

How to declaw a stripper and turn her into a pussycat

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My new **stripper girl** is a fairly tough one to figure out but I think I've gotten it. She always responded well to pushes and badly to pulls. As [JJ](#) says, "attraction is created in the push." Anytime I tried to move things along and escalate her she would reject me but anytime I sat and chilled she'd escalate me. I'm not used to this. I'm used to providing the direction in the pick-up and leading the girl along. But this one is used to leading guys and thus requires more subtlety until she's broken in. Allow me to quote [Tariq Nasheed](#) on how to game pros:

When you are dealing with a female who is in the game, you have to establish very quickly that you are not a man who can be manipulated sexually. Because a woman who is in the game will quickly test any man she comes into contact with.

These women are used to dominating and manipulating men every day. So you have to have a boss mentality and stand up to any test these women might spring to you..... All women have an insatiable need for companionship. And this is especially true for women in the game. It's so difficult for women in the game to sustain meaningful, significant relationships – when most guys step to women in the game, they are either trying to pay for sex, or they're trying to hustle up some free sex – that these women have a stronger need for real companionship. That's what a pimp, boss player, or true mack provides: companionship for women in the game.

Reading this slotted lots of confusing things into place from my girl, particularly how she is craving my approval and for me to like her but firm in rejecting sexual advances (and yet immediately throwing out more come ons). But I've figured it out now. The soul collection proceeds according to these principles:

- Never ever escalate her. Always wait for her to escalate me and then grudgingly go along with it.
- Don't react to her come ons. Make her put her intention on the line.
- Don't react to her push-aways and take-aways. She'll be back.
- Rapport, rapport, rapport, but never from a position of weakness
- Never forget the lure of my ability to provide order in her disorderly life, and my high-level rapport skills.



"if a girl gives you the finger, you've been blown out"

So far the recent timeline has been:

Friday: First date in three months, lots of drinking, [f-close](#)

Saturday: I take her to Starbucks for coffee and leave her there while I teach bootcamp. She is super keen to join me and my friends on the night, and then bails. She keeps telling me how amazing Friday was.

Sunday: She comes all dolled up to the [Chateau RSG](#) barbeque and sleeps over. Very deep rapport, won't fuck. Stays overnight cockteasing me. She's testing my frame.

Monday: We walk out to Hampstead Heath [for a few hours](#) then I put her on a bus home.

Tuesday: the following Facebook chat.....

Her: Heyy!Â Â Â I also forgot my earrings there!Â Â Â Did you find them?Â [she'd already left her

ring, all very deliberate. I think she's trying to bait me into inviting her back over to collect them]

Me: maybe you forgot your brain too

Her: why?

Me: forgetting everything ð□□□

Her: we have to do something nice this week againÂ Â Â ð□□□

Me: Ramen

Her: what is that?Â Â Â talk to meeeeeeeÂ Â Â ok! bye

[three hours pass, she deletes a photo she'd just put up and tagged of us together in the park]

Her: hey jelly belly!Â Â Â Â what are you doing?Â *[I pass the test of not chasing, and sure enough she comes back, seeking rapport with callback humour]*

Me: eating pies and cakes so I can become fatterÂ Â Â ð□□□Â Â *[agree and amplify]*

Her: hmmmmmmÂ Â Â i'm hungry!!Â Â Â Â i'll make something to eatÂ Â Â Â and then become fatter than you..

Me: you already are fatter than me, darlin'Â Â *[I want to bust on her for a while, show I'm not like the tricks who worship her body]*

Her: joke!Â Â Â Â i cant eat anythingÂ Â Â i'm on dietÂ Â Â Â do sayy that!!!!Â Â Â Â ð□□|Â Â Â Â i'm already so sad!

Me: diet = +10 points for you

Her: you have to cheer me upÂ Â Â Â hahahahaÂ Â Â Â ridiculousÂ Â Â Â look at for your big jelly bellyÂ Â Â :p

Me: I took a photo of us on Sunday morning



She's the fat one

Her: hahahahaÂ Â Â Â nice coupleÂ Â Â Â exactly the way i fell right nowÂ Â Â Â no foods todayÂ Â Â Â just fruitsÂ Â Â Â you should do the sameÂ Â *[it sounds innocuous but she's constantly trying to lead]*

Me: Are you telling me what to do, woman????

Her: always

Me: I am the boss of my own lifeÂ Â Â Â the kingÂ Â Â Â numero unoÂ Â Â head honchoÂ Â Â Â the big cheeseÂ Â Â Â you are a squirrel in the king's gardenÂ Â *[frame her]*

Her: go watch the matchÂ Â Â Â dont wast time on fbÂ Â Â Â and go work out your jelly bellyÂ Â Â Â its muck better ..Â Â Â Â hihhiÂ Â Â Â much

Me: Actually, I'm helping my friend [Burto](#) with a project this eveningÂ Â Â Â remember him, the fat one?Â Â Â Â a little bit fatter than you

Her: i think i knowÂ Â Â Â wait

Stripper is offline.

[I log off to show I don't wait around for her and as soon as I log on again three hours later, she reopens me]

Her: I deleted your taget in my photoÂ Â Â Â too aggressive i guess...heheheÂ *[she's finessing her overreaction which is approval-seeking]*

Me: !Â Â *[ambiguous]*

Her: olo

Me: I didn't think you were aggressiveÂ Â Â Â just crazy.....Â Â Â Â olo means what?

Her: i did wrong.... lolÂ Â Â Â hahaÂ Â Â Â so ok...

Me: I thought you were drawing a cock and ballsÂ Â *[sexualise without chasing]*

Her: hahahahahahaÂ Â Â Â not bad ideia for u

Me: 8————D

Her: this photo look exactly like u!!Â [referring to a Mr Potato Head photo I uploaded to my wall]

Me: I like potatoesÂ Â Â Â and cheese

Her: you are a potatoÂ Â Â Â and smell like cheese

Me: that's so meanÂ Â Â Â -5 points for Stripper

Her: hahaha

Me: say something nice, or I'll hold my breath until I dieÂ Â Â Â ...Â Â Â Â ..Â Â Â Â .

Her: dont get sad...Â Â Â Â i like you anywayÂ Â Â Â hahahaÂ Â Â Â ð□□□

Me: + 0.05

Her: ð□□□Â Â Â [she loves the fun banter]

Me: I thought you were working today

Her: tomorrowÂ Â Â Â its every other day

Me: ahÂ Â Â Â I've had a lazy day. Painting the cinema room, readingÂ Â Â Â How was your day?Â Â Â [there has to be some rapport]

Her: very lazy as well...just went to the supermarket and nothing else.Â Â Â Â spent all day at homeÂ Â Â Â but tomorrow will be crazyÂ Â Â Â so its good to take a rest today

Me: Yes. It's nice to have time by yourself with no pressures or workÂ Â Â [not taking the bait to ask why tomorrow is so crazy. It's more important to show I won't be lead]

Her: yes...that's what i needÂ Â Â Â i guess i also forgot my toothpaste there..heheÂ Â Â Â [another attempt to bait me into inviting her over, and how did she manage to leave three things in my room in one night, and why did she have toothpaste that night when I never told her in advance she'd be staying over? But she's chasing hard now, frustrated that I'm not inviting her out again]

Me: if you want to leave things in my room,Â Â Â Â leave moneyÂ Â Â [I'm the prize]

Her: hahahhaÂ Â Â that's impossibleÂ Â Â Â no money ð□□|

Me: ok, food

Her: fat!

Me: no, you're not so fat. Don't worry about itÂ Â Â [reframe]

Her: hahahaÂ Â Â Â you are terribleeeeÂ Â Â you won!Â Â Â Â i'm gonna sleep...Â Â Â Â talk to you tomorrowÂ Â Â Â too tiredÂ Â Â Â bye bye

Me: ok, sleep well

Her: tksÂ Â Â Â xx