

# A whirlwind week in game-managing the vortex.

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It's been awhile since I last posted and for that I apologize. I guess this is what happens when work and women collide.

## Sunday sex with Kitty

So last week began with a crazy Sunday night where I was up all night banging a chick I gamed last fall. She came back on the radar recently and I'm not one to pass on easy sex if it's handed to me.

Here's the sex description ([for you Red Coco](#)):

One of my key moves in escalation is to simply pick the girl up and take her into the bedroom. Is this caveman-like and pretty basic? Sure, but it turns girls on big time and if they allow this to happen you're 100% taking the dominant role and she's giving you compliance.

So I pick...hmmm, let's call her Kitty (she has two cats)—I pick Kitty up, take her down stairs and throw her on the bed.

Next I lay on top of her and we start kissing. I put her hand on my cock over my jeans and she moans—always a solid move. At this point I start taking off her clothes, kissing her nipples and biting when the shirt and bra come off, and as soon as I get her pants and panties off I go down on her.

Kitty is pretty small: 5'2" and no more than 110 pounds. A solid 7—she's almost too skinny and she's a bit older (35?), but like me, non-monogamous so she doesn't care about the wall or trying to lock anyone down.

Most girls seem to like it when I dive right in when I go down on them, because a lot are self-conscious and if you're enthusiastic it puts them at ease. Kitty, in all her years of wisdom, tells me to slow down, talks about what she likes and doesn't like—some guys might not like this, but I appreciate it. If a chick knows what she wants I'd rather her communicate that instead of trying to guess or figure it out on my own. Maybe I'll get some more caveman points for that.

Anyway, I'm flicking my tongue on her clit slowly back and forth, and I get into a rhythm where I slowly accelerate and increase pressure and intensity as I go and she's getting super turned on, then climaxes, and then I just tell her: now I'm going to put my cock inside you.

We start with her laying face down and me on top of her, but it soon leads to her on top, and then me from behind. She has a very nice vagina—tight and wet—although I lasted a pretty long time so we eventually had to get some lube. Finally I just pin her down on the bed and fuck her until I come. I thought about pulling out and shooting it on her, but I wanted her to feel the my dick inside her when I came so that's how I rolled.

She's coming over tonight, so potentially a solid plate.

## A one-off pick up from bar game—Trouble

Monday I'm pretty much worthless because I was up all night, but I had a deadline I had to meet by Tuesday and some other shit to do, so I focused for those two days on working.

Wednesday I was finally able to finish my shit for the week, so I went to grab a drink with a buddy after work. There's a tap house with good beers and sometimes pretty girls in attendance—Wednesday happened to be one of those days.

The pick-up wasn't anything crazy. She came to the bar to order a drink, and I overhear she's ordering a cider, so I flip her shit for that. She's like, "who the fuck are you?"

I reply: "I'm Mac. They pay me to sit here and make fun of girls who order cider." Agree and amplify as always, with a nice cocky smirk. "What's your name?"

We'll call her Trouble (HB 7), because I think she's going to be... more on that later.

Anyway, we continue chatting and then she says she has to get going after this drink. As she's getting ready to leave, I say: "hey, let's get a drink sometime, but on purpose—what's your phone number?" And number close.

Later that night [I message Socks](#) and she says she's down to hang out, so I've got a date Thursday.

## Back in the game

Thursday, however, I decide I'm going to go out to run some goddamn day game, because it's been forever. Before I even go out, I decide I want to go true beast mode and get 30 sets since I've been so bad about it lately.

Where I live that's tough. Yes, there are girls downtown and that's usually where I game, but the volume isn't super high, so you can definitely have 10-15 minutes go by where you don't see any girls to approach.

What I decide to do to remedy this is hit every high volume spot in the city. I hit 4 good shopping streets, walked the downtown area, went to 7 grocery stores and one suburban mall all told. It was pretty fucking nuts and it took me all day... but I did get to 30 sets.

BTW, I do NOT recommend doing that many in a day. Much more manageable to do 10, 2-3x a week than 30 in a day.

### Stats:

Opens: 31

Numbers: 8

Snapchat: 2

Blowouts: 6

Vibe: 18

BF: 7

Eject: 3

*(Normally with 30 sets you'd have at least one instant date, but I purposefully avoided that—there were two girls I probably could have done this with, but I didn't see a SDL happening. Maybe that's a mistake, but I just want to point out to newbies that you should be going on some instant dates with girls if you're gaming enough and [trying for SDLs](#).)*

Honestly, I'm not going to get too much into the details, partially because I can't remember every last thing—30 is a ton—but also because I don't know how much good it does. I can certainly tell a story about approaching and the conversations we had, but you have to do this stuff in order for it to matter. I suppose if you have specific questions, post a comment with them and I'll do my best to answer.

But if you listen to [Torero's podcasts](#) or [read Nash](#) or [follow Krauser](#), you know that they're constantly talking about getting out and actually talking to girls, and I can see why. Because no amount of keyboard pick-up artistry can substitute for in-field experience.

Every set is a bit different from beginning to end—the approach, the stack, the vibe, and the close. And

ultimately, I'm only just now at about 200ish proper day game sets. So what I'd say to guys is watch the [youtube videos](#) on the basics of day game and then go out and talk to girls.

A few pointers for new guys:

1. Open directly if you can. Indirect opening works and is less intimidating, but the close ratio drops and you lose the edge of the sexual tension that comes with being direct. I think this is a big reason I didn't have better responses from the [numbers I collected in my recent quarter of game](#).
2. Don't weasel on opening. Just go talk to her. Why?
3. Because blowouts aren't that bad. The worst I've had happen so far is that the girl never makes eye contact and just keeps walking. No one has yelled at me or gotten overly pissed off or slapped me. And...
4. You'll regret the girls you don't talk to far more than the rejections of girls who are rude or don't give their number.
5. Calibrate after each set. Keep statistics. Stay positive. Remember that this is a skill and like anything it takes time, but if you keep it up, learn from your mistakes, etc. you WILL get better.

## Thursday night with Socks

So Socks and I go on what I shall heretofore call the High School date: we went on a walk and got some ice cream (if you want to stay fit, you should only be doing this with a girl—sugar is the devil). I have to say, this is an extremely effective date model AFTER you've had sex with a girl. Before, it sends boyfriend signals—but if you've banged, the precedent is already set, and it's cheap, active, and girls think it's cute.

After ice cream she comes back to watch a movie and not 20 minutes in we're making out on the couch. We kind of tease back and forth—token LMR, I roll off, we make out, and repeat sort of thing, but the whole time we both know we're going to fuck.

We've had sex now a few times, but every time it's been in my bed, so this time I want to do something different. I get her mostly naked—and btw, she's the hottest, youngest girl I'm with right now... her body is damn near close to perfect, a 23-year-old HB 8—and then pick her up, but instead of taking her into the bedroom I put her on my dinner table with is high, right about at the level of my cock if I'm standing up.

You guys know what happens next: I put her on the table, kind of roughly lie her on her back, and then take off her panties and we start fucking. The surprise of it has her moaning and shaking, and she's so hot and the sex is so good I just keep going, accelerating until I come inside her.

She stays the night and we fuck again in the morning. Not sure about you guys, but I like morning sex—the thing is that it is usually more slow and intimate. Something about pounding her or choking or any of that other stuff seems incongruent after waking up.

## Reflections on a high school reunion

Two weeks ago I went to a high school reunion and Red Pill truths were confirmed in conversations I had with former classmates.

The first is that most of today's women—and especially American girls—aren't able to do marriage. I spent quite awhile talking to one of the hottest girls at the event, and even though she said that: A) she was still attracted to her husband, B) the sex was good, and C) he was a good dad, she was D) jealous of her friends who were getting divorced, and E) had fantasies about fucking other guys (she was talking to me, so I'm definitely making a move at some point—kind of hilarious too that she kept saying stuff like, “I bet you get all the girls” which just goes to show that when girls think you're fucking other girls, it's a huge

turn-on).

Let's return to D) she's *jealous* of her friends who are getting divorced... how fucked up is that? Like, as a parent and someone who's been married I get it—marriage is hard and so are kids—but getting divorced should never seem desirable unless something is terribly wrong. And by all accounts, everything was fine aside from the fact she's basically bored and wants more freedom.

And this is why [American women are fundamentally broken](#): they've been told their whole lives they don't have to sacrifice anything, and if she's even somewhat good looking, she's never had to struggle. Moreover, they lack femininity.

*"You can have your career AND kids—when you want them. The perfect alpha Chad will be there for you."*

*"You can fuck tons of guys and take men for granted in your 20's and still find a guy who will marry you later on, because you'll be as beautiful when you're 40 as you were when you were 25, if not more so."*

*"If you want to cheat or aren't happy with your sex life, it's your husband's fault. [It's not because you make no effort and only fuck him on his birthday and maybe not even on father's day.](#)"*

*"Any struggle or unfairness you encounter in life is the fault of the patriarchy. It's not your fault—it's because men are pigs who are trying to control you."*

*"Lean in, be dominant, seek power, get money, take charge, wear the pants, make all the decisions, the woman is always right, etc..."*

And the worst of all: *"happy wife, happy life."*

These are the messages American women have grown up with, whether explicit or implicit, and it's fucked them up for three basic reasons:

1. American women are hyper-masculine, which is gross and leads to a fucked up dynamic in relationships.
2. They've been told repeatedly that anything bad that happens to them or any struggles they have are NOT their fault—someone else is to blame.
3. None of the the above statements are true, nor do they lead to building character, personal development, or perseverance.

At first it seems odd that when you look at dating advice, 95% of it is targeted at men, and where there exists a pretty robust industry of dating coaches, PUAs, bloggers, and books written to help men learn game and get women, nothing even close exists for females. But if you think about it more it's not really so surprising.

The first reason is obvious: any women who's reasonably attractive will have guys who are actively pursuing her and trying to make things happen when it comes to sex, especially when she's in her late teens and 20's, so there's no need to take an active role in dating/relationships.

The second reason is that changing their approach in terms of dating and/or relationships would mean women have to admit some level of fault and take responsibility for their situation, which is something they've been told they never have to do—it's always someone else's fault, or at the very least, *not hers*.

And honestly, while coming to that realization made me mad at first, now I pity American women—they've been fed lies their entire lives that were meant to empower them, and what many are going to find out too late is that you can't have it all, being masculine is NOT attractive to men—especially high quality men—and blaming other people for your problems is a toxic behavior.

Otherwise, the reunion was pretty much what you might expect: a bunch of drunk people who made a

good effort to be cheery and friendly, but most were overweight, clearly bored with their marriage, and not up to anything particularly interesting. We've succeeded in replicating, but not much more.

## **Making out with a lesbian**

I also recently made out with a lesbian. To be honest I'm not sure if I'll call her (she did give me her number), because she her style is somewhat androgynous and that is not sexy, which is unfortunate, because if she dressed like a feminine girl, she is beautiful and has a great body.

I guess I did it just to see if I could—to see if I could game a girl that likes other women exclusively. The answer is yes.

And I'm sure you guys will be shocked to know this, but the game is the game—I did the same things with her I'd do with any other girl. Teasing, breaking rapport, challenging her, qualifying, taking the frame, and being dominant. This combined with other aspects of alpha behavior, like having fun, being the life or the party, DGAF attitude, pre-selection, etc.

Three thoughts on this:

1. I don't think women are lesbians in the same way dudes are gay. It seems to me that it's almost a fluid thing, and at the end of the day, you can't decide your biology. For most chicks—even those who claim to be lesbians—part of you is always going to be attracted to men because #evolution.
2. One reason I think women get attracted to other women is that chicks have game and are a challenge—they just get it in a way guys don't, unless we're taught and/or learn it. And in today's society, guys are basically taught anti-game: be supplicating, nice, hide your dick, give her the frame, and always defer—let her make the decisions. Is it really any wonder women treat men like they're disposable? It's because most of the time, they are. This is a topic for a longer post at some point.
3. I may have lost two friends who were with me at the time I did this. They are classic white knight types who want to deny that game exists, but then get super pissed when they see that it does. But for them it's WRONG for me to pursue women or use game. A little sad, because they were good friends, but at the same time, I'm super annoyed at the male sex shaming they engage in.

## **Trouble comes over**

Trouble, the girl I number closed Wednesday, came over for drinks and a movie—long story short, first date lay. [Pretty much followed RedQuest's advice here](#): had drinks, watched for about an hour, then tried to fuck her.

There was a little token LMR, but then 5 minutes later she's telling me about her bikini wax, grabs my hand and puts it down her jeans.

The sex after that happened pretty fast. We went in the bedroom, clothes were off within about 5 minutes, and not long after that we were banging.

Started off slow in missionary as she was pretty tight and needed to warm up, but once I sensed she was comfortable, I pounded the shit out of her which she loved. Turns out she's one of those girls who can have multiple orgasms pretty easily through vaginal sex.

I got off and told her to turn over, then started fucking her hard from behind. I smacked her ass quite a bit and reached around and rubbed her clit and she came again. Then I told her to get on top of me—nice big beautiful tits in my face.

I finally came when I put her face down on the bed with her legs together—I really like that position

because it makes girls tighter, and most of them are pretty stoked about it as well. She came as I came and then we passed the fuck out.

The reason she's trouble—and I had a premonition she would be—is she already wants to hang out again. My guess is she's going to push pretty hard and fast for a monogamous relationship, I'm going to have to say no, and she's going to get pissed.

But unfortunately, that's the way it goes. I'm not sure if it's worth explaining this to girls or not, but there's no way I'm getting married again—certainly not anytime soon—and it's because I don't think society has produced women who can do it very well. Sure, there are some who can, but as many red pill guys have pointed out time and again, modern marriage is a terrible contract for men, especially considering that we know today's women are prone to get bored and cheat in LTR's. At best, marriage is a huge gamble where the payout is marginal and the buy-in is enormous.

And if I'm not getting married, I don't see the utility of a monogamous LTR. Like, what's the point? Yes, there's some level of comfort and stability, but if you're doing so under the false pretense that you're in love with this person and it's going somewhere, that seems pretty shitty... because while sexual strategy is amoral, what's the better strategy: getting tied down to one chick for six months to a year or keeping your options open and spinning plates?

The latter for sure.

Anyway, it's been a wild time lately fellas. More to come...

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