

A Tokyo Affair With a Married Woman

Days of Game | 30 January, 2015 | by Nash

This is the story of my same-day lay in Tokyo. It's cheesy. It's "immoral." It's not prettied up in any way. This is my story.

Let me begin by saying... there will be no bragging about how hot this woman was. She was cute, but that's not the part that is worth sharing. There are some elements of good game that went down that night. I am proud of that. It was a proper seduction.

I also think this is another chance "to get to know women," how they roll, to study life. I am a committed student of game, in part... because I love being around women, touching them, smelling them, burying my cock deep inside them, exploding together, sexually. Yes. But I am also in this place to explore women intellectually and psychologically. I am in game to know women, and to know myself. This lay was another rich chapter for both of those aims.

I had had [a rough daygame session in Shibuya](#) that day. I'd gone to the pool, and then to a coffee place to get some work done for my clients. At least a couple times a week while I'm here, I try a new restaurant, preferably one that is open late. I was trying Frames on this occasion, about 22:30 on a Tuesday, a cold Tokyo night.

This Japanese woman came in. Like I said, cute. I was sitting in a big section of the restaurant, by myself. She was directed to my section (maybe we made eye contact?) and she took a table close to mine — that's proximity game, a tool in a woman's game a man should learn to spot. To quote Bright Eyes, "And it isn't no coincidence, where you fina-lly, choo-se, to-stand." I don't think it was a coincidence here either. She took off her coat and scarf and put them in a little box below the table — that's how they like to do it in Tokyo. That was how it started.

It started to rain, and there was a thin, noisy roof above us, and it made that wonderful noise that rain can make, and I stopped what I was doing to listen, and she did too, and she looked over, and I pointed up, and we exchanged smiles. I wanted to ask if she spoke English — which is my standard opening line in Japan. I wanted to invite her to sit with me. She had her phone out, and seemed a little too interested in it — I think she could feel my presence. Her glow made me think she was into our vibe. She never looked over again, and the meal finished as I choked down a little bit of regret at not making that offer. Men make offers. It's our job.

She stood up to pay her bill, and as she walked over she glanced at me and said "goodnight" and flashed me a smile. I jumped up, leaving my stuff at the table, and chased her, down the stairs and out onto the sidewalk.

"Excuse me, do you speak English? I liked our eye contact in the restaurant, I think you're cute. Cute? You know, pretty? Beautiful?"

Ahhh, she got it. And she sort of sobered up, and got a little serious. Maybe she knew it was going to happen at this stage? Maybe she could see it even before I could. Maybe she'd done all this before??

I invited her for a drink. She accepted, and we went back inside together.

We sat and had a drink, chatting. She was a simple woman, nothing too exciting. She was younger than me, probably by 5-10 years, but she was convinced she was older — my baby face and I get that all the time, even with the grey hair blended with my blonde. I asked if she lived in Tokyo — beginning the logistics work — and she told me she was just in town for a seminar, and lived to the south in Nagoya, but had lived in Tokyo when she was younger. I asked why she moved and she said... because her

husband took a job there so they left.

Ahhh, she's married. And yet... having a drink with me.

3 weeks ago in my post about [88 lines and 44 women](#), I said I'd never been w/ a married woman before, but that I bet that would happen this year. Took me about 3 weeks to live out that prediction. I'm not proud of having sex w/ a married woman, but I'm not ashamed either. We know this is true. Affairs are as much a part of marriages as doing the laundry. I just played my role. And there is pride in that.

Okay. A married woman, not wearing a ring, and away from the nest for the night for a seminar, having a drink w/ a strange, bad man. This is life. Seeing it play out in front of me is huge part of why I'm so grateful to be in the game. Real. I don't want to guess about men and women, I want to know, and this is knowing. And I have a lot of respect for couples that try marriage, I really do. But it's stories like this one that make me think I'll never make that choice.

The logistics were screaming "yes" to me at this point. She's here for one night, staying at a hotel, her train leaves the next morning at 6. I could see it. She was going to come to my place, we were going to have sex, stay up all night, and she was going to leave, dead-tired on her train as the sun rose. I would have to play my part, but it was a ripe scenario. And it turned out that's exactly what happened.

I'm very interested in "birth order effects" and she's a "first born." I guessed that, later, in bed, and I was right, but I could tell what type of a girl was she before I asked if she had any siblings. She really wasn't that much fun, just not a fun girl. After the initial sparks of attraction faded from her glassy black eyes, her practical, pragmatic side became clear. She's simple, serious, works hard, wants more out of life than she's getting. Her seminar was about how to make more money, and she really lit up when she talked about it. I'm happy for her, but these are not the qualities I'm looking for in a woman. Yes, for a night, but I wouldn't date a woman like this.

I know that talking about money and jobs wasn't going to be magical for either of us. I reset the frame, told her to "dream" with me, that we were going to pretend that she had plenty of money, no responsibilities, and that tomorrow she was going to wake up and do anything she wanted — what was she going to do?? I had to jumpstart that frame a couple times before she got it, but she did. She — was going to travel! I'd done a great job here of getting her into a conversation that excited her. Of changing the mood. And she was prettier in this light, the grey of her life pushed to the side, the spark alive in her eyes again.

The drinks finished and the place was closing. I paid the bill and we walked outside — the waiter giving me a confused look, trying to figure out what he'd just seen happen. He asked if we were friends. I said no, and smiled. As we left, one of his eyebrows was arched up higher than the other.

Outside, I asked if she'd have another drink with me, telling her I knew she had an early train, but that I knew of a bar that was still open near my apartment. She declined. It still felt on. I said I'd walk her to her hotel, which was nearby. She knew she was with a wolf at this point and I was enjoying letting her feel that kind of pressure. We got close to her hotel, I could tell she was a little uneasy, so I said I was going to go, and asked if she wanted to be kissed goodnight.

"It is not Japanese custom for woman with husband to kiss goodbye," she told me, nun-like and serious. Okay, I smiled. She took my Facebook, and I left. I went to that other bar after all.

About 00:00 AM, I logged into Facebook from my phone and msg'd her as I walked to my apartment, saying it was great to meet her, and to "share our dreams" over dinner — the first of many very cheesy things I was to say in the next couple of hours.

In my opinion, cheesiness is more normal with girls that don't speak your language very well. Somehow it goes over smoother than it would with a girl from your own culture. 10 years ago I could never have

spit out that sentence. I would have been too self-conscious, it would have seemed too contrived. Now I know that the words are just a conduit for the seduction... it really doesn't matter if they're cheesy, just that the timing is there and the connection gets thru.

She wrote back saying, "let keep in touch," but I pushed forward. I said I had another dream, and asked if she wanted to hear it. "Can I?," she said. "It's dangerous," I said. She said, "adventure?" — echoing our "dream" conversation about travel from earlier.

I started to lay it out...

ME: Life is an adventure... If you are brave.

ME: Do you know what cuddling is?

(00:20 AM)

HER: Hug?

(00:28 AM)

ME: Yes... it's just like hugging.

ME: So, I know you have to leave early tomorrow...

ME: And you have full life in Nagoya.

ME: But my dream is that you have an adventure.

ME: Tonight.

ME: That you pack your suitcase...

ME: And get in a taxi.

ME: And we cuddle tonight.

ME: And tomorrow... you get on your train at 6.

ME: And tonight... was just a dream.

(00:36)

HER: I'm not kind of woman who spend a night with a man I've just met few hours before. That dream is far beyond my capacity.

(01:00)

At this point she's denied me twice — first for the offer of the kiss and now for the affair. She did have the drink, but other than that, she did what a "good girl" would do... except it's 1 AM, and the logistics are perfect, and I know it's going to happen.

I would also add that a lot of the game I did in this piece was influenced by Captain Jack, a famous player from Texas that Sinn is always talking about, and one I've studied. Captain Jack doesn't sound like much when I listen to his talks, but here and there I can clearly see what an absolute genius he is — I'm barely smart enough to get how smart he is, that's why his magic seems so subtle to me sometimes. He is all about setting frames, "sexual framing." And that's what I did all night with this girl. I've seen the examples since my first days in pickup ("Are you adventurous? Are you open-minded?"), but I've never really gotten them until now. Again, I thought those questions were so cheesy and obvious. I studied CJ heavily in Dec, and I could feel him in my game that night, like Yoda — "important, frames are" — influencing my game. The work flowed easily that night.

I'm just realizing as I type this that the name of the restaurant we met in is literally called "Frames." Logically, that's just a coincidence, but sometimes the universe is a sledgehammer when it wants to make a point. Life is amazing.

Back to the pickup... so, she'd rejected my explicit offer to come over, saying she was a "good girl."

ME: I know.

ME: I can tell you're a very good woman.

ME: I also know that we have “both sides.”

ME: And tomorrow you go back to Nagoya, and live your life.

ME: And this adventure will be gone.

ME: This is a very special night for both of us... that will never happen again.

ME: Just a dream, no one knows about it but you and I.

ME: It's a chance for an adventure... but I understand if you'd rather sleep.

(01:02)

Cheesy, terrible, I know. On every level. This is just part of seduction. The “two sides” line was something I had seeded in the conversation over drinks, I'll use that frame again. I was setting it up even then, building a place where she could be proper, but also indulge, not forcing herself to be one or the other.

At this point I took a shower, getting ready.

HER: OK thanks.

HER: Good night and enjoy the rest of your stay in Japan.

(01:05)

I knew the offer would be burning on her end. Most times, I think things would have died here. Despite decent game, that would have been normal. This is the 3rd rejection for me in an hour as I tried to light this fire. But I knew it was still on.

I was lying in bed, watching a movie, horny, and I knew she was thinking about the offer. I wanted to let that pressure build, let it feel like it was lost, and then I reopened. When she responded quickly I knew it was just about done.

ME: Are you still awake?

(01:29)

HER: Not, in bed now

HER: About the dream I cannot text, just talk with you next time we see

(01:30)

There's rejection number 4. She's pushing me away. Last ditch effort to put the fire out, but it's too late. But what do you think that means, that she can't “text?” We'd been msg'ing for a while, and then that??

My interpretation was that she didn't want this in her Facebook account. She doesn't want to get caught if this goes down. She's on record saying “no” at this point. She's not committed yet, but she's already covering her tracks. A woman's mind in action here. What a precious education I got that night. I love seeing this side of women. They're so interesting. Oblique, and cunning.

I assumed she wanted some channel that her husband wouldn't discover, so I offered LINE, and then Skype. She said she'd never Skype'd before, but I gave her my ID, she set up an account, and I saw her ping online a few minutes later.

Of course it's on now, she's so invested, helping me pull it off at this point. Finally helping me.

The rest of this is on Skype.

ME: Hello, Pretty Girl.

(01:39)

HER: So you're a bad guy

HER: You don't let me go to sleep :)

(01:40)

ME: You're bad... I'm laying here, thinking about cuddling with you.

ME: I had a really special time with you tonight.

ME: You surprised me.

(01:40)

HER: Did I?

(0:1:42)

More back and forth, more comfort, and then I went back to logistics.

ME: I wish we could lay together and talk... one night, both of us traveling, in Tokyo for a short time, an amazing memory, for only you and me to know about.

ME: If you put this [my address] in Google Maps, you can see how close we are to each other right now.

(01:52)

I wanted her to visualize it. It was almost done.

I was also implementing the discretion element that Lance Mason emphasizes, by repeating “no one will know.” I’ve been listening to the old Pickup101 talks, and even all these years later, I think he’s the smartest guy in pickup. I know that’s a big claim, but I’ve studied so much, and he’s a stand out for me. So much of my game came from him. Every time I hear one of his talks I understand points I couldn’t previously... I have the references points to follow his lead as I get better myself.

ME: You shouldn’t come... I want to talk, but I know I would kiss you.

ME: We would stay up... talking. And I’d kiss you.

ME: At dinner tonight...

ME: we stopped talking for a one moment...

ME: and I looked at you, and I wanted to kiss you then.

ME: That’s when I knew... I was looking at your lips. And I wanted that.

(01.54)

Here I disqualify a bit with the “you shouldn’t come” line. A little push so the line doesn’t snap.

And it’s true, at dinner we did spike during a pregnant pause where I just stared at her and we both felt the temperature rise. It was a hot moment.

I’ll stop here to say that I think my heroes would advise against that kind of line. That I should have kept it to “talking and cuddling” maybe?? I always go explicit in these situations, and I think it works... it does for me.

Last time I was in Tokyo I got laid as well, with a little princess visiting from Korea. And when I — both of us completely sober — offered to take that girl back to my apartment after dinner, and she said “And what would we do there?”, 18 years younger than me and clearly testing my nerve, I said we’d listen to music, and... she’d definitely get kissed. And she was in. And we fucked that night, I think I was her 2nd lay. She’s actually here in Tokyo again right now... I may get another go at her this week. I really can’t believe this is where I’m at in game. I can’t believe this is my life.

I think I’m asking both girls to “take some responsibility” by verbalizing that sexual intent, but I think the SOI is a strong attraction spike and makes up for the loss of plausible deniability. Hmmm, that’s what I think.

Anyway...

ME: I was just having dinner.

ME: But we had a very good connection.

ME: It IS like a dream... neither of us live here. We met so randomly at dinner.

ME: I chased you outside because I liked the look in your eyes.

ME: And then we had a special night... I don’t want to let it go.

ME: I am thinking about one night, of cuddling.

(01:59)

HER: ... OK, the battle is in your hands tonight

HER: I'll check out the hotel

HER: You come to [her hotel] to pick me up

(01:59)

And it was done. Wow.

2 hours of coaxing and reeling her in. I was a little surprised, but, like I said, I'd already showered, I'd orchestrated the whole thing... not *that* surprised. Game is real. This can be learned. I am no natural. I got here the hard way, and on purpose.

20 minutes later I walked her into my tiny, rented apartment, her packed bags in my hands. She was surprisingly comfortable. Not "cool," just comfortable. Maybe she has done this before — I should have asked her that. I put on some music, and just started undressing her. There was no resistance at this point.

We laid in bed, and I escalated slowly. The apartment was still warming up, and my hands were icy from being outside on the trip to pick her up in the cab.

The sex was pretty bad in terms of connection, awkward like most first-sex is, but still felt very good at the physical level to be inside her, tiny and tight as she was. I'd been telling myself all day I wanted to get laid... and I made it happen this time.

I had prep'd the room by putting two condoms between the bed sheet and the mattress for easy access. I used them both. When she left, they were on the floor. Seedy.

The first moves were good actually, as she would shiver and moan when I kissed her neck and sucked her ears. Her mouth was tiny, and tiny mouths don't make for the best kissing. Her hair was too thin to properly pull. Her nipples were dark purple, and hard as pebbles as I sucked them. Her body was tiny, and felt great as I dragged her around the bed. She had long, uncut pubic hair, typical of Japan, which I happen to like. I love eating pussy, and ass (for that matter), but didn't like her enough to want to go there with her — which is a little sad for me. I finished by coming all over her chest and face — it had been a week or so since I'd been laid and I was pent up — and she said "Ouuu! Ouuu! Wild!," and laughed, as blast after blast coated her face and lips. It was good, but not at all delicious.

We showered.

Through the night I asked her lots of questions, wanting the part where I learn about how women think, and their lives, as much as I wanted the sex and the notch. She lost her virginity when she was 19, in a "love hotel." The bed was "very big," and porn was on the TV when she and her BF checked in. Her first boyfriend was a selfish lover, he would "insert" whenever he felt like it and come very quickly. She's never had anal ("You know, like a hard cock in your ass?"), but is curious, and her face lit up when I questioned her. She's never kissed a girl, and I told her about 1/2 the girls I've been with had at least kissed another girl, 1/2 like her, had not. She hadn't gotten off in two weeks. She likes to fuck slow and likes it best when she comes "together" with her partner — as far as I know, she didn't have an orgasm with me. She has a vibrator, a "rabbit," it's blue, and she laughed when she told me that part. She usually masturbates on Saturdays, in bed, when her husband is out. She wants to have kids someday.

It was awkward after sex as we lay in the dirty bed. I put her back under the sheets, pulled her in, and fed her chocolate almond Pocky, which she liked, jumping back into talking and touching her to clear the stale air between us. She relaxed again for a moment.

Her type-A, first born behavior kicked in again at 05:10, she was anxious about her train. I was planning on sending her to the station in a cab, but I live so close to the station she was going to walk, and I didn't

want her to walk alone.

I put on my clothes and walked her to the train in the freezing darkness. More stories and what [Tom Torero](#) would call “bambooziling” along the way to kill any tension. She was extra anxious about her train as we hit the station, and gave me an awkward hug and I turned and left and she sped back to Nagoya on the Shinkansen— she had to be at work at 09:00. What a day she’d just had! I wondered what all this would mean to her? I wondered if it would affect her marriage? I doubt it will.

And I walked back home, as the snow fell, crawled back into the bed, her smell, and the smell of come, and the slight ickiness of the whole thing wrapped around me, and I slept, knowing I would write this soon.

In the morning, I washed my sheets, cleaning up the puddles that had leaked out of her body as I’d fucked her. That’s real. There was a stain on the mattress beneath the sheet. It was like a dream, but in fact, it was very, very real. The stain is still there.

Today, 2 days later, she sent me a happy face on Facebook. I sent her back a picture of goat, with its tongue out.

Archived from theredarchive.com