

What Happens When Women Date Women

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[Xbtusd](#) is back, with a fresh report on what women who date women can teach us.

I have a bunch of friends who are lesbians—like, real lesbians, not the ones you see on Pornhub. It's fascinating to hear about their sex lives and how they navigate the sexual landscape. However, things get really interesting when bisexual women date, or attempt to date, other bisexual women.

If you've been around RQ for a while, you know [the importance of escalation](#): it's the man's responsibility to approach the woman, ask her out, set up the date, and move things to sex (not necessarily all [within the same hour](#)). Women typically want to be the object of desire, and women have what's become known as “reflexive desire” (being desired turns women on, at least if the guy is hot). Men typically have spontaneous desire: we see a hot chick and we want to fuck. Women's desire is [more complicated](#) and is often a function of being turned on when someone else desires them.[1]

I'm personally of the belief that the vast majority of people don't care about other people (in any meaningful sense) and won't think about other people's perspectives unless it directly impacts getting what they want. We care about the people and things we need to care about, and that is a small number of people and things. Any other design of a species would make a creature that wastes tons of energy unnecessarily and [natural selection](#) would wipe them out. As a result, I'm consistently amazed, but not surprised, when my close [female friends](#) tell me about their dating lives. They're completely unable to think about things from the other side's perspective. Game for women functionally doesn't exist because it doesn't NEED to exist.

Women get so many matches via [online dating](#) (OLD) that they don't spend time making their profiles better because from their perspective, profile improvements make their lives *WORSE*, not *BETTER*. Their problem is *too* many men and how to filter for the highest status men to mate with, not “I need to attract as many men as possible.” Women want quality, not quantity. Women therefore don't think about how to convince guys to have sex with them, or about why men do just about anything, because women don't HAVE to. Women take for granted that in their sex lives, if they're having sex with men, men will do all the hard stuff: including but not limited to risking rejection, pursuing, setting up the date, worrying about logistics, getting them wet, being assertive but not TOO assertive, adding the right amount of comfort but making sure to add some variety and dominance...all the things we bang the drum about around here. For most men, seduction skills are learned. For most women, they merely choose who to say “yes” to—or, perhaps a better way to think about it: who it “just happens” with.

I have a best female friend, “Amber,” who I've known for 20 years, who I dated long long ago, and who is currently married to a man. A few years ago, Amber decided she wanted to date women and the results have been predictably hilarious. She went on 10+ first dates without ever kissing a woman (she has had sex with women in the past, but always while intoxicated and/or in multi partner situations with a man there, sometimes myself). When I asked her why she never kissed any of the women on her dates, she'd always launch into some long roundabout story about “the moment not being right” or “the woman being boring” etc, etc. The dates were things that happened TO her, not something she was creating.

When she went out on dates, she often described the resume-exchange date most young men are familiar with, but that smart men learn not to let happen. When a young guy has no idea what the fuck he's doing, he thinks the way to get a woman wet is to seem interested in her and her accomplishments, like he's hiring her or something! So he sits her down and interviews her for two hours (kill yourself, dude). And the guy is told that consent is key, so he makes sure that he doesn't even look her in the eyes for fear of

being creepy and worries that she might be offended when his hand brushes her elbow while he stands in line to get drinks at the bar. "I hope she's having a good time," he thinks! Narrator: She is not. Remember those dates!? I do, sadly. They make me cringe. Now I warn younger guys on how to avoid them.

Hearing Amber describe her dates was like listening to every possible dating fail of dudes writing on the internet about their progress, and lack thereof, in game. And, fair, we all have to start somewhere. But the big difference is that Amber didn't see this as a problem. She bought into the cultural bullshit more than men do. She is the most feminist woman, making hundreds of thousands of dollars working for a megacorp and yet she still believes dating happens TO her. She wasn't an agent on a mission to fuck some hottie. She was the object of the date and believes chemistry "just happens."

Amber was trying to evaluate how she felt; if she didn't kiss the girl, it wasn't because they were both women too scared to take the risk and get rejected, it was because the "right moment" never came along. This is one of the smartest people I've ever met and she legit would say these things with a straight face. She is brilliant and yet understands nothing. Being one of my good friends, I swallowed the desire to be a dick and tried to ask in the nicest way possible if maybe she was taking on the feminine role, that they both were, that neither of them was willing to take a risk, neither was taking the responsibility to *CREATE* chemistry, and that both wanted to kiss each other but both were too scared. What happens when two women used to men doing everything for them go out on a date...nothing! How long does it take two women to screw in a lightbulb? We'll never know. In the experiments, they all died from starvation waiting for a man to do it.

Unsurprisingly, Amber had her first kiss not long after our conversation where I taught her my tips on how to kiss a girl for the first time after she finally admitted she *was* scared to get rejected. She would be horrified to know she was using material from misogynist places like theredquest.wordpress.com and redpilldad.blog to fuck chicks, but I believe in equal opportunity for anyone who wants to fuck chicks.

Amber took a break from the rigors of dating chicks, and then started the OLD apps up again recently, and I've continued to be her game mentor. She's close to my age and was feeling unsure about a girl about ten years her junior she matched with. I reminded Amber that in only a few short years she'd age out of the ability to still be hot enough to fuck girls in the mid-twenties and to enjoy it while she could!

Amber and the other girl went out on a few dates, but Amber is married, so she didn't feel she could bring the chick back to her place. Amber went to this girl's place to hook up but, being a mid-twenty something in an expensive city, this chick had roommates and the place was a huge turn off. Sex was not had. So, like a degenerative female Neil Strauss, Amber and I game planned logistics. She's super rich so I said, "Why not just get a dope hotel and fuck this chicks brains out?" Amber thought that was too weird for a first time and I agreed. Don't want to appear like you care too much. The husband is a good friend of mine so I asked why he wouldn't let her bring the chick back to their place and she told me she had just assumed it would be a boundary and I was like, "I would bet a lot of money that not only would it not be a boundary for him but that as long as he could hide some cameras and jerk off to the footage later he'd be thrilled" (that's a joke, in case it's not clear). Amber asked and unsurprisingly he was thrilled and decided to pamper himself and get himself a dope hotel while his wife fucked some hot twenty-something girl in his bed. Everybody wins. I [win and help win](#).

Surprisingly/unsurprisingly, Amber recently reported to me that she didn't think she was going to see the girl anymore. When I inquired why, she said that "I think we're just not that into each other." For additional context, they've been dating maybe two months, have seen each other maybe 6-8 times, have had sex once, and have hung out numerous times in these weird pseudo dates where Amber brought a friend with her to events this girl invited her to. I think anyone on this site would say that after you fucked a chick once, every time you see her, you would make sure your logistics were airtight to make sure you

got laid each successive time you saw a girl. Why do all the hard work of banging a chick, then going out on more hangs but not getting your D wet? And yet Amber didn't seem to care either way. She said that the last time we hooked up "we didn't even take our clothes off".

When I was recounting the story to RQ ([RPD](#) has been too up his own ass lately to even listen to my stories), I noted the repeated use of the pronoun "we." Now, Gen-Z is obsessed with pronouns, but in this case I think the word choice is revealing. In Amber's stories, she is always describing collective action. A date is a magical experience where two people come together and things "just happen." There's a "we" that somehow exists, and "we" are no longer two I's trying to make things happen. Amber didn't say, "the last time I hooked up with this chick I didn't take my clothes off, or hers." Can you imagine hooking up with a chick who wanted to fuck you and not at least trying to take her clothes off? For Amber, there was no "I"—it was "we", and "we didn't take our clothes off." The word choice illustrates how she experiences sexual reality. She's just going with the flow and clothes magically fall off, or they don't, but she has very little ability to affect, or effect, the outcome.

This is definitively NOT how my lesbian friends describe sex, because with lesbians, it's much more clear who is going to play which role. The reality is it doesn't matter which sex plays the masculine or feminine role, just that someone has to take the masculine role, otherwise you sit there staring at each other wondering why "we" aren't fucking (a mistake RQ made in high school, when he was stupid, or stupider, anyway). My point is, so often, media, culture etc. will tell you that women have clear ideas of what they want and don't want, and they make those things happen.

In reality, most women are experiencing the feminine script where they desperately want a well-calibrated man to take charge and create chemistry, learn game, and make sure "we take our clothes off." To be clear, I'm genuinely not saying one is not better than the other, but they're different, and each has its place. Act accordingly.

[1] Men tend to be proactive, women reactive: I will let you draw conclusions about how this might apply to startups, sales, and other ventures.



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