

Every group of men has it's "ladies man"

Krauser PUA | 22 November, 2015 | by krauserpua

Let me relate a story to you that my Brazilian friend and former **RSG Bastard** told of his early days in London game.

On rolling up in England, Fernando found a job as a tradesman working on commercial properties in central London. While he was back at base with the various carpenters, joiners, electricians and so on they'd quite naturally banter on the shopfloor and while snatching cigarette breaks in the delivery bays. One such colleague – let's call him Franco – was known as the **ladies man**. Every Monday without fail he'd have a good story from the weekend of drinking, carousing, and sometimes depravity.

The men had come to look forward to his stories. It took the edge off being back at work for another week.

Fernando was an eager listener. Franco was getting hammered in bars and making out with girls, sometimes taking them home and other times sharing a knee-trembler in the back alley behind the nightclub. There were stories of wives, nurses, tarts..... all of them eye-popping. Franco knew how to tell a story and these ones rang true. Damn, it sounded *great* being a ladies man, Fernando thought, but it's so alien to my own life: work, sleep, a few beers with friends.

As readers of my [Balls Deep memoir](#) know, Fernando read the Neil Strauss book and decided to try this Game thing. He attended a **PUA training** bootcamp in London (there wasn't much else out there at the time) and then tried daygame. A few sessions in he saw me number close a hot girl and came introduced himself. We became friends very quickly and Fernando ["got it" faster than I did.](#)

Skip forwards a year or so and Fernando finally decides to tell his workmates his own saucy stories, of pulling two Polish blondes out of a Lodz nightclub so he and fellow RSG Bastard Ace can fuck them. Of a couple of girls in Vilnius, Lithuania. Of a girl he pulled home from a salsa night in Clapham. Finally, he felt like he could swap stories with Franco on level-terms. He was becoming a bit of a ladies man himself.

Monday morning during the first cigarette break, he tells his story. There's a pause.... how will Franco take it? He takes a drag on his cigarette, looks out into space and laughs.

"Haha, nice one mate! Give the next girl one from me!" he says, giving Fernando a friendly pat on the back.

Next week Fernando has another story, of near miss with a tall black girl he met outside Covent Garden underground station. Then another one the week after. And another. Swapping stories every Monday morning, Fernando and Franco are bonding over the shared experiences. Then the bomb drops.

Fernando is regalling the boys with his latest story, another Polish conquest. They all stand in a huddle by the cargo doors because it's windy. One of the plumbers pipes up.

"Was she hot, mate?"

"Actually" Fernando thinks aloud, "I've probably got a photo of her. She's on my Facebook now" and she opens the app to scroll through. "Right, this is her" he says and pans the screen around the group.

Franco drops his cigarette in disbelief.

"Wait.... wait.... *that's* the kind of bird you're fucking?" he almost stammers.

"Yeah. Come on, you must have a few dirty photos of your birds, you horny bastard" Fernando replies.

"Yeah, Franco. Show us!" encourage the group of eager lads. "You're the ladies man"

There's a long silence.

“Um. I’d rather not” he replies.

This is a true story, though I’ve embellished the dialogue. Fernando said it was one of the moments he knew he’d arrived in Game. [You can read more about him on his blog here.](#)

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