FR: Comfort building

Krauser PUA | 2 December, 2009 | by krauserpua

Saturday 28th November. I am woken from drunken sleep at 9am by **HB8 Romanian**, the girl from the recent "Instant Date in Westfield" post. We've been out a few times since, so perhaps I should recap......

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HB8 Romania

After that instant date, we swap a few texts and then meet on a Sunday afternoon in central London for a **Day 2**. First thing I do is kiss her, wanting to set the tone. I'm sick of being LJBF'd by delaying kino. I lead her towards Carnaby Street and we go past Ann Summers. I pull her in and future project the kind of lingerie she'll be wearing for me. It's slightly awkward but works. Then we get to The Diner for a milkshake. It's the perfect venue cos we're settled into a dark booth sitting side by side. She loves the milkshake. Then we go to a nearby pizza restaurant. It's all normal comfort building with a few attraction spikes. Only thing of note is when the bill comes:

HB8: *gets out purse* I'll pay my share

Krauser: Yeah, I agree.

We walk hand in hand through Soho looking for a pub but it's a wierd night. Lots of them are closed and the few open onces are rammed. I lead her through a back alley, throw her against the wall and get a makeout. First time. She enthusiastically falls into it and the nagging LJBF danger disappates. I find a good pub. As we sit together she relaxes entirely, leaning into me and stretching her feet out, playing with my fingers and generally accepting the feminine role. I remind myself that this girl is tall, hot and leads a team of 19 people in a bank. And here she is playing besotted schoolgirl to me.

Six hours in she has to drive home. Logistics are horrible cos she lives way out West and works their too. No chance of her staying the night, not with my current level of game. I throw her into a phone box and makeout. My phone vibrates with an incoming text, so I take it out my pocket and hold it against her chuff. She responds with a mixed pleasure and shocked honour. The latter carries the day.

Day 3 is a major DHV. We run a successful entourage night at a top club. Fifteen girls and five guys, including a **HB9 Playboy model** that Burto brings. I take HB8 to the pub and we are first there, so get the best corner seats. Gradually over the next half hour everyone turns up, all greeting me like the tribal leader, until we have absolutely taken over the bar. Last of all comes **HB8 Indian** for the first time I've seen her since the Starbucks number close. Imagine what she thinks as she walks in! We bounce to the club, all on the guest list for free, and the remainder of the night I have HB8 Romanian, HB8 Indian and **HB7 Spaniard** competing for me.



HB8 Indian



HB7 Spaniard

I take HB8 Romanian back to her car and she drops me off at Trafalgar Square for my late night bus. It's a Thursday night. Getting off the bus at 3am I text HB7 Spaniard, who has a habit of getting the wrong bus and generally being led astray:

Krauser: Don't get murdered

HB7: Ok, justin my way to get murdered.... At least im sober!

Krauser: Cool. I'm nearly home

HB7: Ur a bastard, i was assuming i would crash at ur place! This and the retarded [I kept calling her a

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retard].... Im not ur friend anymore!

Krauser: You can. Get the [bus number] from [bus stop]. Call me.

She calls and is keen to come to my place. I've majorly DHV'd this night, remember.

HB7: Ok, im getting to [bus stop]

Krauser: Cool

Various texts follow over the next hour where basically the bus doesn't come, she lets her own bus go by three times, and then figures out she's at the wrong bus stop. I tell her to get a taxi. She arrives, jumps into my bed. Then it gets wierd.

She cuddles up to me, I go for the makeout (never even kiss closed her so far). She resists. I caveman, she relents. Heavy makeout. She resists every step of the way but every now and then when she thinks I can't see she has a beaming smile. When I go to touch her chuff the LMR seems real not token, so I don't push it. Next morning is more of the same but this time she dress up in three different costumes I have in my wardrobe (Japanese school uniform, the red one from Evangelion, and the french maid – in case you're interested). I call in sick for work.

Day 4 with HB8 Romanian is the following Sunday. It's crappy weather. She is ten minutes late so I go to a nearby Starbucks and she meets me there. As soon as she can, she's stretching out and leaning into me, playing with my fingers again. She doesn't want to leave. I take her along the South Bank by the river and it's dark so the lights are awesome. I stop her a couple of times for a makeout but don't go all hornyteenager on her. Then to a pub by the river. I escalate the sex talk and do The Stone.

What's The Stone?

Krauser: Blah blah blah

grabs her hand, puts it on my cock and..

Krauser: This is how you make me feel

puts her hand back **Krauser**: Blah blah blah

She giggles, calls me a pervert, and for the rest of the night keeps saying things like "You're such a pervert. I should be careful". We walk back to my house on the pretext of a nice Chinese restaurant nearby. As I get her to the door I try the Mystery comfort routine – invite her in just for a minute then go out again. She won't even come to the door. Bizarre.

So we go to the restaurant. After food, we are a bit sleepy from digestion. I hold her hand over the table, footsie underneath, and just stare intensly at her. My voices deepends and slows, and I start pacing her reality.

Krauser: You can feel the heavieness of the warm food in your belly. The heat is spreading out, up through your chest, down your arms to your fingers. It's a pleasant sleepy feeling. You feel safe and content etc etc

She's totally in a trance. As we go to leave I sense some change in the atmosphere. I suddenly feel like I'm being judged. Like she's weighing up an important decision on my worthiness. It's subtle and I can't explain it. I walk her past my house again because that's the way to the station. I make no attempt to bring her in – I just point it out as we walk by. She's talking about how she has to get up early tomorrow and she's not sure where to change trains and blah blah.

At the station we kiss goodnight at the barriers. She seems tense.

Krauser: Fuck it, I'll come down to the platform and make sure you get the right train.

HB8: *smiles, hugs* Thank you!

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Down at the platform she's being tense again and reconfirming where to change trains.

Krauser: *checks watch*. OK, I'll come as far as [interchange station, 3 stops away]. You'll just get lost.

And fuckin' hell was I surprised by the response. All of the tenseness dissolves, she breaks out into a *huge* beaming grin, and jumps me. She's hugging, dotting kisses all over my face, and just oblivious to everyone else there. I know I just passed a major test. Once we get to the interchange I decide to lock down this impression

Krauser: Right-ho. Text me when you're home so I don't have to send the police looking for you (text) **HB8**: I enjoyed this day/evening, safely in my warm and cosy room now.

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