

My loveable Fiat Punto

Krauser PUA | 21 January, 2013 | by krauserpua

I've just come back from an idate with a cute little Italian girl I picked up at Trafalgar Square. In itself nothing remarkable so you'll only hear the story if I end up banging her. As I was ramping up the verbal escalation to test for the SDL she started telling me how her first boyfriend (of six years) was pretty boring and didn't inspire her to try hard in the bedroom. When I get a girl on this topic I usually start the sexual framing where I'm the superhero and every other guy is shit. I also trotted out this story:



lovable and dependable

Imagine you've just passed your driving test so you go out and buy yourself a Fiat Punto. It's cute and you drive it around the city for a while. You like driving. It's pleasant, you like being behind the wheel. You like your Punto. After a few years its getting old so you buy another car. You like Puntos, so you buy a newer one. You drive that around some more. It's comfortable and you're used to it. You're a Punto fan.

One day, your friend throws you his car keys. "Here, try my Ferrari"



Me, in metaphor

You get behind the wheel, put your foot down and wow! It's amazing. You can feel the raw power of the engine throbbing through the seat, your hands shaking as they grip the wheel. Every turn is a perfect grip. The feeling of control and of riding the power is incredible.

You finish the drive with your breath coming fast. Your heart beating. You feel exhilarated. Like walking on air. You throw the keys back to your friend, a huge smile on your face.

And then walk back to your Punto. Your little, cute, slow Punto. It's just not the same anymore.

Needless to say she was dripping wet at the end of this little story, biting her lips, her mind racing frantically.

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