

# **CAPTAIN JACK'S GRANDE ADVENTURES**

**HOW TO BE YOUR OWN PICK-UP GURU: PART 2**

**2006 A. D.**

**UPDATES AND THE ORIGINAL (VOLUME 1) CAN  
BE FOUND AT:**

**[HTTP://WWW.BETHESEDUCER.COM](http://www.betheseducer.com)**

## **What other Pick Up Artists are saying about Captain Jack...**

“Captain Jack's ability to engineer same night pulls is actually a little frightening.” – Future ( <http://immaculate-seduction.blogspot.com> )

“CaptainJack is the best PUA Who isn't a guru. And better than every instructor I've ever seen from RSD, Juggler, PU101 etc.” – Sinn ( <http://captainjackpua.blogspot.com> )

Watching Captain Jack work is incredible. He's just this really laid back, normal guy, and then he talks to a girl, and then he's making out with her, and then they're heading off to his place, arm in arm. And then you think to yourself "how the hell did he just do that!?" – Tenmagnet

### **"All But Captain Jack..." taken from an El Topo Field Report.**

So Bar XXXXX it is.  
We head on over and it looks good right away.

Man! HB Crazy! Totally packed! There were more HBs than people at the three Bars we were at before.

I walk around and see Kino Master. Then I see Captain Jack.

Tribulus sees a bunch of other people that I don't know. And like most all the other guys they are standing in a corner.

All but Captain Jack.

What a motherfucker man (I say this in the Miles Davis phrasing of 'motherfucker').

He is fucking good. He was an instructor at my Boot Camp in Scottsdale and pulled twice when he was there.

So anyway I open a few sets, I stay in, but I am not working good game. I definitely get in, but no isolation, no big kino.

Then I see a model I recognize from my friend's work. I hit her up.

She opens right up. Heavy kino. She number closes me and tells me to look her up and myspace. Then she disappears into the sea of HBs and AMOGS.

I am weak tonight.

Great number close, bla bla bla... but I should have isolated.

I go back to the five or six PUA wallflowers.

I talk to Kino Master for a minute.

Kino Master is good to talk to because he actually has applicable things to say PUA-wise.

I go and reopen the first set I open. This time I go straight for the target.

I ask her if she is Persian. She says, 'No, El Salvadorian, but I get that a lot.'

I say, 'that's great, I speak more Spanish than Farsi.'  
Fucking lame.

She talks to me a bit, and I again don't try and isolate, so I eject.

I go back to the PUA wallflowers, to see if they've grown any. Of course Captain Jack has been in set this whole time.

Then a fight breaks out right at closing time.

Tribulus is not around so I follow the other PUAs. We stand in a corner waiting for Captain Jack.

It feels great hanging out against a wall with a bunch of guys acting cool. Let me tell you.

Captain Jack comes up and AMOGs me and then like a fucking pro opens an HB9. She looked like a taller twin of one of the HB I got it on with at Boot Camp.

I have got to tell you, I really don't get it. I watched the whole thing.

CJ Saw the target at the bar, walked up next to her.

Looked her way slightly, looked away and opened.

I have no idea what he said, but she opened right away.

Kino right away.

He says something else and has her locked in. Her BF come over and summons her. She acknowledges him and then turns back to CJ.

More kino, more kino and then the BF pulls her away phisically.

The club kicks us out. Captain Jack is still inside. All the PUAs and I wait for him. No one including myself open anything, and there is still stuff around us.

After about 15mins CJ comes out with a girl. Tribulus finds me and says for us to go. I leave the other PUA wallflowers as the watch CJ in the midst.

On the way back Tribulus tells me not to fall into the trap of becoming a wallflower. He's right, it is one thing to watch someone who's really good, but it is another to follow him around and take notes that will never see the light of day.

We talk about how good Captain Jack is. Tribulus says, 'He's doing the same stuff that we do, he just does it right.' But man, it doesn't look like it.

I now realize that my minuscule success of number closes and day twos are nothing. Yeah, I can open a set, get attraction, get comfort, but I got a long way to go.

I have a new goal.

I have got to get as good as Captain Jack. I have got to work at this thing.

From Fidelio ( <http://firesidewithfidelio.blogspot.com> )

When we first got to Carson's I met Captain Jack and he didn't waste any time dragging my ass out of the VIP area to do approaches. As this was my very first outing I was nervous as hell, but he started pointing out sets to appraoach and even fed me lines when I would lock the hell up (Dude's a laid back motherfucker).

## A PIRATE LOOKS BACK ON 2006

Dear PUA,

Even though we've never met I know a few things about you...

I know you aren't satisfied with the area of your life called, "Sexual Relationships."

I also know you're a man of action, and you've decided to do something about it.

Which brings you to guys like me.

I first took the Mystery Method Bootcamp in November 2004 in Las Vegas with Mystery and Savoy.

At that point it wasn't much of a company. It was nothing like the thriving company Savoy has managed to build in the last 2+ years.

There was a shoddy website and two guys...

But, who cared? All of the guys (5 of us) were hungry. We wanted to know the secret formulas.

We wanted the Magic!

And, we got it! But, it didn't come without a lot of hard work. The bootcamp was just the beginning. I worked on myself like a madman! I studied every major system out there. I posted for feedback. I posted for ideas.

I reconstructed my Game Plan from the Ground Up nearly every 3-4 months.

I created "Sticking Point Analysis" to help me bust through my sticking points. (It's modeled after Eliyah Goldratt's System described in his book, "The Goal.")

Now, a little over 2 years later I am better than I ever imagined I would be...

In the period from February 2006 and February 2007 I racked up 29 new lays - all from cold approaches.

No social circle.

No online dating.

Pure cold approach in bar/club environments.

But, that's not the entire story. See, I have two daughters. As of March 2007 they are 7 years and 5 years old. I get them 2 weekends out of every month and EVERY Thursday of every week.

So, I did those lays in about HALF the time available to most PU artists.

I'm not bragging. I just want you to have some stats so you can decide how much weight you want to put on my words.

I wanted to make this Second Volume of my Pick-ups one of reflection and instruction. I still may at some point add my thoughts but at this point I am extremely busy building my (non-PU) related company.

I currently travel with Sinn helping him as an Approach Coach for Mystery Method, Inc. I do that free of charge (although he pays for hotel, flight and meals).

I do it mainly to help other guys. Those rare men who, rather than whining, have taken action and decided to do something about their circumstances.

I hope you get something by reading my work.

~ Captain Jack ~

<http://captainjackpua.blogspot.com>

P.S. You can get the first edition at

<http://www.betheseducer.com>

## LR: DRUNK REDNECKS FEBRUARY 2006

Drunk rednecks. A hot bartendress. Karaoke night. And more drunk rednecks.

I didn't have any intention of gaming last night...I was just out to grab a bite to eat.

I had just finished reading about half of Tucker Max's book "I hope they serve beer in hell" and laughing so hard my stomach muscles hurt.

I think laughing makes you hungry.

As luck would have it the bartendress at restaurant I went to was an 8.5 or 9, tiny blonde with pert breasts. A real blonde as her eyebrows revealed.

HBBartendress: "Would you like a beer?"

CaptainJack: "Slow down! <shaking my head> Let me start off with a diet coke and we'll get to the alcohol later..."

I ordered the food from her and chatted with the male bartender a bit. When she'd try to chime in and just say "Um, yeah" or "Okaaaaay"

I asked her what drink was good and she made me some silly espresso martini drink.

HBBartendress: "Was it good?"

CJ: "Pretty good. 10% chocolate, 90% Butane"

I strung a few more of these wisecracks together to make her giggle and she started opening up.

I ran Strawberry fields on her and she ate it up. My next objective was to run the Godiva Chocolate Pattern on her since she admitted to me her favorite thing in the world is chocolate. But, two dorks came in and JUST HAPPENED to be in town on business from HER little bitty ass home town in Michigan. That sucked because it pulled her attention away from me for a while as they discussed stupid things about their town.

Finally, I managed to get her attention again and for some reason I went Juggler on her ass.

We talk about vacations, trips, future goals and dreams. I make her laugh she looks deeply in my eyes and smiles and we melt into that dreamy Jugglerish rapport state...

...until she says that she LOVES cold weather and hates the beach...I smile for a sec while I think "Are you fucking stupid? You LIKE cold weather? You hate the beach?"

Guys can like cold weather or warm or whatever. But, I can't stand chicks that like cold weather. I don't know why.

I snap to attention and say, "That's horrible. Cold weather sucks"

HB: "what?"

CJ: "Gimme the beach, the sun..."

HB: "I hate the heat, I whine about it...especially humidity."

I can understand not liking humidity...I forgive her...but only because those tits are so nice.

We get into relationship talk and she tells me she has a 10 month old little girl at home from a psycho ex boyfriend. She has a child? That body is so tight I can't imagine how.

I start talking about the Hooka bar to prepare my Time Bridge when those 2 idiots interrupt us.

She leaves for about 15 minutes and comes back in a decidedly different mood. Anyway, I ask for my check and decide to re-initiate my Time Bridge.

HB: "I don't get out much with work and the baby and all...but thanks!"

Something happened in that 15 minutes but I'll never know what, I felt like the TB and # close was imminent. I could've/should've spent a little more time getting her back in state before doing the TB again...but oh well...hindsight is 20/20.

The local bar is just a short walk from the restaurant so I head over. It is pretty friggin' crowded for a cold Sunday night.

I roll in and start marking out Targets.

I open an HB9 at the bar. Instead of using a canned opener I just open my mouth and start speaking.

CJ: "hi!"

HB: "Hi!" <smiling real big>

CJ: "you going to sing?" \*\* Sunday night is Karaoke night \*\*

HB: "nooooooo, they would ask me to leave. I can't sing"

CJ: "Ha ha, so you don't sing in the shower? That's where I get all my singing done."

HB: "ha ha" \*\*\* smiling real big \*\*\*

This is something that KinoMaster and I realized earlier that day. When I use canned shit I can \*usually\* just keep threading along. But, when I open with something unplanned I often don't have that thing in my head that says, "New thread! Now!"

The bartender handed her the drinks and she smiled and said "bye!" as she pranced off. Ah well, if I see her again...

I suddenly feel eyes on me. An HB that was talking to a dude who looked amazingly like one of the Hanson brother singers has turned to look at me. I look back and smile. She smiles.

HB: "Can I feel your scarf?"

CJ: "Tell me a joke first."

HB: <some stupid joke>

CJ: "Well, I guess that'll do..."

She starts rubbing on it. This is a simple peacock item. It's just a fluffy kind of scarf thing sort of like a feather boa (without the feathers).

I also have 2 watches on the same wrist and a black sweat band on the other wrist. I am hat less since I wore the hat sat. night.

She rubs it and I get ready to run some tight game and blow the Hanson Brother out...when I feel ANOTHER set of hands on my scarf.

I look over and see 2 rednecks. One of them is so drunk he is wavering. The other is obviously drunk but still has most of his motor functions working. He is wearing a Mighty Mouse T-Shirt with a cowboy hat and jeans. Mighty Mouse says, "Dude, why are you wearing this?"

AFCDrunk: "Are you gaaaaaaaay?"

MightyMouse: "Yeah, man, that scarf is so gay."

CJ: "Ha ha." Turning away to ignore them and start running game again...when MightyMouse decides it would be a good idea to try and TAKE the scarf off my neck. I grab it just in time.

MightyMouse: "you shouldn't be wearing this gay thing"

CJ: "I'm not about to take fashion tips from a guy wearing a Mighty Mouse t-shirt with a cowboy hat"

Now, I don't condone this but it was highly fun. As I said that I stepped into their space and widened out. I put one hand on my side belt loop and widened my stance. Then, I tilted my head back and looked down at them. They got visibly nervous. One of their other friends noticed me fanning out like a Cobra and noticed them beginning to cower back. He pulled both of them aside and had a heated discussion with them.

During all of this the HB that I was about to take from Hanson had moved to the other side of them. Turns out she was friends with MightyMouse and AFCDrunk. Shortly after the AFCDrunk wobbled off to the bathroom

Not even a minute later, there is a commotion and the bouncers are escorting AFCDrunk out of the place. MightyMouse looks at me and asks if I know where that chick is...I decide to have more fun at MightyMouse's expense.

CJ: "You mean that chick that was all over me?"

MightyMouse: "Yeah, my friend got kicked out and she's my only ride now."

\*\*\* I couldn't help but smile at that \*\*\*

CJ: "Aw dude, she was chatting up those 3 black guys over there." \*\*\* In reality, she stopped briefly to chat with them but stayed no more than 30 seconds \*\*\*

And, this is something else I don't condone but MightyMouse had already pissed me off and revenge can be fun...

Actually, there were only TWO guys over there to begin with not 3 but it allowed me to set this up...

CJ: "Wait? There's only 2 guys there now and she's gone. I'd go check on the other side she's probably hanging out with that black dude."

His face reddened...

MightyMouse: "Fucken niggers!"

After I did it I thought about what a stupid idea it was (even though it was fun). I could've started a fight for no reason. Stupid. I shouldn't have done it and now I regret it (but it was fun) because the black dudes were just out having fun and hitting on girls just like every other guy in the bar. It wasn't right for me to potentially endanger them.

Unfortunately, I only thought about that AFTER I made the comment. I really doubted MightyMouse would do anything but with enough alcohol you never know...

As fate would have it, another HB7+ sauntered up to the bar right next to me.

I executed (flawlessly) my opener for the night...

CJ: "You gonna sing?"

HBHotEyes: \*giggles\* "Oh nooooo, I am too embarrassed."

Blah, blah, blah.

We spend the next 45 minutes talking. Apparently she is waiting for a friend but doesn't have a cell phone to call and see where she is...while talking MightyMouse is noticing that I'm not actually gay and I have more game than him.

This irritates him and he starts chatting every chick who walks by. He gets shot down, repeatedly.

A dude walks by and pukes on this cute Asian girl. She stands up and lets out this shriek as she views what could easily pass for Clam Chowder all over her jeans and the bottom of her shirt.

About a minute later there is another commotion and Hanson and his buddies are tossed out.

A dude walks up and starts chatting us...he buys me and HBHotEyes drinks...then things start to get a little hazy. I spy another chick who is probably an HB7 face with a killer HB9 body. She fingers me over and says, "My friend thinks you are sooooo HOT!"

Her friend looks almost EXACTLY like that red-headed chick on "That 70s show" – for some reason I can't game off of an introduction. So I just kind of fumble around. My HBHotEyes is left ALONE at the bar where I was...

While talking to HBHotRedHead some fat chicks walk by and look seductively at me – then hand me a shot.

It's Jaegermeister and I don't particularly care for it.

HBHotRedHead is kind of boring. I think my social proof has her overpowered or something. I tell HBFriend I'll be back. Right before I go she hands me another shot of Jaegermeister.

I now have 2 shots of Jaeger...one in each hand...I try to give it away but no body wants it.

I decide to down them both. Yuck!

I faintly hear someone in the background "Dewd! Double of Jaeger!!!"

I stroll over to HBHotEyes and MightyMouse is saying something to her. She rolls her eyes and turns back to me and says, "He keeps saying not to go home with you because you're gay."

I pull her to the other side and she asks to borrow my cell.

CJ: "Oh god, you're going to be asking for my wallet next..."

HB: "I'll leave my purse...just let me borrow it."

She says her friend is at so-and-so bar and asks if I want to follow her. Yes, I do. BUT by this point I have had...

- An espresso martini
- 3 beers
- 2 Royal Fucks
- 2 shots of Jaeger
- 3 Starbursts

I tell her that I would but I can't and she looks sad and says "well, atleast let me buy you a shot before I go."

So she grabs my hand and leads me to the other side. Where she buys me a shot of Patron.

She number closes me gives me a sexually nasty hug and leaves.

I go back to HBFriend and she starts dancing sexy on me. I sit there and then get up.

I start talking to her guy friend.

CJ: "Dude, you should just take her home right now."

AFC: "Aw, we're just friends, we live in the same complex"

She takes me onto the dance floor and shoves me onto the stage. And, gives me ANOTHER lap dance.

Her face was plain and her body was SUPER HOT.

When we come back HBHotRedhead pulls her aside and they have an animated convo. They've really only known each other for about an hour or two.

HBHotRedhead gives me a sad look.

When your level of social proof and pre-selection hits a certain point, you don't have to run much game at all.

I bounced her and her friend to a restaurant sorta like Denny's...we ate...called a cab. When we got back to her place she had a cat and started asking me dumb shit like "What do you do for a living" and other bullshit.

This is the funny thing...as we're talking she starts undressing like its no big deal. She talks and in order to hear and respond I follow her. She changes into a shirt and some shorts and walks into the bathroom and pees all the while just talking like this is all normal.

And, her body was MUCH hotter than I imagined it.

We fucked in her bed. I don't like sleeping at someone else's place. It sucks. I feel so weird when I wake up naked and some strange girls cat is looking at me about 6 inches from my face.

It's a good thing I didn't have my car there because it was so weird that I would've gotten in my car and left – probably still a little too drunk to drive.

In the morning we fucked again and she drove me back to my car. I debated on the way to my car if I was going to number close her. I TRULY wanted to fuck her again because she probably has one of the top 3 bodies I've ever seen naked and in person

She talked about the most boring shit on the way to my car.

I don't know her name and didn't number close her.

Another same-night lay. Cool.

-- Captain Jack

## LR: I THINK I'M TURNING JAPANESE FEBRUARY, 2006

KinoMaster and I board the plane to Orlando, FL. We booked our flight late and couldn't find two seats together so we ended up sitting in the middle seat on either side. We mused that this could be good, as it would increase our chances for having an HB on each side.

As our luck would have it, KinoMaster has two guys on either side and I have an HB on my right and a dude on my left.

KinoMaster: "Looks like you're the only one sarging on this flight..."

I look over at the HB and, she's kinda cute. Cool.

I get all situated and get ready to unleash my own special brand of Verbal Incantations on the poor girl sitting next to me. Poor thing, she has unwittingly booked a 2.5 hour flight sitting next to a PUA with mad hypnosis skills.

Did she ever have a chance?

But, there could be a kink in my plans. I look down at her magazine and the words look funny. Really funny. Like a bunch of criss-crossed lines. She flips the page and then I recognize them. I've seen those types of letters before....where...hmmm.....oh yeah...on Japanese cartoons!

I've gotten killer with my openers – they are so normal. They appear so innocuous but they are custom-designed to immediately drop them into the deepest, horniest trance imaginable and dream of ripping my clothes off and sucking me dry...ha...just kidding...they are pretty plain and boring. Maybe even situational.

CaptainJack: "Is that Japanese?"

HBJapan: "Yes. You speak Japanese?"

CJ: "Ha ha...noooooo...but I recognize those letters. I saw them at the end of a cartoon or something..."

HBJapan laughs.

CJ: "That looks like a Cosmo \*\*\*pointing to her magazine\*\*\*, but in Japanese."

HBJapan: "Yeah. It's like that."

CJ: "You flying back to Japan?"

HBJapan: “No. I just got back from San Francisco visiting a friend. They have a Japanese store there so I bought some things.”

Ok, actually I have a pretty damn good memory so even though I could recount nearly verbatim our convo, I’ll just summarize. I used the subject of the magazine to go into my patented Cosmo Routine. I use the routine to open up a sexual frame AND then use one of my kick-ass Verbal Incantations to elicit the Kinesthetics of her Attraction Strategy which I then conveniently anchored to her left fore-arm.

I then used the magazine to do several Future Adventure Projections by having us imagine we were going shopping and then telling her what I’d pick out for her to buy and what I’d pick out for her to buy for me (she didn’t catch that – ha ha).

She started asking me several buying questions as I mercilessly fired off the anchor at every opportunity that made sense...

CJ: “You seem fun to hang out with...” \*\*\* fire anchor \*\*\*

Later...

CJ: “We’d get into so much trouble together....” \*\*\* fire anchor \*\*\*

Later...

CJ: “We should hang out...” \*\*\* fire anchor \*\*\*

Her buying questions:

“How long are you staying in Orlando?”

“Are your nights free?”

“Will you be coming back after this?” \*\*\* meaning will I be making more trips to Orlando \*\*\*

I also did my simplified version of Strawberry Fields which made her laugh and blush at the same time.

Whenever I’d say “We should hang out...” she’d always say, “I’m on call this weekend, I can’t”

She’s some kind of technical nurse that operates some special monitoring equipment (or something) when a cardiologist does a surgery (??) – didn’t understand it fully but she got a Bachelor’s from Univ. of Central Florida for it.

When she’s on call she can’t be more than X minutes away from the hospital and she lived about 40 minutes (a diff. city) from where I was staying in Orlando.

My first attempt at a number close got the “Can’t. I’m on call line.”

I went back and did more attraction work and then layered in some more comfort and tried again. This time handing her a paper and pen while asking at the same time. She said, “Ok, are you going to give me yours too?”

CJ: “ah well, if you insist...”

Get this. I thought it would end there. I knew I’d at least give it a shot to hang out but I didn’t have much faith seeing as how she kept on saying she couldn’t hang out.

Well, KinoMaster and I arrive at the hotel, get all checked in go grab something to eat. She calls me from her car and wants to chat more. That’s pretty encouraging so I’m thinking, “Hmm....maybe I can make this work.”

KinoMaster had our waitress going pretty good. He got into isolation for about 15 minutes with her and kept tossing out our room number to see if she’d take the hint. She was EXTREMELY attracted to him and I felt like he could’ve gotten her with another solid session but we never went back to that restaurant. (He didn’t number close as she was married – even though she complained non-stop about her husband.)

We did get a strange voicemail the next day. I bet it was her but he didn’t think so.

So, Friday night rolls around and we are situated in “Tourist-Ville” there are no good places to go. All the restaurants are overpriced buffets and it sucks.

We settle on Bennigans and get sloshed. I text her a message...

CJ Texts: “I wanna see u before I leave”

HBJapan Texts: “ok – can I ask you why”

CJ Texts: “I enjoy talking and seeing u – making u smile”

After I hit send I think “Shit! That was too afc!” and tell KinoMaster I fucked that up...

HBJapan Texts: “Can we talk now?”

Afterwards we head to the Hotel bar and I call her up. She sounds happy to talk to me. I tell her I want to see her and then spend the NEXT HOUR going back and forth convincing her that we should see each other before I leave.

I wish I would’ve recorded that phone convo because I consider it to be the pinnacle of my phone game career (which up til now has been crap because I hate it)...

She says, “That sales course you’re taking is working...you’re convincing me!”

I say, “I just think that if we talk and enjoy ourselves and everything feels good, like it did on the plane, then we should have more of those good feelings, now.”

Then I'd say stuff like, "Nah, you're right. We shouldn't get together and see each other and feel all those good feelings like we did on the plane."

At one point I remember saying, "You know, as time goes on our memories of each other are going to fade, and the feelings along with it. Wouldn't that be horrible? When all we had to do was just agree to see me again."

She finally caved in and said yes. Remember, at this point we've only known each other for about 3 hours. She gives me her home address and we set plans to meet up at 7:30 the next evening. I texted her about 5:30 and said I'd be there about 8:00. I didn't hear anything back and thought that I was getting flaked on. About 8:30 I get a text from her "Got called in...just got home...not too late is it?"

I get there about 9:30.

My plan was to AVOID all physical contact with her for at least 30-45 minutes. But, as soon as I got there she gave me a nice hug (not the ass-out kind of hug).

We went up to her place. I had to take off my shoes.

CJ: "Aw man, if I'd have know I had to take off my shoes I would've worn my good socks" \*\*\* pointing to a hole near my big toe. \*\*\* She laughed.

My plan worked. Within 30 minutes she started finding excuses to initiate Kino. I picked out a movie and she had to lean across me to get the remote. And, she did a few other things I can't remember.

Finally, I gave her the Trust Test (again, did it on the plane too). But, this time I placed one of her hands on my thigh and held the other one for a little while.

I fired the anchor a little while later and fuck doggy-dinner bowl she went "deer in the headlights!"

But, that didn't stop her from giving me a FULL HOUR of LMR!

Here was something strange, too. I like to pull off my condom right before cumming and shoot all over the HB. I consider it a gift or something. Most HBs don't seem to mind.

But, none of them have done what this girl did.

When I pulled off the condom and began shooting, she flipped onto her knees grabbed my dick and stuck it in her mouth. She then began sucking on it like there was no tomorrow.

Of course, right after I shoot a load my dick is super-sensitive so I pushed her away. But she stayed on...sucking like mad...I literally had to SHOVE her away and she tumbled back onto the couch.

She started giggling. Now, get this.

I have the used condom in one hand and I start looking for my underwear so I can go in the bathroom, dispose of the condom, pee and then wash my dick and my hands.

As I near the edge of the couch and start leaning down to pick up my underwear, she LUNGES out and in one swift motion grabs my cock and puts it back in her mouth and begins sucking again. A cheetah couldn't have moved with more speed, grace and precision.

I stand there, frozen in time, looking at her bobbing head for about 10 seconds thinking "WTF???? That was fucking amazing..." until the pain/pleasure reaches an intensity where it feels like I am about to pee in her mouth.

I literally had to PUSH her away again! Another 10-15 seconds and I think she would've gotten a NICE warm surprise.

We had sex again later and I found out she is a squirter! Yes!

Another comical bit...She gets her L's and R's mixed up. So, when I was fingering her at one point she said something that I couldn't quite hear. I thought she said something about tickling or something so I said "What?"

HBJapan: "Rick meeeeee!"

CJ: "What?"

HBJapan: "Rick meeee, now!"

It took every ounce of self-restraint to keep myself from laughing as I licked her. On the cab ride home I laughed so hard I had tears in my eyes.

She also did the "suck my dick after I shoot a load on her technique" after the 2<sup>nd</sup> sex session...is that a Japanese thing?

== Captain Jack

P.S. The HBHotEyes (not the one I ended up laying) from my LR from last week called me Sunday night. I should've TimeBridged her for Tues or Wed. but I was a bit wiped out from the seminar, the drinking, the sex and surprise of her calling. Can I get her this week? Stay tuned!

## **LR: CAPTAINJACK SHOWS CATHOLIC SCHOOLGIRL DE-LIGHT MARCH, 2006**

Get to the venue about 10:20 and there is a HUGE friggin' line and I'm pissed because I like to start early.

Dan W. and Jason show up and we wait forever to get inside. I think we rolled in about 11:15 or so.

Dan and I are heading to the bar because after all that waiting and getting rained on, I need a shot of patron.

The place is packed and filled with dumb drunk girls. Sweet.

As soon as Dan and I hit the bar a girl comes over and starts grabbing my scarf and kinoing me hardcore. I'm a bit taken aback because normally I have to flash the clown a few times before this happens...

HBTeacher: blah, blah, blah, love your scarf thingy, blah, blah

CJ: Cool. I like it too

HB: Oh, I'm sorry.

CJ: For?

HB: You look scared or something. I don't mean to get you in trouble with your girlfriend.

CJ: Girlfriend? \*\* Geez, I need some Patron, quick \*\* Naw, I'm just scared of drunk girls with beer bottles on St. Patrick's day. That's pretty scary. You never know what they are gonna do.

HB: \*\* shocked look and then smiles \*\* I just talk to whoever I want...blah, blah, blah

CJ: Yeah, that's the way it should be.

I turn back around and Dan hands me the shot and I tell him that he has to finish his beer before I finish my shot but I'll give him a head start. We laugh. Cheer our drinks and then I blast it down.

Ok, time to run proper game on HBTeacher. I see her looking for her friends and walk back up to her.

HB: I'm looking for my friends.

CJ: Your friends? They are having fun. Let's go outside.

I start her outside and it takes FOREVER to get out there.

On the way, a few other chicks touch my scarf. This is the value of peacocking, gives you more opportunities.

One AMOG says some shit. He appears to be about 7 feet tall. Bald with a goatee. I immediately think of that song "Jump Around" by "House of Pain."

AMOG: This is a pussy tail!

CJ: What? \*\* making them repeat always takes a bit of mustard off of their AMOG attempt \*\*

AMOG: The scarf, that's a pussy tail.

CJ: Cool man. \*\* As I continue dragging the girl towards the outside patio. \*\*

Captain Jack does not need an Irish ass-whipping...especially not when the night starts off so good.

I get the HB outside and lock-in against the wall.

She immediately goes into qualifying herself.

Turns out she is a teacher - has been single for a few months now.

CJ: A teacher? oh, god!

HB: What?

CJ: Every teacher I've met has been soooo bad!

HB: Well, yeah! We have to be good all week around the children so when the weekend comes...

CJ: It would never work out between us...

HB: Why? Why? \*\* putting her hand on my chest \*\*

CJ: You'd always be trying to steal my attention...I'd be trying to steal your attention...

HB: \*\* laughs \*\* blah blah blah

I run strawberry fields.

After the interpretation she says, "That is SOOOOO True! Omigod! How did you know all that!"

HBTeacher: "I have to have sex like 3 times a day!"

CJ: "3 times! I'd be worn out. You'd kill me! My back, my knees..."

HBTeacher: "No. No. Once in the morning...once when I get home...or just twice that night."

CJ: "Oh, I see. So you just space it out. Cool. We can do that." \*\* ha ha, I'm fucking sneaky. \*\*

Question Game.

Craziest place she's had sex...the beach.

My favorite place to have sex...swimming pool.

HBTeacher: Nooooo. It makes the girl raw.  
CJ: "That's not my problem." \*\* she laughs \*\*

HBTeacher: "Where do you like to take girls to hang out."  
CJ: "Straight to my place."  
HBTeacher: "No for real. Where would you take me."  
CJ: "Straight to my place."  
HBTeacher: "ha ha, I'm not that easy..." blah blah blah

Now, I keep thinking, "Ok dude, time for the kiss close" but she just keeps yapping and I get sidetrack like 3 times.

Finally, we decide to look for her friends. SHE number closes me and makes sure I call her to make sure I got the number right. Which is interesting. I've noticed NOW that when I don't go for the number close and they bring it up, they'll often make me call them so they can store my number. This has happened a lot lately but never used to happen.

I talk to the other PUAs for awhile and then we decide to get some more sarging done.

Another chick looks at my kick-ass scarf that I bought for \$5 at Wal-greens and opens me with a neg...

HBIrish: "What ever you were thinking when you bought that....you shouldn't have."  
CJ: I laugh..."You're a good girl, trying to act bad."

She looks shocked and then recovers.

HBIrish: "No, it's the other way around. I'm Irish, we're all bad."  
CJ: "Cool. I've heard irish girls have bad tempers...."  
HBIrish: blah, blah, blah

I move on because I'm not interested.

I'm talking to Dan W. and I point out a 3-set with two cute brunnettes. One is about an HB8...the other LOOKED like an HB8 from a distance but when I got close she turned out to be a 7.

I tell Dan W. what the situ is about how the HB7 is sort of feeling left out...and it's a good opportunity to go over there. About that time I notice that best opportunity open up so I roll in.

CJ: \*\* David Bowie \*\*  
HBCatholic: "Who's that?"

From there I move her outside patio. We vibe a bit and she tells me she's Catholic and I tell her that all Catholic girls are bad. That every Catholic girl I've known has loved bondage and kinky stuff. She AGREES!

Chat with her...make her sit in my lap...get the Kino going very strong.

I notice Matt and Dallas Shaguar and wave them over and we chat for a bit in front of HB.

I take her back inside and sit down in a booth with her. I start the Question game.

Gets sexual really quick.

\*\* Mystery's Kiss Close \*\*

CJ: "You want to kiss me, don't you."

HBCatholic: "No."

CJ: "Oh, I didn't say you could. You just looked like you had something on your mind."

HB: \* laughs \*

I start talking about something else and we chat for another few minutes. Dan W. walks by and says, "Her friend is looking for her." I nod. She is talking on the phone to said friend.

Her friend mentions getting something to eat and she has a guy with her. So, it is 4 of us now.

When I get up from the table, I am surrounded by people.

Matt, Dan W., two of Matt's friends and one of Matt's FB's (I think). I am getting introduced and people are talking to my about my archives and so forth and I'm trying to pay attention and meet people while simultaneously making sure the Bounce goes through.

We head to IHOP.

I consider switching Targets. friend is better looking and more bubbly. My girl is being kind of cold for some reason.

After eating, they go to the bathroom and when they come out something has changed. She is a little more snuggly to me.

She drops her friend and the guy off at their car. I do the hooka speech. She says it sounds really cool. I tell her..."Let's go now. I have one at my place."

HBCatholic: "Ok!"

We leave my car in the parking lot and come out here.

She was awesome in bed, except she kept on saying stuff like, "Spank me daddy! Harder daddy!!! I've been a baaaaaad girl!" Kind of on the edge for me. The last thing I want to think about during sex is family members.

Afterwards she told me that she masturbated TWICE before going out that night. TWICE! And, that she didn't think she was going to come during sex because of that. She also told me that her friend was on a mission to get laid that night.

Then, she asked me if I had any toys.

-- Captain Jack

**LR: CAPTAINJACK GIVES HBTEACHER A LESSON IN TAKEAWAYS**  
**APRIL, 2006**

Tribulus and I chat on the phone for awhile and decide to meet up and have some dinner. I've been moving all day so I'm tired as hell...back hurts...knees hurt...muscles sore...so I tell him I'm not sure how much sarging I'll actually do but we can atleast just hang out and have some fun.

(I missed Wednesday night sarging. While I was reading on the couch my eyes kept closing...until I was fast asleep...KinoMaster called at 9:15 and I had plans to sarge with the AsianPlayboy but I was already in dreamland so I told KinoMaster I was too pooped and texted APB and fell back to sleep – for 12 straight hours of freaky dreams brought on by reading too much sociobiology.)

I get to TGI Fridays about 9:30 and Tribulus is there. He starts gaming the little blonde/blue eyed bartendress at the bar while I'm seated a few feet away at a nearby table. He used Email Breakup.

When she comes over we take turns pumping her BT. I show Tribulus my modified version of Spells Opener laced with NLP embedded commands.

I overheard that she was married when Tribulus talked to her earlier so I KNEW anything we did would have to be pure bad boy sexual stereotye. So when she comes over she asks if me and the girl were serious.

CJ: "I'm never serious."

HB: "Did you buy her presents or anything..."

CJ & Tribulus: \* laugh \*

HB: "Not even lingerie?"

CJ: "I have an entire closet of lingerie for girls...I just tell them to go in and pick their size."

Her eyes got wider.

I did some more stuff that I've forgotten now but she was definitely interested in hanging out with us. Too bad she was at work otherwise we could've pulled her to X-Bar with us.

Most of the time Tribulus and I just chatted and had lots of fun. So much fun that a lady came over and said something like, "You guys are just having a GREAT time!" to which we agreed.

I've noticed that if you go out and have fun with your bros that oftentimes girls will open you...and...at the very least they're more likely to give AI's or open up immediately when you open (see: "**Subject: Hit Dem Switches - Approach Anxiety Killing**" from my archive for another example that led to a lay).

So we rolled over to X-Bar and grabbed a table. I was just leaning back taking the sights in and watching Tribulus open a few sets. Then Aladdin came with one of his friends so I started chatting with them.

Finally! I spied an HB9 Latina across the bar. I went over and she was with a guy but she smiled real big at me. I spied a 2 set of Blondes at a table directly in eyesight of my Target and her man.

I decided to open the blondes and get them super into me and then merge forward, giving the dude the two blondes in trade for the Latina.

It ALMOST worked like a charm.

Here's what happened:

I rolled over to the table and opened. Much to my surprise they opened amazingly well and asked me to sit down immediately. We started vibing immediately. They were with the band. The obstacle – HBTitties – used to go out with the drummer but she swears he's gay but just hasn't come out of the closet.

HBTeacher, the Target, immediately started giving me compliments and IOI's. I amped up the Kino through the roof and had her sitting on my lap within about 2 minutes.

HBTitties asked me to guess HBTeacher's age. I guessed 28 and she was 30 or 32 (can't remember). She looked about 26-28.

HBTitties guessed my age as 22. Ha ha. Is she trying to neg?

CJ: "OMG...higher!"

HBTitties: "25?"

CJ: "What a dork...higher!"

HBTitties: "You are NOT older than 25"

\*\* CJ rolls his eyes and exhales as if he's flustered. Why do chicks think they can argue with me about my age? \*\*

The whole time we're doing this HBTeacher is sitting on my lap and I'm rubbing her tan thighs (she's in a mini-skirt).

CJ: "Ok, I'll make a bet with you, if I'm older than 25 then you have to give me a hickey right here..." \*\* pointing to the left side of my neck \*\*

HBTitties: \*\* Thinking...thinking...smoke coming from little blonde head...thinking...  
\*\* "Ok!"

HBTeacher gets off of me while I grab my wallet. Show HBTitties my DL while shaking my head.

HBTitties gives me a semi-good hickey. HBTeacher looks like “WTF?” I pull her back into my lap.

I figure at this point I’ve built a solid amount of social proof and pre-selection to go game my Latina HB9 – I look over – and they’re GONE! DAMNIT!

Somewhere about this time HBTitties number closes me. We’ve been texting back and forth...maybe I’ll bang her too.

Aw well, guess I’ll just have to game these two horny blonde chicks. Sigh.

HBTeacher tells me that the drummer was fucking HBTitties in the ass and he shot a super-mega load. Another piece of evidence in their idea that he is gay. Cool.

I vibe with them for awhile longer and the announcer makes the last call speech. HBTitties says, “I have to pee...let’s go to the bathroom.”

CJ: “Me too!”

I go to the bathroom with them and pull HBTeacher into the first stall. It was too funny. There were little feet in the stall next to us. HBTitties tried to come in with us but the women’s stalls are like HALF the size of what you’d find in a men’s room (and there were like 8 of them compared to our 3).

Another missed threesome? I think so. Fuck! If I got both of them in there I would’ve made out with both and tried to pull them both.

I immediately start making out with her and she is going crazy. I pull down her shirt and start sucking on boobies. I reach under her skirt and feel her J. Lo booty. Very nice.

Reach around and start playing with her clit and then fingering her. She shoves her hand down my pants to find major wood.

I’m thinking, “Fuck yeah! First bathroom fuck!” So I pull her hand out of my pants and turn her around and push her forward to get her to lean over. I’m going to pull up her skirt and take her from behind.

No go. She stops me and says, “We have to go!”

We head out and I tell her...”Aw man, you have to take me home.”

We chat a bit on the way there, I mainly just make sure there is no quiet time so she can’t feel uncomfortable. At this point in the sarge I start making commands.

I never say, “Hey wanna come inside?”

I just assume it and point to an empty spot. "Park there."

She says, "I'm not coming in. I just met you. If you want to see me again you can call me like a normal person."

CJ: "Ok. Let's go back to X-Bar and I'll tell you how to get home from there."

She was stressing in the car about getting lost as she originally followed her friend over so that's why I said that.

HBTeacher: "How are you going to get home?"

CJ: "I have a million friends, I'll just call one for a ride."

When we got to X-Bar I said, "There's my car."

HBTeacher: "OMG, you bastard...you said you needed a ride home"

CJ: "I was just trying to get you home to fuck you. Ha ha..."

So she parks next to my car and I say, "Nice meeting you" open the door and act like I'm leaving. Then, I turn back and she's looking at me with this OMG he's leaving me face. So I start making out with her again.

I turn back around and act like I'm leaving again. Stop. Turn back and make out with her again. Start fingering her. Etc, etc.

She puts her hands down my pants and I (because I'm such a gentleman) unbutton them and push her head down. A mediocre blowjob ensues.

Then, I say "Back seat!"

I jump back there and I can hardly get situated before she's straddling me. This was cool but wasn't working. It was a small SUV and too cramped...I laid her down and finished.

It was a bit of a thrill fucking a chick in a parking lot at 3 am. The fear of getting caught did add a bit of tension but not as much as I thought it would.

Funny thing was it wasn't her SUV...it was her friends SUV(not HBTitties, a different friend)...ha...ha...girls are such sluts.

-- Captain Jack

# LR: TOO SMOOTH

\*\* Here is the original sarge originally posted to the Dallas Lair May 22<sup>nd</sup> 2006 \*\*

Last night I meet PlayerT and his hottie at the venue.

Eye spy a 3 set (2 girls, 1 guy). As I'm walking over another guy pulls up behind my Target. Hmm. Now, I'm 3 steps away and it has become a 4 set.

My mind is calculating BL information with each step...she's NOT into the guy...at all.

So, he gets totally ignored.

I walk around him and open them as a 3set. Target backturns the dude.

Bodylanguage blowout -- the EASIEST and most EFFECTIVE amoging technique!

He looks at his other friends across the aisle like "what the fuck?"

When dealing with the group you have 3 basic options.

1) Ignore them and game the girl. Cockblock city UNLESS the girl wants you so bad that she vetoes her entire group. This does happen but it is low probability and a hard way to work.

2) Neutralize them and wait for the opportunity to game her. This is higher probability than #1 and actually takes LESS energy (in the long run) than #1.

3) Win the group and have them GIVE her to you. This is the highest probability and is the most fun, too. It requires A LOT of focus and experience. It is the highest probability of all 3.

But, being the lazy fucker that I am, I opened with #2 to gauge the group cohesion. After about 1 minute she was shining so I switched to #1. They BACKED AWAY from us when her BT skyrocketed. Had they stood their ground or even chimed in, I would've moved back into #2 or #3 depending on their actions.

I pulled her over to PlayerT and his hottie and intro'ed.

Strawberry fields. She starts biting her lower lip. Playing with her hair. Squirming in her chair.

I take her to the quiet side and sliiiiide into that sweeet Comfort Rhythm with her. She is giving me those dreamy looks and probably thinking I'm her prince.

I'm giving her those dreamy looks (but I'm really micro-calibrating and methodically building in "justification hooks" for her feelings so when she looks back on our little piece of time together she has REASONS to justify those emotions.)

I'm also wondering what she looks like naked.

Her friend calls and then comes over. It is time for them to leave. Awwww, just another hour under my spell and she would've surrendered totally to me.

We give each other one of those long lingering hugs and I do a Phantom Kiss. She submits, but I'm a tease bypassing her lips and gently caressing her neck with my lips.

Doggy-dinner bowl as she looks back walking away.

I saw HBWhiteShirt earlier and she gave me a quick hug. Again, she was standoffish and said,

"I'm going to get a drink" and left.

After gaming HB above I found her again. This time I was determined to solve the riddle.

I found out that she felt weird because apparently that was her first Same-Night-Lay with a guy so she was freaking out when she saw me and "didn't know how to act around" me.

I think if I could've talked to her mon, tues before seeing her that wed. it would have been OK when we saw each other.

I patched things up quickly, got the CORRECT number from her and was in again.

I took her to her place and did naughty, unspeakable acts with her.

-- Captain Jack

"I approach every woman as a potential mistress." -- Aristotle Onassis

.....

I meet up with PlayerT and PlayerJ at the venue. PlayerT is with his usual HB10 and PlayerJ is all over her friend (who I passed on a couple weeks ago – about a 6).

Naturally I'm feeling that I should have a honey fawning all over me.

I scan the room...not much here as it is Sunday night but definitely some talent to work with...HBWhiteShirt (see LR: Zen of No-Game etc, etc) just came in but I've already had her about 3 times now so she'll be a last resort.

I notice a group turn towards me out of my peripheral vision, slowly scanning that direction I notice the girl from the above FR.

I had texted her once before but never set anything up because she was working. Then, I had my daughters for 10 days in a row preventing me from going out for any Day2s.

It is a 4 set, 2 guys, her and her friend. Hmm...The guy obviously likes her...she seems mildly interested in him but she is giving me AIs.

I decide it is time to pass by. She waves, I smile and head right past her to the bar. I turn back around. I re-open her directly (why not, have talked with her before, num closed and she is giving AIs).

The guy leaves after 30 seconds never to be seen again.

Having already been in comfort with her I did little more than be a funny, entertaining guy with heavy doses of kino.

This girl REMEMBERED the entire previous sarge. She recited almost every single conversation topic.

I was amazed.

CJ: "Wow! You have an amazing memory."

HBJLoBooty: "I have a selective memory...I only remember things that impress me."

CJ: \* smiling \* “Oh yeah?”

HB: “Yeah, you made quite an impression.”

I kiss closed her in the bar after her 3<sup>rd</sup> or 4<sup>th</sup> blatant IOI AND when she stared up at me with lips half open and eyes surrendering to me...

I interspersed our time together with trips back to the table where PlayerA and PlayerJ were sitting, leaving her in order to fractionate and make her wonder a bit if I'd be back.

I walked her out to her car and we started making out near the back bumper.

Here's where my improved calibration skills are turning would-be objections into lays.

HBJLoBooty: “Where are you parked?”

CJ: “Over there. Take me home, I'll have a friend of mine bring me back to my car in the morning.”

She starts going “mmmmm” as if she's hesitating and about to voice an objection. In the past, I would've just stood there and waited for her to say something.

Not now.

I let go of her and walked to the passenger side and hopped in. She stood back there for a second like “WTF?” and then came in the car and started driving.

Ha ha...

Got her to my place, got her comfortable and escalated to full monty.

-- Captain Jack

## LR: IT'S FREEZING COLD IN HERE!

Ok, this is going to be short and sweet, mainly because there's not a lot of gaming that I had to do...just a few minor things to overcome (that would've killed me 6 months ago)...

I was with PlayerT a couple of weeks ago. (PlayerT is a guy that I met out one night...found out the hottest HB i've seen in years was his ex...had to add him to my social circle...a good move all around! He is not in the community but has a bad boy style and natural appeal with certain types of hotties)

There were 2 HOT Black HBs with 4 guys (they were all from Zimbabwe).

We'll call the hotter one HBSparkly and her Sister HBTits (because they have to be AT LEAST DD)...

PlayerT thought this HBSparkly was SUPER HOT! I agreed with him and then recounted to him everything I knew about her. A few months ago I sarged her when she ventured away from her group.

She was taken aback but loved it...I got locked in with her and had her eating out of my hand.

She's from Zimbabwe, has a KICK-ASS accent (french sounding?), is in school for something (accounting maybe) and has been here about 9 months (at the time I talked to her)...

BUT, the problem with not opening the group is you are ALMOST 100% guaranteed to get cock-blocked...and I did get cockblocked by her lovely (and jealous) sister. At was at that point, that I wrote off direct almost entirely. If you are in a group setting, use group dynamics.

She opened me up but acted like she didn't know me. So I spilled the beans and told her the whole story about how we met and how I know she was waiting by the phone for me and apologizing (C&F way)...

Then, I had an IDEA! Why not get PlayerT to hook up with this girl (she was falling ALL OVER HIMSELF FOR HER) to get his mind off of the HB10 (who I want) (they were talking about getting back together...she wasn't with us this night).

(Guys, I know I'm a schemer for trying to prevent PlayerT and his girl getting back together but this is a strange experiment in social circle shit...I don't know for how long or how far I'll take this but it is interesting and intriguing nonetheless).

So, I introduced them. PlayerT did great. Before I could blink she was smiling, laughing and they were dancing together. At one point, for some reason he had her stand up on the bar stool. She was in a mini-skirt and EVERY guy in the place was looking at those

thighs...

With PlayerT occupied, I considered taking the sister, HBTits. But, they were with 4 Zimbabwe guys (who were nice and cool) so I thought that logistically we had a POOR shot at pulling the 2 black hotties that night.

I started up my new low-key game and started vibing with guys... You can always talk to guys about 1 of these things: the hot girls in the club, getting smashed, sports, other places with hot girls...

One dude that I talked to pointed to a 2-set seated and said, "What's your name? Cool, I'll introduce you..."

He rolled in and started hitting on a hottie... I rolled in about 5 seconds after and opened her friend. It was funny because he made sure EVERYBODY knew he just graduated from Law School. The girls didn't seem that impressed, ha ha.

I could tell immediately she was interested so I did some qualification and then moved right into comfort.

Her friend wasn't feeling my insta-wing, however. So I pulled PlayerT over and told him to sit with us on the OTHER side of the HB. I believed that this would blow the Insta-Wing out and PlayerT and I would've had a DAMN good shot at pulling the 2set back to my place (where the Tequila, hookah, beer, DVDs, Hot Tub is - ha ha)

Damn. These non-community guys can be uncooperative sometimes. In his silly little Natural Brain he believed he could extract HBSparkly from 5 of her compatriots.

No go.

I told him to get HBSparkly's phone # but something went wrong and he didn't get it. So he wanted to keep trying.

So, I'm doing my normal thing of "Well, I really like you but my friend over there (pointing to PlayerT) thinks your friend likes this guy sooooo...."

HBMessageTits: "What? Oh god no! She doesn't like this guy at all!"

CJ: "Really? Oh, I was going to invite you and her to hang out at my place but..."

HBMessageTits: "Really? Where do you live?"

CJ: "Blah, blah"

HB: "Well, it seems your friend likes that girl!"

CJ: "Her? Oh hell, he's just having fun while I'm chatting with you... I should probably get back to him."

HB: "Wait! Stay here."

She grabs her friend and they haul ass to the bathroom.

Insta-Wing: "So what do you think man? We got a shot here?"

CJ: \* sighs \* "I don't know man...I just don't know."

PlayerT laughs at me. He's seen me pull twice and get about 5 numbers. All within a couple of weeks of knowing him. He is amazed.

They come back and she says, "Just sit with us. When this guy leaves we'll go."

Shit. We are so close. Should I blow Insta-Wing out? Damn. What to do? PlayerT is now getting dragged by HBSparkly to the dance floor - again. Shit.

I don't want to blow him out unless PlayerT can pick up the slack.

Insta-Wing starts buying shots for everybody.

Another round.

Then, another round.

Now, its about the end of the night. My girl is all over me. PlayerT is a bit confused about why/how he's getting CB'ed by HBTits. I'm laughing because I feel like I have magic friggin' social perception glasses on. I see it all - in every group I can tell you the dynamic. I can lay out a high-probably strategy for pulling with a few minutes of observation.

Insta-Wing gets the picture at the end of the night and leaves. It's us 4 now. They run off to the bathroom again. For 10 MINUTES!

We all walk out and it looks like its on.

But, the bouncers stop my HB's friend. "She can't drive!" they say - standing in her way. Shit. On top of that she's starting to feel sick.

Plans are destroyed. I make out and # close my HB.

I get a text later. "Good thing we didn't come over. Missy puked right after I pulled out of the parking lot."

---

Day2: Get booty call at 1:00 am while out with KinoMaster. Decide to go and close the deal. Heavy petting but no go. She is "on her period."

---

Lots of texting. I invite her over monday night. She says she isn't comfortable coming over when my kids are there.

Freeze out. She sends me 3 messages which I don't answer. She calls once, I don't answer. The 4th one I answer, "Do you still want me to come over?" Ha ha...freeze outs work.

Day3:  
She comes over.

I decide I'm not even going to let her OBJECT ONCE...at the very slightest tense of any of her muscles during escalation -- I'm going straight into a freeze out.

I am COLD for the first 30 minutes. No touching. Nothing. Sitting on the couch like a good boy.

Finally she can't take it and she snuggles to my shoulder, puts a hand on my leg and looks up at me. I give her a little kiss.

In keeping with my NO OBJECTIONS RULE, I STOPPED the petting 7 TIMES!

She did manage to get one tiny objection in. But, then she got frozen out for a full 10 minutes. She had to re-initiate 3 times. ha ha.

Just f-closed her, but she's not a keeper. Not hot enough for a top 3 slot so will only have sex with her again if I'm bored or something.

-- Captain Jack

P.S. I said this was going to be short and sweet. Sorry!

## LR: TEQUILA GIVES ME A HEADACHE SUMMER 2006

Hola puas,

I haven't been sarging much because I'm focused on building my biz.  
But, Friday and sat. night I went out anyway and came up empty.

My fault, though, because I didn't make up for my "offness" by increasing the number of sets. I did my standard 3 on each night. Which is usually enough to get a solid number (got 2 on fri. night) or lay.

Sunday night, I had a girl text that she wanted to see me but wouldn't get off work till 11:00pm. Still a little irritated about my lack of success on fri/sat I decided to go out anyway and if she DID in fact want to see me I could just direct her to the venue and take it from there.

(My original plan was to get her straight to my place for wine, conversation and possibly a movie a la "Brent-Style")

It turned out to be a good decision as she got held over at work, then had to drive home, shower-change and drive out here which would put her arrival at nearly 1:00am. So she would've no showed me leaving me VERY irritated for wasting a night of sarging...

I noticed this hot black chick and an ug at the bar as I moved to get a tasty alcoholic beverage, I smile and say something like "You ladies having fun?"

I've been playing with Brent's style because it satisfies my lazy-ass side. MysteryMethod rules but sometimes I just don't have the drive or the energy to do it properly.

(My current sticking point is LMR so I'm also STRATEGICALLY picking sets/situations that I believe will get me an opportunity to work on LMR busting.)

My target (HBSlenderBlack) perks up and says she is having a good time and asks me if I'm having fun.

The UG does NOT like me one bit and she backturns and ignores almost immediately. This doesn't happen to me very often anymore so all the while I'm talking to Target I'm trying to figure out if I made a technical blunder. I don't think I did. ???

We vibed and I ramped up kino quite a bit. A few minutes later her friend tells her she's leaving and then walks off - not even looking at me or acknowledging me as she heads out.

Weird.

I put her in the "bad girl" frame by saying "All the girls I know who loooove to travel are baaaad girls!" she loved this giggled and then covered her face. A SURE sign of BT spike.

At this point we've been talking for about 30 minutes and I'm feeling that it's on. Then, I see a HB9 brunette. She's giving me an AI while I'm talking to HBSlenderBlack.

Damn, she's HOT!

HBSlenderBlack goes to chat with her 2 other friends who are playing pool. I walk back over to my spot and when HBBrunnette looks at me again, I open her...

It goes real well and she's even hotter than I thought.

Now, HBSlenderBlack comes back and I'm in a dilemma. Both are hot but I like the HBBrunnette better (bigger tits, better face).

BUT, here's the rub.

I have a rule that says I MUST give priority to any opportunity to work on a sticking point over any other option. I WILL give up a "sure LAY" for another opportunity to work on a sticking point.

In this case, I was giving up a girl I REALLY wanted to sarge for an opportunity to work on LMR.

Sucks, but sticking points MUST be given priority.

Ok, so having made the decision to stick with HBSlenderBlack I start using Brent's baiting techniques (my term).

CJ: "What's going on after this?"

(Alternatively: "What's on the agenda for tonight?")

HB: "Oh, I'm tired...I'm going home."

She's not taking the bait. I've committed to this and I can tell her BL is still open so I get more explicit.

CJ: "You should hang out with me...We can chat and watch something...I have Tequila, beer, smirnoff ice and wine..."

As I'm naming off the drinks she is responding "Tequila gives me a headache...I don't drink beer...ewww...I like rum"

Ha ha.

I realized that even a few months ago I would've just dropped her THINKING that she just wasn't interested. I've done that MANY, MANY times. How many times have I made the mistake of thinking I was being rejected, yet I wasn't really?

It's almost closing time. I say, "Here, I'll walk you to your car."

HB: "Where are you parked?"

CJ: "Over there" I point "drive me there."

When we get to her car I lean over and kiss her. She does nothing. She lets me kiss her but she gives NOTHING back. Her lips don't move. They stay frozen in place.

A rejection?

HB: "I'm glad I don't live far from here. I live just down the street at X-place."

CJ: "Really? I live just up the street, too. Not far at all from you. Take a left."

The "left" would take us out of the parking lot and onto the feeder road...

She asks about my car and I say I didn't drive (a lie, I know but it came out before I knew it...I much prefer NOT lying and instead saying what I normally say, "Don't worry about it...I'll have a friend bring me to pick it up tomorrow.")

This is MUCH preferred over my previous statement which was "You can bring me to pick it up in the morning" which threw up ASD.

This "drive me home" tactic also plays on her sense of community (much stronger with females) she feels GOOD for helping someone out...)

We chat a bit more in the car, I kino her, make her laugh.

When we get to my place she is concerned that she won't be able to find her way home. I start giving her directions in the parking lot and I can see her get a little worried. I then realized she thought I was SENDING her home right then.

HBSlenderBlack: "Ok. Can I use your bathroom first?"

Finally! When she felt like it was slipping she stepped up to keep things moving.

I sit on the couch. After using the restroom she comes and sits by me.

I make a move. She's still cold. I alternate advances with freezeouts. I pay special attention to her muscle tension so when they BEGIN to tense I immediately back off and cut off all physical contact...

With this new distinction I'm OVER the LMR sticking point...which means...

I can go 100% for the girls I REALLY, REALLY want! Before I HAD to work on sticking points, I HAD to strategically pick the situations that would give me the best opportunities for SKILL improvement...

Now I can forget about that because I KNOW I have reached a skill level where I could get laid or get a GF with a weekend or two of sarging.

Time to go for the 2 or 3 girls in each venue that really catch my eye.

-- Captain Jack

P.S. The PUA teachers who say that you don't need routines etc are full of shit. Even though I used only about 4 or 5 canned statements in this 3-4 hour seduction I COULD NOT have done it without having practiced with the aide of routines and more importantly an awareness of the Structure of Courtship. The routines provide a way to work on the intangibles, to modify your behavior in set, to help you deprogram the shit society has imposed on you...

P.S.S. InnerGame theories WITHOUT a structure to follow in-field are worthless. Run away from any teacher who doesn't acknowledge the relationship between structured OuterGame and InnerGame and the feedback loop which allows you to systematically refine both...

**LR: THE ZEN OF NO-GAME AND OTHER IMPORTANT...  
...OBSERVATIONS IN THE REALIZATION OF HIGH STATUS  
GAME.**

**MAY 2006**

Sunday (mother's day) and I'm worn out from having my daughters the entire weekend. I'm also TWO days behind in my writing and I'm feeling the pressure mounting...

And, my ex #1 is texting me and its messing with my head. My ex #3 is ALSO texting me for my schedule to see if she can make it down from New Mexico to see me for a weekend.

And, I'm juggling 3 other chicas who want my stuff but haven't been able to schedule.

I need a personal assistant to handle my shit, ha ha.

I'm thinking I just CAN'T go out tonight with all this work piling up.

This is all the stuff that's running through my head as I I'm driving to take my mom to dinner for Mother's Day. On the way there, I get a text from Dallas Shaguar (paraphrased).

"You gaming tonight?"

Me: "Naw man, got too much work to do. This weekend for sure."

But, I feel that little shot of whatever chemical your brain releases when you think about sarging.

I barely manage to shake it off.

On the way home I call KinoMaster to see how Tribulus and him did on Sat. night.

As KinoMaster is telling me of their adventures I feel that urge building. Shake it off.

Resist.

Must.

Get.

Work.

Done.

Resist.

I get home and while talking to KinoMaster I hear a knock on my door.

Enter Tribulus.

The PU chemicals slam into my bloodstream as images of HBs, AMOGs and naked hotties flash through my Mind's Eye.

Who needs work anyway?

With the chemicals coursing through my veins I begin to rationalize. "We'll go out, have some drinks and I'll be back here by 2:30. I'll work until 5:00 and wake back up at 10:00 and get in another hour-and-a-half of writing before heading to lunch with Dan."

I throw on some clothes, straighten up the apartment and we head out the door.

We get in and Tribulus starts working some sets. Much improved.

I'm still watching obliquely. He is ready for fine-tuning on some things I showed him, "How to Amp Desire using Kino Take-Aways..."

KinoMaster gets there about an hour later and opens some sets.

He ran the "Evolution Phase Shift" on a hottie and it worked like a charm.

I opened an AMOG only to find out that he had a 4-year relationship with one of the HB9 regulars there. (I talked to her once in a mixed 2m/1f set. She is usually surrounded by about 4-5 guys. I refer to them as her "fan club.")

This interests me and I continue chatting him up. He is pretty cool but not ULTRA-COOL. While chatting him I found out that he got the girl by NEGGING her. Ain't that funny? He told me that he didn't think he could get her so he just kept pushing her away, ignoring her, etc, until SHE basically attacked him.

Sweet.

I kept talking to him because I wanted HER to see me and one of her ex-bf's hanging out and was also thinking that she would come chat us at some point.

While we were talking I spied a hottie that I had gamed a few months ago. She was doing a Maxim search party that night and I was hanging out with a stripper. On another night I was with my #1 and she opened me again when my #1 went to the ladies room.

She's in a 3set. She's HBPinkShirt. Friend is HBWhiteShirt and HBMotorMouth.

When she walks by she touches my back and looks at me.

I tell the AMOG the deal with her and head to the bathroom before opening the set. But, when I get back the AMOG is already in the set.

I hang back and chat with Tribulus and KinoMaster.

I briefly go into the set that the AMOG is working. Towards the end of the night Tribulus is working a hot little short-haired brunette. I open her big-titted friend and she is attracted but distracted by some drama that is going on.

We were VERY close to pulling those girls. They asked us to come to an after-party but we lost them somehow in the confusion.

AMOG was still latched onto his set and HBPinkShirt gave me another AI as we were headed out. I was chatting with Tribulus and KinoMaster so I just smiled back.

AMOG, Tribulus and I are standing in the parking lot. KinoMaster got in his car and headed home.

The 3set leaves AMOG and walks off, but they stop at the edge of the parking lot and start conversing.

I look at Tribulus and AMOG and say, "If we don't roll in now, we all go home alone."

In concert, we ALL start walking towards them. This part was semi-magical. We all rolled up SIMULTANEOUSLY and each one of us engaged our girl, cutting their threads and invited them to hang out with us. It was almost like we were synchronized swimming or something.

This strange synchronicity had an unusual effect on them. HBPinkShirt seemed to melt.

All of them said yes immediately and without hesitation and seemed THRILLED about the whole idea.

Here's the target breakdown:

CJ-HBPinkShirt

AMOG-HBWhiteShirt

Tribulus-HBMotorMouth

BUT, as we were co-ordinating the move to my place a regular named "Joe" drives by us in his car. HBPinkShirt hops in and I'm thinking "fuck!"

HBWhiteShirt says "Oh, that's just one of her friends. She doesn't like him like that."

So, we end up at my place with an extra guy.

As I'm playing host, I can FEEL the girls watching me and getting attracted. It's my place, my alcohol, my hookah and both AMOG and Joe are beta-ing themselves to me with their subcommunication.

This was particularly interesting because up to this point I had done no gaming. I had just read a study by one of the Evolutionary Psychologists that said women aren't attracted to you physically, not even attracted to your personality as much as they are attracted to the SYMBOLS of your position in the Male Hierarchy AND your social network.

The theory that I read just the previous day was taking place before my every eyes in the real world.

I want HBPinkShirt and she wants me AND I can tell HBWhiteShirt is very intrigued by me. Joe is trying like mad to game HBPinkShirt and AMOG is all over HBWhiteShirt.

But, HBWhiteShirt keeps glancing at me with those "curious" eyes. Both are hot. But, HBMotorMouth is the hottest and Tribulus is trying to game her. (But it is HARD to game a chick who can rattle off 5 words per second for an hour straight without taking a breath.)

How is this shit going to play out?

HBPinkShirt gets sick and the girls take care of her in the bathroom. I use this time to bond with Joe and AMOG. HBPinkShirt goes and lays down in my bed.

Now, there are 4 guys and 2 viable girls.

HBWhiteShirt begins to sarge me. AMOG is wondering why he is losing her. I find out he has NO game by watching their interactions.

While HBWhiteShirt and I are talking I decide I should make sure HBPinkShirt is not puking all over my bed. HBWhiteShirt decides to come with me.

I look at HBPinkShirt and everything looks good. As I turn around to leave HBWhiteShirt grabs my hand and pulls me back. We make out. I pull her out to my bedroom patio. (The bedroom and living room patios are separate). We make out some more and I pull up her shirt to see those wonderful perky C-cups.

When we get back into the living room, HBMotorMouth is still talking. I'm not sure that Joe, Tribulus or AMOG got a word in the whole 5 minutes we were gone.

AMOG gets off the loveseat when we return. He knows she is mine but he is going to make one last attempt. "Do you need a ride home?" he manages to squeak out...

She ignores him.

Suddenly, he is possessed with the urge to have a cigarette outside even though he had been smoking in my place for the last hour and a half. Ha ha. We never see him again.

Joe is crashed out on the floor.

AMOG is gone.

HBMotorMouth is trying to leave but HBWhiteShirt won't budge.

HBPinkShirt is passed out in MY bed.

Tribulus keeps giving a valiant effort at getting a word in under HBMotorMouth's verbal flood of whatever-the-fuck-crosses-her-mind.

HBMotorMouth and Tribulus leave.

I spend the next hour-and-half in S2. Finally, a Freeze-Out cracks her LMR and she succumbs to El Capitan.

-- Captain Jack

## LR: HOT TUBS, BEER AND LEECHES DATE UNKNOWN

This one will be kinda short but it's still interesting...

Tribulus was running proper Game and in-between watching him and watching the overall Dynamics of the room I spied a tiny little (asian or latina?? or some mixture) female.

I did my now standard karaoke bar opener and follow-up routine. (I found out during small talk AFTER this little exchange that she is a Bartender at a hotel bar).

CJ: "What are you singing tonite?"

HB: "Oh me? Nothing, I can't sing at all. Are you going to?"

CJ: "Me? Hell no...I care WAY too much about people to sing for them..."

HB: \* giggles \* "I sing in the shower but that's it"

So far almost EVERY chick says she sings in the shower, which makes this a good candidate for a cold-read. (CJ: "Awww, you look like the type that sings in the shower! -- --> which means "you are reserved in public but you REALLY let yourself go in private, if you're feeling it right, now.")

CJ: "My friends and I would roll around and have the radio blaring and he'd get really into singing a song...so right at the highest point in the song, I'd shut the radio off real quick"

HBBartender: \* giggling \* "You're SOOO MEAN!"

CJ: "Yes, you are right."

Ok, now at this point I can't remember the order of events. I don't remember if Tribulus talked to the other HB first or if HBBartender pulled her over.

But, we all got into the convo. Two HBs, CJ and Tribulus in the PRIME VIEWING LOCATION of the Venue. It's important to establish the zones or points in the Venue where almost EVERYONE can see you. Because when you pump BT like Tribulus and I did on our sets you want as many HBs as possible to see it.

But, I do REMEMBER watching Tribulus spike her BT to near exploding point. They were dancing all over each other, teasing each other, being playful and it was quite a show.

AMOGs, noticing the BT spike in the HBs started moving around us. HBs were looking and wondering, "Why isn't the chump I'm talking to making me feel like THAT?"

Soon, it came out that they were both married. And, I started to lose interest.

At some point during the sarge, Tribulus left back and came back with a HB9 blonde with blue eye shadow on. It knocked me off guard and I lost my train of thought with my HBBartender. He had his arm draped over, just like I showed him and he was physically controlling her.

Fuck, later I was thinking we should've pulled our chicks to merge with her group as they were the hottest group in there.

Tribulus and I decide to do a round and see if there are other sets he wants to open (it is Sunday and at about half the capacity of fri/sat.)

When we come back there are 2 guys on our set.

We go to chat about it. At this point, I am thinking of dumping this set but Tribulus wants to see me blow both of the dudes out. Sounds like fun!

I return and start working. AMOG #1 moves Trib's HB right before I get there so I am left with HBBartendress and AMOG2. I make quick work of him, but he was surprisingly persistent. It took me about 1-2 minutes to blow him out.

AMOG1 blew himself out with Trib's HB so I didn't have to worry about that anymore. But, something even worse happened. AMOG2 then LATCHED onto Trib's HB like a leech.

Boy, was that fucker persistent. Zero game but persistent as hell.

I keep getting in deeper with my HB, sinking my claws in. I'm going to have to pull some Secret Society shit out to do this.

Trib's HB actually LIKES AMOG2 and the kino is going strong between them. I get HBBartendress to committ to hanging out with me that night.

CJ: "But, what about that guy?"

HBBartendress: "ummm..."

CJ: "Look, I wanna hang out and spend time with you tonite but I don't know him..."

HBBartendress: "Don't worry..."

Me, the HBs and AMOG2 walk out to the car. AMOGLeech is still attached to Trib's HB. Time to pull out more of the Secret Society shit to get rid of Leech and pull HBs to my place...

When we get to the car I make out with HB and then pull away.

CJ: "I want to hang out but I can't leave my friend. I don't know the other guy. Take care of it."

She leans over and says to the guy, "Ok, nice meeting you. Bye."

She has to do this 3 times before he starts to get the picture. Finally, she leans over to the other HB and says something. I asked her later what she said..."That guy and his friend want us to go drink and get in the hot tub with them."

I see her eyes light up a bit, she looks at me and whispers where's your friend. "He's in his car...waiting."

Trib's HB FINALLY dispatches the AMOG and HBbar shoves me into the back seat. I phone Tribulus and tell him to follow.

I DON'T think we would've pulled this off if Tribulus hadn't spiked his HB's temperature so high earlier in the night. That combined with how hooked I had my HB allowed us to pull that off.

Get back to my place and get some drinks and head to the hot tub.

The girls were making out a few times in the hot tub. I had mine naked about 10 minutes later in the hot tub and Tribulus and his girl were on a lounge chair. He was strategically blocking her view while I did her.

She had a SWEET body. I kept raising her up out of the water so Tribulus could see her tits and ass...ha ha...free show...

Trib's HB was giving LMR...I think he needed another solid hour or two to break it down.

Anyways, fun times. Another lay with some good practice on winging, handling persistent AMOG's, etc, etc. but I doubt I will see her again.

-- Captain Jack

## **LR: IT'S FIDELIO'S FAULT**

Fidelio and I pulled a pair of UGs to eat at Denny's.

They were pretty annoying. I texted Fidelio (on the downlow) to leave them there, I was READY to ditch them. Unfortunately, Fidelio has a big heart.

Fidelio took his 6' 1" blonde amazon to her place...and Amazon #2 took me to my hotel room.

So, I fucked an Amazon.

-- Captain Jack

P.S. She was surprisingly good in bed.

P.S.S. If you've ever seen assparade.com, she could be on there.

## LR: GO BERRY, BERRY SLOW JULY 24, 2006

This is gonna be another short one because MOST of the work was done the very first night which you can read about here if you'd like (That sordid pirate tale includes J-Lo Booties, Brazillian and Mexican Hotties at My house, A hookah, a 5:30ish am cockblock, with appearances by such DFW Puas as KinoMaster, Tribulus, Bradicus Maximus, also including How I Used "Sign Language" as an Amogging tactic and other pirate shit...FR++: "I'm fucking stupid" –

<http://wingman.meetup.com/6/boards/view/viewthread?thread=1813290#3620950> )

I like this chick. She's got a 10 personality and an accent with an innocent looking face and a stacked body. All things considered she's an HB8+ to me...

I had her on a Day2 but got cockblocked from a distance by her over-protective brother who called to check on her and FREAKED out that we were heading to Arlington (I was prepared to finish what I started.)

Then, a Day3 drug out for 4-5 hours ending with just a make out. Her OTHER brother was in town and they were all going out at 9pm – I could come along if I wanted but declined.

Finally, after much phone tag we set up a meet for today.

We screw around at the mall for 45-60 minutes at the mall and I suggest going to my house to watch a movie. She readily accepts.

After about 5 minutes on my couch, she attacks me...I didn't even have a chance to put up any LMR. Her hands were down my pants too fast.

When we get to the bedroom she says something that I wish EVERY chick would say...

"HYason, go berry....berry....slow, please."

I gather from a few comments interspersed between the Day3 and today that it has been nearly 2 years since she's had sex.

I DID have mercy on her and went "berry, berry slow..."

**For about the first 30 seconds!  
Then, I pounded her like there was no tomorrow!**

-- Captain Jack

P.S. HYason is how she pronounces my name “Jason” with her thick Mexican accent. Starts off with an H sound and goes right into a Y and ends with a sone (like bone – ha ha).

P.S.S. What lessons can you learn from this? Well, the original PU was late April so maybe “Persistence” is something that could be taken from it. Oooh, here’s another one...you know how I liked it when she said “berry...berry...slow?” Why do I like it? Because it implies she’s tight or maybe because she thinks I’m big or maybe because it’s been awhile since she’s had sex, right? Well, what if YOU thought about, catalogued and noticed shit that you said that made a qualitative difference in a girl’s experience. Then, you could get PRECISE with the states you create for the lovely lady you’re guiding along...

# **“LR: I HAVE TO PEE!”**

## **SEPTEMBER 18, 2006**

Ok, it's taken me awhile to get this LR written up because I've been working my butt off...closed a major business deal (but no celebration til the check is in hand and cleared the bank)...and priming the pump for more business. I've told this to 3-4 puas so most of the details are still clear.

Last wednesday night it was SecondChance's b-day. We meet at humperdink's and have dinner and BS for a bit before heading to Carsons.

At Carsons, I had one weird set with a 30year old HB and get a makout. I could've pulled her but she was weirding me out because she tried to answer my NORMAL comfort-type questions like she was in some kind of B Spy Movie. Suggestive. Sexual. Mysterious. Weird.

At one point she said she really needed a drink. I was still deciding what to do (I do buy girls drinks on occassion - example "LR: Apple or Donut" bought her 3 beers, no problem) and the waitress came over. The HB yelled her drink order to the waitress who didn't hear it.

CJ: "She said, "Shirley Temple."

Ha ha. So the waitress brought her a shirley temple. I showed Otto and we had a good laugh.

After awhile I finally ditched her. I noticed her clinging on two seperate guys at other times through the night, they were feeding her drinks. Weird lady.

At the end of the night the PUAs gather in the parking lot. We say our goodbye's and SecondChance says, "I want to see FR's on the board tomorrow."

CJ: "No way man. I've got a reputation to protect." We all laugh and go our seperate ways.

About 3/4ths of the way to my car I remember that I left my debit card at the bar.

Shit. I ALWAYS do that. Go back to the front and the 7 foot bouncer blocks the doorway. Finally, he allows me to get in after a new bit of drama eats up his attention. There are two girls freaking out saying their purses were jacked.

Get in, get my card and go pee. On the way out I see SecondChance's salsa friend. He tells me girls he was with got their purses jacked. I tell him I heard two other girls talking to the bouncer and one of them had a flight to catch or something the next day. We shake hands and I'm off.

Parking lot. I spy a 2-set of brunettes chatting. As I pass by I look and see two asian girls. One is an UG2 and the other HB9.

CJ: “You guys know any good places to eat around here.”

The Target makes this “Oh, gawd another guy hitting on my perfect self” face but the UG says she doesn’t know the area. She’s from Ft. Worth.

I mention the only places I know are on Beltline. At this time a 6’ 3” suave guy saunters into the set. He has a kick ass shirt on. I wanted to ask him where he got it but before I knew it he had whisked the HB9 away, leaving me with the UG.

He totally ignored me and the UG (this factoid becomes important later).

So while I’m talking I start walking back to my car. The ug keeps chatting me and I notice the HB9 and SuaveGuy next to his sweet polished chrome and black Lincoln Navigator. I give a sidelong glance to my forest green ’94 Saturn and secretly wonder if it will start up on the first try.

SuaveGuy and HB9 are on the passenger side of his Navigator and I can’t see them. I continue talking to the ug and get deep rapport.

HB9 comes back over. When she does the UG mentions eating. SuaveGuy is in tow...

HB9: blah, blah

CJ: “Wow! You can dress her up but you can’t take her anywhere!” Ug laughs. HB9 jaw drops. SuaveGuy continues ignoring everyone but HB9.

He drags her back over. Another 3-5 minutes of b.s. chatting with UG and she loves me to death. She goes to work for me and tries to grab HB9 away. But, HB9 won’t leave and she says to the UG, “Come on, he’s going to drive us to our car.”

UG waves at me and they drive off. Oh well.

I decide to go to the RaceTrac across the street for a refreshing fountain soda and a snack for the 40 minute drive home.

As I’m walking back across the street towards Carson’s parking lot I hear two female voices yelling. I look and see UG and my Target riding in their car. They make a U-Turn and pull into the parking lot. The UG is driving and she reopens me. The Target sees the drink in my hand and says, “Oh, I’m thirsty, too. Why didn’t you get me a drink?”

CJ: “Why would I get you a drink? I don’t know you from a hole in the wall.” UG giggles and Target has her second jaw-dropping moment.

CJ: "Hey, drive me to my car." \*\* This was funny because my car was about 10 feet away. I hop in and they drive me. \*\*

We talked in the car for a good 15 minutes.

I told Target it wouldn't work out between us. I told her she reminded me of an ex who was an exotic dancer. UG it turns out is a cocktail waitress at Baby Doll's in FW and is supposed to get Target a job. I tell her "Yeah, just become a cocktail waitress because dancing is VERY competitive. " \*\* another subtle neg \*\*

Other highlights:

CJ: "My ex paid for almost everything."

Target: "Jaaaasssooon, you're supposed to take care of your woman."

CJ: "I know. But, she just kept pampering me. Food. Gifts. Sex. It was awesome!"

UG: "That guy wanted Target to hang out and eat with him but not me."

CJ: "Some guys are afraid their friends won't like them. You know, kinda lacking confidence or something."

Target: "You have pretty blue eyes."

CJ: "Thanks"

So, at about 15 minute's inside the car Target says:

Target: "Let's go hang out with CJ..."

UG: "Ok!"

CJ: "I have to be up early."

UG: "What time?"

CJ: "7 am. But you guys can come hang out if you want. But, I'll have to kick you out about 7"

We roll to my place. By the time we get here it is about 3:15. Target opens my car door and says, "Carry me."

CJ: "why?"

Target: "I have to pee!"

CJ: "that would be hilarious. I'm not sure I want to carry you. I wanna see you pee your pants."

I do carry her.

We get inside, my place is a MESS. It's embarrassing. To top it all off I don't have any toilet paper. I've been using paper towels for the last 2 days because I keep forgetting to get TP.

I sit on my loveseat. When they come out of the bathroom Target sits in the OTHER chair and UG sits next to me.

We get on the subject of hot tubs and where mine is at. On the way out there Target tries to get me to carry her towel, her purse and other miscellaneous shit. I laugh and hand her my shit to carry.

Target: You're such a mean man!

A minute later...Target: "Carry me."

CJ: "What? You have to pee again? Ha ha. No."

Target: "Jaaaaason" in a spoiled brat kinda voice.

CJ: "Wow, you're ex-bf's must've spoiled you. Little brat."

I pick her up but instead of carrying her with her legs wrapped around I throw her over my shoulder and carry her like a sack of potatoes. She struggles to get upright but she is no match, haaa.

This is cool. We get to the hot tub and they BOTH strip down to panties. The UG had nice fake tits but that face just gave me shivers. The Target had nice little perky tits with erect nipples.

So, there I am with four tits in the hot tub. A boner ensues.

Target is sly. She wants a compliment so here's how she tries to accomplish it.

Target: "What do you think of UG's tits?"

CJ: "They look nice."

She was hoping we'd get on the subject of HER tits as well. But, I started a new thread. Sly girl.

UG goes to lay down in sun tanning chair. I pull Target and make out.

I finally full monty her in my bed at about 5:30am. At 6:15 my dad calls to make sure I am awake for my meeting. At 6:45 he tells me he is on his way. I am cursing myself for agreeing to a 9am Thursday meeting, when I KNEW that I'd be going out Wednesday night.

7 am screw hottie again. 7:30 kick hottie and UG out of apartment. Hottie is mad at me. She wants to sleep there until I get back.

I closed the biz deal and got to bed about 1:30 Thursday afternoon. Paid for my lifestyle choices Thursday night and Friday morning, totally worn out.

I called Target once and left a voice mail Thursday. Heard nothing back. I texted her Friday “ur such a lil brat.” Heard nothing back.

Texted her Saturday “Hey it’s no big deal if u don’t wanna talk 2 me or c me again – I liked u – but at least let me know u got home ok ~ Jason”

She called me back an hour later. She was pissed and said she never was treated like I treat her. She wants to see me again.

She’s hot. If we go out again I’m going to put her in #3 spot.

~ Captain Jack ~

# **LR: HAKUNA MATATA AND NIPPLE TWISTS**

## **AUGUST 18, 2006**

KinoMaster, Fidelio and I hit up Arlington. I open a few sets but they are all no-go's ... but Fidelio got deep into a set and ended up bouncing two girls with us to the local wanna-be IHOP.

My old mLTR called me and I chatted on the phone with her to demonstrate to the obstacle (Fidelio's obstacle) that I had options and girls were calling me for sex. It worked out nicely to create a "fear of loss" in the obstacle.

Fidelio was making everyone crack up with his analysis of films vs. animations and Karma or some shit and Lion King was an example so Hakuna Matata came up every 10-20 seconds for a good 3 minutes.

Fidelio did the majority of the work with his Cocky & Funny personality and the Bounce.

I came in to help at two crucial points. The girls kept bitching and moaning about how early they had to get up to work in the morning, how tired they were, etc. etc.

I knew I would have to keep the HBNippleTwist (Fidelio's obstacle from his point-of-view, thus my Target) around in order to give Fidelio maximum opportunity to close his deal.

Crucial point number one: After eating they drove us back to the Bar's parking lot. We dropped KinoMaster by his car. Fidelio's girl was driving and she said, "Ok. Where are yall parked?"

CJ: "360 & Riverside"

She paused for a split second and I said "just exit the parking lot and take a left on Collins."

She agreed without saying much.

When we got to the parking lot I told Fidelio's HB "See that Corvette right there?"

HB: "Yeah..."

CJ: "Ignore it and keep going. Ok...park there."

They both immediately said, "We need to use the bathroom."

When we got inside they went in the bathroom together (never fails). Normally, I hear the chicks in there opening drawers and snooping but didn't hear any of that. When I got up this afternoon, I DID notice that they had opened the shower curtain a little bit.

When they got out I small talked with them about my daughters and about my ex, while

Fidelio was in the john.

When he got out they said they had to leave.

CJ: "Oh, you have to take us back to our cars then."

HBs: "What? You're kidding right?"

CJ: "No, our cars are at the bar."

Here's my second contribution to Fidelio's sarge:

So they're heading towards the door. I had been holding my Kino and attention from HBNippleTwist the whole time. At this point, she REALLY felt nothing was going to happen between us. I went and grabbed her, did the trust test, spun her twice and then led her back to the couch.

Fidelio had his HB sitting on his lap and I was sitting on the couch next to HBNippleTwist. I did a Heart Melter on her, tried a new routine about "seizing the moment" based on something I read in "Machiavallian's Guide to Womanizing" ( a funny book, with a FEW good observations but most of it is bad advice )

Right after that she softened up quite a bit and started giving me DDB looks. I backed off because she is not mLTR material but I still wanted to full monty her. Fidelio and his HB announce they are going outside.

I talk to HBNippleTwist for about 2 more minutes before making her get up and sit in my lap. As soon as she sits in my lap we start making out. About 5 minutes later I take her to my room.

I've never met a girl who looked like a church girl and in fact IS a church girl (yet drinks, smokes weed, etc) who wanted me to bite and twist her nipples so hard. I mean, I was biting pretty fucking hard and she kept saying "HARDER! Fucking bite it!!!" - I kept having images of me biting her nipple off and her running around the room screaming and spurting blood everywhere.

She wanted me to bite, pinch, squeeze, and scratch...Freak!

Fidelio, great sarge man! Fidelio, KinoMaster chime in!

~ Captain Jack ~

Fidelio's Reply:

Most of the important facts are already stated above...

I had a blast, as always, with Kinomaster and Captain Jack. All in all, it was a fun night and the best part for me was that along each step of the way I just felt everything was

clicking, game wise, and it felt really fucking good.

I wanna say thanks in advance to CJ for last nights closing contributions with the directions to his house and with the spin move that brought them back into the living room.

Earlier on, at the Country Kitchen (which I will never go to again), somehow stripper's were brought up and I mentioned how I like to play my own version of jacks when they're on stage with their backs to the crowd.

I said that while a stripper's back is turned I like to walk up to the stage, wad a dollar up and throw it down hard and as it bounces back up I sweep my hand across the stage and see how many dollars I can grab before she turns around and faces the crowd.

The girls we were with thought this was some mean ass shit and I told them that stripper's fuck guys over all the time with thirty second songs on lap dances and having guys buy them over-priced fake ass "champagne" drinks.

I said that I was just evening things out for everyone, kinda like Karma, and that it was just Hakuna Matata, The Circle of Life.

Fast forward to the Pirate Pad:

While I had my target on my lap I told her that I needed to go back out to her SUV to get my keys before they left because I thought that they had fallen down into the floorboard as I was getting in earlier. She said OK.

Once we were out in the parking lot she asked "Where do you think you dropped your keys?" and I told her "In my front pocket, where they've been all night." She called me an asshole and we continued to walked to her SUV. She unlocked it and as she opened the front driver's side door I opened the rear passenger door. She told me that there was no way that she was getting in the back with me and that she hadn't done that in years. I told her "Come on baby, this is straight up high school and shit and you know you miss it." She laughed and then complied.

Make out ensues in what has to be the smallest motherfucking SUV I've ever been in. We had both back doors open with my head hangin' out one side and my ass out the other. Seriously, I should've fucking did some warm up stretching before I tried to maneuver around in there.

She kept saying how she couldn't believe that she was caving in so easily and that I must think I'm pretty slick. I said "Yep, it's just a part of me, it's who I am" and we continued...

\*\*\*Listen up everyone, you've seen it posted here before by Captain Jack and most of you have unconsciously done it successfully in your past lives, but sensing her muscle tension is EVERYTHING when it comes to overcoming LMR!! Sometimes you may

have her so worked up that she may just throw some LMR out to see how you handle it. PAY ATTENTION to what her body is telling you!!!\*\*\*

Each time she'd be getting really worked up, she'd start to tense up. I would immediately pull back before she could and say "Whoa, this is getting crazy and I don't even know anything about you" or "I can't believe I'm doing this with someone I just met" and shit like that. Without fail, after the comments were made by me, she would grab me and pull me in like she was Hannibal Lecter and wanted to eat my fucking face off.

At one point after several "time outs" called by me I knew that the logistics in that tight fucking back seat were going to prevent a full close.

Someone at the apartment complex had left their detached garage open and a sport bike was parked in there. I was like "Hey, let's go check out that bike" The implied task was: So I can bang you on the floor of that garage or on that dude's bike because it would be funnier that way, but she was too nervous about going into someone else's parking garage at three in the morning so that idea got pushed to the back of my mind for another day.

It must have been ninety fucking degrees outside at three in the morning and I was way above my target heart rate so I pulled her out of the SUV to get some air and sat back down in the seat with my legs hanging out while she was between me and the door. She thought we were through, but I pulled her against me one last time and started rubbing her crotch through her jeans. She leaned back against the door and sighed. Every time I pushed against her clit she would make this "Ooh" sound. I smiled at her and said "If I'm hurting you let me know and I'll stop, because I'd never want to do something to you that would be uncomfortable." She called me a fucker and said that it was in no way uncomfortable. As I was looking into her eyes I saw she had total and complete DDB going on so I said "I'm going to touch it" and started unbuttoning her pants. No resistance was given and once I got in there I will just say that there was absolutely no mistaking how comfortable I was making her feel. I fingered her standing up until she came and then went back towards CJ's to get her friend.

Now some would say fingering a girl to completion without reciprocation would be AFCish like "dude, she had you doing her bidding" and "you were in her frame, not the other way around". However, the way I look at it was "Man, this fucking SUV is not complying (I got CB'ed by an SUV) and we can't exactly make this work, so WTF, I'll be the Handyman (patent pending) and leave her on a high note and that's what I did.

I chose to frame it like APB and others always say "Leave them better than you found them" and I figured that it can't really be to my disadvantage to leave a girl with that kind of memory.

She hangs at Sherlock's regularly and maybe she'll spread the word and build a rep for me

with girls who are too lazy to masturbate themselves.

--Fidelio

## **LR: APPLES OR DONUTS**

### **AUGUST 8<sup>TH</sup>, 2006**

So there I was in the local QuikTrip at 4:24 am, hungry as hell and thirsty, too.

I had to get something to eat. I thought, "Man, you need to lose 15-20 lbs. You should grab an apple." As my hand started drifting to the apple, a Krispy Kreme display jumped out at me.

Hmmm. Apple or donut. "Dude, you gotta lose some weight."

An inner voice said, "Lose weight? What for? Do you think it's gonna matter to your Game?"

And, the truth WAS that it crossed my mind. But, it's untrue.

(I want to get this off my chest because I read between the lines when I chat, watch or read some of your posts...it's been bothering me for awhile so I've gotta get out before I explode...)

IF ONLY I COULD ---

- Be Taller
- Have More Hair
- Be Skinnier (or more muscular)
- Make More Money
- Be Younger/Older

blah, blah, blah, fuck

Weight doesn't matter.

Looks don't matter.

Age doesn't matter.

Height doesn't matter.

Any one who thinks it is important (for Game) is wrong OR they're just hiding behind a fucking excuse.

Actually, it does matter, but only to YOU and in YOUR mind.

I've seen some of the weirdest shit since starting to game. One time Blincubus and I saw TWO different HB9+ with dude's who were about 5' 3", bald and probably around 300 lbs - in the SAME NIGHT.

We couldn't believe it. I remember it clearly. Blincubus was going ape-shit over this brunette church-girl hb9+ who was playing darts. He was about to approach her but got distracted. Not even 5 minutse later she walked by with said epitomy-of-not-hot specimen and she was ALL OVER that dude.

Not even 5 minutes later ANOTHER HB9 walked by with another dude with roughly the same stats (maybe an inch or two taller).

---

AceOfHearts, Otto, Tribulus and I met at Sherlock's.

We bullshitted for awhile and Trib and AceOfHearts did their cool winging gambit on the cute waitress. Trib did some good work and had her HOOKED with his take-away. Gave me goose-bumps and shit.

Ace and I rolled to the other side and I saw this little hottie with a PlayBoy shirt plastered over her tits. She also had a lip ring and a few tattoos (butterflies).

She was alone and I thought, "Naw dude, wait for her group." Then, I thought, "Screw that man. Go in now and if her group comes deal with them later."

I think I left Ace in mid-sentence...sorry man.

(Turns out she JUST broke up with her BF a few days ago. She came up there alone but met a couple people she knows. Including two of the waitresses and the manager.)

Just the highlights...

Opened with David Bowie.

Teased her with statements like, "Umm...Note to self - DON'T date this girl"

Shake my head, "Omigod, can dress her up but can't take her anywhere."

Played "Guess My Age" Game that I made up about a year ago.

Told her "I had you at 18, I was wondering how you got in here. Fake id or connection."  
(She's 22)

Told her she lost points for drinking a fake beer ("Rolling Rock").

Qualified her "Beauty is common..."

Took her to meet Trib, Otto, Ace to parade and then isolate.

In isolation ESP Gambit hit both numbers. This freaked her out because she was raised religious.

"I Like..." Game

DHV'ed with story about ex who was a stripper...

Turns out SHE is a stripper (excuse me, exotic dancer). I immediately get up and act like I'm leaving. She pulls me back.

Mystery's "Never work out between us..." gambit...

I move her to other side.

She dances on me and I push her off and tell her that'll cost her one dollar. Her jaw drops.

She tries again. "You're up to two dollars" and push her away. She can't believe it.

Listen to some music. Vibe a bit. Play the TV Game.

Move her again to booth.

Try "Mystery's Kiss Close." but she turns her head.

I back turn and tell her she ruined a great moment. She apologizes and tries to get me to turn back around. I gradually do and start chatting about mundane shit.

Right in the middle of my sentence she kisses me on the cheek.

I say, "Nice. Reminds me of middle school."

Here's something funny I did. She said "I have to go to the bathroom." I start a new thread to keep her there and mid-thread say "I have to pee." and I get up. She tries to get up but I push her back in the seat. Ha ha.

Kiss close comes soon after.

At 1:30 I say, "wow! almost 2:00. I've gotta go get some sleep soon."

A few minutes later she says she's having fun and doesn't feel like going home. I don't respond.

At 1:40 I say, "geeez, it's already 1:40. I've gotta be up early." She immediately responds "I don't wanna go home yet! Do you live alone?"

CJ: "yep"

HB: "Well, I don't want to go home yet"

CJ: "ok"

HB: "can we hang out at your place for a little while."

CJ: "hmmm...ok, but only for a little while."

During the drive I gave two small routines I call "Heart Melters" (I don't have a better phrase, maybe you can think of one)...

I'll post them later if anyone wants them. They have NEVER failed to make the girl go "Awwwww! That's sooooo sweeeet!"

Took me about an hour to escalate to Full Monty. My LMR tactic of doing a take-away AS SOON AS I notice muscle tension works like a charm.

She has squirting orgasms! How fucking awesome is that!

~ Captain Jack ~

P.S. I didn't get the apple or a donut. Instead I opted for a box of 15 "Jack's Pizza Bursts" for \$1.59. I AM going to lose 15-20 lbs but not because I think it'll make a difference in my game but because I have felt better when I was around 190lbs versus my current 210.

P.S.S. She number closed me while I was taking her home. Asked me if it was a fake number and double-checked it while we were driving. Ha ha. Playing hard to get is fun.

# LR – THE MAGIC OF PAIR BONDING

## \*\*\* SEPTEMBER 26<sup>TH</sup>, 2006 \*\*\*

Hola PUAs,

KinoMaster and I decide to roll out and see if we can't get some solid sets in. I'm excited because I had a revelation the other day and I think it's taken my game up another notch.

Here it is: Comfort = Identity & Pair-Bonding

I used to think comfort was just a time to chat with the female about stuff you like, stuff she likes and your identity. Then, I decided you had to get her EMOTIONAL so I started using the Heart Melters to great effect.

But, the Pair-Bonding routines are the icing on the cake.

KinoMaster heard me on the phone using the Pair-Bonding routines on an HB I kissed and number closed from last wednesday.

Tonight I put all of it together and ran one of the tightest sets of my life. The result is a little 19 year old hired gun sleeping just a few feet away from me. Her body is supreme. (face pics posted on the private "field reports and journals" section). She resembles Keira Knightley.

- \* open with shoe neg
- \* recalibrate "my belt doesn't match"
- \* b-day sat. (leader of men switch) -> hb: "i made \$600 sat" -> cj: "u know, we should get married."
- \* KinoMaster leaves to wait in his car
- \* vegas trip (seeding for hookah TB) -> ESP Test (she picked 2!)
- \* snowflake/hijack thread
- \* bouncer tries to CB -> she diffuses
- \* jealousy thread (waitress from champps)
- \* champps waitress IOI's me - cj: "thanks"
- \* guess her age and major correctly (miracle!?)
- \* she leaves to finish tabbing out
- \* pick-up hijack thread and "choose" my Target - hbchampps gets the clue and leaves
- \* manager tells her to move from bar because underage

back bar

- \* play video game together - back to hijack thread
- \* back to hookah thread to do full TB -> hb: "Are you inviting me over?" cj: "yes"
- \* she calls ride to cancel
- \* KinoMaster drops us at my place

the infamous couch

- \* played this one right! tension LMR tactic in full effect - nearly a dozen times
- \* watched "Willie Wonka" - "First Child Brings Surge of Energy" Heart Melter

Ok, I'm going to leave the above as is and you can ask any questions. I'm tired as hell having only slept about 2 hours.

About 15 minutes left on Willi Wonka I give the "First Child Brings Surge of Energy" Heart Melter. We soon start making out. I pull away "Baby, we've got to stop."

I pulled away almost everytime BEFORE she could. She did manage to get a few "we can't do this" or "we shouldn't be doing this" out but overall my tension LMR tactic did its job and no major (weird) freeze outs were required.

We made sweet love about 4:00ish. Total time 10:15pm to 4:00ish am.

~ Captain Jack ~

# LR: THE 100% PERFECT TWO SET OCTOBER 10<sup>TH</sup>, 2006

Hola homies,

Sure, it only took my 7 months but I just f-closed the second (and hotter) female of the two-set mentioned in this field report.

Got her friend the first night in the car.

Then, had her friend over the next week or two after but got stopped by the dreaded LMR beast.

Luckily her friend told her she only gave me head in the car. (I found out HBTeacher had a bf at the time of our lay, so naturally giving a dude head in a car is less slutty than fucking him - chick logic)

How did I get her back over after 7 months?

I read about "Club Jeffy" (what Jlaix calls his pad) on some ancient asf post and decided from thenceforth to refer to my pad as "Club Jack."

This allows a level of disassociation through role-play, etc. It's EASIER for a girl to say "What's going on at Club Jack tonite" than it is for her to say "What's going on at your place tonite" - why? Who knows - I think we automatically create the equivalence in our brains - I guess females don't.

It's also why I use "Strawberry Fields." A girl can tell me "I'm in the mood for some strawberries" a LOT easier than she can say "I'm in the mood for some sex."

So, about 1 million texts and about one dozen phone convos (and 1 boyfriend here and gone that I know of) she starts drunk texting me 2 weeks ago.

I won't spend a fri/sat. with an HB so it has to be during the week. We busted plans a couple times and finally today she emails me asking about "Club Jack."

I tell her it opens at 9 and we'll be playing "Sound of Music" or "Wizard of Oz"

I went to Trib's place about 2ish and we rolled to the Liquor store so I could liquor up Club Jack and then we went to the mall where I amazingly saw 2 HB10s and about 5 HB9+s (WTF????)

Trib and I gamed some hotties at a store but other than some nice BT spikes we didn't get anywhere. I also got the "I have plans" objection from an HB I had previously gamed when I attempted the TB. Oh well. I was 90% sure it wasn't going to go through but I

decided I had to take the shot anyway (for calibration purposes). I took 5 steps away, turned back around and attempted it... "got plans friday night."

This was partly my mistake. I've NEVER tried the TB for a fri or sat night. It's always either sun or wed. So, she could've legitimately had plans HOWEVER I expect at the very least a counter-offer of "when else do you go?"

Trib takes me to my car and I roll to mi casa.

So, HBTitties gets here about 9ish. We banter. It's all pretense. We both know we're fucking tonite.

No LMR.

Pics posted in the more private "Field Reports" section.

~ CJ ~

## **LR – CHUBBY GIRLS NEED LOVE, TOO. OCTOBER 10, 2006**

KinoMaster, Fidelio and I meet at the Pirate Pad.

Instead of immediately rolling out to get to the venue early like good, dedicated PUAs would do...we watch the 7 foot Russian Heavyweight Champ Valuev bat Monte Barret around like a rag doll until his corner jumps in to save his ass. Funny shit.

We get to venue about 11:30ish. Eat and just start to game about 12:15.

I spy two HBs previously gamed.

Re-open and vibe with previous HBPeru. I haven't gotten my mouth going yet so I struggle a bit. But, I do a good job of baiting her into kinoing me, remaining aloof and keeping good laid-back bodylanguage.

I wasn't providing enough BT spikes so she and her friend ran off. She said she'd talk with me later.

Another HB came up next to me at the bar and smiled. She looked familiar. I got my drink and left. When she walked by again she smiled and I said "Hey..."

She smiled and then I recognized her. It's HBBooty. I made out and # closed her a few weeks ago. We've talked a few times over the phone and done plenty of texting but I haven't been able to get her out.

CJ: "I didn't recognize you until you turned around. J-Lo Booty." (inside joke)

Everything goes well and she says she's going to pull her friend over to me.

I decide it's time for Jealousy thread action. I notice a cute blonde ponytail bobbing around. I Look at her face - cute with one of those barely noticeable little overbites. Body - big tits, big hips but a little chubby. Still very doable.

I forget what I opened with...but I remember flashing the clown grin and then making an observation. Her friend was an UG and she latched onto some desperate guy and they were sucking face most of the time I was sarging her friend.

I busted on my Target, HBPonyTail, because she was wearing a black and white sideways striped shirt (horizontal strips). I said something about her refereeing the game.

Trust test.

Travel DHV stories.

Guess My Age game.

Psycho Girl Erases All My Numbers story. (Hookah TB seeding started)

Qualify.

I compliance test her by asking if she has lipstick on and then pointing to my cheek.

She shakes her head no to the kiss cheek. I turn away and look at the band. She stares at me for about 1 minute, she's worried/confused and feeling the pressure of my disapproval. Then, digs in her purse and puts on more lipstick and kisses my cheek.

I IOI her and start my comfort stack.

Full Hookah TB.

My real Target, HBBooty, has not come back. Later, Fidelio told me she saw me with HBponyTail, got mad and went away.

It's about 2am and I decide to walk her out to her car. I am debating if I want to f-close her tonite or try to find HBBooty. I decide to forego the close to find HBBooty. I've already got a TB set-up and my phone skills are getting MUCH better so I'm not worried.

As I'm walking back I text HBBooty. She texts back she had to leave, she couldn't find me and she rode with her friend.

Damn.

I spy HBPeru with a rocker dude. While I'm texting HBBooty back I stand next to them. She re-opens me.

I roll into Trust Test and reposition her so I'm leaning against the fence (we're all outside now because bar is closed) AND she has backturned rocker dude. He feels blown out. He's deciding what to do about this...

Strawberry fields. She doesn't understand that well (she's only been here a couple years). While this is going on the dude tugs her arm. She waves him off while I'm talking.

She asks me if I want to take her #..."wow, you're pretty forward, but ok..." <- That's now a standard line of mine.

KinoMaster and Fidelio roll by with the car. As I'm getting in HBPeru calls me. This girl is in chase mode!

I re-run strawberry fields on her. She loves it and tells me she also loves "mongos" (mangos) and other stuff and starts getting sexually suggestive. I back off because at this

point if we get TOO sexual it COULD interfere with our ability to meetup as the pressure on her for sex will be too high.

I call HBonyTail and chat a bit. I run "Eyes Always Return To You" hijack routine. She loves it and is pretty much speechless.

Her friend calls back and they invite me to come over. I tell them I can meet them at Dukes.

Drunk girl and desperate guy fall asleep while HBonyTail and I are on the couch chatting. We kissed once earlier.

I continue my comfort stack. Do heart melters. Talk about my ambitions while we watch Nip/Tuck. We start making out.

About 5am we crawl into her bed. I immediately pretend like I'm going to sleep. After about 1 minute she starts fidgeting around. I turn around and she looks at me. We make out.

I start/stop on her several times to sexually frustrate her. Bra comes off, no problem. Panties are another story. I have to freeze out 3-4 times. Panties finally come off.

I used Jlaix-style comment, "I wanna taste you." and go down on her.

She returns the favor. But, when I try to enter her, she says no. Freeze out. Restart. This time I just let it hover next to her. When she starts bucking a little I let it rub up. She suddenly grabs my hips and thrusts forward. LMR officially broken at 6:18.

Done deal.

~ Captain Jack ~

P.S. You know what sucks? At 3:41 HBBooty called me. Damnit.

## **LR: CJ BANGS A BI-SEXUAL THUG GIRL OCTOBER 2006**

Holy shit dudes I'm on fire.

I gotta attribute this to adding in Mystery's "Hijack My Brain" verbals, Sinn's recommendation to me to take Phone Game seriously and my Heart Melter routines.

I #-closed HBPeru sat. night (detailed in "LR: Chubby Girls Need Love, Too.") and she's been texting me non-stop ever since.

We have talked 2-3 times since and I've used Sinn's recommendations found on the Lounge (I remembered some of it from NYC bootcamp). She mentions she's going to be at X-Bar wed. night but doesn't outright invite me.

I don't say anything. In the past I'd say, "Ok, cool. I'll be there." But since she didn't invite me I just let it go and changed the subject.

On sunday night I opened a MF 2set. I got in REAL good with the guy, a wanna-be gangster by asking him what he was gonna sing at karaoke. He just turned 21 at midnight so I bought him a shot and started educating him on the dallas bar/club scene.

(Even though I don't particularly care for wanna-be gangsta's he was a young chap with a moderately hot latin girl so I felt obliged to find the situ out...)

I bought a shot of Patron but when I discovered he was just now 21 I insisted he take it.

I did my standard mixed set game which is to make the guy(s) love me and ignore the girls until they start vying for my attention.

After about 10 minutes they both thought I was the coolest dude they'd ever met in their life.

The latin girl, we'll call her HBBisexualThug (hindsight being 20/20), number closed me. Tribulus witnessed much of this set.

Through a series of texts HBBisexualThug reveals to me that she likes primarily chicks, she recognized my skill level via my sarge of her mf set and she wants to hang out.

Wednesday afternoon she texts me "what are u doing tonight?"

My HBPeru had already told me 5-6 times where she was going to be to see a certain band she likes.

I debated with KinoMaster over coffee the appropriate response.

Should I show up at the bar and game her even though I wasn't explicitly invited?

Should I bring HBBisexualThug to start a jealousy plotline?

Should I not show up at all and just try to close HBBisexualThug?

On one hand I wanted to use HBBi to create a jealousy plotline but on the other I was worried that I was doubting my own skill level by feeling like I needed a pawn/pivot.

We could never logically reason out a good answer so I did the next best thing. I asked myself, "What would a chick do?"

The answer to that question was easy: Jealousy Thread!

About 10ish HBPeru texts me: "where are u?"

CJ: "KinoMaster, Caroline and I are on the way to velvet hooka...where u?"

HBPeru: "x-bar"

I leave it at that. I seriously MEANT to go to velvet hooka first BUT HBPeru's texting let me know she wanted me there.

We show up and grab a table.

Before I know it they are competing for my attention. It is awesome. I then start thinking the possibility of a 3some so I tell HBBisexualThug to take HBPeru to dance. She complies and soon they drag me to the dance floor (which I'm sure was comical for KinoMaster to see -- thank god no video cameras were around.)

HBPeru likes the attention but is clearly jealous. She is all over me. She finally asks me point-blank "Are you FUCKING her?"

CJ: "Umm.....no" \*\* shit man, it caught me off guard. The correct answer is 'I don't kiss and tell' -> cave man or new thread \*\*

HBPeru: "I'm very jealous!!!!"

\*\* Elapsed time from arrival to patio scene below is roughly 2-3 hours \*\*

She drags me to the patio where she proceeds to sit on my lap and shove her tongue down my throat.

I start the "hijack my brain" routine on her she loves it and makes out passionately with me...

It is nearly time to go and she asks me to walk her to the car. HBBisexualThug follows and I promenade them out (boy were we getting looks!)

HBBisexualThug is trying for a 3some (i mentioned the possibility earlier) but she doesn't know HBPeru lives with her mom. We drive her home anyway and HBPeru and I make out while HBBisexualThug drives HBPeru's car.

When we get her to her apartments, HBPeru and I make out more and I tell her how I'm going to be traveling and I may not see her for awhile (this is true but we've got another 10 days before I leave for just 4 days -- I purposefully made it sound soon and longer to create the sense of loss in her).

I run "Eyes Always Return To You" on her and she looks at me like she's a deer caught in the headlights...we makeout again.

She says, "Don't cheat on me while you're gone."

I smile and make out with her again and she goes into her apartment.

KinoMaster drives us home and I start making out with HBBisexualThug.

As soon as we get inside my place clothes start flying off.

No LMR.

After sex she says she is surprised because she doesn't do guys anymore but seeing me work her mf set sunday night and seeing me work HBPeru over made her horny.

Then she said, "OMIGOD!!!! I can't believe I cheated on my girlfriend!" and she made out with me before leaving. I tell her that we should work together and she agrees.

Holy shit that's four new hotties full-closed in October!

~ Captain Jack ~

## LR – OMIGOD PEETY IS DEAD – OCT. 6<sup>TH</sup>, 2006

I have no idea if Peety even really exists. Now, the other cat I know exists because I saw him. He introduced himself by jumping up on HBCats couch, sniffing my hair and then trying to eat it.

I don't know his name but as far as cats go he's ok.

About 2:15 a.m. I'm drunk off my ass (how??? I hardly friggin' drank!) while HBCats is sitting on the edge of the bed crying her eyes out while holding onto her one remaining cat.

I can't believe it. I feel bad for her. It would suck to lose a pet, HOWEVER, cats DO leave. And, they usually come back as well. Unlike dogs.

At 2:18 she's back outside in her underwear and a t-shirt yelling "Peety! Peeeeeety! Peeteeeeeee!"

She comes back in and I console her. I tell her cats are like that, he'll come back, everything is good. I'm trying to calm her down while the room is spinning. I haven't been this drunk in YEARS...maybe not ever.

She finally calms down.

But, let's back up a bit...

This is the initial meet-up...I posted this on a "Shit Test" thread so just copied it here for documentation purposes...

\*\*\*\*\* Initial Meet \*\*\*\*\*

Fidelio and KinoMaster saw this Wednesday night. AceOfHeartSS also saw my Target and I seated on the patio in isolation.

Fidelio gave me a countdown and I rolled into a seated set hottie. (Seated sets ARE an SP of mine so I'm working on them).

She shit-tested me for about the first 5 minutes of the interaction. She didn't like my soul patch, she doesn't like my necklace, my shirt is gay, my wristbands are silly, etc., etc, etc.

I held fast and kept cutting threads. I took each of her little attraction tests and either ignored them, kindly disagreed or cut thread. Before you know it SHE bounces me outside.

Isolation.

I disagree with her taste in movies. I tell her it WON'T work out between us. I question her judgment regarding high-quality comedy (she doesn't like "Van Wylder!!!!" how fucking crazy is that! Old school? No. Wedding Crashers? No. WTF?)

We find a middle ground on a movie (forgot which one).

I gently coax her into qualifying herself. She finally tells me she is empathic and that's why she studied Psychology in College.

I SOI her and tell her that "Empathy" is so sexy and that is why I've dated a lot of nurses. She melts.

I have to pee so we roll to the bathrooms. Then, back to meet KinoMaster and Fidelio. She begins attraction testing again.

I don't want to go backwards so we sit down at the original table. I "Hijack My Brain" her and all of her testing goes out the window. We both melt into that sweet bonding phase coldly labeled C1, C2, C3...She is wearing my sunglasses (the one she "hates"), she looks deep into my eyes.

Long story short, I walk her to her car. She invites me over. She asks me several times to come with her. I tell her I will if she can drive me home before she goes to work. She can't/won't. I tell her "maybe some other time." She kisses me and asks again.

Stupid me. I want to see the waitress I f-closed a week or so ago who is waiting for us to pick her up from work.

At 2:15 the above Target texts me "come ovr." Damnit! I gave up a NEW lay with a girl of equal (or better) hotness for a girl I've already done. WTF was I thinking?

Attraction Tests are GOOD.

\*\*\*\*\* Day 2 \*\*\*\*\*

I had invited her out to Strapper's B-Day as a way to TB around 1:00 am on the initial pick-up.

She said she would love to come with me. I texted her thursday and called thursday night but no answer. She calls me at 4ish friday and says she wants to hang out with me tonite but her friend is going out. She wants to meet up for happy hour instead.

I tell her I can't see her til 8. My thinking was I'd see her at 8, charm her and her friend and pull them to Strapper's party.

I get to her apt. about 8ish and she tells me her friend will be coming soon.

I had already run the "hijack" thread on her so now I just interact with her a bit. I let her do most of the talking and only cut threads or introduce new topics as I deem necessary.

I elicit her values from her job (which she loves) and feed them back to her.

I do a retarded rendition of Discovery Channel. She is en-tranced and a little turned on.

The whole time I'm there I am withholding Kino (besides an initial hug) to see how long it takes HER to make the first contact. About 20 minutes.

We already kissed a bit the first night by her car. But, I start with a normal kino progression.

About 9 we decide to roll to the bar as her friend is having to wait on the babysitter. We chat more and grab a seat.

Her friend texts her "Are you getting some?" She laughs and shows me. I say, "Tell her I'm not that kinda guy."

She quickly responds, "oh, I'm not like that either..." (It's at that point I KNOW her ass is mine.)

Her friend gets to the bar next door so we roll in. Not much happened here except I kept punishing her when she paid more attention to another set of friends arrived. When she backturned me to talk to them for more than a minute or so I'd make sure to disappear for 5 minutes or so.

We roll to another bar in Addison called Zen - small but not bad.

At one point she starts dirty dancing with another dude...the old me would've just sat there.

I get up and smoothly glide (like a Ninja) and bust a beer bottle over his head. Ha. I go and chat another hottie. It is going GOOD, I mean REAL GOOD with this little hottie.

I am gone for maybe 15 minutes. She finds me and drama ensues. The little hottie is taken aback by HBCats yelling at me and grabbing my arm to pull me away. Once she regains her composure she grabs my OTHER arm and says, "Meet me by the DJ booth later."

I was thinking not even 5 minutes before to get her number. Shit. Should've listened to my intuition.

Her friend comes over and she's trying to calm HBCats down. The other hottie left and I have HBCats pinned against the bar while I am showing her I am not afraid of drama and I can weather her female storms...

Her friend gets SUPER attracted to me (she's an UG though) because I imagine she hasn't seen a male go toe-to-toe with her hot friend before.

Time to leave.

Friend drops us back at our car. Drive home I feel like I am riding in a Clothes dryer. I'm spinning and we're moving forward, it is a weird sensation.

We get back to her place. Peety is missing. After calming her I close the deal. She likes booty sex so I obliged in that regard as well. I feel its important to give girls who are lamenting the "death" of their cats the sexual favors they ask...

~ Captain Jack ~

P.S. Pics posted in more private "Field Reports..." etc, etc, etc.

P.P.S. Damn near perfect body.

## LR – THE EXORCIST – OCTOBER 13, 2006

I have scratches all over my back and chest...

My neck, tongue, lips and ears still hurt from the biting...

I can still feel the knot in my calf from when I cramped up...

I may have pulled a hamstring.

I've never seen a girl go from hot, bubbly latina to straight Exorcist like that before.

Our interactions actually go back to Late Aug/ or Early september.

I was at d-bar with KinoMaster and Fidelio. I had a little trouble opening that night but just FORCED myself after about 30-40 minutes. I was practicing forward merging sets that night so I opened up two asian 5's with the idea to merge them into a larger set with a hot target.

We merged with a 10+ mixed set of Brazilians! What luck!

The hottest one was taken by one of the dude's I befriended so I made her off limits.

That left HBPeru. I did a stupid situational opener on her and got shot down. Her protection shield was in full effect because she dances like crazy and she's hot so guys are constantly hitting on her.

Fast forward to about 2 weeks ago. Trib and I are screwing around and I see her with her friend. As they are about to leave I look directly at her and Flash the Clown Grin...she says to her friend, "I know him..." at which point I raise my eyebrows like I heard her.

We re-establish that we met at Duke's. I try to get them engaged but their ride is already waiting and the obstacle is pulling her away.

\*\*\* Excerpted from ?LR: Chubby Girls Need Love, Too. - Oct. 7th, 2006 \*\*\*

Re-open and vibe with previous HBPeru. I haven't gotten my mouth going yet so I struggle a bit. But, I do a good job of baiting her into kinoing me, remaining aloof and keeping good laid-back body language.

(I later discovered after debriefing that THIS made all the difference. She said she couldn't figure out why I wasn't hitting on her like all the other guys and wondered if I liked her, if I thought something was wrong with her, if I was gay or had a girlfriend.)

I wasn't providing enough BT spikes so she and her friend ran off. She said she'd talk

with me later.

\*\*\* Same LR later in the same night \*\*\*

I spy HBPeru with a rocker dude. While I'm texting HBBooty back I stand next to them. She re-opens me.

I roll into Trust Test and reposition her so I'm leaning against the fence (we're all outside now because bar is closed) AND she has backturned rocker dude. He feels blown out. He's deciding what to do about this...

Strawberry fields. She doesn't understand that well (she's only been here a couple years). While this is going on the dude tugs her arm. She waves him off while I'm talking.

She asks me if I want to take her #..."wow, you're pretty forward, but ok..." <- That's now a standard line of mine.

KinoMaster and Fidelio roll by with the car. As I'm getting in HBPeru calls me. This girl is in chase mode!

I re-run strawberry fields on her. She loves it and tells me she also loves "mongos" (mangos) and other stuff and starts getting sexually suggestive. I back off because at this point if we get TOO sexual it COULD interfere with our ability to meetup as the pressure on her for sex will be too high.

\*\*\* Excerpted from "LR: CJ Bangs a Bi-sexual Thug Girl" - Oct. 11th, 2006 \*\*\*

I #-closed HBPeru sat. night (detailed in "LR: Chubby Girls Need Love, Too.") and she's been texting me non-stop ever since.

We have talked 2-3 times since and I've used Sinn's recommendations found on the Lounge (I remembered some of it from NYC bootcamp). She mentions she's going to be at X-Bar wed. night but doesn't outright invite me.

I don't say anything. In the past I'd say, "Ok, cool. I'll be there." But since she didn't invite me I just let it go and changed the subject.

\*\*\* Later in same LR \*\*\*

KinoMaster and I could never logically reason out a good answer so I did the next best thing. I asked myself, "What would a chick do?"

The answer to that question was easy: Jealousy Thread!

About 10ish HBPeru texts me: "where are u?"

CJ: "KinoMaster, Caroline and I are on the way to velvet hooka...where u?"

HBPeru: "x-bar"

I leave it at that. I seriously MEANT to go to velvet hooka first BUT HBPeru's texting let me know she wanted me there.

We show up and grab a table.

Before I know it they are competing for my attention. It is awesome. I then start thinking the possibility of a 3some so I tell HBBisexualThug to take HBPeru to dance. She complies and soon they drag me to the dance floor (which I'm sure was comical for KinoMaster to see -- thank god no video cameras were around.)

HBPeru likes the attention but is clearly jealous. She is all over me. She finally asks me point-blank "Are you FUCKING her?"

CJ: "Umm.....no" \*\* shit man, it caught me off guard. The correct answer is 'I don't kiss and tell' -> cave man or new thread \*\*

HBPeru: "I'm very jealous!!!!"

\*\* Elapsed time from arrival to patio scene below is roughly 2-3 hours \*\*

She drags me to the patio where she proceeds to sit on my lap and shove her tongue down my throat.

I start the "hijack my brain" routine on her she loves it and makes out passionately with me...

It is nearly time to go and she asks me to walk her to the car. HBBisexualThug follows and I promenade them out (boy were we getting looks!)

HBBisexualThug is trying for a 3some (i mentioned the possibility earlier) but she doesn't know HBPeru lives with her mom. We drive her home anyway and HBPeru and I make out while HBBisexualThug drives HBPeru's car.

When we get her to her apartments, HBPeru and I make out more and I tell her how I'm going to be traveling and I may not see her for awhile (this is true but we've got another 10 days before I leave for just 4 days -- I purposefully made it sound soon and longer to create the sense of loss in her).

I run "Eyes Always Return To You" on her and she looks at me like she's a deer caught in the headlights...we makeout again.

\*\*\* End previous game snippets \*\*\*

Ok, so we've talked on the phone an additional hour or more and texted back a few times a day.

I tell her she can hang out at "Club Jason" after seeing DJ Carl Cox at the Lizard Lounge.

She calls me about 2:00 and tells me she will come if I want to see her. I act like I'm thinking about it.

When she first arrives I am asking her about her night and she is showing me the pictures in her digital camera.

I am totally hands off. No touching. While showing me the pics she keeps leaning closer and closer. I allow it but lean back further when the pics are done.

She says, "Let's take some pics." as an excuse for her to initiate kino.

We take the pics and makeout. I provided lots of LMR (she provided none) and stopped 5 or 6 times and went back to neutral BL.

She'd quickly reinitiate.

A few memorable comments:

HBPeru: "I'm mean to boys at clubs cause they just want to sleep with me."

CJ: "Yeah, stupid boys."

---

HBPeru: "Take off your pants."

CJ: "We have to stop now."

---

HBPeru: "When's the last time you had sex?"

CJ: "What time is it?"

HBPeru: \* smiles and slaps my arm \*

HBPeru: "It's been a year for me..."

CJ: \*\* dumbfounded look on my face \*\*

HBPeru: "I go dance instead."

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HBPeru: "It took my first lover 12 months...it took my 2nd lover 3 months...it took you

less than 7 days...what did you do?"

---

When she was leaving my apt:  
HBPeru: "I call ju if I get lost."

~ Captain Jack ~

## LR: BOOTYLICIOUS

Got my 7th lay for October. Went down like clockwork. The first set I opened a table of 4 girls and 1 guy was originally supposed to be a pawn group for a cute/horny blond one table over.

Long story short, the cute/horny blond I lost because she got too drunk so I made my original set and target (an HB7 with unreal tits and hot ass) my main target.

Props to Tribulus for occupying roommate/obstacle for me while I sealed the deal. More info later after I awaken from comatose state.

~ The \*REAL\* Captain Jack ~

London says:

lol...does it ever get old after a while? :) ever bump into a past lay at a venue or deal with awkward day afters? no "i'll call you's?" i'm just curious about the logistics of AFTER the lay.

before you got good, did you ever think you'd be living this lifestyle? looking back on things, what do you think has changed the most and gotten you to where you are today?

you and twitchy are on a roll, man, october treated you guys well.

Twitchy says:

CJ, don't we all deserve a real LR?

CaptainJack says:

Yes, absolutely. Unfortunately I didn't do a quick bullet points version in Word upon arriving home and most pertinent details have now slipped my mind.

Even though she gave me one of the most incredible BJ's ever, I momentarily passed out due to alcohol over-imbibance. I remember that much.

I remember asking her group my standard Karaoke gambit, "Hey, what are you gonna sing?"

Group: "blah, blah. You gonna sing?"

CJ: "oh, noooo...I care WAY too much for people to actually sing for them."

CJ: \* to Target \* "You should sing Madonna - Like a Virgin."

CJ: "My friend and I, neither of us can sing worth a shit, used to drive to Austin quite a bit. Whenever he would start singing I'd quickly turn off the radio and bust him singing horribly. He got me a few times, too. But, in the shower I sing like crazy."

She had an incredible ass, too.

Sorry. Haa.

## LR: HBMOTORASS HAS DELAYED REACTION

(while this is an LR it is also a Diary/Journal of my life of sorts so feel free to skim)

\*\* November 2-3, 2006 \*\*

Interesting day. I had just woken up 10 minutes earlier and was contemplating heading back to bed for another 2 hours of shut-eye.

But, Tribulus arrived at the Pirate Pad. We had discussed doing some day game at the mall the night before and I was up for it because I got no work in Wednesday night's sarging time and Tuesday, well let's just say Tuesday sucked big time. I had 2 HB10's and an HB9 all "agreed" to meet me at x-bar yet none of them showed.

((This irritated me and brought out my pirate side and I decided not to sarge and instead just drink with my fellow PUAs. Well, that lasted all of 20 minutes before I started drunk gaming. Naturally, when you break EVERY approach rule bad shit happens.

Let me count the ways I fucked up one of my sets:

- \* No FTC
- \* Direct BL to a mixed set
- \* Situational opener flopped but I kept the thread alive
- \* Protection Shields go up so I compliment them (smooooooth!)
- \* Take Target out of group without asking
- \* Blah, blah, blah – fuck!

))

You know how you feel when you wake up an hour or so too early? How the tiredness never really goes away, it just sort of lingers in your head above your ears? That's how I felt all day long.

So, while Tribulus had 2 solid sets at the mall I bombed out big time opening only once which amounted to "Amateur Hour" with an HB9 latina hired gun (and by "Hour" I mean like 90 seconds).

I get home and about 7:30ish with the tiredness creeping into my bones. The bed looks so inviting.

Then, KinoMaster calls and asks if I wanna meet up with him and Aladdin for dinner. Mmmmmm....wings....mmmmm....beer.

My car is broken down (starter doesn't work) so I gotta grab opportunities as they come. KinoMaster arrives and we roll. Our waitress didn't motivate me enough to game (nice booty but face too plain.)

Saw PlayerT there on his dinner break from work and he reminded me I promised I'd hang out with him later. (Since I don't have a car I didn't get my daughters Thursday night).

KinoMaster and Aladdin leave and it's already 9 so I stay and play Galaga. I walk to x-bar at 10:30 and run into El Topo. He took MM bootcamp in Scottsdale that I coached at.

Watch out for El Topo guys, he's going to be GOOD!

It pumped me up watching him work 2 sets. Aaaaaah, the glow of new PUAs motivates me and I start scoping for sets. He's worked the 2 best sets so I hang back with PlayerT and we chat for a bit.

El Topo leaves. PlayerT and I open the last good set. She is into me but she's with her brother so I decide not to bother. PlayerT number closes her.

Once or twice while looking for a set to jump into an HB I sarged over 9 months ago!!! remembers me and starts rubbing on me. I brush her off and it throws her a bit because guys never do that to her...

The original sarge went O.K. there was an UG to deal with and I lost the set because I didn't lock-in or move them. We were in a busy spot next to the dance floor at Carsons (it's amazing how I can remember this shit but I can see it in my mind's eye as if it were last week which means I probably wrote a field report about her.)

She thinks she is getting revenge by dancing on other guys with her motor booty but instead she sees me chatting PlayerT's set and ignoring her. She gets a little miffed that her Jealousy thread attempt has failed.

I finally re-open her and take her temperature. It's still on so I lean back and make some small talk looking for opportunities to get my point across (the point being "you and I are fucking tonight").

I can't remember everything I said but I used my code questions for Same-Night Lays.

\* What's on the agenda for later? "not sure, why?"

\* Did you drive? By yourself? "yes and yes."

\* It's getting late... (if they say it's not late then it's a good sign...I hate losing SNL due to work early obligations)

She gets the picture and she takes (drags) me to the dance floor and works her motor booty on me so everyone can see. We makeout.

By 1:45 a.m. she was ready to go!

The bouncers watch in awe as they see CaptainJack pulling yet ANOTHER girl.

Full-montied about 3:00 a.m.

~ Captain Jack ~

## **LR: CJ WINS TUG-OF-WAR – PRIZE: SIX FOOT BRUNETTE HOTTIE**

\*\* Nov. 4-5, 2006 \*\*

“Yet Another Installment in Captain Jack’s Grande Adventures!”

First off I’m gonna recap possibly the shittiest 3-4 hours of my life.

KinoMaster and I hit a new venue Friday night. It looks like a great place. I ran a really good set with an HB9 blonde hottie but lost her because I didn’t catch her escalation attempts.

Normally, if you can catch one of these you’re going to get laid.

BlondeHB: “Hmm...it’s getting funner. I should reopen my tab.” She said this right after my Strawberry Fields routine. I shrugged my shoulders instead of saying:

CJ: “Yeah, for sure. C’mon let’s grab a drink. Have you seen the patio yet?” \*\*\* grab hand, walk her to bar, wait for her to get drink, take her to patio. Done deal. \*\*\*

Here was missed attempt #2:

BlondeHB: “I REALLY, REALLY wanna dance. This reminds me of Cali..”

CJ: \*\*\* Being stupid and missing every signal imaginable \*\*\* “Cali? Really. That’s cool I’ve been out to L.A. twice this year...” \*\*\* somebody slap me \*\*\*

After this it was all downhill. I had a martini, a margarita, 2 jack-n-cokes, 3 beers, a shot of patron and 2 or 3 things I can’t remember.

KinoMaster ran a 2-set and I occupied the doable obstacle while he gamed the HOT blonde. Sweeeet. But, when I tried to bounce it wasn’t on. Technically we should’ve stayed in, ran a little more attraction, qualified and then attempted a different move but I wanted a hotter set.

I gamed an old lady with big implants. But, that was about it. A great new venue.

Ok. So I got in at 3:00ish a.m. sat. morning and drunk texted every girl in my phone (because I’m dumb.) I wake up about 8:30 a.m. feeling awesome.

I wait till about 10:30 am and call KinoMaster and tell him I wanna go to the mall to have 2 suit jackets tailored. He was still asleep but gets to my place about 12:00.

By now though I am feeling like total dogshit. The room is spinning. I’m tired. I’m hungry and I’m irritated because a Turkish HB10 belly dancer I number closed last

Monday night called me a dick on the phone. Of course, it was my fault because I told her to speak English because I don't understand "drunken midget dialect."

I buy some jeans at Nordstroms and grab something to eat. I start to feel a little better but about 2:30 I hit the wall and it takes effort to even move my mouth.

I crash happily because an HB9 with sweeeeeet big titties I ALSO number closed the same night I # closed TurkishHB texted and said she wants to hang out later tonight (Sat.) but she's going to her grandmas in a city about 2 hours away but will call me about 9ish.

About 3:00 I descend into a DEEEEP sleep. And, I stayed there till about 11:00 pm.

So, sorry to KinoMaster, Tribulus, AsianPlayboy, SecondChance, Fidelio and whomever else called. Not ignoring you at all. I was in dreamland.

PlayerT texted me about 11ish and told me to meet him at X-Bar at midnight. He picked me up and we got there about 12:15 am.

I was catching heat (stares) from one of the bouncers because I pulled his ex-gf thurs. night. He was blowing up her phone while I was taking her from behind.

PlayerA shows up about 12:30 am and we all agree its time to start gaming some hotties.

PlayerA splits off and starts chatting a 2-set of cute HB7s. It's going good until their male companions come back. This throws PlayerA off and he ejects almost immediately.

I open a 2set next to me. An HB9 brunette and an obstacle. I caught them right as they were leaving and can't make them stick around.

I super hot 6 foot tall HB walks by with a 5-foot ugly as hell gf. I point them out to PlayerT and his jaw drops.

They see us and smile and walk away. A few minutes later they walk by (too obviously) and PlayerA stops them.

From here PlayerA (not a PUA, not a friend, not a Wing) is gaming the girl. She is enjoying. Everybody introduces.

She has Angelina Jolie lips, beautiful green eyes, long brunette hair, beautiful hips, perky tits, long legs and skinny arms.

I decide I want her:

CJ: "Hmm....stand up."

HBTallGreenEyes: "What???"

CJ: "Stand up..." \*\*\* She stands \*\*\*

CJ: "Five feet eleven."

HB: "Yes! How'd you know?"

CJ: "I got really good at guessing heights. When I was in high school and college I used to go for really short girls. My mom would say 'All the tall girls are going dateless because of you!' \*\*\* I think this was from Mystery \*\*\*"

HB: "Yeah. It's been hard for me to find guys taller than me. My last bf was 6' 5" How tall are you?"

CJ: "Five four."

HB: "Whatever!"

CJ: "If you only date guys taller than you I guess you don't get out much. Do you?"

HB: "No, actually."

CJ: "Too bad. Five four... What? You don't trust me? Lemme see your hands."

I do Trust Test and spin her. PlayerT and PlayerA watch and shake their heads as if to say, "That fucken bastard! He's already in..."

But, not so fast. She turns to PlayerA and re-engages. Hmmm, interesting. I backturn them both and start looking for another set.

They chat for awhile. I look disinterested. The subject of age comes up:

HB: "How old are you?" \*\*\* to PlayerA \*\*\*

PlayerA: "31"

HB: "No way! I would've thought 24 or 25"

PlayerA: "That's good right?"

HB: "Yeah."

HB: "How old are you?" \*\*\* To Me \*\*\*

CJ: "Guess."

HB: "umm...24"

CJ: "Wow!"

HB: "Really?"

CJ: "Not even close! Haaaaa, higher."

She finally gets 31 after 3 tries.

HB: "Wow, you guys all look so young."

CJ: "We smear Oil of Olay all over each other's faces...and use cucumbers on our eyes."

Everybody laughs and I catch her looking at me with that "attraction gaze." Her friend chats me up briefly and I make her think I'm the greatest guy on earth. (This is easy, just be REAL nice to them.)

She goes back to talking to PlayerA and I'm thinking "Dude, you're getting outgamed by a normal person." I can't have that so it's time to get off my lazy ass and use one of the most powerful tools known to all of PUADom – the vetted JEALOUSY THREAD!!!!

I walk over and make eye contact with a cute, yet somewhat chubby blonde. She'll do. But, I wait for a second and PlayerA and PlayerT come up behind me. I keep walking and we start talking about other sets.

I look back at the chubby blond and she's looking at me again.

CJ: "Guys, I'll be right back!"

I walk over, put my hand out and say, "Let's go dance." I pull her to the dance floor. (It is VERY full so I don't mind dancing if I can get towards the back so no one can see.)

We dance and when I glance over HBTall is looking at me. She doesn't see me looking. When I get off the dance floor I let chubby blonde walk ahead and then get separated (I know, I'm mean.)

I start heading back towards HBTall and she lights up.

HBTall: "Hey! Where'd you go!?"

CJ: "Just dancing with that girl."

Jealousy accomplished. Kino goes up.

I go into "Strawberry Fields" and she loves it. I start laying down my grounding sequence starting off with "Let Grandma Buy You Some New Jeans" Heart Melter.

I move into "Hair Salon Shows Me Power of Advertising" plus a couple travel stories where I work ESP Test in. PlayerA attempts a steal. She's riveted and politely answers and brings attention back to me. But, he hasn't totally given up.

It's almost closing time. She does a routine on me.

Favorite Body of Water then one word to describe it.

Favorite Color then one word to describe it.

Favorite Pet then one word to describe it.

(My answers: ocean=limitless, blue=relaxing, dog=playful)

Water/Color describe you, pet describes ideal lover.

CJ: "Did you drive here?"

HB: "Yeah. I drove myself."

Her friends walk by and ask if she wants to go. She says, "The night is still early!" and they ask if I'll make sure she gets to her car alright. Being the gentleman I am I agree.

CJ: "Yeah, the night is young. I have Smirnoff ice, vodka and wine at my place."  
PlayerA, PlayerT overhear: "Hey, we'll all go to my place."

I act like I didn't hear.

HB: "Who did you come with."  
CJ: "PlayerT drove me. Can you drive me home?"  
HB: "Yeah. How far away do you live. Can you drive?"

So, it's closing time and I KNOW PlayerA is gonna try another steal.

CJ: "Ok. Put your arm here so we don't get stopped on the way out." \*\*\* promenade style \*\*\*

Sure enough PlayerA tries again to get her to hang out with him.

HB: "Oh, sorry. I gotta take him home."

The Bouncers shake their heads in disbelief and smile at me as I walk out. I smile back and nod.

We get here (Pirate Pad) and we talk for another hour or so. I make out. Get LMR on bra and panties. Work through it and close the deal about 5:00ish.

~ Captain Jack ~

P.S. This is the only pic I have for what it's worth. She looks about 8 feet tall because I was laying on the bed when I took it. Notice the thin modelesque arms. I SO wanted to get a pic of that ass and those perky tits. She's 22 and probably worthy of a top 3 spot.

## LR: DAY2 THE CAPTAINJACK WAY

November 12/13, 2006

I look at the clock...a bright red 3:49 blinks to 3:50.

"Oh! I didn't mean to do that!" she flips her hair and waves her hand as if it were a few degrees too hot in her bedroom. She pulls the covers closer and crinkles them up towards her neck.

October 30th, turned out to be a pretty damn good night out for me.

Fidelio, KinoMaster and I were out downing pitchers because the crowd was a bit sparse (being a Monday). I was practicing downing Michelob Ultra Lights - my goal is 7 seconds but 9 seconds is my best so far. Eventually I believe I'll be able to get one down in 7 seconds WITHOUT spilling. At least, that's my goal.

I was contemplating having another practice session when I spied with my little eyes a slender Brunnette, flat stomach, tattoo on back, perky tits, cute tight ass. She and her blonde friend burst on the scene all giggles and alighted on the table next to us.

I vibed and sent and before you knew it they got out the digital camera. Here's a tidbit you may find useful (\* cough \* especially you momma's boys who are still scared to open \* cough \*):

CaptainJack's Amazing Digital Camera Non-Verbal Sending Opener (TM): If you see a set breaking out the digital camera, look at them, smile, lift thine eyebrows and motion with your hand as if accepting change back from a cashier. If they see this masterpiece of non-verbal behavior they will often give your weaselly ass an opportunity to game them by saying, "Hey, take a pic of us!"

Now, don't be a good boy and take a pic...no. no. no. no! Take their digital camera and start taking pictures of random shit. The ceiling. A crooked one of the band. Your friends (KinoMaster and Fidelio) making the piece sign and whatnot.

This should make them laugh or get up to try and take the camera back. About that time try to snap a pic of the girl lunging towards you. This will make a perfect neg as you look at the pic and laugh. If they do NOT lunge to get the camera back then you may take a picture.

So, take it and then look at it and go "Omigod! No!" and take another one and then look at it and shake your head, "mmmmm....let's try it one more time!" - Finally, take a pic and hand it to them.

From here you can say, "What are we celebrating?" And, your panzy-ass-too-scared-to-open-because-I'm-a-mamas-boy will have easily opened a set and demonstrated several of the necessary behaviors to attract a honey.

It turns out my Target was celebrating her 22nd b-day. In short, I gamed her in textbook fashion, got the TB...

...about this time I spied ANOTHER hot brunnette with a nearly Retarded dude. I

opened her, HBFinance from here on out.

It went well. Now, the other girl was Turkish (I guessed Argentina or Brazil) and she was a belly dancer. (A belly dancer with no belly, ha). Two hotties both ooze sexuality and CJ is having a good time.

So, CJ has a Jealousy Thread in full effect (dawg).

HBTurkish sarge goes south because she called me one night, she and I were both drunk, and I told her I don't speak drunken midget dialect and to please speak english. She called me a "dick" and hung up on me.

HBFinance broke a Day2 with me.

So I ignored 2 texts and finally responded to one on Saturday during the day when she invited me out.

Here's my normal Day2 plan:

\* Invite them over to my place under the pretense we're actually going to do something, instead we start drinking and then have sex. It usually works.

This time however she invited me to a new club I wouldn't mind going to...After watching Klitschko beat the shit out of Calvin Brock I rolled over and arrived at her casa about 11:30 (I was supposed to be there at 10:00 but I'm a Klitschko fan).

My plan at this point was to dominate the convo, start the drinks flowing and keep her in and seal the deal around 1:00ish.

But, around 12:20 am I could tell she wanted to go out and she needed a venue change. So we went.

I remember El Topo mentioned the new bar we were going to so I text him. We actually briefly run into him in a parking lot on the way there. He hits a nearby venue so I don't see him again.

Luckily while there when she went to the bathroom I opened a cute blonde who promptly started dancing on me. I was locked in at the bar so it looked good.

A few minutes later, noticing the attention from the blonde and my brunette, another hottie opened me on my ring.

She feels the heat and makes out with me. We head out at 2:00 am.

We get back to her place and she fixes another drink. My 3rd Bacardi and diet. (not even buzzed, thankfully).

I run my normal comfort stack. She is loving it. She feels good. I brought Fight Club and we start watching it.

Make out.

Tits, LMR. Freeze.

Unbutton pants. LMR. Freeze.

Pants pulled down. I spank to see if she likes it. She moans and bites the pillow.

Oh god, this is gonna be FUN!

I spank her until her ass is totally red, bite and scratch her ass.

LMR gone.

Two Bacardi and Diet Cokes, \$14.50

Spanking a hot girl with huge tits and luscious ass, making her ass cheeks like two red half-melons, then having her ride til she squirts all over my stomach, manhood and upper thighs, Priceless.

She didn't MEAN to have sex with me on the first night we went out, she says. But, when you started spanking me so hard, omigod! She throws off the covers, looks down at my nakedness. She grabs GIGANTOR in her warm little hands, slides down towards my hips, looks at me with those big brown doe eyes...let's do it again she whispers.

~ Captain Jack ~

P.S. Numer three for Nov. and this one is a keeper.

## **LR: GRENADE JUMP!**

Scottsdale, AZ on 2006 Bootcamp with Sinn

Winged with a student. Took on HB5 friend. Student's girl was pretty hot. Went back to their hotel. I pulled my HB out under the pretense of getting diet coke and having a look around to give student a chance to escalate. She kept trying to go back in after I got my diet coke so we went into the laundry room which was no more than a closet with a washer/dryer.

I escalated, minimal LMR, she worried if there were cameras. I put my diet coke on top of the dryer and started taking her from behind. She spilled my diet coke so I turned it into a revenge fuck.

~ CJ ~

## **LR: CAPTAIN JACK AND SINN DO DALLAS (AKA CJ BATTLES SATAN AND LIVES)**

November 18<sup>th</sup>, 2006

In Austin, Texas I looked upon the face of Satan and lived.

Deep, deep in the bowels of hell Satan decided he wanted a night out on the town. For this excursion to the physical plane, he clothed himself in the female form with long, hot legs, a pert ass, near perfect tits and a face full of acne cleverly concealed with several bottles of foundation.

Right about 3:00 am I was waiting for Sinn in the hotel room because I had a hot Lebanese and hot Latina lined up ready to come and have wild ethnic sex with us. I opened the set earlier in front of two students so they could see lock-in and what attraction looks like from the outside. Sinn came in and winged with me for awhile and they wanted us to Bounce with them to eat and then come to our hotel.

But, he showed up with Satan and her friend who had eye-catching extra large boobies (Sinn's Achilles Heel). Being the good Wing I am I began befriending Satan.

Let the battle begin. I tried befriending. I switched to dismissiveness and then went all out neg warfare.

Back and forth we tugged ever so subtly with our language. I tried to make it look to Sinn's Target like I was ok with her friend spewing venom so Sinn could continue.

Sinn and his Target left for a while. After a machine gun barrage of negs, disqualifiers and DHVs I got Satan out of her chair and did the Trust Test plus a few spins. Then, I set her next to the bed on me with my arm around her. The air around us began to buzz with the sexual tension which usually precedes a serious bout of tongue-down.

Satan was about to crack.

No sooner had the air electrified than there was a knock on the door. She got up to answer the knock and then went back to her chair. State broken.

Sinn's Target had booked Satan a room in our hotel.

Being the gentleman PUA I am (to give Sinn a chance to escalate and close) I offered to escort Satan to her room.

As soon as we were outside the room she said, "Just to let you know my daddy was fraternity brothers with the District Attorney of Austin so if you try anything..."

CJ: "What the hell are you talking about? That's weird."

.....

In her hotel room I continued working on her. I wanted to close just so I could say I nailed Satan in human form.

Again, I had worked my way into her bed. I opened each new thread with a neg or disqualifier. She took her bra off and threw it on the floor. I grabbed her ponytail and said, "Is that a new fragrance called "Bar Smoke?""

She said, "O! My hair normally smells pretty...this sucks!" I started smelling up her neck and pulled her ponytail. She arched her back and shoved her ass into my crotch.

Then, again with superb timing, Sinn and boobie girl show up. ASD goes through the roof and bitch shield goes back up.

Another battle ensues.

While I was locked in a supernatural battle with Satan, Sinn sucked on some way above average titties in the other bed.

I began each new conversational thread with a sniper neg aimed right at Satan's ego. This bought me the next few sentences. Back and forth we battled and I knew at that point just how Charlie Daniels felt while he battled for the fiddle made of gold.

Charlie didn't want the gold fiddle. It wasn't about the gold fiddle at all. It was about beating Satan.

Now, I'm gonna go out on a limb here and tell you if that if your Wing is NOT down with battling Satan so you can suck on some huge titties, you might wanna find a new Wing.

In short, I didn't close. I fell asleep but not before making the sign of the cross, chanting Buddha five times and praying to Krishna for protection. But, it was fun in a demented sort of way.

Now, fast forward to Monday, November 20<sup>th</sup>, 2006. Sinn and I roll up to Big D with a combination of Eminem and Jerry Jeff Walker blaring.

We hit a new Monday night venue that I've had a pretty good amount of success at and Sinn opens a cute 2set to start a Jealousy Thread with one of his earlier Targets.

At this point it was clear to see why Sinn is considered one of the best ever. He had no less than 4 girls in this somewhat tiny venue attracted to him.

Our waitress probably would've quit on the spot for a chance to have sex with him.

.....

I began working the obstacle which was easy because she knew her friend was already attracted. I merely tried to stay one step behind in the process so we could keep a nice pace. This is important when you are winging. You want to be in roughly the same spot give or take a step.

I ran all the normal stuff.

Trust Test.

Dye my soul patch blonde?

Strawberry fields.

“Looks not enough” A3 routine.

Light bill story.

General get to know you comfort stuff.

We pulled back to the infamous Pirate Pad™. I put on a DVD. I was on the couch with my girl and Sinn and his Target laid on the floor snuggling.

I began escalating on the couch. She kept saying, “I don’t want to tease you.” So I’d freeze out, wait a minute or two and start making out again. We did this about 3 times and then I pulled her into the bathroom and started administering my new anti-LMR tactic: Hardcore ass spanking.

Closed the deal on my bathroom floor and then in my bedroom. Numero 4 for Nov.

By Tuesday we were so worn out we just hit a few Big D venues and ran some sets. Wednesday morning I took him to the airport so he could jet on up to Toronto to assist with Tenmagnet’s workshop.

~ Captain Jack ~



## LR: AFTER HOURS LOVING NOVEMBER 22, 2006 –

Another installment in Captain Jack's Grande Adventures!

This LR may not be the most lucid or detailed I've ever written because I have strep throat (again!) and when I sit up for more than 10 minutes at a time I start sweating and seeing stars (and hearing voices).

It's Wednesday night. I'm still exhausted from Austin and from pulling with Sinn on Monday night. But, I guess my new motto is "I'll sleep when I'm dead." So I head out with Fidelio to a new venue. Some jackass named Jason Boland is "singing" onstage so they charge us \$10 apiece to behold his glory.

I get inside and I start getting happy. Hot girls but they're country hot which means no bullshit Uptown bitch shields.

After Fidelio and I crush the boxing machine Twitchy rolls in with Vodka. I start feeling it and open sets.

Get in deep with a cute brunette, she gives me her number we are hitting it off. Across the way Twitchy is chatting a very cute brunette (is that the ex-dancer? Not sure but she gets the CJ Stamp of Approval!!!) I prepare to time-bridge when her brother comes over and introduces himself. He is cool but drags his sister and his girl away as it is getting late.

She looks back over her shoulder as she is leaving and smiles, "Call me!" For those of you who read monkey mating books looking over the shoulder with your ass facing a guy, smiling and inviting a call is roughly equivalent to laying on the floor and spreading your legs.

As we're leaving Twitchy opens a pair of girls. (For those on the Real Dallas Lair it is titled "**Turkey Day Ramblings from a PUA**"). I thought Twitchy was actually trying to close his girl so I slam gears down into "Bring Those Chicas Home No Matter What" mode.

An excerpt from my reply to Twitchy's "Turkey Day Ramblings" post:

"Yeah, I went back and looked at my texts and sure enough you were trying to eject. When I'm trying to pull I develop a blind spot for anything which interferes. When I lock on it's more uncomfortable for her NOT to come over. It's like a greased slide...once your naked ass hits the greasy metal you're going all the way to the bottom.

Your HB thought the car key snatch particularly funny."

So, we get inside and I'm playing host. Somehow Twitchy wants more vodka. (Does that motherfucker have a liver?) So I fix him and his HB vodka w/ Red Bull and throw on a DVD.

My HB has her hand placed strategically on my thigh and is leaning into me. I'm contemplating...

...Do I wanna do this? I mean, it would be so easy. Just grab her and make out with her...

...Dude, you got into this so you could not only get laid more but by MORE hotter girls...look at her man...look at her...

...Yeah, but with the lights off...besides I'm winging with Twitchy and we all know how Twitchy needs to get laid more...if I don't do this she could turn into a CB...

(Twitchy and his HB are eating each other's faces off in my kitchen. I expect to hear the rhythmic sloshing of coitus at any moment.)

With the heat of her semi-chubby hand warming my thigh and her plain face gazing at me as if I were Brad Pitt I decide...

...nothing...

...because her phone rings. My state is broken! Yes! I'm NOT going to have sex with her!

She goes into the bathroom for more privacy.

I head into my bedroom and lock the door falling to my knees in thanksgiving for having escaped banging a below average girl.

I go onto my patio and climb over and call Fidelio to make sure he isn't falling asleep while driving. We chat for about 10 minutes.

(Later Twitchy told me the below average girl tried to come inside my room to lay down with me but when the door was locked she felt the sting of rejection and wanted to leave.)

Below average girl (she was sweet, though) drove us back to my tricked out ride. We hopped in because Twitchy and his HB wanted to go to an after hours club.

I ride home and grab my bottle of vodka and we head out.

It's a great thing to see chicks walking around all normal with their tits hanging out. It wasn't very crowded but I liked the eye candy and can see myself there in the future.

I saw HBPeru there and chatted with her a sec.

Towards the closing time of 6am there were 2 dancers by the bar. One was pretty hot, probably an HB9...the other one wasn't so hot but she had a sexuality about her that intrigued me. She also had an accent. Nice sized tits and a nice ass.

I started talking to them about different clubs I go to and how I expected this to be busier. I made fun of the guys without shirts twirling glo sticks around and they laughed.

Twitchy and his HB say they are getting a cab and I say, "me too."

If Twitchy ever became a bartender he'd be the highest paid bartender on earth.

He made me two drinks each one about 95% vodka and 5% Rockstar energy drink so I was barely able to speak let alone focus my eyeballs.

I head outside and the sun is starting to light up the sky. Either that or I was hallucinating from Twitchy's drinks. The little Mexican stripper walks by and says, "What are jew doing?"

"Waiting for a cab." say I.

"Where jew leeve?"

"360 and Riverside."

She tells me to hop in and we roll out. She drops the stripper friend off first. I get out to get in front and the stripper friend grabs me and kisses me on the lips. Cool.

HBMexicanStripper and I are in comfort and we small talk it back to the pad. We get in and chat some more. I put on Wedding Crashers (I think) and after about 15 minutes we make out.

We take a shower and then hit my bed.

No LMR.

She drives me back to my car about 11:00 the next morning.

~ Captain Jack ~

P.S. Number 5 lay for November. I've only 4 nights to tie October's record of 7. Can I do it? I'm gonna try!!!

## LR-SUNBURST 2007-JAN-7

This will be a rather short report because since I've been using Micro-Calibration my sarges are getting really smooth. I do the minimum attraction to get to Qualification and then go into deep, emotional comfort asap.

Sinn, Future and I were out having a blast after a bootcamp in Scottsdale. Sinn and Future had already run a few good sets.

My first set, 3 guys and 1 girl, kind of floundered because my brain just wouldn't stack forward. She was interested when I spoke but standing there saying nothing is a DLV and they all quickly lost interest.

Next set, same story.

I opened a 40+ year old hoping that if I could get my mouth moving I could carry it into the future sets. It worked and she became intensely attracted to me.

The next set I can't remember if I opened or Sinn did, I think Sinn did. It was a group of 3 latinas.

Sinn went for the biggest boobed one (surprise). I took an obstacle. She had a goofy hat on which I made fun of constantly.

She gave me some weak attempt at a shit test but I can't remember it because before I got a chance to knock that ball out of the park the 40+ year old came and grabbed my arm and tried to pull me away. (The gods smiling on me? Perhaps.)

My Target, HBSunburst, said, "Wow! Do you know her?"

CJ: "No. This happens all the time. Girls just treating me like a piece of meat."

HBSunburst: "I can see why, but I wouldn't treat you ONLY like a piece of meat."

I take that as a cue to go into qualification.

One of her friends pulls her away for a minute. She finds me again later and we go into comfort.

When she tells me she's a writer I ask her who her favorite authors are... Then, I tell her it's unusual to meet a girl who can read in a place like this...and she should get away from me now.

We sink deeper into comfort and I give her the light bill story.

It's time to leave and she says she has to go to the bathroom and to wait for her.

Is that a shit test?

No.

We were in the middle of a great conversation. She has to pee. She wants to keep talking.

When she comes out we talk a bit more until closing time. I start demonstrating ambition by telling her my future plans. The condo overlooking the Ocean, the big boat, the lifestyle, the accomplishments.

This isn't bragging, she realizes from the Light Bill story that I'm a driven person. Seeing my mother's financial pain as a young boy drives me forward as a man. My desire to create a supreme life for my daughters drives me when most men would've thrown in the towel and sunk into mediocrity.

She's immensely attracted to me because I'm attracted to my goals and plans.

We all pile into her cousin's Mercedes ( a tight fit ). I start playing with her telling her she smells like Vanilla while she's sitting on my lap.

Sinn is giving the driver a massage. Future is holding hands with the hottie in the passenger's seat.

They drop us at the hotel and a few minutes later HBSunburst comes back up, knocks on the door and gets my number. I am leaving a message for a girl I #-closed on Friday night at this point.

We get into the hallway and she says, "Who was that?"

CJ: "A girl I met Friday."

HBSunburst: "Oh...I came back to get your number, should I even bother?"

CJ: "yes, definitely."

I give her my number and then say, "I'll walk you down" and hit the elevator button. As soon as we get in I shove her against the wall and make out with her. I unsnap her bra in about 1.5 seconds flat.

She says, "OMG! Stop! We're in an elevator!"

I laugh and give her a long sensous kiss. Open the elevator door and say, "Call me."

About an hour later she calls and asks me to come over. I worked through about an hour of LMR but I could tell it was going to happen because there was a legitimate time constraint. I would be leaving at 4 the next day.

Much to my delight she had a tattoo of a sunburst on her right ass cheek.

~ CJ ~

## **LR: TWO NEW LAYS POSTED 2/21/2007**

Lay #2 for 2007, early January:

Sinn, Fidelio and I roll into x-bar. It is target rich. Plenty of 7.5's and above. I'm feeling particularly good because I have a kickass start to 2007. I already have the lay in Scottsdale (see LR: Sunburst) and have perhaps one of the top 3 hottest girls I've ever sarged in my life dying for me to come back. She's a 5 foot tall, long shiny black haired Indian hottie with big breasts and a beautiful face. Not too mention I have 5 girls in DFW constantly texting/calling wanting to hook up again. Naturally, I'm feeling like this whole sarging thing has paid off in terms of sexual availability. This puts a smile on my face.

I open a set and it is a NO-GO. Not a blow out but it fizzles. Sinn opens a set and stays in for awhile before freezing his target out with a backturn.

I am chatting with Fidelio and as usual the shots are coming hard and heavy. Luckily I can sarge while tipsy thanks to Fidelio, Sinn and APB.

Sinn opens up a 2set of females and I open what I thought was a 2M, 1F set. It turns out it was a 2F, 4m set. Uggg. However, I manage to handle the set well. The target is into me but another male brings her a drink and she tries to cover her attraction with a shit test. This garners her a backturn and a freeze out while I chat with Fidelio again.

Strapper comes by and intros his roommate to me briefly and they head off. I was hoping to chat a bit longer but they had somewhere to be.

The Target opens me again and her friend butts into the convo. I briefly consider switching targets but decide that the brunette is hotter because the blonde, while having bigger tits, is too chunky.

About this time, Sinn intros me to the obstacle in his set. She's tall and slender with an average face. I know Sinn is trying to pull the big titted Target so I think, "Am I gonna fuck this girl so Sinn can fuck his girl?" I look her up and down and decide I would do it. She's about as hot as my other target but she has NO obstacles as Sinn already has her friend wrapped.

I qualify and move into comfort. Sinn posted this about the end of the night on his blog:

"I had a conversation about how none of us want to time-bridge as I live in LA, CJ hates driving and Fidelio lives like an hour away. So we start planning the pull. CJ comes back with the obstacle and I hear mention of an after hours place. So it's on. We pull the girls out, send Fidelio back to the pirate pad with the car and get into the most disgusting car I have ever seen a girl drive. My girl was 5'3 and she could not sit straight because there was so much shite in the back seat of her car.

CJ's girl's blood sugar or something got low so we had to head to CVS, they both run in and I start escalating in the backseat. They come back as I have my hand down her pants. Whoops. We start heading to the after hours place, but on the way CJ(the master of the pull) starts a brilliant campaign. He says " Let's stop by my place and pick up some alcohol, cuz they stop serving at 2 but they let you bring your own until 4." So we now head the 30 minutes to the pirate pad.

BTW the pirate pad was in complete disarray as I have been staying on an inflatable mattress on the floor. and have my clothes in my suitcase as you head inside. So we get inside and the girls go to the bathroom, then I throw on an episode of the office and we settle into the couch and love seat respectively. About 30 mins in CJ isolates to his bedroom, and i start escalating on the couch, until we almost fall off. Relocate to the inflatable mattress. Which is not made for 2. I get her pants off and encounter LMR. Great, my NY's resolution is that I no longer deal with LMR so I just start to "take care of myself" and when I'm done I cuddle with her and go to sleep. I wake up a half hour later and decide I'll try to reinitiate. I go to the bathroom to wash my hands, and as I'm in there I hear CJ's girl come out and ask my girl if she wants to stay. She does, so I assum it is O-N. I go back start kissing her back and bada-bing bada boom it's over. I do not reccomend having sex on an inflatable mattress as it's not really the most stable surface or comfortable. Funny side note- CJ's girl goes into the bathroom while we are doing the deed in broad view and my girl wants to stop, then as soon as the light goes back off she jumps me."

Ok. After I pulled my Target to my room I encountered the stiffest LMR I've had for awhile. My girl was LSE and I had to work some fucking verbal magic. Luckily, Future had discussed his wicked "Advanced Comfort" ideas just a week earlier. Here's one statement based on his ideas that I used during LMR that broke it down by about 80-90%:

CJ: You know how you told me earlier how your dream is to design clothes? Well, I didn't want to mention this earlier but....(pause)

Girl: What?

CJ: Well, I work with a lot of successful business owners and you reminded me of them when you were talking about that. I really believe you can do that...

Now, mind you, she is on top of me in just her panties. I've tried to get them off 3 or 4 times. After I say that she PULLS her panties aside and sits on my boner (just on top, still hasn't put it inside her) and starts going crazy!

Girl: (breathless): omigod! omigod! (she is saying this in response to what I said, not the extra action...)

CJ: It's too bad you're such a dork! (pushing her off)

I KNOW that's the first time that's ever happened to her BECAUSE the look on her face was priceless! She was literally dumbfounded! She sat there for a good minute confused.

I then pulled her panties off and started making out with her again.

About that time she heard someone in the bathroom and peaked out the door. When she noticed her friend still on the inflatable mattress she opened the door and stepped out to SHOW her friend she was totally nude and asked if her friend wanted to stay.

After she shut the door and crawled back in bed she asked if I had a condom...done deal.

Lay #3: A few days later... PlayerT: 0 CaptainJack 3

I've had many battles with PlayerT and the associated natural/players and I've always come out ahead. One of my greatest triumphs was (LR: CaptainJack wins Tug of War... or something).

One night Fidelio and I were out just bullshitting. This was a weird night because instead of Fidelio getting all the AI's (as usual) I was getting them. I'm not used to that shit so I didn't know what to do. A 2f, 1m set against the wall called me over. They were both 9s and dressed wonderfully like professionals just off of work from some Fortune 500 company. Absolutely luscious women. One of them looked over at me and said, "You can come talk to us until your friend gets back" or something.

What did I do? Not a damn. I just smiled like a dumbass. Damn.

Everytime I turned around Fidelio was shoving some "Alligator Sex Fuck" shot that tasted like applesauce in my face. By midnight I couldn't focus my eyes.

But, I DID notice two other AI's. My drunken attempt at sarging made one hottie regret she had given me an AI. I knew I was fucking it up with each word that tumbled out of my pie hole yet I kept on "plowing" until she finally back turned me and made a face to her friends. Fuck.

Not to worry. A brunette with a big ass had given me an AI earlier and was giving me another.

Fresh off of destroying that HB9 AI I got I decided to just waltz over and talk to the brunette big ass chick (called HB2005).

It turned out she was older than I thought but still fuckable. But, all in all I'd call her a 2005 lay. I like to think I've graduated a bit.

I number closed her. I briefly thought about attempting the SNL but I knew that if I could barely focus my eyes that GIGANTOR wouldn't be able to do his thing so I let it go.

The day2, I meet her at the local venue and we start drinking. PlayerJ comes up and starts talking to her. She introduces us and he says, "Hey, I know him! We had a few after parties at his place" or something similar. I invite him to sit down and head to the

bathroom. He has a hottie and two "ok" girls with him. On the way back my Target says, "Hey, do you know PlayerJ?"

I laugh. Yep. Well, guess what?! She says they've been dating for 3 weeks!

She spends the rest of the night kinoing me and making out with me and telling me not to worry, they are just friends!

She leaves about midnight. I hang out and do two more sets both NO-GOs

Day3...My apartment. I get LMR and she tries to pull me out to local venue. I decline. I text Sinn telling him I am through with her.

Day4... Sinn and I are at local venue and she is there. He agrees she is 2005 status. We game some sets. He games and number closes a half-white/half-asian girl I consider an HB8+ but he's not very attracted.

I get Sinn incredibly drunk. He comes up with a new opener on an obstacle I pulled over. I have the Target hooked. She is a tiny half latin/half black girl with a nose ring and perky tits with her tight midriff showing. Sinn's new opener is, "Ugggh, girl you don't have a chance!" as he wavers back in forth in his drunkenness.

The 2set leaves but I don't care because that was hilarious!

HB2005 comes over and we bounce to Dennys and then back to my place where I close HB2005.

~ CJ ~