

FR: The last dick standing–Night game pull (Boise).

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Kinda close to what she looked like. A 7+.

Got a +1 last night via night game.

Went to an Oktoberfest thing in town with some friends, and employed a principle I got off [Todd V](#).

BTW, I don't see him talked about much in Day Game circles (probably because he's more of a night game guy), but Todd V is a fucking legend—actually, in my honest opinion, maybe the best PUA out there (pretty sure he's Extramask in [The Game](#), but he gamed with Mystery and Strauss before joining RSD and knows all those guys: Jeffy, Tyler, Max, are the best IMO). Moreover, as a teacher/coach—now on his own—guy breaks things down and analyzes game like an absolute surgeon.

So anyways, here's a brilliant gem from Todd V—basically, he says, there are three reasons why guys get laid:

1. **The man has higher value/it's a win for her:** we've all been there—where a chick is hooking up with you simply because it's a win for her. Basically, hypergamy crystalized: you're the best she can get, and you're willing to fuck her. For the girl, it's simply a win on straight up value.
2. **There's a powerful narrative at play—a story about the hookup she loves:** I've been talking and thinking a lot about stories lately, perhaps because I'm a writer by trade, but I think this is where most of the “game” is played. Because if it's simply a matter of having higher SMV to the point where it's a clear win for her (1), that's either good looking guy game and/or provider game, and being the last dick standing (3—we'll talk about this next) is more a matter of perseverance than anything else. No, at it's heart, pick up and game are about the story you're telling the girl about you, her, and seduction.
3. **Last dick standing:** basically this—it's late, she's decided she's going to fuck someone that night, and because everyone else got drunk, gave up, or didn't pass shit tests, that someone ends up being you.

Last night, I was the last dick standing.

And, quite proud of that fact.

However, let's start with the pick up:

I was actually trying to hit on another girl—a friend of my friend's wife—but she was oblivious.

Quick point here, and one guys should remember: some girls don't get it. Indeed, some girls are social fucking retards and don't know how to flirt. We forget this because in terms of game, girls are basically born as intermediates and guys have to start from square one, but there are exceptions, and social conditioning, for some girls, makes them stupid when it comes to how to interact sexually with guys. Not going to go on an angry red pill rant about how women today are too masculine (which is true), because we'd do well to remember, that just as men in our culture didn't choose to get blue pill, women didn't either.

Regardless, the only option for the player when a girl is being unreceptive or oblivious... NEXT. It's either a new target or dread game.

That's when I spy a cute little gal with long, curly brown hair and green eyes erecting a pyramid of empty beer glasses nearby, so I sidle over and open: "your father always wanted you to be an architect, huh? He'd be so proud right now."

In night game, you have to remember: every guy who's had three beers thinks he's a PUA, so unlike day game, it's best NOT to go super direct. Better to open with a tease, observation, or question, with the SOI (statement of intent—man to woman) coming later.

Part of this is that the intent in night game is somewhat implied. You're at a bar/club/event—she's at a bar/club/event. You're handsome. She's pretty. This is how men and women meet, right?

Anyway, she replies: "I just want to beat those guys over there."

"Well I don't think you have the permits to build this structure here, little miss. I'm going to need to see some paperwork."

This is where she actually turns and gives me the eyes, and I can tell she hooked, because her reply was submissive.

"I'm sorry I left the paperwork at home. How about I buy you a beer and we'll call it good."

"Deal."

From there it's pretty much on. Obviously off to a good start when the girl is offering to buy drinks. We get our beers and chat a bit more, just playful, fun, light, teasing, and I'm careful to drop in the FTC (false time constraint) that my friends are going to go to a different spot soon and since they're my ride I have to go with. Number close.

However, at basically the same time, her friends want to go to another bar, and she's like, "come with," and my friends are wanting to go to a different bar. I've already number closed and there are other opportunities, so I choose to risk losing her by being non-clingy. "Sorry, I'm going to go with my friends. You should come." Basically, trying to pull her back into my frame.

So we go our separate ways...

And then less than an hour later, she shows up at the bar I told her to come to with her friends. I immediately take her outside and we start making out.

It's difficult at times, but one of the most powerful things you can do with a girl is give her space, leave, be non-compliant, DGAF, and non-needy. Hard cause you feel like you might be giving up on an opportunity, but if I follow her to the bar like a clingy puppy dog, I'm blown out. Forcing her to pursue

gets me closer to the result I want, which is me in her bed.

Back to the story: we're at the bar, hanging out with her and my friends, when I have to make a leap of faith. My friends are leaving. When they leave, I have no ride home. There's only one way to play this: I have to go home, sorry—unless...

And the unless is: unless you are going to take me home, I'm out.

But again, Boise is compliant and into it—"you can come home with me," she says.

I test her: "You promise you're not an axe murderer?"

She laughs, squeezes my thigh, kisses my cheek, and whispers: "I hope you're going to fuck me hard."

Game over, right?

Wrong. Because over the next several hours, I endured shit tests, ASD, LMR, and nearly every other logistical problem possible.

1. As it turned out, she had no car, so we had to take a bus back to her place, because Lyft and Uber were swamped.
2. Several times she accused me of being "weird" for no real good reason other than a pure shit test to rattle me. Antidote: I kissed her the first time, started flirting with another girl the next time, pulled her outside and put my hands up her shirt the third time.
3. "I'm not going to sleep with you." She said this at least a dozen times—a bit drunk of course—but still, ridiculous. Best way to pass this shit test is to just ignore. Either that or don't acknowledge, or better yet, A & A (agree and amplify), "I know. You're a good girl."
4. And then she tried to disqualify herself a number of ways (LMR), but I slid through everything.

And, low and behold, in the end, we fucked and it was fantastic. She's a law student (a little talk about that in the community lately) who loved getting fucked hard. Choked her, spanked her, and pounded. She came three times before I face fucked her—[for you Rivelino](#)—and came on her chest.

Funny, cause in the morning it was all very friendly and innocent. She offered to drive me back to my friends where my car was parked, we had a very fun, flirty conversation, and then that was that. Honestly, doubt if I'll ever see her again, although I liked her and I'm not opposed. But it could be more of a thotprtunity, than a plate to spin.

In other news...

A Tinder date flaked on Tuesday (why I was live tweeting like a bandit). I banged a chick on Wednesday—we'll call her Booty Girl—cause the next day she sent me a short video of her shaking her ass. Almost tempted to post it, but I don't want to DOXX myself.

Tomorrow I could go see Cam Girl and she's been sending me nudes again, but I'm not sure I want to make the drive.

In any case, it shows that when it rains it pours. IF I do go see Cam Girl tomorrow, I'll have fucked four different girls in the span of a week (Sunglasses is a champ)—and there were many weeks this summer when I fucked zero girls.

September +2, and we're only halfway through the month.

There has never been a better time to be a player.

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