

I bang my first 21 year old Lithuanian dressmaker

Krauser PUA | 29 June, 2013 | by krauserpua

I was discussing with **Tom Torero** recently about what's the most effective model for banging top class tottie in foreign climes. Game is often taught like it's a linear process of A is followed by B then followed by C. Not so. He uses the 'air traffic control' analogy of having many planes in the air and you're watching them circle, keeping up radio chatter, waiting till one comes in to land. Some get diverted to another airport but so long as your airport is open you'll have throughput. This has implications for Euro-harem game.



Tom's new girl mgt app

One does not simply roll up in a foreign city, hit the streets, and come away with a top-quality notch. You might get lucky occasionally but it's not a consistent and repeatable model. Realistically this is how it works:

1. Number farm hard in the first couple of days. Open everything you'd fuck.
2. Let the numbers filter themselves. There'll be a few **Yes Girls** who are keenly responding and making things easy. Those are the girls you can fuck on this trip. If she's near 30 she's your hottest lead. Push for it. Kiss her first date. Fuck her second date.
3. Most of the girls will need time, especially the hotter girls and the younger girls. You are highly unlikely to knock them over within a ten-day stay. Take them on a coffee date for an hour. Then a pub second date. Run comfort, get a kiss, don't overescalate. Sink your hooks into her soul and get her on Facebook or Skype.
4. Chat to her late at night every couple of days. Get into her head. Explore her hopes and dreams. Be the mysterious distant Other. Sexualise it gently. Prime her for your return.

That's **Long Game**. If you expect to roll up into Oslo, Paris, Zagreb or wherever for a weekend and score a notch you are setting yourself up for a *very very hard slog*. You're far better off leapfrogging visits. Budget the first trip to collect and filter leads then a second trip to close your top prospects (and

preferably generate the next round of leads). So it was with this girl.

While on a Euro-tour with Tom I was walking down some steps into an underpass when a cute little squirrel of a girl comes flitting up the steps. Her fashion is like 1960s Paris. A soft bob, dainty shoes. So sweet and innocent. I open her on the steps saying something complimentary about her style. She hooks but has atrocious English. I find out later she visited England when she was 12 with school and loved it. I bounce her to a nearby cafe and by now she's thrilled. We can barely communicate so she gets out a notebook and we draw pictures to convey information. I ask if she has a boyfriend and she almost screams "No!"

After an hour I take a number and send her home. She wouldn't put herself in a position where she could be kissed.



But Slavic and bigger tits

Next date is a nightmare. I have 'flu and she has clammed up and barely talks. I'm hungry but the first four restaurants are full so we're walking around deserted streets in the cold and its not good. Finally we end up in Chilli Pica, a low-rent pizza shop. I can hardly keep my eyes open I'm so ill and she won't talk. It's awkward as fuck. I can't put any kind of vibe or eye-mesmer onto her. After an hour or so I let her go. I swear to myself never to put myself through such a shambles again. I assume it's one big horrible DLV and the set is dead.

Things turn around on Facebook. She's an anglophile and just so completely thrilled to have a cool foreign guy as her little secret (she tells only her best-est friend about me). She's sweet and lives with her mum and works as a dressmaker. Clearly inexperienced with men as she confirms later saying she's had one boyfriend for four months when she was 19. The Facebook chats are limited to short sentences and 1000-word Ladder English vocabulary. Thank God for Google Translate. Nonetheless I'm warming to this girl. She's just so pure and straightforward, and clearly has the suppressed fire of sexuality common to nerdy introvert girls.

It's soon at the point where she's opening me every evening. Girls often have boring lives. Young girls are very restricted in what they can do – living with parents, no cash, university workload, social pressure. Having a cool interesting foreign guy on the other end of chat is like a shining beacon of excitement. It took me quite a few lays to realise that. Picture the girl's life. She comes home from work / uni on the normal bus to her pokey little room and starts checking her messages from the same boring old friends. What is the shiniest thing in that dull evening..... you!

I do the normal Facebook pattern. Talk about normal things for comfort, drop in some light DHVs about

my life, ask her to choose a nice photo of her to send me, call her a squirrel to set up callback humour, put her on a points system, qualify her on cooking skills etc. Here's a sample, I'll let you pick out the Game lessons yourselves:

Her: Hi ð□□□

Me: Hi ð□□□ I'm playing Resident Evil 6 boy's fun!

Her: I sew a new dress for myself now

Me: nice what colour?

Her: white

Me: very innocent just like you

Her: dress of guipure

Me: *[after googling it]* old France style I have a question. How many boyfriends did you have?

Her: 1

Me: Lithuanian?

Her: yes

Me: ok Â Â Do I frighten you?

Her: a little

Me: that's natural, I think you are not experienced with men and I'm quite powerful

Her: ??? I did not understand the sentence

Me: I am an older man and I have lots of life experience So my character is strong and you feel that

Her: and?

Me: that's maybe why I frighten you a little

Her: yes

Me: you are brave

Her: yes

Me: What do you like about me?

Her: ears

Me: *[link]*



Her: Cheburashka with very big ears. your better

Me: thanks +5

Her: I think you have a good nature

Me: thank you. Most people think I'm a bad boy. I'm not

Her: Do you have children?

Me: No

Her: married?

Me: No

Her: why?

Me: I was married, but I divorced 4 years ago how long were you with your boyfriend?

Her: 4 months

Me: was it a happy time?

Her: very happy

Me: nice do you like to walk around parks, go to the cinema, cook food together etc?

Her: I love going to concerts, delicious food, a walk through the city and to dress

Me: to dress? tell me more about that

Her: at the school of my peers did not consider me a beautiful girl I decided to show everyone back I have things that are sewn to order I do not like black

Me: what is your favourite dress?

Her: orange-red

Then once I've arranged my next trip I start ramping it up a bit. Remember I hadn't kissed this girl and had an awful Day 2 with her. I've pegged her at being timid and inexperienced so my goal is just to move her along far enough to close on a third trip. Then I show up in Lithuania.

She makes herself as free as possible for me. First date we have coffee and a drink. Again the kino is awkward. I'm still thinking its a timewaster set but because I like her and she's so unbelievably innocent-looking I persist. Second date I decide ahead of time I will get a makeout or burn it. She consents in the upstairs of a dingy cafe on some sofas, then admonishes me it's "too fast". Nonetheless she agrees to cook me scones the following afternoon. While cooking I do lots of light kino as I walk past her leaving an arm trailing across her lower back, or peer over her shoulder at the cooking so I'm breathing down her neck. She takes it all.

After food we are on the sofa watching pandas on youtube. Its a funny old vibe. The chat is stilted because of the language barrier but I can feel some deeply hidden electricity in the air. I pull her onto me so she's sitting in my lap and start escalating. It never stops. She's naked with barely a fuss. I stick my dick in her on the sofa to get my two strokes (for an officially-sanctioned notch) then carry her to the bedroom and ruin her. She fucking loves it. I was right – timid inexperienced introverts are a pent up volcano of sexual energy just waiting for a man to turn them out. Great sex. Great body. She does a really cute thing where every hard stroke her eyes spazz with shocked ecstasy.

Afterwards she's confused. She lies next to me so I can feed her oxytocin with comfort – I want to keep this girl around for more. She looks at me with furrowed brows, perplexion in her features, and then starts punching me. Not hard, just little love taps to express her frustration. My guess is she wasn't expecting sex but just fell into my mesmer stare and rolled over obediently. I think she's also shocked how much she liked it rough. A Fifty Shades moment for her.

I do her a few times the next day to solidify it. You don't own a woman until you've fucked her hard on three seperate occasions. One of my top two girls so far this year.

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