

FereallyRed ARCHIVE

compiled by /u/dream-hunter

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Easy pickup in Lake Tahoe..a Field Report.

37 upvotes | February 13, 2019 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Hasn't been a field report posted here in quite some time, thought I'd step to the plate.

The scene, South Lake Tahoe, June last year.

Had a coworker/friend/motorcycle buddy Sam getting married there on a boat, big destination wedding.

Blue as they come. He was raised in a religious town, had been with only one girl his entire life. This guy was 30 when we met. He had moved out to the left coast for work, his GF has tailed along.

I introduced him to snowboarding and motorcycling and rivertubing and guns and good beer and a love of doing what I wanted with my own life.

Despite being ten years older, and married, I was spinning plates with my wife's knowledge before I knew that term existed. Active in both the lifestyle and Ds scenes. Lifting heavy things and putting them back down for 30 years, wealthy from working my ass off and being smart with it.

Sam began to hang with my social group. His GF didn't like our freewheeling ways, and just up and left him one day, returning to her hometown. He crashed at my place for a bit, I began to wingman for him, showing him the ways. He was a natural. Must have slept with 5 girls in a month.

Unfortunately one of those girls, a bonafide religious nutjob, hooked him and didn't want to let go... Sam was now a dad. He didn't get married to her. It was another of those 5 hookups. Renee. Serial monogamy.

Arrived in Tahoe looking good. Summer cut had left me lean. Jacked but not shredded. 4pack. 5'10, 190. Had brought some new suits down that I'd had tailored to fit my v cut, some sweet blue suede shoes, nice shades. Met the bridal party at the lakeshore resort. I was by far the highest SMV guy there. Sam was from the Carolinas, food and tobacco are big. The people were big. None of the bridesmaids were appealing in the least. Nevertheless I met everybody, was a hit with the mom of the bride, (maybe too big of a hit... she kissed me full on the lips several times as hello/goodbye) who paraded me around with introductions. Met the guys. Childhood friends, all blue.

The first night, after the rehearsal dinner, we walked to a bar literally across the street. Nice spot, big outdoor tables with fireboxes as centerpieces. Just the guys and Renee. I went to the bar to order drinks, and opened a couple of women sitting there. They were sisters, the younger getting married that weekend too. She didn't look happy. I told a few stories, and got the older sister's number before I left with a tray full of drinks, inviting them to come hang with us outside so they could "talk to Sam and Renee".

I went back to the table, and proceeded to join the conversations, just enjoying the weather as the twilight encroached. Leaning back, shooting the shit and laughing. Having a good time. Learning the stories of Sam's childhood. Forgot about the girls, and there were no targets in the vicinity. Plus, I was there to hang out, women were secondary.

About 15 minutes later, the girls appeared. The younger sister, the bride to be, Michelle, sat down in my lap suddenly despite an empty chair, slightly swolesteing my forearm. Older sister Jen took the empty chair next to me.

We continue to be rowdy, laughing and shooting the shit with the ten or so other guys. Michelle

continued to sit in my lap, leaning back against my chest.

Jen leaned over on the other side, touched my arm to get my attention, and whispered, "Tell me you're a good guy." I laughed and told her I wasn't just good, I was great. The festivities started to wind down, the guys had all gotten a little wasted and were getting sloppy.

I told everybody I was tired and had to make the long trek across the street soon. I pointed to the resort. Jen took the hint, and also said they were leaving. We three left together. As I was nearing the doors, I told them I had a few great bottles of wine in my room if they were interested. This got them into the lobby, where they both paused, talking. Cold feet. I took the lead.

I pulled out my extra room keycard, and handed it to Michelle. "Girls, I'm going up. My room is 205. Come up if you want, otherwise just leave the key on the desk. Goodnight." Gave them both a hug. Jen whispered "be good to her".

I went upstairs. Soon there was a knock on the door, and when I opened it, both sisters were standing there nude in the hallway. I....

Come on guys, this isn't Penthouse forum.

Michelle was standing there. Jen wasn't. We made the sex. She called her sister to come pick her up hours later. Thanked me.

That was day one. That was a lay per day 3 day weekend, I can bore you with the other two FR's if you wish.

Some TRP praxeology

Lift. Literally nothing else will make you look and feel better. Core Tenet.

Dress a little better than everybody else, and a little peacock feather never hurts.

Find a pivotal person to quickly get known to a large group.

Get the number, don't "need" the number.

Be sexual and be ok with being sexual.

Move women from their spot into your circle, but give plausible deniability.

Be the best option in your group.

Don't get sloppy.

Have something in your room.. wine, your stamp collection, a playlist.

Outcome independence. Very little actually matters.

Easy pickup in Lake Tahoe..a Field Report..Day 2

41 upvotes | February 17, 2019 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

The wedding day.

I awoke to my alarm. The room still smelled like sex.

(Part one [here](#).)

Today we were all going to the beach. Then hopping on a big boat, where the ceremony would happen.

The public beach area of south Lake Tahoe is a sandy forested area with picnic tables and lots of space. The wedding party matrons had built a portable feast and commandeered a choice spot next to the bandstand, so we had live music all day.

I did the good wedding party guy thing and helped set up, carrying shit (including the bride's mom) down the long lane and across the sand. Already getting hot. We all settled in while the women tried to see how much food they could make us eat. The guys gave me shit for not taking Michelle home last night, I told them it was against my moral code... she was getting married, for Christ's sake.

Sam had rented a speedboat for the day, so he could rip around and pull inflatables. Big waves, though, it was a rough ride. Those winds, the waves, and the southern sun soon took it's toll, most of the people retiring back home randomly. We went out on the boat in sectors. I found myself alone on the beach, taking care of Sam's kid, Zach.

He was 3-4? WTF do you do with a little guy? You throw him. Just dwarf toss the little fucker as hard as you can into the surf. He was wearing a lifevest, and LOVED it. I'm a big guy, and tossing this 45lb plate around was easy, but you should see the faces of the other women in the surf zone. Zach's screams and laughs drew attention, and I had 5-6 women hovering and watching as I tossed the little fucker out into the water over and over. I'm older, but nobody on the beach was built like me.

Coming back through the sand, I passed a girl in a black bikini I'd noticed before watching through an oversized pair of sunglasses.

"He's done, I can toss you around now."

Glasses come down. I feel like such a piece of meat. My eyes are up here, lady.

"No, thanks."

"OK. Come on Zach, lets go find your dad. Nice talk."

I walk out on the dock and await the speedboat. Tip, carrying a small child on your shoulders literally allows you to walk around in a double biceps pose shirtless without douching it up. Even the bride said "Holy Shit, Red".

I hand off the crotchfruit and head back, start packing up. Gotta make the wedding boat rendezvous. Get all the shit handled, sit down and crack a beer. Watching the surfchicks, working on the tan, chillin, maxin, relaxin, all coolin.

Hi black bikini.

Rachel. I invite her to sit, open a still packed cooler of assorted icy happiness. She grabs some zima style shit and sits next to me, glancing up occasionally in that fake but mesmerizing cutesy way at

me. She thought I was being creepy single dad. When she realized I wasn't, she had to come over to say hi. Yeah. I told her the situation.

Little kino. She was leaning into me, punching my shoulder when I fucked with her, putty. She was in my lap when my buds arrived, I was gripping her hair to "keep it out of her eyes". Damn I love the contrast of soft smooth skin against a textured bikini with cool moist skin underneath said bikini.

I disengaged. Got her number. Said I wasn't free until 10, because wedding, but I want to see her tonight. Got the digits, kissed the neck, left.

Home. Change. Look Sharp. Bus to boat. Marry. Drinks. Fun. Cruise. Party. Mom the of bride way drunk and aggressive. Your tongue tastes like gin. Laugh. Party winds down, boat docks. Bus back to resort. Long day. Call Rachel.

Hey girl. It's over. another one bites the dust. I'm so depressed. Come lift my...spirits.

She did. Sex was made. We made the sex. She left. I slept.

Some TRP praxeology

Lift. Literally nothing else will make you look and feel better. Core Tenet.

If you're built, a beach day is a gift from the gods.

Having fun with a kid is like kissing a puppy to women. Just not if it's your kid. Ensure they know that.

Don't be bashful. Every comment is an opener. Even if it bombs.

Be sexual and be ok with being sexual.

Don't make her the center of your world, invite her into your world.

Easy pickup in Lake Tahoe..a Field Report..Day 3

24 upvotes | February 17, 2019 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Seriously low on sleep.

Part 1

Part 2

The crew was starting to break up, heading back to the airport, the weekend over.

I'd reserved my own room on purpose, where most of the guys had doubled up to save money. Fuck that. I knew this would be a sex weekend, so logistics demanded I have my own space. Don't let a few hundred bucks cockblock you.

Which meant I could sleep in. Fantastic. I did.

Eventually rolled out, texted the boys. They were eating dinner nearby. I joined, heard the stories of the afterparty I'd "missed", and just hung out in the sun on the lake, refueling and relaxing.

Most of the guys were headed out, but a few had another night, like me. I polled the group what to do. There's a Cabo Wabo in Nevada (unfortunately, looks like it's closing now), and they were hosting a "Poison" style 80's cover band that night.

That's my jam. In.

We wasted the day, enjoying the sun, saying goodbyes, helping lug shit into taxis and shuttles. Final kiss and a bit of tongue from mom of the bride.

Shower and shave and club wear. "into the am" has some funky shit, but you need to have some balls to rock it. I wore their cat eyes. t, that I'd had tailored to fit my shape. (yes, I tailor my t's if they're not already "slim fit"... try it.)

Grabbed some food with my "wingman" for the night...only dude going out, fat and blue. Good guy.

Seriously packed venue. Convinced my wing to hit the packed dancefloor instead of trying to find a seat. Made my way to front and center, seriously good band, stirring up the place. We bounced to the beat, singing into the mike as the lead offered.

Tall black chick moved between us, grooving. We started dancing, not a word exchanged. Wing faded back. We kept dancing, trading sweat and dance moves, enjoying the music. Organic and spontaneous. I'm not into black chicks, I'm an old white Irish guy, but damn it was fun to dance with her.

Noticed a group of girls to my left bopping around. You know how there's "this one girl" that you're evolutionarily/subconsciously/pheromonally attracted to? Yeah. It was her. Dancing in a group of 4 friends. Disengaged with black girl(tried to hook up my wing but she was 6" taller and could smell the beta) and dove into the pack.

Mercilessly shit tested. Apparently all her friends were the mother goose phenotype.

Got close, she turned away, still dancing. FUCK THAT SHIT. I picked the second most hot girl, started dancing and gaming her. Eventually had the whole group dancing around me, the lead singer coming over and pushing the mike at me. Wingman out of sight. I tried.

Bitchy hottie engaged. Liegha. Yeah, pronounced like Star Wars. Princess. We bounced together, touching as we tried to talk over the music. Her sweaty fine hairs behind her ears were mesmerizing.

I grabbed her by the hair, pulling her ear towards my face as a pretext to get close.

I suggested we leave the bar, as the band was finishing up and the crowd was thinning, so we could talk. My wing was gone.

We stepped out. I pulled her outside (Cabo is in a basement), and we sat at a table, chatting closely. I ended up with my hand ensconced in her hair, controlling her head. Still sweaty and wet from the club.

Since she'd already left her friends, it was easy to convince her that since I had some nice white wine in my fridge just down the road, she should come and hang.

We sexed.

TRP....

Logistics - want pussy? Have a place to get pussy.

Make the clothes you wear work for you.

Lift. Literally nothing else will make you look and feel better. Core Tenet.

Get to front and center if you want attention.

Don't be afraid to get physical. Touch (kino) is the most important thing.

Isolate and escalate.

Have plausible deniability in your room.

Buttstuff 101

19 upvotes | April 1, 2019 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I love anal. I like the tightness, the naughtiness, the submission, the slow build as her tight little asshole slowly stretches around your cock and she starts grinding back on you despite the pain. The dominance of telling her that it's going up her ass and there's nothing she can do about it.

As a top level alpha I enjoy leading. Taking command. I do what I like, and if you don't like it, the fucking door is right over there. Don't let it hit you in the ass. Hitting you in the ass is my job.

As a benevolent leader, though, I often allow the girls to have a little fun, to do what they like. I remain in control, of course, but they get to have their little fantasy as they tie me up or sit on my face or flog my ass with my own flogger.

Recently I've been ordering them to pull on a small strapon and peg me as I balance on all fours, maintaining my dominance by growling deeply and ordering them to perform the simultaneous reach around.

It massages your prostate, and the orgasms where you just spurt all over the floor are intense. Maintain your alpha position, however. You'll notice women and faggots unconsciously adopt a lordosis position when getting buttfucked. Don't do this, as it's a submissive gesture that will send the wrong message. Keep your back straight. You're a man.

Use lube, go slow at first, then you can swap positions...she fucks your ass, then you fuck her ass, then... and so on.

Finally, use a fucking trimmer. Otherwise there's a chance of the dreaded, "peanut butter in shag carpet" situation.

"I have a boyfriend!"

491 upvotes | April 5, 2019 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

IHAB.

The godfather of all shit tests.

Let's get the obvious out of the way first... maybe she does have a boyfriend and that's her way of telling you to please, politely, fuck off.

But notice she didn't overtly tell you to fuck off. There are three reasons for this.

First, women don't communicate overtly because they were literally the weaker sex, they had to use language to defuse potentially tense situations. That's why they are so good at fucking with you using language. You can see this even in 5yo girls. In contrast, every man knows there's a line. Cross that line by running your mouth a step too far and you're going to get a fist jammed into that mouth. Basic mutual respect, the subtextual threat of violence between men is understood. Problem is women now understand this doesn't apply to them, and therefore can run their mouths without consequence, you are in an unwinnable contest. Choose not to play a game you can't win.

In this case, yes, she is telling you to please fuck off. She's not interested. Doesn't matter if she actually has a boyfriend or not. Not a shit test, she wants away from you. Let her go.

Secondly, maybe she has a boyfriend, but isn't averse to an upgrade given you are actually an upgrade. Which is a shit test. It doesn't matter if she has a boyfriend or not.

Third, maybe the IHAB line is her first line filter shit test, because she's learned that beta boys mistranslate the womanese and hear "Please fuck off." and then they do. It's a very effective beta filtering tool. They literally take themselves out. Failing this obvious shit test disqualifies you from any further advancement. Again, it doesn't matter if she has a boyfriend or not.

Notice what all instances have in common? **It doesn't matter if she has a boyfriend.**

Since it doesn't matter, continue on like she didn't say anything. It's gibberish. Just blow through.

You can't know, and it doesn't matter. Disregard. Stop listening to what women say and watch what they do. In case one, they will disengage. That's their job, don't shoot yourself in the dick and fall on your sword for her. If she doesn't want to be around you, she'll not be around you anymore.

Schrodinger's boyfriend.

Mindset... Women worth fucking have a long line of BFF's, orbiters, yes men, boyfriends, and players all orbiting around around her. Skip to the head of the line. You think any of those schmucks is better than you? You're giving her the opportunity to swing to a higher branch, and she'd be stupid not to recognize that.

It also speaks to your SMV. If you are getting the IHAB regularly, then you might want to look at yourself to see why. The higher up the desirability ladder you climb, the less you'll initially hear the IHAB line because she wants to fuck you and won't jeopardize that if you're clearly dripping alpha juice. A useful metric.

But, further along, yet another use for that line surfaces. Women often need some plausible deniability to be able to feed their rationalization hamster. If you're deep into your game and she's in your frame, and then she pulls the IHAB line, she needs you to "take the blame" for what's going to

happen.

"I didn't mean to fall onto his dick... I TOLD him IHAB! and he didn't stop."

Be the oak and carry that for her.

The best response is no response at all. AKA STFU.

But, you can pick your own adventure, use all the standard conversation tactics at your disposal..

Agree and amplify, Disagree and amplify, Humor, Distraction, Pressure flip, Reductio ad absurdum, Negative assertion, Fogging, Gaslighting, Amused Mastery, you name it. because it doesn't matter.

IHAB is ephemeral. Mist. Walk through.

But, since everyone always wants concrete responses, here's some gathered from around the manosphere.

Feel free to add lines in the comments and I'll edit to add....

"I don't care."

"So do I. And I would never cheat on him."

"I don't see him here; it'll be our little secret."

"That's surprising."

"So do I."

"So does my girlfriend."

"I have an English test tomorrow." - *"What?"* - "I thought we were telling each other things we were going to cheat on in the next 24 hours."

"That's nice, I have a dog"

Whoa, not so fast. We're just talking here, ok? Don't get the wrong idea."

"Your boyfriend is probably making you dinner right now ...let's get you some dessert first."

"I thought you were a lesbian."

"Why are you telling me your problems?"

"I don't want to be your boyfriend."

"You look like a girl that needs more than one."

"And he doesn't let you talk to people?"

"Oh it must be great to have a soulmate that you can share everything with, and he shares all his feelings with you so the two of you have no secrets from each other. I bet you are constantly on the phone, having long conversations. I bet he showers you with gifts and takes you on fancy vacations in exotic places."

"That's OK, I'm not the jealous type."

"That's cute."

"Me too, don't tell him I'm talking to you. He thinks I'm gay, but I'm not."

"He can't come with us. Ok, he can, but he's buying."

"You say that you're taken, that's cool with me, cuz you and your boyfriend ain't got shit to do with me."

"Every beautiful person I met has that one special person in their heart"

“I don’t believe you.”

“Its ok, I am not planing to marry you.”

“Oh totally, I do too, but we’re fighting right now over who gets to be big spoon.”

“You really thought I was hitting on you?”

"What's your man got to do with me?"

“No worries. You’re not my type.”

“Good for you!"

"I can fit an entire orange in my mouth." *"What?"* "I thought we were talking about shit that doesn't matter."

"I didn't know you could see into the future. But just so you know i don't like labels."

"So does my girlfriend."

“Your parents must be proud.”

etc.

Like Warm Apple Pie.

116 upvotes | June 25, 2019 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

There's a neverending battle in the sperg nation regarding SMV.

"Looks are all that matters!"

"No way! you need to have solid frame!"

"You guys are idiots! Game is the most important piece of SMV!"

You're all wrong.

Women want the package. A pie without any missing sections, and the biggest diameter pie she can get. Matter of fact she'd rather a complete pie that is smaller than a pie with a missing piece. (Never let them see you weak.)

So think of the SMV factors as pie pieces. A pie chart if you will.

If you're not so pretty, you have to either increase the size of that slice, or have bigger pieces of other values to fill up the pan. Preferably both.

If your game sucks, get better at game and ensure your looks and frame are compensating.

Always present the largest entire pie to women.

That's SMV. When you've maximized your SMV, you have increased the diameter of your complete pie to your maximum.

Some guys will only ever have a 6 inch pie. Other guys will be an 8. Dudes who take TRP to heart will start with a 4 inch shell with a big slice cut out and end up with a full 7 inch. Guys who have the fatalistic attitude of not understanding you can modify your tiny sliced up pie will never have a SMV increase and their pie will be left on the shelf in the market to rot.

How big is each pie slice? What percentage of the pie is looks? Completely irrelevant. As long as your sections all add up to a full pie then you've done your job and have maximized your SMV.

Maybe you'll never have a fully stuffed steaming hot 9 inch to display. That's life. But if you work at it, you can be the king of the 7's.

The other PIE.

The other reason I'm mentioning pie is that it's a useful memnomic during dates.

P Polarize - Get her to say "hell yes" or "hell no" early so neither of you wastes time, and you can set a sexual tone asap.

I Isolate - Get her away from friends, hens, crowds, double dates, groups...you need to show her you want to be with her, not as an orbiter, not as a tampon, not as a bestie... you want to be *ALONE* with her. Again, to set a sexual tone and to drive the interaction as the man should.

E Escalate - Get intimate. Break the touch barrier. Get in her personal space. Push and pull, create sexual tension. Increase the intimacy until you are inside her or she shuts you down. Be outcome independent, but push for the outcome you want, all the while calibrating to her responses.

Be aware of these two aspects of pie and your dad will never catch you fucking mom's still warm one in the kitchen.

Don't Make Out at the Bar.

176 upvotes | August 8, 2019 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

We've all seen it/been there.

That couple in the corner oblivious, tongues down each other's throats, ass grabbing, grinding, hair entangling, sloppy.

Don't be that guy.

Seems counterintuitive, even antithetical to redpill, right? Isn't the goal of escalation/kino/kiss to get to the fuck?

Yes, yes it is.

Stopping mid escalation and getting oral with her in a place you logistically can't fuck (Other than a nasty bar bathroom desperate Jongian zipless fuck), you're actually *decreasing* your chance of getting into her pants. You're stopping short of the finish line.

First, it reeks of teenage desperation and frameless lack of control. Who do you see sucking face in bars? College kids and drunks. That tells you something.

Second, a girl who will taste your uvula on the dance floor has undoubtedly done this to 27 other guys this year. Sure you want to be sticking your lips on that? There's also a distinct lack of challenge associated with the behavior. You can bet all 28 of you did not have such killer game that she involuntarily swooned into all your 56 pimp daddy arms despite her good girl ways. I'm not knocking sluts here, I love sluts. Just know what pool of saliva you're sampling.

(48% of the adult US population has Herpes Simplex type1 (cold sores). Prevalence is higher in women. Willing to bet it's even higher in the population of women who make out with randoms in bars.

Third, escalating to a kiss is fantastic when you're out. Stop there. Always leave them wanting more. Shows frame, shows lack of desperation, shows control and mastery. Using push/pull to add drama and emotion to the interaction. Now is the time to change venues and utilize that logistic plan in your head to get her somewhere truly isolated so you can get naked and fuck her properly. You do have a plan, yes? For every date, the onus is on you to have a plan to eject and a plan to complete the mission. Otherwise why are you even on the field?

Be polite, be professional, but have a plan to kill everybody you meet. - Mattis

That leads into my fourth, final, and most important point. We all know girls need validation. They collect orbiters like stars collect comets. What's more validating than having some guy lose his cool to the point where he makes out with you in public? That's all a lot of girls out for a fun night need. They're not going to go home and fuck some random she just met that is desperate enough to have a tongue fight in the corner. Making out isn't cheating on her boyfriend. (Besides, she was drunk.) Hamster. You get blue balls, she gets validated. Seems like a lopsided trade.

It's like those "players" that think getting the digits is a win. They'll happily walk away from a girl at a bar if she gives up the number. Why? What happened to isolating and escalating? (I get that it's very situational... chances are you're not going to pull Jenn away from her friend's girl's night out birthday party. In that case acknowledge the situation and get the number, then bow out.) But keep your eyes on the prize. You're not out to collect phone numbers, are you?

Realize that giving the number gives a girl an out, a sneaky way to get you away from her. Like lizards that can detach their tails when confronted with a predator, she can escape while you're preoccupied with those still twitching pixels on your screen. It's much easier to blow you off via text than when you're standing right in front of her. A number is not a win.

Getting a make out session is a similar tactic. Somewhat satiated, you feel like it's a win because you got a handful of ass and some intense eye contact, and she got the validation she wanted, proving she's desirable and sexy, all without any cock in pussy action.

You stepped on your own dick by short circuiting the process. The make out is not the top step.

Next time you're getting hot and heavy with a girl, don't go for the public make out session. Kiss her, sure, but take the next step.

"Lets get the fuck out of here."

As always, lead the interaction. You're the man, you set the frame. Overt PDA is a rookie move.