

Kiev Stories #1

Krauser PUA | 8 July, 2017 | by krauserpua

It's Thursday evening on **Khreschatyk street** and dusk is descending. I'm standing with [Eddie](#) and [Xants](#) in the square by McDonald's, subjected to the trashy music the street dancing kids are performing to. A crowd has gathered around them, enjoying the balmy summer evening.

Another crowd is conspicuous by its absence – the sleazy fat Turkish sex tourists. There was a full-on turkroach infestation the past week, their slimy rat-faced kind fouling up the whole of the street. They'd wander around in pairs eyeballing every single girl, then tap them on the shoulder and follow them down the street trying to offer an iphone, a slap up meal, or whatever else it is they pay for sex.

Even if you discount my **very mild and well-hidden** racism, it's not good for daygamers. All the normal girls had been frightened off and it was a magnet for actual whores, who seemed to be everywhere. Xants almost got scammed by one, but that's his story to tell not mine.



"Like I give a fuck, we will rule your lands"

Anyway, they'd mostly gone home so now the street could breathe. I'd gotten some sets in collected a bunch of numbers to pour into the daygame slop machine. Unfortunately nothing really stuck.

"Time for gutter game" I announced. "I'm filtering for horniness and vulnerability"

A short time later Eddie is trying to convince me to join him in **Chernobyl** on Sunday, waxing lyrically about the irradiated soil, the deserted shacks, and of course the glowing yellow Nuclear Power Plant itself.

"My vibe is already radioactive" I complain. "I don't need more of it"

I briefly consider if radiation works like it did for The Hulk and Spiderman, granting me special powers of **eye mesmer** and **escalation**. If it would give my phone numbers a longer half life, I'd take it. Instead I decline Eddie's offer. I'd just completed *Stalker Clear Sky* and installed the Complete mod for *Stalker Call Of Pripjat*. My adventures in The Zone would be limited to the virtual world.



Criminally under-rated even by Stalker series fans

I see a girl walk past. Dark hair with fringe, wide child-bearing hips, and young. Unfortunately no better than a six but I utter the strongest inner game mantra I know: "she'll do"

I step right in on her, almost breathing down her face. She lets me in, her eyes spazzing wide. I mumble some nonsense to her about her hairstyle and face. I probably compare her unfavourably to a hamster. She's giggling. I start pawing at her, my hands on her shoulders or cupping her head as I talk into her ear. I sense her body shudder in excitement. It's electric.

Just wish she was a seven or better.



A seven or better

We walk off to the nearby **Porters Pub**. The fact it's a white power pub with all kinds of militia and special forces flags hanging from the ceiling has *nothing to do with my choice*. Nothing, I tell you! It's cheap and dark.

"Don't laugh at the quality" I text Eddie.

We nestle into a corner booth near the door and she joins me in ordering unfiltered white beer. A good sign. For the first quarter hour she's at the perpendicular angle of the L-shape, rather than next to or

opposite me. I get her touching my ~~Rings Of Power~~ rings then pull her in to play with her hair. After that she scoots back.

“No. Come back here. I want to touch you” I command and she obeys.

I want to escalate fast so I dive into a questions game and am soon asking about the colour of her underwear, the last time she had sex (six months ago) and if she watches porn. I drop a few ratbag DHVs and it’s going great. She won’t let me kiss her but she does moan when I pull her hair and bite her neck.

Funny how girls who won’t kiss will often let you maul them. There’s a lot about that in **my new textbook**.

I continue to maul her. I’m running a finger up and down her thighs, playing with her hair, biting her ear. Finally I decide I’m going too slow so I put my hand up inside her t-shirt and start playing with her tits. We are continuing on with the questions game like no escalation is afoot, but I’ve gotten her tits out of her bra and I’m fiddling with her nipples under her shirt.

I finger her through her leggings for a bit and then **get my dick out**.

That surprised you, didn’t it. No way would I usually get my dick out in a bar ([or street](#)). She looks at it, then I put it away. I invite her to my apartment but she declines. Time is ticking so when she says she needs to go meet friends I take her Facebook. Finally, I summon the courage to kiss her outside. She gives it back a bit but not a heavy makeout.

“Ok, we can meet another day” she says and walks off. The bubble bursts. She does in fact strike up conversation the next afternoon.

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