her if she was adventurous, and she said, "It depends on who I'm with and the context." I took that as a yes.

We got to Crown Casino and chilled out at the water fountain display for a while. She told me how she's a kick boxer, and about why she got her nipple pierced. She told me about growing up in her small town and how shit it was being bored.

I told her I had to go to the toilet and took her with me. Going down the escalators I grabbed her hand, and didn't let go when we got off. I lead her down the hall to the toilet. There was all this tension between us. I was thinking, "Fuck! This is really gonna happen! My second lay in Crown Casino toilets!"

I got to the door, still holding her hand, and pressed the disabled toilets automatic open button. It makes a long *buzzzzzz* sound and doesn't open. My heart is racing. My palms are sweating into hers. I press it again. *Buzzzzzzzz*. Nothing. I could feel my pulse pumping in my neck. She said, "Uh....umm", and walked into the girls' toilets.

FUCK. I didn't know what had happened. I figured someone must have been in there already.

I went to take a piss in the male toilets and came back out. While I was waiting, I tried it again, and it opened!

She came out and I said, "Come here", and took her hand. She came halfway through the door, and said, "Huh?" I said, "Come in", looking into her eyes with full hellfire sexual intent. She said, "Why?" and I said, "I want to show you something." She said, "No! I'm not coming in there with you." And I said, "It's really cool; you have to be in here to see it."

She said, "Why do you want me to come in there?" and I said, "I'll give you a hint" and pushed her up against the wall and kissed her forehead

again, and then on her lips really quick. She kissed back but it was short. She turned and started walking back out from the toilet.

Again this is one of those moments where I could have lost it. If I had been weird or nervous or been thrown by her non-compliance to toilet sex, it would have closed off any future windows of opportunity.

Instead I just rolled with it, and didn't change my frame. We got back on the escalators; I still was holding her hand, and she seemed totally un-phased, but I *knew* no one could experience a near-toilet-sex experience and be so relaxed. On the escalator I said, "How's your heart rate?" and put my hand on her neck; her pulse was through the roof!

She grinned and kind of blushed. I said "I knew it! You are a good actor though. You could get a job as a negotiator, or a poker player. Anything where you need to hide your emotional state."

I think it's really important here to note that I tried something ballsy (toilet sex), she made her boundaries clear, and I respected that. The seduction was not over at this point; it was just a minor road bump. I didn't take it as a personal rejection, merely as her saying, "Not here and now." The fact that I was able to see she was uncomfortable and keep rolling says a lot about my headspace and allows her to trust me and feel relaxed.

We kept walking outside, chatting about her potential career in terrorist negotiations. I was doing the sideways glance thing at her again, and she said, "You are seriously the weirdest person I've ever met." And again I said "thank you" with full sincerity.

She said this at least five times throughout our walk, and every time I said, "Thank you." Irrespective of what she meant, I chose to interpret it as a compliment. I think she actually meant it as a compliment anyway.

I've been doing this type of seduction for years, and I just realized it's from *Donnie Darko*. He was the first archetype that I modeled myself on, being different / mysterious / intriguing.

The fact that I can "be myself", which is obviously slightly on the edge/quirky to other people (but feels normal for me), and still get results, is so validating in a positive way. I don't have to change my personality, my humour, or my conversation topics. I *did* have to adapt it over time so that I'm using it in a way that serves me socially and seductively, but at the end of the day I've come full circle to be able to "be myself" during pickup and still be successful with women.

Still holding hands, I said, “So have you ever done anything crazy like that before?” and she said, “Like what?” and I said, “What nearly just happened in the toilets between us...” She smiled and said, “Maybe... something similar, yes.” I think due to the fact that I brought it up like it was positive, her reaction was good. It was like it released some of the tension by acknowledging the scenario as a bit extreme, so that she knew that I understood it was a crazy situation, and I wasn’t just a psycho with no social intuition.

We eventually got to the bridge under Southbank. I said, “Check out the view from here,” and pulled her over to a part where the pillar was between us and the walkway. No one on our side of the river could see us, but if you were on the other side of the river you would have (if you had binoculars).

I pushed her against the wall, and she kissed me passionately. I nuzzled and licked her neck, and put my hands on her ass. I was super dominant and sexual, groaning and breathing really heavy in her ears. I put my hands on her hips and inside her shirt, then went to finger her. She said, “No! Not here!”

“But no one can see,” I said.

I turned her around so her back was to the river and she was against the low wall. I said, “No one can see us here, it just looks like we’re kissing,” and slid my hand down her pants. She was nicely moist; I fingered her for about 2 minutes while kissing her. She said, “Is there somewhere else we can go?” and I said, “The Crown Casino toilets?” and she said, “No, somewhere more comfortable,” and I said, “The toilets are fine, I’ll fuck you against the wall like this,” and turned her around and dry fucked her doggystyle while breathing in her ear and biting her neck and squeezing her tits. She loved it.

She calmly said, “Let’s go to my hostel. I have a room to myself.”

So we walked back, normal conversation the whole way. We got in the lift and two guys who she knew from the hostel desperately said, “Hey! Haven’t seen you in a while! I lost your number, what is it again?”

I just stood to the side and acted like I was just a stranger/random while she reluctantly gave this over-friendly guy her number. The guys got out of the lift and she rolled her eyes, and I said, “Good job by me for keeping quiet yeah? I figured I should keep it subtle in front of them,” and

she said, “Yep” with a grateful look on her face. Subtlety and secrecy are sexy.

Again this is one of those small, seemingly insignificant moments, but it was the theme of the day. There were so many of these small logistical hurdles where I *could* have messed it up. Her challenging me on the marriage role-play with the texts and her lack of investment, her nervousness at my conversation, her resistance to my advances on the staircase, in the toilet, the first time I tried to finger her at Southbank... I’m so grateful that my experience allowed me to navigate these potentially rough waters with ease.

We got to her room, I slammed her against the wall, and we tore off each other’s clothes. I sucked her tits, then spit out my mint. She freaked because she had a nipple ring, and she thought I had bitten it off and was spitting it out!

I whacked a condom on and fucked her against the wall from behind just like I had suggested. Her pussy was so wet that I slid in really easily. Her ass looked so amazing, arching back to receive the cock. We fucked for ages in so many different positions, against the wall, on the bed, her riding me, me fucking her doggystyle on the bed, doggystyle with her out of the window, and fucking her front-on with her sitting on the windowsill.

I was able to pump her really fast and hard (just like in porn), which is what I thought I always wanted, but it didn’t feel that good for me. I could barely feel my dick and twice I went soft and had to pull out and get her to suck me off, or touch her tits and ass really sensually again to make myself want to be inside her. Her body was so tight, really athletic. Firmest ass I’d felt in ages, and her tits looked and felt so good shaking from my pounding. It was such a turn on.

While fucking her from behind I spat on my hand and I was rubbing her clit so hard. She was screaming, “Yes! I like it rough!” I was slapping her pussy and rubbing my hand back and forth over her clit really hard while in doggystyle. I was surprised how hard I could rub it; for other girls in the past it was too intense for them to have me stimulate their clits like that.

I ended up putting her on the bed and giving her these really slow, but really HARD pounds from behind. It felt so good, like every time I entered her I was orgasming. You know that feeling just before you ejaculate, when

you're all buzzed up? It was like I had that feeling but extended for about five minutes.

Learning to control my ejaculatory muscle and exploring tantra philosophies I learned from Shae Matthews during The Masterclass has had such a massive impact on my sex life.

I was pinning her down and entering her, and at the same time biting her; partly for stimulation, and also partly as a way for me to redirect my sexual energy away from my cock and through my whole body.

She was so wet and turned on at this point. The slow intense stuff was so much more powerful than the fast frantic fucking from before. I'm guessing the fact that I was really into it was a turn on for her too. She could feel I was loving it and it made her horny.

She said, "Fuck me! Fuck me!" and I'd just say, "I'm gonna fuck you slow how I like it," and I was ramming her SO HARD.

Eventually I cascaded over into a powerful ejaculation. Once you get to a certain point with Tantra, ejaculation feels good, but it really doesn't compare to the extended pleasure of being in that pre-cumming zone for so long.

In an ideal world I would have been able to fuck her longer, but even how long and how well I fucked her was a sign of how far I'd come in the bedroom. A year earlier I probably would have blown within 30 seconds from nervousness.

After the sex, I asked her a bunch of feedback questions to get her perspective. She said, "Well when we went into the toilets I was excited but I was also scared because I've had bad experiences with sexually forward men before. One time a drunk man in a country town cornered me on a deserted street and started jacking off in front of me. It was really gross."

So for me that is like a massive testament to how good my calibration was in that circumstance. The fact that I was able to guide her through that experience, on a knife-edge of her comfort zone, without pushing her over the edge and still leading to sex is awesome. I could sense when I was pushing too far and pulled back appropriately.

I said, "I knew within 15 seconds of talking to you that we would have sex." I asked her about that, and she said, "Yeah. It was clear pretty fast. I mean, obviously we're not getting married and I'm leaving soon. Why else would I meet you? To sit and talk? Of course we were meeting for sex."

It was interesting to hear that. It just goes to show how limiting beliefs will fuck you up. Imagine if I had doubted myself at any point in this interaction. The fact was that sex was in the cards for her; she was hyper aware of that. I just had to make it happen and not mess up anything.

That's something I learned from James Marshall: Always ask the girls for feedback after, and talk to women whom you trust about seduction. In the right circumstances, honest women can teach you lifelong lessons.

After I left, I was walking back down the street eating some pizza in a daze and dreading the two-hour round-trip to Belgrave that night for a gig with my band. In this tired state, I saw a hot girl. I said to myself, "Fuck it. I'm too tired. I just had sex. I don't have to approach this one time." Then I was like, "Why the fuck not? How hard is it? It will take 20 seconds. What if I get her number and fuck her next week? She's a babe; it's worth a shot for 20 seconds work."

I approached her and told her she was cute. She barely responded, looked at me like I was weird, and turned her back. I said, "Cool, have a nice night" and strutted along.

It was an embodiment of the process of seduction to me, and the fact that you just have to focus on the shit you can control (how much you approach, your communication skills, your dress sense), and ignore the stuff that's outside your power.

"Trust in the process." I have that written on my wall, in reference to my guitar playing, which pretty much means, "Practice makes perfect."

So the question I've always asked myself is, "How long do you want it to take? The more experience you get, the faster you get good." So every approach I do like that is conditioning me to always have the ability to approach, to be the kind of guy that goes after what he wants, to be a trigger puller.

My fashion that day was sloppy, mismatched, with no consistency. It looked like I had *tried* to dress well and failed, which is even worse. Earlier in the day one of the Month of Mayhem students said, "You look like that crazy hobo guy you always talk about!" (read more about the Crazy Hobo Guy in the Social Freedom Background section at the end of the book). And later when the girl and I were walking on Southbank one of those loudmouth street performers waved to her, and then said to me "Nice, a suit jacket with shorts. Very AC/DC."

My poor clothing combination happened because I left my house in a rush and changed into shorts at the last minute. I am all for dressing well to stack the odds in your favour, but I am against thinking that it's an excuse to not approach. I've heard guys say stuff like, "I was in my gym clothes so I couldn't approach." Total limiting belief.

So what allowed this whole seduction to happen? Being the kind of person who always attempts to close the deal, having field experience in leading, escalation, logistics, and calibration.

I was sober, but I was still so fucked up at the gig that night, wrecked from tiredness. But I thought, "Ah well, good training for when we go on tour. We'll just be skating and partying all day, and then have to get up each night and put on a rocking show. At least I know what I'm dealing with now."

Update: Woo-hoo, just got some validating feedback from her on Facebook. Asking girls how the sex was is both informative and bragalicious. As I was writing this I just tried to spell check 'bragalicious.' I'm either an idiot, or a genius trailblazing wordsmith. Or both.

I asked her what she thought of my profile photo, and also asked her for some feedback, and she sent this back. Here it is in all its un-edited, internet-speak glory, complete with her cute broken English:

Yeah a weird photo suits you, because you are a weird person!:)

hmm some feedback, of course! and of course i want you to give me some feedback!!

ok but i hope i can express myself in english and you understand what i 'm saying:

so the sex was really good, i like if guys are speaking while sex, because some guys just want to hear a women, but if i can hear a guy i know he likes it as well! i liked also that you made clear really early that you want sex with me...you didn't waste the time for some stupid smalltalk (ok maybe a little bit stupid smallstalk:)) and you showed me how you want to have sex in which position...i like if the guy shows that he is the man and that he can controll you! and the sex was hard like you hold my hair when you fucked me from the back! i like dirty and hard sex but i think not every women likes that!

ok so the only thing i can criticise was that when i was supposed to cum you started fucking me verly slowly so i didn't cum at this time, but at

the end i still could cum...so you are alright:P

ok hope you understand i know some parts sound strange, but i can't express better in english:)

Note: I only recently noticed that she wrote “smallstalk” instead of “small talk”. As in small-stalk. Funny typo.

Secret Video #7: Understanding the difference between when a woman needs space, and when she wants you to flat out stop, is vital. Learn how to read her signals so she feels safe and secure with you at secret.rapidescalation.com/register

EUROTOUR: SAME DAY LAY

Date: 19th August 2010
City: Prague, Czech Republic
Seduction Time: 4.5 hours
Seduction Location: Hotel Shower

After arriving in Prague and getting my body clock in sync, Zanna and I went for a walk around the city. On the way back to the apartment he says, “Dude, cross the street...” I’m like, “Why?” He says, “Trust me...”

We crossed, and walking towards us are two young women, a taller one with a killer natural tan, nice firm breasts and long flowing brown hair, and a short cute brunette with a petite body. Instantly we looked at the short one and both thought, “She’s perfect for William.” Turned out we were right.

I asked them if they were English. We got chatting, and it turned out they were French backpackers. They came for a walk with us around town. They had no phones, but agreed to meet us back at our place at 8 p.m.

We said goodbye, then we saw this tall blonde Russian girl, total stereotype of the kind of hotties I was expecting. James had warned me that I would get some ice cold rejections to shake me up in this town. She was in an office suit but with a piece of wood in her hand.

“What’s that?” I asked her.

“A piece of wood” she replied, giving me a deadpan look like I was an idiot.

“What for?”

“You never know, just in case.”

And she walked off. Cold as ice. James was right.

We got back to the apartment and it was past 8 p.m. We assumed the French girls probably wouldn't show at this point; they were staying a long way away. At 8:15 we heard the doorbell; they were downstairs. They walked in right when William had his shirt off. Good timing.

This was a good sign, as it was pretty obvious that they would have to stay at our place that night, or risk traveling at night 30 minutes back to their hotel. This is a great example of girls leading the interaction. Zanna and I didn't do anything too fancy when we met them; we were just relaxed and friendly, chatted to them, walked around town and made them feel comfortable with us.

From the girls' point of view, at this point they were thinking, "This is awesome! These Australians are really relaxed, chilled out, cool guys. They're sexy...we should go to their place tonight, and head out on the town and then it will be too late to go back to our hotel so we'll have to crash at theirs, and if everything plays out, both of us will get laid!"

This is totally contextual: they were young backpackers on a wild adventure through Eastern Europe. They were obviously looking to meet new cool people, have fun, and get themselves into some sexual adventures. When I talked to them about this the morning after, they said, "Well of course, everyone loves a holiday romance..."

This is an eye opener for guys who over-think game, or think that you need to do some kind of excessive tactics to get girls to like you. The reason they were pursuing us in a sense was because we've worked on ourselves to be confident, relaxed, and cool guys, and they could feel that energy. They were seducing us as much as we were seducing them.

We sat around drinking and chatting. James and Zanna came home, and eventually we were all sitting around having a laugh.

I often relate the experiences I have now back to how the old me would have acted. There were so many points when we were chilling in the kitchen, when I was sitting by myself and the girls were talking to James and Zanna, where I could have blown it, inner-game-wise.

I was sitting there, staring into my drink. William and his girl were engaged in heavy discussion to my right, and James, Zanna, and my girl were all smoking out the window. I was alone.

In those moments, the old me would have freaked out, worried about "losing attraction", or that James and Zanna were "stealing my girl" and all

those other negative mindsets I picked up from my early days in the community.

But now it's just like, hey cool, she is talking to James and Zanna, who are cool guys. It doesn't mean she's not interested in me. Even if she is attracted to them and wants to fuck them, I'm also a sexy attractive guy, so of course she wants to fuck me too, and that's how it's going to go down.

I don't have to be engaging her the whole night for us to end up fucking. Part of the art of seduction can be knowing when to just chill the fuck out, relax, sit back, and leave her some space.

This is a perfect example of beliefs/mindsets being the driving force behind your success.

I could have let my fears get the better of me, fears such as, "I'm not sexy, other guys are better than me, I don't really deserve girls, all women just go for the most alpha guy anyway, James and Zanna are older, Zanna has cool tattoos, James is more attractive than me, he's taller, bigger, better looking, I'm too skinny and pasty, those guys are so much more mature and witty, I need to win back her attention."

Giving power to those fears would have fucked me up on so many levels. It would make me worry too much and doubt myself, hesitate to escalate, be unsure if she was still into me, and at the extreme end, start to subconsciously resent her and resent Zanna and James for "stealing" the attraction/validation away from me.

So since I've internalized beliefs like, "I'm a sexy guy, girls love to fuck, backpackers are always up for a good time, of *course* she's into me, just because she likes Zanna and James doesn't mean she won't fuck me," it just allowed me to keep rolling with it even when there was a potential "threat" to me hooking up with this hottie.

It's like that Swingers quote, "*You're so money and you don't even know it.*" Except that I'm so money, and I DO know it, which means I don't doubt myself or let my silly little fears have any major effect on my outcomes. Dedicating time to improving your inner game means that you begin to realize how 'money' you really are.

As darkness fell upon the city, we decided to head out clubbing, to meet up with some of James' lovers from times gone by. When we walked down the apartment stairs, I took her hand like Jack does to Rose in Titanic when they come down the stairs. She comments on my chivalry.

We kept walking and talking. At some point I held her hand. William and his girl were wrapped around each other.

It's funny because I would have fucked her within 2 minutes of meeting her if logistics were right: she was hot, friendly, had a really positive, relaxed energy and seemed horny. Met all the criteria. But in the process of talking to her at our place and between the bars, I actually connected with her on a deeper level.

She shared a lot of my views about sex, religion, and general life attitude. She would go on these mini-rants and my heart would melt. Ranting is so hot when girls do it right, and so bad when girls do it wrong. When they do it right, it says they're perceptive, intelligent, passionate, have excellent self-awareness, expression, and articulation. All things that win points in my book. When they do it wrong, it's either because they're *trying* to impress me because they know I personally find ranting sexy, but failing dismally, OR they're ranting about something in a way that demonstrates self-absorption, negativity, boredom, and projection of their own insecurities. I can still find a girl really cool and connect with her in other ways, but ranting in the correct way is a fast-track to my heart.

I love the fact that I'm even documenting what girls can do right and wrong to impress me; it says volumes about how far my mindsets have come. I used to be so desperate to get laid that I didn't care at all about a girl's personality. So much has changed since then; now I have a really clear picture about what kind of girl I want and how *she* can impress *me*, turning the tables on the idea of me trying really hard to show a girl how cool I am.

I was so engaged by this girl, she was ranting in just the right way. I explained to her my long, wanky, convoluted, over-intellectualized theories about the three levels of thinking, and she got it straight away. Soon we were shooting back and forth within my conceptual framework. It's so cool to meet someone that I can speak to on that level, and it being a hot girl is just a bonus.

She said, "I've never been able to connect with someone like this...I never talk to anyone about this stuff."

I said, "Well, I'm not gonna pretend you're the first person I talked to about this, but its still rare and really cool to meet someone I can open up to on that level and 'be real' with."

It's cool because a few years ago when I was using a more "fake" style of seduction, I used to try to manufacture lame connections as a way to make girls think they liked me so we could have sex. It wasn't a very efficient system and it was very transparent. They could tell I wasn't being me and was just putting on a fake act.

So it's cool to just save those little "we're really connecting" moments for girls when it's actually true. It's not a prerequisite to feel deeply connected/engaged with someone before you fuck them, so it's just something pointless that I stopped bothering trying to fake, but it's cool when it actually does arise and I actually mean it when I say it.

Throughout the night, our touching became more frequent, and she was reciprocating a lot. Lots of "innocent" brushes of the hands, pressing up against each other, feeling her ass as we walked around the bar. It was cool because it was very obvious we were romantically interested in each other long before we had kissed. I didn't even want to kiss her because I had bitten my tongue while eating earlier that day, so it hurt.

It was like I was touching her like she was already my lover. It wasn't like I was testing the waters; I was just acting as if we were already together and touching her within that framework.

At the bar I was pressed against her; the moment was dripping with sexual tension. I was feeling her firm ass with my hand, drinking in the sight of her beautiful golden brown skin, the top of her tits just exposed, her athletic body, her thick lips.

I wanted to have her. I said, "Let's go for a walk."

As soon as we got outside, I was like, "Ohhhh fuck this, it's cold..."

We still walked around the block, but there were no laneways for us to fuck in. There was zero sexual tension in the air; all I could think about was food and warmth.

That was the second time this situation had happened to me; being drenched in sexual tension in a warm moody club, and then pulling a girl outside to the harsh cold and wind and totally destroying the sexual tension for me as much as for her.

We stopped in a supermarket and I bought a bag of nectarines, went back to the bar, and shared them around among our crew. Some people gave us weird looks, but the fruit was so delicious I didn't care. This is such a small thing, but it still represents a minute aspect of Social Freedom entering my life. It's about a values weigh-up. Do I care more about:

What a random person in the bar thinks of me

OR

Eating delicious, nutritious fruit in a warm bar with my friends

Pretty easy choice: the nectarines win the seduction battle for my attention.

After watching James and Zanna accidentally attract all the girls in the bar for a while, William and I decided to pull the girls home. During the walk home, I felt so drained. My legs were aching, I was slightly cold, my feet hurt; all I wanted to do was sleep. It was so far removed from the intense passion I felt when I was holding her at the bar.

Once we got in the door, I just took her hand and led her straight to the bathroom. No hesitation. No request. No awkward moment once we got in the door where we tried to separate the girls (which has happened to me many times in the past). I just assumed she was keen to fuck (she was), and led her confidently to a private sex location.

I got inside, slammed her against the door and kissed her. I spent ages just sinking into her honey milk brown skin, getting lost in her neck and chest, burying my face in in her soft cleavage. She was grinning like crazy; I got a feeling she was used to guys being a bit more timid. The sexual energy was back again.

I took off her clothes and just stood there with her bent over the sink, feeling her tits and brushing my dick against her ass, feeling it get harder and harder. It was hot watching it in the mirror. It was a great moment of living my fantasy: I'm exposed to so many sexy women in the media/on the internet/on the street, and then I have one standing right in front of me, edging her tight ass closer to my cock. She was giving me a devilish grin in the mirror, willing me to pound her silly. I was happy to oblige.

We got in the shower and fooled around for a bit. Her body was so perfect that I was happy to just spend time exploring it. The shower had one of those detachable showerheads, so I gave her vagina a hosing. She giggled and squirmed with pleasure.

I fucked her for a long time in the shower, then again out of the shower pressed up against the sink, watching her in the mirror, my hand wrapped around her holding her neck. I got her to put her leg up on the sink and hit her from the side. I wanted to see her porno-perfect body fucked from as many angles as possible, and she was loving the role of being my little sex-plaything.

I didn't end up coming, but we were both so tired we were happy when I decided to stop.

Another thing that was interesting was, compared to her brown skin (extra-tanned from her travels), in the mirror my skin looked super pasty and white. It was a bit of a shock to see the contrast, and the lighting was pretty harsh.

It actually made me feel a bit less sexy about myself, and go in my head a little bit. It's so funny how I can be at the height of a sexually validating experience (having a smoking hot French babe naked in front of me, relishing my cock pounding her pussy vigorously, slamming her tight ass back into me) and *still* feel a bit un-sexy because I'm insecure about being too pale.

It was another one of those experiencing-things-from-a-girl's-perspective moments because I now understand how even girls who I think are fucking hot, and who are obviously objectively super-sexy, can still have weird insecurities and fears about their bodies that can take them out of the moment or make them feel un-sexy.

In the past when girls would act shy about their bodies, I used to just be like, "Pfffftt, she just wants attention" but now that I've been on the other side, I understand how it can totally kill the mood when you are insecure about something or not comfortable with an aspect of your body. For me in this situation it was my lack of tan, but for girls it can be stretch marks, worrying that their boobs aren't perfect, worrying that they don't have a perfect vagina like in the pornos, worrying that they're not tanned enough, too fat, etc.

After we got dressed I put her to bed, and we could hear the moans William was inducing on his petite girl in the other bedroom.

Then James, Zanna, and I stayed up in the kitchen drinking cheap Czech vodka and dreaming up metaphors about giant penis monsters, and William tried to make up for the lack of a working toaster by using the iron and ironing board to heat up the toast.

The house was pretty chaotic. William's girl was floating around post-sex in a bed sheet, looking like some sexy gothic ghost dancing to the obscure prog-jazz James had on. I sat there drinking in the image of James and Zanna sitting on the window sill in the kitchen, engulfed in a smoky haze, silhouetted by the beautiful Czech architecture, thinking, "This is fuckin' badass. What a dream job."

Secret Video #8: Some seductions require you to back off and create space for the tension to build. If you escalate too fast in these scenarios you can blow your chances... Learn the factors that influence this at secret.rapidescalation.com/register

UNDER THE BRIDGE

Date: 25th August 2010

City: Budapest, Hungary

Seduction Time: 1.5 hours

Seduction Location: Under A Bridge

To sum this story up: we met some Italian hotties at a bar, walked to another club near the river, and I fucked one under a bridge. It was passionate, intense and romantic.

I found myself sitting on a balcony overlooking the Budapest rooftops at about 6 a.m., watching the sunrise. The Baroque architecture was so beautiful, combining with the elegant shabbiness of the buildings to create an engaging contrast of the timeless and the derelict.

Flash back to a few hours earlier. I rolled over on my bed and answered my phone in a sleepy haze, listening to the voice at the other end. “Yo. It’s James. It’s midnight, we’re supposed to be starting now. Sorry to drag you from your precious sleep and force you to come to a European super club full of hotties, but this is your job,” he joked. I felt like death (not in a good death metal way), but got dressed and trudged downstairs.

We got to the bar...and its scale was breathtaking. It was like someone has taken every element that is cool about the arts and culture scene in Brunswick, Melbourne (or Williamsburg NY, or Portland, OR) and combined it with the epic size of the European super clubs to create an indie/hipster super haven.

It was interesting to note my feeling as I walked in. I had a general feeling of uneasiness, that feeling of being outside your comfort zone and wanting desperately to neutralise the tension. In the past I would deal with

these feelings by talking too much, being erratic, moving my hands a lot, ‘joking around’ in a way that was very compensatory, going to the bar to get a drink, going to get a water, going to the toilet, or talking about seduction/the venue/logistics with a wing. Now I just breathe, drink in the energy of the room, and relax myself.

A student and I were doing a drill about slowing down energy and relaxing. We were walking *real* fuckin’ slow, emulating the pace of those movies where there’s a rich guy showing some guests around his grounds and they are in no rush to be anywhere. Just taking a leisurely stroll, like we were the princes of our palace, inspecting our empire.

We saw 3 girls sitting in the corner, and we made our way over slow-as-fuck. I was intimidated to go talk to them: they were mega hot, and sitting down at a closed table. I pushed past that feeling, made eye contact on the way over and smiled, opening them with my presence before I’d even said anything. They were very warm and receptive, smiling and saying hello. I breathed a sigh of relief, and we sat down.

The one I was talking to had the most amazing tits I’d seen in a long time, and really nice brown European skin. She was the one I would end up fucking. She was so hot that she felt outside my reality, and I doubted whether I could fuck a girl that hot. I think it’s good for people to know that I still get that feeling. Her hotness was intimidating, but instead of that stopping me, I just used that tingling feeling in my stomach to inspire me to give it a shot.

I was in a fuckin’ weird headspace as a result of the Eurotour lifestyle. I was coaching eight hours a day, then staying out late picking up girls and having intense, draining sex, sleeping for a few hours, then waking up and doing it all again, every day. Such a schedule really fucks with your system. I was in this over-tired state, and my humour was evolving into this really weird passive sarcastic thing, where I kept lying about everything, and pretending I heard stuff wrong, and playing dumb. It was very dry and deadpan, a reflection of my energy levels. If I had tried to act high energy when I wasn’t feeling it, it would have been very forced: low-energy game was the only option I really had.

The girls were enjoying my attitude, so I guess it encouraged me to keep going. My subconscious was probably on autopilot, like “Listen up, body. We don’t really have the energy or resources to think straight right now, so just keep rolling with whatever’s working.”

The further we got into the conversation, the more my girl opened up to me, vibe-wise. Even though I was being a bit of a playful jerk, I still knew when to tone it down and be real. A few times I made a mistake, e. g. spilling a bit of water and wetting her cigarette, and I was genuinely sorry, so I said so. I saw her face light up, like she was thinking, “Cool...this guy is just joking around and having fun, but he’s not actually a rude fuckhead.” It was the perfect balance between the tension of flirting and not trying to put on some cocky act. The more we joked, the more she got into the zone and started playing back. This was...so precious. It was so cool to have someone get my vibe and be able to play on my level.

It was a fucking cool experience because it solidified a lot of the mindset shifts I’d had regarding who I could connect with, and in what ways. In high school I used to tell myself, “I only want really analytical intellectual chicks...YEAH...THAT’S the reason that I’m still a virgin at 18, and don’t have a girlfriend... no girls are smart enough for me anyway!”

What a load of horseshit. I built that belief as a way to protect myself from the reality that I was terrible with women.

The energy I shared with this Italian was as much of a “connection” as any of the intellectual ones I’ve had. I guess that’s because the intellectual connection is just a format for something much deeper, a human connection; two souls dancing together and resonating on the same frequencies, sharing an experience. The way we were interacting was at the same depth, but just on a different playing field.

I asked her what she was doing later. She said another club, and after that, home to bed to sleep.

Later, James came and said he was going home. She said, “You are tired, you should go with him.” I said, “You like sleeping too, because you said you’re spending your last night here doing that. Want to come home with me now and start early?” So I am indirectly, but not-so-subtly, saying, “Let’s go home and fuck” with my eyes and intent. She says no, but keeps giving me flirty eyes.

This demonstrates a point: Escalation is attractive when you’re coming from the right place. I offered to take her home and fuck her, she declined, but that didn’t mean she wasn’t into me. In fact, it actually amplified the tension when she saw I was the kind of man she dreams about, who can confidently lead her to a seductive encounter and unleash all the fantasies

that run through her mind daily (and nightly) deadly when I play a dope melody anything less than the best is a felony etc vanilla ice train of thought typingfuck iam tireyed I should go sleepz soon snoozesly. [Editors note: the previous sentence that Liam typed, quoting Vanilla Ice in a sleep deprived haze was too funny to remove.]

I was explaining to the student after about how girls will passively lead the seduction. The girls continuing to talk to us, then mentioning they were leaving “After this drink,” and then extending it to “After this cigarette,” dropping hints about where they were going, and then saying, “So are we leaving soon?” and including us in the question, were all good signs.

We walked with them to the next venue. It was a long walk and by this point the three girls had paired off with me and two students. We walked through a subway walkway, and there was a busker playing a romantic melody on a saxophone. An old man walking near us says, “Ahhh, romance...” wistfully, watching the three couples walk by hand-in-hand in the early hours of the morning.

During the walk we were flirting a lot; she was mispronouncing “hello” by saying “ello,” and I said, “No it’s *hello*. The letter ‘H’ is pronounced.” We kept repeating the word back and forth, getting more sexual each time, till she was saying “Hellooooo” in an orgasm voice. She said, “Oh no, does that mean I have to have an orgasm every time I say that letter?” It was cool how she was able to just flow with the flirting and sexuality of our energy and not get weird about it.

She had mentioned a few times that I looked bohemian, with my scraggy hair, beard, vest over my shirt, and my jewellery hanging from my neck. She brought this up a few times in relation to things I was doing, and it was a good example of dressing to a sexual archetype that suits you. She even said, “Oh, you are dangerous, leading me to excitement” or something similar, multiple times.

I said, “This is a great way to spend the evening” in an honest voice, and she said, “How romantic,” sincerely. Right then I was holding her hand and I put it on my boner, and she said “This is not so romantic...” I said, “I know,” and we kept walking, holding hands. There was a silence for about five seconds; I just held the space and initiated conversation again like nothing had happened. So the hand-to-boner move attempt backfired in that moment, but because I didn’t get weird about it, it was all good. In some

ways it actually didn't backfire, as I'm sure it turned her on, but she just wasn't willing to say so at that point.

I knew there would be no hotel extraction that night, and if anything was going to happen, it would have to be at the club. There was so much potential sexual energy to be released; I would just need to unlock it. As soon as we got near the club, my eyes started scanning for seduction locations.

It looked like the real party was on the street/in the carpark; inside the club looked boring, kind of like *A Night at the Roxbury* when the club is outside and you pay to get into the street.

We all ended up chilling in the carpark for a bit. The girls were catching up with friends and we were just taking in the new Euro club experience. In reference to everyone drinking in the carpark, one of the students said, "This could never happen in Australia. The guys would all just be way too drunk, breaking shit and starting fights."

Talking to her outside, she asked me an awesome question. "What's your favourite thing to do in the whole world?" Simple, yet excellent choice, especially given the context of our interaction.

A few options flashed through my head:

- Sex
- Watching a finished film score that I've written
- Listening to death metal
- Writing
- Being onstage

I picked being onstage, which led me to describing how I'd learned to harness my over-analytical brain to serve me rather than hinder me, and explaining my personal philosophy of performance art.

Soon I asked her to come home with me again; she said no. She was clear on that (she was staying with parents) so I knew I had to act fast to consummate our energy into a physical psycho-sensual experience.

I said, "Let's go for a walk." She agreed, and off we went. As I'm writing this, I realize this is a simple but massive part of the seduction. I thought nothing of it at the time, but me being so chilled-out while saying something so suggestive and leading her away with confidence as soon as she agreed represents the culmination of years of experience with trigger-

pulling, owning my intent, physical leading, sexual confidence, and understanding female sexuality.

I took her hand and led her towards the river. "Let's go by the water."

I led her over four lanes of traffic, tram tracks, and two roadside bumpers. We climbed up onto the concrete ledge that the bridge supports sat on. So we were under this bridge, moonlight shining in the water, the river swirling and surging below us, a force of its own.

I stood there explaining how I draw so much of my personal power and intensity from nature, how I draw it all into my system through my senses and then blast it out through my eyes when I'm onstage with my band. I drink in the universe every day I'm alive, and then channel that energy into a powerful expression of myself in different contexts. It's like one of those lame romantic things people say in movies, except this was actually true to me.

I embraced the energy of the water, slowly leaned in, and kissed her. I think it's the first time I'd had my first kiss with a girl like you see in the movies, with the slow lean.

The kissing was intense and passionate, an extension of our connection. I pulled her around behind the pillar. We were in the shadows, but I think some people who were 100 or 200 meters away could still see us.

I ran my hand over her cleavage, over her stomach and into her jeans. I put my hand down her pants and felt her moist lips. I pulled out my dick and soon she was jacking me off too. Eventually I turned her around, pulled down her jeans, rolled on a condom, and fucked her.

I pounded her for a bit, then I was nearly going to cum, so I pulled out. Then the pressure to stay hard, and the whole situation of knowing people were watching got the better of me, and I couldn't get properly hard again.

So the actual sex part was pretty average; neither of us came, but everything leading up to that was worth it. It reminds me how good having a wide range of reference experiences is. If this was the only time I had experienced sex in that context, I could have easily formed beliefs like, "Sex in public is never good," or "Sex with a stranger is terrible." But because I've had lots of experiences with this type of sex, some average, some amazing, I just take each new experience as it comes.

Secret Video #9: If you don't have a house or hotel to take her to, you have to improvise (eg take her under a bridge). This can add something exciting to your seduction. Learn how help women live their 'Sex In Public' fantasy at secret.rapidescalation.com/register

WELCOME TO HUNGARY

Date: 22nd August 2010

City: Siófok, Hungary

Seduction Time: 60 Minutes

Seduction Location: Bathroom of Swimming pool

Travelling between Prague and Siófok was uneventful, apart from James opening the door for a smoke during slow moving traffic as the van was gliding past a young hottie and her dad.

“Heyyyyyyyy...” James drawls, dragging on his cigarette, the epitome of ironic Hollywood hyper-cool. They smile and wave back. “Well guys, that’s my approach done for the day.”

After a 6-hour drive, we arrived at the shores of Lake Balaton.

We were travelling in style for this trip, so James had booked us classy apartments in every city. From our balcony overlooking the main square, we saw three thick-set Russian guys dressed for swimming, all with Soviet criminal tattoos...one with a HUGE gold chain around his neck...and one with a baby in a towel! Such weird accessories for mid-20s-looking tough guys at the beach.

After dinner, I was wrecked. I just lay down for a second on the bed and before I knew it, I was fast asleep. Apparently it took me 10 minutes to wake up, even when the other guys brought a boom box in my room and were dancing and yelling and shaking me. I struggled out of bed and stumbled downstairs, still half-dreaming. Gradually I got my energy back, and we checked out the local nightlife. There was just one long strip, with heaps of free open bars all playing European techno. The vibe was “intense party zone,” like schoolies in Brisbane or Spring Break in the USA.

It was frustrating as a musician, because there would be four clubs in a semicircle all facing each other (same set-up as a food court in a shopping centre, but with clubs) and all of them were blasting this Eurotech dance music, at different tempos, in the same direction. So you would be listening to four songs at the same time. It was either very postmodern, or just plain fucking annoying.

My student for the night was Jack, a bloke from Sydney with a typical broad accent and a larrikin Aussie vibe. He was sitting outside with a short cute brunette who spoke slow, limited English. Her friend was this absolute stunner, tall blonde with big tits (her friends called her “barbie”). She had probably one of the most amazing bodies I’ve ever seen.

I said to James, “Okay, I’m willing to wing Jack and take one for the team by fucking that blonde...just to distract her so he can fuck her friend, of course.” I love my job.

I went and sat with them. The blonde literally spoke zero English, but this was cool because it allowed me to communicate with her non-verbally. I grabbed the little plastic sword that was stuck in her big, tropical drink, and started tracing it over her arms. She grabbed it off me and did the same, so without having said anything, we’re already sensually touching each other. I got her to take off her glasses and I put them on, making some suggestive faces, and she did the same. Then we grabbed the straws and started sword fighting.

Under the table I was running my hand up and down her leg. It was a really good energy, a cool non-verbal experience. It just shows how little you really need to talk if you can communicate in other ways.

She said she had to go dance, and I was still exhausted, so I let her go. Jack and I bumbled around a bit after that, waiting to see if they would bounce with us to the hotel, but it was the blonde chick’s birthday, and she wanted to keep dancing all night. I think I didn’t do the seduction any favours when I went inside and stood next to them without dancing. She was giving off this vibe like, “Hey you idiot, how about you grab me and dance with me?” but I was not in the mood for pretending like I enjoyed dancing while half-asleep.

I saw the potential outcomes, and I wasn’t willing to risk spending 30 minutes dancing with her when I was that tired just to get in her pants. There were plenty of other girls. Jack got his girl’s number, and we left.

We decided to go for a stroll down the strip, and after encountering mafia dudes trying to push us into strip clubs and this big fat Boris-looking chap with a huge fuck-off snake around his neck, we walked past two ladies, one tall brunette and a shorter one with lighter hair and big blue/green eyes.

I opened with the best line ever: “Hey girls.”

We started chatting; they were very friendly. Eventually, I suggested that the clubs were more quiet than usual because it was Sunday and everyone was in church, and then I said, “Let’s go to church.”

They said okay, and we started walking. Obviously this was just a reason for us to walk towards our hotel. We ended up paired off into couples pretty quickly. The tall brunette girl I was talking to was named Gobby.

The vibe was awesome, lots of light fun flirting and teasing. We were all enhancing each other’s night. We walked past this coin machine called “box4sex,” which was a punching bag, and if you hit it hard enough, condoms, edible G-strings, and cock rings came out. We got a photo with them in front of it, me urging them to be sexier with their poses.

Sex came up in passing a few times during the walk, and the way Jack and I spoke about it and interacted with the topic was very positive. This wasn’t some sexualizing routine; this was just our core selves/inner truths shining through in the moment. The vibe the girls picked up was “these guys are cool with casual sex; awesome.”

I asked my girl to marry me. She said no, but we joked around about it for a while. It set a fun and playful tone for the interaction.

After walking for ages, I turned and asked Jack, “Umm is this the right way?” and he said, “No dude, the hotel is back that way. I thought you were going somewhere else!”

We walked back in the other direction, and missed the turn-off AGAIN. The girls were still cool just walking up and down with us, so that was an awesome sign.

It’s so funny because someone mentioned the word “game” the next day, and it was such a contrasting idea to what happened that night. There was no “gaming” of the chicks; all we had to do was go talk to some girls, be ourselves, and display the fact that we’d developed personalities that make leading to sex easier. The self-evident fact of us just being cool,

normal guys did the work for us. They could sense who we were (confident guys up for casual sex) and that made every other aspect infinitely easier.

Eventually we got back to our place and led them to the pool. This was a moment where me getting more comfortable with my body paid off. It was clear we were going to get in the pool; the energy was there, but it was uncertain how naked we were all going to get. So Jack and I just started stripping down, shoes first. The girls followed, then I just threw caution to the wind and took off my pants down to my underpants. Dresses and skirts and jeans started coming off, and once Jack and I were in our jocks, the girls said, "Oh! Good idea" with a sigh of relief, and stripped down to their underwear too. They're thinking, "Cool, these guys aren't going to be weird about it. Glad we're on the same page...we all know we want to see each other naked anyway, so let's not fuck around about it."

It was a turning point for me, because I used to wear t-shirts to the pool to hide my slim, untanned body. The difference now is not that my body has changed much (sure I've hit the gym and put on a tiny bit of weight, but it's still nothing special). The difference now is how I see myself. I am a sexy guy, and that is not just related to having a sexy body.

In the past I've been with some girls who didn't have perfect bodies; maybe they were a bit chubby, or didn't have a perfect tan, or had small tits, but because they felt sexy and didn't act weird about it, it didn't matter. And I've been with girls who've had near perfect bodies who have been weird about it, shrank away shyly, put their hands over their tits after their top came off, asked to turn off the lights, etc., which are all a big turn off for me. Being comfortable in your own body is sexy in itself, and it's also about where you direct the energy/attention. If you're caught up worrying about your body, you're missing out on opportunities to create sexual chemistry and tension.

We splashed around in the pool. I touched my girl a few times, running my hands over her body as I was talking to her. She didn't really reciprocate and moved away. It was still a good fun swim, but she was giving me mixed signals. It's clear to me now that she just didn't want it to get heated in front of the others.

At this point, I realized we needed to get them separated. It was very difficult though, as they were very non-compliant to any attempt to separate

them. I said to the other one, "Hey, why don't you go inside and help Jack with the towels?"

"No, he's fine," she chirped with a smile. She was playing dumb.

We dried off and sat by the pool. We had fun sitting, chatting, and joking around. I told Gobby what her name meant in English (slang for blowjob); she laughed and said she'd prefer to be called Gabby from now on.

We joked around a bit more, and then there was an awkward silence. I could see the girls were tense, so I said, "Let's go inside for a drink." This released the tension; they were thinking, "Phew, good idea." It's like they were freaked out for a second that we were going to be pussies about it and not escalate; then when we did push the seduction forward, they were thinking, "Good, these guys know what they're doing, we can trust them to lead this all the way to sex."

We went inside and ended up sitting around a table in the dark drinking vodka. I put Guns 'n' Roses on my iPod, but the vibe was still dead. I was just sitting there thinking, "Fuck, why are these girls making it so hard to separate them?" I made a few attempts to take my girl to my room, suggesting I show her some music, but she didn't comply.

After another moment of silence I said, "Gobby and I would like to announce we're getting married." She protested and didn't go along with the joke.

The whole process was a really good example of keeping the meta-frame in mind. It's like when I've had girls over for dates, and they've rejected multiple kiss attempts but still stayed with me alone in my room. Because I've kept the awareness that "She's rejecting my kisses but still staying here, it's still on," they've eventually come around.

That night was no exception. There were multiple times where Gobby gave me textbook "indicators of disinterest," didn't invest in the interaction, and rejected my flirting attempts. I could have easily let that get to me. She didn't want to marry me, she moved away when I touched her in the pool, she rejected many attempts for me to get her alone.

But the overriding factors were: they'd both complied at all the major points (talking to us initially, walking with us, coming back to our pool, stripping down to their underwear), they were still there with us, girls love sex, and we were two fucking hot exotic Aussie guys. OF COURSE they wanted to fuck us; we just had to lead it, be men and make it happen.

At all those separation attempts, even though they were rejected, they still played to my favour. I was subtle, but at the same time the subtext was very obvious that my intent was, “We’re having sex tonight.” Escalation is attractive, even if you get shot down or rejected.

I was close to giving up so many times, but I knew it was in the bag. Eventually we were talking about late night phone sex TV adds, and Jack says to his girl, “Come to my room and lets watch some on TV” while standing up. She hesitated a bit, but he held his ground and gradually she stood up and followed him, leaving me alone with Gobby.

There was about four seconds of silence after they left, maybe one word exchanged, when I just reached out and took her hand. We stood up together and she melted into me, grabbing at my ass and shoulders passionately as I kissed her neck.

Just as we were getting into it, Zanna walked in, but he knew the deal and walked past to our room, leaving us alone. I took her straight to the closest bathroom, slammed her against the wall, and kissed her. There was so much electricity between our bodies; I stripped her down till we were both naked, and stood there just feeling the energy. She got on her knees and sucked me off slowly and sensually. When I couldn’t take it anymore, I rolled on a condom, bent her over the sink, and fucked her. Hard.

Making eye contact with her in the mirror while I was pounding her perfectly tanned beach brown ass and legs from behind was like a scene from a porno.

After we were done, she said, “Welcome to Hungary” in a sexy-as-fuck voice. I hereby nominate her as the Hungarian ambassador for sex and tourism.

We went upstairs and heard Jack’s bed shaking on the way past his room. His girl sounded like she was enjoying herself. He later said “She was crazy! The best part was when she squatted on top of me, feet either side, and was slamming her pussy down onto my dick so hard and fast. It was like she was working out at the gym.”

We got upstairs, and my girl asked for a shower. I was so drained at this point I just wanted to sleep, so I told her she could fuck Zanna while she waited for her friend. She said, “Good joke,” and I said, “No, I’m serious. It’s totally cool if you want to.”

I left them together in the bathroom as he was doing his teeth and for 30 seconds I thought it was going to happen. The next day he told me that

she looked him up and down approvingly, then stepped into the bathroom and started chatting. He would have fucked her, but I later found out he also thought I was just joking and didn't know I had already fucked her, so he didn't make a move! Oh well, their loss.

After her shower we went downstairs again to check on Jack, who was still pounding away. On the walk back up, watching her long brown legs gliding up the stairs and her ass shaking, her sexual energy got the better of me and even in my exhausted state I had to have my way with her again.

My bed was in a loft/mezzanine kind of thing above the lounge room, and William was on the couch on his laptop. So he couldn't see us but we were technically in the same room.

I took her up the ladder and the sexual energy was even more intense this time. I think it had to do with the fact that we had gotten over the stage of releasing the tension and uncertainty we had built up throughout the night, and now we could just focus on enjoying each other's bodies with a clearer head.

She started sucking me off again and it felt amazing; it was that sweet combination of the sensation being awesome but not being anywhere near coming, so you can just relish the energy without worrying about ejaculation. I put on a condom and slipped inside her. She was so wet, her body was so receptive to being pounded. After awhile I said, "Can William come upstairs too? You can suck his dick while I fuck you." She said "Ok."

I yelled out for him to come upstairs, but then she changed her mind and said, "No."

He was already at the top of the stairs at his point, so he just said, "Hi, I'm William," and she said, "Hello...goodbye," so he went downstairs. I continued to pound her while grasping her throat; she was loving being dominated.

After we were done she came downstairs and chatted to William; it was very friendly and there was no awkwardness at all. It was a very normal thing, but something I'm sure is outside many people's realities; definitely my own in the past. I think the fact that she saw we were cool with sex/free love allowed her to relax and not stress about it either. She didn't mind being fucked while someone else was in the room, mostly because she saw that we didn't mind and weren't needy or weird about it.

The lesson from this story is to keep the bigger picture in mind and not let the little things throw you.

Even though she rejected some of my small compliance requests (touching me in the pool, not playing along with the marriage joke, not coming to my room with me when I first asked), overall it was clear from her actions that she wanted to fuck. Having internalized the belief that all women want to fuck and that I'm the kind of guy who can bring that out of them helps a lot too.

I fucked Gobby while she knew that other people were in the room. The previous two nights, William had brought different girls home and fucked them in the loft.

The first night, William said he was going on a date with a sweet Catholic girl. I said, "He'll be fucking her within a few hours." My predictions were correct. Two hours later, William was pounding her relentlessly on the bed in the loft, technically in the same room as me, James, and Zanna.

We were just sitting there chilling on the couch, listening to music and talking about the workshop that night. Every now and then we yelled at him:

"Hey William, we're starting work in 20 minutes, yeah?" And then, "Hey William, can you chuck down my pants?"

We could just see the top of his head bobbing and her legs up in the air. The girl sounded like she was having a blast, her quiet gasps and moans were clearly audible. He did the same thing the next night, with a different girl.

So over the three nights we were staying at Lake Balaton, we had three girls willingly fuck in the loft, fully aware that there were other people in the lounge room below. Was this a coincidence? Did we manage to find the three sluttiest girls of the town? Far from it.

This was a product of the fact that William, James, Zanna, and I all had very relaxed, open, and accepting attitudes towards sex. The girls would have been able to sense that in the short time we met them, as they were coming into the apartment, and that would have contributed massively to them being comfortable having sex in a room with other people there. We all just gave off a vibe and energy that we were okay with girls expressing their inner sexuality, which put them at ease and allowed them to open up. This is not an act we put on: this is our reality, our truth. We really do value girls who are kinky and crazy, and instead of judging them for it, we respect

them more for being so in touch with themselves and being honest with themselves. They can feel that from us.

It's funny because it makes me think of guys who watch porn and hear crazy sex stories like this and think, "How come crazy shit like that never happens to me? Where are all these freaky chicks? It must just be a myth that many girls are like that, because I've never seen any evidence of it in real life. That's just a porn fantasy."

And the truth is those 'kinds of girls' (for want of a better expression) are all around you. Most guys probably know many of them in their daily lives. It's that girl in your office, the waitress at your local coffee shop, the girl behind you in the supermarket line. Most guys are just not open to the girls acting like that. They don't believe it's possible, and even if they did meet someone who was open about their sexuality, it would clash with so many of their subconscious beliefs that they would probably react negatively to it and pass judgement. They might feel intimidated to be around someone who was so sexually confident, or they might label her as a "slut" in their minds and judge her for her free sexuality.

So this all combines to destroy any chances of meeting girls who are experimental and sexually open, or having them open up their sexuality in that way. It's a vicious cycle. They don't believe that "good" girls are "like that,"; therefore, they give off a very hostile energy towards any expression of edgy female sexuality, which in turn discourages women from ever sharing that part of themselves with them, thus proving the man's belief because they never see any evidence of how sexually adventurous women truly are.

So if you want to start attracting girls like that into your life, or allowing the girls that are already in your life to open up to you on that level, you have to address your internal beliefs and attitudes towards it first. It's all well and good to just want some down-and-dirty sex vixen, but if you can't handle the other things that come with it (accepting that she enjoys expressing her sexuality, that it's natural for girls to do that, that all women are sexual, including your sisters and your mother), then you don't really deserve to experience that aspect of the female psyche.

If you continue to subconsciously resist and judge women for being sexual (because you hate what this means about your mother, sister, wife, or daughter, or you resent the fact that they're not being sexual with you),

women will sense your attitude and continue to put on a “good girl” act around you and keep you locked out of the world of wild sexual adventures.

Secret Video #10: Many guys will stop escalating once they’ve been “rejected” once. Go to secret.rapidescalation.com/register to see me talk about why a girl will sometimes reject you but still want you to escalate later when the timing is right.

OF THE BUSHES

Date: 4th September 2010

City: Toulouse, France

Seduction Time: 3 hours

Seduction Location: Behind a Bush

I'd been in Toulouse, in the south of France, for four days, doing a one-on-one trigger-pulling workshop with a client we'll refer to as Jasper, focusing on getting him to stop hesitating and start just going for it. He's an eccentric character, and I think I saw part of myself in him. My whole life people have said stuff like, "You're weird!" and I say, "How?" because I don't really get what they mean, and they say, "You know...all that weird stuff you do!" Then the conversation will continue and I'll do something that feels normal to me, and they'll suddenly go, "Like that! No one does that!"

I've come to understand a bit what they mean, but it's hard for me to connect with it exactly because it's all normal for me.

But Jasper was constantly surprising me with his quirks, and I felt like I was beginning to understand what people meant about me and why they were engaged by my quirks. With Jasper I felt like I was addicted to his personality, always waiting for him to say or do the next eccentric thing.

One expression he used a lot when describing me is "of the toilets" or "of the bushes." Like how you would say a fisherman is "of the ocean" or a hunter is "of the forest". He was referring to my penchant for Rapid Escalation and unconventional seduction locations. He would say, "You know what Liam, I like this whole trigger-pulling lark. One day if I follow this through, I will be of the bushes and of the toilet."

I usually make a rule never to approach when I'm coaching. Jasper likes it though; he says it inspires him (for the "greater cause of pounding," as he calls it). So if I'm coaching with him and I see someone I really like, I make an exception. That day, I saw the sexiest long brown legs walk past, and I had no choice.

Note: All the conversations I had with this woman were in French. I went to a dual-language primary school where we did most of our classes in French. I'm so glad my parents forced me to learn French now; it paid off in France big time.

I walked up next to her.

"Hi."

"Hi...do I know you?"

"Nope, but I saw you walk past and thought it'd be a good idea to come say hi."

"Okay, hi" she smiles.

We chat a bit about her day and my holiday.

"What are you doing tonight?" I ask her, making it clear I want to meet her.

"I'm meeting a friend now, but I'm free between six and seven..." ("Je suis libre entre six et sept...")

The word for "free" in French is "libre"... so I said, "Do you know what the word "libre" sounds like in English?"

"Umm...Single?"

"No...*libre* makes me think of Sexually Liberated. If you meant it like that...I like it." I said this as I moved closer towards her with hellfire intent eyes and ran my hand up her bare leg. She pulled back, slightly surprised...and still smiled mischievously. She was taken aback by my sexual advance, but when she looked into my eyes and saw that I was comfortable expressing my desire for her and holding this tension, it peaked her intrigue. She agreed to meet me at six that night and gave me her number; I told her that I'd call her later.

This is a great example of how forward and clear I was about my sexual intent. Me bringing up sexual liberation this early shows that I'm proud of my own sexuality, that I am someone she can be herself around sexually without fear of judgement, and that I'm a bit of a bad boy/risk-taker for saying something so forward to her.

The reason I said this at the time wasn't a pick-up line or some kind of trick; it was just me flowing with the vibe and being present in the moment. I could tell that from her response when I started the conversation, and the way she was flirting with me and returning my sexual eye contact, that this kind of forwardness was appropriate in the context. I had a feeling she would respond well to it, and I was right.

After a few more hours of infield coaching, I was wrecked. I was nearly falling asleep on a park bench, and the thought of a date just then was not exciting. I texted her to cancel, went home, and went to bed. She said it was okay, and that we could meet the next day.

The next day, I set up a meeting for 7 p.m. She arrived, and we chatted and walked. I was really relaxed; it was like we already knew each other even though we had only met for two minutes the day before. This has been a common occurrence for me lately. I think it's due to a combination of my relaxed vibe, me being really open and comfortable about who I am, and being able to effectively communicate that through my eyes, voice, and overall vibe. Instead of being stuck in my head, I was present in the moment, and she could feel that.

We wandered around town and ended up at an outdoor beer garden. We talked for about an hour. The conversation was effortless, flowing from topic to topic without awkward pauses. Even when there was silence, there was a warm buzzing energy in the air, a spark where we looked into each other's eyes and saw our respective truths. We weren't fighting the silence to avoid awkwardness; we were embracing it as a way to connect non-verbally, energetically. So many guys try to avoid silence out of fear of awkwardness, and in doing so actually miss the chance to connect on this level by closing off that communication channel.

She asked me how old I was; I told her to guess. She said 28 or 29. That's what most people say; at the time I was 21. She was 24. "You are very mature for your age," she said. It's cool when people say that; I get that a lot. It's funny too because I'm so playful and childish in so many ways; it can seem counter-intuitive that people find me mature. I guess knowing when to act like a child and be playful shows maturity.

I told her that the oldest person I'd dated was 31. I said, "So you're young for me."

She said, "But I'm not your girlfriend."

"Give it one hour or so," I replied with a sly smile, which she returned.

We joked around about music a bit. She told me I was funny, and that usually foreigners couldn't get her humour or make her laugh. The whole time we had very strong eye contact and were exchanging lots of flirty eyes.

I spilled my drink, but I didn't freak out or get paranoid. I made a joke about it, and we kept pretending to knock things over. She played me into the role of "clumsy," and since I didn't have any strong desire to have the identity of "smooth," I didn't object and just joked along with it.

I often imagine other potential realities where I did something different. In this case, it was thinking, "Imagine if I'd gotten all offended about her laughing at me for spilling the drink and tried to explain/justify that it was the waiter's fault for putting the drink in the wrong spot, or that I don't normally knock things over, or sulking/being moody at her for laughing." Me not making a big deal out of it meant it was soon forgotten, fading much faster than if I had become emotional over such a petty thing.

We left the bar and were walking down the street, and she asked me what I wanted to do.

I said, "Want to come to my place?" Deadpan. NO sexual intent. I did this on purpose; I didn't want to make an ultimatum yet, I just wanted to gauge her reaction, so I said it casually.

She was a bit taken aback, and said no. I didn't mind; I was enjoying her company, so we kept walking. We got to the main square; again she asked me what I wanted to do. I'd been in this hazy relaxed state the whole Eurotour. I explained to her that I was happy to just wander around the square, doing nothing.

The flirting ramped up a bit. She asked if I wanted to eat something, and I said, "Yes...I want to eat you." She made sure she had heard me correctly and understood my translation, then grinned. I was advancing on her and unleashing the fury of my intent upon her, and she was stepping closer to me too, with a sly sexy smile.

I didn't even mean it to happen, but suddenly our lips were touching and we had a bit of a kiss. It was like a movie scene where it seemed to just happen, to the surprise of both of us.

For a while we were locked in this dance exchange, facing each other front-on, standing inches apart, teasing each other, running our hands over each others bodies, lightly brushing each other's lips and face.

Again I asked her to come home with me, and she said she had never had sex with a guy she only knew for two hours. I looked at my watch and

said, “Cool...let’s wait 15 more minutes then,” and sat her on a bench. She was fascinated and engaged by how forward I was being.

She said, “I want to but...” and I didn’t really understand the French slang she was using at this point, so I dropped it.

We wandered around a bit more, and she said “You just want to fuck...”

I said “Yep, I want to fuck you...HARD” (translated in my jumbled, broken French: “Oui je veux te niquer...DUR”).

She grinned like crazy and embraced me, wrapping her arms around me and squeezing tightly. “You are so crazy! Crazy Australian man...”

I tried to bring her home a few more times while we were flirting, then she said something in French I didn’t understand. After awhile I realized she was saying, “What if you’re a psycho killer or something?”

I said, “Yep, I’m gonna tie you up and do bad things to you,” and I pushed her facing the wall, held her hands behind her back, and dry humped her for a few seconds, while whispering naughty things in her ear.

I pulled away and she turned and pulled me in, grinning. She loved it, and held me close. It was obvious to me that she was just throwing the “psycho” accusation out there to see if I would get defensive or weird, to see if I would backtrack and try to deny my sexual intent. The fact that I knew that she was just saying it as a kind of joke, and treated it as such, communicated to her that I understood her headspace. We were on the same page. She knew I could read her subtleties, that she could trust me to respectfully take her on a sexual adventure. She knew I was aware of her fears and that I would respect her boundaries.

We walked towards the station and talked about catching the train to my place. She started talking about safety again.

Basically I could tell she wanted to make sure that I wasn’t going to get all weird if she came with me, and then didn’t want to fuck...that I wasn’t going to be angry at her if she changed her mind about sex later.

I sat down and explained that I understood, and that I didn’t mind if we didn’t have sex, which was true. She was cool, had a good energy and was reciprocating my touch, so I was enjoying it either way. By being cool/impressing me/being good company, I was happy to hang out with her even if we didn’t end up fucking. Which of course meant we would fuck.

We walked back towards the main square, and again she asked me where I wanted to go.

“McDonald’s toilets...with you,” I said.

She said, “No, they have cameras...”

It seems like a sex rejection on the surface, but really she’s just saying, “I want sex with you, but just not here in his context.” So by now she’s confirmed verbally and non-verbally multiple times that she’s open to the idea of us fucking, and I just have to make it happen. At this point she was touching me as much as, if not more than, I was touching her. Putting her arm around me, grabbing my sweet, juicy ass. And she kept saying in English, “You are a crazy man...so crazy,” and then squeezing my shoulder muscles or massaging the back of my neck. It felt goooooood.

We talked about when I first spoke to her, and I said the first thing I saw was her legs. I made a “jizz in my pants” face, and carried on like a lustful loon about how nuts I went when I saw them. She was dismissive but flattered.

We went to get food; while we were waiting I was resting my hand up her skirt. She bought me a yogurt. I went to the toilet and while I was there I had a moment to think. I said to myself:

“Liam, you are a fucking badass. The universe is sending you a strong message now: you can do whatever the fuck you want, totally be yourself and not suppress your sexual desires, you can act like a sex-crazed maniac, you can joke around in whatever weird way you want and get away with it. Furthermore, the way you do it actually makes women respect you more and respond to you better.

You have created this reality. Top work. Now get out there and steer this ship towards orgasm-land like the crazy sex pirate that you are.”

The parts that kept repeating themselves in my mind were, “You can do whatever the fuck you want” and “Sex pirate.”

She led me towards the river. We walked past near to where my apartment is; I said we should go to my place. She said no. Again, on the surface this is a rejection, but it’s not really. She’s still spending time with me, she’s still touching me; sex is still a very real possibility.

We wandered along the banks of the river for awhile, my eyes still scanning for a seduction location. We sat on a bench for a while, melting into each other, me running my hands up her legs. She got goose bumps and said, “Every time I’m with a man I go like this...” I brushed my hand over her pussy, she pulled it away. Rejected again! I lost count of how many times she “rejected” me, but because I didn’t see them as rejections, they

didn't matter. I knew she was just saying, "Not here, not yet" and not outright rejecting me. The fact that she was still staying with me, touching me back, kissing me, talking about sex, flirting, and holding sexual eye contact were all the signals I needed.

We got up and started walking again, and I had the most obvious stiffy. I was pitching a serious tent. I pointed at my erection and said, "Look what you've done to me."

She asked me where I was going; I said I didn't know, but the subtext was clear that I was finding a place to fuck her. She followed along, knowing full well what was going on. After trying some doorways and car parks, we walked through a park. I saw a gap in some bushes, and walked up without a word. She followed me, pushing past the scratchy branches till we were just out of sight.

"Il n'y a personne ici... Personne ne peut nous voir" (Again that's my broken French for "There's no one here...no one can see us." For any French speakers reading, yes I know my grammar is atrocious, but it's functional for pickup.)

We started kissing intensely. I ran my hand up her legs lightly, traced it over her pussy, then removed it, teasing her. Soon after, I pulled her panties to the side and slipped a finger inside her.

The moment when I feel a woman's wetness is one of the biggest turn-ons for me during the seduction. It always makes me gasp with pleasure. It feels so fuckin' good to be inside her, to feel the warm pressure of her pussy around my finger, and her inevitable vocal response just adds to the immersion of our physical interconnection.

I put a condom on and started ramming her front-on. Our heights were matched perfectly; it's the first time I've managed to enter a girl from the front standing up. At first I was so close to coming, but I just took it really slow, and pulled out a few times, and let it pass so I could ram away at her for longer.

I had to change condoms because it fell off, and as she bent over to adjust her panties, I started fingering her from behind while she was bent over. This is such a huge turn on for me. I think it was because as she moved her body in different directions, I got to experience having my hand inside her from a whole new angle. I kept her in that position, then entered her from behind, pinning her against the wall for some more hard, fast

fucking. After a while I could tell she wasn't going to cum, so I just pumped away to an aggressive climax.

After blowing my load, we kind of spooned standing up for a while, then I removed my condom (containing a larger-than-usual fleet of mini-Liam's) and we walked back towards the station.

She maintained her intense affection-giving physicality.

I said, "You were bullshitting about never fucking a guy in less than two hours, weren't you?"

"Yes...I once did it in five minutes."

I was impressed, but I still trumped her five minutes with my record of two minutes (2nd girl from the Two Girls In One Night report).

Jasper called and asked what happened.

"The usual," I said, which she overheard and laughed at.

We talked some more, and then she said, "Will I ever see you again?" I got paranoid for a half-second, and nearly had a flashback to my old reality of "Oh no, now she thinks I just used her for sex! She's all offended! That makes me an asshole!"

So I had an urge to reassure her, but that thought passed. What was I going to say? "Yes, we will get married! You're the love of my life!"

I had been honest with her the whole time; why start being some false-promise-making jerk now? Part of it also stemmed from the feeling that I promised something earlier and now I couldn't deliver. Good thing for me I was honest about my intent and didn't promise anything I couldn't give. I promised her a racy sex adventure, and she got it.

So I just said, "Maybe, if you come to Australia. It's unlikely but it'd be cool." So we exchanged emails.

Walking to the station, she was very close to me. It was a cool reality shift, because my actions (meeting her on the street, trying to fuck her in all these random locations, being really sexual with her) were probably something I would have pretended to morally object to a few years ago, and thought were disrespectful to women, as a way to impress women with how much of a "good guy" I was.

So it was interesting to be so far from that reality and yet have a woman showing me so much affection and being so close to me. The fact that I was just being myself and being very honest with her was something she really valued. She really respected me as a person so much more for that, and it was very obvious that she was sad to see me go. She was a very

strong woman, so it wasn't in a needy kind of way, just a mutual affection/shared experience way.

It is rare for a woman to meet a man who is respectfully upfront about his desires like I was. Many women have to deal with guys trying to get in their pants by buying them gifts, or pretending to be their friend. It can be very refreshing to meet someone who they can just be themselves sexually around.

At the station it was a prolonged goodbye session with lots of smooches and pecks and hugs, very cute. I doubt I'll ever see her again, but it would be cool.

It's funny to think that this was all autopilot. I wasn't even planning on fucking anyone in France; I'd had my fun in Eastern Europe, and was focused on coaching. I just kind of approached her out of habit/my gut feeling in that moment.

It was just so easy. I didn't really have to invest much mental energy; it seemed to "just happen." Meeting chicks and fucking them soon after is a cool habit to have on autopilot. It's times like this that I think about all the rejections I've had, all the nights going home alone, all the numbers I've taken that went nowhere, all the dates that I messed up, and I think, "Well, it was all worth it to build this skill-set." My love life has a type of "passive income" now.

Update: I've been in contact with her online and sent her some of the sexy pictures that I took of us together. I love it when I keep in contact with my lovers from around the world, even if we only met for one day we still shared an intense romance together that I'll remember forever.

Secret Video #11: Sometimes women will just be looking for a short casual encounter. Learn to spot the 3 simple signs that a woman wants sex that night at secret.rapidescalation.com/register

FACEBOOK GAME: SEX IS EFFORTLESS

Date: 11th October 2010

City: Melbourne, Australia

Seduction Time: 20 Minutes

Seduction Location: A school at night time

This story hopefully demonstrates how when you get your inner game and lifestyle sorted, sex is effortless. All the experiences I've gained practicing Rapid Escalation led me to culminate this amazing sexual experience with very low effort and little time and money investment; it was just a by-product of my lifestyle.

One night I was coaching at the Hawthorne. My student started talking to two girls at the bar; I winged him and talked to her friend for 30 seconds. They had to go outside for a smoke, but I got her number as she was walking off. We talked to them a few more times throughout the night; I met up with her a few weeks later and she sucked me off and I blew on her titties. It was fucking hot. (This is the girl from the "Bad Girl Breast Ejaculation" story.)

Anyway, that same night I also met another girl as we passed in the crowd. She accidentally kicked a glass across the floor.

Me: Did you kick that glass?

Her: No! It was an accident!

Me: You shouldn't do that it's dangerous.

Her: I didn't do it on purpose!

Me: I'm Liam

Her: I'm Sexchick.

(She starts getting dragged off by her friends)

Me: What's your number? (Looking her in the eyes with sexual intent)

Her: Oh it's 0412...(yells it out as she is dragged away)

The next day I text her a bit of call-back humour about the glass and she asks me to add her on Facebook. This is one of two chat conversations we had, in proper internet-grammar style:

Me:
this is so awesome
(I sent her a funny link)

Sexchick:
bahhahahahah
how was your weekend?

Me:
awesome
saw lots of ppl i havent seen in ages
you?

Sexchick:
yeah good, drank all day yesterday so really feeling crap today :|

Me:
nice! top effort

Sexchick:
hahaha yeah i tried
summer holidays are almost here

Me:
woot
yeh i got a sexy bikini im gonna wear
cant wait

Sexchick:
ahahah i'd like to see that

Me:
would you now
that can be arranged
but you have to match it with your best pair of board shorts

Sexchick:
don't get me too excited

Me:
ill try not to
might be hard though, you're very excitable

Sexchick:
only when bikinis are involved

Me:
i dont mind when bikinis are not involved
(as in no bikini)
thats always good too

Sexchick:
hahaha

Me:
ever been skinny dipping?

Sexchick:
i actually haven't

Me:
really!?
ok when summer comes along im taking your skinny dip virginity

Sexchick:
bahahaha
where do you suggest skinny dipping mister?

Me:
wow, that question actually just reminded me
like 2 years ago
i was on google maps
looking at my house
and i noticed how many ppl who live near me have swimming pools

Sexchick:
bahahaha

Me:
and around that time, i was walking home drunk and got stuck in a lane
and had to climb into someones yard

and i also saw a porno of this chick and a dude breaking into
someone's pool at night and sexing it up and nearly getting caught

and then i thought 'man i should just break into ppls pools and swim there at night'

Sexchick:
it'd be pretty fun actually lol

Me:
i know!
seriously check this out
(sent her a map link)
so many pools
zoom in a bit

Sexchick:
yeah it just showed me australia...

Me:
oh
zoom into my suburb
and put it on satellite
and check out how many pools there are
and in summer ppl go away on holidays...

Sexchick:
hehehe
you live like what one/two suburbs away from me

Me:
oh sweet, so you're right in the midst of pool town heistville too

Sexchick:
you know it lol

Me:

some places have like clusters with 5-6 pools
with in 15 ms of each other
such a waste of water lol

Sexchick:
should just have a community pool for those rich people ahaha

Me:
exactly

Sexchick:
can't imagine them everrr doing that

Me:
yeh i know lol
dont want the common riff raff

Sexchick:
of course not

Me:
hey im in a crazy mood
want to go scouting for places with pools
tonight
not to swim just to check it out
places with easy access

Sexchick:
haha i would but i'm incredibly hungover and have uni tmoz

Me:
well i commend you for being committed to the idea in spirit

Sexchick:

i'm currently lying in bed that's how dead i am
yes i'm spiritually dedicated to the idea

Me:

haha sick

ok well i better go down homework

but when you're feeling better we will go on a pool hunting mission

Sexchick:

definitely

Me:

get well soon

THATS AN ORDER

Sexchick:

haha will do catchyax

I was in a weird mind state before I met up with this chick.

Firstly, I'd been having a lot of sex, to the point where it wasn't that amazing for me. Given that I had just gotten back from Eurotour where I was with 5 chicks in 10 days, and that I was seeing multiple girls at that time, I wasn't really inspired to go and fuck new chicks.

Also, her Facebook photos did nothing for me. I remembered thinking she was really sexy on the night I met her, and then I looked at her Facebook photos and thought, "What was I thinking? The lighting in that place is fucked..."

Anyway, she had an ok body and figured that it was a pretty low investment date for me, and would be fun either way. I cancelled on her the first time because the weather was shit, and she texted back disappointed. We ended up rescheduling. I wasn't really attached to whether or not we would meet up, and I thought that would come across in the frequency of my texts, the wording, etc.

I've tried faking non-attachment in the past as a tactic, but the end goal is for it to be real. It makes everything so effortless.

When I was going to meet her, I was thinking, “Oh shit, she’s not even that hot. Ah well. I’ll just go and try to fuck her, just be straight up that I want a random sex adventure and nothing more... and if she says no, I don’t really give a fuck either way. It just means I have more time playing guitar at home.”

It’s cool because that used to be a rationalization I would tell myself, but now it’s actually true. I’m actually psyched on clocking 4-6 hours of shred every day, so I really do value any time spent on that.

I arranged to meet her at 10 p.m. at the local shopping strip, which was obviously empty at night. The fact that she’d agreed to meet me there at night when she barely knew me to come on a “pool hunting mission” of which I strongly suggested being naked/sex would be a part was a very good sign.

I met her on the street corner, and the first thing I thought was, “LIES!! HER PHOTOS LIED TO ME! SHE IS WAY HOTTER IN REAL LIFE!!” This was the second time this had happened: me thinking a chick is hot in real life, then seeing Facebook photos and my opinion changing to think she’s not hot, but then seeing her in real life again and thinking she is *much* hotter. I risked it, and it paid off big time. I’m glad I took this risk; this chick was totally hot and totally worth it. She had an amazing body and a great sexual energy.

We sat on the bus stop bench and chatted for two minutes, I was giving her intense hellfire sex eyes, and she was matching my energy with her own sexual eye contact.

I mentioned my primary school and suggested we walk there, as it was just across the road. I’d already fucked a chick there about a year earlier, so I knew the logistics were sweet. We were walking through the park and I linked arms with her. After about 20 meters, I asked her whether her mint tasted good and pulled her in close and kissed her to find out. The kiss was amazing. Everything about her was like a warm apple pie. Her smooth skin, her sweet smell, her soft lips, her energy...she was a goddess.

Physical beauty is not the be-all and end-all of course. The women who’ve had the biggest impact on me emotionally have all had their flaws...but still, it doesn’t make experiencing perfection in the physical form any less amazing. It’s an end point of expression for all the tension I build up when I see hot girls in magazines/online/other media. It’s like, “YES, fuck yeah, this is my fantasy coming true.”

There was so much tension as we kissed; I was melting into her body. We went for a walk and I took her down the dark lane I knew was private. She was a bit hesitant at a few of these points, but I just led confidently. Her willingness to go along with the whole process without causing a fuss or being immature was so fuckin' sexy. It was like, "FUCK YES, this chick and I are on the same page! We're both just here for a random sexy encounter."

I was running my hands all over her body, up her top, feeling her tits, kissing her neck...she was shivering. I was so amazed by how beautiful her body was, and she could tell that I was transfixed by it. I didn't try to hide it at all, I showed my appreciation by the way I looked at it, touched it, caressed it, held it, kissed it. She had tiny denim short shorts on, and I was running my hands all over her legs; eventually I put my hand down her pants. She pulled back and made it clear that she wanted me to stop. I stepped back and she said, "Is this all you want me for?"

"Yep, not gonna lie about that," I said. It was pretty fucking clear; I met her for two minutes and then took her to a school to fuck her. She said, "Well, all the guys I know lately have just wanted to use me for sex."

I said, "Well, yep, that's me. I figure it's always better to be straight about that kinda stuff."

We wandered out of the lane over to the steps and sat down. Over this time I was really relaxed, and just talked through her issues with her. I asked her if she was looking for a boyfriend; she said no as she'd just ended a 4-year relationship. She told me about how she'd fucked two guys in the past two weeks, but then worried that she was a slut. I told her about my views on sex, how sexually free girls are cool; she started telling me about how she was so in touch with her sexuality, more than other girls. Once she saw my sexual attitude was non-judgemental, it encouraged her to open up and to try to prove herself to me sexually. She wanted to connect with me and show me she was on my level.

This discussion went on for about 10 minutes. She mentioned how the guys she fucked were her friends and how they were shit in bed, and eventually she said, "I just need some random guy that I don't know for casual sex."

And I said, "Um...duh...that's me, silly. That's the best bit; I don't know any of your friends, I'm just a stranger you can have a passionate sexual experience with."

A shocked look came over her face as she said “Oh! My god, you’re right! You’re perfect!”

There were a few moments during this talk when she mentioned sex in a way like, “You better be good” and my vibe was, “Don’t you worry about that, I’m gonna fuck you really hard and good.” I think I said something like “You can decide if I’m shit in bed when I penetrate you.”

I went to take a piss and jokingly said, “Now’s your chance to run off if you want.” When I got back I just sat behind her on the stairs and bear-hugged her. We kissed again, and I admired her sexy legs, kissing and caressing them. I walked her back to the lane, and we kissed again. I slowly removed her clothes; her body was such a joy to explore. I was savouring every second of it. Her skin was so smooth, and so warm. It felt amazing in the summer air. When we were both naked together our bodies were creating the coolest sexual energy. It just felt so right.

She sucked my dick really well, and when I grabbed her hair and throat-fucked her, she gasped with the pleasure of being dominated. I told her to stand up and traced my tongue over her smooth, tanned, soft stomach to the top of her juicy pussy. My tongue slid along her pussy lips, brushed over her clit, and buried itself as far inside her as I could push it. She was gasping with pleasure, and I could feel her pussy shaking and vibrating in reaction.

After feasting on her for a while, I rolled a condom on and slid into her with ease; she was so wet. The sex was relatively quick but interesting: even with tantric practice, sometimes I can still have really short sex sessions. The only difference is that I’m better in-tune with my energy, her energy, and the overall sexual experience.

So instead of pleasant, dull pumping for 20 minutes and then me finishing, I pounded the shit out of her in 15-second bursts, then just spent awhile growling and biting her, and redirecting all the intense sex energy I felt into her body through my hands and mouth. The sex only lasted 5-10 minutes, but it was such a passionate, climatic, and memorable experience.

So from her point of view, she can feel how into it I am, and she gets teased a lot, but then fucked really hard and deep a lot too, and really feels dominated. She’s exposed to such a wide variety of sexually stimulating scenarios in a short time frame. The fact that I’m fucking her how I want to fuck is also sexy for her. This all combines to make for an explosive dynamic.

I fucked her from behind, so hard and so deep, but I couldn't stay in there for long. It felt so insanely good. I would pump her doggystyle, then have to pull out, then put one leg up on the bench and fuck her like that, then have to pull out, then ram her against the wall, and fuck her like that. We changed positions a lot.

Eventually I came as I rammed her uncontrollably. I was still feeling so turned on from how hot her body was that I rammed my dick in her mouth and told her how horny I was, and while blowing me she said, "I want you to fuck me again...only if you fuck me really hard. I love being fucked hard." Immediately I got hard again and fucked her again, only for about 30 seconds, but it was intense. I think I didn't blow the first time, which was a cool tantra breakthrough because it meant my first orgasm was without ejaculation.

It was so cool to run the whole thing totally on my terms. It was so easy for me, a by-product of my lifestyle. Meeting her and getting her number in 15 seconds, while I was at work...minimal Facebook chat investment, and then a date which totally summed up what I wanted...to meet her on a warm evening, take her somewhere and fuck her silly, without having to pretend I wanted anything else. The total time of the date from start to finish took almost exactly one hour...very time efficient and allowed me to come home and play 1.5 hours more of solid shred guitar before going to bed.

Me having a cool lifestyle is no accident. While I was doing The Masterclass, I made a very clear and conscious plan of what I wanted my life to be like, then set goals, and made the changes to bring that vision to reality. Living that reality I've created now feels great.

Honesty was a good choice when she was quizzing me about my intent. Imagine if I had bullshitted about what I wanted when she asked if I just wanted sex? She would have seen right through it in a second. Having my values about sex, my self worth, and what I expect from girls sorted just made this effortless. I didn't have to try at any point; it all just flows now as an expression of who I am. It's the culmination of years of self-exploration and discovery.

Also, all the sexual experience and confidence I have is driving this on so many levels. It's present in the way I look at her when we meet, me getting her number, me coming up with such a sexually suggestive date, me not being phased when she hinted that I might not live up to her

sex expectations, me being confident in the way I kissed and touched her and led her to a sex location, me being cool talking about sex...having that base level of sexual confidence drives it.

On the other hand, while that experience is an amazing asset, it's not entirely necessary...one of the most badass stories I've heard was when one of The Natural Lifestyle's students was with his first girl; he was 19 and she was 25. He had zero sexual experience. They were kissing on her bed and she said, "You have no idea what you're doing, do you?" and he said, "No, but I'm gonna do it anyway," and proceeded to lose his virginity with her. What a fucking champ.

In summary, when you reach a certain point, sex is just a byproduct of your lifestyle. It feels great to be really capitalizing on this. Hope this inspires other guys to put in the hard yards in terms of their inner game to get to this point.

Secret Video #12: Getting frustrated when a girl shows resistance is a sure fire way to turn her off. Watch me explain why, and how you SHOULD react to resistance at secret.rapidescalation.com/register

4AM GROCERY SHOPPING

Date: May 28th 2011

City: Melbourne, Australia

Seduction Time: 2 Hours

Seduction Location: My Bed!

I had just finished a fun night of coaching Night of Mayhem. Marriages were proposed, ninja poses were struck, and students' Social Freedom barriers were smashed. I decided some sex would be a good way to top off the night, so I headed to the Carlton Club alone. The door lady told me I was drunk; I told her I had just finished work and was stone cold sober.

"Why are you shaking then?" she asked. "Maybe pretty girls make me nervous," I replied with a grin. She hit me playfully on the arm and let me in (and remembered me the next night, allowing me to jump the queue).

I was on my way to the smoking area when I saw how packed it was, and said, "I think I'm just going to stay here and talk to these girls sitting here." I sat down and scared the brunette girl I approached, both by approaching her from behind and falling over the stool as I tried to sit down. Not a very graceful opening. I startled her and caused her to recoil in horror and shock.

"Hi...Sorry, did I scare you?"

"Yes!" she said tensely.

"Ok, let me try again." I got up and re-approached, and this time was much more polite. She still acted shocked (as a joke). She was playing along and flirting with me.

I sat down and started chatting to them; we all introduced each other.

This is a great example of how the opener really doesn't matter as long as you are relaxed and able to read the woman's signals. In the past my nerves at this terrible opening would have gotten the better of me. I would have bumbled awkwardly and dragged out the tension, rather than gracefully admitting my fault and moving past it quickly.

I began chatting to her and was introduced to the other four girls, and soon we were all happily chatting.

Their blonde friend came back from the bar and someone said, "Hey you're in her seat! What would a gentleman do?"

"He would offer for her to sit on his lap."

"No! I'm not sitting on your lap!" said the newly arrived blonde girl (who I would later take home and have bent over my bed, moaning for me to fuck her deep from behind.)

I said, "Ok, well your friend can sit on my lap...and you can have her seat."

The brunette girl I originally approached told me she was married. I whispered in her ear "Oh sweet, since you're married that means you have to live out your bar hook-up fantasies through your friends. So you're going to have to help me hook up with your blonde friend here." I turned and started chatting to the blonde girl.

She was very cold, sarcastic, and standoff-ish. This is something that in the past I would have misinterpreted as her being disinterested, but now I see it for what it is: her being nervous because she's talking to a cute guy while all her friends are watching. After a bit of flirting, I told her I needed some water and that she should come with me to the bar. Once I got my water we moved to a secluded seat, where things got really hot. We chatted for a while. She asked me who I was there with, and I said I had come alone.

"You must be very confident," she said. "Well...yes. I am now, but I wasn't always like this. Also, confidence to me isn't being fearless. It's the bravery to feel that fear and not let it hold you back. I knew I would feel a bit awkward being here alone, but I came anyway. Good decision, now that I'm talking to you, right?" I said with a seductive stare.

We chatted for a while longer. "Ask me a question..." I told her at some point.

She paused, pondering, and I said, "NO, do NOT ask me that..." as she was about to say "So what do you do?"

“Ask ME a question then” she said.

I paused, then asked her, “Want to come home with me?” She looked a bit taken aback, and she stalled an answer while we discussed whether she should tell me her answer or not.

“I don’t think you should answer. Because if it’s ‘no’ now, you might change your mind later, and it’s easier to go back on it if you don’t say it out loud.”

“What if I said ‘no’ then?” she asked.

“Then I’d ask you on a date.”

Her eyes lit up. “Really?”

“Yeah. But it’ll be something cheap, like you come grocery shopping with me. What are you doing tomorrow?”

“Oh, I need to go grocery shopping too! Lets go at 3 p.m.”

I took out my phone and wrote it in my diary. We kept chatting for a while longer, about sexual liberation, and the craziest place she had ever had sex. I ranted about the double standard women face when they have sex and how I like sexually adventurous girls.

Periodically during our interaction her friends would look over and yell, “Kiss!” or keep peeking over their chairs at us. They were also sending her texts that said, “Kiss him already!” and “Pash so we have something to watch!” I had no intention of kissing her at the club, and I told her this. She was not a big fan of public make-outs either, so we were bonded together in our refusal to kiss for the crowd.

At one point they got some guys who were chatting to her friends in on the joke, and told them to yell “kiss!” at us too. The irony of being employed as a trigger pulling coach who had just finished work and having eight people all yelling at me to pull the trigger was not lost on me.

I stood up and yelled, “A true gentlemen does not kiss a woman in a public place!” and that shut them up.

We kept talking, and every now and then I would run my hand up her leg. She would let it go until it reached her crotch, then she would shoo it away. “You’re a creep,” she said. Without flinching, I said, “Yeah. I get that a lot. But I don’t learn my lesson because the girls who say that usually have sex with me shortly after. If women keep rewarding me for being creepy, I don’t have much incentive to change.”

She giggled. I slid my hand up her leg again. The reason I kept doing it was because I was paying attention to her signals: she stopped me, yet kept

sitting with me and passively accepting my touch. I told her, “If you really wanted me to stop or thought I was creepy, you would just walk off back to your friends. You’re just saying ‘creepy’ because it’s turning you on and you don’t know how to deal with it.”

After the fourth time I did it, she said, “That’s not fair! Stop it!”

I said, “It’s not fair because you’re enjoying it?”

“Yeah! And I can’t act on it in a public place...”

“Let’s go shopping then. Let’s go grocery shopping right now” I said casually.

“Ok...I just have to go to the toilet.” She left, came back, bid her friends farewell, and I led her by the hand to my car to go “grocery shopping” at 4 a.m. We drove to my place and had sex instead. This was exactly what I had anticipated happening. I’ve rarely had a girl agree to my verbal offer of sex, but it always puts it in the back of her mind so that when I offer a more subtle alternative later, we both know she is agreeing to sex. This is what happened at The Ivy in Sydney when I asked the girl to “come to those sex bathrooms” and she said no, but said yes to “going for a walk somewhere” five minutes later, which was followed by us walking straight to the bathrooms for sex.

This isn’t so much to do with the words I’m using but my overall frame: I’m clearly presenting myself as the sex guy, the guy they can go on an adventure with, the guy they can indulge with who won’t judge them for it. I’m presenting them something they are rarely offered, so they jump at the chance.

After the sex, I could tell from our interaction and the lack of spark that this would be a one-night stand and nothing more. I offered to drive her home, and as we were getting dressed I said, “So, do you do one night stands often?” with a very clear subtext that this was one of them. This was a polite way of letting her know where I stood. She smiled and got the hint, clearly glad I had been honest enough to let her know directly, but in a tactful way.

I then said, “I was just thinking about something my friend said a while ago. He said that it’s funny when guys get angry at a girl for ‘lying’ about having a boyfriend, or ‘lying’ by giving out a fake number. But they never seem to get angry when a woman invites them over to watch a movie and they end up having sex instead...no one accuses her of ‘lying’ about the movie...And for a second I felt guilty about ‘lying’ that I would take you

on a date. But then I realized you also ‘lied’ to me when you said you wanted to go grocery shopping...at 4 a.m. You didn’t, you liar! You wanted to come to my house for sex!”

We both laughed, and I drove her home.

Secret Video #13: Ever been called a creep? Girls will use this word for a number of different meanings... sometimes it can be a positive thing! If you’re turning her on too much, she might call you a creep. I explain why at secret.rapidescalation.com/register

CROWN CASINO TOILETS REVISITED: PERSIAN GODDESS PART 1

Date: 26th February 2011
City: Melbourne, Australia
Seduction Time: Almost a month
Seduction Location: Crown Casino

This is Part 1 of a 4-part series on this Persian Goddess who ended up losing her virginity to me.

This happened on Saturday. It's funny that it's almost a year since my first Crown Casino toilet adventure.

I was with a student doing a coaching session in the city. We saw a tall, dark looking girl, and my student was about to approach her, when she started talking to one of those guys who runs horse and carriage rides around the city. We moved on to find more girls.

After I finished with my student, I did a few more approaches, most had boyfriends, one was too old, but eventually I saw the tall girl again! (The one who my student was going to approach earlier, talking to the horse and carriage man). Our eyes met as she walked past, and I turned and told her the truth. "Hi. You're cute, so I came to talk to you."

She thanked me and we started walking and chatting. She had a really great energy about her. She'd moved to Melbourne from Dubai (originally from Iran), tall and dark, looked really similar to Rhianna (the pop singer) with longer hair. We walked and talked and it felt like we got over the

formality stage within 10 seconds. We were having a rare ‘getting to know you’ conversation where you actually care about the other person’s answers.

We had a very flirty banter as we walked along Swanston Street. She told me she was going for a new job. “As a stripper?” I asked, and she laughed. She said “No! Why do you say that...” and I looked her up and down, checked out her legs and gave her an approving nod. The sexual element was there from the start.

We walked past Federation Square and she said “So what are you doing now?” I said “Nothing much, I just finished work.” She said “Lets go for a walk down here” and led me down along the river. This was maybe 3 minutes in, after 2 blocks. The vibe was so personal and relaxed, we had zero awkward silences or moments of “Soo...ummm.” It just felt like we were old friends or long lost lovers.

We kept having these moments where she would say something, and I’d say “ME TOO!” We were very similar in a lot of ways.

Some examples:

- Her attitude to drinking. “I feel drunk on life all the time, I don’t need alcohol to feel alive.” (I’m not anti-alcohol and neither was she, it’s more about a lack of dependence on it to feel social, rather than a disapproval of drinking in itself).
- “I love travelling, but I treat every day like an adventure even if I’m not on holiday.” That was awesome when she said that because it totally connects with my mindset. She said “Today I had nothing to do. So I decided to come to the city for an adventure. I wanted to find the Zoo, but I found you instead...” I said “Are you calling me an animal?” while scratching her arm lightly. She laughed, and I said “No but seriously...you create your own reality. I manifested this adventure today with my mind. I could have stayed home and watched TV and this would have never happened.” This won her some serious approval points. It’s such an attractive attitude to me, and so similar to the way I live my life and move through the Universe.
- On fashion: “I used to question the validity of dressing for the occasion because I wanted to question the status quo and for people to accept me for who I am, but now I understand that the way you present is important and has its place. How you choose to present yourself is an expression of your personality so you might as well

make it say something you're proud of." I could totally relate to this due to my long period of trying to rebel by rejecting fashion and dressing as a hobo. She only took 3 months of fashion rebellion to figure this out...it took me two years. Oh well.

She was really blunt and direct; we were shooting back little flirty quips so easily. Felt great to have someone I can verbally riff with. Sometimes when I flirt with girls they either get nervous, or offended, or they just don't click with my style and my comments fall flat, so it was cool to have someone on the same page.

As we were walking, we gradually touched more and more. I held her hand in my ye-olde-formal style as we were descending stairs and let go before she did. I could feel her hand wanting me to keep holding it. She could feel my 'sex guy' energy and wanted more of it.

It was cool how much she was investing; she was the one who 'suggested' the instant date by inviting me to walk along the river with her. While we were there she asked a random couple to take a photo of us together, clearly wanting to capture the moment. She was meeting me halfway with the conversation too. Again it was cool to have someone on my level and not have to be driving it the whole time. It didn't feel like work for either of us, it just flowed.

As we walked along Southbank, I was loving every second I spent with her. She kept living up to my expectations every time she opened her mouth. It was a cool kind of mutual qualification where instead of being like:

"Lets find out if we like each other by asking each other questions..."

It was like:

"At this point it's OBVIOUS we're clicking/working great together...lets roll with that until otherwise advised." Just through her energy she was meeting my standards, and I was meeting hers.

I loved the balance she had of intelligence, playfulness, confidence, humour...she was just on point for what I'm looking for in so many ways. We'd goof off together one minute, sitting down in front of an empty community jazz band stage by the river and applauding the sound guy who was testing the microphones, and then be talking about psychology and philosophy the next minute.

She told me about how earlier that day she was asking the horse and carriage guy for a job, and I nearly said “I know” (because my student had nearly approached her) but I caught myself and kept my mouth shut. She said “I love horses...[I raised my eyebrows suggestively] NO...don’t give me that look! It’s not like that! Why do people always do that when I talk about horses...”

Later she said she plays the flute, and I said “The flute is the same as a girl liking horses...thanks to the film *American Pie* it has a sexual implication.” She playfully said “Ok well I don’t play the flute then!”

We ended up wandering all the way to Crown Casino, and I was super thirsty. I said “Lets go and find some free water” and she said “Yeah...you want to find a bathroom for that.”

At this point I wasn’t thinking of fucking her, I was getting along great with her and wasn’t really willing to risk freaking her out with a toilet-pull attempt; I wanted to see her again. I really just wanted to have a drink of water.

As we got to the escalators, I held her hand in ye-olde-formal style going down. I said “It’s like in *Titanic*.”

After that I said nothing, and felt this amazing internal stillness. There was no pressure that I was aware of, I wasn’t nervous, I just felt connected to the universe, very Zen. I attribute this kind of ‘in the zone’ mentality as a by-product of years of training to be comfortable dealing with the immense psycho-physical energy that comes with sexual tension.

We got off the escalator and walked towards the disabled toilets. We were still holding hands. I was still silent. I could sense from her energy and the way she was holding my hand tightly that she could foresee a sexual scenario playing out, so my instinct told me to just flow with it. It was almost like she was the one who initiated the toilet-pull with her energy; I was just obliging her fantasy.

We still said nothing. I didn’t let go of her hand as I approached the door. I was not hesitating at all, I was just flowing with what felt right. I pushed the door open and pulled her in. I still said nothing. I turned around and locked the door. She said “You’re not disabled...” while grinning.

I put my finger to her lips and we leaned in and passionately kissed. She threw her arms around me and breathed heavily, our tongues writhing together. I moved in to kiss her neck, and she pulled back suddenly. I could see she was uneasy.

“Do you want to leave?” I asked. She nodded quietly.

I could feel her vibe, and for whatever reason she didn't want to go all the way in that moment. I think there might have been a degree of “I don't want to become the girl that he just fucks in the toilet, because I like him and want to see him again” and also the “I'm horny and want to fuck him... but this context is not sexy for me...I want to fuck on a bed.”

I said “Ok let me just get a drink.” As soon as she saw that I could read her vibe and pick up from her body language that she was uncomfortable, she totally relaxed. It was like she could breathe a sigh of relief once she knew I was in tune with reading her. She could trust me. The way I responded to her hesitance said so many good things about me to her. The pressure was totally released in that moment and we were both very relaxed again as we both had a drink.

In the middle of this some guy walked in and said “Whoa!” and walked back out. I hadn't locked the door properly! We quickly walked out hand in hand, smiling like school kids up to no good.

I was still in that Zen-like focus state, and became really horny: even though we didn't have sex, I could feel her sexual energy, and she could feel mine. I think the fact that she saw I was confident enough to lead her to toilet sex, but not so desperate that I would become pushy or needy for sex, and that I was able to read her signals and calibrate to them, made her even more horny for me.

We were walking and talking through the casino, the vibe was exaggeratingly relaxed, really slow speech and measured voices, and I said something about someone being inspired, and in that moment brushed her hand across my boner. She said “*You are inspired*”, in a relaxed voice. No reaction, no shock, just cool calm and collected, commenting on the situation. Her delivery totally matched the way I was communicating. “This is my kind of chick!” I thought to myself.

We were still holding hands and she was running her fingers through my fingers and massaging my palm. It felt great. It was like she was shimmering with a sexual aura. She brushed her hand back across my boner a few more times as we were walking. We got outside, talked a bit more and she asked me where I lived. I said “Near here, kind of...” I invited her to come over to hear my music, and she said ok.

She said “Lets go to the river for a moment” and we walked over to the edge. I put my arm around her and she leaned in, and held my hand,

standing side by side. Her hand kept wandering down to brush at my erection, which was straining against my jeans.

We were watching the river flow past, and I was telling her about how I'm inspired by the power of nature, and how I channel it when I get onstage. She was just in this peaceful bliss zone, so serene, I could feel her breathing was intense and her eyes were droopy. She was basking in the energy we were creating and channelling. We stood there holding each other in silence for a while; it felt great. The stillness was there again, even more than before. There's a certain intensity to that kind of metaphysical stillness that's hard to describe. We stood there saying nothing for a long time.

Eventually we snapped out of it, and as we started walking away, I could feel her energy shift. I said "Where are you? It feels like you've gone somewhere else in your head."

The impression I got was that she was thinking "Is this real? Am I in a dream? This feels too good to be true..."

We saw a street performer, and I've seen enough of those guys at arts festivals as a kid to last a lifetime, but she was down for watching it. Eventually I sat down, and she moved behind me and put her legs pressing against my back and head. It felt so warm and good. She started running her hands through my hair. I *love* chicks who are affectionate, this felt great too.

The street performer asked me to help out with his performance but I didn't feel like it, so I told him no.

She was a bit pissed off at me, but I later explained my reasons behind this and she seemed to understand. When I was 18 and really addicted to pushing my comfort zone I would say "Yes" to every challenge, I would dance even if I didn't feel like it, just to prove to myself that I could do it. It got to a point where I had to start saying no to things again, so that I was doing things out of choice and not just because I felt an internal pressure to prove myself. This was a classic example, I didn't feel like helping this guy out with his performance, and it took more guts and balls for me to look him right in the eye tell him that I didn't want to and that he should find another audience member. If I had gone with it I would have felt like I was just being pressured into doing something I didn't want to do.

During the performance my tiredness from a day of coaching caught up with me, so I was wrecked. I think she could feel this, and she became a bit distant too. She said "I need to go to the train station now."

I think I was a bit pushy/needy at the end, asking her to come home with me again when I could feel she didn't really want to at that point, and then making sure she was coming to the gig my band was playing at her university on Monday for orientation week. I got her number, she kissed me on both cheeks, and we said goodbye.

Update: She didn't come to the university gig. After that I went on a date with an Israeli girl, which was really flat. I drove home feeling a bit down after such a shitty date. Then I called the Persian girl from Saturday and BAM, the spark was there straight away. In her voice, the way she responded, her warmth, it felt so good talking to her. It just reminded me that some people you will click with and be on the same wavelength as, others you won't.

I love this meeting because it's a great example of how Rapid Escalation doesn't have to limit you to anonymous sex encounters. Within 30 or 40 minutes of meeting this girl, I was pulling her into a bathroom to make out with her, and she was touching my erection. But it wasn't just a racy sex adventure; it was two souls connecting in a romantic exchange. It was much deeper than just the sex: that was just a physical expression of the connection we were both feeling. This is the kind of girl I want to spend time with, I want to get to know, I want to form a bond with. Rapid Escalation is about so much more than just fucking girls quickly. It's about honesty with your desires, it's about being yourself, and it's about creating new and exciting adventures and realities for yourself and the women you meet.

Secret Video #14: Beautiful women are used to men falling over themselves to get in their pants. Drawing a clear boundary will increase her respect and attraction to you. Learn the power that one sentence can have at secret.rapidescalation.com/register

PERSIAN GODDESS PART 2

16 March 2011:

I saw her again when she came to see my friend's band in the city. She asked me if she could bring Ramin, her 50-year-old Iranian friend she had just recently met. I begrudgingly said yes through clenched teeth, imagining that I was going to have to deal with an ultra-conservative old man who was going to interrogate me about my intentions and give me disapproving looks all night. I couldn't have been further from the truth. Her friend was an aging Iranian hippy. He was a social activist and photographer for a left wing magazine, and had a very chilled out, relaxed vibe.

It actually made the date even better because it brought a new dynamic, meant that we weren't always stuck talking to each other and allowed me to socialize with other friends at the gig. It also meant that we had to limit our sexual touch to little secretive moments when he wasn't looking. Our hands would subtly touch as we walked through the crowd, and we would hold hands while he went to the toilet. While watching the band I leaned in to tell her something, and even though she could hear me, she kept saying "What?", so that I would have to lean in and whisper it in her ear again. Every time I leaned in I was brushing my lips against her neck, grazing my beard on her cheek and pressing my body against hers. It felt amazing, it was such a unique form of sexual tension. So subtle, but so powerful.

Ramin was very friendly and pleasant, but I could sense he was threatened by me. He hid it very well. When we were in the smoking area waiting for the band to start, he took out two mobile phones.

"Why do you have two phones?" I asked, making conversation.

“Because...one of them is tapped by ASIO.”

“Really?” I asked

“Yes...I’m a terrorist.”

He had me for a second but as soon as he said that I knew he was fucking with me, so I just played along.

“Wow cool! What’s the biggest thing you’ve ever blown up?”

“Can’t really talk about it man. Confidential stuff.” He kept the gag going for a while. It was good-natured, but he took the joke a bit too far.

Later we were talking about his beard and he said he never cut it. “Don’t girls get annoyed by it when they kiss you though?”

“Yes...she tells me to cut it all the time” he said, laughing and pointing to my girl. Later she said “That was so weird how he said that...we have never kissed, I would never kiss him.” The next time she saw him he had cut his beard and died his hair so it wasn’t grey anymore. He also tried to loan her \$10,000 and said she could pay it back in 5 years when she had a career. “You’re like a sister to me” he said. Who makes jokes about kissing someone you see as a sister?

His generosity was also worth noting. When we had first arrived at the venue, he stepped up to the counter to pay entry as I was getting my wallet out. “How many?” the door girl asked, and he said “Two.” “Just you two then?” she asked, pointing to me and him. He was a little taken aback by this because he meant to pay for him and the Persian girl, not for me. “Um... I mean three. Yes. Three.”

“Nah man it’s all good I’ll pay for myself...” I said, but he brushed my hand away.

In the smoking area he had also been very generous with his cigarettes, and had offered his chair a number of times for girls. When we walked between venues he made a big point of giving money to homeless people. He also told a story about how one time he had been at the Centrelink office and had seen a woman who was crying over her futile financial situation. He followed her home to find out her address, and then would leave her \$500 in cash every week in her letterbox.

His giving nature seemed to be very genuine, until we were eating at a Chinese fast food place after the gig, where it got weird. When the bill came, I went to pull out my wallet, and he brushed my hand away, telling me not to bother. I started to say “It’s fine, you paid for the gig and...” but he cut me off, saying “NO. Sit there, put your head down, and eat your

food!” in a very aggressive, authoritative way. I could feel from his energy that he was trying to assert his dominance over me but I wasn’t threatened by it so I just thought “*Sweet, if your way of being alpha means buying me a free meal, be my guest.*”

When he left to pay, she turned to me and rolled her eyes. “I don’t know why he’s acting so weird...”

As we were walking towards the station, they were deliberating about whether they would make it in time for their train, as he had to catch one out of Melbourne to his place which was in the country, 4 hours from Melbourne. I offered to give them a lift to the station, and there was a certain tension in the air as we were deciding how he would get home. Both me and the girl were saying “If your train leaves in 10 minutes...shouldn’t we run to the station? Or get a taxi?” He said “No, it’s fine. Everyone just needs to RELAX” aggressively. He was not very relaxed about telling us to relax.

The next time I saw her was that weekend when she came over to cook. I called her the night before and she said “Yes I will come at 4pm. Text me the address. See you then!”

I heard nothing from her all day, and at 4.06pm I texted her.

“Are you still asleep?”

She writes back 10 minutes later. “No in the city”

My blood boils. I write back “Are you on your way here?”

She writes back at almost an hour later, at 5pm “Pick me up from the city”.

I call her and ask her what she’s doing, she says “Oh I’m just having coffee with Ramin. Come and pick me up.”

My heart sinks and I say “Maybe we should meet another day”. I can hear disappointment in her voice and she says “Ok...as you like...”

I say “No. I want to see you today, but...since when did 4pm become 5pm? We agreed to meet at the station at 4pm last night. Catch the train now.”

She arrives at the station near my house after 6pm. She gets in the car smiling as if everything is fine. I don’t smile back, and don’t start the car.

“Well...?” I pause, waiting for an explanation.

“Well what?” she asks, incredulous, as if she has no idea what I’m talking about.

“You said 4pm. It’s 6pm. You didn’t say sorry or explain why you’re late.”

She rolls her eyes and brushes off my comment but I hold my ground. “Why do you say 4 if you mean 6? And then after not turning up for an hour you have the nerve to order me, in text message form, to drive to pick you up from the city.”

“You should have come to pick me up!”

Her attitude was totally antagonistic and she argued with everything I said. She kept trying to turn it around and make it about me. “Well I didn’t like it that the day we first met, that street performer asked you to help him with his act, and you refused. But I don’t try to change you. And also the other night, you didn’t drive me and Ramin home or text me to ask if we got home ok!”

(I had already offered them both a lift home on the night and they strongly refused.)

This went on and on for 10 minutes, her trying to make me feel stupid for bringing it up, and acting as if it was me who was being difficult. It was a challenge, but I kept the conversation to the point. I was calm, but very clear with my intent.

“I’m going to make this simple. I’ve been fucked around by too many tardy musicians being late to band practice and I’m at a point in my life where I can’t have people around me who don’t respect my time. You said 4pm, you came at 6pm with no explanation or apology. If you do this again, we can’t be friends. This is a boundary I have and you’ve already crossed it once. Don’t do it again.”

She paused, then said “We’re not friends...” and I said “You’re right. We’re lovers.” And ran my hand up her leg. She giggled, and the mood changed. I had made my point. We drove to my place, and as I was pouring her a drink, she was sitting on the couch staring into space, talking to herself. She was repeating “boundaries...boundaries...” to no one in particular, turning it over in her mind. I’m guessing that because she used to be an international model and travel around Europe as a teenager, she had been allowed to get away with stuff like that. In that job she had people treat her like a princess and never faced consequences for it. Not with me. She seemed very impressed that I was able to set a clear boundary. Even if she didn’t like what I was saying, she respected the fact I held my conviction.

We moved into the computer room and after mucking around on Facebook for a while, I asked her if she knew what a pearl necklace was, and when she said no, I let Google images help me with a visual depiction. I then asked if she knew what a handjob was, and the same education process followed. I asked her if she'd ever seen porn, and she said no; Dubai has a blanket ban on all porn sites so there was so much that she had to learn. Over the next hour I gave her an education in the world of porn. She tried to mask her fascination with mock-shock and disgust but I knew she was gagging to see what it was all about. The giveaway moments were when she'd say "Gross! Why would someone...hey wait, click on that one...wow! Is that even possible?!"

We covered handjobs, blowjobs, pearl necklaces, titty fucking, spitroasts, all the way up to some weird Japanese porn that I don't even know how to describe.

I could tell all this exposure was getting her very horny. We could hear my housemates playing video games in the next room, and we quietly began kissing. That got heated very quickly, and soon I had my dick out and she was aggressively tugging it while I was squeezing her tits and licking her nipples. I stood up and thrust my dick towards her mouth, which she eagerly began to suck on. I grabbed her head and fucked her face, climaxing inside her mouth. She sucked me clean with a sly smirk on her face and we sat there sheepishly looking at each other. After watching some more porn, I took her by the hand and led her to my room.

As soon as we got in I slowly undressed her. She had a marvellous body; athletic, evenly tanned skin, a slim waist tapering off into a nice big juicy ass. As I pulled off her panties, there was a tissue folded up. I asked her what this was for and she said it was in case she had her period. I thought that was odd, but she showed no signs of blood so I proceeded. (The next time I saw her, she had her period and had a pad in. I asked her why she had a tissue last time, and she confessed that she actually wore the tissue because she knew that she would get horny and wet while spending time with me and didn't want to dampen her panties!)

To my delight, her pussy was freshly waxed, and perfectly moist.

I slipped a finger inside her and she gasped. I slowly explored the warm inside of her pussy while I rolled on a condom. "You're driving my crazy!" she moaned.

“Are you ready to be fucked?” I asked her, and she looked back at me with her sexy, sleepy eyes and nodded silently, gasping with pleasure.

I entered her and she moaned again. She was extremely tight but so wet that it didn't matter. After taking it slow to begin with, I realized that her pussy was very sensitive. “Is this your first time?” I asked her, and she nodded silently again. I continued to fuck her, but made sure I was gentle about the whole thing. Her breathing was rapid and she was moaning. Her hands were digging into my ass and back, pulling me into her. After trying to get her to keep quiet for the benefit of my housemates, I gave up and let her make as much noise as she pleased.

I had already cum in her mouth an hour before so I wasn't super sensitive, so when she looked me in the eye and said “I want you to cum... cum inside me!” it required me to pump her vigorously. Since her pussy was so tight, I could feel my orgasm building for a long time. It felt like I was coming for 20 seconds because the pre-orgasm stage lasted for so long. It kept building and then it would jump to a new level. I finally exploded and collapsed on top of her, panting and sweating. My heart was racing as I lay there holding her. When I got my breath back, we lay together.

After a while her sexy body got the better of me and I was hard again. I turned on my sensual blue lamp, and lay her on her stomach, sitting on top of her while tracing my fingers over her smooth back and ass. She looked so sexy lying there, her even natural tan was amazing, and the blue lighting gave it a unique look. I slowly entered her from behind, and she arched her back into me so we were both kneeling but in a doggystyle position. I looked into the mirror and saw the image of our bodies pressed together, her tits cupped in my hands, feeling my dick inside her, the blue light giving the whole scene an other-worldly ambiance. “Look how sexy you are” I said, and she gave a moan and started thrusting herself back and forth into me. It was a powerful image. It's amazing as I write this to think that it all came from something as simple as telling a girl I saw on the street that she was cute on my way home from work.

Secret Video #15: Other men will sometimes try to assert their dominance over you. Holding a strong frame and not buying into

their bullshit will help you maintain attraction with your woman.
Hear me rant about this at secret.rapidescalation.com/register

PERSIAN GODDESS PART 3

03 April 2011:

Sadly, the next time I saw her, she crossed the clear boundary that I had set. She texted me and said “Meet in the city at 8pm. See you then!”

I didn't trust her after her last fuck up, and her attitude surrounding it, so I called her at 7.30pm to see whether she was on track. I could hear noise in the background when she answered and she said she was still at work in the restaurant, and finished at 9.30.

“What?! But we're meeting at 8?”

“But I'm just going to leave early.”

“You'll have to leave right now and even then you'd barely make it by 8...”

“Ok...I'll see you at 8 or 8.15.”

“Ok. 8.15. See you then” I said, and hung up, with no intention of getting there by 8.15.

I called her again at 8.25. “Where are you?”

“Where are YOU?” she asked aggressively.

“Where are you?” I asked again.

“I asked first!” she said, even though she didn't.

“I'm in the city” I lied playfully.

“No you're not!” Her tone again made it like I was in the wrong for ‘lying’, totally sidestepping her lateness.

“Ok. I'm still at home. Where are you?”

“I knew it! You are never on time!”

“Uhhh...” I was still a little shocked at how blatantly hypocritical her attitude was.

“I’m about to get on the train to the city. I left work early for you! Come now. See you soon.”

I waited another 20 minutes and then took my time getting to the city. I got there at 9pm and she was there a minute later.

“Hi! You look great. Let’s go for a walk” she said in a cheery tone. No apology, no discussion of her lateness.

We strolled up the street for about 10 minutes and finally found a café to sit down in. After our drinks arrived I brought up her lateness.

“So. You said 8pm. You came at 9pm.”

“Yeah well...I still came! What? Don’t give me that look...” she said, as I gave her a cold stare. I could tell that she actually thought she was going to get off that easy. It blew my mind.

“You were late...again.”

“No! You were late too! We got here at the same time!”

“That’s not good enough. I didn’t leave my house because I knew you would be late. And the only reason I knew you would be late is because I called you to check.”

“Yeah...good point” She had a tone of voice as if she was accepting my position. She thought that if she just acted like she cared, I would drop it. “But I’m sorry! You always go on and on about this ‘late’ thing! Can’t you just drop it?”

She was trying to make it out like I was the bad guy, or that I was nagging her over something petty.

“Imagine if I had been waiting in the cold since 8pm. One hour at the train station, waiting for you. Does that mean nothing to you?”

“Well...yeah, I see your point.” I could tell from her tone of voice that she didn’t really care.

“I told you if you do this again there would be consequences. From now on, we can never meet anywhere but my house. That means that if you’re late, I’m at home getting things done any way.”

“Ok... that makes sense”.

I don’t enjoy grilling people, and I felt I had made myself clear again, so we moved on to different topics. We started talking sexually again, and after a pause of tense eye contact, she gasped, and said ‘bathroom!’ as in, “I’m so horny we need to go fuck in a bathroom NOW!”

I didn’t really feel like it right then and was in no rush so we spent some time walking around the city, and went in to ClubX for a while to

look at dildos. “I always see ClubX Sex Shops and I want to go in but I never have anyone to go with” she had said last time. Eventually we decided to go back to my place. “I have work in the morning and I’m on my period” she warned me.

“Ok. We don’t have to have sex. I’ll drive you to the station in the morning”.

We got back to my house, and as soon as we got in the door she was pressing herself against me. Soon my pants were off and her mouth was taking my cock as far down her throat as it would go. She was so horny, and was loving gagging on my dick.

“Do you want it in your mouth or on your tits?”

“On my tits...” she whispered.

I straddled her, she lubed my dick up with spit and began to vigorously jerk it. I shot a powerful jet of cum that splattered on her neck, and the rest of it coated her tits.

During the night, we talked about sex a lot. She said “Food, masturbation and sleep are the best things in the world. No one can take masturbation away from me. It’s my special thing. I love it so much. I was going crazy with masturbation before I met you.”

“How many times?”

“Twice...”

“A week?”

“A day...”

She said “I had such an amazing image in my mind from last time. When you were standing over me, and you looked down at the massive bulge in your jeans and said ‘Look what you’ve done to me.’”

She also told me more about life in Dubai. “When I was 16 me and my cousin were at her house, and a Chinese lady came to the door selling DVDs. We wanted to buy porn, and we were trying to explain it to her. I asked her for Romance films...I was too scared to explain. But I used to take my brothers porn collection when he wasn’t home and watch it. He had magazines and DVDs in his briefcase. I remember one with a teacher and a student, and the teacher was seducing her. She kept saying “No, no, we should stop!” but she kept on going, because she secretly liked it. That was very sexy.”

I love talking to my lovers about sex and getting an insight into what is significant for them. This was interesting to hear. I highly encourage asking

your lovers for feedback. If they give you honest advice you can have some of the best insights and mindset shifts from listening to women.

She was excited for our future. “Can we go away for a weekend together?” she asked, and “You should start saving up now so that we can go to visit my parents in Dubai! It will be a fun holiday!”

When I told her that I was polyamorous and that I planned to see other girls she didn’t take it well. “It would really hurt me if you were to fuck another girl. The thought of your dick inside me after it had been inside her...it makes me sick.”

We spent the next morning lying in bed. At 10.30 I said “So...you had work at 9am...are you not going to call your boss?”

“Nah...I’ll just...nah...”

I was getting a clearer picture of her time mindset. For her it was easier to just avoid the whole issue and ignore it. Eventually he called, and she switched on her sugar sweet tone of voice. “Hi! I’m moving house today so I had to spend all morning tidying up, I will come in at about 1 or 2. Ok? Cool. See you then.”

This was a half-truth. She was moving house that day, but that wasn’t why she was late. Of course she couldn’t say “I left work early last night to meet a man, go back to his house, suck his dick and aggressively jerk him off until he ejaculated all over my tits and neck...and that’s why I’m late.” But still, I found her deceptiveness very grating. It didn’t sit well with me.

We hung out till about 1pm, first at the local markets, then at some clothes shops. Over those hours, he called her 4 more times, and each time she would make a new excuse. “I had to go to the store to buy blankets for my new house!”

During this time, I probed her for more of an insight into her manipulative and bizarre time management behaviours. I couldn’t decide whether she was just a bitch, or whether it wasn’t her fault and she had just grown accustomed to behaving like that as a result of so many men accepting that kind of lateness from her all her life.

Her response shocked me. “Well I just like it because it gives me more time to do the things I want to do. Say I’m going to meet someone at 7pm in the city. It’s better if I just finish my homework until 7, and then leave around 7.30. It means I have more time.”

I was speechless at this attitude, so I let her keep talking.

“One time I was going to meet Ramin in the city, and I kept him waiting for 5 and a half hours. When I got there he just said in a cheeky, playful voice ‘You are late...you shouldn’t be so late!’ while smiling.”

Again, I was speechless. I was as shocked at Ramin as I was at her. What kind of person waits for someone for 5 and a half hours? And what kind of person makes someone wait that long, and is proud of it?

“When I was 19, I used to date this 28 year old guy in Dubai. I was working in the same office as him. I used to come 2 hours late every time we met for a date. He didn’t say anything until the eighth or ninth date, and even then he only said ‘You know you are late quite a lot...’ in a slightly disapproving tone.”

Again I could not understand how these guys could be such pushovers, but it was giving me a clearer picture of how she had developed such insane behaviour.

Over the next week her behaviour played on my mind. Her disrespect for other people’s time just clashed against so many of my values that I found myself resenting her. I was aware that a lot of it was my projecting the anger that I felt at all the musicians I had worked with who continually came late to band practice, but at the same time this made my conviction against her even stronger. *“I’ve had enough of people like that in my life” I thought. “I’ve learned from my experiences, and I have a very clear picture of the kind of qualities I expect from my friends and lovers. Respecting my time is a huge one. I have a very solid boundary and she has already crossed it twice, with no apology or real remorse. There is no future for us.”*

First I was angry at her for her terribly selfish attitude. It overshadowed any good feelings I had about her: all I could think about was her shitty behaviour and what a turn off it was. I felt no inspiration to call her, I didn’t want to talk to her, I didn’t want to meet up with her. I felt no sexual attraction towards her anymore.

Then I was angry because I felt like she had destroyed all the romance and chemistry we had created. Everything had been going so well, we clicked in so many ways, there was electricity in the air when we were in each other’s presence. Every time she spoke she made me smile, her stories made me laugh, I connected with her attitudes to so many things. She was a proud, confident woman, and I had a lot of respect for her. I loved how open she was about her sexuality. And now that was all gone. Everything I had felt for her had just been flushed down the toilet. I knew at this point

that there would be no future between us. Why should I settle with someone who has a trait that I find so unattractive? There are plenty of other women out there for me to connect with. I would have to find a new woman who respected people's time, and she could go back to surrounding herself with weak men and treating them like doormats.

When she had stayed over I had even said to her "If you continue to behave like that, the only men you are going to find yourself with are weak losers who will allow you to walk all over them. If you want to meet quality guys you have to respect their time."

I knew that it was kind of pointless telling her this. She was set in her ways and nothing I could say was going to undo 20 years of reference experiences from the universe telling her that it was ok to be 2 hours late. She would have to learn her lesson the hard way, by losing me.

Here is an excerpt from a blog I wrote about her and her boss (the guy she kept making excuses for no showing up at work to on the phone):

The more time I spend around beautiful women, the more I sympathise with the challenges they have to face. When I first entered the seduction community my worldview was "Hot women have the highest sexual selection power, therefore they must have the most fulfilling sexual and romantic lives. They have it the best!"

Of course there are many positive things that go hand in hand with being an attractive woman, I'm not going to bother listing them. But there are a whole host of other negative issues the many men are either unaware of, or dismiss out of bitterness or jealousy. Being able to relate to a beautiful woman's reality and understand the things they have to put up with gives you a huge advantage on the seduction field purely because many men do NOT understand their reality...having an understanding and empathy for the world of a beautiful women is a big plus.

A recent example: a girl I've been seeing moved to Australia from Iran a few months ago. She recently got a job at a family run restaurant, owned by an Iranian. The owner and manager has been extra kind to her, giving her lifts home from work, giving her leftover food to take home, and even paying her \$100 extra 'for her studies.'

He kept calling her 'sister' and saying that all Iranian brothers and sisters have to stick together. She saw him as a father figure and felt very grateful for his help in a new country, and felt comfortable in his presence,

she even called her Mother to reassure her how well she was being looked after, until...

He says to her “So I’ve been going to this massage place, and I pay them \$50 an hour...you need the money more than them...why don’t you just give me a massage instead?”

So now that throws all the extra attention he’d been giving her into perspective. She tried to play it cool and said “Oh no but I don’t know how” and he kept trying to convince her, soothingly saying “Come on sister, you need the money for your studies.” She felt very uncomfortable with this and made it clear her answer was no.

The next time she was at work he took her aside and said “Hey, sorry about the other day...I didn’t mean anything sexual by it, I don’t want you to think I’m sleazing onto you...”

Now, dear readers, does that sound like something that someone with innocent intentions would say? Of course not. His guilty conscience is driving him to try to take back his obvious attempt at initiating sexual touch between them.

He went on to say “I wish I had met you when I was 20...I have just been thinking about you, watching you walk around the restaurant and wishing that I was your age and I could marry you...You remind me of a girl I was in love with when I was young but I had an arranged marriage and we couldn’t be together. But I am married now and I love my wife. I’m sorry.”

So the second part of his confession is proof that he WAS sleazing onto her. Making him both a sleaze and deceptive about his intentions in the same confession.

On top of this, she has a whole host of guys who she’s met since she’s arrived who keep trying to play the ‘friend’ card to get close to her. They don’t show any overt interest in her romantically. They keep calling her and saying “I will help you find a job” or “I will help you with your studies!” But she knows they all want to fuck her.

Having someone offer you something with mixed intentions feels very unsettling. Imagine if someone came up to you on the street and said “Here, want \$100? Take it!” How would you feel? Think about this seriously: they have no obvious motive for wanting to help you, so you suspect something weird is going on. It’s a very awkward position to be put in.

So that's just the tip of the iceberg, a day in the life of an attractive female. Sure it's attention, but it's not the kind of attention she would want. Would you enjoy having to put up with these kind of awkward situations on a regular basis? What about every time you leave the house?

For a hot woman, meeting a man who will just act normally around her, treat her like anyone else, and not try to hide his attraction toward her can be an immensely refreshing and rewarding experience.

Secret Video #16: It's crazy how fast your attraction can change for a woman when she doesn't meet your standards. What are your deal breakers? Watch my in-depth video on my deal breaker (lack of respect for my time) at secret.rapidescalation.com/register

PERSIAN GODDESS PART 4

After deciding that it was over between us, I resolved to tell her the next time I spoke to her. At the same time, I felt so much negativity and resentment towards her that I didn't feel like calling her or meeting up with her. I just followed my feelings and didn't contact her. I left that ball in her court. Over the next 2 weeks I talked to her twice on Facebook chat and that was it.

After a while I realized I would have to resolve it. I tried calling her and got her voicemail. I sent her a text. I called her again. No answer. This went on for a week.

I noticed that I was starting to get invested in her again. Instead of my energy being focused on how un-attracted I was to her, I was becoming invested in getting her to contact me back. It was bringing up scars from past relationships where I've dated broken girls who were un-contactable for weeks or months at a time, usually as a result of having family dramas or past traumas to deal with.

I realized I was becoming attached and addicted to the idea of being the one who is the selector. I wanted to be the one dumping her. I wanted to be the one who had the standards that she was not meeting.

I recognized that this was not a healthy position to be in. Having standards is all well and good but going on a "I'm dumping you, bitch!" power trip as some kind of delayed revenge against girls who've rejected me in the past is not good for inner peace and tranquillity. It's just feeding the ego monster.

Eventually we had this email exchange over Facebook.

Liam:

hello.
is your phone broken or something?

Persian Girl:
hey phone was lost. got a new one

Liam:
ok. 0400 *****

Liam:
send me your number

Persian Girl:
Wts up

Liam:
Huh? What do you mean lol?

Persian Girl:
Isn't sex the best thing

Liam:
The best. Come over on Sunday.

Liam:
What's your new phone number?

--

Three days pass...I contact her again

Liam:
??/!?!1

Liam:

clearly you are angry at me for something, are you going to tell me what it is?

Liam:

i haven't seen you in two weeks. do you want to see me before i go away?

and why are you not telling me your new phone number... you're acting really weird. is something wrong?

Persian Girl:

No nothing is wrong. I had a tough week. where you going to

Liam:

Ok. Hope you're ok.

Im going to Canberra.

How many times do you want me to ask for your new phone number lol?

Persian Girl:

Canberra is Sydney?

Liam:

Yes. Its not in Sydney but its close. LOL This is the 6th time I have to ask for your new phone number. I don't understand why you are avoiding giving it to me? You don't want me to call you?

Is this related to what you were saying about how you should never show weakness? And how you like to keep power?

I feel like you are trying to gain power over me by ignoring my request for your phone number.

Is it making me angry? A little bit. Is it making me respect you? No. It just makes me think that you like to manipulate other people so you feel you have power. Like you already do by making them wait for you when you are late.

I think this in itself is your biggest weakness. I'm disappointed that you act like this. I don't like having these conversations on the internet and would much rather talk to you but you are giving me no choice by not giving me your number.

Maybe it's because you know that if I have your number I will talk to you about this and it will make you feel uncomfortable?

The reason I'm disappointed is because I liked your company and what we had. I looked forward to talking to you on the phone and seeing you and fucking you. I was telling my friends "I really like this girl she is fun and cool and we get along great". but you ruin it when you act like this. It just clouds over anything positive I feel for you.

We can still be friends but I don't really feel attracted to you romantically. I remember the last time I saw you, the next day I said to my friend "I wish she wasn't late yesterday. I liked her a lot but when she was late the second time I knew it was over. I just don't feel the same way towards her anymore. Her attitude is very unattractive."

I think you still have a lot of growing up to do. Remember I said "if you keep acting like this you will only attract losers...and quality men will be turned off by your behavior?" that is how I feel right now.

I wanted to tell you this on the phone or in person but you're avoiding that.

Also I would like my jumper back please.

Persian Girl: oh im sorry that it didnt work out between us. ' its not you but i think i have a different taste. i met some one else.and why di you always talk to your frieds about your personal life! anyways thanks for all the good comments.didnt suprise me though:o good luck with your life.

Liam: ok. looks like we were both thinking the same thing. you can keep my jumper if you want. hope you're happy with a man who suits you better. maybe he will marry you hahaha. good luck with your life too. :)

(Note: this next part was written the day this happened)

It's an interesting position to be in. After her time management power trip display, the dynamic changed to me just feeling negative towards her and apathetic about our relationship. During those two weeks, I didn't care if I ever saw her again, and I wasn't looking forward to talking to her.

But then suddenly when she started playing hard-to-get it flipped the power dynamic again.

Now I feel like I've been dumped, even though I made the decision to stop seeing her weeks ago, and I was the one who told her that I wasn't interested first. During those two weeks I realized that I was very invested in how much I *didn't* care about her anymore. It was very validating for me to have a beautiful woman interested in me, and being the one who wanted to end it because she didn't meet my standards.

Right now I feel really tense and buzzing. My body is responding physically to this whole thing. I recognize the base of these feelings. It's a combination of projecting my past pain onto her, the loss of power, and also nostalgia for the good times we shared.

She also deleted me as a friend off Facebook.

I wrote that last part the day of the breakup. Looking back, it's so obvious how insecure she is. I also remembered another exchange we had where she just awkwardly bumbled into a conversation about relationships and I didn't understand it at the time, but it makes sense now. She said something like:

“When you are in a relationship you must never show your weakness. You must always keep the other person wanting you more. No one likes a weak person, you have to hide yourself.”

I said to her “That is your greatest weakness...your desire to have no weakness. You are creating a wall around yourself and it doesn't help you at all...”

The conversation got awkward and she quickly changed the topic, but looking back now it just reinforces how much she was intimidated by the power I had over her. She was very effective at flipping the power back and putting me in a position where all my insecurities came out, by pretending like she didn't care at all and our relationship meant nothing to her.

I was grateful to have met her because I see her challenges as a test, a gauge of how far I've progressed. I'm proud of the fact that I stood my ground and didn't put up with her shit about being late. I'm proud that even though she is an international model, her personality ruined my attraction for her: I've seen plenty of other men stay with women who don't meet their standards because of their looks. I'm proud that I have the mental clarity and experience to interpret the ending stages of our relationship and see how much of her supposed indifference is driven by her desire to never show weakness. I'm not even sure if she really did meet another guy, I wouldn't put it past her to lie about that as a dig at my feelings. But either

way it was good to fall from my power position and be dragged through the mud, just as a test of my character.

I think it's healthier for me that she brought my insecurities into sharp focus and showed me how attached I was to being the one who was dumping her. She represented so many things that pull on my emotional strings: the validation of a hot girl, taking her virginity, the intimacy we created together, all the sexual chemistry we had, the ways we connected on a spiritual level. I was invested in all of those things, in being the one who was choosing to let them all go. She took that choice away from me, and I'm glad for that because I think it's healthier to hit rock bottom. I can see from down here how meaningless that power trip of me dumping her would have been. It's an empty power because it just builds a mental wall between me and future lovers. Losing my mental power position brings me closer to being open to all outcomes but attached to none.

I love experiences like this because they provide so much fuel for introspection and help you know yourself and grow for the next relationship that comes along.

I've stopped thinking "I'm not good enough, that's why she stopped seeing me" to realizing "We were not on the same page and were not compatible, it was never going to work out between us..."

I love that perspective because it just releases me from all the "What if I had..." and "Hmm if only I had..." or "Why did she...?" and "Does that mean that I am a..." type of questions that cycle my mind.

She laid her cards down: she expects men to wait 2 hours for her and be exclusive to her. I laid my cards down: I'm only interested in open relationships and people who respect my time.

Our realities were incompatible. From that perspective, I can look back fondly on the exciting period of us exploring each other and coming to that conclusion, and be grateful her rejection humbled me and saved me from the ego trip of being the one dumping her.

Secret Video #17: When you experience success with women it's easy for your ego to become inflated. This is a trap many men who enter the seduction community fall into. Hear me talk about

experiencing the other side of this at
secret.rapidescalation.com/register

TOILET HANDJOB=CARPARK SEX

Date: 27th July 2011

City: Byron Bay, Australia

Seduction Time: 20 Minutes

Seduction Location: Bathroom/Carpark

This story is about me bringing a girl out of her sexual repression and exploring her sexuality. After a toilet handjob, I fucked her in the carpark and then did some guided meditation on her sexual guilt. I got as much, if not more out of helping her face her sex guilt, shame, and fear as I did out of fucking her.

I'd been in Byron Bay for a week with friends, and on one crazy night my friend B-Mac and I met a pair of babes. I first saw them as we were walking to the club, both in tight dresses showing off their tanned legs. I called out to them, asking them where the club was, and they pointed the other direction and kept walking.

It seemed like a brush off at first. Little did I know the one in the black dress would jerk me off in bathroom and bend over to take it doggystyle in the carpark before the night was out.

Before clubbing, our group got pizza and some drunk local woman with her boyfriend started ranting incoherently at us, unable to decide whether she was trying to befriend us or anger us. After some rambling which contained liberal use of the words "cunts" "slags" and "youse'r all," I asked her, "Oh yeah? Well let me ask you this...what is the nature of reality?"

She said, "Oi! The nature of fuckin reality is...if you have a girlfriend...she's a fucking cunt!"

Classy town.

We got to the club; it was bouncing, and I was letting loose on the dance floor. I used to be so afraid of dancing, but now I just pretend I'm five years old again and have fun. Social Freedom allows me to express and explore music on a greater level because I'm not in my head worrying if I can dance right. As a musician, this feels great!

We saw the tanned-leg girls again, and B-Mac and I said hi, and quickly paired off with them. Then they came to dance with us. I was dancing aggressively, and soon I got tired and asked her if she wanted to come sit with me. She nodded and followed.

I was really tired from intense dancing and general mayhem all week, so I was very low energy: speaking slowly, pausing a lot, not smiling much, slow movements and responses. This builds tension and allows space for her to invest. Most guys talk way too fast (this was one of my biggest hurdles while learning seduction), and it kills the tension.

She said, "Are they in love?" pointing to B-Mac and her friend dancing. "Are we?" I replied. "Yes. Let's get married," she said. I knew I would fuck her at this point.

We talked for about five minutes, and I was being very blunt about sex. We were talking about how we'd cheat on each other. I said, "It's sweet, you can blow 10 guys at the music festival you're going to this weekend..."

"Mmmm I'd love that..."

"And get spit roasted in your tent and have all kinds of orgies..."

She smiled again, but then said, "No but seriously...I can't. I always seem to fall in love with every guy I sleep with..."

"Well that means you need to come to Melbourne and fuck me and all my sexually liberated friends so you get over that."

"What do you mean?" she asked flirtatiously, clearly intrigued.

"You're stuck in a sexual mindset that's driven by guilt, shame, and fear. You can't really enjoy sex with that cloud hanging over your head."

The whole time I was speaking slowly and smiling sparingly. We were on stools, and I was also tracing my finger up and down the underside of her leg. She didn't comment on it or react to it, and neither did I, but we both knew what I was doing. It's easy to think that if a girl doesn't react at all to your touch that she wants you to stop...it can feel like she's not giving you a green light. But in many cases, passive acceptance of touch is as much of a green light as she's going to give you.

We went to get a drink, and at the bar we were standing very close to each other, almost like a couple. I kept running my hands along her legs lightly, feeling the supple smooth skin of her thighs, while burning her with hellfire sexual eye contact. She was getting a bit jumpy and distracted, which could be easily mistaken as a bad sign, but I saw it for what it was: her being horny.

She leaned in and whispered, “Why do they have unisex toilets here?” in my ear.

My hand shot down to my pocket to check for condoms. Fuck! They were in my jacket, which was on the dance floor! (My jacket ended up getting trampled and soaked in beer. I thought it would be safe with my female friends, on their pile of handbags. I was wrong. The next day I was imagining some guy going, “Hmmm this beer cost \$5.50...I could drink it...but I reckon it would look way better all over this guy’s jacket!”)

After missing out on a hot spit roast the day before due to waiting too long to escalate and the girl’s mood changing, I felt that it was better to just go with the flow and follow the sexual tension rather than risking going to get a condom and her changing her mood, so after pausing and considering her bathroom question, I took her hand and said, “Let’s go find out,” while leading her there.

Just as we approached the door, some drunk guy projectile vomited in the hall in front of us, and was followed closely by a bouncer. She pulled me back, and I just took her hand and we stepped around the mess, walking straight into the open and much cleaner disabled bathroom.

As soon as we got in, I turned and locked the door. I put my back against the door, and put my hands out for her to come to me. There was a minute or so of verbal exchange while staring into each other’s eyes: I could tell she needed to feel safe, and that if I had escalated full blast it would have psyched her out. So it was more of a dance, with me allowing her to come to me as much as me to her.

“You’re shaking,” she commented. I wasn’t nervous at all, so I think this was her projecting her nervousness onto me.

Gradually she was pressed up against me and I was holding both her hands. I gave her a seductive smile while telling her she looked sexy (slowly and seductively). She said, “No smiling! Don’t smile,” so I went back to my deadpan face. Me being very still and expressionless was turning her on; she liked my low energy.

I leaned in to kiss her and our lips met, warm and wet. It was a slow dance at first, a kind of gradual Rapid Escalation. I pressed her body up against the wall, and was grabbing her ass through her skirt. I unzipped my pants and she hesitated for a second before grasping my dick firmly and working the shaft. She threw her head back and moaned as I slid my finger under her panties, feeling my fingers slide inside her slippery lips.

Her hand on my dick wasn't lubricated, so I spat in her hand. That still wasn't enough, so on a surge of inspiration I pumped a handful of soap from the dispenser into my palm and gave it to her as lube. Luckily it was the foam kind, so I didn't need much. We started staring into each other's eyes while stimulating each other, her leg sliding up the wall as I was finger-fucking her. I cursed myself for not having a condom.

I told her to grip my dick firmer and really work the tip, and I could feel myself coming closer. She kept pumping it harder and faster, the whole experience enhanced by the fact that I could feel my fingers sliding inside her, slippery and wet, all to the sound of her high-pitched moaning. I started cumming and I exploded all over her legs and black dress, letting out a sigh of relief. As we cleaned up, breathless, I asked, "You've never hooked up with someone in such a short time-frame, have you?" She shook her head. It felt good to have given her her first Rapid Escalation experience. I had the right combination of sexual charisma and non-judgmental attitudes to open her up to it and make it happen.

"We would have fucked if I had a condom, wouldn't we?" I asked. She nodded silently, innocently, the saucy encounter we had just shared juxtaposed with how naive she looked.

After that I just wanted to dance, which I did for the next hour or so until the club closed, while she waited. Then I was still so pumped to be dancing I was listening to music on my iPhone and dancing in the carpark. Apparently everyone thought I was on my phone talking to someone, but I was just having my own dance party. Social Freedom is fun!

She chilled with my friends while we waited as people trickled out of the club, and B-Mac left to walk her friend home (after I subtly handed him a condom while pretending to show him something on my phone.)

The girl and I spent the next hour walking around discussing where we were going to fuck and how we would get a condom after realising I had accidentally given my last one away to B-Mac. We ended up sitting on a ledge in a brightly lit area, with my arm around her back. "Sit up for a

second,” I told her, and slid my hand under her before she sat down again. She protested because we were in an open, brightly lit area, but I told we would just look like a normal couple. She relaxed and sat back down on my hand, moaning softly as my fingers found their way up her skirt to her pussy. She let out a gasp of pleasure when they finally slipped inside, and she started rocking back and forth, taking short, sharp orgasmic breaths.

First we discussed going to my place to fuck in the shower, but then I told her slowly, “I am so... fucking... horny. But if we go back to my place it’s a long walk there, then back to yours, then I have to walk home AGAIN. Let’s just find a condom and a dark place...”

She nodded silently and we got up. After a 20-minute adventure finding a condom in a local convenience store that’s surely only open at 3 a.m. for this exact reason, we ended up in a carpark. “Bend over,” I instructed her. Always the gentleman, I placed my jacket on the ground for her to kneel on, and took my position behind her. Running my hand up her legs and under her skirt felt amazing in the early morning air. Her skin was slightly cool to the touch, but very smooth. Condom on, I grabbed her juicy ass, and began to pound her, hard and fast.

She was whimpering and moaning with pleasure, rocking back and forth on my hard dick. Since I had already cum earlier during the bathroom handjob, I had to pound her really hard and fast to bring myself to the edge. I love that stage of sex the second time around because my cock is really hard, but since I’ve already released I’m not anywhere close to coming, so I can just enjoy the powerful feeling of relentless pounding. This in turn made her more wet, adding a whole new level of sensitivity to my dick. It was hard like a rock and it meant I could really feel the warm walls of her pussy pressing against it.

I could tell she wasn’t going to cum so instead of trying to force her into orgasm I just focused on creating an intense, passionate, erotic experience for us both. My orgasm was building for ages, and I was slamming her smooth ass aggressively as I felt myself unload. Normally my orgasms are just a wave of intensity, but this time I could actually feel the huge load of jizz pumping through my dick, flooding her pussy (restrained by the condom of course). It was like because I was so hard, I felt the sensation of the stream of cum rushing down my tubes and exploding.

“It felt really good...but it was almost too intense, like I couldn’t take it,” she said.

“That’s because your energy is blocked by your fears, and your pleasure is causing you pain as it’s trying to escape,” I told her. As we walked back to her hotel, I went on to explore this topic more deeply.

I ended up spending an hour with her in the hotel lobby doing the Ying Yang Quantum Collapse/Parts Integration sequence, an inner game exploration drill I use to balance your strengths and values against your fears. The first thing she said was, “The receptionist dude is judging us!” which I pointed out was a paranoid over-exaggeration. “It’s 4 a.m. He’s been working a long shift. He works in a party town in a hostel. How many random couples do you think he’s seen walk in here tonight...at least 20. Do you REALLY think he has the energy to give a fuck about us and our story? For all he knows, we’re boyfriend and girlfriend.”

We talked about her guilt and fear about sex and being judged, and I gave her some new powerful mindsets about sexuality. She said, “Wow, this is great advice, you’ve helped me heaps! I have so much to think about in terms of my sexuality now.” I said, “Yep. That’ll be \$85. Just kidding...but seriously, give me the money.”

She laughed, we said goodbye, and I walked home. On the way, a guy who was sitting with a cute girl at the bus stop came up and discretely asked for a condom. I was happy to help him out, passing on the torch for late-night sex on the streets of Byron Bay.

One analogy I’ve been using in my coaching lately is the mindset that I’m carrying a big rainbow brush with me wherever I go, and I’m painting whatever situation I’m in with sparkles and rainbows and good vibes. People who meet me feel this energy, and I inspire everyone I encounter to be more positive and free in their interactions, their sexuality, and themselves.

It’s like I’m a walking beacon for personal change. It’s my job, but it’s also my passion. It felt really great to have helped this chick get some clarity on her sexuality and help her define who she wants to be, as opposed to who she thinks she’s supposed to pretend to be, or who society tells her to be.

It’s also interesting to note how much of this was her doing and how much she was leading it as I was. Even though she might seem very naive, she was the one who suggested we go to the bathroom, and she also requested no smiling in the toilet: she wanted the fantasy of a dark, brooding, mysterious man. She also could have left at any point, but

followed me after the club closed and came on the epic condom-finding mission.

I love this because it's us seducing each other, such a mutual meta-spiritual sexual experience.

Secret Video #18: Bringing a girl out of her repressed sexuality and showing her you won't judge her for expressing herself is a powerful way to give off a nonjudgmental sexual vibe that women can feel. Hear more about this at secret.rapidescalation.com/register

PASSIVE INCOME SEX: FUN WITH EJACULATION AND SQUIRTING

Date: 12th July 2010

City: Melbourne, Australia

Seduction Time: 2 Hours

Seduction Location: My Car at 4am

This story features Passive Income Sex. It's a concept I picked up off James during the Masterclass. He calls it the 'Seduction Economy' framework. Basically, you can do only cold approaches, (which is the equivalent to working minimum wage and struggling to get by), or you can play smarter instead of harder and set up your lifestyle so that women come to you as a byproduct of everything else you do with yourself (which is the equivalent of having a passive income).

This story is another example of me meeting a girl through the networks I've built.

The other night James, Zanna and I did a public talk on High Energy vs. Low Energy Game. As James was talking, I noticed there were a number of sexy girls in the crowd.

I spotted another one sitting in the crowd. She had straight black hair and big ol' eyes, and this face that had a really great combination of innocent/cuteness with a total dirty naughty girl vibe. I found out that one of our female coaches had brought her along. After the talk a bunch of us ended up at a local bar and she was there. As we were sitting in the smoking area we got talking. She was being a bit cold to me and kept leaving to talk to other people.

Later, still in the smoking area, she told me French was her first language, so we started talking in French. Eventually she was telling me how cute and charming I was, and how horny she was, and how much she wanted to fuck. She said she gladly would, except that the female coach/stripper who had introduced us had a crush on me and that I was off limits. That same friend also had a crush on a few other guys, so me and the French girl agreed that this limit was a bit selfish and excessive.

Changing to French was a big change in the vibe: it was like once she started speaking in her native language she could just speak freely. It was also so fun and exciting because no one else in the smoking area spoke French (or so we thought at the time...later someone said ‘Salut! Ca va?’ in French, indicating that they had understood everything...a bit embarrassing, but no big deal.)

It’s so hot hearing it in French because some of the translations are so funny. She said “J’ai mal à la tête.” If I translate directly she said:

“I am sick in the head.”

In this context it really means “I get crazy horny”.

The way she just straight up told me she wanted me, but said it in French, was the cutest thing I’ve experienced in ages. It was such a massive contrast to the pleasant, curt conversation we had been having in English. And she wasn’t showing any kind of intent non-verbally either, her voice was still social and polite, so it came as a huge shock. She just said it so normally; I had to make sure that I was translating correctly. She wasn’t doing sex eyes or anything so I was a bit taken aback, in a good way.

I think it had such a big effect on me because it reminded me of when I was 15, in France, drunk at a house party, chatting to this stunning girl in French. It was like since I was drunk and speaking another language, everything came out slow and smooth and sexy. I have so much nostalgia to a time before I lost my virginity, remembering back to all the excitement and fear and excessive emotional investment in any girl who showed me interest, remembering how much one kiss used to mean... so speaking in French with this girl about romance just made all those feelings come flooding back.

Eventually our friends left and we ended up being alone downstairs. She didn’t have money for a cab so I said I’d drive her home. As we were walking to my car we were flirting heaps. She was still expressing really

strong verbal intent and saying how she wanted to fuck but we couldn't because her friend told her not to.

I kind of rolled with that and used that to pump the sexual tension.

Me: "Damn, you're right. I guess we can't fuck then."

Her: "Shut up! Stop talking about it!" (she said this playfully, in a sexually frustrated kind of way).

Me: "What...My boner you mean?"

Her: "Don't!!!!" (hits my ass playfully)

Me: "Did you just grab my ass? You're just making it harder. My cock that is. I would love to pound you with it."

Her: "Shhhhh STOP FRUSTRATING ME WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING OKAY!!!!?"

(She pretends to sook sulk for a bit but I can tell she is basking in the sexual tension).

We got to my car, which was out front of the Natural Mansion, but I just walked inside and she followed. Everyone else was in bed/getting ready for bed so we were sneaking around the house, which was really fun and sexy...we narrowly missed getting caught twice, and had to hide behind the stairs. I put my finger to her lips for her to be quiet and she started sucking it. The tension was through the roof.

We went downstairs and I just walked into the office, which was totally dark, and left the light off, and closed the door. It was like we were hiding from the other people in the house. I started running my hand up her legs under her skirt. I was planning to fuck her right there but she was a bit tense, so we walked back out towards my car. In the driveway I just turned around and started fingering her, face on. She kept looking around in case anyone was watching, and then closing her eyes and savouring the moment.

This was a pattern throughout the night. She would mumble something that sounded like resistance but then as soon as I would escalate, she wouldn't resist, and later while I was fingering her she would say things like "A little to the right..." or "More penetration and less clit..." and "Harder...finger fuck me!" also move her hips in a way that was angling her pussy better on my finger.

She was caught in this mental battle between guilt about not wanting to have sex because her friend told her not to, and also an intense burning desire to be fucked really hard, so she created this weird line in her mind where it was okay for me to finger her but that was it.

Now this whole area of knowing when a girl is *really* resisting and when its just part of a game to her is a *very* fine line...it takes a lot of intuition and experience to be able to know when she wants you to escalate and when she doesn't. I don't want anyone to take this the wrong way.

I want to make it clear that NO MEANS NO. This was an anomaly, a special situation where it was very clear that she wanted me to keep going and didn't want to be responsible for what was happening. Keep in mind that she had already told me she was so horny for me and had left the bar to my car.

She made it very clear that she was comfortable with fingering but did not want to go all the way that night. She drew the boundary there and I accepted that. I was very respectful of her limitations.

We got in my car and started driving. She started complaining about how she hasn't had an orgasm for two days, and about how she can't live without them, and how she was going to have to have a shower when she gets home to get herself off. I pulled over and I started fingering her again and she put her legs up on the dash. She looked so fucking hot, her long black hair all messy, her cute little skirt riding up, and her long black socks leaving the soft pale skin of her upper thighs exposed. They looked so supple against her black clothing.

I pulled my dick out and put her hand on it, but she pulled her hand away. So I just started jacking off with one hand and fingering her with the other. As she came close to climax I was furiously finger fucking her while beating off pretty hard, and she squirted all over the seat of my car right as I blew one of the biggest loads all over her legs. Its probably the most cum I've ever seen from myself, and rivals some of the big cumshots I've seen in porn.

Her leg was absolutely coated in my thick white jizz, and as she sat there in a post squirting orgasmic haze, she started running her fingers through my cum and licking it off her fingers. She had a few good mouthfuls but there was so much that I had to get an old rag from the backseat to clean her off.

She said "That was fun...on my face would have been better."

Also at some point a road worker dude in a fluoro orange jacket walked past and had a look. That was pretty funny. He didn't stare long though. Good on him. I'm sure he sees all kinds of strange things like this if he has to walk through the city at 4am every day for work.

She couldn't get into the place she was staying because she had no key, so she came back to mine and stayed over. On the drive home we just chatted, it was good fun. I found myself having a crush on her; I said "If we were in high school I would ask you out." I think its because she reminded me of being young and innocent in high school and all the feelings that go with that. The combination of her seeming so naïve but also being so sexually adventurous was hot.

She told me a sexy story that has stuck with me ever since. With one of her previous boyfriends, they were on a train, in the daytime. She was wearing one of those sexy little tartan skirts. She wasn't wearing any panties, the carriage was empty and they were both so horny that she told him to pull out his dick and fuck her. This creates such a sexy mental image for me; her being insatiably horny and demanding to be fucked hard in her skirt on the train. She told me lots of other stories about times when she had been super sexually frustrated; it was interesting to hear from a woman. I know this all logically already, and I've experienced this aspect of female sexuality, but it's still surprising to me on some level. I think this is a by-product of living the first two decades of my life under the socially conditioned delusion that women don't really like sex and don't think about it all that much. Hearing her complaining about all the times she's wanted to be fucked but couldn't find the right guy to do it was both insightful and exciting.

This was awesome for me: Firstly because it's a fun conversation, and secondly because it's an expression of the lifestyle I'm choosing to create for myself. I love that my sexual screening means I end up hanging out with girls who are happy to chat about naughty topics openly. It's great for your inner game to talk to women about sex, it helps you undo and rewire so many 'nice guy' beliefs about sex and understand the true nature of how sexual women are. There is a myth that women are pure, innocent angels, and I think it is actually grossly disrespectful to women to hold this belief because it is denying them their nature and judging them for something they're born with: sexuality. I encourage guys to talk to any willing woman about her sexuality; you might be surprised what she tells you.

We got into bed and were spooning, and she was fine with me running my dick all over her butt cheeks, but then I moved my hand onto her tits and she tensed up and told me to stop, in an annoyed voice.

So keep in mind, this is someone who was happy to be aggressively finger fucked in a car at 4am in brightly lit public area, happy to be ejaculated on and lick it off herself, happy to tell me within the first 20 minutes of meeting me that she is crazy horny and wants to fuck me, BUT gets weird about me putting my hand on her tits...

My first thought was “This just shows how illogical women are!” But in retrospect, her rejection might have also been her knowing that me touching her tits would make her horny and want to fuck again, which she felt guilty about but knew she wouldn’t be able to resist. So it makes total sense.

As a side note, many guys I coach hold the belief ‘Men are logical, women are emotional.’ I used to believe this too, but I’ve come to realize it’s just a self-protection mechanism that analytical men use to feel better about their lack of social skills. Firstly, men are just as driven by emotions, even if they don’t want to admit it. Why do men do anything? Buy a car, watch a movie, go to the gym, buy clothes. Are any of those ‘logical’ decisions? Secondly, guys usually pull this card when their poor social intuition leaves them dumbfounded about a woman’s headspace or motivations. They don’t understand what she’s thinking or feeling so they write it off as her being ‘crazy.’ This is a cop out, a better strategy is to learn to understand female emotional triggers and motivations so you can relate to them better.

In the morning I fingered her again, and remembering her request from the previous night jacked off onto her face. It didn’t quite make it though, so it just coated her scarf that was around her neck. We ended up with me on top of her finger fucking her, and I reached for a condom and said “I might as well stick it in now” but she still protested. Strong-willed woman.

I’m kind of glad she didn’t want to fuck because it made it so much more interesting and unique. It was a strange new experience, being in bed with a girl, both of us feeling crazy sexual chemistry, and having to stop because of an outside influence. I said “This must be what it feels like for religious teens who want to fuck but are waiting till marriage.”

Again I just want to be super clear that 99% of the time a girl’s resistance is legitimate, and it takes extensive experience to be able to suss out when they seem to be resisting but actually want you to escalate. This was a super unique case; usually when a girl resists, I respect their wishes, stop and give them space to relax. They need to feel safe and know that if

they actually say no you will stop. We had built a lot of comfort and trust so I was able to take more risks. I don't normally do that.

This is VERY dangerous stuff and I would strongly advise guys to stop at the first sign of resistance.

You are much safer to stop escalating and allow her to seduce you if she wants to, which can be just as effective, than to keep escalating when she is resisting. It's actually extremely sexy for a woman when a man can feel when she's uncomfortable and respect her boundaries: it shows that he is able to read her signals. In this case, her signals were saying "My guilt means we can only go as far as mutual masturbation but no sex" and since she saw that I understood that, she was happy to relax and enjoy our time together.

In this case this girl obviously felt safe with me, as I was friends with her friends and her friends trusted me, and she also knew that one of her friends had slept with me. Therefore she was able to be guided through the experience without taking any responsibility for it.

The other thing to take from this is that a lot of times girls will act weirdly from the sexual tension. She was being seemingly 'bitchy' to me at the start of the night, but it was really just her way of dealing with the fact that she was attracted to me but had been told not to act on it by her friend.

It's easy to take it personally when they act cold/distant and seem negative but keep in mind that it might actually be because she's dealing with her sexual tension in her own strange way. I could have been offended when she was being curt with me at the start but since I didn't take it personally it allowed her to open up to me later.

Also, at no point did I kiss her! Kissing is not always necessary for a sexual experience; don't place too much importance on it or fall into the trap of thinking about sex as a linear thing of 'kissing, boobs, fingering, sex'. Sexual experiences don't always work like that, as this story demonstrates.

This story is yet another example of me just going about my day and wild, sexually adventurous women just falling in my lap. All in a day's work. As I've outlined in the previous Passive Income Sex stories, this was a by-product of my lifestyle, I just rocked up to work, gave my presentation, then met her at the afterparty and went on this adventure with her.

Secret Video #19: Passive Income Sex is a brilliant lifestyle design concept created by James Marshall. This will be the topic of my next book, hear me talk about this as well as respecting the boundaries that a woman draws at secret.rapidescalation.com/register

SEDUCTION FROM A GIRLS PERSPECTIVE

Date: 11th July 2011
City: Melbourne, Australia
Seduction Time: 15 days
Seduction Location: My House

This is a report written by the girl. I ended up dating this girl for half a year, we got into all kinds of madness including a 5 some orgy at a mansion party.

Here is her report:

This is a report about me meeting and sleeping with Liam McRae.

While walking to a club in a backless shirt after a few too many drinks with a friend we decided to take a breather and sit down for a moment. It was at this moment that I heard “You’re game” in a male’s voice behind me. This unknown individual and his friend advanced and we started talking. Now, as this was clearly after a couple of drinks my memory of the conversation is extremely blurred till the “Will you go out with me?” from the guy that had initially called me game caught my attention.

“I don’t know you” was clearly the only thing I could think to say.

“What if I tell you my awesomely cool middle name?”

“Sure, then I’ll go out with you.”

“Farquhar.”

“Well you’re lying to me, so I’m dumping you.” I replied laughing, thinking to myself, what the hell is happening here? The pair of us faked

being awkward ex's and he somehow got my number with this unusual process claiming that we had to give back each other's stuff. With that we went our separate ways.

The following evening I received a message "Are you a fan of awkward phone conversations or should I leave you an awkward voicemail?" from the quirky confident guy from the night before. Deciding the voicemail was definitely more awkward, I ignored the incoming call. The resulting voicemail definitely made me laugh and I decided to call him back, we sat on the phone for over an hour talking absolute shit without a moment of awkward silence or the like. A few phone calls and a fortnight later and the two of us decided to meet for drinks. At this point I was in the city with friends who were planning on going home, so I went with the 'fuck it' mindset and went to Cookie to meet this man when I realized I hardly remembered what he looked like. Dark hair was my single recollection from our first encounter, and clearly that didn't make it any easier to spot him.

However after the "I'm here" text was sent to him the man sauntering down the stairs ahead of me - who then proceeded to kiss my hand and hold it up the three flights - was clearly person I was looking for. I was pleasantly surprised. We got chatting and in response to the question "What's your day job" I was surprised and almost worried to be met with a huge groan from him. It was at this point that I found out what his kind of "Life Coaching" is and I couldn't help but play along. We sat at the bar while he rambled on about his unusual friends, with me stroking his leg playfully but subtly, finding my way over his jeans towards his groin and seeing the change in his face and body language - I was loving it. We decided it was time to head home and he offered me a lift, now while the 2 or 3 block walk to his car was spent talking about potential gang rape that he was leading me towards at no point did it cross my mind that a) I have no idea who this guy is, or b) should I be trying to remember some self defense moves for later? Instead he drove me home and we ended the night with a kiss on the cheek before we went our separate ways.

A couple of days later, a Tuesday night I think it may have been, I was at home doing nothing before receiving a call around 11pm asking if I wanted to come over and cook dinner with him. Again, 'fuck it' came to mind (I feel one day this mindset could get me in a lot of trouble) and off to his house we went. He cooked himself dinner while we discussed fashion,

art, and his hippy past life before he had a moment of ‘check me out’ and showed me some of the music he has composed. Knowing he’s reading this, I’ll reiterate you have the right to flaunt the work you do, its good! (*Liam Edit: Google ‘Liam McRae Music’ to find more*)

Anyways, once the necessary task of eating was finished we found ourselves sitting, my legs on his lap, talking about Lolita by Vladimir Nabokov and how in the book, the main character would use the young girls legs to get himself off without anyone realizing. The pair of us held eye contact all throughout the conversation and the exploring of my legs he was doing with his fingertips. The tension between us was brewing but we both restrained ourselves, letting the tension brew and build even further. Even after his hand had slipped under my panties and was slowly exploring me, slipping his fingers inside, we held eye contact and said almost nothing. I moved no closer to him and he moved no closer to me in the process, the only change being my breathing heightening, something he picked up on and watched as my chest rose and fell noticeably as I inhaled and exhaled deeply, still not loosing my cool and pouncing onto him. I’m not sure if he found it funny or sexy, my extreme composure, he just continuously told me I didn’t need to be so composed. Until I had to give in and climb onto his lap to finally kiss him - something that hadn’t happened between us up until this point.

It was decided then we should have a shower, we undressed each other and got into the steamy small shower, needing to stay close together in the confined space and both wanting to be under the hot water. He began to soap me up, feeling all over my body before continuing to explore me, this time with his mouth as I stood above him. This position was deemed impractical (something I always find so humorous about sexual situations) before we switched to me standing in front of him, with my back to him, with his hands reaching around to finger me and my hands behind me giving him a hand job. His repeated requests to be firmer was a major turn on, I felt like all my muscles were being used to hold his cock as firmly as a could - something that was clearly successful with the result of cum all over my lower back and ass. He cleaned me up, we got ourselves out of the shower and moved to the bedroom in towels. At this point he received a call and started pacing the room, I started happily reading the blurb of a book by his bed before getting frustrated and, restraining myself from going over to him and interrupting the business call by kissing his chest, or worse,

dropping his towel, I instead decided to drop my own towel and get into his bed - he noticed and the phone call didn't last too much longer: mission accomplished.

We had sex. Powerful sex. His growls were a turn on, his clawing at my waist and his biting of my skin were a turn on. Knowing he was going crazy made me the same. We slept, but upped the anti in the morning with round 2. Round 2 involving myself on my knees, yelping and pulling away while he drove me into ecstasy over and over and over and over again from behind. It was exhaustingly incredible. His clawing at my skin in ecstasy returned and resulting in perfect long red lines from my shoulders down to my waist - a very sexy picture. We then decided to explore anal, something both of us have only touched on in the past. Something I didn't think I'd do with someone I hardly knew and clearly wasn't in a relationship with. But it was comfortable, both of us seemed to click communication wise and we made the whole day spent in bed work very well for both of us, with more growling and biting from himself I'm happy to report on.

Days later and we found ourselves at my house, fucking on my sofa and living room floor before having a long shower yet again together. The following morning we again set our days up to a good start with round 2, him going crazy over my ass, pounding my butt deeply yet again. At this point we had to say a temporary good bye as he was spending a fortnight in Sydney.

2 weeks go by and he's back for a night at my house, a night that was meant to be a 'hello, I'm back from my trip, lets check out your new hair style and go our separate ways' kind of meeting, but which instead turned into him turning extremely domineering and rough in the kitchen. It was sexy, but almost worrying. Definitely the roughest, most threatening someone's been to me. Obeying his orders, he had me playing with myself in front of him while he ate, before fucking me on the kitchen floor, kitchen bench and eventually pushing me into the bedroom.

Here the aggression settled and his painful cock crept back into the picture. Something I seem to do to him each time we meet, he gets that hard he's in pain, substantial amounts of pain by the way he acts. I'll admit his discomfort is a bit of a turn on, it definitely makes me feel sexy. Painful pleasure to the extent in which he can hardly fuck me because he's going that crazy - which is driving me mental, knowing how powerful and good he is and not getting it! Anyways, after a substantial amount of time of

gentle on and off fucking he decided he could handle me being on top. I began to grind into him slowly, lifting myself off him all the way to the top of his head before pushing back down. I love being on top, watching the face of the person below you responding to everything you're doing. In this manner he ended up orgasming - but that word, in this situation, I feel is an understatement. He went crazy. Not in the aggressive growling powerful way I'd seen before, but instead in a whimpering uncontrollable way, staying extraordinarily sensitive while I continued to slowly grind into him - till the point where I almost feared he was going to pass out there and then. This out of control state lasted for a good 20 minutes or so, he asked me to cuddle as he tried to regain his composure - definitely the girl in this position. I couldn't have been happier, I'd never seen someone orgasm with such intensity before. It was awesome.

Later in the night we started at it again, initially in a spooning position before ending up in this scissor/prezel kind of my leg onto of his while his are within mine, we stayed slow watching each other. This was an entirely different intensity, not the fast or rough fucking kind of intensity, but the close, slow, watching each other, noticing every movement and feeling everything kind of intensity. It was great, I think a surprise for both of us who would usually go for a hard or fast route, instead went crazy with this far more slow and sensual experience. Exhaustion set in, he spent the night in my bed, I awoke bright and early, getting myself ready for uni before kissing him goodbye as I left him in bed.

And now we're at present day, and after writing the whole series of events out I'm thinking I'll have to see if a certain someone is free tomorrow evening...

I also wrote a report about this seduction, before I read her one, and I was shocked to read how many of the key moments that stood out for me were mentioned in her report too! It was uncanny how similar they were.

Here is my report:

I first saw her from behind, crossing the street. She was wearing an open back top.

"That cute little blonde with the hot ass...Ask her to marry you" I told my client. We followed her but in the crowded street I ended up being the

first to talk to her.

“You’re brave...” I told her.

“Why?”

“For wearing that in this weather...”

“It’s really not that bad...”

Her and her friend stopped and sat on a concrete ledge, and there was an awkward moment where we stopped too. In the chaos of the street she was still a bit taken aback by what was going on, so I said “Oh awkward...we were only walking this way because we wanted to talk to you. I guess we’re stopping here then...”

I decided to follow through with the seduction. I figured that it would be good for my client to see me in action; employing all the principles we’d covered during that days classroom session with our female coach.

She was a bit cold at first, but as usual I just put it down to the awkwardness of meeting new people. We asked where they were going and everyone was introduced, and then I said “Will you be my girlfriend?”

“I don’t even know your name...”

“If I have the coolest name in the world, will you be my girlfriend?”

“Ok. What’s your name?”

“Farquhar” (Not my real name, but my parents were actually gonna call me that.)

“Well you’re lying and I can’t be with a liar so I’m breaking up with you” she said, deadpan.

“Oh...so we’re ex’s now...this is awkward...” I said awkwardly.

“Uhhh yeah...it is...”

“So this is like the first time we’ve seen each other since the breakup...”

We immediately jump into a role play of an awkward ex-couple.

“Oh! Hey...you. Soooooo...how’ve you, like, been...n stuff?” I stammer.

She cuts me off, interrupting me slightly “It’s you! Oh...hi! Uhhh so like, what’s like up n stuff?”

I like this girl. She’s playing along.

Our sentences continue to run into each other:

“Keeping well I hope-”

“Hope you’ve been well-”

Followed by an awkward silence while we wait for the other person to speak.

“So this must be...” I start turning to her friend.

“Yeah this is-”

“Hi!” I say to her friend, cutting in again. “I’ve heard...so much about you...I hope you guys are...happy together”.

“You...guys...too...”

“I still have all that stuff you left at my place” I tell her.

“Yeah I’ve got a pile of your stuff on my lawn too...”

“Yeah I should really get that stuff back...We should swap numbers to arrange the meeting...” I say, pulling out my phone.

She’s a bit taken a back by this and breaks character for a second. “Are we really doing this?” she asks, unsure whether this is just part of the joke.

“Yep” I tell her, fully sincere. “What’s your number?”

“Oh, ok!” she says, and gives me her number. I call it to check, it’s wrong, she apologizes profusely, clearly embarrassed. It was wrong by one digit, an easy mistake to make in the heat of the moment. She gives me the correct one.

We say our goodbyes, still in character, she apologizes again for the wrong number, and we go our separate ways.

The next day I text her, and after a few texts I ask “Are you a fan of awkward phone conversations or should I leave you an awkward voicemail.”

She replies “Clearly voicemail is so much more awkward, so you totally have to do that. Maybe I’ll have to call back in response to your awkwardness just to make you feel less awkward”

I call her and leave a voicemail. “Oh...heyyyyyy howyadoin, it’s Liam and I wasn’t...uhhh... expecting to get your voicemail... so uhhh...um I guess this is my message so like, call me back...or not, either’s fine! Have a good day! Uhhh...I mean, good night. And, um...yeah!”

She calls back right away and we talk for an hour before realizing how long we’ve been on the phone.

A week later I’m out for the Melbourne Lair New Members night, and she was out at a bar near me, and ended up staying out to come meet me after her friends went home. I saw this as a pretty strong sign of interest. We hung out and I treated her like she was already my lover, like we’d already had sex: holding her hand through the crowd, leaning in close, holding eye

contact etc. At one point she pointed this out and I said “We’re exes, remember?” and she just flowed with it. Our TNL London Coach, John Cooper was out that night too, partying too hard on his first trip to Melbourne. We all hung out for a bit, until he said “I’m so drunk I won’t be able to get it up now anyway...” and went to stay over with the girl he’d picked up a few nights before.

We ended up sitting at the bar and I was rambling about all the crazy characters I’ve met through my job. Somehow the topic of “creepy” came up (I think I accused her of being creepy) and I said “Go on. Be creepy” and put her hand on my leg. She started to slowly trace her hand back and forth on my thigh. It felt *amazing*. I don’t know what it was exactly, but some combination of her warm hands, my tight jeans, the fabric, the setting and the context made every touch she gave me feel orgasmic. Her hands felt so warm and sensual, it was like waves of pleasure running through my body, and she felt it. I encouraged her to keep going with the orgasm faces I was pulling. “Further...” I encouraged her as she slowly slid up my leg. “More creepy.”

“Really?” she asked, unsure if I was joking. She kept going, but as she caressed the top of my hard dick, she pulled away, smiling sheepishly.

Soon we both got up to go outside, and I pretended like I was having trouble getting off my stool as an excuse to rub my boner all over her. I dragged this bumbling, awkward, accidental body rub out for a good 40 seconds before finally getting up. I was just being myself (quirky/eccentric) which she complimented me on, which contributed to her being relaxed enough to go through with my little game. She could see that I was just flowing with the moment and wasn’t stuck in my head, and it helped her relax and just be herself too.

That night I really didn’t feel like sex. I was really tired and I had work at 9am, coaching Masterclass Revolution. She kept dropping hints like “So how are you getting home” and then when I offered her a lift was making sexual jokes like “You’re not just driving me to some laneway to gang rape me are you...?” and then laughing.

It was a strange role reversal because I could feel her wanting the night to end in us fucking and it was me who had to steer away from that by dropping hints about my early start. I dropped her off at her place, where she lingered in the car for a bit too long and I could tell she was hoping I would invite myself in. I kissed her on the cheek and left.

A few nights later I called her on the way home from work at midnight on a Monday and asked her to come cook with me. She agreed and I picked her up and drove her to my place. I was explaining how I'm vegetarian but mainly out of habit, and used the example of ex-Christian atheists who still have guilty hang ups about sex out of habit. I'm not a passionate vegetarian but years of not eating meat makes me wary of it.

I later found out that she totally misunderstood this analogy and at the time thought that I was telling her that I was a Christian, and a virgin. This meant when I begun escalating she was even more confused. We were sitting on swivel chairs at my computer in my studio, and I was telling her about a scene from the famous Vladimir Nabokov novel 'Lolita' where he sits the girls legs across his lap, which I demonstrated on her by pulling her legs onto my lap. As I was talking I was slowly tracing my hand along her skin, gradually inching further up her skirt.

It took at least 10 minutes to get there. Even when I started fingering her she stayed still and quiet. She was totally composed the whole time, and the only sign I had that I was having an effect on her was her breathing: it sounded normal but I could see her chest rising and falling excessively.

I pointed this out to her and she said "I'm struggling to contain myself." She climbed on top of me and kissed me.

I decided we should shower together, so I undressed her. Her body was exactly as I imagined it to be: petite, smooth, sexy, the kind of body you want to run your tongue all over, which I attempted to do, but which didn't work so well in the confined space.

The shower was warm, soapy and wet. I love showering with girls before I fuck them, it takes the pressure off the penetration and allows you just to get to know each others bodies sensually first. She gave me a firm handjob from behind while I fingered her, and I blew a huge load on her ass.

We went to the bedroom and dried off, and had a passionate night of sex, sleep, sex, anal sex, sleep, more hard pounding. Slipping inside her ass during anal was such an orgasmic experience. It looked and felt amazing, and I just loved how she backed her whole ass onto my dick. Anal sex is only hot for me when the girl is loving it, and she clearly was. I'm getting a boner just writing this.

The next morning I was fucking her doggystyle and fingering her clit at the same time. Her back was covered in scratches from the night before,

which looked very similar to the lines on a dress that she'd designed. It was like life imitating art, accidentally. I don't know how I managed but somehow my hand got into a rhythm where I could just keep rubbing her clit continually without getting tired, and I could feel her having orgasm after orgasm while I was fucking her. It was like it was almost too intense and she was pulling away slightly, but then she'd cum again and ram herself back onto my dick. The cycle went on for a good 10 or 15 minutes.

October 21st 2011 update: This chick is freaky and awesome. I've been seeing her for 3 months and we've shared many, many awesome sexual experiences, trying out titty fucking, multiple anal positions, writing a list of parts of her body for me to blow my load on it and acting them out, her jerking me off onto her tits, me fucking her while she's bent over the sink while I already have my finger inserted into her, aggressive sex, tired sex, sleepy sex, multi-orgasmic sex, tantric sex. We've been threesome hunting (only got some makeouts but no sex yet) and last Friday she came to a party, brought 3 friends, and her and one of her friends ended up in a porno style gangbang 5some with me and my 2 friends. Sexually open girls are awesome!

Secret Video #20: Scared of ejaculating too early on the first night you spend with her (and making a bad impression in the process)? Find out how this weird shower sexy shower habit of mine can change all that at secret.rapidescalation.com/register

THE RAPID ESCALATION METHOD

Here is an expansion on some of the concepts covered in this book. It goes into more detail about the driving forces behind these seductions and will give you an insight into my thought processes, as well as providing some background and history for how Rapid Escalation and Social Freedom developed.

Secret Video: Watch the full length version two of Liam's most famous presentations, "Rapid Escalation" and "Sexual Escalation Mindsets" at secret.rapidescalation.com/register. He breaks down each of the Rapid Escalation steps with personal examples and demonstrates on a female role-play model the correct way to employ eye contact, intent and touch.

A note on Energy and Vibe

I used the word 'energy' and the word 'vibe' quite a lot in this book. I am not a fan of wishy washy meaningless new age terms, so I want to be clear about this: when I am referring to energy, I'm not talking about some kind of magic in the air. It might feel like that but I don't believe in magic. If you find yourself cringing at this terminology (I used to cringe quite often when studying Advanced Inner Game with Shae Matthews and he'd use this type of language), it might help for you to think about it as a combination of the real-world, measurable contributing factors that translate into someone's character (their energy/vibe). It is present in their tone of

voice, their speech speed, their posture, their facial expressions, their response time, the words they choose, the way they react to what you say, right up to subconsciously perceived elements like breathing rate, pupil dilation, and perspiration. These are not ‘magic energy fields’, but observable, perceivable physical expressions of their mental state. So when I refer to a woman’s ‘energy’ or my ‘vibe’ I’m just using those words to summarize all the factors described above.

With that in mind, a huge factor of my success is due to my ‘vibe’, the way I carry myself, and the impression girls get of me. The fact that I’ve put myself through so many escalation training experiences, and that I know I can go up to a woman, touch her, and try to kiss her without hesitation or apology, means that even when I’m not doing any touching, I still give off a ‘sexy guy’ energy. It’s like they can feel that I’m the kind of guy who *could* escalate at any moment.

Just like hardened street fighters have a 1000-yard stare and give off a ‘don’t provoke me or I’ll punch your face in’ vibe, I give off a ‘I could take you on a wild sexual adventure at any second’ vibe to women. You know when you meet a guy who’s tough not to mess with him. Sometimes you don’t know why, but you just *know*. (Again, if you want to get technical, it would be to do with the way he looks at you, his posture, the way he holds himself, his aggressive stance and presence). The very same thing applies to seduction. As a product of my colourful sexual history, I now give off a ‘seducer’ vibe. It means that when I touch a woman, it’s no surprise. It’s totally congruent with my energy, and is part of the natural flow of the interaction. She expects me to take the interaction in a sexual direction.

This is a powerful concept in itself for guys who are constantly trying to say the right thing or think two steps ahead in the conversation. When you grow up on a diet of Hollywood actors delivering perfectly timed lines in movies and TV shows, it’s easy to think that you need to always be super smooth.

This can actually make it harder for you to move a seduction forward. Instead of worrying about what you’re going to say next, spend that energy actually listening to what she says and does, reading between the lines, and responding to that.

Many guys who I’ve coached have said things like “It’s disrespectful to touch a woman without her permission.” I would counter this by saying it’s disrespectful to women to make a decision for her about what she’s

comfortable with. If you decide for her - “She’s not comfortable with me putting my hand on her leg.”, you’re making that decision for her. Whereas if you put your hand on her leg, and she tells you to stop, then you’ve allowed her to draw that boundary herself rather than making it for her.

My clients often have huge epiphanies and breakthroughs when I tell them to go up to a woman at a bar and place their hand on her lower back as they talk to her. They are often shocked to find that the woman either responds well to this bold and confident move, or politely and subtly removes their hand. No drink thrown in their face, no slap, no accusations of being a jerk, just a clear signal that they’re not interested.

It can actually be much more attractive to just escalate (for example, place your hand on her leg, go for the kiss etc) and then respect her boundaries if she tells you to stop. This shows that you’re comfortable touching women and showing your intent, but at the same time respect her boundaries and can read her signals. The combination of boldness and respect is incredibly attractive to women, as it lets them know that you are comfortable with your sexual desire, and that you can read their body language and will be a competent and responsive lover.

Getting Out Of Your Head

It’s hard for you to be reading a woman’s signals when you’re stuck in your head trying to be perfect, or putting on a false seduction act. A huge part of my ability to gauge a woman’s signals stems from the fact that I’m not wasting energy worrying about myself, about what to say, about how I look, or about if she thinks I am cool. Instead of being stuck in my head overanalysing things, I am relaxed and present in the moment. By taking my attention away from the white noise of my chattering mind, I have a heightened level of awareness to her body language and responses. This informs me whether I need to back off a bit, or ramp up the sexual escalation even more. This is largely related to my Social Freedom philosophies, which I will explore in a moment.

Letting Go Of The Theory

This book provides you with a theoretical framework to expose you to new ideas about female sexuality and seduction, but at the end of the day, no amount of theory is going to get you laid. The real lessons come from

going out there and trying it out for yourself. Use these stories as inspiration to push your own comfort zone and step outside your current social and sexual matrix.

Now to get onto the juicy part; the nuts and bolts of how I rapidly seduce women.

Eye Contact – Hellfire Eyes™

James Marshall teaches the concept and application of sexual intent. That is, becoming aware of your internal desire for a woman and projecting that to her without apology. This leads all your following actions, so that increasing physical touch or being suggestive verbally are natural extensions of your internal state.

Eye contact can be a simple yet powerful way to create and increase sexual tension with a woman. For starters, many women are used to men only holding eye contact briefly, so meeting a man who is not ashamed to look her right in the eye while flirting with her can create a powerful attraction in itself. It also creates tension by putting emotional pressure on the woman. It's a lot more comfortable to glance around the room and only lock eyes occasionally. Comfortable is boring; tension is sexual. Sexual tension should make you a bit giddy and excited. Would you enjoy a roller coaster if you were comfortable the whole time, going in a circle on a flat track? Of course not. The ups and downs are what give you the thrill.

You know those slow-motion scenes where the lovers stare deep into each other's eyes before they kiss? That's not just some sappy crap made up by Hollywood (ok, maybe a lot of it is). But it's still tapping into the basic idea that extended eye contact between people who are flirting can create incredible sexual tension.

Let's revisit a quote from the introduction to this book: *The average guy will break eye contact regularly, or if talking to a woman whose beauty is particularly intimidating may avoid eye contact all together. The effect this has is to instantly kill any potential sexual tension. If a man doesn't even have the balls to look a woman in the eye, how can she expect him to be a confident lover? The eyes are the windows to your soul, and a lack of eye contact shows a lack of confidence.*

Being able to hold extended sexual eye contact is one of the pillars of Rapid Escalation.

I call this type of look ‘Hellfire eyes’. I feel like I’m summoning my deepest animal instincts and blasting them into her. Every time I see a thunderstorm, or listen to music that really pumps me up, or do something exhilarating like snowboarding, I drink in the energy I feel. I imagine that I’m drawing in all that masculine power and storing it in my body. Then when I’m looking into a woman’s eyes, I feel like I’m unleashing all that power. I’m showing her my raging untapped sexual intent. She is witnessing my sexual desire, burning with the intensity of the fires of hell in my eyes.

Many guys avoid giving women this type of eye contact because they’re scared of being creepy. They’re trying to play it safe. This is a total nice guy attitude that women do not respect. Even if a woman is not interested in you or rejects you, if you give her sexual eye contact she will still respect the fact that you have the balls and the honesty to show her your true desires.

Creepy = having a lack of awareness of how your sexual intent is coming across and proceeding anyway.

Sexy = building sexual tension through your eye contact unapologetically, while still respecting her boundaries as she sets them.

Touch

‘You should touch a woman like she’s already your lover’.

Touch is by far the most vital element of Rapid Escalation. All the other elements are important, but touch really is the cornerstone. Even if you don’t speak the same language, your touch can do all the work. I had a Chinese student who seduced a smoking Brazilian woman; both of them barely spoke English but because he was touching her in a sexual way, they went straight back to her hotel for a night of passionate sex. Physical Love expressed through touch is a universal language.

The way you touch her reflects what kind of lover you are. In the same way that a handshake in the business world can speak volumes about your confidence and power, the way you escalate on a woman tells her a lot about whether you’ll be any good in bed.

The easiest way to touch a woman is...stand closer to her. It seems obvious but many guys will never take this risk. They’re worried about making the women uncomfortable. If the woman is uncomfortable she will make it clear and you should respect that boundary, but in many cases if

you are flirting with a girl and she's talking to you, she's interested, and she wants you to touch her.

So many of my female friends complain that guys don't touch them enough, and actually feel weird going on dates when guys don't touch them. It makes them feel unsexy and worry that they're doing something to turn him off.

Here are some examples of ways to get touch happening.

Social:

- Handshake, kiss on cheek
- Kiss on hand
- Hug for just a bit too long
- Hand on her hip/lower back, this is ambiguous and sexy
- Sexual touch:
- Caressing her inner arm
- Holding hands up and down stairs
- Putting her hand on your erection

You'll notice one unconventional type of touch that I use throughout the stories is taking a woman's hand, and placing it on my erection. This is a high risk/high reward type move and I only use it when I can feel the sexual energy is running hot and the girl will respond well to it. I'm certainly not doing this to every woman I approach. I reserve this for the girls whom I've already created a sexual connection with. Because I'm able to read their signals, I know which girls will respond well to it, and I've never had a bad reaction to it. The context in which I do this is always in a scenario where she is actively seducing me as much as I'm seducing her, and she is enjoying the sexual chemistry we're creating together. She knows she's making me hard and it's sexy for her to feel the rock hard proof of that in my pants.

If you were to just do this randomly to any woman you talk to it will not go well. Only do this when you are both already touching each other and there is a very strong sexual chemistry between you. Otherwise you're just crossing a personal boundary of hers with no warning or consent, which is a massive turn off for her. It shows desperation, a lack of social intuition and calibration and shows her that she can't trust you. Use this manoeuvre with caution.

Another thing is holding her hand in a formal, gentlemanly way, with your palm facing up, like you are waltzing. I do this every time I go down some stairs with a woman. It is a reference to the scene from Titanic when they descend the staircase together. This is not a routine or a trick that I use, it is a fun physical role play that sets us up as lovers, me as a powerful gentleman and her as a sexy glamorous woman, while allowing us to touch. My intent is very clear after this; it's not something that friends would do.

Voice

The way you speak can either pin you as a nerdy, insecure friend-zone type, or a calm, seductive lover. Working on your voice to maximize its sexual impact is a great way to improve your chances. Listen to people known for having a slow sexy voice. Pierce Brosnan as James Bond. Javier Bardem in Vicky Cristina Barcelona.

Your voice should flow smoothly and have a relaxed quality to it. Many guys cut off the end of the words. I imagine it like the sound of a carrot being chopped up. Instead, your voice should sound like smooth melting chocolate...each word should have a long tail as you let it linger in your mouth.

Your inflection should travel downwards. Many guys have a habit of nervously putting an upward inflection at the end of their sentences, which makes a statement sound like a question. Another common habit is answering 'cool' or 'awesome' to everything that a woman says. Is it really that awesome that she works as a waitress, or goes to university? A lot of people do both of those things. Don't dish out compliments that you don't mean as a nervous way to fill silence.

Leaving space

Most guys talk way too fast, and way too much. I used to talk very quickly, and I would tell myself that it was because I was much more intelligent than other people and had so many things I needed to express. Looking back, it was actually my way of dealing with nervous energy and tension, and it took a lot of the impact out of what I was saying. Learning to slow down my voice actually increased the effectiveness of my communication massively. It also turned dull conversations about the

weather into sizzling, electric seductions. If you have a sexy voice, you can make the most bland conversation sound sexy.

Slowing down your speech and leaving space in the conversation actually makes things so much easier. One of the first exercises I will work on when I'm coaching a guy is to get him to slow down his speech. He doesn't have to talk like that all the time, but he has to be able to talk like that when appropriate. When I ask most guys to speak slowly, I tell them to imagine they are in the film *The Matrix* and everything is in slow motion. A common occurrence is that they speak at a normal, average speed, and they say, "It feels like I'm talking *really* slow...I feel stupid!" and I have to tell them, "No, actually what *feels* really slow to you actually just sounds normal to everyone else. You are just too used to talking quickly." They are not used to dealing with the pressure and tension created with speaking slowly, leaving pauses between their phrases, and leaving space for the other person to talk.

Speaking slowly, and leaving pauses in the conversation, allows you time to breathe, process what's going on both verbally and physically, and respond appropriately. When you take the time to choose your words carefully, you can deliver them with much greater conviction, and you can focus on other things such as saying them flirtatiously and touching her sexually.

Furthermore, something I picked up from spending time around the low-energy master Zanna is that the pauses that you leave actually create a lot of tension...sexual tension. You know that uncomfortable... feeling of.... an.... awkward...silence? That can be very sexy and exciting for a woman who's used to men always filling in the silences.

A roller coaster allows you to experience the thrill of falling off a cliff without the splat at the end. In the same way, an appropriately timed pause in the conversation can turn the awkward social tension of a pause in conversation... into intense sexual tension.

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demonstrates on a female role-play model the correct way to employ eye contact, intent and touch.

Beliefs

Your mindsets and inner game around women are the place that everything else flows from. Even if you have dazzling eye contact, a slow husky voice, and a firm but gentle touch...if you believe that women don't like sex and that you're bothering her by talking to her, you're not going to be able to seduce her.

Here are some common negative beliefs that many men have, that stop them from pursuing the seductions they want:

- Women don't like sex
- Women only have sex with guys they are dating
- Women don't like to 'give it up' too early (this in itself holds the negative assumption that women don't like sex and 'give it up' purely to please the man)
- Women only like soft, tender love making sessions with guys they love
- It's disrespectful to touch a woman
- It's creepy to show your sexual intent too early
- Women hate being touched
- Women just like money, jewellery, clothes, shoes
- Women don't think about sex very often

One classic saying that ties many of these negative beliefs into one is "A relationship is the price a man pays for sex, sex is the price a woman pays for a relationship."

This is a terrible mindset for seduction. Whoever said that clearly never got laid and does not understand women or female sexuality at all.

Below are some examples of the kinds of positive beliefs I have running in my mind all the time. Most of them are subconscious by now but there was a period where I would have to actively remind myself of these truths.

- Women respect a man who can show his sexual intent
- Women love to be seduced by a man they're attracted to

- Women love the fantasy of a secretive, rapid sexy seduction
- Women will have sex with a complete stranger in the right circumstances.
- Women love to be touched, it makes them feel sexy
- Women love men showing them sexual interest in the right circumstances, it allows them to embrace their femininity
- Women love to be led and dominated by a man they're attracted to
- Women spend a lot of their time sexually frustrated and are dying for release
- Women crave sexual adventure
- Many women watch shows like Sex in the City, read romance novels, and think "I wish my sex life was like that! I wish I could have more sexual adventures!"
- Women think about sex all the time: as much as, if not more than men do
- Women are constantly checking out guys and imagining them naked
- Women fantasize about all kinds of things that would shock you, such as sucking dick and getting fucked doggystyle by men they meet during their day, to sex in public, to sex with a stranger, etc.
- Women have sexual thoughts all the time in public

Screening for Sexually Open Women

The better you get at the dating game, the more you will find yourself attracting sexually open women, just by the vibes you are giving off. Shy, insecure girls who have hang ups about sex will be put off by your oozing sexual charisma, whereas sexually open women who are always up for an adventure will be drawn to you.

This internal belief change aspect is hugely important for Rapid Escalation to be successful.

Here is an in-depth exploration of the beliefs that I have about women:

I have upmost respect for a woman who's sexually adventurous because it shows me that she does her own thing and follows her desires. She follows what *she* wants to do and is not scared of judgement from others.

She is comfortable in her sexuality.

She is the ultimate rebel; a freedom fighter tearing down the walls of sexual double standards.

She is in control of her own body and can make her own decisions.

She takes responsibility for her own sexual reality.

She is sexually experienced and has explored herself and other people.

She is in touch with what turns her on, and also how to turn on a man.

She is not ashamed to admit her dirtiest fantasies. Maybe she likes sucking cock, taking it really deep into her throat and swallowing a huge load of cum. Maybe she likes getting titty fucked and having a guy blow all over her tits and neck. Maybe she likes being fucked really hard from behind while her hair is pulled, while being penetrated in her ass with a dildo. Maybe she likes being tied up and spanked. Maybe she enjoys the thrill of sex in public, sex in a lift, sex in a park. She understands that all these tendencies are healthy, normal, common among women and is therefore free to explore them. She is free from guilt and shame that many women experience around sex as a result of growing up in such a sexually judgmental society.

She is the kind of girl that would say, “Stop worrying about being slutty and start worrying about being *boring*.”

I think it is a powerful phrase and would say that the male equivalent is, “Stop worrying about being sleazy or creepy and instead learn how to express your sexual intent in a way that women will appreciate and respect you for.”

BEING A BADBOY- EMBRACING YOUR INNER WARRIOR

I was never really much of a bad-boy in high school. I was always the kid who was saying “I don’t think we should be doing this guys!” and “What if our parents find out?!” Other kids would call me a wuss or a pussy, and get annoyed that I was ruining their fun.

A girl in Year 8 said in front of me, “Would I date Liam? Nah, he’s not bad enough for me”, and it stuck with me for years.

I always felt like I lacked that aspect of my masculinity. I felt weak. I found it manifesting itself in me being drawn to movies about bad boys and male empowerment (*Fight Club* is a huge one) and being into extreme music such as hardcore rap and death metal, because I was trying to compensate for the quality I felt I lacked.

Every man is born with that same masculine energy, the same raw animalistic drive. Every man has a warrior spirit within him, fuelling him with energy, and that energy has to go somewhere. In my high school, most guys chose to express that by doing graffiti, selling drugs, being in a gang, getting in fights, vandalising cars, swearing at the teachers, bullying people, shoplifting, skipping school and so on. I could never really embrace that type of behaviour because it clashed with so many of my other values. I didn’t see the point in beating someone up to show how tough I was.

However, I still had all that energy to express, so it came out in other ways. Instead of rebelling against external targets such as teachers, parents, police, authority figures, or other men, I took all that rebellious energy and directed it inwards. I was rebelling against my own fears.

Every man has that inner warrior flame inside him and there is a whole spectrum of different ways to express it. From the constructive, positive and inspiring, to the negative, anti-social and destructive. Positive expressions include facing your social fears, exerting yourself physically through exercise, or having the bravery to stand up to a bully, or for what you believe in. Negative expressions include getting in drunken fights so you feel like a warrior, trying to assert your dominance over other men as an ego compensation, and bullying others to feel good about yourself.

Another aspect of my teenage angst was me being attracted to left field thinking and radical ideas such as Communism and Freeganism. Pretty standard teenage-rebel stuff. In my rejection of mainstream fashion I decided that caring about what you wore or how you looked was for vain people, which in retrospect was just me rebelling against my own vanity. I felt like buying clothes was supporting the corporate globalization machine, so I set a rule that I would only wear clothes that I got for free, or that I found on the street.

This resulted in me looking like a homeless person. I would rock up to band practice and my singer would say in a concerned voice, "Are you ok dude? You seriously look...homeless." "I don't give a fuck how I look! Fuck fashion!" is what I would say. I've changed many of my attitudes to this over time, as I now see that I couldn't accept that I wanted to look good, so I chose to repress it.

Looking homeless didn't help me much with picking up women. However, it did allow me to experience having people judge me and learn to deal with it. Every time I left the house, I was stepping out of my comfort zone and into a world where I knew people would give me weird looks, judge me, jump to conclusions about who I was. And I actually liked this. It made me feel like a rebel. It was stimulating, it was a challenge, it was me facing my fears and proving to myself that I could deal with them. I was hitting rock bottom, because every time I left the house I was the lowest, scummiest person in other people's eyes. I was experiencing what it was like to be in the role of loser, of the rejected, of the drop kick.

It taught me two things:

Worrying about what strangers think of you is pointless, as you will never see them again. Even though it felt real in the moment when people looked at me like I was a freak, it meant nothing in the bigger picture. Even if a whole train carriage full

of people looked at me weird and thought I was a freak, it didn't mean anything in 6 months, 6 weeks, 6 days, 6 hours.

People care way less about you than you think they do. After a while I started becoming more in tune with people in public and realized hardly anyone was actually looking at me. No one gave a crap; they were too busy dealing with their own lives.

All of this positive association with pushing my comfort zone meant that when I started practicing seduction, I was much better equipped to deal with the inevitable rejection, awkward social situations and potential humiliation that comes with trying to improve your social skills and meet new people.

This is a huge part of my coaching; getting guys to give themselves permission to get rejected, to accept that they can't always look cool, and let go of trying to impress other people all the time. The paradox of this is that once you implement that non-attachment philosophy, people are drawn to your open energy and actually respond much more positively to you, so you become cool!

All of this led to me associating good feelings with being on the receiving end of social tension. If a stranger thought I was weird, I thought, "*Good. Let them think that. See if you can deal with it, Liam.*" It was similar to Project Mayhem in *Fight Club*; I wanted to fight against the social system that I felt was holding me back internally.

So there I was, a teenager with all these rebel urges. All that masculine energy had to go somewhere. But instead of rebelling against society, or taking it out on other people, I chose to direct it all internally. I chose to rebel against my own fears. All my teenage angst became directed at giving a big FUCK YOU to that voice in my head that told me I couldn't talk to strangers, that it might feel weird, that I might get rejected.

I became addicted. Pushing my social comfort zone became an extreme sport. Dressing like a homeless person was one way to tap into this. But even in small ways, I would find a way to put myself in a socially uncomfortable situation for fun. When I was in the bank queue, I would drag a chair from the waiting area and sit down. I got a huge thrill out of watching the other people stand uncomfortably, wishing they had a chair, and knowing that the only thing that was stopping them was their desire to fit in.

I developed a philosophy of not caring what people think, or to be more specific, not letting your fear of what others think control you. I hated the feeling that strangers were controlling my life. Looking back, they weren't controlling me at all: I was letting *my* fear of what I *thought* they were thinking about me control me. It felt good to take that power back for myself.

I think seduction has been a really positive way for me to channel that same masculine energy. I encourage other guys to explore some of their anti-social, negative, introspectively frustrated or aggressive behaviours and consider whether they are just a projection of something inside themselves that they feel they lack.

Seduction has opened a world of possibility for all that masculine energy. I get to have a self-image of a 'badboy/rule breaker' and 'crazy guy who lives on the edge and plays by his own rules'... without having to hurt anyone else or go to jail. Just by pushing my comfort zone I get the same kick that people get for smashing up a car or doing graffiti, but instead I'm improving myself and making other people smile. And I'm doing it all while bringing more love and growth into the world. More sex too.

SOCIAL FREEDOM

A huge part of my development was related to me taking an active interest in Social Freedom. I define this as not letting your fear of what others think of you control what you're doing. For example, you're on your way to the shops, and there is a girl you'd like to talk to, but your fear of other people on the street overhearing you or seeing you get rejected stops you from talking to her. She might have been the woman of your dreams, but you will never find out if you continue to allow other people's judgement to affect your decision making process.

I see a lot of guys learning seduction who are stifled by their fear of what others think of them, wanting to have the perfect approach, avoiding rejection, and worrying about how they look, all at the cost of taking the action needed to improve. I've pinpointed this as one of the biggest things that holds guys back, slows their learning curve and prolongs the amount of time it takes for them to get the results they want. In many cases, they already have the adequate skill set to approach, meet and seduce attractive women but they are too scared to actually implement it properly! They wuss out, take safe options, don't pull the trigger and reap the net rewards of not taking action: self-imposed celibacy.

Social Freedom Background

As I outlined previously, I've always been addicted to pushing my comfort zone. When I was in Year 8 in High School, we had a Medieval dress up day. I thought it would be funny to dress up as a princess. As soon as I walked in the school gates the insults began. The cool older kids started yelling at me, calling me "Loser! Fag!" I briskly walked to class with my eyes locked straight ahead. I sat down, and one of my tougher classmates

turned around, looked me dead in the eye, and said “You’re a fucking faggot, mate”.

Me being a ‘fucking fag’ turned out to be the theme of the day. Needless to say it was a pretty intense experience. On the plus side, all my friends thought it was funny, and I won \$50 for best dressed. I had fun, I survived and it was worth it. But looking back, the biggest thing I took from it was realizing that it wasn’t that bad. No one really remembered it the next day; no one really gave a shit. It taught me never to put my fear of other people’s judgement before my own fun. It also helped me realize that the worst-case scenario isn’t that bad.

Years later, I had another experience that crystalized my Social Freedom philosophy. I was on the train home from Box Hill Institute where I was studying my Music Composition Degree, and I saw a crazy homeless man in a tattered suit, doing abstract karate moves in the middle of the carriage while muttering to himself. Everyone else was looking at him like “What...the fuck...” I was looking at him, wide eyed, thinking “I could be that guy!”

Not literally of course, but I was so impressed by how much he didn’t give a fuck what people thought of him. Obviously in his case it was because he was crazy, but I realized I could tap into his disregard for the opinions of others and use it to be free myself. Which, in turn, helped my seductions.

I began to think to myself “What if I lived every day of my life with that guy’s attitude? How would it change my perception of fear? How would it change my interactions?”

I started to mentally expose myself to extreme situations and come to terms with the fact that they weren’t that bad. What if I was the crazy guy? What would the long-term consequences be? Sure, people on the train would look at me weird, but so what? I’d never see them again. Did their opinion of me, or the uncomfortable tension really matter in the long run? They were just strangers...

And if I did see someone I knew? Good. What’s the worst thing that could happen? Could I lose my job? No. Would I go to jail? No. Would people hate me? Maybe, but anyone who was going to judge me for having fun or talking to women in an honest and respectful way while sober is not my real friend anyway.

A week later, I was at the station and I saw a pretty girl. Instantly, my mental excuse gland went into overdrive: “She’s too hot...she’s got headphones in... I’ve waited too long now...she’s too hot...I’ve waited twice as long now...” Then I get on the train, and the excuses keep on piling up. “She’s sitting over there...she’s got headphones in, I don’t want to bother her... She looks intimidating...”

The stations are flying past, bringing me closer to my stop, the moment that will signify this opportunity being lost forever. Intense inspirational film music was brewing in my mind, I felt like I was in a powerful scene in a film where the character takes a stand, but the excuses kept flying at me. “That orange t-shirt guy will judge me...that old lady might think I’m creepy...”

Then I thought of the crazy hobo guy from the week before. “What would the crazy hobo guy do? How would he think about this situation?” I thought about his disregard for the perceptions of those around him, how he didn’t let his fear of their judgement cloud his mind. I thought “Fuck this orange t-shirt guy! I don’t know him...he’ll probably be impressed that I have the balls to talk to her anyway...and that Grandma will be dead soon, I don’t care what she thinks!”

I strolled over there, sat down next to the cute girl, and said “Excuse me, you’re eating that apple a little too loudly”. She apologized, I told her I was joking, and we started chatting. I got her number before getting off the train, and called her when I got home.

“Hi this is officer McRae from Metlink Transport, we have a report that you were eating an apple too loudly on the train today. That will incur a \$500 fine.”

“What? But...how did you...are you serious?”

“No. Of course not. It’s Liam, we met on the train. That’s not even a thing, I just made up that law.”

She burst out laughing and we had a good chat. I hung up the phone smiling, looked up to the heavens and thought “Thank you, Crazy Hobo Guy! Your Social Freedom wisdom is spreading the love throughout the universe! You have started a wave of people shredding their fears and social inhibitions and causing people to reach out and connect with each other!”

The flow on effect of this was huge. Among many of my social freedom experiences this one stuck out. I’ve gone on to share the Crazy Hobo Guy’s unconscious wisdom with hundreds of men (and some women)

month after month, during my Night of Mayhem and Month of Mayhem workshops.

2 years later, I was coaching an infield daygame session and was in the middle of my rant about Social Freedom when who did I see...the Crazy Hobo Guy! There he was, in the middle of Bourke St Mall, dancing away with his karate moves to a busker! It was an amazing synchronicity, like I had summoned him once again to pass on his wisdom to my students.

The reality of Social Freedom is of course that you will always care what people think of you to a degree, it's a natural social instinct. The fact that you have that feeling is a sign that you are normal and socially adjusted. The question is how much you want to let that feeling control your life. I care what people think about me to a degree, but I care about the following things a fuckload more:

- Meeting, seducing, and dating beautiful women
- Going after my dreams
- Not letting my fears hold me back
- Living for the thrill
- Pushing my comfort zone
- Being a trigger puller

It's like my mind creates a lists of pros and cons, and when you weigh up the chance that a random person on the street *might* think I'm weird and all the other positive listed above, it's a pretty easy decision. There are so many reasons to do it, and only one (relatively weak) reason to not do it.

I wouldn't say that I do what I want and I don't care what people think. I do what I want *despite* the fact that I care what people think.

MANAGING STATE

Another thing that allows me to push the boundaries so much is my state management techniques that I picked up from James and Shae adapted to work into my own style.

You know that nervous feeling in your guts, sometimes referred to as butterflies in your stomach? I still get that. All the time. It's a natural normal response. It's a hugely intense feeling and has immense power to either help propel you forward, or to hold you back, depending on how you manage it.

In the past, I would label that feeling as 'nervousness' or 'anxiety'. In calling it this, it already makes you more nervous. Your body has the feeling, then your brain tells you it's called 'anxiety', which in turn produces more tension and stress in your body: a vicious cycle.

Now I've flipped it on its head and taken it in the exact opposite direction. When I feel that sensation in my stomach, I call it 'excitement' or 'approach energy.' Instead of imagining butterflies, I imagine a huge furnace powered by lava. I feel a tingling on my skin, and I imagine that I'm covered in a superhero-like force field. I imagine that I have a huge electricity ball in each hand, and that every time I step the ground cracks beneath me as if I'm Godzilla.

It might seem strange, but imaging all those powerful things is a whole lot better than telling yourself you're nervous, that you have anxiety, and letting it suffocate you.

I associate all those powerful images with the intense feelings that come with approaching women and rejection. This means that the more intense the experience, the more powerful I feel. So the harsher the

rejection...the more intense and real my superhero imagery feels and the *better* I feel about myself!

Let's say a girl politely telling me she has a boyfriend is 2/10 on the intensity scale. I don't feel much from that, so it's not that stimulating. The lava and fire pit in my stomach doesn't flare up much. Now let's say I approach a group of girls and one of them tells me "You're a fucking loser, you should just fuck off and never talk to women again because you're ugly! You are a creep!"

This is a *lot* more intense, let's say an 8.5/10 intensity.

This means that my lava and fire pit in my stomach goes crazy, I get a big rush of endorphins and adrenaline, my skin tingles, I feel like a rebel, a bad boy. I'm facing my fears, walking through the flames and coming out stronger.

So not only am I prepared for the worst-case scenario...I'm excited by the idea of it! Needless to say that with such a die-hard attitude, I rarely get a negative reaction from women that I approach; women can sense my carefree attitude and respond positively to it. It's kind of paradoxical that because I'm ready to accept a harsh rejection, it hardly ever happens.

Pulling the Trigger

'Pulling the trigger' is an analogy that in this context is used to refer to the moment where you have to take the seduction to the next level: going for a number, going for a kiss, moving in to touch her, expressing your intent, taking her hand and leading her, asking her to come home with you, taking off her clothes, pulling out a condom etc. It is these vital moments that make or break a seduction, and your response during these moments reflects massively on your confidence level, both socially and sexually.

So many of the stories in this book are filled with countless moments where I had to pull the trigger and 'just do it'. If I had hesitated at any of the crucial moments, the seduction would have crumbled. My trigger pulling ability is one of the pillars of my game, and it's something I've had to learn over time.

I feel that all men are born with trigger pulling abilities, and that they can just become clouded over time due to various reasons. Some men are fed this idea that expressing their sexual intent is wrong and disrespectful to women and therefore never get to practice this vital skill.

The great thing is you can remove those layers of clouds and reconnect with your inner primal trigger puller. I wasn't always a trigger puller. In fact, I was the total opposite of one. All through high school, I had so many moments where I could have taken things further with a girl, but I was too scared. I lived with the regret of these moments for years, and I think they contributed to me wanting to really get a handle on this area so I never had to go through that regret of missed opportunities again.

Here are some examples of me failing to pull the trigger. The effect they had on my confidence was detrimental. The burden of the regret was massive. It all drove the inspiration to improve.

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FAIL COMPILATION

Blowjob Fail

Walking home from school in Year 9, I was walking with this girl from my class. We walk past her house and the topic of blow-jobs comes up (she brought it up). She says “You wouldn’t let me give you head would you?” and motions for me to come inside her house/mouth. I mumbled something about a guitar lesson and left.

Upskirt Fail

A few months later I was sitting next to her at the back of the class, and we were flirting. I made a joke about running my hand up her skirt to touch her pussy, she goes “Go on, do it...you’re probably too scared.” I start putting it up under her skirt and then I say “Ahhh yeah you’re right, I’m too scared.”

Breast Fail

Another time in the locker room she was teasing me about something, then turned all sexual and said “Oh but Liam it’s only because I’m so attracted to you and always have been” with come-fuck-me eyes, and pushed her breasts into me. I mumbled something about being late for class and hurried off.

Hand Hold Fail

If she couldn’t give me enough hints, one time we were walking around the city in the day time with a few other school friends and she just

randomly took my hand and we held hands for about 20 minutes while wandering around till I said “My hand’s getting sweaty” and pulled away.

Spin The Bottle Fail

In year 9, at McDonalds on a Saturday night, I see this guy from my street, say hi to him, he’s with 2 girls. The 3 of them follow us and meet us at Subway, and he goes “My friend thinks you’re hot” and she’s whispers “Shh!! You’re not supposed to tell him!” and slaps him playfully.

We go to the skate park, she yells “WE’RE PLAYING SPIN THE BOTTLE!” She was clearly trying to create a scenario to hook up with me. I keep side tracking and making jokes about the game like “Ok the dare has to be something dumb like nick-nocking on someone’s door though”. The tension fizzles out and we never play the game, mostly because of my lack of cooperation. Then we go to Mc-Donalds and she’s telling us how she got fingered the week before on school camp and loved it.

I see her again during the day the next Friday at McDonalds, and I made a joke about her taking off all her clothes in public. She goes “Go on, do it! Unbutton my top! I bet you don’t have the guts” and I start taking off her blazer, and go “Ah nah you’re right...I don’t.”

Then I brag to a friend at school about how she was “like, sooooo into me” and tell him I could have her if I wanted to, and two weeks later he somehow met her and reintroduced us in a shopping centre. “Hey Liam. This is Laura...this is the girl that you said you knew!” I was like “Oh hey...!” She gave me a weird look and said “Umm...have we met? I don’t remember you...” No one remembers the hesitating fools who don’t pull the trigger.

New Years Eve Fail

New Year’s Eve in year 9 in the city, I randomly see this hot girl from school that I used to sit next to and flirt with. She runs up, yells, jumps into my arms, wraps her legs around me. She is buzzing, flirting with me heaps, smiling, walking me off from the group, and making sure we’re alone together. An old creepy guy with a shriveled up face leans out of a car that’s driving past and offers her a drink, and she tells me to pretend to be her boyfriend.

I mumble something about getting back to the group and diffuse all the tension we built up.

Another guy asks “Hey were you and her gonna hook up?” and I’m like “Ahhh nah dude...no way... we’re just friends...” and proceed to regret it for years to come.

A few weeks later my friend tells me that she said she “kinda likes me”, and I said to him “Oh right...yeah I don’t like her. I just see her as a friend” which is the biggest load of bullshit ever. The reality was I couldn’t imagine myself with a hot girl like her so I told myself that I didn’t like her.

Birthday Girl Makeout Fail

I was at a party in year 10, the birthday of a hot blonde girl. I was talking to her and her friend, her friend says “You two should totally hook up...” and I was like “Ahhh nahhh umm... Oh now you made it awkward, lets do random stuff to diffuse the tension.” I proceeded to flap my arms like a fish and made a fish-face, she joined in with my childish game and giggled, then I walked off. Later she hooked up with another much more confident dude, and I was gutted. His name was Beretta (like the brand of handgun), and while he had his arms wrapped around her I tried to somehow win her back by telling him that guitars were cooler than guns. “In the video clip for *I Believe In A Thing Called Love* by The Darkness, his guitar shoots lasers! So there!” He just laughed in my face at my pathetic attempt to win her back and walked off with her.

Camping Trip Fail

In year 10, a friend and I went camping with a Scout group, and these two hot chicks were there. I read her phone and one had a message from the other like “Wooo partying tonight with Liam and Nic is gonna be FUN;)” I still didn’t get the hint. A few weeks later at a house party, both girls were there and they were tipsy, looking into my eyes, one said in a dreamy voice “Woah...Liam is so cute” and the other one goes “Mmm he sure is.” I stood there, mumbled “Heh...umm uhgghhhhhh...I’m gonna go get another drink” and walked off.

Bushes Makeout Fail

In my first year of University, this hot chick I knew from high school was out the front of a bar as it was closing. I walked down the street with her and her friends, and in a bid to impress them by acting the clown, I jumped in some bushes, *Jackass* style. She jumped in after me, landed on top of me, her face almost touching mine, and she tried to kiss me. I mumbled something, pulled her off, and killed all the tension.

I walked her and her friend home; the sexual tension was blown, but I tried to slap her ass with her friend right there. She just goes, “DON’T slap my ass!” and I go “Oh sorry”, then I said “I have a cut on my lip. I’ll come to this bar next week when my cut’s healed!” I was trying to awkwardly verbalize the fact that I might kiss her. I saw her there next week and I was obviously friend zoned by then. The boat had sailed and I had missed my chance by acting like a hesitating wuss, yet again. To her it would have been a quick fun kiss but to me it was a grim reminder of how much of a pussy I was.

Motorboat Fail

At another house party, a hot blonde chick came up to me and said “You’re cute” and pushed me against a wall and tried to kiss me. I got weirded out and pulled away, pushed her off me, and walked off. “She was too drunk” I told myself, “she didn’t know what she was doing.”

Half an hour passed and she was in the kitchen waving around a cucumber suggestively and putting it in her mouth.

Then a few months later, I walked home from a party with her and my friend; he was distracted watching a cat on a fence, and she isolated me onto a trampoline in someone’s front yard, held me down with her on top, rubbed her tits on my face, and tried to kiss me. Guess what I did? Turned away, mumbled something, and slunk off. As usual.

All Night Fail

I met a girl through friends at a bar, we spent hours talking back at someone’s house on the couch. A week later I saw her at a bar again, and was sitting facing her. I told her I was going to give her a butterfly kiss, and her eyes lit up. I leaned in and fluttered my eyelashes on her cheek. We saw each other a few more times socially, and it was clear we were into each other, so her friend made sure that we both stayed at her place on a mattress

in the lounge room after a party. I had literally all night to make a move, lying right next to her, alone in a dark room. We talked...and talked...and talked...until dawn. Then we went outside and sat in the morning sun overlooking a meadow. At some point I mumbled something about her having grass on her pants and awkwardly removed it, and that was the extent of our touch.

Fun Sex Fail

During first year Uni I went to a dodgy, sleazy bar for some drinks with my friend. I was wearing a pyjama top for a bit of fun.

My friend and I saw these dudes from the year above, and started chatting with them. One of them had a hot older American sister with them, and she started talking to me. She was 21, I was 18. At that point in my life that was a HUGE age difference, I thought it was the coolest thing ever to even be talking to her, a girl who was *three whole year levels above me*.

She was being very flirty and forward with me. She kept saying how much she liked my pyjama top, and was playing with the buttons and pockets.

I started talking about the bikini chicks on the TV behind the bar, and went on a long rant about objectification of women, and how bad it was, and how I would never do that because I respected women, and how I only had sex with girls if I was in a relationship, and how all other guys were so creepy and were disrespectful to women by having sex with them without being in love. I was basically trying to sound like a 'nice guy'; it was such fake bullshit. Looking back, using my 'respect for women' rant as some kind of tactic to get in her pants was such a sleazy, dishonest, incongruent move.

She was not impressed by my thinly veiled attempt to get in her pants through deception and misrepresentation of my intentions. Obviously I was just saying all that stuff because I thought it was what she wanted to hear. I thought it would impress her, so I could get laid, but she could see right through it.

She said "Um, dude it's okay to want to fuck. Sometimes you just want sex. Like, it's fine for me to want some dick. It's totally normal; sometimes girls just really want some cock...I just really need a dick."

And I was just like "Um YEAH I guess...you're right! Yeah...yeah, I agree with you too! It's okay to have sex for fun!"

So suddenly I've gone from "I only have sex with girls I'm connected to" to "Yeah casual sex is cool!", changing my tune to agree with her.

I started trying to be all forward with her, following her around the club, making lame conversation, hovering around her without making a move; it was really awkward, and obvious that I was now trying to hit on her without knowing how to go about it. I had become really desperate and needy as soon as she mentioned sex. She kept saying stuff like "I'm just going to the bathroom, I'll be right back!" and then wandering off.

It was a period in my life of such bad inner game. I had no idea what I wanted and flip-flopped about what my attitudes were to sex, and what my intentions were, depending on what I thought the girl wanted to hear. She was on the hunt for cock that night, and I could have fucked her, but I missed my chance by having a poor self-understanding, and not being honest and congruent with my desires. If I had been more honest with her from the start, we could have had sex.

This story has a 2012 update. I was in the supermarket when I saw a beautiful blonde girl in the aisle. "Hi...have we met before?" I asked her, knowing full well that we hadn't and just using this to start conversation.

"I'm not sure...what school did you go to?" she asked me in an American accent.

Holy shit! This was that American girl! I HAD met her before!

"Camberwell high..." I said. "I'm Liam."

"Hmmmm. I don't think we've met..." she said.

"What are you buying anyway? Trying to figure out which detergent best represents you and your values?"

"Yeah" she laughed. "What about you?"

"Buying food. You know...for eating" I replied.

There was a spark of tension between us, a glint in her eyes.

"I should probably go. But I'd like to see you again. I should take your number" I told her.

"That would be lovely, but I'm engaged!" she replied with a smile.

"Oh wow. How long have you been together?"

"About 18 months. I never thought I'd do this, I was always so free and open but I guess I'm looking to try something different now...different stage of my life."

"Wow! Interesting. Also...I remembered where I know you from. It's a long story..."

“Really? Go on...” she said.

I told her everything. About meeting her at the bar. About what she said to me. About how I was too nervous to make a move. About how that experience was what inspired me to understand women better. About my job as a dating coach. “So...I pretty much make money off that story now! I tell it to students as an example of what not to do. So it’s weird to meet you again in this context.”

“Wow...how long have you been doing that?” We chatted about it for a while, then I said “I know you’re married but we should stay in touch. Want to be Facebook friends?”

“Sure!” she said. A day after she added me, she sent me a message saying “Sorry but I don’t feel comfortable having you on my Facebook. It’s weird you having all that backstory about me...I’d rather keep it separate.” I told her I understood.

A few months later, I had moved into the Natural Mansion, in a suburb far from where I had originally bumped into her. I was at the local supermarket, and I saw a random blonde girl in the chocolate section, stuffing her face directly from the shelves.

I walked up and said “Hey... Are you eating that choc-”

She cut me off “Uhhh...you’ve already tried this on me.” I bet you can guess who it was. Of course it was the same American girl.

“Ha! Oh my god. Hi! Whaaaat the fuck. This is trippy...Two supermarkets so far apart...We’ve got to stop meeting like this.”

We had a laugh about it. “So how’s married life treating you?”

“Great! I’m pregnant!”

“Oh! Wow! That would explain you eating the chocolate before you’ve even paid for it?”

“Uhhh...yeah...” she said sheepishly, and continued to gorge on the chocolate.

“Man this is tripping me out. That chocolate you’re eating is forming the building blocks of your baby. That’s going to be his eye or his finger or something. That means...I’m made out of food too! Whatever my mum ate when she was pregnant...Woah...”

“Yeah true!” she giggled. “This will be his eyelash.”

We had a chat before parting ways. It was a strange but interesting double re-encounter.

Rejection

These Social Freedom philosophes were a great background for seduction. I already had so many positive feelings associated with facing my fears that even though approaching women was scary, I felt great about doing it. It was an extreme sport to me.

Every time I approach a woman, I have a whole list of positive subconscious qualities about myself that I'm reinforcing:

- I'm a trigger puller
- I can handle rejection
- I'm a badboy
- I'm a rebel (against my own social fears)
- I don't give a fuck what people think of me
- I paradoxically do care what people think of me, but I do what I want anyway
- I'm comfortable expressing my sexual intent
- This is making me stronger
- This is proving that all my fears are irrational

When you compare that to other possible mindsets, you can see the flow-on effect it has. Here are some negative ones that I've come across:

- It's wrong to show sexual intent
- I might be disturbing her
- I might creep her out
- If she rejects me, it means I am a loser
- If she rejects me, it proves I'm hopeless with women
- If she rejects me, I feel like a failure
- If she rejects me, it proves I'm a creep

When you compare those two belief structures, it's pretty obvious which one is going to propel you forward and inspire you to continue to take action, and which one is going to slow your progress to a grinding halt.

Secret Video: Watch the full length version two of Liam's most famous presentations, "Rapid Escalation" and "Sexual Escalation Mindsets" at secret.rapidescalation.com/register. He breaks down

each of the Rapid Escalation steps with personal examples and demonstrates on a female role-play model the correct way to employ eye contact, intent and touch.

FINAL THOUGHTS

I hope you guys have enjoyed reading these stories, and had your eyes opened to the world of sexual possibilities out there. Most men live their lives thinking this stuff only happens to sports stars, celebrities, and the coolest, rich male model club promoters.

If you follow the five principles and put in the work, this can happen to you. If you're able to look a woman right in the eye and show her that you want her, speak slowly with a sexy voice, make her feel relaxed and comfortable as you touch her, and have the balls and social freedom to risk rejection, you will be able to transform yourself into the kind of man that this stuff happens to regularly.

This isn't a far off fantasy that only happens in porn or VIP rooms. It is a reality that many women are excited to live out at some point in their lives, with guys who have the balls to try. Women crave sexual adventure and excitement, just like you. Stop being selfish and give them that gift by being the guy she shares that experience with!

The Rapid Escalation system is not a magic bullet. You will still have to leave the house, face your fears, talk to girls and experience rejection. But the shifts this has on your life and the long term result of being more sexually relaxed around women is more than worth it. If you want to go out and meet a girl who's looking for a casual encounter, you'll know how. Or if you've been on a few dates with a girl and you want to take it to the next level, the principles still apply - the pace will be up to you. You still need to touch, kiss and fuck a girl, even if she's going to be your girlfriend. There is no excuse for being a nervous lover.

I encourage you to go out, practice these principles, face your fears, have fun and see what you can get away with. You'll be amazed what can

happen. I love hearing about the successes (and comic fails) of my students and guys who take the principles and play with them. Feel free to email me at liam@thenaturallifestyles.com with your stories or post them up for discussion at our forum www.melbournelair.com

Go forth and escalate!



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Liam McRae is a professional seduction coach, who manages *The Natural Lifestyles* Australian branch. Based in Melbourne, where he runs regular live training programmes, Liam is constantly innovating and pushing the edge of what is possible in his personal sex life and helping hundreds of men to do the same.

Liam coaches men all around the world (joining James Marshall on the infamous 10 day travelling workshop; The Euro Tour www.theeurotour.com) and is a regular speaker at dating, seduction and modern masculinity conferences. He is also an obsessive musician, with a degree in composition and plays shredding metal guitar in different bands.

To find out more about available training and read Liam's latest raunchy stories, check out:

www.rapidescalation.com

If you're interested in personal coaching you can contact him directly to discuss coaching options.

Also check out Liam's company's site www.thenaturallifestyles.com which has regular free video, article and seminar updates as well as being the hub for all TNL events and workshops.

Stay tuned for Liam's next book on Passive Sexual Income, where he'll show how he engineered his life to draw crazy sexual adventures to him, without needing to approach strangers. Invaluable next level game insights due out 2013.