

# Field Report: girl approaches me at a bar, next day lay.

RedPillDad | 14 April, 2019 | by RP McMurphy

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Wednesday I was sitting at a bar with my editor having a beer and catching him up on the pdf for my new book when a girl sidles up next to me asking for a straw.

She was cute, but not hot—probably a 7. I had seen her earlier and intended to approach, but to her credit, she came to me. She made a point of brushing against me and I open with a tease, like, “hey watch it, you’re going to hurt someone with those guns.”

She smiles and replies and we start to vibe—since she approached me I immediately start making her qualify because she’s obviously already interested. She mentions she’s only in town for only a few days and lives in Maryland—she’s here visiting a friend. My editor’s no dummy so he plays it cool and he has to go soon anyway, so I tell her I’ll come sit down with her and her friends after he leaves.

When he does I head over and sit down with them and it’s pretty straightforward: the one thing that’s important when interacting in a group is to be friendly to everyone, joke around, show them that you’re a cool guy—because if they’re on your side it’s basically a lock.

After I finish my beer, I get up and say I have to leave, but ask for her number and suggest we hang out the next day. Key protocol that I always follow now when number closing is to send the girl a quick, “hey nice meeting you X,” right text in front of her as soon as I get the number. What you’re hoping here is that she likes you enough to save your name and number in her phone, and that’s the best time because in that moment, she’s hot on you emotionally—that’s going to dissipate over time, so best to capitalize.

Normally I wait 48ish hours after that to follow up after the number close, but in this case I have to move faster as she’s only in town a few days. We end up texting later that night (btw, that same night I end up getting two more numbers from other girls—[always be on, always be opening](#)) and agree to meet at a wine bar near my place the next day.

Quick disclaimer: the game I’m employing is not my invention. I’m simply executing the play book that guys like [Torero](#), [Strauss](#), [Nash](#), [Todd V](#), [RSD Max](#) and reading TRP etc. have laid out—specifically I think stuff from [GLO](#), [Vasiliy](#) and [HumanSockPuppet](#). A lot of the body language and inner game and eye contact comes from [Karisma King](#).

OK, so anyway, Thursday we meet up at the wine bar.

As with most dates, it’s important to initiate kino, tease, and break rapport. I kiss her after about an hour in the middle of doing the cube routine—call it corny, but it’s something [Strauss talks about in The Game](#) and chicks fucking love that shit, so if there’s a break in the conversation I’ll tend to roll with that.

Also, the whole time I’m looking at her and making strong eye contact thinking about how badly I want to fuck her from behind while grabbing those big titties. This is probably as important as anything you say to a girl. Remember, they want to be desired—she LOVES the fact you want to fuck her, whether she ends up fucking you or not.

Actually, I want to stop and make another point here as well: the reason it’s so important to read and work on your intelligence (other than the obvious fact that it will help you in your life) for the purposes of game is that it’s critical when interacting with chicks. Mostly you want her to be talking about her and what she does, but there are times when you need to tell stories and be entertaining for the date to go well, and reading plus being a smart dude helps when it comes to this.

So everything is going well at this point and we get done with our drinks and the appetizers, so I go for the pull and say let’s grab another drink at my place. Here’s her first major stand of ASD (anti-slut

defense), when she's like: who do you think I am, I just met you, blah, blah, blah. To which I reply: I'm a good Christian boy—stop assuming I want to have sex with you (thank you Tom Torero). Then more seriously, I'm like “look, you can come over, we'll have a drink, then you can call your Uber and go home. No big deal.”

She's still not wanting to, so I say, “lets go for a walk.” The place I took her to is right near the river, so it's a beautiful venue in the first place and has an awesome path where you can walk along the water—perfect for a makeout. We walk along a bit and then I stop her and we start making out.

Since she balked at going to mine at this point, the game plan switches and I ask if she wants to get a drink at another bar (nearer to my place) and play some pool—she agrees. At this bar it's just on and we're making out as much as playing pool. After a second drink she agrees to come back to my apartment (couched with, “just a quick drink and then you can head home—I have to get up early anyway”).

The next thing that happens is kind of hilarious, only because it's happened so many times with girls I've banged, because right as she enters the apartment, she declares, “we're not having sex.” Classic ASD—and I say it's hilarious because I've fucked every girl who's said that upon entering my apartment (5 now, I think? Not every girl says it—they're all there to get banged, but some like to make a stink about it).

To pass this shit test you either just ignore or disqualify (this is an example of agree and amplify, combined with a neg), “I didn't think we were going—I have to make sure you're normal first.”

Remember, it's not what she says, it's what she does, so just DGAF when she says that and it's fine. She's there to fuck if you don't screw it up.

Once there it's pretty straightforward: I pour some whiskey, we sit on the couch, and start making out. At first she's a little hesitant, doesn't want to kiss open mouth, so I put my hand on her ass and then move one to lightly cup her breast and that does the trick, suddenly she's moaning and going nuts—then I bounce her to the bedroom for the lay. Must've done something right too because she delayed her flight back to Maryland to see me again before she leaves.

Lessons learned:

- If you're persistent, confident, and solid in your game, you've got a good shot at getting laid on a first date.
- Girls are horny. Everyone knew we were going to fuck: her, me, and her friends. It was just my job not to fuck it up.
- The pattern of getting a number is pretty formulaic. Open, stack, vibe, close—[the London Model](#).
- The pattern of a date is pretty formulaic. Venue #1—try to pull. If not, bounce to venue #2—pull. If not, venue # 3. If not [Royal Flush](#) or second date.

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