

22 yr old German Student

Krauser PUA | 16 May, 2010 | by krauserpua

I don't normally go for [squareheads](#) but I'll make exceptions for cute 22 yr olds. It's a Sunday afternoon and I'm meeting Wisdom to talk a little business. We decide to get in some cheeky day game before it gets dark. First girl I try is a Romanian on her way to work near the Strand. She's in a big rush but the planted feet and solid stare do for her and she chats for five minutes. I feel like I can't hold her long enough to get the rapport for a number so I settle for the Facebook.



I like the gypo look

Before long I'm back in Covent Garden. I do the "Can you take a picture of me with this elephant" opener with a nearby tourist and then stack into a proper conversation. The vibe is great and I'm doing all the things I learned on my recent one-on-one. It becomes clear this girl is on a long weekend by herself and itching for excitement. I bounce her to take more photos and then to a French cafe I recently found. Wisdom comes along and helps out.

After an hour or so of comfort and rapport in the cafe Wisdom makes himself scarce and I take the girl for a drink. I'm going for the SDL – something I've only recently been trying. It's a no-brainer because she's going back to Hunland on Monday night. We have a drink in the Sherlock Holmes pub nearby standing up so I can test her comfort (it's good) and she's telling me she just split up with her boyfriend and he's moved out her flat. She clearly wants excitement but isn't intellectually quite right with the idea. I talk a little about how society judges women too much and other things that give her the moral go-ahead. She seems to think I'm super smart but I don't want to fall into the trap of getting all intellectual, or worse, dad-like with her.



Achtung Panzer!

We have another drink at a new pub and we're arm in arm by now but she's hanging on quite loose. More talk and I do a little NLP to raise her state and then kiss close. Easy. She's all over me now but refuses the extraction. I guess she's been out since 8am so can't blame her. She's keen to meet tomorrow so I don't push past the kiss and hand holding. There's not much coming at me vis-a-vis shit tests. We kiss goodbye at the station and then the next evening we meet.

There's a quick kiss on the hello to re-establish the frame. She throws her arm around my neck but I shrug it off and walk her arm in arm to the pub. She's hanging on tight now. The fact she came out at all means it's on. I want to make her wait for the proper kiss and play around a bit – leaning back and making her lean in to me, getting her to qualify etc. She's well into me now. We move on to the member's club and sit on a sofa in a quiet corner. We start kissing and I work on strong alpha posture and let her climb all over me. She's loving it and really breathing deep and pushing herself into me passionately. So much so I'm almost embarrassed everytime the waiters go past.

I go for the extraction and she resists, saying we won't be fucking. I make a joke of that, saying we have agreed not to fuck tonight and have to promise to stick to it no matter how tempting it gets. That completely frees me to verbally escalate and for most of the next hour we are talking about all of the sexual things we won't be doing tonight. Her body temperature is crazy-hot and her eyes are sparkling. She can't keep her hands off my cock. I go for the extraction again.

Krauser: C'mon I'll make you those cocktails. Nothing is gonna happen because we've already agreed we're not fucking.

HB Squarehead: No. Not tonight.

Krauser: Look at me. Don't you trust me?

HB Squarehead: I don't trust myself **throws herself onto me again**

I'm now thinking only a back-alley fuck is possible if anything. I take her outside and before long we are in some dark doorway making out big time. She's so horny but simply will not escalate to skin-on-skin. I'm still enjoying myself and really having fun with the verbal escalation. I figure I might as well seed the possibility of her coming back for a fuck holiday. You never know. I also frame all my verbal escalation around how young girls can easily fuck boys but they are surprised how different it is to be fucked by a man. She's properly wet and I'm flummoxed on the inability to extract, or to rip her trousers down right there. I do try. I figure it's better to be a pushy asshole than a wimpy beta. When I try unzipping her she refuses:

HB Squarehead: You're just trying to get me hot so I change my mind

Krauser: No. I'm giving you are preview of what you'll get next time we meet

HB Squarehead: You sound sure we'll be fucking.

Krauser: Because we will and you know it.

HB Squarehead: **squirms, grabs cock, pushes fanny into it [through jeans]**

Krauser: I'm showing you that I go after what I want.

HB Squarehead: That's for sure!

After about an hour of this I put her on the train home. While I didn't get the lay, it's a nice reference experience. I'm a mid-thirties guy and I just met a 22yr old in the street and came within a whisker of fucking her. Nice.

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