

Field Report: First Date with BPD Book Girl.

RedPillDad | 23 April, 2021 | by RP McMurphy

This girl is all kinds of weird and trouble.

But I'm probably going to try to fuck her anyway.

I mean like: that's what we do here, right?

Meet Book Girl, [who twice ghosted me for long periods of time](#) and yet zombied back to life twice and this time actually managed to get her ass out of the house and out on a date.

Kill Your Ego: keep the door open and stay cool. DO NOT be a beta.

I've said this before and I'll say it again: kill you ego. If a girl flakes, don't slam the door on her or shame her. Just withdraw your attention, and you'll see that a fair number come back. Same is true of ghosting.

Now, I'm not saying you should keep texting her. No. But there's no reason to send an angry text or get all pissy with her or not go out if she changes her mind—unless you have so many chicks you can't be bothered.

If she flaked or ghosted—went dark—and then of her own accord resurfaces, she probably really does want to hang out. I think of it the same way as the number of dates before sex: she gets three. And like in baseball, third strike: she's out.

In this case, the chick stopped responding twice, so I didn't bother texting her, but then popped up the third time and did in fact come out on a date last night. Now, if she does it again, she's gone. But if I get the lay, wasn't it pretty smart not to freak out and let her come back?

So look, if a girl has to comply and never balk from statement one to ending up in your bed or else you ditch her, you're not going to get laid very often. Girls have a strong will—especially American girls who tend to be super masculine—and you have to let them fuck up, or resist, or just be a stupid girl and flake, before realizing she should come back.

And even if you don't want to see her again, why waste your time being an angry beta and getting pissy. She's just some girl. Why do you give a shit? If she doesn't, why should you?

Point is: I allowed her to come back and set up the date, which I'm going to explain in DETAIL, which I should probably do more often, since a lot of guys seem to struggle on the dating side of things—what to talk about, how to escalate, etc. I do have a few PDFs I share with my coaching clients, and this will be a major topic in my upcoming course, but I'm also happy to provide some free content here.

The girl with the (stupid) iron frame.

Two things seem true to me:

1. If they can manage to remain joyful, feminine, and fit, older women can do just fine with men into their 40s or 50s.
2. This almost never happens, and there's a very good reason why men prefer younger women: because they're actually still attractive and aren't difficult and shitty to deal with.

This girl had at least managed to stay fit.

A kinda mousy brunette, short, big tits, a little on the thicker side, but relatively fit (a 7 who with great fitness would be an 8—there are literally TONS of these girls: 6s or 7s who'd be HOT if they could find

their way to a gym and stop eating bagels).

But, as I would soon find out, her joyful, feminine side had been murdered.

Thanks America.

Anyway, as soon as that was made clear, I knew it was my job to help her find it. You can do two things with a woman's frame fellas: you can shift it, or you can smash it. But her frame has to become your frame one way or the other.

So right from the get go she's trying to impress me—trying to show me she's independent, makes good money, does her own thing, blah, blah, blah. It's funny: as I've gotten into Game I've realized women REALLY think that men work the same way they do—that our sexual attraction works the same as a woman's.

As you and I know very well gentlemen, it does not. Anyway, I knew as soon as she started trying to impose her frame on me I'd have to shift it. If I straight smashed it, she was going to leave: she was an alpha female, used to being masculine and dominant and getting her way through bitchiness.

You cannot smash the frame with this type of woman. A girl who's 23, you can just tell her: "no, that's bullshit," and if she likes you she'll fall in line.

With an older alpha chick however, you have to shift the frame, almost like jujutsu, where you use her perceived strengths against her. For example: "sounds like you're in charge all day. I bet you have a hard time letting go, but what you really want is for someone powerful to take control."

She blushed, stopped. Looked away.

As the conversation continued, I continued to shift her away from the frame of being strong and independent and masculine, to allowing her to be feminine, beautiful, graceful. She had just gone to Hawaii—"are you a summer girl then, always by water?"

She was, so I told a story about her rejecting pool boys in her little bikini and loving it. I accentuated my love for adventure and spontaneity. I asked her about her bucket list, her fantasies. I asked her what she dresses up like on Halloween.

She had a ring on so I used that as an excuse to initiate kino and hold her hand. I held her hand and just stopped talking, looking into her eyes. She let me. I asked her: "does that make you nervous?"

"No."

"Good."

Massive sexual tension there.

And yet...the fucking frame battle continued. All this girl knows is working, being masculine, dominant, and having a shitty attitude in general.

Again: thanks America. This is what you've done to our women.

After dinner...

(BTW: I paid—hadn't intended on dinner, thought it was just drinks, but then the fucking waiter gave us menus and she was hungry—but also guys, don't fucking stress out about this: if you're stressed out about paying for dinner, you need to work on making more money. Like, I'm not rich by a long stretch, but it's just not that big a deal. It's part of dating.)

We went for a walk along the lake to another bar (choose your venue wisely). Moving venues is key if you want to try to pull, because movement and place change implies time, which implies comfort.

I kinda knew the pull wasn't there, but I wanted to make sure, and in any case, I used the walk as an

excuse to kiss her. I just stopped and kissed her. Don't complicate this guys: take what you want. Then before we got to the bar, she stopped me again and kissed me and we kinda made out for awhile.

Eventually we went into the bar and ordered drinks. [This is where I ran the Cube.](#)

For all the guys who poo-poo the Cube, after, she was genuinely psychologically undressed. It was intimate and hot. And she fucking loved the whole thing. She even said after: "now you know too much about me."

That was basically the end of the night, but if we'd been at her place or mine, we would've fucked. So you don't like the cube or can't learn it? Dumb.

She paid for our drinks at the bar and then I walked her to her car and we made out again—she had to get up at 4am, so the chances of me pulling were basically nil.

Anyway, we'll see. It was a great date in terms of honing my skills. The last girl was super easy (that's not a complaint, just a note), and to be honest, if I had crazy abundance right now I wouldn't bother with her. Too much hassle. But I don't have crazy abundance, so why not make moves where I can? I'd fucking love to motorboat those titties...

If you want to have these experiences and do better with chicks, I'm happy to help. Otherwise, I'll keep telling my story. Much love brothers.

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