

Poosy Paradise

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The Welcome

Ukrainian media came calling again.

When I was in Lublin they sent a correspondent over to interview me about my book *Bang Ukraine*. A month later, another channel wanted to get my thoughts for an exposé they were doing on Ukrainian sex inequality. I was in Bucharest at the time so they contracted out a crew from a Romanian station to do the job.

The Romanians didn't seem particularly enthused with the assignment. They wanted to quickly interview me in a café and call it a wrap, but I knew that if I made the clip exciting, I would receive more opportunities from it. I suggested that I approach some girls on the street to get "action shots." They agreed, and I did a couple where I simply asked boring tourist questions. The approaches went well and afterwards during the interview both the reporter and cameraman were amused at my on-camera answers about Ukrainian girls having fake eyebrows and fat American girls who can't stop eating. A producer back in the office must've been satisfied with the segment because a couple hours later they called me and said that they now wanted to do something for Romanian TV.

That night I invited a Romanian friend of mine, Dragomir, to meet with a new crew composed of a nearly mute female reporter and a cameraman who looked like Jason Priestly. Both were new on the job and barely out of college, stuck with me on the dull Saturday night beat. They gave me no indication that they wanted to produce a great segment, so not wanting to put my fate in their hands, I decided to lead the way.

We went to a bar for a drink and I regaled them with stories and jokes that made me seem like a fun but humble man. I told them that I didn't think I was an expert at picking up girls. "The media just needs someone to fill time for their programs," I said. "I'm just a writer."

My hope was that they'd like me and reciprocate by putting 10% more effort into the segment, but when we walked into the first bar, the reporter wasn't directing and the cameraman wasn't filming. The piece was planned to be three minutes long, so by my calculation we'd need to film for almost an hour, but so far we had nothing. We went to a second bar and the crew continued to stand around, twiddling their thumbs, offering no suggestions or instruction. My reputation as an accomplished love tourist was on the line if this turned out to be a bad segment.

"Is the camera on?" I asked the cameraman. "I'm going to talk to those two girls right there." I walked over and approached. They froze once they saw the camera pointing at them, but for the sake of footage I prolonged it an extra minute. I told the cameraman to shoot from a distance because the girls are camera shy. Eastern Europe doesn't have the type of celebrity culture where girls are drawn into a man who might be famous. Not yet, anyway.

The second approach went well. I told them we were shooting a segment on the best nightlife in Bucharest. They noticed the camera and didn't flinch. Afterwards, I stood in the middle of the club, staring at girls longingly, as if I was a predator looking for a meal. I knew it would make a good two-second shot.

We went on the street and I told the cameraman to get ready. I approached a couple more girls and made some more "I'm thirsty for pussy" stares into the ether. The reporter had been absentee for a while. "Aren't you going to interview me?" I asked her. She asked me a few questions in the middle of the street and I gave exaggerated answers with a deadpan expression. I knew the segment would be better with controversial answers so I made her ask me things like, "What would you say to the mother of a girl you had sex with?" and "Have you ever been attacked by a man for stealing his girl?" I also made her ask what my least favorite country was so I could lay the easy hit on Danish girls for having bodies shaped like "Coca Cola cans."

The crew was laughing at my answers so I had to stop looking at them to stay in character. Every man has his skill and mine seems to be putting on a serious face while saying things like, "A way into a girl's heart is through pizza."

THE WELCOME

Midway through the interview, a chubby girl interrupted us by asking, "What are you filming?" She was American. Romanian people would stare and make jokey comments for their friends as they walked by, but the American girl and her male friend were the only ones who stopped, asked questions, and watched.

Once the interview period was over, we discussed whether or not to continue filming in another club. The reporter said she had enough footage, but I didn't trust her and did a mental calculation of how much film we had shot. Replaying the night in my head, I looked to my left and saw a pretty girl drop a bill in a busker's guitar case and walk off with an exaggerated slowness. I made a comment to the crew and Dragomir that she was pretty and I should run after her. The cameraman said he could film it but I convinced myself to stay put. Running after the girl would be a lot of work, I thought.

One minute passed. She was walking so slow that she was still within sight. I continued to hesitate. The cameraman said, "I'll follow you if you go." Fine. I ran. It took a while to reach her. Out of breath, I said, "Excuse me," but she didn't turn. I said it again and added, "I noticed you had a sad walk, and I wanted to know why." Her response was quite cold, just a single "Okay," and I instantly regretted having huffed all the way over to receive it, but since I was here and the camera was rolling, I decided to push things as far as possible. Five minutes of footage would be more than enough.

I told her how everyone walks fast, especially in a big city, and the girl I notice is the one who walks slow because she must be artistic or pensive. During our chat she kept looking at the microphone clipped to my shirt and I told her that I was doing a show on Bucharest nightlife. After a few minutes I said, "The crew is waiting for me somewhere and as much as I'd like to keep talking, I have to go back to work. But why don't we meet for coffee?"

"I don't usually give my number like this," she replied.

"Sometimes it's okay to take a risk and have some adventure. If we meet and don't like each other after 15 minutes you can make an excuse about how your cat is sick." Then I got distracted and started talking about cats. She interrupted me to say, "Okay, take my number." The cameraman wasn't more than a hundred feet away, dramatically crouched against the wall as if he was shooting an action

movie. Once I saved her number in my phone, I was immediately sorry he filmed everything because I actually wanted to bang her. If she saw herself on TV when the segment aired the following day, she would certainly freak out and flake.

I walked back with the cameraman and he made the a-okay sign with his hand, meaning that he filmed the whole 5-minute interaction. My work was done. I said goodbye to the crew and took a walk with Dragomir.

I was high on adrenaline so it took no effort for me to approach a petite Italian girl on the street while I waited for Dragomir to get a hot dog. She was studying for a masters but had lived in Iowa for a year as an exchange student. She enjoyed America so it was easy for me to establish rapport with her. After confirming that she was indeed born in Italy (in order to get the Italian flag), I decided to go for it. She accepted when I asked her if she wanted to come with me and Dragomir to another bar.

Dragomir looks like the Spanish actor Javier Bardem. His success with women is high, but he's so good-looking that unfortunately he's always pulling under his weight. He's older than me by a mere two weeks and has spent many years traveling through Europe. The first thing you notice about Dragomir when he talks to a girl is how seemingly drawn into him they are. You want to immediately conclude that it's because of his looks, and while it doesn't hurt, I know guys as good looking as him that don't get that type of response. There has to be something else that isn't immediately quantifiable. We all look for the one or two big things that a player does right, but oftentimes it's dozens of little things that girls notice which other men can't.

A couple nights before, he had told me, "You're working too hard for these girls. You are very high value here. You're an American with some money, and you shouldn't have to do all the work in the conversation. Lean back and let them work for you." The same night I saw him put this into action with a Romanian girl. He dropped some insider ramble about the town she was from, made a comment about the Black Sea, and then she started digging him for information. He was aloof but always smiling, an interesting combination I haven't seen in many players. It was disarming, comfortable, mysterious.

“Never give direct answers,” he said, “because curiosity is attraction. Once her curiosity about you is satisfied, she will lose interest.” Another time we went to a pub with no prospects in sight, but after a few minutes at the bar I returned to see a girl wrapping her arms around him, begging him to join him on the dance floor.

I decided to try Dragomir game a bit more with the Italian girl. I talked less and was a bit slower to escalate and touch. I leaned back so she could wonder if I liked her and if I was going to make a move. After an hour of this in the club, where all I did was manage some incidental touches, I said, “When a good song comes on, we should go dance.” Until that happened, the topic drifted to women’s bodies and I announced to her that I’m an ass man.

“Well, I have a huge ass,” she said.

“I may soon try to take a look,” I replied.

A good song finally came on and we walked to the dance floor. I began my robotic dance moves and she started moving more sensually. Then she grabbed my hand and put it on her ass. “See, I told you it was big,” she said.

“Not bad,” I replied, trying to maintain outward calm while my penis became erect. We kissed not long after and I made a generic compliment about her thick lips. It was the first time I had kissed an Italian, and I caught myself before I was on the verge of telling her so. I didn’t want her to think I valued her in any way, or else the spell would have been broken.

I hadn’t looked at the time in a while, but I was mentally calculating how long I had spent with her versus how much more time I estimated she would need before sleeping with a strange man that she met on the street. I came up with four hours. Up to that point we had spent a little over two hours together (Dragomir had long since left), but my impatient penis was urging me to close the deal. “Let’s go for a walk,” I said. Then I ran my venue change game: Are you tired? Do you want to have a glass of good wine? I live right down the street. It’s cool if you only want to stay a short time. I can play some American music.

She accepted my invitation. My apartment was a little farther than I would have liked, about a 15 minute walk, so I maintained nonstop chatter to distract her from coming up with a way to change her mind.

Like many girls, she got very cold and withdrawn once in my place, acting like she had never been to a man's apartment before. "I don't know what I'm doing here," she wondered. Instinct would be to try to calm her down, but instead I withdrew myself, not at all trying to reassure her, because I knew it would have the opposite effect. I stationed myself in front of my laptop and played music, making random comments while her brain was processing the prospect of having sex. "Have this glass of wine and then leave if you want, no problem," I said nonchalantly.

After twenty minutes of light chat, I pulled her chair closer. She did not resist. We kissed and she gave a barely perceptible moan of pleasure before withdrawing and making logical conversation about Romanian history. This cycle repeated twice more. I knew what she was doing—trying to prevent her emotional feminine brain from superseding her logical masculine brain. So many years in university must have tamed her natural side.

"I'm tired," I said. "Let's lay on the bed." After a couple minutes I did the move. It's the best move I have and I remember when and where I learned it 13 years before. I grabbed her hand and gently placed it on my penis, as if setting a teacup on its saucer. She squeezed and stroked it. The game was won.

We got naked, I put on a condom, and I fucked her on and off for two hours until we both fell asleep. In the morning her logical brain slapped her upside the head and she left abruptly without even saying goodbye, forgetting her feather earrings.

I MESSAGED the Romanian girl from the street just a few hours after the Italian girl left. I can't say I was horny, and I almost flaked so I could rest, but I wanted to get back-to-back flags. The date was scheduled for one hour after the television segment was supposed to air on Romania's biggest TV channel.

We started at a popular café. Early on she said, "This isn't a date." At no point had I referred to it as a date.

I replied, "Sure, this is just a 'meeting.'"

"So tell me why you approached me on the street."

"I approached you because your hair was nice."

"No, really!" Maybe she wanted me to say that she was a beautiful

flower.

“Because your walk was sad, like I told you. Romanian people don’t walk like that.”

“So you only approached me because of my hair and walk, and nothing else?”

“Nothing else,” I smiled. I knew giving her a true compliment would mean death.

Later she asked, “Have you ever been in love?”

“Yes one time, with a Brazilian girl.” I debated whether to tell her the whole 15-minute story, which was sure to evoke at least one tear, but I abstained. I was too tired and lazy to deliver it. “And you?” I prodded.

“Yes I’m currently in love with a man.”

“That’s great,” I instantly replied. At least I scheduled this waste of a date on Sunday night. Maybe if I go home I can jerk off one more time to the image of the Italian’s girl booty.

“Yeah, sorry,” she replied. “But you’re an attractive man. You’re also very interesting and nice, but right now in life I’m not looking for anything. If we met in a bar one night and got drunk then maybe we could have an adventure, but if I sleep with you once then I’ll want to sleep with you again, but I can’t sleep with you more than once.” Her girl logic hurt my brain.

“I understand, but remember this isn’t even a date. We’re just having a drink.”

“This is strange,” she interrupted. “My mother keeps texting and calling me. I have to call her, hold on.” She walked outside.

The jig was up. Her mother saw the segment and was telling her that she was on television. She was going to come back to the table with a male relative to smash me. At that moment I wished to be an anonymous guy who doesn’t have internet persona baggage that must always be hidden. This can’t be a healthy way to live. My heart was beating but there was nothing I could do.

She came back and sat down. “I forgot to call my mom today and she was worried, but I talked to her and everything is okay.”

Anxiety had gotten the best of me. I was still in the game.

We drank more, finishing three drinks each. She weighed 115 pounds (I asked), so I knew those three drinks were having an effect.

She started touching me. She paid me huge compliments but at the same time she boxed me into the friend zone. I decided to ignore all her words and try to steer her into my apartment like a stray cat. If she came, great, if not then no big loss. The check came and she forcefully insisted on paying for her drinks. I let her.

Do you want to have a glass of good wine. I live right down the street. It's cool if you only want to stay a short time. I want to play you some American music.

"No I don't want to go to your place. I'm going home."

"Alright well I can walk you to make sure you get home safe." She lived alone, so I could easily deliver my can-I-use-your-bathroom line.

"I'll let you walk me halfway, and then when we are at a safe point, I will let you go and then walk home alone." Interesting countermeasure, I thought. Other men must have successfully used the bathroom line on her. Her logical brain was dominating the interaction, so my best move was to make her horny. I stopped her along a thin alley and grabbed and kissed her. She resisted slightly at first but then got into it. I tried to press my boner into her body but through our coats I don't think she felt it. After the kiss I said, "Let's go for a walk this way so we can grab a drink." I conveniently left out the fact that the drink was at my apartment 15 minutes away. It would be a tall order to get her back, but why not try?

Soon into the walk, a man stopped us on the sidewalk and said, "Hey aren't you Roosh, I just saw you on television." It had been two hours since the segment aired.

"Thanks," I said, while continuing to walk.

"Who's that?" the girl asked. "You were on television?"

"Yeah it's that travel thing I told you about yesterday. It's not important, I only appeared for ten seconds."

A few minutes later, she stopped and said, "Look I'm leaving. You're taking me back to your place." She started walking away from me.

"Wait," I said. "Let's sit down here for a second." We sat on a bench and I remained silent for some time until finally saying, "My apartment is very comfortable. I wanted to take you for a drink and relax for half an hour before you leave, but if you want me to walk

you home that is fine too. Honestly, I wanted you to see my apartment so you can tell me if the design is too communist or not. It's decorated a little weird. I think it's giving me bad dreams."

"I would if I could, but not tonight." Yes, tonight. It must happen tonight. I know you're easy and I know you've had one-night stands before. I must find your one-night stand button and then press it—smash it, even.

I waited five more minutes, stood up, and tried again. "It's getting a little cold. Look, I can tell you don't want to go home. Let's walk this way for five minutes." She hemmed and hawed while I took a couple steps in the direction I wanted to go. What was she thinking? What would she decide?

"Okay just for a couple minutes." She started walking again and now we were in front of my place, up the elevator, and into my apartment. "But I'm not taking off my shoes!" she said.

She was even more cold and withdrawn than the Italian. I was home but not home free. She talked little and barely drank the glass of wine I poured for her. What bothered me most was that her boots were tracking dirt through the apartment. After twenty minutes I had tried to get her to take them off, but she got annoyed and then decided to leave. Stupid me, I should have known better than to argue with a girl.

I stood silent while I watched her put on her coat. She opened the door, walked out, and pressed the button on the elevator in the hallway. Then I sprang out and said, "It's a shame you are leaving before finishing your wine. I thought you said you would finish it first and then leave." I spoke to her with a tone void of emotion or concern.

She said, "I hate to leave on bad terms."

"You don't have to. Finish your wine and then go."

She thought for thirty seconds and then decided to come back in. The bang was hanging by a thread. Back in the apartment, I gave her passionate kisses, the most passionate that I could muster, but she still insisted on leaving her boots on. Was I getting closer or farther? I didn't know.

"I'm a little tired," I said. "I want to lay down." I lay on my bed and told her to join me. She did with her shoes hanging over the side.

I kissed her and then unzipped the boots and took them off. She did not resist. Then I put her hand on my dick, and within five minutes that dick was inside her.

She moved so vigorously and yelled so loudly that it seemed she was hoping for sex with me all night. Yet she was in front of the bar ready to say goodbye, she was halfway to my apartment ready to walk home, and she was waiting for my elevator ready to leave the building. I wanted to think I created the bang, but then again maybe it was her game to make it seem like she was difficult, to test me and my persistence. I'll never know. Men will never know.

On the second go-around it took me a long time to cum, even without a condom, probably because I was desensitized from the night before. I didn't think I would bust, but doggy style got me there.

Lying next to her, I said, "So, tell me a secret."

"I'm married and I have a kid."

I laughed. "Liar."

Then the night replayed before my eyes. "This isn't a date." "I'm in love with a man." "I'm not looking for a relationship right now." She remained silent while I thought, as if she knew my brain was connecting the dots. Yes, she was a wife and mother. I realized that's why her pussy was exceedingly smooth. Childbirth shaped it like water erodes rock.

I fucked her once more. This time I wanted to finish her off nasty. After nearly 40 minutes at rapid fuck speed, I pulled out and went for her mouth, but I didn't make it so my sperm got mostly on her chin and neck. She rubbed it on herself. I was happy.

THE NEXT afternoon she kept calling me. She must've heard about the segment. I didn't answer her calls but then she sent me a text saying something was "urgent" and I needed to call her back. I did so, fully braced.

"I'm freaking out right now," she said.

"Oh?"

"Yeah. Do you have... HIV?" She pronounced the word instead of the initials, and it took me a couple seconds to understand what she was talking about. Relief flowed over me.

"HIV? No way. I'm pretty sure."

THE WELCOME

“Yes well it takes six months for it to show up on a test. When did you last get tested?”

“A year ago,” I lied.

“Can you get tested now?”

“Look, you’re having a classic panic attack. It’s like getting a headache and then thinking you have brain cancer. You’re fine, I’m fine. If you want to get a test in a few months then do it, but don’t worry about it now. I’ll text you in a couple days.”

“You don’t have to do that. I got what I wanted. This can’t continue.”

“That’s fine then. Have a good day.”

Some of her paranoia rubbed off on me, and for the next few days I examined my dick a little more closely when urinating. Nothing came up, and I never saw the Italian or Romanian girls again.

POOSY PARADISE

The City

Nine hours on a communist-era train.

I used to travel by land all the time in South America. I'd go to the station, hop on a bus with my rucksack, and then end up in another city. I maintained a spreadsheet documenting the trips. After six months, I logged 15 days spent on buses, including three trips over 20 hours. I considered it a feat of strength that I was able to do so, especially without an mp3 player. I would just sit motionless, thinking and sleeping, thinking and sleeping. Not unlike weight training, the trips got easier. I became good at long trips. And then I went to Europe, which is much more compact, with cheap flights from one country to the next. I now had an mp3 player ready even for short hauls.

I have spent much time wondering why trips are so exhausting. You're just sitting on a chair, motionless, not exercising or activating your body in any strenuous way. Instead, it's the mental load which wears you down; you must use all your energy to not go insane. You have to keep it together and not get up and yell how horrible it is to be trapped for so many hours around people you don't know. That's the only explanation I have for why it feels like I ran a marathon when all I actually did was try to not have a meltdown as I looked out the window at the rolling countryside.

Toma called me a half hour before my train was set to arrive. I found his apartment agency on the internet, and part of the deal was a complimentary pickup at the train station. He met me on the platform and took one of my bags. I fought my grumpy post-trip mood and gave long answers to his questions, hoping the ride to the apartment was short. It was late at night but he took the scenic route that included the central square and theater. The streets were dirty and the

buildings were ugly, in the Stalinist style I've become accustomed to while living in Ukraine. He must think I'm a tourist who wants to see the sights, soak in the culture, open a big map and find my way through the historic landmarks of what makes this country what it is, but no, there's something else I care about. I've searched the world with energy that I didn't know I had just to find this special place, only to be disappointed again and again. As a self-defense mechanism, for whatever city I pick, I assume that it's not the place I'm looking for and that I'll have to pack my bags and continue searching.

He escorted me inside the apartment. I needed to sit alone and wonder why exactly I'm in yet another city where I have to start all over again. I have to find a supermarket and a café. I have to get used to the city layout. I have to find a mall where there are women to talk to. And not only will I have to find clubs, but I also have to know on which nights they are good. The party can rage on Wednesday and be dead on Saturday, or vice versa. I have to find a date bar as close as possible to my new home. It has to be more upmarket than a café, maybe with a bakery case, but not an expensive restaurant. Then I have to find a gym with a squat rack. If I find all these things, I will be ready to enjoy the city and the women, assuming that it contains women in the preferable ratio and quality that I desire.

The initial drive through the city suggested it was a shithole, even greater than the previous shitholes I had been to. I didn't think I'd stay for more than the week I had already booked. Bucharest was definitely better. It had an old town with action every night of the week. The nightlife area was compact, with no need to research or explore. The logistics were easy to lock up, but it did have some problems I didn't care for. It was a big city with the big city mentality. Everyone had high expectations for their dream man or woman. They were obsessed with their new smartphone gadget and all the attention and validation that comes through it. There were more guys than girls. The default program that men of any small nation have is to head to the capital for money, and this country was no exception, but I couldn't deny that it was good to me, and the memories of the Italian student and Romanian MILF were still fresh on my mind. Two fresh lays a week would make any man happy, but then again I felt Bucharest was missing an ingredient that made it *it*, so I left in search

of something better.

In the past I would roll the dice and book one month in a city sight unseen, selecting it based on guesswork and recommendations from other men. I've been burned doing this in Copenhagen, Riga, Kaunas, and to a lesser extent, Kharkov (Ukraine), when Kiev would have been much better. My new strategy was to spend one week in a city, approach girls day and night, try to get a bang, and then do the same in another city. After a few weeks in a few cities within the same country, I would then pick the best one.

IT SOUNDED good in theory, but in practice it fails because you get worn out. In the capital I was able to party hard to get those two bangs. Then my energy dropped off in the second city I tried and I didn't even get a kiss, just a couple of numbers. Now in this third city, way in the east of the country, with two more planned as part of my grand strategy, I woke up the day after the train ride with not the slightest desire to talk to a female. I just wanted to do my internet loop of checking email, Twitter, blog, email, Twitter, blog.

It's said that the most important thing in life is time, but really it's energy. How many people can conjure continual energy over the long run without dropping off? How many people can stay focused and determined enough to keep pushing? All humans have time. They may not use it correctly, but it's given to them. Energy is the real prize, to be able to complete your ambitions, set new ones, and then complete those too. Where does the needed energy come from? Desire? Feelings of inferiority?

It's easy to be awed by history's great rulers and empire builders. Killing millions of people, as evil as it is, is still impressive. This one bag of bones killed millions of other bags of bones. How did he have the energy to do it? How did he continue well past his initial goals to go above and beyond what any other man had done? If Stalin were born today, would he be too distracted by Facebook to persecute millions of his own people? The energy must come from thoughts, how you speak to yourself. It's definitely not coming from muscle or the stomach. It's coming from the brain, which I think I can control, so therefore I will force myself to stop this internet loop and go out. Even though I will return to Bucharest, since it's better, I must try,

just to say I tried. I won't know the truth otherwise.

I went to the mall first. The talent was decent and I did one approach that didn't bear fruit. I walked around the mall some more and found a huge supermarket that was like a Walmart but with more attractive people.

In the US, my favorite day venue is the coffee shop, a natural place to meet learned women. Abroad, it's often replaced with the supermarket. It's too easy to ask a girl what a certain food is or if there is another large supermarket nearby because "this one doesn't have what I need." I did this on a young girl, about 19, with dark hair and green eyes in the pet food aisle. She was a good sport to talk to me in spite of the smell, but her English was poor.

If you're in a city where some people speak strong English and some don't, it's a waste of time to deal with those who don't. If a girl speaks fluent English, it's probably because she likes the language and studied more than her schooling required. I usually use her English as a cue in the first fifteen seconds for whether I should continue or not, but in this case I had to test the waters and collect data on whether this city was better than the others, so I went for her number after ten minutes. She gave it to me, but when I texted her a couple days later, I received no reply.

That night, a Thursday, it was a challenge to shut off my computer to venture out at night for the first time. I didn't leave until after midnight, a sloppy move that goes against my own advice.

I did my research and had a skeletal outline of what the city was like. The big clubs are in two zones, one in the center and one in the student area, but the latter is two miles away, killing my logistics for a one-night stand. I decided to research the center first by checking out a bar. Inside, the groups were large and centered around tables, meaning it would be difficult for me to approach. Right back out I went to stop a man and ask him for directions to another bar nearby. He spoke English and said, "Before I tell you where it is, I have to give you some hospitality." He lowered his backpack from his shoulder and pulled out a two-liter bottle. Inside was cheap beer. "Drink," he said. I'd rather not, but I didn't want to disrespect him. I lightly pressed my lips around the bottle's mouth and took the smallest sip possible. "No, drink with confidence!" he said. I laughed

and made an excuse, “I really don’t like beer. I like vodka.” He accepted my answer, and after a short chat he pointed me in the direction of the bar. It still wasn’t easy to find and I had to ask another man. This one went out of his way to walk me directly to it. The only thing he didn’t do was hold my hand.

The bar was smoky, loud, and full of hipsters, not the Brooklyn style of hipsters but the lazy ones who use the subculture more as an excuse to wear dirty Converse shoes instead of proper footwear. I ordered a drink and did what I usually do in a new venue—scan the layout, up and down, searching for good areas where women congregate around. No bar layout is equal, for a column here or a table there creates an imbalance, a choke point, and at this area of inequality, where there are more women than men, I stand, wait, and hunt. My research must proceed with vigor. I have to prove that this city sucks so I can go back to the capital and relax there for a couple months. With such a negative outcome in mind, who am I kidding at what the actual result will be? If I want a city to be a certain way, I’m sure it will show that side, and in my first bar approach there, it did.

I had been experimenting with a new opener: “You don’t look like you speak English.” I did this in Ukraine and it worked well because most girls don’t in fact speak English, but in Romania, where most people do, it comes across as an insult. It’s like going up to them and saying, “You don’t look educated so maybe you’re poor and stupid.” The first girl I used it on accused me of using a line. I wanted to reply, “But it worked on your mom,” yet I refrained.

Like most hipster bars, this one had a horrendous male-to-female ratio. I can’t believe I preferred these venues in the past, but I did use to bang lower quality. I used to also be more obsessed with the one-night stand, and girls who are closer to average are more down for that. They like using their sexuality as a weapon of attraction, something that more beautiful girls don’t have to do. The level of difficulty in going up the beauty ladder is both fascinating and disheartening, that all the game I learned to bang a 7 just barely applies to her 9 counterpart, and that at my age I have to keep grinding it out to satisfy standards that are rising higher at a faster speed than my game ability.

I did one more approach and got nothing. I went to another club

and approached a girl by the coat check. She was receptive and I thought I might get somewhere, but then I got cockblocked by her fat friend.

I was a happier man when I didn't fully understand what value was. When it came to coffee, for instance, I used to be able to drink any kind of mud in a cup and enjoy it. I used to drink the powdered single-serving coffee they sell in the checkout aisle of the supermarket. But now my cappuccino has to be perfect. The roast has to be bold, the milk has to be hot, and the foam must peak like fluffy snow when I twirl a spoon into it. Today I can judge a cappuccino not just by the taste, but how long it takes for the sugar I place on the foam to sink into the cup.

If I took my level of game today and matched it with my standards from ten years ago, I would get laid perhaps every night of the week, but standards can't possibly remain stable. Quantity affects quality, experience changes quality, and you seek better as you get older. This is why when a guy tells me, "If only I knew what I know now when I was back in college," I remain silent, because even if his wish came true, he would still repeat the same phrase a few years after his time travel. There is always additional knowledge a man can know even when he possesses the highest levels of knowledge.

THE SECOND country I visited in the world was Venezuela. I laugh now at how completely unprepared I was to get laid. I did every single thing wrong, including using a guidebook to pick which cities to hit and only staying four nights in each place without even lining up girls on the internet beforehand. When I returned home, a thought entered my head: "Wouldn't it be cool if there were travel guides dedicated to just getting laid?" I was broke at the time, barely even able to afford the trip to Venezuela, but the thought never escaped me.

I wanted to be the first man to attempt such a feat, and even if there wasn't a market for this type of guide, I wanted to do it just because. How many guides should I write until I feel the project is complete? Another thought said ten. The number ten was round enough and high enough that I knew it would put me on a plane above other men. The goal would allow me to accumulate experienc-

es that few others had.

It took a few years, but I did the ten. Along the way the media of each individual country came calling and did articles and TV pieces on me. The Romanian TV segment led to me being recognized almost daily for the next month. Guys were fearless with approaching me at any time, even while I was sitting in a café buried in my work. They'd want to talk to me simply because of the fame. If you asked them to name one of my books they wouldn't be able to tell you, but they could quickly tell you the name of the news program they saw my big head on.

I don't care for fame for the sake of fame. I'm perfectly fine being anonymous in some city whose name I don't even know how to pronounce. I can go to the club and lurk in the corner all night until I see a girl I like, but if fame can get me laid, if pretty women will come up to me and want to have sex with me merely because they know of me, then give me fame. Tell me what I have to do to get it and I'll do it.

On my second night out I went to the city's snobbiest club. I was surrounded by some of the most beautiful women in the world. During my second approach, before I could even finish delivering my line, the girl said, "I know you from TV! You're Roosh." Yes, I am he. Fake bashfulness, confident grin.

Ten minutes in she asked to take a picture with me. And then her friend did the same. They both complimented me like I was the most amazing man in the world. I could do no wrong with them and the only question was whether to choose the girl I originally approached, Sabina, who was shorter with bangs and big eyes, or the taller one, Violeta, not as pretty but with a more sultry personality. I let the girls pick, and it was obvious that Sabina liked me more. Even after the taller one complimented me by saying I was "perfect," I did not change my decision. Sabina would be the one I would talk to, dance with, touch, and eventually kiss for two hours, but in the end I couldn't extract her and only got a number. That's a lot of work for just one number, but this is a groupie close. It was solid. If any girl will come through, it will be this one.

A big problem in Romania is that girls give extremely high weight to the opinions of their friends. This social judgment is like an ax

waiting to hack at me when I try to talk to a girl with her friends nearby. You can mathematically calculate the odds of failure by correlating it to the number of friends that are watching the approach. They don't do a typical "We have to go" cockblock—they cockblock with their eyes instead. Just one stern look from the friend and my target will completely freeze up, giving short answers while slowly turning away from me. This called for strategy.

My plan was to go to a club, identify the top three or four girls I wanted to talk to, and then visually keep tabs on them throughout the night until an opportunity presented itself in the form of her slightly detaching from her friends. Maybe she gets distracted by another group, maybe she goes to the bathroom alone, or maybe she's at the bar and her friends forget about her while they try to set up a drink order. Then I'll have one minute to make an impression. If that impression is good, I will be able to fight the judgment of her friends for at least another four minutes until she exits the conversation. How she performs this exit tells me whether she likes me or not. If she just stops talking to me completely, it's over, but if she says, "It was nice talking to you but I have to go back to my friends now," she's essentially saying "Take my number!" It's hard to believe this at first, because in so many countries girls utter that line when they're definitely not interested, but due to the factors that exist in Romania and nowhere else, it's a clear sign of interest. I learned to follow with, "Well I enjoy talking to you too. How about we grab a drink sometime?" Then the actress in her comes alive where she feigns surprise like she never considered having a drink with me, replying, "Oh, umm, okay yeah sure why not." Then I get her number and go to a different part of the club to talk to other girls.

The following night I went to a college pub near the student center. I ordered an Absolut on the rocks, but I saw the bartender pour the local vodka brand and hand it to me. I said, "No, I asked for Absolut." Instead of fixing his error, he tried to snatch the money from my hand anyway and give me the incorrect drink. I wouldn't let him, and insisted on paying for what I wanted. He yelled at me in Romanian, flailed his arms, and then refused to serve me. So I went without a drink for some time, debating whether to stay in the pub or go back to the snobby club where I knew all the beautiful girls were. I thought of

the capital, where girls were much more impressed at my foreign status. I thought of Sabina and what time on Sunday afternoon I was going to message her to set up a date. I thought of how much work I really had to do in order to get a number from a Romanian girl—how much attraction had to be present for her not just to give me her number but to actually show up on a date.

I spotted a pretty girl but she was sitting down at a table. I wanted to experiment. I stood close to her and made a motion for her to stand up. She shook her head. I then mouthed, “I want to say something to you.” I repeated my levitation motion. She stood up. I spit game and after two minutes I told her I was on my way out but it would be nice to go out with her. She scrunched her face and said no. I went for the number too soon.

I entered the snobby club late, around 2:30am. This was actually the best time because early on, before people had a few drinks in them, their snobbiness was at a maximum and groups were still tightly formed. It also allowed me to benefit from the intoxicating result of guys trying to impress women by buying them sugary shots. I regulated my drinking so I would be the most sober man at the end of the night when I planned a full-scale attack at last call with my “Is there another bar that is still open?” gambit.

Patiently I waited and tried to understand the mating dances that were taking place before me. The guys seemed aggressive, pushing hard to move girls to the dance floor to squeeze their bodies and get in close to their faces, but they weren’t succeeding. I saw kamikaze approaches where a man, high on energy drinks, would go in on a big group of four or five. I watched their attempts with outward indifference while trying to predict the result based on body language and appearance. I was occasionally surprised by understated men who kept conversations going for great lengths.

A tall man walked up to me. He was dressed in the peacock style with a leather vest, bedazzled necklace, and cowboy boots. He was tall and good looking, though his eyebrows were overly manicured like that of a magician’s. He told me he was a male stripper.

“I saw you on the television when I was watching it with my mom,” he said. “I knew right away that you were real. I knew you were using all your experiences and travel in life to construct your

opinions. It's not like that here. It's not like Japan and Finland and other countries I've been to for my stripping job. They are more open-minded. When a girl here finds out what I do, she gets closed off to it, to the art of it, the dance. But I was in Poland, like you were, and the girls were open. They appreciated a well-traveled man with experience. Here they don't care. They only care about money. They are shallow, and I can't wait to leave." If I had a dollar for every local guy who said that all his women cared about was money, I wouldn't have to write books anymore.

I prayed for last call but it refused to come. I approached a cute girl who said she recognized me from television. She bragged that she used to be a model, but I didn't acknowledge it. Then she dropped the fact that her boyfriend was in the club, talking to another girl.

"So you're just talking to me to make him jealous?" I asked. She craned her neck to stare at him, as if to get his attention and say, "Look, I'm talking to the guy who was on television, whose name I'm not even sure of. I think it's Ross."

I could imagine the thoughts going through her head with each additional minute her boyfriend talked to the girl—the self-doubt, the jealousy, and the anger, yet I wanted to have no part in making that man feel the same, so I put on a stupid grin and went silent. She got the hint and faded a couple feet away where another man offered to buy her and her friend shots. They refused but he bought them anyway and pathetically tried to convince them to drink. Unable to endure this display, I went to the other side of the bar.

The lights came on at 5:30 and the music stopped. There were still two dozen people in the club. I took a deep breath and sidled next to a tall blonde girl while her friend was talking to a guy. The situation was favorable. "Do you know if there is another bar that's still open?" I asked.

"I don't know," she replied.

"Because I'm not so tired and I wouldn't mind going somewhere else."

"It's pretty late, everywhere is closed." She was giving me nothing. I looked off to the side, scanning my brain for a question that would keep the conversation going but not show interest on a girl who apparently didn't seem so interested. My pause encouraged her,

because she asked me where I was from.

“I’m from the U.S.” I said.

“No way. Really?”

“Yup. It’s very far away from here.”

“Why are you here?”

After a dramatic pause I replied, “I ask myself every day.” She laughed. “No, I’m here for business.”

“What do you do?”

“Writing. I go to a country, stay there for 3-6 months, and put out articles, books, and so on. What do you do?”

“I’m a medical student.”

“Cool.”

It was obvious there would be no extraction. The couple beside her was watching me too closely, and I did sense a glare of judgment from the friend that suggested wonder on why she was even talking to me. After five minutes of a basic chat, I got Livia’s number and went home, slightly dejected but not particularly upset. I would try to get both Sabina and Livia out in the next couple days, hopefully banging them before I returned to Bucharest. The next afternoon I confirmed the plans with Sabina to meet at 8pm.

I DECIDED to show up an hour early to at least get some reading done. I picked a spot where I could easily see everyone coming in, which meant constant distraction from the beauty flowing past me. In Washington DC, such beauty would be most welcome because of its infrequency, once every half-hour or so, but here it was once every minute, a supply that was seemingly unlimited.

I looked forward to Sabina’s arrival. This may have been a warning sign that something bad was about to happen. Any time you look forward to seeing someone, that someone seems to feel it. I’m not a spiritual man, but such eagerness must somehow transmutate into actions that a girl can perceive. Maybe it’s an awkward phone exchange where you pressured her or a gratuitous smiley face in a text message. Women can notice things that men can’t, like how a dog can see colors that humans are unable to. Your thoughts must be clean and lacking in emotion if you want the desired result, and faking it until you make it will only work on girls who are also faking

it until they make it. For the real deal, the prize, the sum of your value has to exceed the sum of hers.

I can't say Sabina was a prize. She was 24 but looked a couple years older. She was cute, a girl I would date in DC, but in a land of unlimited beauty, she did not stand out. Her body was firm and toned, maybe three pounds overweight, and her chin was a half-inch too long. I feel silly to be describing her in such a fashion, but being around excess beauty makes a man picky beyond reason. I've begun noticing parts of human anatomy I didn't know existed before. I had only recently discovered eyebrows while living in Ukraine. I became skilled at judging their thickness, color, shape, and how rounded the edges should be, something I could possibly codify in an Excel spreadsheet. That has stayed with me in spite of leaving Ukraine. Every girl I meet now has to go through my eyebrow gauntlet whereas years ago all that mattered was that she actually she had eyebrows.

Twenty minutes past our meeting time and there was no sign of Sabina, not even a message stating she would be late. I knew my fate was sealed. I got stood up by an average-looking groupie. Has that ever happened before in the course of groupie history? I guess I'm the groupie if I'm the one getting stood up. She is the possessor of value while I sit alone in the coffee shop trying to pretend that I'm not perturbed, that my plan all along was to have a date with a book.

She did apologize through multiple text messages afterwards, insisting that I not be mad, but I didn't reply. How can I not be mad? Sure, I'm confident and fulfilled and all that bullshit, but a girl just didn't show up on a date when she said she would. I don't care if she's my father, my sister, or my best friend, but disrespect of this sort should be met with at least a verbal admonishment. Too bad that the only punishment I could give was silence, which doesn't come close to making her feel what I was feeling.

Maybe I should have gone after her friend instead. Hindsight is 20-20, but Violeta did give me perhaps the best compliment I've ever received when she said I was a "perfect" man. Then she ran around the club and flirted with other guys, and I vaguely remembered something about a boyfriend. If a woman sincerely believes you are perfect, and then walks away to attention whore, that simply serves as

a reminder of how hard it is to get laid. Is it possible to be better than perfect? The only other explanation is that she calls every man perfect as some sort of seductive technique, but there are other ways of flirting without being so transparent.

I left the café and walked home. I was disappointed that I had missed out on groupie sex, something I hadn't experienced in Europe. It wasn't so much that I needed sex as it was deeply wanting a European groupie notch. I pursued her because my ego wanted the notch, and so I only have it to blame for getting rejected by someone I didn't especially care for.

I didn't have the energy to get on another communist train within only three days. I emailed my landlord and told him I wanted to stay for one more week. Getting stood up assured me I shouldn't stay, but then Livia, the tall blonde, came through.

I told her to meet me at the coffee shop the next day. "Are you there yet?" she texted me. She was coming. Now I have to be frank—her face is a little buttery. Her nose is too big, her eyes are too small, and her eyebrows are too thin, but as a platinum blonde she is seen as "hot" in a country of brunettes, even though I objectively know she's just alright. Her beauty lay in how she carried herself. When she strutted into the café, heads turned. Knee high heel boots, a tight skirt that revealed her body, and thick hair swishing back and forth like a bad shampoo commercial. She gave me a hug and the first thing I noticed were her long, manicured nails. She went with a teal color for her eye makeup that matched her teal blouse. If the most feminine girl in the world meets a man who craves that, who travels the world for that, is he not the happiest man?

I imagined how trimmed and clean her pussy would be, void of smell or deformity. I wanted it, so I ran the program that works on getting it. I told her my story, I told her my experiences, I told her how I became the man she should want to have sex with. She had very little to say, a strength instead of a weakness, for it let me lead and control the conversation. I weaved a portrait of myself that impressed her, and I do recall her saying words like "amazing" and "wow" and "so cool" as I recounted tales from the many countries I stepped foot into, the books I wrote, the people I met, and the wisdom I've learned, all the while hoping her pussy was getting wet.

I got close to her lips and she bridged the gap, kissing me gently. I already noted that Romanian guys go crazy when they kiss girls, as if they've never kissed before, but a man must pull back first. He must make it clear that it's not a big deal. Soon she is using tongue and touching my face with her hand, trying to turn me on.

"What time do you have to wake up tomorrow?" I asked.

"6am."

"Damn, that's early. Sometimes I go to bed one hour before that."

"Yes I have a class."

"But are you tired right now?"

"Not really."

"Do you like wine?" She was drinking a capiroska and I was drinking scotch.

"Yes I like wine."

"I bought a bottle of Sauvignon Blanc the other night. Would you like to come over for one drink? I live right down the street. I know you have to get up early so I understand if you must leave in one hour."

"Okay, but only one hour." The trap was set. The only question is who's laying the trap. As a man I want to believe that I do everything to take the interaction where I want it, but after all is said and done, who's to say it wasn't the girl's plan all along?

Even after two glasses of wine in my apartment she gave me a surprising amount of resistance, though nothing I hadn't experienced before. The game becomes a series of if-then statements. If she doesn't want to take off her shirt on the couch, give her a tour of your room. If she doesn't want to take off her shirt in the room, sneakily unsnap her bra with one hand to make her laugh. If she doesn't mind me touching her vagina over her clothes, pull her hand down on erect cock. If she doesn't want to put her hand inside pants to directly feel the cock, take a ten-minute break. If you get resistance, do this move or that move which gets you one inch closer to that sweet pussy.

I wasn't making too much headway, but I wanted to know one thing—was she wet? If she was then I knew I had a chance, but otherwise it would be best to call it a night. To find out I would have to put my hand down her pants and then deftly slip a finger underneath her panties to find the hole. When I did manage to succeed,

after a long hour, she was wetter than her resistance suggested. I then had a strange instinct to take the little bit of juice on my finger and rub it on my cock to feed him a sample taste of her pussy, but I refrained.

Finally, she succumbed to me urging her to “just” take off her shirt, as if implying that once I got it off, I wouldn’t be interested in taking off any other article of clothing. It was easy from there and soon she was naked. I strapped on a condom and we fucked like animals.

They say the pleasure of the orgasm comes from the pelvic muscles, but the last thing I think about when I ejaculate is my pelvis. How amazing and scary that this explosion of pleasure enslaves me, but I’m enjoying the slavery as I rest for 15 minutes before fucking her again, this time without a condom, and I resist letting my eyes roll into the back of my head. I force myself to stay focused, to keep my eyes open, to concentrate and give her a good rhythm that makes her moan, though my second nut was elusive. I knew I wouldn’t make it since she was drying up. We stopped.

She wanted to take a quick shower but came back to say the water was too cold. “You must let it run for five minutes,” I said, as we stood naked in the living room. Since we had some time to kill, I put her on the kitchen counter and spread her legs. We went at it again while the water got hot. The kitchen track lights gave me a great view of my dick going in and out while her thin labia made it all seem so clean and pure. My hands held up her thighs while her arms rested on my shoulders and like an ape I pounded this girl until she could take no more. It felt fine but I still couldn’t cum and she went to wash her body.

It’s hard to admit that a lot of girls don’t want to fuck me a second time. I can’t seem to correlate why, and as much as I want to think it’s due to my bedroom performance, that doesn’t seem to be the case. Girls I’ve never been able to make orgasm are just as likely to stick around as girls I gave multiple orgasms to. I figured Livia would stick since she did give me affection and sweet embraces in bed, but I knew that the connection was built not on mutual attraction but rather overpowering value I gave her and then leveraged into an impulsive decision to have sex on a Monday evening just a few hours before she

was due in school.

Livia left at 6am. I continued to sleep until 3. While soaking in the sex afterglow, I thought of maybe staying longer than the extra week because of how relatively easily I gained a night of immense sexual pleasure. If I could do it once I could do it again. A lucky approach in the club that leads to sex makes me think of staying while a bad night in the club pushes me to the train station. Like a see-saw my opinion changes depending on the result I'm getting, and the only danger is making a decision immediately after a great high or a disappointing low. Your most recent success or failure is fresh on your mind and leads to a decision that may affect your future in ways you don't expect.

I found myself in a real estate office inquiring to the agent if it would be possible, just to fulfill my curiosity, to rent an apartment in the center for two months. Yes, it is possible, and soon we're in the car, looking at apartments. One apartment was brand new but expensive and sparsely furnished while the other was a communist throwback. I visited a second real estate office. The female agent was quite pretty and showed me pictures of an apartment that the landlord could allow me to view within the hour. I agreed, again only due to curiosity, but I can look back now and know that the decision to stay was already made, thanks entirely to banging Livia on the kitchen counter. Images of my dick violating her pussy were still fresh on my mind, distorting my decision-making process.

The apartment owner was a tall brown man from Lebanon, a country that is closely allied with my father's, Iran. Once he found out I was half-Iranian, he peppered me with questions and showed great interest in my background. His Middle Eastern-decorated apartment was pleasant enough, located close to a prime date bar. It took me not more than a minute to ask him what type of deal he could give me for two months, assuming he had the internet connection I needed for my "internet marketing" business.

"The rent you are giving me is very fair, but," I looked to the beautiful agent, "I have to account for her fee." She initially quoted me a 100% fee of the first month's rent, but I wanted a bigger discount. I told her, "I looked at another apartment and the rent was 600 euros, but the agent was willing to bring his fee down to 200

euros. This rent is 480, can you match that fee?"

"Yes," she said without hesitation. Damn it, I probably could have got her down to 100. That money will go into her beauty upkeep which is worth every penny because even the landlord noticed it and twitched his eyebrows at me as she walked us back to the office to sign the contract. I could have been signing away my kidney for all I knew since it was in Romanian.

But wait, did I just agree to a two-month lease based on the blonde pussy I fucked? I did, because if I didn't fuck her that night I wouldn't have agreed to staying in a place where I didn't get laid while there was another city a train ride away where I did, twice.

My new landlord invited me to his house to have Lebanese coffee. I couldn't say no. His large house was right in the most central part of the city. He came to Romania to attend university and after graduating he married a local girl, started his own import-export business, and had two kids. His story was very similar to my father's, who came to America to attend university. Afterwards he settled in Washington DC, married a foreign girl, started his own business, and had two kids.

I met his son, 15 years old, and he asked me about my "internet marketing" business. I hate it when people dive into one of my lies, because now I have to remember the lie for as long as I know the person. "I sell books and e-products on the internet. Whenever someone buys a book through one of my pages, I get a commission." Thankfully he didn't inquire further.

First came the Lebanese coffee. Then came the cookies. Then the pastries. Then the fruit. The coffee was served in a small espresso cup and was supposed to be taken without milk. I always drink with milk so I reluctantly stirred in a small spoon of sugar and brought it to my lips. I was surprised to taste hazelnut and cacao and earthly flavors that I have never experienced before in coffee. I asked for seconds and talked with my landlord about Middle Eastern politics until he randomly urged me to use "prophylactic" on the girls I meet, out of earshot of the son who was in the kitchen making himself a sandwich. Without hesitation I nodded my head as if I would never consider putting my dick in some girl's vagina without protection.

"This coffee was great but I have to make a Skype call at 6:30."

Another lie. That's two now on this man who didn't deserve it. He let me go and I went to the mall to read and work, later hitting the supermarket. I slowly meandered through with my cart, looking for a girl who was not with a dude or friends. I walked up and down each aisle until finally I spotted one. She was obviously in a rush, but it was the only available opportunity so I timed it for us to both look at the canned tuna section at the same time. "Is this any good?" I asked. She was taken aback by my question and out came my stock material. I just moved here... everything is new to me... your language is difficult... do you like speaking English? She loved speaking English, and she was beginning to smile, and later did the whole fake yeah sure, why not thing when I asked her out.

I needed insurance against possibly making the wrong decision to rent an apartment here instead of in Bucharest. So I had to approach a lot of girls and get enough numbers where my will would transform something possibly not good into something good.

I went out to the most popular venue on Thursday night, the hipster bar I had been to before. I spotted three girls that I liked. I can predict if a girl will immediately reject me or not based on her body language right before I say the first word of my line, when I stick my head through her comfort zone and lean into one of her ears in an attempt to cut through the noise. If the girl doesn't lean towards my mouth, the rejection will be swift. I'm at the point where I don't even bother delivering the opener if I enter her space and she doesn't respond by at least slightly coming towards me.

I kept my eye on the three girls. One was a petite thing wearing a white blouse and bowtie. She was with eight other friends. This type of approach is almost impossible with her crew around, but it became much more manageable when she went to the bathroom alone. I followed her and waited outside for her to finish. Ten minutes later she came out and I tapped her on the shoulder. She seemed interested and I mentally counted down the time until her friends arrived, and sure enough a gang of three came like heat-seeking missiles to grab her away. But she stopped them to deny the cockblock. I couldn't hear what she said but I imagine it was, "No, he's cool, he's from the USA." The three friends circled around us, waiting for another opportunity to strike. I wrapped up my game and got her number.

Two girls remained. I stalked one, a tall blonde who looked Slavic. Her angry face was standoffish but she was attractive and I have never landed an attractive girl that I didn't go after. She was standing near two girlfriends who were both talking to guys but then she walked off alone to order a drink. Before she could do so, I tapped her on the shoulder and said she didn't look like she was from Romania. Her smirk didn't change and she responded with few words. I suspected it wouldn't last long, but she remained still and let me talk. After five minutes I saw a smile develop.

We're talking—or more like I'm talking—and she doesn't ask me where I'm from. If a foreign girl doesn't ask after a minute, I know she's not interested, but I can't seem to release myself from this girl because of her beauty. Like a clown I continue the conversation until the ten-minute mark, when I give up for good. I hold the next silence, just staring at her eyes, expecting a curt, "Thanks, goodbye," but she gives me a nervous smile, looks away, and then asks, "So where are you from?"

I consciously told my brain not to overvalue her, not to place her on a pedestal, and it might have been working because she began putting more work into the conversation than I was, as if she was anxious I may walk away. I made a move to the bar and asked if she wanted something and she said she'd take the same thing I was having, vodka on the rocks, a tough drink for those not accustomed to it. I warned her but she said she wanted to try it, so we're both drinking vodka on the rocks and she's pretending that it's not so bad. This pleased me because I knew she was establishing rapport with me by liking what I like. We finished our drinks and her friends finally decided to leave. She looked me in the eyes and said, "Well it was nice meeting you but I have to go." I took that as a cue to get her number.

As I was about to leave a man came up to me and smiled. I knew what he was going to say before he said it: "I saw you on TV." *Yes... I was on TV... what's your name... that's cool... yeah the girls here are pretty... I like your country.* He told me that the girls here want a man who is rich and handsome and I thought of all the other guys in all the other countries I've been to who are convinced that all a girl wants is money, and how such an explanation is nothing more than a

failure to understand the women, a scapegoat for their failures, an excuse for their laziness. *Girls like rich guys, and I'm not rich, so that's why I'm not getting laid.* The girls-want-money excuse is a great indicator that I shouldn't listen to a guy, but then my ears perked up when he started talking about how he got laid all weekend from one-night stands.

He said, "You should go after that girl, you can fuck her easy." I looked into the crowd and I saw a girl who was a 4, maybe a 5, and it all made sense. He wasn't lying, he was just fucking girls that I wouldn't, and there is no point talking game with him because he just won't understand where I'm coming from, but I'll nod my head so we can have some male bonding.

The next day in the mall I approached a girl who turned out to have braces. I was immediately turned off, but then she told me she was 17, turning me right back on. She was exceptionally chatty, telling me how she loves other cultures and wants to travel the world and so on. "I can't wait until I'm older and I can go out and do stuff. Right now my parents don't even let me out and the only time I can be on my own is after school when I come to the mall and walk around. At night I can't do anything." An outside observer would have thought the conversation was going well, for she was talkative and putting in all the effort, but I knew it was going poorly because she wasn't asking me questions about myself. I was a vessel for her English practice, so I wasn't surprised when, after asking her plans for the weekend, she said, "I don't know but I'm excited because I can go out with the boy I like!" How embarrassing, a 33-year-old man trying to hit on a girl who was looking forward to going out with her teenage crush. I got her number anyway, just in case I go on a cold streak.

I WAS becoming increasingly fatigued. As the days went on, I'd leave the apartment later and later, sometimes not until dark, but once I stepped outside and saw the incredible stream of beauty the city has to offer, I'd feel suddenly energized, as if there was powdered viagra in the air. I would breathe it in the mall and in the supermarket to find myself walking towards a girl whereas an hour before I was certain I was due for a "break"—a break from what, I don't know, because

most of what I do is try to get laid and then write about trying to get laid, but just a break where I don't have to focus on women all the time, where women aren't my entire life.

I texted Livia during the week for a dinner date at my apartment. She replied asking what type of food I was going to cook, as if she wanted an advanced copy of the menu to decide if it was worth it for her or not. I replied saying I'm not sure and she didn't write back. As much as I loved her pussy, there was other pussy to be had. I didn't reflect on possible reasons there would be no round two because it would be pure speculation on my part with no way to confirm the truth.

On Friday night I hopped in a cab to a student pub I had yet to visit. It was dead so I went to a another club called Office. I was told it was the second snobbiest club in town, but I got in without even a second look from the doorman. In spite of it being quiet, there were three girls for every guy. I spotted two girls I liked most—one was a tall brunette and the other was a short blonde with curly hair. They were both dancing so I picked a spot at the bar where they would likely hit if they got thirsty. It worked for the brunette because I turned around at one point and she was right beside me.

When someone looks at me in the club, I'm sure they think I'm an oddball who just stands alone, not dancing, not smiling, not doing anything, but there is a lot of activity in my brain as I evaluate the entire venue and the women I want, computing odds and playing out scenarios to help me decide which girl I should tap thrice on the shoulder, slightly lean in to her ear, and slowly yell a line that is so facile that it doesn't seem like "game" at all. But each of these unimpressive components have been optimized and tested for many years so that a guy better looking than me can get rejected while I can survive. I get the benefit of the doubt because I come in so under the radar with non-threatening body language that a girl is curious enough to let me proceed.

I approached the brunette in this manner but it didn't go smoothly. She didn't look me directly in the eyes. Did she think that giving me eye contact would show too much interest? My words weren't registering in her brain, and her responses were one note off. I withdrew.

I moved towards the blonde girl, one inch at a time. As if in a cartoon, I shifted a short way towards her when she wasn't looking and then when she turned my way I stopped. I find that my approaches go much better when it seems like I talked to her merely because she entered my area, not from me going to her, but this is just a preference and I can't say I'd fare that much worse by doing the bold walk across the floor and making a grand entrance.

Just when I was close enough to approach the blonde, she sat down on a couch, surrounding herself with three other people. It was hopeless now, though I did catch her petite friend giving me the eye in between getting sandwiched by guys on the dance floor. I know that no girl makes eye contact with a guy accidentally, but maybe she was egging me on so I can approach and make one of those guys jealous. I gave up on the blonde and ordered another vodka, my third of the night. I finished it then headed for the coat check. The petite girl was there, waiting for her coat.

"Do you know a good bar around here?" I asked.

"Where are you from?!"

"USA."

"Take my number!"

"Um, okay." That's exactly how the conversation went down.

The petite girl texted me not ten minutes later and I replied, yet when I texted her again three days later there was no response. In the next club I had another "Take my number" case and she even said "Call me tomorrow," but I didn't call her the next day because it was Saturday and I wanted to go out. When I did text her a couple days later, no response.

I was intrigued. It seemed that the less progress I made on a girl during the initial pickup (lack of intimate touching, kissing), the faster I had to contact her to keep the momentum going, because with such little intimacy holding us together, her brain would bump me off thanks to all the other suitors coming at her. The three-day wait might no longer be the correct move. A girl who loves you on Friday night, who wants your penis inside her, won't even care come Monday because of all the new guys she met during the time you waited.

For every girl I talk to, I must be mentally prepared to take her out the very next day. Even if I don't actually want to take her out the

next day, this is the level of commitment I must place in a girl to make things work within the speedy manner that is now required for young girls in Eastern Europe. I haven't gamed in America in a long time but maybe this is the best game there, too. The three-day rule was established before the advent of smartphones, social networking, blogs, and all the other bullshit that keeps women in a state of perpetual distraction where it only takes 72 hours to forget about a man that they strongly considered having sex with.

I walked to the snobby club. The bartenders were starting to know me. It didn't hurt that I was tipping generously and ordering from the same two guys. I even found a favorite spot, at the edge of the bar in front of a huge flower pot, meaning I didn't have to move when people wanted to order a drink.

I felt a squeeze in my kidney. It was Violeta. "I hope you are not mad at Sabina," she said.

"I'm not mad," I smiled. "I was just using her to get to you, anyway." She laughed and grabbed my arm.

"You did say I was perfect, after all," I said.

"Yes, you are smart, handsome, and very talented."

"Oh, stop." Please keep going.

I told her that just because Sabina and I didn't work out, it didn't mean we couldn't be friends. She agreed, then proceeded to flirt with other guys.

Sabina fought her embarrassment to come say hello and apologize. There were no hard feelings. She put out an olive branch that maybe we could try again.

I said, "You're a nice girl but how about if we set another date and you don't show up again? I'll feel like a worthless piece of crap for letting one girl get me twice. I can be friends with you and we can hang out in groups or whatever, but there was that one opportunity and now it has passed."

"I understand, but I really like you," Sabina said. Talk is cheap. There are so many girls that wouldn't stand me up so it would be an insecurity problem on my part if I actually got off on that type of behavior.

I ended up having no success in the club. I went home with a sore groin, in need of release, but there's no way I can jerk off on a Friday

when Saturday is the big night. The pressure must be used as fuel.

The next day at the mall I approached a girl holding a cupcake, asking her if it's tasty or not and whether she knew that cupcakes were insanely popular in America. Felicia was a student, sweet and kind, but unrefined and probably boring in bed. I got her number and then went to meet a reporter from the local newspaper who wanted to interview me.

In Poland I was obsessed with young university girls like Felicia, captivated by their youthful energy and spirit, their developing femininity and sexuality, but now I felt the urge to find something more refined. I didn't want to spend a month or more to train a girl so another guy down the line receives the benefit. I wanted the result of another man's training instead.

The Paradise

The reporter brought a cute friend along and for an hour I told her how amazing the city is and how beautiful the women are and how I'd make love to all of them if I could. "Even the ugly girls here are kind of pretty," I said. An "ugly" girl from this city would do quite well in Washington DC, with many more advances from rich men who would treat her like a princess.

I brought the reporter's friend into the conversation, asking her if it's hard to meet men. She said yes. I looked at her up and down, her slender body, her big green eyes, her red lips, and felt bad that this was the case for her, and then felt good because if it's hard for her to meet a man, it will be easy for me. Or at least it should be.

The reason I was saying yes to the interviews coming in was that I wanted to see if having Eastern European fame would make it easier for me to get laid. I know it does in America, because my Washington DC fame led to banging over ten girls, but that was the minor leagues. This fame would be different—it would be based on getting mainstream news exposure instead of being a popular local blogger who picked off other blogger girls at happy hours. I actually prefer approaching a girl who doesn't know anything about me so that I can spin my story in any way I wish, but if I have an opportunity to achieve fame, I might as well try it to see what will happen.

I had over five numbers to contact but I was ready to collect more. I knew that this was a faulty move because I should already be going out with those prospects, but it was Saturday, the best night of the week.

For additional numbers I saved in my phone I would use an extra descriptive template to remember which girl is which: "'First Name' + 'Venue We Met' + 'Hair Color' + 'Height.'" The problem with this

strategy is that on Android phones, when a girl puts in her number, a contact that matches the first couple of digits pops up and from that she can get a clear picture of what the girl's name is, where I met her, her hair color, and her height. It's enough information to maybe realize it's a friend of hers.

My first stop of the night was a student pub that was dead the night before. Now it was packed and I settled in for a drink. I scoped the bar for the top two or three girls but I wasn't inspired because it was more of a village crowd. My boner didn't activate and I decided to leave after finishing a drink.

On my way out a guy came up to me. He asked if he could take a picture with me and of course I agreed. His girlfriend and her girlfriends also wanted a picture so I posed for some time, trying to give a smile but not one that was too big, definitely not greater than the other people in the photo. After they got the photo they were satisfied and didn't care to chat much longer.

The talent was out at the Office. I positioned myself next to the bar by a group of five girls. A little man wanted to squeeze into the bar and I let him, but he made a snide remark in Romanian with an angry face, as if he wanted me to move further. "You have enough space," I said. "I'm not moving anymore."

He exploded in rage. "Get the fuck out of here! Just leave!" I stood firm. He moved to put his hand on my chest but I deflected it. "I swear, I will punch you!" he yelled. I did not change my expression, adding to his anger. "I will bite your nose off!" The girls next to me saw this and took a step back. The only logical explanation for his behavior is that he hates foreigners or is drunk, probably a bit of both.

I was faced with a dilemma. He was smaller than me and someone I suspected I could easily beat, but even if I won the fight, I may get 86'd from a club that I liked. At the same time I wanted to be a man and not take shit from someone who I knew was all bark and no bite.

I made eye contact with the bouncer and pointed at him. The angry man explained what a dick I was to the bouncer but he was unhinged and erratic while I was calm like a monk, sipping my drink. The bouncer sided with me and told the man to chill out. He left to another part of the club while I reclaimed my bar space.

I didn't let him touch me, but I still felt weak. I essentially tattled

on him instead of serving a physical punishment that he deserved, one that would have ruined his night, but also ruined mine at the same time. My suit would have been damaged and I would not be welcomed back to the club. Perhaps the answer was not having to do a cost-benefit analysis in deciding how to act, but rather only going to places where there is no cost for doing the right thing, and only wearing clothes that I wouldn't mind getting damaged. If I am attached to any bar or club because I enjoy my time there, and am wearing expensive clothes that restrict my movement, then it's just a matter of time until I let someone get the upper hand over me to prevent any loss that would come from fighting.

Once things cooled down I reverted back to my sex mission, but there were few approach opportunities, so I left for the snobby club. It was packed and the bar staff gave me high fives. I got my drink and stood next to the flower pot. It didn't take long for the first girl to notice me. She glanced over so many times that I couldn't help but open with "Do you know me?" She said she didn't as I noticed a gigantic tattoo on her back. She was in party mode so she ejected after only three minutes without an "It was nice talking to you" exit, meaning no number. Another pair came by and I talked to one girl who did give the proper exit, resulting in a number. Then I turned around and there was Sabina and Violeta. The latter came over and I put my arm around her while the tattooed girl stared at us as if to ask, "Wait, how does this foreigner know her like that?" Violeta was getting touchy feely so to test her interest I said, "When are we going to make love?"

"Not tonight, but next week we can do something."

She left and the bartender gave me a shot of Jager and refused to take a tip. I stood alone for a while and then finally another pair came next to me. I talked to the nearest girl who had lived in Boston for a while and even had the accent. I thought the approach would go well but she cooled off quickly. The benefit of going indirect is that if it doesn't work with one friend, you can still go for the other since technically you weren't hitting on the first. I opened the friend with, "Your friend speaks very good English. How about you?" She gave me a big smile and then lowered her eyes and I knew that this was going to be big.

“Do you like my friend,” she asked.

“No,” I replied. “She lived in my country for too long. I think the culture has corrupted her. Plus I like short girls, about your height.”

“So you like me then?”

“Not really. Your hair is blonde and I like black hair. Too bad because you seem nice.” I smiled and she smiled back. It was on. She inched closer so that her boobs were touching me.

“Why are you here?” she asked.

“I ask myself every day.”

“No, really.”

“I’m retired. I’m just living here for fun.”

“Be serious!”

“I am serious!”

“Why are you in this club?” I asked. “Are you here to find a guy?”

“No, I’m not.”

“Why not? Lots of people are here to find someone.”

“Yes, but a club is not a good place to find a boyfriend.”

“I know, that’s what everyone says, but it’s Saturday night, the drinks are flowing, and there are many beautiful people here. Things will happen.” After she interrogated me on my background, which I gave vague answers to, she said, “So are you going to ask me out or not?”

“I haven’t decided yet.” Correct answer. She opened her mouth wide and now tried even harder to gain my favor. She touched me on my hip, a move that I usually have to do first. “So far you’re okay,” I said. “I think it’s possible we can have a drink.”

“When?” she asked.

“Tomorrow night.”

“Okay do you want to exchange numbers then?”

“Yes we can.” But I didn’t reach for my phone. I wanted to keep her in a state of anxiety for just a while longer until her friend came back from wherever she was. Anxiety is attraction and I was determined to keep her in that state, but without hurting her ego or making her feel unattractive.

It was obvious that she liked me but she was mindful enough to not go full retard and be desperate. She exhibited this control when she got close to my face, causing me to move in, then suddenly

withdrew and shook her head. She “rejected” me in this fashion several times in order to feel like she was directing the seduction.

The bartender bought me another round of shots, including one for her. I gave a nice tip and then finally the tall friend came back and I got Magdalena’s number before leaving.

I texted her in the afternoon, along with four other girls. It only makes sense to reward the ones who respond the quickest. Magdalena replied within half an hour along with Sonia, the tall blonde from the hipster club who took forever to ask where I was from. I set a date with Magdalena for 8pm and then one for the following night with Sonia.

I had to flake on the girl I met in the supermarket to make way for Magdalena. We had a tentative date at 10pm, but she took three days to reply to the first text so I found it prudent to bump her for a solid 8pm date on a more enthusiastic girl I had just met. It’s always a risky move to cancel a date with one girl for another, but this was a clear-cut case.

After getting around ten numbers since banging Livia, Magdalena survived the cut to be the first date to come out of the large batch. Luckily for me, she was the cutest, with Argentine-style bangs, a plump ass, and a naturally pretty face. At the same time I had to keep my expectations on the floor. The last thing a man should do is go into a date with any hope that something good may happen.

I walked up to the café a couple minutes late and she was sitting outside. We went in and I pretended to sit way on the opposite side of the table, where it would be impossible for us to touch. I revealed my joke and she seemed pleased that I wanted to sit right next to her. My instinct was to wrap my arm around her but I held that back and began reviewing the night.

“You were a little aggressive last night in getting to know me. I liked that,” I said.

“Yes because if I wasn’t, you probably wouldn’t have asked me out.”

“How do you know?”

“You were moving too slow.”

“In Washington DC, a man has to move fast when he meets a pretty girl because most other girls are ugly. She gets approached by

many men so she can afford to be lazy. But here, there seems to be more beautiful women than good men, so the girls put in more effort. I feel like I can take it easy. Honestly I've never seen so many beautiful women as here, and I've been to a lot of places in Eastern Europe. It's like there's a hole in the ground where beautiful women flow out of, like a fountain, and I don't know how I'm going to deal with this. It's good in a way, but it's also bad because if one girl gives me problems, why would I work hard to solve it?"

"Yes, but I speak very good English. Don't you think so?" She was qualifying herself, to show that she was better than the other women who pour out of the Earth.

"Your English is not so good. Half the time I can't even understand you." She playfully hit my shoulder.

"The French and British men I work with think I speak English just fine," she said. "I love the French accent, it's so sexy." Nice countermove.

"I agree the French accent is beautiful. Why aren't you out with a Frenchman then?"

"We do tele-meetings so I haven't met them."

"That's a shame."

"But I like the American accent too."

"It's so flat. I compare our accent to other languages and it's as if we speak in a monotone."

"No, it's nice, I like it." She touched my arm. She closed her green eyes and exhaled. She did that throughout our chat as if the espresso she was drinking actually had the effects of alcohol. Maybe she was ready for sex, but I believed some more face time was in order. I already felt immensely comfortable with her, as if we skipped that phase when you interview someone in order to find common ground.

She repeated one of her club moves where she shook her head no when I got close to her face. "You can't say no if I'm not trying to kiss you," I said.

"But you *are* trying to kiss me!"

"No, I'm just smelling your hair. If I wanted to kiss you, I would."

"You think so?"

"I know so." I looked at her and got close again. Her lips started

curling into a smile and I went for it. I held the kiss for only a couple seconds.

“Told you,” I said, grabbing my drink. It was hard for me not to assume sex was going to happen, but it’s an expectation I had to fight. I didn’t want to get angry later simply because she didn’t want to put out.

“I’m not having sex with you tonight,” she said, as if reading my thoughts.

“That’s fine,” I replied. She made a comment about how guys try to talk her into having sex so I make it a point to avoid that.

“How about we go for a walk?” I asked, not long after. She agreed and I began guiding her in the direction of my pad.

Halfway there she said, “I’m not going to your apartment because I know what will happen.” I thought about how I definitely had to get her in there now.

When we made it to my building I said, “I live right here, actually,” as if I accidentally stumbled upon it. “Are you tired?”

“No, not really.”

“So why don’t you come in for just one drink.”

“No I’m sorry. Let’s go walk somewhere else.” She started walking away but I grabbed her hand.

“Look I know what you said about something happening but it won’t. We’ll have a drink and talk a bit.”

“I can’t.”

“Is there a reason why?”

“I don’t know.”

“I also want to play some good American music for you. There’s a song I think you’ll like. Again, it won’t be long.” Then without waiting for an answer I gently pulled her to the door. She resisted slightly then finally relented. We went into the building, up the elevator, into my apartment, then on my couch. I served her a glass of wine and put on a song I told her about. The least I could do was keep my story straight.

After some heavy kissing, I positioned her on top of me and played with her boobs. I lifted her dress up and got it off without much resistance. All that was left was her bra, panties, and stockings. I picked her up and said it was time for the tour, and went straight to

the bedroom where what she suspected would happen did happen. There was almost no resistance. I boned her for about six minutes until I came.

“So fast?” she said, apparently not satisfied.

“You’re lucky you got that long,” I replied.

“But I want more.”

“Can I get a ten minute break? I’m flesh and blood, you know.” In the past I’d be insecure about my ejaculation speed, but no man should feel ashamed for getting his nut. She could always leave if she truly wasn’t satisfied.

I took off the condom, came back to bed, and tried to stick it in raw, but she objected and I was half-pleased at being safe. I got another condom. We tried many more positions this time but halfway through she complained that the bed was “moving too much.” I put her flat on her stomach on the floor rug and went to town, but then when I announced my upcoming second orgasm, she said, “No, no, not yet.”

It had been over ten minutes and the condom was drying her out so I ignored her demand and kept going. After a few more thrusts, I came.

She wasn’t the first girl to tell me “No” when I was close to the end. Usually it would turn me off and hurt my pleasure, but this time I refused to let my mind entertain her command on its way to another solid orgasm. I rolled off of her and started laughing, as orgasms tend to make me giggly, and went to the bathroom to clean myself off. When I came back she was still lying on the rug, smiling, shaking her large ass, and if I could’ve gotten hard right then I would have mounted her once more.

When I was in Argentina, I met a Brazilian girl who fit her profile: professional woman, mid 20’s, not so eager to get married, places her orgasm way above the man’s. The Brazilian would try to orchestrate the bedroom activity like a conductor and I wondered if she needed a vibrator more than a man. It didn’t last long because her “don’t cum” efforts were quite strong and did cost me a couple orgasms. Someone has to sacrifice an orgasm or two and as long as I’m paying for the drinks, the dinners, and the rent for a comfortable apartment located conveniently in the center of the city, it’s not going to be me.

“You came twice!” Magdalena said, indignant.

“Yes, and they were both great.”

“I didn’t come.”

“That sucks.”

“I want more.”

“Nah, I think I’m done. Maybe in half an hour or so, but I doubt I’ll come a third time.”

“Good!”

“No because it won’t feel good for me.”

“But how about me?”

I shrugged.

A man who’s skilled at giving a girl a vaginal orgasm essentially enslaves himself, because the entire bedroom program will be centered around her trying to get her nut as quickly as possible. If a girl gets into a relationship with me when I didn’t give her any orgasms, I know she’s a keeper and can provide me with potentially unlimited orgasms with little effort.

Magdalena lay on top of me and folded herself into a compact ball with her head on my chest. I stroked her head, pleased at my latest conquest. Livia was a good lay, but Magdalena had personality. She makes faces, she laughs, she jokes (or at least tries), and I could see myself spending time with her over a drink or two without the possibility of having sex, the best test there is to determine if you like a girl.

The next day, however, I woke up determined for more. I went to the mall to complete my one-approach-a-day routine and ended up doing three, including one on a political advisor for the city mayor. She was chatty but eventually revealed she had a boyfriend. Rejection. I texted two girls from Saturday night but neither of them wrote back. Rejection. Then I went on a date with Sonia, the tall blonde I met at the hipster bar.

Right away I knew I had made a mistake in asking her out because I felt not a drop of feminine essence coming from her. For the first 20 minutes I was lame on purpose with the hope that maybe she would end the date short. She stayed and I started to dig around, finding out that her mother abandoned her when she was young and the father who raised her never showed any love. She had a boyfriend for seven

years and has gone out on only a few dates. She wasn't socialized to date or to be feminine.

The end of the date, nearly three hours later, was her on the verge of tears when I gently requested for the "soft Sonia" to come out of her hard shell. I tried to kiss but she said I was moving too fast. We parted without talking about possible plans for a second date.

I felt a great high after banging Magdalena. Most normal men would enjoy the afterglow of a new conquest for at least a few days, but by immediately going after new girls—and not getting anywhere—I destroyed that high. The new disappointments took away my afterglow. Something compelled me to keep going even though I wasn't horny, and I started to hate myself for it, for being a girl junkie when doing so was no longer providing me with any real benefit.

When Magdalena messaged me the following afternoon, I told her that I had to move apartments the next day and how I wished someone could help me fold my clothes. She responded by saying that she may know a girl and I asked what she looked like. The girl looked like her, of course, and so I told her to relay a message to the helper to meet me at a certain café. Magdalena showed up with her big smile and we sat down for tea while I updated her on the insignificant chores I had been up to.

I pay close attention to the amount of affection a girl shows me after sex. Ideally, you want it to explode quite a bit, but with Magdalena it remained the same. I tried to fish for this affection by saying, "Did you think about anyone the past couple of days?" She gave a brief smile and said "No," without any elaboration. I tried again when I said, "It's crazy that we met only three days ago." But still not much in the way of a response. Maybe I was asking too much for things to get emotional, but what's the point otherwise? I don't need only sex, and while I'm not searching for love, I want the girl to verbally and physically show she's crazy about me.

We went to the bakery to buy two pieces of cake before going to my apartment. We landed on my couch and had sex. Immediately afterwards she hit me with her "I want more sex" line. I got irritated. I didn't want to have sex with her again only to hear commentary on what she thought of it immediately afterwards. I wanted to punish her so I fucked her again, as hard as I could, but it seemed not to have

much of an effect, for she never told me to be easy or slow down. Halfway through I ditched the condom and then came all over her stomach.

After a few minutes I wanted to tease her a bit so I asked, “How many orgasms did you have?”

“None!”

“Well I had two, again. That’s four orgasms you’ve given me so far. Thanks.”

“You suck.”

I went into the kitchen to start cooking a meal. She asked for a fork to attack one of the pieces of cake. She ate just a few bites and then announced she was leaving.

“You can leave whenever you want,” I said. She looked at me for a few seconds and then announced she would actually stay for a little longer. As I cut pieces of chicken breast she yanked down my boxers.

“I don’t want to be your girlfriend,” she said.

“And I don’t want to be your boyfriend. You’re too selfish.”

“No, *you’re selfish.*”

“I know I am. But you can’t have two selfish people in a relationship.”

“I’ll just use you for sex,” she said.

“Please do. Use me until you find your magical prince who does everything that you want.”

“I will!”

“Look, I’m 33. I have my habits, my program. Girls have tried to teach me new things, but I haven’t learned them.”

I felt that this was probably the last time she wanted to see me. I don’t blame her, because I’m sure there are many men who will go to great lengths to make her orgasm, even going down on her, something I wasn’t willing to do.

She left and then three minutes later she texted me saying she forgot her earrings, asking if I would take care of them. I found them and they didn’t seem expensive so I wondered if this was a ploy to see me again. Either way I put the ball in her court by telling her to text me in a couple days. The city was starting to make me realize that my value wasn’t so bad and I didn’t need to chase so hard. Why should I text a girl after sex and have to worry about what to write

and then count the minutes until I get a response back? I'll let the girls go through that anxiety instead, and if they don't want to go through it then we don't have to see each other again.

I MET with my Lebanese landlord and the real estate agent to sign the contract for the apartment. On the way out of the office, my landlord asked me if I thought the agent was pretty. "Yes," I said. Then right away he turned to her and said, "He thinks you're perfect and wonderful." I was embarrassed that she thought I was feeding him lines, as if I was too scared to tell her myself.

After settling into the apartment, I received a surprise text from Felicia, the cupcake girl with the curly hair. She ended her last text with, "I'm busy that day, sorry" and I didn't write back because she didn't give me a counteroffer. But she came back at me asking if I was free the next day at 8pm. I said I was. For a college girl to offer this level of chase was encouraging. I figured she liked me but when we met at the bar she only ordered juice. I tried all sorts of shaming to make her drink alcohol ("Juice? How old are you again?"), but nothing worked and that's all she drank. I did notice her breath had a sulfur odor, a sign of halitosis, but it was easy to ignore because we never got that close.

She mentioned that she had to take the night bus at 10pm. I had limited time to make things happen on a sober girl. If we had kissed before, I could move things forward and then insist on paying for her cab ride home, but this move would be too much if we hadn't even touched yet.

When on a first date with a girl I haven't kissed, I usually ramp up to kissing after the second hour, but I didn't have time so I had to bring out an old move as an excuse to touch her—the fake palm read. I glanced at her ring and then asked to see her hands. I flipped it over and began feeding her information that she already told me. She was in on the joke but still wanted me to proceed, and when it was done I held her hand for an extra five seconds before letting it go.

I walked her to the bus stop and tried my arm-in-arm move, but she declined. I stood close to her but there wasn't much reciprocation. The bus was coming so I'd only have twenty seconds to do something. I said, "Give me a kiss" and pointed my cheek towards her. She

kissed it and then I turned to the other cheek, which she also kissed. Then I faced her directly and went in. She pulled back as I expected and said, "I have to go!"

There seem to be natural limits in banging a lot of girls where constraining factors appear and prevent you from achieving rock star status, forcing you to adopt an equilibrium state. A lot of sex often sucks out all of your horniness and motivation to bang more. Or it exhausts you, forcing you to rest. Or it puts a big dent in your wallet, forcing you to focus on work. Or you get a minor STD and need to heal up. Or, more commonly, your standards go up to where girls who were beautiful before are only average now. The 6s you banged were great, but why bang another 6 if you can try for the 7? Then you bang a couple 7s and now you want an 8, but there are not many 8s out there that can fill your pipeline as easily. If your game improves then your quality also improves. You become spoiled, reluctant to slip back down into average quality that satisfied you so easily before. Most girls, however, are average. Your rockstardom fades just after it begins. A cruel fate indeed.

I've met men who can bang a stream of 6s and always be excited about it. These men can dive headfirst into a duplicate experience with another 6 even though they just banged one a couple days before, with no desire to aim higher. Even with these guys, it's still tough to sustain a high level of horniness. What man can bang a girl three times on Monday night then go approach women on Tuesday afternoon and then set up a date on Wednesday night? In fact, *why* would he want to do this? Was he not satisfied with the sex on Monday night? Does he really need to keep banging? Yet this is what it takes to plow through quantity. You have to "forget" a bang you just did and pretend that you haven't had sex in forever to keep chasing, keep racking up notches.

Banging one or two girls a week is almost a full time job if you account for the number of approaches you must do and dates you must go on. All this assumes you are a robot who remains unaffected by women flaking on you, testing you, and challenging you. It also assumes that every girl you bang is someone insignificant who you had no emotional attachment to, since it's not easy to chase girls when you have another who you truly like and are getting sex from.

This leads to the question of how many girls do you have to bang to find one that is worth keeping? In America, because of the lower quality of women, it's more than ten, but in Europe it's much more likely you'll only need to sleep with two or three girls until you find one who you wouldn't mind having as your long-term girlfriend. To fuck one hundred European girls in a year would mean ignoring dozens of potential opportunities for emotional bonding, something that I must accept humans are designed to do. The natural limit of banging "a lot" of girls is reached well before your ego becomes wholly satisfied at your efforts.

I could no longer justify putting so much work into getting bangs that were similar to ones I had already experienced many times before, since it's not like this new pussy is better than old pussy, but I still wanted a stream of beautiful and easy girls to satisfy all my sexual desires. I wanted this Romanian city to be my poosy paradise.

I first heard the term "pussy paradise" from a Canadian man I spent time with in Poznan, Poland. He had done extensive travel like me and so we compared how the women were like in different countries. Even though I was already doing well in Poznan, could there be another place where the girls are prettier but even easier, where all I had to do was walk out the door to pick and choose whatever my penis desired, as if I was in a supermarket?

At the same time I was meditating on the idea of pussy paradise, a Danish talk show did a segment on my book about Denmark. The show was in Danish but the announcer said "pussy paradise" in English with an incorrect pronunciation that has birthed the title of this book (type in "poosy paradise" in Youtube to hear it for yourself).

Why not search for poosy paradise? Why not travel the world to find the one place where women are both beautiful and easy? Internet philosophers say that I'm being lazy, I have no game, I should stay in Washington DC to prove to the world that I can get nonstop hot chicks there, and that poosy paradise doesn't really exist. But I don't want to use game and labor to get a girl for the same reason I don't want to kill my own cow and pig to eat a bacon cheeseburger. I want the easiest possible satisfaction from the least amount of work. I want beautiful women to love me right out of the box, showing nothing but

affection and a hunger to ride my dick whenever I desire. Is that so unreasonable?

I imagine if a place like this really existed, men would quickly find out and decamp there. The equilibrium that keeps men from banging too high a quantity also keeps a city from being too great when it comes to women. Russia supposedly has three girls for every guy, but the weather is horrible, the cities are rough, and the girls don't speak English. Brazil has the sexiest women in the world, but obesity is a growing problem and the guys are tough competitors. Poland has sweet women who are feminine, but their faces can be ghastly. There is always something that prevents a place from being poosy paradise, at least one factor that can't be remedied.

So I've had to change my strategy. Instead of going to a place where poosy paradise was already made for any man entering its gates, a feat that I agree is probably impossible, I'd have to create my own poosy paradise from a city that is highly compatible with my nature while containing women who are pretty and speak English. Once that has been found, a task that is within the realm of possibility, I must simply develop an empirical game based on the local women, something I'm capable of doing, and fame. It's fame, I've determined, that is the missing ingredient for poosy paradise. I'm already widely known among men, but I don't have fame with women. It was time for that to change.

The Fame

My landlord called me early in the morning. I was expecting him to say the cable company was ready to install the internet, but he hit me with something else instead: “I just read about you in the news. So you’re a world Don Juan?” I was called that by the city’s biggest newspaper, and the story was immediately picked up by other newspapers and television stations in Romania.

“Yes, I wished I could tell you but I didn’t know if you would be offended or not. This is why when you mentioned the beauty of the real estate lady, I thought, ‘If he only knew.’”

“I have you on speakerphone, my wife is here.” I inadvertently avenged his cockblock.

I continued, “The media of many countries are interested in what I say for some reason. So I go to a country, write about it, and then they ask for interviews. In this country, they’re asking me for interviews before I even write anything about it.”

“You think the girls of this city are beautiful?” his wife asked.

“Yes, very beautiful. This is why I want to stay here. It’s the type of place that maybe I can meet a girl and get married, who knows.” Get married, ha!

My landlord came back on the line and said he would notify me when the cable guy was coming. At least I wasn’t being kicked out. If I were in the USA, employed in a corporation, I’d be fired. I’d get hate mail. I’d be destroyed on the blogs. In Romania, fan mail was the rule. Sabina came to my defense on a hater comment online and said I was an “amazing man.” No American woman would come to my defense if I were blasted in American media. They’d chime in and say, “Yes I know him, he’s always controversial and offensive like that.” I can say that with assurance because it has happened before.

The only issue is that Romania is not as fame-obsessed as America, a country where everyone is groomed by the time they're a teenager to think fame is the most important thing in the world. Yes, Romanian girls were friending me and liking my Facebook fan page, but they weren't exactly pounding down my door.

When I took a walk outside, I got longer stares than usual. A feeling of doubt came over me, especially in the face of more interviews that were scheduled. Would it actually be easier to get laid now compared to being anonymous and in complete control of my story? Do foreign girls really want to get with a guy who has made a career of writing about sex? There would be only one way to find out. I had to proceed. I had to take advantage of this opportunity to find out if fame really was the missing ingredient to poosy paradise. If I passed on this chance, and in a couple years it's obvious I've peaked as a writer, I'd never forgive myself for not having tried. I had to go through with this just to see what would happen, knowing full well the hangover from all this attention wouldn't be pleasant. One day I'm the star, being recognized in the club and then, once the media is done with me, I'm back to being a nobody, just another anonymous guy trying to get his dick wet.

The draw of this fame is simply being a somebody that people know, of being more important than millions of other people. It's a validation of my life. I must be insecure for wanting it in spite of the cost of gradually transforming into a zoo animal, watched by strangers while I go about my day. If the situation became unbearable, I could always pull the nuclear option of going to a new country, but I was determined to make fame work.

I had sex with four girls in my first month of Romania, including one Italian, at a level of quality that was higher than average, and now I was in a city, whose name I'm still reluctant to share with you, that is stocked with feminine and beautiful women. The interviews must proceed, and poosy paradise will be mine.

HAREM collapse is a player problem I can't seem to avoid. This is when all the prospects I have dry up simultaneously, as if they found out about each other and conspired to blacklist me. No girl writes back and no girl wants to bang.

Upon my surge in the media, the collapse was in. Magdalena didn't text me, not even to get her earrings. Livia was missing in action. Sonia didn't text me after our mediocre date. The girl I met in the supermarket, who I flaked on, didn't text me back after I asked how her week was going. My groupies, Sabina and Violeta, were shopping in the mall and saw me but pretended they didn't. Another girl didn't text back after putting me in a holding pattern when I asked to meet. I had just one prospect remaining, Felicia, a girl who didn't even like to drink.

It's possible that a couple of these prospects could be resurrected. I could contact Magdalena and Sonia, but it's better to accept the collapse, put the phone in silent mode, and start anew. Simply caring about the collapse gives the girls too much power, and the best thing any man can do in such a situation is to soldier on and not wallow in self-pity.

Going into the weekend I geared up for another push. I can't say I was especially horny, but how could I label this city poosy paradise if I'm not getting laid and going on dates? Is it even possible to go a weekend without sex in poosy *paradise*? I would get laid not because my penis wanted to, not because I wanted to hit a certain notch count, and not because I wanted to feel intimacy with a woman—I wanted to get laid to say I found the pussy El Dorado and experienced it.

I had another media interview that took place at the biggest mall. The reporter was attractive and young while the cameraman was the alternative rocker type, stone-faced with a humor too dark to be trusted in front of the camera. When the interview began, I switched into my media persona, gesticulating with my hands and becoming more animated since I know it plays better for video. They asked me the usual questions. *How did you get started with this? What do you think of the girls? What are your favorite countries? What is one thing you like most about our girls?*

My tone was less chauvinistic because I knew that my landlord and his family would watch, as well as all those I interact with at the café and supermarket, and the people I regularly see in the club. I now had to speak through a filter.

“Okay now let's talk to some girls,” the reporter said.

“I already did this for the two other segments.”

“Yes but it would make for good footage.”

“Just no ugly girls.”

It took a while to find worthy targets. I hid the microphone under my lapel and approached a few girls. The last thing on my mind was getting those girls’ numbers. Instead I wondered if the camera angle was good, if the footage would be edited in my favor, and if the girls were hot enough so that my readers wouldn’t think I was dumpster diving. My reputation was on the line, all so a television station could have a minute of action footage. I did the approaches and kept them going by merely being friendly. I didn’t want to take a risk and get blatantly rejected on camera by running real game.

We were wrapping up when I saw a pretty girl walking towards us. The cameraman couldn’t conceal himself by the time she crossed our path so I had to lie. “Hello, we are doing a show on the best places to visit in this city. What would you say is your favorite cafe?” She smiled at me and then the camera.

“I’m not from here,” she replied.

“I’m not either.” She laughed and we got into a neutral chat. It turned out she was only 17 years old. If that was filmed in America I have no doubt I’d be put on a sex offender list, but here it just got a good laugh from the cameraman. During this time, the reporter went off to socialize with a girl who worked in a clothing store.

“Is there anything we forgot?” I asked the reporter once she returned.

“I think that’s all.”

“The problem with this segment is that there is no tension. I just said good things about the city.”

“It’s okay, I think.” I always get stuck with the lazy reporters.

“Ask me what the hardest part of the girls here are. I have a good answer for that.”

“The problem is that we did the interview in one area and now we can’t have you answer in another.” Bullshit. I’ve had previous interviews ask questions from different locations. I was disappointed with her professionalism but I prodded enough so that she did ask me to write my answer down to be read by a narrator during the segment.

Four hours later I went to the snobby club. It was Friday night. I walked in to find a massive crowd. I first went to the bathroom and

checked myself in the mirror. I pulled up my pocket square because the blazer I was wearing had a habit of swallowing it. I went to my spot by the flower pot and a bartender I knew served my drink with me only having to raise my hand.

The two groupies saw me and approached. They included me in their dance circle of two other friends. Violeta was especially nice, kissing me on the neck. She then showed me a picture on her phone of her abs. I gave mild approval and asked for a picture of her ass. She didn't have one, but put my hand on it. "When are we going to hang out?" I asked. "This week," she replied, "but don't tell Sabina." I agreed, but like before, it just seemed too easy. Once I went back to my spot at the bar, I saw her giving the same treatment to another guy, and then another, and then another. I was sure she was just teasing me.

The music was ultra loud, but I had on my musician earplugs. I held my glass of vodka very close to my mouth, so I barely had to move it when I wanted a sip. I felt the urge to leave. I wanted to be home, reading a book, but this is poosy paradise, and paradise must be enjoyed. One hour passed, two hours. I hadn't done a single approach. The tattooed girl I often see looked at me and smiled. I smiled back.

"You look so serious," she said.

I hate you, you slut. I know you are going to talk to me for two minutes, get validated, and then go off to another guy. You're just like Violeta. But you're beautiful, so I will talk.

"Are you a psychologist?" I asked, sarcastically.

"Yes, actually I'm studying it."

"You still have a lot to learn," I said. I was disappointed in my response. That's the best I could come up with?

"So you just come here and stand in this spot and don't do anything?"

"Yes. I'm enjoying my drink."

"Don't you want a girl?"

"I'm waiting to see something I like."

She stood next to me for a while, texting some guy. I spied on her screen and it was in English. She likes foreigners. The text from the guy was along the lines of "I miss you babe, are you at the club, I'm

coming right now,” and she replied, “Yes I’m in the front xoxo.” I was jealous.

I had no motivation to approach. Either the girls in the city were getting uglier or I was getting desensitized to the beauty. Poosy paradise for only two weeks? I had another interview scheduled the next afternoon, this time with the biggest channel in the country. My game had gotten so lazy that I’m just hoping to be recognized, to cash in on the fame, yet here I was in the club, supposedly mildly famous but standing alone.

I saw the tattooed girl talking to a random guy. She touched him on the shoulder and danced with him. Right at the point where he would think, “Oh shit, this girl really likes me,” she ditched. It was an amicable ditch, full of smiles, but still a ditch. I saw her do this three times. One guy didn’t take it well, with an “Oh come on” gesture when she stopped dancing with him. In between men I noticed her glancing at me. She’s tricking me, I know it, just like Violeta was tricking me, putting my hand on her ass, getting me excited, and then cavorting with other guys. Violeta was in the DJ booth now with her ex-boyfriend, the one she still loves, and I decided her game was to make him jealous. And the tattooed girl? What was her game? I thought of something good to say to her: “Too bad you have tattoos.” No, that’s stupid. Then I looked to my right and saw Livia, my first city bang. She was with her club rat crew. She looked at me and waved. I waved back, but I wasn’t going to walk up to her. I sent the last text, and she didn’t write back. I wouldn’t have minded fucking her again, but it’s no matter, I’ll find a new girl. I saw a tall girl nearby, and knew if I approached her I’d get a positive response since I’m also tall, but I didn’t really like her. While I debated what to do, another guy went in. He was well received. Later in the night I saw them holding hands while I stood in my same spot, sweating in my blazer, obsessively checking the position of my pocket square, scanning the room for cute girls and not doing anything about it, waiting for some sort of miracle.

I couldn’t go home without doing anything. I spotted a blonde girl across the bar. I moved my legs and went over to her, tapping her on the shoulder, which I noticed had padding.

“You look like you speak very very good English,” I said.

“I know who you are.”

I feigned innocence. “Did you see me in the supermarket?... In the mall?... Did we meet somewhere?”

“No, but you gave an interview with my colleague today. I know you’re the American writer.” Fame game, yes. Come on baby, give it to me, let’s go fuck or something.

“Oh yeah,” I said, as if the day’s events happened years ago. “Your friend is nice. It was a fun interview.”

“So seduce me,” she said.

“What?”

“Seduce me.” I pursed my lips, evaluating her demand.

“I don’t seduce girls,” I replied. “I just have conversations and if there’s a connection, great, but if not then too bad.”

“So you don’t seduce girls?”

“No, I’m a man of science. I study cultures and women and sometimes I meet one I like. But no more than that. I saw you in the club and thought you would speak my language, and you do. Maybe you are interesting, I don’t know.”

“I am interesting!”

She introduced me to her friend, a petite brunette who was slightly more attractive. I moved my attention to her, wondering if the blonde regretted doing the introduction. The brunette was actually more intrigued by me because she had so little information about my background, and so I doled it out in small bites whereas the blonde already had more of a complete picture. It seemed that the girls here liked curiosity, and when they knew too much of me beforehand, there was no mystery, no intrigue.

I thought things were going well with the brunette until some guy arrived from nowhere and started kissing her. I turned back to the blonde, who was pleased I resumed talking to her, but my heart was no longer in it.

“How old are you?” I asked.

“28.”

“Are you married?”

“No.”

The problem with girls of this age is their “I don’t need a man” belief, which translates into an attitude that attempts to remind you of

how unimportant you are. I want a girl who needs a man. I want a girl to meet me and think there is *potential* for something true and loving, and that she doesn't have to say "seduce me" every five minutes as if I'm her personal entertainer. By following the blonde's demands, I would be just another chump she uses and then discards for laughs.

I eventually walked away. She didn't care, immediately getting into a conversation with another guy. She put her arm around his neck, something she didn't do with me, but I noticed that she didn't kiss him, and that satisfied me.

The club was closing. Three hours and two approaches were my tally. Violeta came to say goodnight to me before leaving with the DJ. She gave her number out to many guys that night, and those guys would wake up the next day thinking about how they were going to bone her, not knowing that after she kissed them on the neck, after she put their hands on her ass, she went to get her pussy demolished by another guy. The tattooed girl, after teasing so many guys, found her fuck buddy, and the blonde girl, like me, went home alone.

I was so used to dating sweet college girls that meeting older women—more "refined" women—was starting to bring me back down to Earth. Women become experts at the game by the time they hit 25, playing it with a ruthlessness most men will never know. It made total sense to me why I had focused on young girls for so long, and I was starting to realize that the costs of their lack of refinement and sometimes cranky behavior was worth it. I didn't want to play the game too hard. I didn't want to analyze Violeta's behavior, I didn't want to think of insulting a girl just to get her to notice me, and I didn't want to try to outwit a girl who was demanding I seduce her. I wanted a nice girl who didn't know the game so I wouldn't have to play it.

THE NEXT DAY started with another media interview. The reporter brought a bulky network microphone with a foam cover. This meant I wouldn't be wired and I wouldn't have to do fake approaches to gather footage.

We sat down on a mall couch and he asked me questions for fifteen minutes. After the interview I spontaneously decided that fame wasn't going to get me laid. I had by then interacted with at least ten

girls who knew about me, and I had not banged any, not even taken one on a date. My success rate was way better when they didn't know about me beforehand. Either fame itself was not valued here, or my particular type of fame, being a sex writer, was not appreciated by the women.

I wasn't as upset as I thought I'd be. This told me that the media attention was satisfying another need of mine—the need to be important, to be someone whose ideas or even presence is valued by others. I had convinced myself that the reason I was doing the interviews was to get laid, but if they called again the next day to do another, even if it would hurt my chances to meet girls, I'd likely say yes. I had to accept that the fame was validating me. It was evidence that my hard work was paying off and that I was valuable in the eyes of others. The only issue was having to reconsider my theory that fame was a key ingredient in creating poosy paradise. It seemed to be having the opposite effect.

I invited Felicia to join me in my apartment to cook a meal “with dessert.” I didn't recognize the double entendre until after I sent it, and wondered if she would pick up on it. Perhaps she did, because she sent me a message saying she wouldn't be “comfortable” with my idea. I got on myself for pulling the dinner date move on someone I hadn't yet kissed, a guideline I had realized several years earlier. Then she started sending me logical questions like my last name and birthdate, probably so she could google me. I refused to give her information.

I started to feel a general sense of doom. Even my apartment, which I instantly liked, was a growing source of dissatisfaction. The sloping ceiling was too short. To use the bathroom I had to crane my neck down, causing bad aim during urination. I had to adopt a wide stance in the kitchen to prevent hitting my head while cooking a meal. The internet guy still hadn't come, so I had no connection to the outside world, especially since I needed it to do my work. The skylights, which seemed romantic upon first glance, shined a supernova brightness in the morning well before I wanted to wake up, actually tanning me while I slept. The apartment was on the fifth floor, with no elevator, so I was always sweaty upon entering the front door. I had paid two months in advance, about \$1400, an

amount I wouldn't walk away from. I was trapped in this little apartment, facing girls who were flaking on me and ignoring my fame.

Stewing in my midget apartment on a Saturday night wouldn't do, so I prepared to go out. I hit Office club first. The people were old, and by that I mean they were just a tad younger than me. The girls were pretty but weathered. Over the past several years I had specifically avoided places like this, but now with my nice blazer and pocket square I thought I could cut through whatever weaknesses it contained and grab what I wanted, but the reward wasn't forthcoming. The three girls I talked to showed low amounts of enthusiasm. They all failed to turn completely towards me in spite of the fact that it must have made their necks sore to point their faces at me while their body was facing another direction.

There was one blonde I spotted in a group of six. I patiently waited until she went to the bar to do my approach. She showed the most interest of the night, and we got into a conversation about her English ability. She asked me what I was doing in her city and my stock answer escaped me for a second, so I responded with, "I'm not sure anymore. I liked this city at first, but now I'm having second thoughts."

"You should do what makes you happy."

"I don't believe in happiness," I replied.

"Not even in the short term?"

"Chasing short-term happiness can negatively affect your long-term happiness." I was entering a philosophical discussion with a girl I just met. I definitely wasn't getting laid.

"So what do you believe?" she asked.

"I believe in being the best man I can be, because I have to wake up and accept who I am when I look in the mirror. I don't think this works for women, so our strategies for happiness will be different."

"But you should be happy." I backed off and just nodded my head, pretending to soak in her shaky wisdom, until it came out that she was married and 29 years old. I spent extra time with my dress to talk to old married women, when I could simply wear jeans and a v-neck to meet chirpy 21-year-olds by day. Nonetheless, I decided to stay the course and hit the snobby club. I had scored bangs there on two of

four visits, I looked alright, and I was ready to work. There was no reason I couldn't succeed again.

I walked in at 2:30am, a little later than usual. I paused at the end of the main hall, took my earplugs out of my pocket, and wet each one with my mouth before sliding them in. They gave me the superpower of being able to hear human speech without difficulty, no matter how long I stayed and how loud the club was. A part of me now wanted to turn back and leave instead of staying and approaching and possibly succeeding so I could say I picked the right city, but my legs didn't want to move. I continued to stand there, analyzing the crowd before finally moving in the direction of my spot, the north-west corner of the big rectangle bar.

The ratio was disastrous, much worse than previous visits. There were three guys for every girl, and the girls there were seemingly older than ever. The week prior the ratio was evenly matched until the end of the night where I still had freestanding girls to approach, but the scene before me made me regret telling reporters that there was a "neverending supply" of beautiful women. Where were they now? I moved into my new apartment three days ago. Fifty-seven days left.

I approached a woman about 30 years old. She had an average face but excellent body, good enough for the night. She liked me, but then her friend got angry that I excluded her from the conversation, yelling, "You don't turn your back to a lady!" She took the girl away.

A fat girl came up to me asking if I'm "that American writer." Yes, fat girl, this is why I work so hard, for girls like you to talk to me. Her friend kept yanking the pocket square from my jacket. I tried to stay humored about it, but when she did it in the fourth time, I gave her a verbal lashing and they both walked away.

The ratio got worse. The quality was the lowest I had seen. I stood in the middle of the dance floor, frozen in disbelief. I had a great view of the entire club, and for a second it felt like there was no noise, just lights, movements, and the horror of realizing I had made a huge mistake. I found out from the bartender that when I arrived in the city, the club was actually brand new, celebrating their opening weekend, but now the hot girls were already tired of it. All the amateurs were out, and I was one of them.

I noticed a man staring at me. He asked if I was the writer. I nod-

ded. He introduced himself as Sebastian and said, “This place sucks. I know somewhere much better.”

“Where?” I replied.

“Chisinau, the capital of Moldova, a short ride away. If you go there, you will never want to come back here. I go to a club, get a table, and the girls come to me. But here I have to work.”

“Yes, here I have to work, too. The girls I want are not easy.”

“The girls here are very poor but they can’t be bought. They have too much pride.”

“And Moldova?” I asked.

“The girls are more beautiful and much easier. I’m not even trying here anymore because I go there every couple of weeks. I have an apartment there.” But what type of quality is he talking about? How much money does he spend at the club? These details are important, and if they aren’t what I think is optimal, I wouldn’t necessarily be better off.

He couldn’t resist adding that he had fucked around 80 girls even though I didn’t ask, a high number for a 23-year-old. I wanted to be seduced by his insinuation that my supposed poosy paradise is actually poosy hell, but I had to remain skeptical, and sure enough, the more I dug him for information, the weaker his story got. He’s the son of a rich guy and has luxury apartments in both cities. He has a car he uses to impress women. Most damaging was that the girls who “come to him” are ones he had already met. It seemed that he was trying to impress me like he does to women.

Last call approached when I spotted a tall, young girl standing alone. She was rigid but friendly. I went silent a few times to gauge her interest. When she broke one of them to compliment my eyes, I felt that the prospect was strong, but she stood far from me and never touched. There was a coolness I couldn’t explain. I asked if she wanted to meet for a drink and she said that she had a boyfriend. “We should exchange Facebook instead,” she said. I declined.

I then saw an older woman who recognized me a few weeks prior. I was on a high back then and barely gave her any attention, but now I found myself actually flirting with her, wanting to feel out if she wanted to be my first groupie bang. She went on about not needing a man, how her job keeps her busy, and how her vibrator satisfies her. I

POOSY PARADISE

don't know any man who would be turned on by that type of speech.

The previous week I got nine numbers that led to a bang. This week I got not a single one. The walk home was hard and slow because I knew I had lost. I will never say "poosy paradise" again, because the minute I do is the minute god laughs at me and shows me what he really thinks of my paradise.

THE FAME

The Hangover

I hadn't had contact with Magdalena in five days. Now in a downturn after the media interviews and initial success, I wanted to be with someone. I messaged her, not expecting a response, but she was warm and we texted throughout the night. I invited her to pizza and she tentatively agreed, pending her recovery from the flu.

The next day I edited some of my old writing and came across an article titled *Warning Signs A Girl Isn't Worth A Relationship*. One of the signs was a girl who says "no" when you announce you're going to come, that such a girl was an "inconsiderate slut," but I still felt a strong desire to spend time with Magdalena. I had no one else.

My landlord called me. He said he saw me on the news again. I was called "the hunter of Romanian girls." He laughed so I took it to mean it was a good segment, but I didn't care. I was off the fame train faster than I had gotten on it. It actually made things harder, made me more paranoid, made me feel like a clown. I don't know how I came to the conclusion that fame was needed when I saw regular guys with hot girls all the time. They got them from simply having a large social circle and the propensity to commit. All I needed was to be a good friend and a good boyfriend, but it's actually easier for me to go on television than to be those things, so I wonder if that's my problem.

FELICIA asked me if I wanted to hang out. The previous day I began showing symptoms of a cold. My eyes and nose were leaking, so I'm not sure why I agreed to the date, especially in a café that was smoky.

I arrived first. I picked a square table with three chairs and sat down in one. I wanted her to sit adjacent to me so I simply put my

coat in the opposite chair. She arrived talking on her phone, taking two minutes to finish. “I wrote something in the school newspaper today and someone called to congratulate me on it,” she said.

“What was it about?”

“The top things a student should do in the city. It was like a travel article.”

“Oh cool, you should send it to me,” I said.

“It’s in Romanian.”

“I’ll use Google Translate.”

“I’ll send it to you if you send me one of your books.”

“Never mind then.” She frowned.

The date was a close replay of the first one, with me doing most of the talking. I told her how I was in the middle of meditating on my previous life experiences because I wasn’t sure what to do next. She gave me advice on going to another city, which is what I’ve been doing nonstop for the past four years.

I’m able to get a boner from merely talking to a girl I’m attracted to. With Sonia, the motherless blonde, there was no boner. With Felicia, there was a half boner towards the end of our first date, but on this date, after nearly two hours of talking, leading to a bit of exhaustion because of my cold, I still had no boner, even as I rested my hand on her leg. Her hair was very pretty, so I tried to play with it to get excited, but she said, “Everyone wants to play with my hair,” so I stopped, not wanting to be like everyone else.

I got in close and identified the sulfur odor from her breath. I decided that that was indeed bad, because I had briefly dated a girl who had this problem before and learned it doesn’t go away on its own. It’s hard to bring it up because the solution takes work: daily tongue scraping and gargling. I told myself that if I was going to fall in love with a girl who had halitosis, I’d tell her about the problem, but you don’t fall in love with a girl who has halitosis. Poor girl, living life with no one telling her of this horrible problem, but it sure as hell wasn’t going to be me on a second date.

“I have to go to the supermarket before they close,” I said.

“I can come with you. My bus doesn’t leave for another hour.”

“That’s cool.” I made a move to get the attention of the waitress. To fill the silence I said, “I’m really tired today.”

“I don’t care,” she replied. She made no smile to signify it was a joke.

There are many things that people talk about that don’t at all concern me, but I would never actually *say* I didn’t care. I shut down, completely. She kept asking “What’s wrong?” but I didn’t respond. I paid the bill and she followed me to the supermarket. “This is weird,” she said. I remained silent. In the entrance to the supermarket I said, “You don’t have to come in, I have a lot of things to buy.” She gave me a long look.

“Yeah, I don’t want to miss my bus.”

“Goodbye,” I said.

“Um, bye.”

No hug this time before she walked away. Good riddance.

When I made it home I saw that the most recent interview aired on television. I played around during the interview, throwing in some jokey answers with serious ones, but they only included my joke answers. *I’m like a snake and the girl is a rabbit, so I wait in the grass to carefully hunt her... I want to make love with as many beautiful Romanian girls as I can.... Romanian girls have really nice butts.*

One shot was of me walking through the mall in slow motion to cheesy love music. I came across as a goofy predator. Now I felt embarrassed. People will think I’m some kind of oversexed weirdo. With the effects of my cold worsening, I felt like shit. A week prior I was on the highest of highs, but now I wanted to crawl into a hole and hide.

MY LANDLORD called me the next day. I braced myself before answering in case he made a comment about the recent interview, but thankfully he just asked when I wanted to go to the cable office to pay for the internet service, which was finally installed. He picked me up later that afternoon. On the dash of his car was a copy of a newspaper article I was in.

“How did this happen?” he asked.

“You mean how did I start writing?”

“No, how did you get in the paper.”

“Well they emailed me and asked for an interview.”

“This isn’t a good advertisement for you.”

“It’s not?”

“No, they only gave you a half page inside. You’re not on the cover.”

“Yes but they included a good picture of me. Can I keep this copy?” I asked.

“My wife wants to keep it. Why did they email you?”

“Ever since two years ago, the media keeps calling me. I wanted to tell you when you first asked me what I do, but you’re a family man and I didn’t want to offend you.”

“Oh no, I think it’s funny. You can talk to me about girls anytime.” On the way to the cable office he would point out girls on the sidewalk and ask me what I thought of them. I figured he was pointing out girls he liked so I would approve of his taste.

We went to the office to pay the bill. One of the clerks was attractive but had a vicious snaggletooth. Teeth in Romania were worse than Ukraine, but I was learning to ignore it, because it’s very rare a girl will be both pretty and have American-style pearly whites.

Back in the car he urged me to tag along with him to a German-owned supermarket. He gave me a tour, asking me how much comparable items cost in America. In the meat aisle he stopped to give me a perplexed look and ask, “You have grey hair?”

“Yes, lots.”

“But you’re young. Look at me, I think you have more grey.”

“I’m not that young,” I said, though I was born twenty years after him.

There was a sales girl pushing Nivea deodorant in the hygiene aisle. My landlord tugged at me and suggested we talk to her. She was tall, with a nice body, but her nose and chin were sharp and I wasn’t interested. I got to watch my landlord say some things in Romanian. I assumed he was telling her that I thought she was a beauty queen like he did with the real estate girl. I started to feel uncomfortable at the prospect of yet another girl thinking I had no game.

The longer I stood there, the more I began to admire her figure. Once I could tell his attempt was over, after hearing her say “no” several times, I interjected with, “Do you know where the peanut butter is?” My landlord had no idea what that was, so the Nivea girl

had to explain it to him. Now it was my turn to game and I was going on about peanut butter and how “it’s common where I’m from.” She asked me where and was pleased with the answer. Was I cockblocking my landlord? I don’t know, but now I wanted her. The three of us stood there, with him talking to her in Romanian and me talking in English. Finally he looked at me and asked, “Are you going to stay to do some shopping or come with me?”

“Actually I think I will stay now, since the store has a lot of things I need.”

“Do you need any money?”

“No I have money,” I replied, wondering if his offer was actually another cockblock attempt.

“Okay well I’m leaving now.” He then leaned into my ear and said, “Ask for her number,” as if I had never done this before.

My landlord walked away and I told the girl, “He’s my landlord. I just moved into the apartment and he’s been very nice in helping me learn about the city.”

“He said some weird things to me.”

“And that’s why I’m glad I couldn’t understand what you two were talking about. Anyway, what are you selling here?” She told me that if I buy eight or so Nivea products, I get a free umbrella.

“I don’t use deodorant,” I said.

“You don’t?”

“No, I use baking soda.” She jerked her head back slightly.

“What’s that?” she asked.

“You know that box of powder you put in the refrigerator so it doesn’t smell?”

At that moment a guy walked by and said, “I saw you on television.” He didn’t elaborate, thankfully.

“You were on TV?” she asked.

“Yeah, it’s a long story.”

“What do you do?”

“I’m a writer. I’m here for a travel project.”

“Cool!”

A married couple came by and she went into her deodorant pitch. We’d talk for 30 seconds and then she’d do another pitch. Then a guy came by who she greeted warmly. He was taller than me and better

looking, so now I felt threatened whereas I didn't with my landlord. I was messing around with my phone while I waited as if I was doing something important, but it was hard to play this off in the supermarket like in a club. I was lingering and soon I'd look desperate. To top it off, I was paranoid that this guy is only running game on her because he saw me on television and wanted to out-game me for bragging rights. I had to outlast him, no matter what. At least three minutes passed until he left, but not before she gave him a playful bump with her shoulder.

"You know that guy?" I asked.

"No."

"Oh, you two seemed like friends."

"Well he comes every day to buy deodorant so he can get the free umbrella." Yeah, I'm sure all he wants is the umbrella.

I felt a bit slighted, and it didn't help matters that she dropped the fact she had a boyfriend earlier in the interaction, but I didn't want to walk away with nothing. I decided to fish for the date. *Is there a good coffee shop around here? What's your favorite coffee shop? Do you like coffee? Do you like going to coffee in the afternoon?* I think she got exasperated at my beating around the bush and finally said, "Okay so you want my email, Facebook, phone number, what?"

"I'll take the number," I replied.

She gave me her number and then I fished some more: "Cool, maybe later in the week, like Thursday, in the evening, we can hang out."

"Okay after 8."

Perfect. Slow and steady wins the race. My super indirect game seemed to come out on top of two competitors who helped me realize my attraction for her, because if a 54-year-old man finds her pretty, and a tall guy who buys deodorant every day finds her pretty, maybe there was something I missed upon first glance.

I walked out of the store not sure where I was. I asked for directions but was led the wrong way and I got lost in a residential area. It took me one hour of walking until I regained my bearings to find the mall, a long detour for a girl who in all likelihood I would never see again.

I arrived to the café and settled in the front section where it spills

over into the mall concourse. I was getting strange looks from many people. One girl gave me strong eye contact and then started walking up to me.

“Hello, how are you?” she asked.

“Good.” I waited for her to say how she saw me on television.

“Do you remember me?” I stared at her for a few seconds until I remembered meeting her in the coat check of Office. I texted her but she never wrote back.

I pretended to think for a while longer before I said, “Yes I remember now. I think I sent you a message.”

“Yeah, I lost your number in my phone.” She took out a ten-year-old Nokia throwback to blame it for the mishap.

“You can text me again,” she said.

“I deleted your number.”

“Why?”

“Because you didn’t text me back, so I figured we wouldn’t be in contact anymore.”

She offered to give her number and I took it, though I can’t say I was excited about contacting a girl who was already playing games before a first date.

Not long after that, a guy came up to say he saw me on TV. I picked his brain for night spots to hit and we exchanged numbers. Five minutes later, another guy came up. He told me he was a television host and wanted me on his program. I was skeptical but then he commandeered my laptop and pulled up his web page. It was a low-budget show for a local station, but it airs live which means there would be no shady editing. I asked him what angle he wanted and he said we’d just talk about my work and accomplishments. He seemed sincere so I agreed. Only one night after being upset at how I was portrayed on TV, I agreed to go right back on.

Magdalena arrived twenty minutes after the host left. She wore a pink checkered shirt with the first button half an inch too low, showing the precursor of cleavage. Her jeans were tight and she had a necklace that rested above her breasts. Her lips were dabbed with pink lipstick, matching her shirt. Her eyes were watery and her cheeks flushed. “You’re still sick?” I asked.

“Yes, for the past week,” she said. I was pleased that I contacted

her, but knew I had to tread carefully.

“So you didn’t have any other options?” she asked.

“In terms of what?”

“In terms of girls. You texted me.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. I texted you to hang out, and now we’re hanging out.”

“I think you want a girlfriend,” she said. “But I don’t want you to get hurt.”

“And you think you have the ability to hurt me? Look, whatever happens, happens.” I didn’t want to vehemently disagree with her even though it was my instinct, because I would be overcompensating, suggesting there was truth in her statement.

“Well I like having options.” She paused and added, “I have options.”

“That’s great. You can date whomever you want and I can date whomever I want, but I don’t want to know about your options. If you want to turn me off then talk about other guys you are seeing.”

“I was just joking.”

The fact that she never glanced at her phone when we were together, never answered text messages, and always accepted the days I suggested for dates confirmed it was more joke than truth, but she was overplaying her hand, making it seem like she had her choice of top men in the city when in all likelihood I was all she had.

I had been experimenting with sketching so I brought along my drawing pad. I purposefully left it out on the table. She noticed it and was about to flip it open but then she abruptly stopped, as if she knew she’d be paying me a compliment by doing so. It seemed like her entire game was showing that she wasn’t impressed.

I asked myself why I liked this girl because I couldn’t deny that I did. She was pissing me off and playing obvious games, but it was exciting and challenging. With her I actually had to use the game I’ve accumulated over the years instead of dealing with a young girl who just sat there and was easy to see through. But she wasn’t bending to my will and she wasn’t giving me profuse affections. I wanted her to show it, continuously, as a sign of her submission to me.

We sat in Pizza Hut and looked through the menu, eventually ordering a large pizza with different halves. Our conversation was

almost entirely meta. We could turn a previous text exchange that took three minutes into a twenty-minute conversational piece.

“If you were five years younger, you’d be perfect for me,” I said. “You’d be sweeter and more submissive.”

“You just want a dumb girl!” She was 26.

“Not at all. True, you’re more feminine and sexy now than when you were younger, but you also have higher expectations. Back then you just wanted a nice guy, but now you want a nice guy who is funny and who has this type of job and that and the other. I was too late in meeting you, and now I’m paying the price with your endless games.”

“I’m not playing games!”

“It’s okay—play your games. Just be you, if this is who you are. Either I accept it and continue to see you or I don’t. We both have freedom of choice.”

“But you do like me. I don’t think I can be your girlfriend.” I had her on the defensive, gradually discerning her strategy. She used the “I don’t want to be your girlfriend” several times, so her game was based on some kind of relationship rejection maneuver to get the guy to *want* a relationship with her. She was also making it seem like I liked her more than she liked me. This was a sound strategy, but now that I knew it, I could think of a counterattack.

“You are like the forbidden fruit and a nice guy at the same time,” she said.

“That doesn’t make sense. I can’t be both. A nice guy can’t be forbidden.” Our pizza arrived.

“It’s hard to explain.”

Now that I knew I would be on another TV show, I was getting concerned that she would definitely find out about my background. I wanted to tell her without telling her.

“There is something I want to tell you but I can’t. Then again you will find out anyway, so maybe it’s best if I say it.”

“I already know something,” she said.

“What do you know?” I asked, excitedly.

“I saw the interview on TV. I know about your web site. I always knew.” Right away I knew I was in the clear, because the fact that she was here with me, having pizza, means she didn’t care.

“So wait, you knew me when we met?”

“No, I googled your name.”

“Yes, but I spelled my name wrong to you. How did you find it?”

“I typed in other words like ‘America’ and ‘writer.’ It was very easy. You think that your one letter change would stop me?”

Her claim that she found out after we met was false, because she accidentally revealed that she saw my initial Romanian interview before my web site. It turned out she first became aware of me when I was in Bucharest. Knowing her game, and how she will do everything not to recognize any value I have, I realized that she knew about me the entire time, from the very first word I spit at her. I recalled how instantly warm she was, practically pleading with me to take her number. She was my first European groupie.

“So why didn’t you tell me?” I asked.

“I don’t know. I didn’t think it was a big deal.” Translation: “I didn’t want you to think I was impressed.”

“You didn’t think it was a big deal?”

“Okay wow so I had sex with a famous American writer.” Her sarcasm was thick.

“Did you see my Wikipedia page?” I asked, smiling. I could tell she wanted to say no, but her pause made it obvious that she did. So she is quite an actress, and if anything I respected her game a lot more, deciding never to underestimate her and go into a date unprepared, or else she would eat me alive.

“I don’t know if I should go on any more interviews. It feels weird to have people know me, like I’m some freak they can look at. Today, a few people approached me.”

“Well stop trying to chase fame then.”

“I’m not,” I said, defensively. “I’m not chasing fame, they’re coming after me. I say yes because I’d regret it otherwise. This is an opportunity for a new experience. I’d be stupid to say no.”

After I paid the check, she leaned halfway over the table like she wanted to kiss me. I responded by coming in close before she abruptly pulled back. We walked out and she opened up a bit more, touching me and becoming more playful. She declined coming to my apartment, saying she was on her period, and I didn’t object with my usual “I’ll drink the blood” retort because I didn’t feel like doing

laundry afterwards.

We walked for a bit and she got even warmer, standing up on the curb to kiss me. I looked at her deeply in the light and liked what I saw. I liked the way she talked. I liked how she laughed and how she looked at me. I liked her eyes, her hair. She's wrong that I wanted her as a girlfriend, but at the same time I didn't want her to see other guys, and now we were both trying to seduce each other, and I wondered where this would go.

MY SINUSES were blocked. My voice degraded into a sort of croak and my eyes looked half dead. I took some medicine and began a slow walk to the coffee shop. I came out with the full intention of ending my one-approach-a-day habit, but very quickly the beautiful girls started to clear my nasal passages. I couldn't help myself when I crossed paths with a cute 20-year-old student named Doina. She was shy but had impeccable English, and I easily got her number after a ten-minute conversation. This may be the only place in the world where I could gain prospects while ill.

Felicia messaged me, asking if I drew a picture of her (I had told her about my drawing experimentation). I never wanted to see her again, but I felt that not responding would be mean. I replied, "Yes, it's hanging on my wall." She thought I was serious and I wrote back to say I was joking. She replied, "Sometimes I don't like your jokes." She was trying to qualify me when I had already rejected her in my mind. Now I understood why girls don't write back to guys out of niceness—it just opens the door for them to take a stab at the girl. Felicia's tone was getting hostile so I had to stop replying.

WHEN I first met Don, the host of the variety show I was invited to, I noticed he was well-versed in American rap music, mentioning Tupac and "gangster" several times. When the day of the shoot arrived, he greeted me at the studio and asked if I wanted to use the bathroom. The two other guests, Romanian singers, one blonde and one brunette, were already inside fixing their makeup.

Last time I was on a talk show, I had time to warm-up by chatting with my handler for over an hour, but on this day there would be no warm-up, and it showed in the interview where I was meandering

along for the first couple of questions. The congestion affected me less than the lack of preparation.

How do you respond to Iceland feminists who say you wrote a rape guide? "They're just mad that I cracked the code." Is a woman responsible for a man's erection? "If a woman can't get a man sexually excited, she has to ask herself why she's on Earth." What do you think of this city? "The beauty is nonstop." Have you had sex with a girl here? "It would be really stupid for me to kiss and tell on television, but I will say that I had some intimate encounters that encouraged me to stay."

The interview was entirely focused on me while the girls sat beside me looking pretty, waiting for their opportunity to get up and sing. Towards the end of the show the host told me to ask the girls for dating advice. I did and they gave not one scrap of useful information.

It was obvious throughout the interview that the brunette was more into me, perhaps just because she was more comfortable speaking English. Even though she lip-synced her performance, my attraction for her was high. After the show there was a discussion with me, the girls, the host, and the producer. I wondered how to get her contact information when I knew there would be no isolation. I positioned myself next to the brunette, but the producer, who was the boyfriend of the blonde, kept talking in Romanian, essentially excluding me from the conversation. Don then announced he would give all five of us a ride home. The brunette would be dropped off first.

As if I was talking to both singers, I asked, "Do you guys have a Youtube channel with more of your songs?" I knew the blonde wasn't going to really answer, since her English was poor. The brunette said yes, and I replied, "Can you write down your name so I can find it?" She wrote her name. "Do you also have a Facebook page?"

"No, I don't," she said.

"You should get one, it's a good way to keep in touch with your fans."

"Yes but I'm not famous. I'm still very small."

"Well, you have to start somewhere." I looked at the piece of paper and noticed she wrote her full name. "Is this your Facebook name as well?"

"Yes, it's the same."

“Cool, I’ll check out your videos and message you.”

“Okay.”

Mission complete. Of course it was nowhere near a lock, but at least I had something.

I was the last one to get dropped off. I asked Don if he could take me to the mall so I could hit the café. “So you like the brunette, huh?” he asked.

“Shit, was it that obvious?”

“Not obvious, but she likes you too.”

“It was hard to have a conversation. The blonde was also nice, but she has the boyfriend.”

“Yeah I already had sex with her, a long time ago. She’s a nuclear missile.”

“How?”

“From the show.”

“Wait, did you bang the brunette, too?” I asked. I didn’t want his sloppy seconds, but I’d proceed regardless of his answer.

“No, I didn’t fuck her.”

“Good.” Then I asked, “Since you’re on television, you get recognized a lot, right?”

“Yeah, pretty often.”

“How do you leverage your fame into banging more girls? I’m finding it’s not that easy. Girls pretend they don’t care at all.”

“I meet a lot of girls while doing the show, so for me it’s easy.”

“Does it happen that girls know you’re from TV but they don’t tell you?”

“All the time!” He became animated. “Or they make it seem like they saw me once or twice when they’re actually big fans.”

“Do you tell girls you meet that you’re hosting a television show?”

“No, I just say I have a simple job in television, not that I’m a host. The key is to be modest. Make it seem like you are less important than you are, so that when a girl finds out who you are, she will be very impressed. It’s better if she doesn’t find out from you.”

He dropped me off and I went to the café. I messaged Magdalena to lock up our Friday dinner date. I wrote, “How is the princess doing?” She replied, “Getting better for you.” I wanted to print out her response, frame it, and travel with it as a reminder of the type of

affection I wanted.

We met the next day in front of the supermarket to buy groceries for our dinner date. They did not get put away before we started disrobing each other back in my apartment. I got her naked first and noticed her pussy was ready to go. “I don’t know why I’m so wet already,” she said, and I was pleased that my mere touches could cause such arousal.

She wanted me to announce when I was going to come so I gave her status updates along the way. For the first time she encouraged it along, enhancing my pleasure. I came hard and afterwards she made fun of me by mimicking the moans I made during orgasm.

“If you want,” I said, out of breath, “we don’t have to make a noise during sex. We can be like mice.”

She then did her imitation of a mouse taking rapid breaths, and we both laughed. After fifteen minutes of relaxing in bed, we both got dressed and went to the kitchen where she helped me cook dinner.

While I prepared the pasta dish, she got to work on her pancakes, mixing flour, sugar, milk, eggs, vanilla powder, and a dark vial containing rum flavoring. She asked if I had a mixer and when I replied no, she rolled up her sleeve and stirred for a long while. Every few minutes I would slide behind her and put my hands on her waist. She would turn her head to give me a nice look or quick kiss and then I’d return to my kitchen duties.

“Have you seen the movie *Vicki Cristina Barcelona*?” I asked.

“Yeah I saw it.”

“How about *Midnight In Paris*?”

“I tried to but it was so boring. I only watched the first 30 minutes.”

“You’re talking about the Woody Allen movie, right? You thought that was boring?”

“Yeah, I didn’t like it.”

“That’s one of my favorite movies. The message it contains about nostalgia is very true.”

“Sorry, but I don’t like Woody Allen.”

Her energy seemed to come down at this point. Her eyes turned glassy. We sat down to eat pasta while her completed pancake mix waited to be cooked. “I went out with the girls last night and we drank

a lot of coffee,” she said. “So I didn’t sleep well.”

She failed to finish the small pasta portion I gave her. Either she was full or did not like it, though she did add extra salt.

She went into the kitchen to cook the pancakes. I watched her ladle mix into the pan, wait a short while, then flip it with a spatula. Once the pancake was complete, she applied some Nutella and then rolled it up like a cigar. She served me the first two and I promptly ate them. While cooking she began to look sad, but I didn’t dare ask her what was wrong, and went to my computer to put on a few songs that I knew she liked.

“Okay, I should go,” she said with depleted eyes. “We already spent four hours together.” I looked at the clock, it was just short of midnight.

“Are you timing it?” I asked. “It’s Friday night, what’s the rush?”

“I just have to go.” I wanted a second orgasm so I lowered my tone and said that she should stay a while. I got close and noticed how hot her skin was from standing in front of the stove. I went to remove her sweater but she gave a mild “no.” It didn’t seem serious so I proceeded. I wanted to fuck her in the kitchen next to the pancakes, maybe even while eating a pancake, but she led me to the bedroom instead.

She adamantly refused when I tried to put it in raw and demanded I get a condom. I was worried I wouldn’t orgasm, but a couple hours had passed from the first time so maybe that break was enough. I put on the condom and my boner remained strong. She got on top and did her thing before I flipped her into my finishing position and drilled at a rapid pace. She could tell when my orgasm was coming and asked “Is it going to hurt you?” in mocking reference to the moans of my previous one. I almost broke into laughter but remained focused and had an orgasm that was just as good as the first. Her question was interesting, for while there is no pain in the orgasm, there is that moment of tension and vulnerability right before the release.

Not two minutes later she announced she was leaving. “Okay, let me relax for a couple minutes,” I said.

“No, I have to go right now. Where’s my bra?”

“I think prostitutes take longer to leave after sex.” She didn’t respond. I helped her find her bra and she got dressed. Any good she does seems to be balanced out by the bad.

I was glad I kept things open with the other girls. Lucia, the supermarket salesgirl, could meet on Monday. Doina wanted to meet on Sunday. I still had two other girls to contact, and even sulfur Felicia was texting me again.

I GRABBED the Moka pot and poured a cup of water into the base, placed the filter on top, dumped three spoons of Lebanese coffee onto the filter, screwed the lid on tight, and then placed it on the stove. It only took four minutes for the dark liquid to percolate through the vertical spout and into the basin of the pot. I returned to my laptop, not wanting to work, and decided to check my email. I plugged the internet cable in. This was a mistake, because one hour later I'm still on the internet, thinking if I should make another pot of coffee. Without any effort, one hour is gone, and now I feel guilty so I yank out the internet cable, toss it aside in anger, and write for forty minutes. I put the internet cable back in and slack for another hour. When you don't have a regular job, inertia keeps you from leaving the house. Your body wants to conserve energy and that means staying in, not changing your clothes, not putting on your contacts, not brushing your hair. I finally leave the house in the early evening, feeling like I accomplished nothing for the day.

I walked by storefronts that looked similar to other Eastern European storefronts and recollected how my life was turning into one of repetition. I'd go to a city and approach day and night and then go on dates and get lucky every so often in between long stretches spent reading or on the computer. This is it, I guess, the pinnacle of pussy and living. Traveling and getting laid is a life others have told me they dream to have, but to me it's normal. Memories of my earlier struggles don't come into my thoughts as vividly as they used to, and a comfortable life of frequent sex with pretty girls is taken for granted.

Saturday night came. Back to the snobby club. I spotted a shy-looking blonde on the other side of the bar but she had two female sentries guarding her. In the next ten minutes I positioned myself ever so closer to the group. I knew the cockblock was guaranteed, but there is only so long I can wait for a good moment in such an unpredictable environment.

“You look like you speak very, very, very good English,” I said slowly, almost painfully so, as part of a new technique I was trying. She kept her ear close to my mouth, a good sign.

“Yes,” she said.

“It was very obvious to me.”

She smiled, but said nothing else. She was ready to exit from the conversation already. I added, “Or maybe you don’t speak English. You’ve only said ‘yes’ so far.”

“No, I speak it very well!” Her friends frowned at me. They moved closer then glared at the girl for even considering a conversation with me. So that was that.

Back at the bar, an older guy approached me to say he saw me on television. He barely spoke English but I told him I liked his country’s women and he left satisfied. Another guy asked me if I could move so he could order a drink. At first I didn’t budge, but then I relented, trading my spot with his. He bought me a shot and we had some small talk until I saw a tall blonde who I had already approached for one of the television segments.

I remembered that approach because of the regret of talking to such an older woman that I wouldn’t have noticed had the cameras not been rolling. The approach was basic but they used it in the segment anyway, and there she was just eight feet away, grinding her body on a man. I hoped she didn’t remember me.

My phone vibrated and it was a text message from Magdalena, feeling out the booty call. I gave her the green light and after a couple texts we planned on meeting at my apartment in one hour. Suddenly I was in the mood to approach, as if the time limit gave me the motivation I had been lacking. I couldn’t stay all night like usual so I sprang to action, knowing that any failure would still be rewarded with sex.

I approached a pretty brunette with sleepy eyes. It started extremely well, and I figured at least a phone number was in order. Then the tall blonde whipped through the crowd and shouted something in her ear, obviously peeved. They were friends. I laughed because I knew the approach was over, and sure enough the brunette turned away from me. So much for fame helping me get laid.

I walked back to the bar to lick my chops. Later I saw a petite

brunette a small ways off. Still energized, I put all casualness aside and walked straight up to her. She received me warmly.

“What do you do?” she asked.

“You really want to know?”

“Yes, tell me.”

“I write books.”

“Let me guess, you write sexist type of books.”

“Do you know me?” I instinctively asked.

“No, should I?”

“No, you shouldn’t. I mostly write travel...” I could barely finish the words to keep up the bullshit charade of “I know you know but I will pretend you don’t know by saying something that assumes you don’t.”

“Anything else?” she asked. I wanted to call her out for lying about not knowing me, but she would simply deny it, and it’s not like I had any proof. For me to get into her panties, I would have to game her perfectly and jump through extra hoops I wouldn’t have had to deal with had she not known me. I began to wonder if dealing with American girls was easier than this. I looked at my phone and saw that Magdalena was ten minutes away, so I had to say goodbye to the girl.

“Okay well it was nice talking to you, but I have to go,” I said. “Do you want to meet for a coffee sometime?”

She shook her head from side to side, slowly and exaggeratedly, like she wanted everyone in the club to know that she was rejecting me. “No. Don’t take it personally.”

“Okay bye,” I said. It was hard to take it personally when I was going to bang a girl hotter than her in mere moments.

If I were a nobody, I would have walked away from the club with probably two numbers instead of zero. Being raised in America, I thought fame was the magic bullet, but the world isn’t America, at least not yet, or the type of fame I have is the bad kind. I wasn’t upset, but happy, because now I had more knowledge than before, and when I wake up the next day, I could place myself on a surer path. In spite of this realization, for the first time I had to ask, “Are people laughing at me?” Do they see me as a man who has been writing and earning his salt for years, or some clown who is approaching a girl in the mall

with a hidden microphone?

I could safely extrapolate my experience in Romania to state that fame in any Eastern European or South American country, based on my topic of writing, will not help me get the women I want. While it may be worth trying in a Western country like Canada or America, I was ready to return to using my game and effort to get bangs instead of lazily trying to fall back on fame alone. It's difficult to admit that pussy wasn't going to rain from the sky after being able to blanket Romanian television, but admit it I must, and it would now be a good idea to think of ways to keep my identity hidden. The irony of wanting to hide my fame in order to get laid was not lost on me.

I took Magdalena upstairs and we fucked on the couch. After I came she said, "I want more," not even ten seconds after I dismounted her. Still with that same bullshit. We made our way to the bedroom where she turned me on again, but I told her that I didn't want to use a condom because I knew I wouldn't come.

"You don't have to come every time," she said.

"Yes, I do. Or else there is no point."

"You're so selfish!"

I thought that she'd probably let me put it in raw since she was drinking, but no. She actually would get her hands and cover her pussy when I tried, one of the biggest turn-offs a girl can do. I decided the cause was lost and I better get some sleep, but she kept coming back to me and turning me on, finally sucking my dick. I held her head in place and fucked her mouth for a few minutes, but she didn't go deep enough so I wasn't close to coming. Then I had the idea of titty-fucking her. I tried to spit on her chest but I missed and got her neck instead. I told her to squeeze her tits and she did. My dick was coming up to her mouth and it felt okay, but not as good as pussy. I stopped and tried to put it in once more, but again she covered it and demanded a condom.

"Look, the whole point of seeing the same girl is so you don't have to use a condom."

"So get tested," she replied.

"I don't have anything."

"I'm sure that what's you always say."

We were both laying there, sexually frustrated, neither of us will-

THE HANGOVER

ing to budge. “I’m going to leave,” she said. It was nearly 7am.

“Yeah, leave, it’s the thing you’re really good at.” I understood then that she didn’t like me beyond the physical, because if she did she would want to snuggle, and that this is what fame has gotten me—a girl who sees me as a latex-wrapped dildo, good enough for a booty call when she didn’t find another dick to satisfy her.

“So this is the last time we will see each other,” she said. It was hard to tell if it was a statement or a question, but since I was prepared to accept it as a statement, I didn’t give an answer. She gave me a kiss goodnight and left.

POOSY PARADISE

The Burning

I had an evening date with Doina scheduled at 8pm. I left the house exactly 30 minutes before 8, so that I could complete one lesson in Russian, which I had recently started studying again. I walked in the center of town with one of my earbuds in, muttering Russian phrases under my breath. Fifteen minutes into the lesson, Doina popped up right beside me. I turned off my mp3 player and so began the date, slightly early.

We didn't go more than thirty steps before her phone rang. I snuck a peak at the screen and it said "Mama." She rejected the call and we talked about our weekends.

I got a better look at her once we settled in the café. Her hair was black and wavy, partially covering her chipmunk cheeks, and she wore braces to correct an overbite. Her eyes were large, brown, and so spherical that I examined them from the side to see if they were perfect balls. If she resembled an animal it would be a rabbit. I checked her nails and they were unpainted but long. She was 20 but looked maybe 15.

"I never come to places like this," she said. We were in an upscale café that played house music just a few decibels too loud, forcing you to lean in to hear what your date was saying. It was considered expensive, since espressos were \$2.25 instead of the more proletariat \$1.50. The other customers weren't hurting for money. Most had smartphones that were better than mine, and even Doina's was better.

"What type of places do you go to?" I asked.

"I don't really go out."

"You don't go to clubs?"

"I've only been once. I don't like it, I rather read a book." Her ability to play the game must be low. Her notch count must be low.

She must also be practical. She won't do things to be "sexy." I looked down at her shoes and there was just a one-inch heel.

"You don't wear high heels, do you?" I asked.

"Not really. I have to walk fast, because I'm always late for something, and so with heels it's hard to do this. I know it makes a girl's legs look more sexy, but I don't usually wear them."

It took a while for the waitress to ask what we wanted. "Do you want a glass of wine or a beer?" I asked. I knew her response before she said it.

"I don't drink."

She got a latte and I went with an espresso. I added just a bit of sugar to my drink and took a sip to evaluate the taste. I noticed bold chocolate notes, something that I hadn't experienced in an espresso before, and made a mental note to come back in the future.

Every one of my first dates has a moment where I'm prompted to tell my life story. In my early 20's there wasn't much to it—just a brief description of what I majored in at college and what my corporate job entailed, but now the story was getting long. With each passing year I was able to add superfluous detail and philosophical detours that would branch out from the main storyline. It took half an hour for me to tell it to Doina, and by the end she gave a response that pleased me: "That's amazing, it's like a movie! Are you famous?"

Yes, Doina, a little famous, but that fame is hurting. She confirmed that the strength of my story is enough to grab a girl's interest and that I should never distract myself with media bullshit again. I can now just focus on being me since I've worked hard enough that being able to tell this story is all I have to do, and if I get the opportunity to merely state it, in a relatively quiet place with a girl's undivided attention, she will become attracted to me. Or so I believed.

I monopolized most of the conversation, much to her preference. Young girls like it when the pressure is off them to perform, and they would much rather nod along than take the initiative. In between monologues, where I tested some ideas and plotlines, I asked about herself, her living situation, her hobbies, and her studies. She told me she was studying languages.

"What type of job do you want to do with that?" I asked. Teacher or translator, I figured.

“I don’t know, but I know I don’t want to be a teacher or translator. I’m too impatient with teaching. If I explain something once or twice and someone doesn’t understand it, I don’t want to explain it again.” She continued, “Last summer I wanted to study in England, so I applied for a special program. My parents encouraged me to do it, but then when I got accepted, and it was time to buy the airplane ticket, they said I couldn’t go. They were scared something would happen to me.”

“Are you an only child?”

“Yes.”

“They don’t want to lose you.”

“I know, but I was very upset. I feel like they are holding me back and I can’t get experience.” Mama was ringing her phone again.

“It’s okay to answer that,” I said. “Maybe she thinks something happened to you.”

“No I’m rejecting the call, so she knows I’m okay.”

“And yet, she keeps calling.”

“Yeah, she does this.” I imagined her in my bed with Mama calling every couple of minutes.

Even though we had been only talking for two hours, the increasing interruptions from her phone brought things to a natural end. I asked for the check. She made a sincere effort to pay but I blocked her, teasing her that she was a “poor student.” When I asked if she had change for a 5 so I could leave a tip, I saw in her wallet that she was carrying more money than me.

The bill for her coffee and my two espressos came to \$9, which for a pleasant Sunday night date might as well have been free. We walked out in the small park in front of the café and stood to say goodbye. I grabbed her sides and pulled her close for a kiss on the lips. She withdrew after a second of lip contact but I went in one more time for a longer exchange. After she left, I took out the mp3 player from my pocket and continued my Russian, walking around town. Then I stopped mid-walk and asked myself why I hadn’t at least tried to invite her to my apartment.

THE NEXT DAY I looked back on over ten years of pussy chasing and wondered if it was a colossal waste of time. It gave me fodder for

my writing, but did it improve my character and worth as a man? Would my time have been better spent learning a different skill? Is it all worth it? At the same time, I have to accept that pussy is an essential ingredient in a man's life. When you have it, it seems like a trivial distraction, but the minute it's lacking, strange symptoms start to take hold in the man where all the other things he decided had higher value than pussy no longer do.

What is the pinnacle for man? I achieved what I thought was the pinnacle for me, but when I got it, it no longer seemed like the pinnacle, because if you, a mere human, can achieve it, it can't possibly give you the pleasure that you thought it could. Maybe the poor and ignorant really are happier, not in the sense that they like dirt and hard bread, but that they simply don't understand the enjoyments of life and therefore don't have to lament about not having them. They accept their lot and wake up and see the toil for the day before them and don't wonder if "this" is it. The purpose of life is to survive and reproduce, and they are doing it. I don't need to be ambitious, to travel the world, to build a harem of beautiful women—I can just toil all day, come home, watch the television, fill my belly, and reproduce with a homely woman. Nature wouldn't mind. But once you've gotten a taste of the good life, you can't go back. Once you've seen the world, you can't be happy as you are. You must keep going, keep achieving, for there is no end other than death, and the treadmill of your life doesn't slow down but speeds up for every passing year, and while you can look back on your life and think, "It was well lived," you are still not satisfied. New heights don't give you the high they used to, and the treadmill is still going, and one year it will be set to a speed that is too fast for your old legs, and that's when you fall off, and there's nothing you can do about it but think of your life and say, "It was well lived," and then fade to dust like all other humans before you, hopefully having left a legacy behind. The highs don't matter and the successes don't matter—they just fill the time of the days. They're just busywork for the ambitious man, for in the end we all die the same, and none of it will have really mattered.

MY WEEK was filling with dates. On Tuesday night I had one with

Lucia. On Wednesday was Rozalia, the girl I met at the coat check. The problem with Rozalia was that she never had credit on her phone, so communicating with her was difficult. To set our date she used her friend's phone to message me.

I'm usually hesitant to pursue poor girls. The smell that comes off of them is pungent and spicy, while middle class girls smell sweet and floral thanks to the olfactory chemicals they spray on their skin. When I think of a poor girl, I think of a girl with beads of sweat collecting above her upper lip, of her not giving that one extra wipe after using the bathroom. Rozalia seemed suddenly sincere in wanting to meet, so I figured it was worth a couple hours of my time in spite of her poverty.

The date with Lucia was first. When she walked into the café, I started my evaluation from the bottom, checking out her heels and slender legs, moving my eyes upwards to the hem of her polka dot red dress and then to her torso, which was partially hidden by a fake leather jacket. I continued my scan up her long, cream-colored neck and finally to her face, where I was overcome by a visceral disappointment. It was too angular, too mannish. Her lips were colored an assaulting clown red. Before she even sat down, I cursed myself for letting my landlord's interest fool me into desiring her.

She lit a cigarette and reviewed her busy day of driving here and there, going to class and selling deodorant. I calculated how long I had to stay before leaving. After all, I did ask her out, having a clear view of her face when doing so.

She asked me for my story and I told her the short version that lasted ten minutes instead of thirty. She nodded and there was silence. I asked about her. She told me she's super independent and can make her own decisions. She wants to earn her own money so she doesn't have to depend on a man. I looked at her strong jaw and told her she would fit in great in America, and she thanked me, not realizing it wasn't a compliment.

Somewhere my landlord was at home with his family, watching television, perhaps wishing he could trade places with me, while I wished I could be at home myself. But I stayed. I ordered a second Jameson because she let me talk about myself. I discussed my problems—how I wasn't sure which country to live in and how I

wasn't even sure what I wanted in life. With a stern voice she gave me advice that I immediately rejected in my mind, something along the lines of "You should just have fun." Perhaps reading my body language, she said, "Even if the advice I give you is not helpful, I know that just being able to talk about your problem helps because it clears your mind and gives you ideas."

I went on about America, saying how she would get a lot of attention there, but she interjected and said that she was already getting a lot of attention. I said, "I'm talking about rich guys. In America, you'll be invited on boats, fancy dinners, and things like that. Guys will throw themselves at you."

"I get guys doing that here, too."

"Yes but it's a different level. You can't count my landlord among that group."

"No, well, recently I met this man who was supposedly a famous rapper. And he asked me 'Do you know who I am?' I told him 'No' and he seemed upset, but I really didn't know him. Later he asked me out, and I said no again. He said, 'That's the first time a girl has rejected me,' and I thought, 'Bullshit.' I don't think America would be that different."

I didn't believe she received that much attention. She's cute and no more. Then again I do remember in Washington DC how merely cute girls with ten extra pounds got approached more than the top shelf girls, suggesting that guys would rather meet girls they are not intimidated by.

I began doodling on my cocktail napkin while Lucia talked. What could she say that could possibly interest me? What story could she tell me that would be novel? If I didn't want to fuck her, and I wasn't actively trying, what is the point of the interaction? She told me I needed more friends, and while this was true, I didn't see the value in being friends with a girl in college. How my world would be enlarged with such a friendship, I could not fathom.

"I have a lot of friends," she said. "But most of them are guys. I don't like being friends with girls because they are jealous and difficult."

"But those guys aren't your friends. They are all waiting to have sex with you."

“No, that’s not true at all.”

“Yes it is. If you send a mass text right now to all of your guy friends saying you are lonely and would like them to bring a bottle of wine to your apartment, the ones who are awake would come. You’d be surprised at how fast they would show up, all crowding in front of your door.”

“I don’t believe this.”

“You don’t have to, but it’s true. The only exception is if a guy is using you to get with a girlfriend of yours. This is why I’m glad I’m not a girl, because if I was friends with a guy, I wouldn’t truly know if he liked me for me or just because he wanted to sleep with me. What’s interesting is that if I were to send a mass text right now to all the girls in my phone to tell them that I’m lonely and that they should bring a bottle of wine over, how many would come? Probably none—not even girls I already had sex with.”

“But a lot of these guys have been friends with me for a long time.”

“They are waiting for their opportunity. Men are patient. They go on with their lives, get girlfriends, get jobs, but when they think the opportunity is right to make their move on you, they will attack, and hope that it succeeds.”

Not twenty minutes after my lesson, as if god wanted to prove my words to her, she received a long text message from a male friend. It went roughly like so: “This may be the alcohol talking, but I am so lucky to know you, and any man who meets you is lucky as well, and just thinking about you puts a smile on my face at how much you brighten up my life. I miss you.”

She laughed at his sappy text message, and so did I, and it made me think of my little brother. I had to make sure he never sends bullshit like that to any girl.

“What are you going to reply back?” I asked.

“I’m going to say, ‘You’re just being drunk, get some rest.’” I decided that in spite of her sternness and an independence that would make her thrive in America’s dating market, she was a nice girl at heart, sparing this man’s ego when a lesser girl would have crushed it. Her value went up in my eyes, so when she suggested a friendship, I told her to invite me next time she goes out with her friends. I paid

the \$15 check, gave her a half-hug goodbye, and walked home.

I HADN'T been to the gym in two months. I found one that was far away from my apartment so I would be forced to do a Russian lesson during the walk. On my first visit there I caught sight of a tall man with perfect aesthetics. He had light brown skin and a flawless, symmetrical face. He sported a short haircut, an earring in each ear, and a calm smirk as he strutted through the crowded room with a body resembling a young Arnold. I tried not to stare but I couldn't help it, for just like it's rare to see a girl with perfect beauty, it's rare to see the same in a man.

I was in the squat rack when he asked me how many sets I had left. His English was poor. We had a short conversation where he told me the one thing he wants to see in America is Gold's Gym. I explained some cultural wonders he would find in the USA and that was that. He was a pleasant man with a congenial smile, and I imagined if I was him how much different the reactions I'd get from women would be, but at the same time my game would never have been developed had I possessed his looks, perhaps giving me the advantage over him in situations that require approaching.

Next up on the date pipeline was Rozalia. Three weeks had passed since I originally got her number. To make it on time for our first date, I had to go to the gym early, rush home to take a shower, and eat some protein. By the time I made it to the café, she was already drinking a latte. This was the third date in a row where the girl didn't drink. I was annoyed but there was nothing I could do about it. I ordered a scotch.

She told me she was majoring in art. She might as well have told me she was majoring in poverty, for I failed to see how an art major would provide for her in Romania. I refrained from challenging her life decisions and instead asked about her artistic process (out of genuine curiosity), but she had little to give me and I was disappointed that even spending time with an artist gave me nothing to muse over.

Why are women so boring, so unable to ignite the imaginations of men without using their sexuality? Because of men like me who don't punish boring women. As long as they look good, I do my best to

keep the conversation flowing, interesting, exciting. It's supposed to be common wisdom that women are better communicators, but I only find them better at reading body language, complaining, gossiping, lying, manipulating, and backstabbing. They are inept at purposeful communication. In long-term relationships they are unable to clearly share their desires and wants, demanding men to read their minds instead. Only a man knows how to clearly state his needs, weave a proper story, and create a conversation from nothing, while a woman nods or laughs to encourage him to continue, maintaining her brain in a state of energy conservation.

The remainder of the date had parts copied and pasted from other dates. By the time two hours had passed, she was touching me on the shoulder and admitting that she noticed me in the club the night we met. I knew I was going to get at least a kiss. I tried to feel out the bang but she said was tired and had to get up early. When I said goodbye to her on the street, we had a little makeout that satisfied me, but when I went home, alone, I was no longer content. I was going on many dates with nothing to show for them except kisses, and then I received a reply from Doina to my suggestion for pizza on Friday night. She wrote that she "wasn't sure" what she was doing that day, which meant she was waiting for a better option than me.

I got mad at myself for forgetting my rule that on any date I must pretend that it will be the last time I see the girl, requiring me to move heaven and earth to relocate her back to my apartment. Yet a girl abstaining from drink throws me off because the sexual signals are muted and the earth-mover within me doesn't come to life. I dilly-dally, having safe conversation, never clearly encouraged to enter the rabid state where blood is pumping into my groin and my mind is going through a dozen variations of how to bang this girl before the night is over. Instead, it calmly thinks of how many more dates it will take just so she can feel comfortable with me, and how I should consider myself lucky just to get a kiss after spending three long hours with her, a time that would have no doubt been better spent reading a book, and how when I text her in a few days in the hope of a second date, she will take several hours to write back like Doina did, keeping her options open and not enthusiastically agreeing to my date offer.

The next girl that comes out on a date with me will be sorry if sex isn't on her mind. I don't have the patience to move slowly when I've succeeded so many times in the past by moving fast. I will no longer let the girl dictate the speed. If she doesn't want to fit into my proper sex trajectory, she can end it, but no more three-hour dates with girls who don't want to fuck me. Being able to say "I only spent \$10 on the date" is no longer justification for failure, for three hours of my time is worth much more than that amount.

I haven't gotten laid in four days, but with the date failures it feels like four weeks. I asked myself why I was going on all these dates, and part of my conclusion was that the dates were an elaborate method of procrastination from work. You know you're in a good city where you can procrastinate by spending time with pretty women, but am I acting no differently than American girls who go on dates just because they're bored? The stage was ripe for a pussy break, to starve the beast and make it ache for sex, but I had to hit bottom for that longing to appear. I needed it because a man is only willing to put in everything he's got when he's at the bottom, and four days from the last time I fucked a girl is not yet close to scratching its depths.

Halitosis Felicia wouldn't stop texting me so I agreed to an afternoon stroll before she was scheduled to work. I was casually late by ten minutes. She was easy to spot because of her massive head of curly hair. We sat down on a bench.

"So, how are you doing?" I asked.

"Good, ready to work for four hours."

"What exactly do you do?"

"I promote the 3-in-1 coffee packet at the supermarket," she said. "I have to smile and be helpful and suggest a flavor."

"Those things are horrible. I remember when I was in Ukraine and drank them, not knowing any better, but now I only drink espresso-based drinks. I'm extremely particular about my coffee."

"That's nice," she said, not picking up on my sarcasm.

"I feel like it's been a while since I last saw you." I added up the days and counted to ten.

"Yeah, you disappeared," she replied.

"I was annoyed at you."

"Why?"

“At the end of our last date, I paid the bill and said, ‘I’m tired.’ You told me, ‘I don’t care.’ That’s the rudest thing a girl has said to me all year.” Her face looked concerned as she stared at the carousel that was in front of us. I began to feel weak for complaining about a matter that seemed petty in hindsight.

“I was joking,” she said.

“Where I come from, we usually smile when we’re joking.”

I sat closer to her and rested my hand on her knee. The sun was shining hard and her face looked mangled as she squinted at me. I was able to see individual hairs on her face, but I was not disturbed since I knew they wouldn’t be visible in normal lighting conditions.

“I feel like I’m in high school,” I said. “This is, what, the third date?”

“I don’t know if this is a date.”

“Well I’m counting it when I write in my diary tonight.” She got this joke, thankfully.

“I have to go in five minutes,” she said, looking in the direction of the supermarket. I didn’t think that was enough time to kiss, but I was going to try. I leaned forward and she promptly leaned back, with an expression that I interpreted as, ‘What are you doing?’

“Close your eyes,” I said.

“No.”

She seemed frightened. I made a couple more unsuccessful passes before she announced she had to leave. I did not catch any odor from her breath.

“Are you going to text me?” she asked.

“I don’t know, but you can text me.” She began walking away and I yelled, “Hey Felicia, I want to ask you one question.” She turned around.

“What?”

I lowered my volume and asked, “Are you a virgin?”

There was a long pause. “I don’t have to answer that.”

“So you are, then.” If she wasn’t she would give a quick no, insulted that I would think she’s a mere child.

“I’m not saying anything,” she said.

“You said everything,” I smiled. The awkwardness was all her, not me, I concluded, and I imagined how crappy the sex would be with

the blood and the tiny thrusts that would stretch her out just a little at a time. I wasn't craving that experience, but to be first in a fresh pussy gives such a psychological boost to how I see myself as a man that I would debate it in the days to come. If I pass then some other guy would be first, molding her into his dream slut, telling her how the perverted acts he desired were actually "normal" and "common."

That night I masturbated but my heart wasn't into it. My boner was physically present but I was just going for the orgasm, which was weak even though I had resumed weight lifting, something that would normally cause volcanic ejaculations. My testosterone level seemed to be low. Three weeks before I was priapistic but now I could barely get into the "Best Of Creampies" compilation I was beating off to. At first I was ready to hump every girl I saw but lately I was noticing too many facial flaws and asses that didn't have the exact curvature I desired.

Going on boring dates must be reducing my horniness instead of increasing it. They gave me just enough attention with a woman that I was mentally pleased with my game even though I wasn't getting laid. I needed to re-build my hunger. I decided to stay in on the next night, a Friday, but when 1am arrived and I had nothing to do, my habits took. I needed to go out, to be in the middle of a smoky, loud room. Something may happen if I go out and just stand against the wall, but nothing will happen if I stay home.

I went to the snobby club and stood in my usual spot. The ratio was not in my favor and the girls weren't friendly. It's funny, I thought, that the reason I did well in this club my first two weeks was mostly because it turned out to be its grand opening. The ratio was great and the girls were far more open, and it was based on this that I decided to stay for two whole months. If I had come to the city a few weeks later, I would have hated the experience and decided not to stay. My entire future would have been different.

I already had trouble committing to a city for a month or longer, but now this episode will make it even harder since I realized that the basis for which I make decisions is based on faulty or transient data. Like picking stocks, I might as well throw darts at a wall map instead of trying to do a rudimentary analysis for selecting a city. If you make a decision based on your intellect and careful analysis, and you

happen to be wrong, you suffer a big blow to your confidence as the assumptions and theories you made about the universe refuse to hold. But if you make a decision based on darts and experience the same rotten lot, you can merely laugh off bad fortune, a phenomenon that exists outside of you, and see what good you can get out of it anyway.

When I decided to live in Kharkov, Ukraine for three months before ever stepping foot in the city, I was never upset about my choice even though it was tough going, because I knew that luck can go either way and picking something blind was sure to come with its downsides. I didn't feel the same this time around because I *carefully* researched three Romanian cities over the course of weeks and deeply analyzed my experiences to make a decision that I thought was airtight, but how airtight could it be when a big factor in that decision was due to one club?

Nothing was happening around my spot near the bar. I looked at other spots and wondered if it was worth moving. It's like being stuck in traffic when you consider changing lanes to one that seems to be going faster, but once you move over your old lane suddenly speeds up. I stayed for 30 minutes to confirm my lane was indeed the slowest and then started to walk around. I did two approaches and while the girls did respond to me, their lips moving with human speech, they might as well have been mannequins. Then I saw the handsome bodybuilder from the gym. He was talking to two girls on the opposite side of the bar. We made eye contact and lifted our glasses towards each other in a gesture of recognition. I was eager to see how positively the girls would respond to him. I wanted the aesthetic to succeed, to confirm my view that looking like him would make a huge difference on how girls would treat me and that my decision to learn game over ten years ago was necessary to combat the average aesthetic I was born with.

I did another approach and got nothing. Then I caught sight of Sebastian, the rich kid who told me to visit Moldova. He was grinding on a drunk cougar. Once he saw me, he took a break to tell me his birthday was coming up and that I was invited to the party.

Then I saw Livia, my first city lay. It's *her* fault I was stuck in this city. It's her fault because she opened her legs for me on the first date and then disappeared. Now she was dancing with an older man, her

hands all over him. Did he bang her yet? Did I raw dog a club slut? She didn't even notice me.

I started seeing familiar faces everywhere. There was the tall girl who grinds on new cock every week. There was the short butterface who comes over to engage in small talk. There was the bearded fellow whose English is poor. There was the fat blonde who puts on too much makeup. There was the meathead who goes around collecting phone numbers. I had no doubt that others see me with a similarly negative impression. *There's the sex writer who has no friends.* If that wasn't enough reason to stop coming to this shitty club forever, I didn't know what else it would take. It didn't help that with so many girls I had already talked to at one point or another, I was actually running out of quality targets to approach.

The Aesthetic sought me out and we got into a conversation about the women. "The girls here, not so nice," he said. "They like money. If you buy them drinks, show you have a nice car, it is easy, but I am not so rich. I have big muscles, but not money."

"So the girls like big muscles here?" I was wearing a snug v-neck to display my most recent growth, but I looked weak next to him.

"They do, but money is better. I have a girlfriend at home. She is a sleeping. She hates to go to clubs. She is a good girl. But the girls here, they are not good."

"They are better than girls in America. At least the girls here are beautiful. In America they are fat and they act like men, but they are much easier to do sex." My English regressed to his level so that he would understand me better.

"They are more easy?" he asked, his eyes opening wide.

"Much easier. The way you look—the girls would come up to you. You wouldn't even have to work."

"Really?"

"Really. But they would be very average. You'd still have to work for the pretty ones."

"Oh, I like pretty girls." He looked disappointed, as if I had killed his American dream.

We talked a bit about the girls, but his vocabulary was limited so there wasn't much more to say. He asked for my number so we could shoot billiards the next day before he ventured back into the crowd. I

did another approach that was dead on arrival. I began to get frustrated, but I determined to stay until the bitter end to foment an anger strong enough to prevent me from ever coming back again.

From the dance floor I watched the crowd get thinner. I counted three guys for every girl. There was one girl who was approachable, sitting alone on a speaker, and I decided to make an attempt. The second I sat down close to her, one of her guy friends grabbed her to dance. I stood back up and saw the Aesthetic talking to a tall brunette at the same time I saw Sebastian dancing with a younger blonde. I observed both interactions and noticed that Sebastian was doing better. The blonde was smiling and touching him as he spun her on the dance floor.

I looked at Sebastian more closely and failed to notice anything positive about him. His face was puffy and greasy with sweat. His untucked, billowy striped shirt was ten years out of fashion. His pudgy body had likely never seen the inside of a gym. He was unsteady with his balance due to heavy inebriation and he even started taking pictures of the girl as she danced. Yet the girl obviously liked him, smiling and facing him directly. Not fifteen feet away was the Aesthetic, mightily struggling in his interaction, the tall girl paying little attention to him until she simply walked away. I was confused.

Yes, Sebastian is wealthy, but in a cold approach that fact is not immediately obvious enough to have a young girl on you so hard and fast. In fact, I was pretty sure nothing about his background came up in what I was witnessing, and it didn't seem that she knew him beforehand. My American mind wanted to believe that Aesthetic was supposed to get all the pretty girls, but it was his opposite who was clearly gaining the favor of one. I didn't know if I wanted to operate in an environment where the Aesthetic would have a harder time getting laid. I wanted to look my best instead of being unkempt, drunk, and supplicative, but reality doesn't care what I want.

I went to the bar to get a drink and noticed that Sebastian was gone while the blonde sat on the couch. He didn't return so I guessed that he got her number and left. I desperately wanted to talk to her to see the reaction she would give me, but the male orbiters from her social circle closed in and prevented access. I wondered how Sebastian had

neutralized them. It was 5am and my thoughts were more concerned with explaining the results of Sebastian and Aesthetic than trying to get laid.

I'm getting ever so closer to the blonde when her whole group decides to up and leave. I trailed behind them. She sat down next to the coat check waiting for her group to gather. I approached her in the dead of silence with three bouncers looking on.

"Do you know another bar that is open right now?" I asked.

"No."

"There's nowhere else in the city?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"It's okay if you don't speak English," I replied, exasperated.

"I speak English!"

"Oh really, I couldn't tell. What can someone do if they're not tired at this hour?" I heard something in Romanian and turned to my left to see the bouncers mocking my attempt. The girl froze up. The approach was over. My data collection remained incomplete.

"I guess the club is closing," I said to the bouncers, trying to save face.

"Yes," one said. I didn't even look at the girl before getting my coat. Sebastian won the round while the Aesthetic and I got nothing. I walked home in the twilight dwelling on yet another failure.

The next afternoon I woke up with purpose. I texted both Rozalia and Doina. Rozalia wrote back. I inquired about a Sunday evening date. She suggested we go to the botanical gardens in the afternoon. I hesitated. I didn't see the point in doing a daytime date in a venue that was over a mile from my apartment, but then again I wouldn't mind visiting the gardens. I replied, "Sure, and afterwards we can have a nice dinner. I usually cook on Sunday." She tried to say that she knew a Romanian restaurant, but I didn't budge, saying, "Well I already bought the ingredients. Have you had banana bread before?" She said she had, and loved it. I also didn't relent when she said she wanted to meet at 2pm, pushing it to 3:30pm instead.

I walked to the café and saw a cute girl in the crosswalk across the street. The light turned to walk but I stood still and waited for her to

come over to me. I asked her for directions and she was eager to help. When it came out that she was only 17 years old, I balked. I didn't feel comfortable hitting on a girl so young. "I'm just about double your age," I said. She shrugged her shoulders. "I feel like a dirty old man," I added, trying my best to sabotage the conversation, but she stayed put. I wasn't in America anymore, and had to forget the rule that is supposed to prevent me from doing what I ended up doing, which was asking her out to coffee and getting her number. I rationalized it at the time that I was just going to have a chat with her, but after parting ways, I thought of how going on dates with no clear sexual goal put me in the exact funk I was currently in.

Saturday night at 2am arrived and I was still in the house watching Youtube. I reluctantly left my apartment and arrived at the college club a half hour later. I walked around a bit and saw Rozalia with her girlfriends, dancing in a circle. I didn't go up to her. With our date already locked in for the next day, and her surrounded by friends who tried to cockblock me when I originally talked to her in the coat check room, there would be little point. I'm pretty sure she saw me because whenever I glanced around the room she was always facing in my direction, but she never came up.

I was uncomfortable with the idea of flirting with other girls in Rozalia's presence. I also did a ratio count of the back bar and came up with almost four guys for every girl. I left after only one drink, feeling a little uneasy since we both saw each other but weren't excited enough to walk up and exchange greetings. I started to think that I should probably do a confirmation text before I trekked to the gardens the next day.

On the way to a club I hadn't been to before, a short man stopped me on the sidewalk to say he saw me on television. We chatted and I felt a surge of energy. I approached two sets of girls on the street while he watched on, though nothing came out of it. He tagged along with me to the nearest club. It wasn't entirely bad, with only two guys for every girl, but the girls weren't in approachable configurations. Most were talking to guys or in massive groups where the cockblock was guaranteed. To pull in a place like this I'd have to grind it out for four hours to get maybe one solid lead, something I've done countless times before but no longer had the will to do. We left after 15

minutes.

Now that I had been to just about every club in the city, I knew that no club was good enough for me to execute the all-night grind. I said to my new friend, "If you go to a Polish club on ladies night, there are five girls for every guy, and those girls aren't in big groups. In a Ukrainian club, there are more girls than guys even very late into the night. But not here. Not only are there more guys, it's louder, cockblocking is common, and there's a lot of smoke." He sympathized with my complaints.

I thought back to all the clubs I had been to over the past year in Ukraine, Finland, Sweden, Norway, Croatia, USA, Canada, England, Poland, and now Romania. Even when it came to clubs with decent ratios and tolerable music, where I could pull somewhat easily, dissatisfaction was always present and I became tired of them after only a few visits, wanting to experience something better or novel. Maybe it wasn't an issue of a particular nightlife sucking but me moving on from being a creature of the night. I seemed to be desperately trying to hang on to a habit that I'd been executing for over a decade.

We went to a rock club and it was not as bad as the others in spite of people wildly thrashing their necks on the dance floor. My new friend sent over a cute girl who was excited to meet an American. I was excited myself at the idea of a freebie, but upon closer inspection I noticed she was a fattie. She touched my arm repeatedly but no boner came about, so when she started asking me questions I gave bad answers to encourage her to leave. I was still slightly disappointed when she did.

I saw a tall girl in a group of three and positioned myself close to her. I approached when her two friends were distracted. The conversation went on for a couple minutes until one of the friends decided it was time for a group hug. It lasted suspiciously long. My target withdrew from me and I knew I was trashed during the huddle. To get back in, I engaged the ugliest girl in the group (who wasn't technically ugly) by saying, "I heard your English is very good." We talked for quite a while, with no cockblock in sight. I figured they pitied this girl and let her "have" me. I soon pitied myself, because if her friends wouldn't cockblock for her, that meant she was a loser and I

shouldn't be talking to her either.

No boner came about in our incidental touches and so my mind drifted into entertaining myself. She told me she likes a guy who is a "challenge." At the same time, she dislikes "limited" people. When she added that she doesn't read books, I said, "It's okay if you don't know how to read. I can teach you."

"You're so sarcastic," she said.

"I just don't want you to be limited," I replied. She let it go but I didn't, bringing up her inability to read again a few minutes later. She told me to "fuck off" and then gave me a dramatic backturn that I thought only American girls did.

The night was warm so I walked up and down the street looking for girls who were alone. I found three but none wanted to talk to me. I wasn't happy but I wasn't angry either, just amused at making a shitty decision of staying in a city that didn't have one decent venue I could enjoy on a Saturday night. Actually, I was angry. What a fool I was to pick this place and have to waste the entire month of May, one of the best months in Europe. The fact that I had thought it was worthy to live in made certain that I was in a delusional state of mind after scoring some sweet blonde pussy and groupie pussy. I decided never to come to back again. I'm so sure of it that I can share the name of the city—Iasi. While it may be another man's poosy paradise, it definitely wasn't mine.

I WOKE up in the afternoon debating whether to send Rozalia a confirmation text along the lines of "Where exactly should we meet?" I decided not to.

I took a taxi to the gardens and arrived just on time. I walked inside and put on a Russian lesson, an ear bud in one ear. Ten minutes passed and there was no sign of her. I sent a text, "You here yet?" but received no response.

The Russian lesson was coming into my right ear while steam was escaping from the left. I walked through the gardens, trying my best to focus on the Russian, but I had to keep pausing to clear my mind. Thirty minutes passed. My phone had a signal yet remained silent. I was making many mistakes with my Russian, distracted from the growing anger. I got stood up.

I walked around with heavy steps, avoiding eye contact with the couples walking hand-in-hand, pushing down the rage as best as I could. I finished the Russian lesson and let the anger go where it wanted: at myself. It was my fault. This was a girl who put out bad signals, who “lost” my number, who didn’t say hi to me when she saw me in the club. I could say I saw it coming, but it didn’t take away from the pain. It burned. It burned because I’m a 33-year-old man, a man who has made something of himself in life, yet that offered me no immunity. It burned because someone thinks of me as a nobody, and there wasn’t anything I could do about it.

My phone finally buzzed and I looked at the screen. “Hey I am so sorry, I just woke up, I was at a b-day party last night. I don’t feel so well.” Bullshit! She suggested the date! It was my fault for letting a girl I hadn’t fucked make the plan. I thought I was so smooth in suggesting the banana bread afterwards, but if I had stuck to my guns, stuck to an 8pm date, none of this would have happened. She would have probably showed up and I would have probably fucked her, but now that she did this, it’s over. There was no way to recover. One minute a girl likes you and then the next minute she likes you even more, and then the minute after that they slap you across the face with an insincere apology and it’s done. Attraction is a fickle emotion that takes you from being an “amazing man,” words that come from her own lips, to a piece of shit in less than a week’s time.

Sometimes you have to fail to remind you of what made you successful, and I can surely state that the notches I have racked up were not from following a girl’s lead, not from setting afternoon dates, and not from taking it easy about getting them back to my apartment when I already had them out. From this point on, whatever girl comes out with me is coming back to my apartment or fucking off. My pressure will be relentless. I will manipulate, I will lie, and I will guilt trip these girls into coming back as soon as possible because I know that every hour I don’t fuck them is another hour that my power ebbs and they can pull something like Rozalia did, where I’m left staring pathetically at my phone, trying to think of a great response that would crush her, to make her feel what I was feeling.

My lavish praise on foreign women should now come with an asterisk. Maybe I jumped the gun on complimenting them without

accumulating the necessary experience to ensure their behavior wouldn't come close to what I was eager to leave behind in America.

Water takes the shape of the container it fills. Women are not genetically feminine or sweet—they simply process and digest cues in their environment to settle on a behavior that allows them to land their preferred choice of men or careers while being as lazy, narcissistic, and dishonorable as possible. If I can go out without having to look in the mirror, go to the gym, or work on being the best man I can, but still land beautiful women, would I do all the things I've done in my life to be more attractive to the opposite sex? If a woman doesn't have to show up on a date because she has so many other options, and there is no real punishment for it in the form of public shaming or damage to her reputation, she will do it. This is why any girl who does show up on a date, who actually schedules out three hours of her time to be with you while she has unlimited options, is probably ready to get fucked, and you'd be stupid not to try.

I had only two prospects left: Doina and the 17-year-old. I felt I should start from absolute zero as a way of renewal, but in Iasi the girls never stop, and while walking through the mall I saw a blonde who glanced at me. "No more girls," I said to myself. I resisted approaching her but a few minutes later I'm standing in front of the carousel and here she comes. "No more—" ah fuck it. I asked her where the supermarket was, and next thing I knew we were walking around the park.

"This park is always crowded," I said. It was an artificial park attached to a shopping mall, carefully patrolled by security guards who enforced rules against having dogs, bicycles, or video cameras. Families and couples occupied every patch of grass available, something the city had in short supply.

"There aren't many parks here, so a lot of people come," she replied.

"It kind of looks like a movie studio. Like look at that guy." I pointed to a man who was standing motionless. "They are paying him to be here. And look at that couple sitting there. I saw them yesterday in the exact same position, even in the same clothes."

"Why would they do that?" she asked, seriously.

"For the same reason a club can have a huge line outdoors but be

completely empty inside, just to make it seem popular.” She gave me a sympathy smile, but my fake scenario was overly cynical. In spite of that, she gave me her number. While that didn’t exactly cancel out getting stood up, it made me feel a little better.

Maybe poosy paradise isn’t nonstop sex with beautiful women, but rather the inability to hit bottom, no matter how shitty your nights are or how many girls stand you up, because even with my desire to start anew, it was effortless to add a new prospect to my pipeline. Turning those prospects to sex, however, was another matter, but it was almost impossible *not* to meet women in Iasi, no matter what I did, whether I was sick or healthy, whether I was depressed or happy.

The Luck

I hesitated in contacting the teenage girl. I psyched myself up after meeting her by telling myself that I *had* to bang her since if I didn't, another guy would, but now I didn't even want to look at her number. How can I chase a girl in high school? When my sister was 17, would I have wanted a 33-year-old man trying to bang her? If she was a sort of Lolita party girl then it would be a simple matter to pursue, but she seemed like a nice girl that had yet to be corrupted by men. I thought about what to do while walking to the coffee shop one afternoon when an unknown number called me.

“Hey Roosh, it's Amalia.”

“Hello Amalia.”

I had no idea who she was. Sensing my doubt, she said, “You met me when you were looking for a book on how to learn Romanian. I just saw you walk by.” I hadn't used that opener in a while, so I must have met her when I first arrived in the city. I thought for a few seconds and finally remembered her: she was a 17-year-old I approached but never called because I thought she was too young. She walked up to me a minute later.

“What happened, you never called me,” she said, greeting me with a hug. “I thought we were going to hang out. I was ready to practice my English.”

“I wanted to but I think I'm too old for you.”

“My birthday is in two days!”

“Oh, so you'll be 18.” That made things a lot better.

“No I'll be 17. I'm 16 now.”

“16? But you said you were 17.”

“We round up in Romania!”

She was on a school date with a classmate of hers, so he waited

while she talked to me for a few minutes. I noticed she got a little too creative with her makeup, using orange eye shadow to match her dress, but it's something you don't punish a girl her age for. My dick finally chimed in, saying, "Do it, do it, do it," so I confirmed her number before saying goodbye. I didn't have a preference for girls that young, but it seemed that I was being pushed by an invisible hand to go forward with them.

Dates were made with Doina and Cosmina, the blonde I met in the park. I knew that if I banged at least one, I wouldn't contact the teenagers. No more games—it was time to get laid, and if I didn't fuck Doina or Cosmina, the teenage girls would hear from me.

Doina sent me a text on the day of our date saying she was tired and could she "pretty please" reschedule for another day. That's two flakes in a row if you count the garden non-date. A feeling of dread overcame me because a pattern was developing. The next day, one hour before the date with Cosmina, my phone chimes with a text. It's not good to receive a text before a date, because it's never along the lines of "I can't wait to see you in one hour!" She cancelled too, making up an excuse about needing to see a friend who was only in town for a day. That's three flakes in a row. Now I was in crisis mode. These flakes were all independent of each other, since the girls didn't know I was getting flaked on by other girls. All three decided on their own to cancel on me in a span of five days. That hadn't happened to me anywhere, even Colombia, land of flakey girls.

I mentally reviewed the four bangs I had in Romania so far. The first girl I met on a Friday and banged her that same night. The second girl I met on a Saturday and banged her the next night. The third girl I met on a Saturday and banged her on Monday. The fourth girl I met on a Saturday and banged her the next night. Then, inexplicably, I changed my strategy. I started collecting a lot of numbers, creating a long queue that prevented me from taking girls out soon after I met them. Sometimes I didn't make initial contact for days. I was running a dating game that worked in Washington DC ten years ago, before the age of Facebook and iPhones. Instead of capitalizing on a girl's fickle interest, I was letting an unacceptable amount of time pass between meeting them and then trying to get them out on a date.

I met Cosmina on a Sunday and planned for a date four days later. Rozalia stood me up in the garden one week after our first date. God knows what goes on in one week's time with these young girls. Even *my* attraction for them went down after a few days because of the fresh girls I was meeting.

Instead of moping at home after Cosmina's flake, I took a walk and approached a girl in the mall. It went poorly, but I was not deterred. I went to the supermarket and saw a prospect in the potato chip aisle. I was given some good luck when she exited the aisle to face me directly. I asked her a question about supermarkets and droned on a bit. She moved her eyes slowly, drawing attention to her long eyelashes.

I eventually asked where she was from and she answered Moldova. I then began speaking Russian. She seemed amazed, as if I just came from the moon, and was even more excited that I was from America. If we magically transported to my bedroom at that instant, sex might very well have occurred, but we were in the supermarket with me asking her about the tubular shaped snack she was carrying. I noticed on the bag it read "100% Natural."

I said, "You know the food has to be weird if they have to convince you it's something natural that humans can eat." She looked at the bag, as if expecting it to defend itself, but just shrugged at her choice of junk food. I was holding on to a package of toilet bowl cleaner.

"Are you in town this Easter?" I asked, changing the subject.

"No, I'm going home."

"For how long?" Please be short.

"Twelve days."

"Jesus. Well I can get your number but that's a long time. We'll be different people by the time you get back." I had just decided that I had to take a girl out no more than two days after I meet her and this is what the universe gives me.

"Do you know the La Corniche café?" I asked.

"I think so."

"It's right there inside the mall. Let's go grab a drink"

"No, I can't. I'm tired." I hadn't gone for the same-day date in a while so I was rusty in its execution. I should have phrased it with

less risk, highlighting a “quick 15 minute” drink and a false time constraint on how I couldn’t talk long because of work I had to do. She gave me both her Romanian and Moldavian numbers and went to buy her chips.

I got flaked on three times in a row then easily met a fine Moldavian girl. Even if this wasn’t poosy paradise, it wasn’t poosy hell either. It was phone number paradise, apparently, because the numbers were easy to get, and as long as I followed my new rule of scheduling a fast first date, I should be okay.

A MAN approached me while I was walking home from the gym. He saw me on TV and asked if he could take a picture with me. I had almost forgotten about the fame-chasing and the problems that came with it. He was Romanian but lived in Denmark as a masseur and we had a good laugh about the masculinity of Danish girls.

“Your Danish articles were shared among my friends on Facebook,” he said. “I defended your views and got attacked for it, but I agree with you.”

“The Danes are a sensitive people,” I replied.

“They said that you weren’t there long enough to judge properly.”

“I was there for two months! How long does it take to realize the girls of a country are burly and manly? I knew all that within my first week.”

He laughed and said that if I stayed in Iasi, I would land a great girlfriend for sure, but I didn’t plan on staying beyond the two months. By jumping around, one month here, two months there, was I not automatically lowering the quality I could get by failing to build social connections and local status? My mission seemed to be banging beautiful girls, but my travel itinerary may be limiting that goal. If I truly wanted to only bang beautiful women, I should pick one city that had them—of which I’ve been to several—and stay forever and have a solid go at it. That begged the question of whether it was best to have poosy paradise served to you on a silver platter or if it should be created by dint of your own labor, but labor is hard, and it sure would be nice if poosy paradise grabbed my crotch within a week or two of arriving in a new city.

I remembered criticizing the transactional nature of Ukrainian

women on how they approached dating, but I did the exact same thing where I'd limit interactions unless it offered a direct sexual benefit to me based on a minimal level of investment. What type of life can a man with this belief have when he gets older? One who's very alone, I imagine, and the thing that worried me most was that I didn't seem to mind, because I'd have my work, I'd have my books, and I've have the ability to ask girls where the big supermarket was, and maybe that's all I needed in life. If I needed more I would surely have taken the steps to get it.

ONE DAY after the gym I walked by a cluster of cafes and saw Magdalena sitting with her friend. She pretended not to see me but I refused to be ignored, standing beside her table until she looked up. She reluctantly invited me to sit. I accepted, taking out my giant water bottle to quench my thirst while she hammered away on her laptop, supposedly working. Her friend, the one who had lived in Boston, asked me if I was enjoying the city.

"I don't like it here anymore," I said. "When I first came, I had a very nice time and decided to find an apartment, but since then it has been boring. It's Magdalena's fault. I met her, we had some fun, and I thought that there were little Magdalenas everywhere."

"But she's unique," the friend replied.

"Yes, she is, but things didn't work out and now I'm hunting again and not enjoying it."

"Did you meet any girls?"

"Yes, a couple, but nothing serious. I'm looking for a girl who is younger. I'm tired of older girls because they are harder to please and demand more of me. I need a girl who doesn't require pleasure."

"Good luck with that!"

"It's not so hard. Young girls don't know exactly what they want, and seem only to care if the man is experiencing pleasure. They are generous. So if I can find a 21-year-old girl, I will be satisfied. Magdalena has to find someone who is dedicated to making her happy."

"You weren't consistent with her," the friend said, as if Magdalena wasn't sitting directly opposite her. She pretended not to be listening, absorbed in her computer work.

“Many girls don’t require this consistency. I just have to show up. So when I know that other girls like me as I am, it becomes hard when I meet someone who requires strenuous effort, even if she is cool.”

“It’s not good when men are selfish.”

“When men are selfish, they’re men, but when women are selfish, they take on the masculine traits of men. It’s like a cat that barks. It just seems off, even though the bark alone won’t hurt you.”

“It’s not the case of a woman being selfish, but deserving to get what she wants, of being strong. The problem is that men are intimidated by a strong woman.”

“Men don’t want a strong woman,” I quickly replied, wondering if she became “strong” after her stint in America.

“They do. Men don’t want a puppet. A girl who says yes to everything, who just sits there, who won’t give him a challenge.”

“A challenge is different, but I promise you that men don’t want a strong woman, because if the woman is strong, she’s going to attract her polar opposite, a weak man. Just like in gay couples, you have one who is a he and one who is a she. You can’t have two masculine men in a gay relationship. The same works in regular couples, too. If the man is masculine and strong, he will be most compatible with a feminine woman.”

“Men want brains,” she added, completely ignoring what I said.

“No, they don’t. A man doesn’t care about a woman’s job. He only wants a beautiful woman. That’s it. Maybe he’d get bored of her eventually, but everyone gets bored of everyone, and it has little to do with being strong or smart or not. I’m helping you by telling you this right now. This is how things really work.”

Magdalena stayed quiet throughout. To draw her in I said, “Oh, I forgot to mention how Magdalena *lied* to me.”

“How did she lie to you?” her friend asked. Magdalena finally looked at me, bracing for the answer.

“She knew who I was the entire time but didn’t tell me until the third date.”

“Yeah but you lied about your name,” Magdalena said, excitedly.

“I only changed one letter, but it remained ‘Roosh.’ That’s barely a lie, and if there was a hall of fame of lies, mine wouldn’t even be

entered while yours would have a trophy around it.”

“You still lied, though,” her friend chimed in.

“It’s the smallest lie you can give to someone. Anyway, I did think about Magdalena and why it didn’t work. The sex was good, but it was right after sex that things would turn bad. She’d complain, whine, nag, or just outright leave, cancelling out all the good that happened before it.”

“I’m good at leaving,” she said, echoing what I had said to her. The atmosphere was polite but tense, and I knew that as long as her friend was there, Magdalena wouldn’t open up and there would be no final confessional where bygones would be declared bygones. The waiter then came by to tell me to put my large water bottle away because of café policy. Before doing so, I absent-mindedly forgot to put the cap on, completely soaking the Kindle that was in my bag.

“Are you in town this weekend?” I asked Magdalena.

“Yeah, why?” She thought I would ask her out, but I used the question to find out which clubs were worth visiting. I had a date with Daria, the 17-year-old, in a couple hours.

Once the friend got bored of talking to me, I knew my time was up. “Don’t be a stranger,” I told Magdalena, grabbing my bag.

“Well, I don’t have your number anymore,” she said, as if she wanted to rub in the fact that she moved on. I didn’t have hers either, but didn’t feel compelled to state that. I wished I did have her number so I could call to see if my name would pop up on her phone’s screen or not.

“Well, it’s a small city so I’ll see you around,” I said, not really expecting to see her again.

I RECEIVED a text from Daria one hour before our scheduled meet time. No way she’s flaking, too, I thought. I squinted my eyes and examined the text. She merely wanted to meet twenty minutes later.

She arrived wearing loose hipster clothing that hid her natural beauty. We sat down in a café and I ordered a scotch while she got an apple juice cocktail. I noticed she left her phone out, so I asked if she was expecting an important text message or call. “I’m not,” she said, but she continued to glance at it.

I started to give her my life story. She was receptive, considering

her age, but I did skip some subtle details when I didn't see her face reacting with excitement or dread at key moments. I got to the climax of arriving in Rio via a twenty-four hour bus when I thought I was dying of rabies. Then her phone started beeping and I stopped my story so she could read her text message. She told me she was sorry but has to write a reply and I'm staring off into space, wondering what the hell I'm doing here with this kid.

"Okay I'm done," she said, one minute later, giving me permission to proceed. I opened my mouth and said, "Yeah... Brazil... a bus to Rio," and then nothing came out. At that moment it seemed that talking was too strenuous and it would be best to remain silent and stare at the pedestrians walking by. What would be the point otherwise? The phone would beep again, and it would take automatic precedence over whatever I was saying. Even though I've told girls many times in the past to put their phone away in the face of their compulsive texting, I didn't do it with Daria. My heart wasn't into the date and so I found the perfect excuse to bow out while being able to say "I tried." I wasn't yet ready for a 17 year old.

There was an awkward silence for another minute, and her phone went off again, a response to the text she just sent. She shifted in her seat nervously and tears started to well up in her eyes, all from my silence. I managed to say, "Your values are different from mine. I'm not mad or upset, but there's no point in me continuing, because we will be interrupted."

"I don't know why you can't go on," she said.

I got the check and she insisted on paying her \$3 juice. I didn't let her. I wasn't in the mood of teaching anyone a lesson. I know that her behavior is normal for her generation and something she does with everyone, even her family, and that my reluctance to continue had more to do with me than her. She apologized again as I paid the bill and then she got up and walked away. The date barely lasted half an hour.

I left the café and unsuccessfully approached two girls in the mall. I should have been in a funk from a bad week of three flakes and a lousy date, but I wasn't too bothered because I knew that a string of bad luck is always followed by some good.

Now that I had zero prospects, I could try my new strategy of

setting a fast date with the next girl I meet. I went to the college club first. After ordering a drink at the bar, a tall guy I've chatted with in other clubs walked up to me to say hello. The first time I met Felix he said he never gets to practice his English so I figured that was the value I brought to him. He invited me to his table where a bottle of J&B whiskey and grapefruit juice was sitting in an ice bucket, guarded by his friend.

"I'm tired of going to the [snobby club]," he said. "I spend over \$100 every time I go, all the money I have, but here it only costs \$40 to get a bottle. That's nothing to me, so I will come here from now on."

"The girls at the snobby club are hard, no?" I asked, hoping for some validation of my experience.

"Yeah they are the most difficult in the city. I do okay with them, but I'm done."

"I had some good luck there when it first opened, but since then, nothing. I'm going on a lot of dates, but not much more."

"I don't go on dates," he said. "It's same night or nothing."

"But how do you isolate a girl from her friends?"

"I spend some money. Like here I got a table. Watch, in one or two hours we will all have girls. It will be very easy." While I'm usually skeptical of big baller talk, I had seen him in many long conversations with girls. Instead of camping out by the bar, waiting for opportunities like I usually do, I followed his lead and hung out at the table, where there wasn't much to do but look down at the crowd. "Wait an hour," he said.

When I wasn't looking, he poured me a whiskey and grapefruit. I've never tasted something so bitter and awful, but I didn't want to disrespect him so I took big gulps while holding my breath, making sure to leave just enough in the glass so he wouldn't pour me another one.

I was getting bored standing by the table so I did a foray into the club to approach a cute girl. She sneered at me. I didn't insult or tease her, just asked if she spoke English. I felt that I didn't deserve to be treated like that, but I remained calm and walked back to the table. When I was younger, I would write the scene off, but these types of reactions were getting to me during a time when I felt my stature was

at its peak. I've been rejected hundreds of times in a cold manner, I imagine, but instead of getting used to it, I was getting increasingly annoyed because these young girls, full of beauty but not experiences or accomplishments, were beneath me in most regards and should act more polite.

Felix's friend Luca joined us. He was pleased that I was from America and used me to practice his English. It didn't take long for him to show me text messages that his girlfriend sent him. She was quoting lyrics from American songs about how she was "addicted" to him and couldn't stop thinking of him.

At only 20 years old, Luca had a love that many American guys wouldn't experience until their late 20's, if at all, yet for him it was a totally normal thing. Girl likes guy and guy likes girl and they enter a relationship where gooey text messages with sappy words and profuse emoticons are exchanged. It's much easier for Romanian guys like him to land relationships while my own countrymen need to read many books on game just to know how to start a conversation with a woman who will in all likelihood flake on him before the first date.

When a culture loses value, men must expend vast resources to experience bits of happiness that men of the prior generation merely had to exist in order to achieve. Luca may be having an easy time with his devoted girlfriend now, but how about the 10-year-old Romanian boy growing up today? Will it be as easy for him? Culture change used to be spoken of in generational terms, but now within the same generation we see vastly different mating behaviors. I was hit by such a change, spending years to master calling girls on the telephone only to be swept up with the text messaging trend that took me another two years to learn. The only question is when a guy will say "fuck it" at the next change that forces him to adapt yet again, just when he had gotten a handle on the previous one.

Luca witnessed my next expedition into the crowd. It was on a tall blonde girl who was cute though not quite ravishing. I asked her why she was gripping her phone and she said because she checked in her purse and coat. For the rest of the night, any guy who wanted to talk to her had to compete with this electronic device. It would vibrate in her hand every time she received a call, text message, or Facebook notification, and then she would say "Sorry" and take a look at what

was on her screen. Even if she didn't receive any messages, the anticipation of receiving one would distract her and make it harder for her to pay attention.

The most interesting man in the world can't compete with a woman's smartphone. He will be put on standby while she checks inconsequential updates from others who are doing the exact same rude behavior to those they are talking to. The conversational discourse degrades and guys coming up in the game now will have to take that much more shit to get laid than I had to when I was their age. The connection they feel with girls is weaker while old bastards like myself look to the past and say how good it used to be, when actually it wasn't *that* good, but still much better than this.

It will get harder every year for men to simply go to a club, find a girl he likes, and date her. Maybe it was never meant to be easy, but I don't see how we can possibly return to a time where you could hold a girl's attention for hours from the strength of your conversation and not be interrupted by other horny guys blowing up her phone or jealous friends trying to disturb the seduction. Even minor fame didn't make it easier for me, and in this poosy purgatory I'm working nearly as hard as I did when I was 24 years old doing mass approaches, nearly daily, just for a shot at sex.

An average girl was checking me out. Maybe this was my freebie. I left our table area and walked up to her and said she looked like she spoke English. She rolled her eyes at me and sucked her teeth. This mediocre-looking bitch tricked me. I wanted to slap the shit out of her, but I suppose that would make me look bitter. I kept my cool. I didn't want her to be satisfied in the knowledge that she offended me. Yes, the discourse was definitely going downhill, because girls weren't treating me well. I have never rolled my eyes to any fat beast who approached me—never in my life—so I was righteous in my judgment of her.

Felix hadn't been at the table for quite a while. The J&B bottle was gone. I presumed that he already paid and left, so I told Luca that we should walk around the club and check out some girls. We did this for ten minutes when the waitress found Luca and told him that the table bill wasn't yet paid. Luca started panicking and asked to use my phone to call Felix since his didn't have minutes. It turned out that

Felix left a while ago and was currently located nearly 30 miles away. “Wait an hour or two,” I remembered Felix saying earlier. Yeah, when he’ll be long gone and I’d be stuck with the bill. Strangely, I was less upset at Felix than the chubby bitch who rolled her eyes at me.

I made Luca follow me to the exit, telling him that we should ditch since we didn’t order the bottle. “It’s not our problem,” I said.

“I live here,” he said. “People know me.”

“So what? Let them call the cops. Our story is solid. We both arrived after he ordered the bottle. I don’t even know him,” I added, practicing my defense. “Trust me, the best move is for us to leave.”

“No, I can’t do that. I have to go talk to them.”

“They are going to give you a hard time. They won’t be happy.”

“I know but I have to.”

“Alright, I’ll be waiting for you outside.”

I walked out, questioning my decision to leave Luca in the lurch, when I ran into a male groupie who had been messaging me on Facebook (his last message was asking me to attend some type of church meeting). He introduced himself and we talked for a while. Even though it was late at night, the air was warm and girls were milling around, so I got the urge to approach a pair nearby. The uglier one was angry, complaining about how guys are annoying and horrible and so on. They say that this part of Romania is extra poor, and girls really want to meet a regular guy, but you could’ve fooled me. The bitchiness I was experiencing was just as high as in America.

Then I saw a girl walking alone, not stumbling and not holding a phone. I timed it for us to intersect and asked her for a bar recommendation. After two minutes of chat I suggested we sit down on the bench near us, to test my progress, and she agreed, introducing herself as Roxana. The male groupie was now circling around us with a goofy smirk on his face as if he was enjoying the show. I knew how Romanian girls were more self-conscious to prying eyes, so he wasn’t doing me any favors. Then he blurted out, “He’s a famous American writer.”

“No, he’s joking,” I said. “I’m just an average guy.”

“Are you really a famous writer?” she asked. I was nervous that he was going to torpedo the approach. If a guy is trying to bang a girl,

and you happen to be the odd one out, is that not a universal sign to fuck off? I know it is for me. I told him, “Where are you going to be? I’ll join you in a few minutes.” He took the hint and left to chat with a group nearby.

The girl told me she was 25 years old and a doctor. She was on her way home from a night out drinking with friends. She had slight red hair that she colored, large frog eyes, and perfectly plump lips. She was wearing a weird ballerina dress with flats.

Luca came out and saw me. I asked what happened and he said they took his identification card. He was obviously upset and vented to the doctor in Romanian. I let this go on for a couple minutes until I heard the word “American” and asked if they could speak in English. The doctor translated: “The guy who ordered the bottle was trying to show off for you.” Well he did a piss poor job, I thought, if he couldn’t even pay for the bill.

Luca took out a cigarette and lit it. He was getting a little too comfortable in our presence. I talked to him in the club for some time and didn’t think he was a cockblocker, so how does he think he’s helping by lingering around in the same manner as the male groupie? Or perhaps the better question is what part of Romanian culture makes guys not care about sex as much as I care, where I see a new friend as way less important than a new girl I want to take home for the night? Maybe the problem is me and how lowly I value random male companionship compared to the possibility of sex with women. Maybe I’m still putting pussy on the pedestal.

But it’s pussy I want. Luca had to go.

I said, “Why don’t we exchange numbers? Let me know if you need any help with the situation.” We did so and then I shook his hand, a universal sign for ending an interaction. He walked away and left me alone with the girl. Feeling that another surprise would be in store if I stayed in the area, I suggested a walk. She agreed and not five minutes down the sidewalk did the male groupie *run* up to us with the same stupid smirk on his face. I stopped dead in my tracks and said, “What do you need, man? You’re following me now?” I thought maybe he wanted to cockblock by telling her damaging details of my writing. He began waxing about the night air, but I persisted in asking what he wanted. He said he wanted to exchange

numbers. Fine. We exchanged numbers, shook hands, and then he went back to the square. Finally, I was alone with the girl. Perhaps Luca and the groupie didn't have an intention to cockblock, but I sure did have to run anti-cockblock game to get rid of them.

"If I invite you to my apartment," I started, "I don't expect sex. If you want to leave after a drink, that's fine."

"There's nothing wrong with having a drink with someone," Roxana replied.

"Indeed, which is why I want to invite you to my apartment. I live down the street, about four minutes away. You're not tired, are you?"

"No, not really."

"So let's go." Without waiting for a response, I made a left turn on the street that leads to my building. Then up five flights of stairs into my apartment with the short ceiling, a growing ant infestation, and the massive cockroaches that preferred dying next to the water heater.

I put on sex music then offered her wine, vodka, or whiskey. She chose the wine. I poured her a glass and made myself a vodka on the rocks. After a bit of small talk, I moved in closer and went for the kiss. Her lips were soft and moist but suddenly she withdrew and said, "I don't want to lead you on so maybe I should stop, because I'm not in the mood to have sex tonight."

"Are you on your period?" I instinctively asked.

"No, just not in the mood."

"Well that's fine. Like I told you, I'm not expecting sex. I don't expect anything in life. It's the most healthy way to live." If she walked out the door that instant I would be no worse off than before meeting her.

We kissed a little more and this time I pulled back first, to show that I wasn't all that excited to have a girl in my apartment. After two more songs I gave her a tour that ended in my bedroom. "Why don't we lay down?" I said. She did so and I got on top of her and rubbed my crotch against hers.

She quickly got in the mood. There was absolutely no resistance in taking off her dress. I removed my jeans, grabbed her hand, and pulled it down to my cock. She kept it there, playing with the head. I slipped a finger under her panties to find her pussy drenched. Two minutes later I put on a condom and fucked her.

After my orgasm, I thought of Magdalena and how this would be the moment she would do or say something stupid, but Roxana cuddled next to me in silence. “I thought you weren’t in the mood,” I said. She laughed and said she really wasn’t but that I changed her mind. She gave me light kisses on the chest and told me she was glad we met.

We fucked a second time, this time without a condom. Her pussy was just the right kind of tightness where I didn’t last too long but not too short either. We tried to sleep but I kept waking up horny and poking her with my dick. The next afternoon I made her hot tea and we fucked some more in the kitchen and then back on my bed, to the point where we were both extremely sore. “Did you slip viagra into my drink?” I asked. “This isn’t normal.” There was something extra pleasing about her vagina that gave me nonstop boners. Total thrusting time had to surpass two hours, until my dick took on a hot dog coloration. She made not one reference to her pleasure, whether she was having orgasms or not, and I didn’t ask.

“What kind of writing do you do?” she asked at some point. The comment from my male groupie earlier seemed to spark her interest. I evaded and she kept repeating, “I’m curious.” She appeared more curious than girls who had seen me on television, for they already knew much of my background, and knowing too much seemed to disturb the curiosity. I began to suspect it was best to carefully manage my story, releasing it in small bits, so the curiosity remains high and the girl stays with me in the hopes of learning more. Perhaps instead of dropping a life story nuclear bomb, like I had been doing, it was best to give her a small piece of food that nourishes her somewhat but doesn’t sate her completely, so that she will eagerly stick around for the next piece.

She asked if it was okay to call or text first, and I said of course, knowing that she may end up being a clinger. By the time she left at 5pm, after spending 15 hours with me, we jokingly agreed it should count as the equivalent of three dates. She gave me six orgasms, the most I’ve ever had within a 24-hour period.

I thought about how lucky our meeting was. She wasn’t in the same club as me all night, where I could observe her for a long period and perfectly time my approach. She wasn’t in the café sitting near

me, where I could wait until she was ready to leave before starting a conversation. No, she was at the square at a particular moment in space-time and I had to be there at that time as well, which means that I had to have the bad date with the 17-year-old, I had to argue with Luca for exactly five minutes in the hallway after Felix ditched out on the bill, and I had to run into a fan of mine. All these things had to happen for me to meet Roxana and take her home and have a sixth orgasm that barely ejected a drop of semen from my body.

Most men would argue that this bang was luck, and statistically speaking it was, but to me it made sense. During the week I had failed a lot, with such extraordinary flaking and abuse that I knew that it was simply a matter of time before the universe would toss me a bone. The success that was due came and the balance of nature was achieved, because bad cannot occur without good, and only by experiencing bad is good guaranteed to come.

I experienced a nice afterglow for the rest of the day as I thought about Roxana, deciding not to disturb the feeling by approaching other girls and taking on rejections. This was a harder feat than I thought because I received more eye contact than usual at the supermarket and in the mall, as if random women knew I had just satisfied one of their kind. Magdalena must have also known because she texted me later that night even though she had proclaimed to have deleted my number from her phone, asking me why I decided to talk to her and her friend in the café. She was testing for the booty call, but my dick felt like it was put through a grinder. I gave her a short response that an experienced girl like herself clearly understood.

The next afternoon Roxana called me and sweetly asked if I wanted to hang out that evening. "I don't think it's a good idea," I said, "because I'm still recovering from our marathon sex session."

"We're not going to have sex, we're just going to have a drink."

"If I see you I'm going to want to have sex, and I will have sex with you, but this won't be a good idea." I was telling the truth, but at the same time I knew that I would inevitably hurt this girl. I'd get bored of her and want to move on.

Most men go through a romantic phase soon after his first sexual encounter, where he is predisposed to the idea of love and being with one girl he can spend the rest of his life with. If a girl doesn't soon

THE LUCK

give her heart to him during this impressionable time, and he instead begins to understand the trivial and superficial nature of female attraction, he will become a player, an adventure that he may pursue for the rest of his life.

POOSY PARADISE

The Doctor

I put on a Russian lesson and took a stroll late at night. Early in the walk I noticed an attractive woman walking in front of me while talking on her phone. I couldn't make out her face but her body was perfect and a thought flashed in my mind to approach her, but I talked myself out of it. Even if I did get her number, my excuse went, I wouldn't have time to take her out the next day, as required by my new strategy.

She came across an intersection where there was a parked Audi SUV with its lights on. In a city that would be classified as poor by Western standards, the car was essentially a Lamborghini. The passenger and driver silently stared at her as she walked by. I continued trailing behind her. At the next block, the Audi pulled into a driveway, cutting her off. The driver got out of the car and started to spit game as the girl listened attentively.

I didn't want his approach to work because it would make me regret not trying myself, but I knew that any renewed interest I had for her was solely because another man liked her, not unlike the situation with my landlord and the supermarket girl. I observed the interaction from a half-block over and saw him take out his phone and then stare at the screen, suggesting that he was getting her number. Eventually the girl walked away and the guy rolled off in his expensive car.

In spite of the fact that I was able to live short-term in budding Eastern European poosy paradises, and that I could leverage my American birth to get with girls who were curious about foreign men, I still was not getting the best I could. This was due to three reasons. First, it takes time, in the form of years, not three months, to develop the localized knowledge and social circle needed to meet girls who

are inaccessible through cold approaching. Second, a car, for better or worse, is seen as a huge status symbol in this part of the world. It's not like in America where poor people can still drive around in relatively nice cars. Even though I was a minimalist who eschewed unreasonable costs, top women want to be driven around more than walked around. Most women, unsurprisingly, don't see the value in minimalism and prudence. Third, speaking in English, while interesting to girls who study it or dream of travel to the West, screams "impermanent tourist." This is true even if you happen to live in the city for an extended period of time, because they know that if you don't have a local job or business, you will one day leave.

If a foreign man approaches girls who are also vied for by men in Audis, he will be seen as having lower value. Of course he doesn't need a social circle, car, or foreign language ability to get laid in these places, but it's not enough to only have game knowledge and experience to outcompete the local guy with high value. I can get him on quantity as long as I keep approaching, but twice a year he will bang a 9 that I will not get in a three month dedicated campaign. I'm not complaining, for even without his strengths I'm still able to get a high standard, but every lifestyle has its cost, and my quick pace and reluctance to settle is hurting me when it comes to laying the most beautiful girls of any city.

IF YOU go to the gym with a workout partner, you will lift more weight than if you had gone solo. His encouragement will help you put in that one extra rep on your last set that makes the difference between modest and big gains. But when you go to the gym alone, your pace is slower and it's easier to rationalize fatigue. Fear prevents you from undertaking the last hard rep because you don't want to drop the weight in front of other people.

Trying to get laid alone is not much different. All you're going on is raw inner desire, which for most men is more than quenched with a few new notches a year and a steady girlfriend in the 7 range, but when you bring a friend into the mix, you're filled with a higher energy. You see a girl and think about not just how to bed her, but how to impress your friend, how to entertain him, and how to show him your skills, because as much as men seek out sex, they also seek

out validation from their own. This drive activates even when performing for a random acquaintance, like when I approached Roxana on the street within sight of a male groupie I had known for only a couple minutes.

A part of me comes alive when another man is in my presence, because I want to show him what I'm capable of. I want him to laugh, be awed with my successes, and be sympathetic with my failures. When you're in a city alone, and there's nothing but the presence of your own mind trying to sabotage you and convince you not to approach, your results go down. You get stuck in your own head. You become insulted at any rejection and are quicker to anger. You find less enjoyment in a loud club. You are less thrilled to walk alone in the mall for one hour, hunting for a girl. But if you can manage to do it anyway, if you can travel, get laid, and endure hardship alone, you will discover yourself. Without the validation and reward of impressing members of your tribe, you will understand your true motivations, desires, strengths, and weaknesses.

If I had the money I would happily fly my friends from America to come party with me abroad, but I wouldn't trade my solo experiences for anything. They made me a stronger man, simply and truly. Maybe a more isolated man, but if I can climb these mountains without anyone's help, there is nothing I can't accomplish. The confidence and self-assurance I've gained from these experiences will stay with me for life. If a man doesn't travel alone, doesn't pursue his projects alone, doesn't try to get laid alone, he doesn't know himself.

ROXANA called me again the following day. This was a strong clinger warning sign but I didn't mind. As long as a man knows how to deal with a clinger's delicate emotions, he will enjoy reliability, punctuality, consistent effort, and affection. We set a date for two days later. I told her to meet me in the artificial park and when I arrived I received a text from her saying she would be late. Though it was dark, the park was full of families. Children were riding their bicycles on the concrete or kicking rubber balls. Not far off from them was a display model of a Toyota SUV plastered with advertisements.

In the distance I saw a woman in a blue dress walking in heels. I

couldn't tell if it was Roxana or not. The woman took her phone out of her purse, pushed some buttons, and put the phone to her ear. Then my phone rang. I directed her to my bench and savored her beauty—she looked much better than when in the awkward ballerina dress.

After a quick kiss and some small talk, we went to the patio of a nearby café. I sat on a couch that had enough seating for two, but she sat in the chair adjacent to it. This surprised me but I didn't say anything, and after fifteen seconds of silence she got up and sat beside me. Our first round of drinks came and I remained mostly quiet, admiring her transformation from hipster to pretty woman.

"I feel like I don't know anything about you," she said.

"We didn't have a chance to talk about everything," I replied. "It's like you saw the movie trailer, know what it's about, but didn't see the entire movie yet."

"Yes, and that's why I'm still curious." I was ready to tell her the long version of my life story, but I stopped myself. Doing so could be a large error. If I was getting stood up and flaked on by girls who knew my life story then it couldn't contain as much value as I thought. I decided not to say much.

"I remember the other night you asked me if I was the type of girl who had guy friends because I was jealous of girls. That's not true, I do have girlfriends."

"Oh?" I replied.

"Yes there is one girlfriend who I will tell about you."

"You haven't told her yet?"

"No."

"Maybe you shouldn't," I said. "Maybe she'll judge you for it and wonder why you went to bed with me so quickly."

"No, she's not that kind of girl. She kind of sleeps around."

Slightly jarred at a response that may suggest her own promiscuity, I changed the subject. "What do you usually do with your guy friends?" I asked.

"Most of them are from school, but after a while they act kind of weird and want to sleep with me."

"That's a shock," I said.

"There was a guy who I was really good friends with for one year. He would tell me about this girl he loved and I would tell him about

the boyfriend that I had at the time. Well one day he invited me and my boyfriend to a party. He got my boyfriend completely drunk. My boyfriend went home but I stayed. We talked and he said, 'I have to tell you something.'"

"Oh god." I braced for what I knew was coming.

"He said, 'You know that girl I love? Well, it's you.'"

I cringed. "What did you do?"

"I just shook my head no."

"So this man waited one year to get rejected by you, and I met you the other night and we made love in one hour. That's kind of funny."

"I know! You were so bold."

"How so?" I asked.

"I mean you just asked me to come to your apartment."

"I would have loved to take you to another bar and chat for hours, but there was really no other place to go." I smirked.

"Yeah yeah yeah, you just wanted to have sex."

"I'm a guy, I always want to have sex."

Roxana reminded me how much women absolutely despise emotional men. They proclaim not to mind a little bit of emotion only as a test to see if the man truly is a pussy. It's never okay to be weak in a woman's presence. They don't want vulnerability and emotion from a man because if they did they would be lesbians. Women will only date a weak man for as long as it takes to find a strong one. They want a rock. They want a man who shows periodic anger, who doesn't cry, and who doesn't talk about his feelings, even if his mother just died and he's torn up on the inside. They want a masculine man they can count on when life is hurting them. They want an unbreakable man. It's okay to be weak to your friends, to your family, to strangers, but never to your woman. You must wear armor and keep it on as long as she's in your presence, and then watch her femininity melt into your arms, her unwavering pillar of strength.

I walked her to my place and poured some wine. "I'm on my period," she said.

"I don't care."

She thought for a couple seconds. "Okay let me go to the bathroom."

When she came back I began disrobing her. I glanced at her vagina

and it appeared clean. I picked her naked body up and placed it on my kitchen counter besides a half-eaten loaf of bread and a bottle of ketchup. The tampon must have soaked up a lot of her juices because it took a while for my dick to get moistened. I held on to the sides of her thighs and pounded. She whimpered. I looked at her face, her eyes half closed. I looked at her breasts, jiggling in tune to my thrusts. I looked at her legs, squeezing them, slender but not bony. I looked at my dick going in and out, now completely moisturized by her fluid.

I eventually turned her around for doggy style. I knew I could blast inside her since she was on her period. I groaned as I came. It felt less powerful because I couldn't see my ejaculate and how far it shot. Before removing my dick from her vagina I grabbed a napkin and gave it to her to catch the semen, but she didn't understand the gesture. When I pulled out, a big dollop of my seed mixed with blood fell on the kitchen floor.

We went to my bed. After fifteen minutes we fucked again. This time it took me much longer and I had to meditate on my orgasm because the pleasure wasn't as sharp as moments before. She did her best to encourage me, saying, "Please baby cum inside me, I want it inside me so bad," and that helped me comply with her request. I enjoyed watching the cum drip out of her.

I had to admit she was a perfect lay. Her body emitted absolutely no odor, not from her pussy, mouth, anus, or armpits. She was thin with four extra pounds of weight that gave a pleasant amount of padding for hard pounding. She was a pretty girl who liked me, whose only mistake after over 20 hours of time spent together was being 15 minutes late to the first date. She gave me tender kisses, embraced me in bed, and didn't bust my balls. She laughed at my jokes and even said a couple good ones herself. She was just about perfect for me, but as I lay in my bed, thinking of her wonderful qualities, a thought entered my mind: *so what?* She's giving me pleasure, and she's fine to spend time with, but big deal.

Now that my balls were empty, I wanted her to leave relatively soon, but I couldn't look her in the eyes and say it. She might have read my mind because she said, "I don't want to leave."

"Then stay," I said. "But I have to sleep."

"Fine."

In the morning I woke up with a full boner, and she cuddled next to me, and one thing led to another. The sex started lazy and slow, but her pussy was so good that next thing I'm riding her like a crazed horse, calling her my dirty slut and making her plead for more. She was bringing out the beast in me. After I came inside her again, she remarked that her pussy was now mine.

I made a light breakfast while she checked her phone. Eight missed calls from her dad. From what she had told me about him, he raised her with love. No wonder she's so balanced and so affectionate. I'm still waiting for her to play some game, but it wasn't coming, and I decided that if I ever accidentally had a daughter, I would give her so much love that even the player she falls for would be touched by her affections.

There was a moment where she made a comment about summer, and I thought that this was as good a time as any to tell her my future plans. I said, "I'm leaving in 27 days. This summer I will be around the Black Sea. I may come back in September, but I'm not sure." It was better to tell her now, I reasoned, so she would be less upset than if I waited until after she liked me more. She offered no words in response.

I stepped out of my apartment later that evening, completely void of carnal desire. I could recognize pretty girls walking past me on the sidewalk, but I felt no pull towards them. Roxana had emptied me. I didn't like this state. I wanted to be wanting, I wanted to have thirst, a mission, a drive to get something that wasn't easily accessible, a feeling of insecurity about all the hot girls I wasn't banging, because it was that insecurity which drove me to act, but just hours ago I stuffed a nice girl who seems to care for me, and maybe I should just enjoy her for the rest of my time in the country.

She called me the next day. Usually when a girl called so soon after I last saw her, something was wrong.

"What are you doing later?" she asked.

"Later? As in today?"

"Yeah, today."

"Working."

"I was thinking maybe we could hang out. We can go to a club later."

“I feel like you just left my house!” I said.

“Yeah, but I miss you.”

“I thought we were going to do something on Sunday.”

“I know, I remember you said Sunday.”

“It’s best we keep that date. I’m really behind on work. Yesterday I had to sleep during the day. You wear me out.” I tried to soften my rejection with a compliment.

“Oh.”

“So let’s stick to Sunday, okay?”

“Okay,” she said, dejected.

IN THE middle of doing deadlifts at the gym an Indian-looking guy with an American accent came up to me and asked how many sets I had left. He had an iPhone in his hand, giving off the appearance that he wasn’t in the mood to work out. I lost count of how many times I got stuck in conversation with these types of guys in the gym, sacrificing my workout in the process. It didn’t take him long to begin asking for my story. My curt answers didn’t deter him.

“What are you doing here?” he asked.

“Girls.”

“Funny, but no really. For school?”

“No, girls. I travel to countries for girls.”

“Wow. What do you do?”

“I write.”

“What kind of writing?”

“I write books.”

“What about?”

“Travel and sex.”

“Have you written many books?”

“Yes, about 15.”

“Wow!” he said.

“Where are you from?” I asked.

“Ireland, but my parents are from Pakistan.”

“You have an American accent.”

“Yeah I had two girlfriends from America. Their accent rubbed off on me, I guess.” That didn’t explain it, but anyway.

“What’s your name?”

“Roosh.”

“And yours?”

“Shah.”

“Do you have a blog?” he asked.

“Yes, I have two.” He took out his phone and googled me. “I never imagined I’d meet an American *writer* in Romania.”

“I like to surprise people,” I replied, enjoying the ego stroke.

It turned out that Shah was a college student and only 18 years old. He acted at least 22, with mature body language and articulate speech. I wasn’t surprised he was already having success with women.

He asked me if I was going out later and I said that the clubs would be dead since it was Easter weekend. He persisted and got me to agree to hang out with him later at the snobby club, one that he had been meaning to check out. “You should dress up a bit,” I said. “Girls tend to judge your appearance there more than others places.”

We met up at 2am and he looked smooth. If he had told me he was 25 years old, I would have believed him. He asked me which countries are best for girls. I was hesitant to share my elaborate conclusions because I didn’t want to influence his life one way or the other. As much as I wouldn’t have minded giving him a data dump of the past five years of my life, the best thing you can do for a man is to encourage his own self-discovery rather than give him a plan for following in your footsteps.

We arrived to the club and it was half empty, with two guys for every girl (I counted). There was not one good approach opportunity. Girls were either in large groups or already talking to dudes. Shah asked for my opinion on a group of three girls by the bathroom. My experience told me the approach would go bad—they were planted around a table and appeared to be older. Maybe they were even married.

“I wouldn’t approach them,” I said, but then backtracked a bit to not discourage him. “I mean, in my experience, this would be a tough approach. I would wait until the girl you like most separates from her friends by going to the bar or the bathroom, and then make a move. Here it’s really hard to get a good vibe from a girl if her friends are watching.” As if on cue, his girl walked out towards the front door with her phone, probably to make a call. “And there’s your opportuni-

ty—go follow her now.” He did and came back ten minutes later, saying that while she was friendly, she didn’t ask him any questions. She settled back in with her group, after most likely telling her boyfriend that she was fine and would be home shortly.

Two girls roamed around the bar with a “we want to party” vibe. I examined them from multiple angles, trying to get a feel for which one I should try to talk to—the energetic one in red or the taller one in white. I watched as guy after guy approached them. One in particular, a chubby older man, volunteered to provide them with an open bar, buying them whatever they desired. He brought his friends into the mix and they all drunkenly cockblocked each other.

I approached a girl who seemed receptive, but she was on her way out. I found myself at the bar with the tall girl in white on my right and a shorter blonde, a bit older, on my left. I had to make a decision on which to approach. The tall girl was more attractive, not necessarily genetically but due to her loose attitude, carefully applied makeup, and tight clothing. The blonde was stiff in a basic frock, lacking in any sensual expression. Some nights you approach the girls you desire, and other nights you approach girls who you think will desire you. I decided to approach the blonde.

“You look like you speak very good English,” I said.

“I do, because I’m a translator.” She paused for a second. “I know who you are.”

“What? That’s impossible,” I replied, feigning confusion.

“I definitely know who you are.”

“Well I don’t remember ever meeting you before, so I think you have me mistaken for someone else.”

“I saw you on television when you were in Bucharest.”

“That was over a month ago. I’m surprised you remember.”

“Yes, well, I remember watching it and thinking, ‘That’s a very interesting man.’ But you think you know more than you do.”

“And why do you say that?”

“Because you think girls from different countries are different, but I believe they are the same.”

“How many women have you had sex with?” I asked.

“Me? Well, none.”

“I’ve had sex with a lot more than zero, from over twenty coun-

tries. So I think I'm much more qualified than you to analyze the women of the world."

"Maybe."

"There's no maybe, and I'm not trying to be mean to you, but I get a lot of women saying I'm wrong about their sex, when they've never even been with a woman before. They have just visited one or two countries for vacation, and think they know enough to question my years of full-time experience on the matter."

She smiled. I figured it was either that response or a "Whatever, jerk," so I took her questioning of my experience as some sort of test to see if I would sell out my views for the hope of sex.

"Is there anything else you thought of when you saw me on television? Like maybe, wow, that man is so handsome."

"Don't take this the wrong way, but I don't think you are a handsome man. I mean you are not ugly, but I'm not attracted to your type of look. But you are very interesting."

"Yes and that's why I had to become interesting. My look is nothing special to most women of the world."

"My boyfriend looks a lot different than you."

"And where is your boyfriend?"

"He's somewhere here." Too bad. For a second I was getting a little excited, because if a girl remembers me from a news program that she saw over a month ago, I must've made a strong impression.

The chubby guy who was buying the tall girls drinks came up and said, "This is my friend. She has a boyfriend." The blonde tried to give him a "Don't worry, it's cool" signal but he waved for the boyfriend anyway. I was expecting him to be great looking compared to me but he was just an average guy. Polite greetings were exchanged before I walked off.

Fifteen minutes later I saw the tall girl in white sitting alone in the hallway, sending text messages. I sat next to her and made a comment. She spoke not a word of English. I was satisfied because when faced with two girls, I picked the right one that was most receptive to me based on subconscious analysis that came from years of experience.

There wasn't much to do after that. Shah didn't approach any more girls. I didn't want to scar him in any way by pushing him to ap-

proach or try a certain technique. We left the club together and he told me about how he wanted to be a politician in Pakistan. “The country is beyond messed up but I feel like I can make a positive difference. I have to live my life to get on that track. I don’t drink and I take my religion seriously. I want to get married someday but in Pakistan if you are a politician and have a family, you need a security detail of fifteen people and that sets a bad example because then you’re seen as an elitist. I need to focus on my education for now.”

I nodded along and was glad I didn’t go game-heavy with him since his life path was totally different than mine. I appreciated the male companionship, but I really wished I had some friends my age from my own country.

I MET with Roxana on Sunday evening. She arrived in a long dress with a retro shawl, greeting me with a hop and a kiss. After a round of drinks at a nearby café, we walked to my place and immediately had sex in the dining room. It was good like usual, though I was getting lazy with my dirty talk so I remained mostly silent. After washing my dick and giving her a t-shirt to wear, I began cooking a pasta dish that I had been trying to perfect. She begged to help but there was no need—my dishes were perfectly optimized to be made by one person. A helper would not decrease the time to completion by even a minute. She sat down on my kitchen table, took out my notepad, and drew a faceless man. I watched her from the kitchen and she looked less pretty than the date before. I was becoming accustomed to her.

We ate while watching a Polish music channel from the satellite feed. I noticed the meal needed more salt. I said, “Remember last time when...” and then I stopped. I was going to finish with “...you said the pasta needed more salt,” but this was the first time I had pasta with Roxana. It was Magdalena who had suggested adding more salt to the pasta.

“Remember last time what?” Roxana asked.

“Nothing. It’s not important.”

“No, tell me. You were going to say something.”

“No, it was a brain fart.”

“You’re lying. Tell me!”

“It’s nothing!” It’s as if she knew about my mistake and wanted to

punish me for it.

She cleaned the dishes afterwards then retrieved a bar of dark chocolate I had bought. She fed it to me while I lounged on the couch. We went to my room to have sex again. I felt the urge to kiss her less than before and my thrusting had weaker power. This was technically our third date. By the time I experienced my second orgasm of the day, I counted up a total of twelve that I had with her, yet I was getting bored. The novelty was gone. I wanted to take out a book and read it but I had to snuggle and talk to her for a few hours and pretend I'm a normal person who enjoyed this sort of thing.

"When you see a happy couple on the street, holding hands, what do you think?" I asked.

"I don't really think anything," she replied, with her head on my chest. "I mean, I'm not jealous. I guess I'm happy for them."

"I used to be jealous. I used to wish that I had what he had. But now I see a couple and think that he's stuck. He is with only one person, and he doesn't have the freedom to do what I can do. And I think about what a change from viewing a happy couple with envy to viewing them with a sort of disdain, as if I'm glad I'm not him."

"That's horrible."

"I can't help it."

"You're going to become a hermit."

"I realize that, but there is no fight in me to stop it."

She didn't offer a response. I held her tight so she wouldn't think my thoughts wholly applied to her. Some people became cold to others for a fear of getting hurt, but I was doing it simply because of disinterest.

There was a strange moment in bed when she began massaging my butt cheeks. My senses perked up during this time and I'm glad they did because she soon grasped my perineum as if she was about to make a move for my anus.

"Whoa, what are you doing?" I jerked her hand away.

"Nothing, just touching you."

"Yes but you were very close to my butt hole."

"I wasn't going to actually touch it."

"I think you were. You were right beside the hole. You were going to put your finger inside. I don't like that."

“God, what’s wrong with you? I was just touching you.”

And then ten minutes later she did it again, circling the area around my anus.

“Stop that!” I yelled. “I don’t like anal play!”

“I wasn’t touching your anus! You’re so sensitive—did something happen to you as a kid?”

“No, I wasn’t sexually abused. I just don’t get pleasure from girls putting their finger in my butt.”

“I wasn’t putting my finger in your butt!”

She moved her hands away from my ass and down to my thighs, but it still made me nervous. For the rest of the night I had cat-like readiness in case she wanted to go for my anus again.

I looked at the clock and it was 2:30am. We had been together for six hours. My need to be alone was gnawing at me. It was time for her to go. “Last time you spent the night,” I said, “I had trouble sleeping. You didn’t do anything wrong—you slept on your side of the bed and didn’t touch me, but for whatever reason, I can’t sleep well with girls. I woke up the next day still tired, and had to nap for a while before feeling rested. Would you be upset if I walked you to a cab?”

Her lips squeezed together and she looked away. “No, that’s fine. But do you want me to go now?”

“I mean, we have been hanging out for six hours. Aren’t you tired of me yet?”

“No.”

So I gave her another half-hour. My dick didn’t rise, confirming the boredom that I was feeling.

She started to get ready and I put on some clothes to walk her to the taxi stand. “You don’t have to walk me,” she said, which I immediately translated to “I want you to walk me.”

“I don’t mind,” I replied. “I would like to get some fresh air.”

She seemed a little put off when she slipped into the taxi, but after I cooked for her, banged her twice, talked with her for six hours, how could she be chafed just because I wanted to get some sound sleep? I stretched myself to be as pleasant to her as possible but she was upset in the end anyway.

The two orgasms she gave me weren’t so draining but they were draining enough, and when I walked on the street the next day, with

plenty of women around, I had no motivation to approach. I supposedly wanted poosy paradise, to be surrounded by women and have easy sex on demand, but just one girl completely satisfied my libido. I wanted something new and fresh, but at the same time I knew getting a new girl would take much time and energy. Riding out my remaining three weeks with Roxana would be the most practical thing to do.

She called me twice the next day, just to talk. She also sent a handful of text messages. The more emotionally distant I was, the more she was drawn into me. Back during the times when I was more open and warm to women, when I'd feel compelled to hold their hand in public, they never rushed to call me or inquire about my plans. The less I cared, the more they did.

On the fourth day of not seeing her I began to get a little horny. I went for a walk in the mall. The first girl I noticed was a pretty blonde with a lone braid down the left side of her face. I talked myself out of the approach and let her pass me, but when I turned around I noticed her ass was spectacular. After a minute of intensifying regret, I doubled back. I didn't see her in the long mall corridor so I figured she must've walked into a store. I looked in one store after another and spotted her browsing a rack of dresses. I waited down the corridor where I knew she'd walk by, playing with my phone to make things look casual. She came across my path and I opened her. Approaching a woman is like waking up in the morning. The beginning of the approach is rough, jagged, confusing, awkward. Then the words start flowing as you get warmed up. Humor is the first quality to make its appearance. A couple minutes later the energy level increases and the real game comes out in the form of light teasing and dropping value.

I complimented her English and she smiled. If you compliment a foreign girl's English and she doesn't close off her body language, she likes you and you will get a number out of it, but she proceeded to warn me that she would be busy with her college prom since she's an organizer. "I can hang out with you not this week, not next week, but the week after," she said.

Her phone rang mid-pickup and she answered it, talking for three minutes. Then it rang again. Beautiful girls usually have a lot of things going on. It's easiest to catch them when they're in a lull, such as right after breaking up with a boyfriend or in between semesters.

She was eager to give her number so I took it, though I knew it wouldn't lead to anything.

I was now in the mood. I stalked a thin brunette through the mall. She went into a kitchen supply shop and I waited outside a few stores down, and when she came out I approached. Simply waiting outside a store seems like such a common sense thing to do, but this was the first time I had thought to do it. I was pleased at how effective it was at making more girls in the mall accessible, a superior alternative to approaching outside in the sun, having to squint at girls while baking in the heat.

The brunette was from Moldova. I asked her if she spoke Russian in Russian and she replied back in Russian. Her eyes seemed impressed that I spoke it a bit, but she didn't inquire as to why. She said she also spoke Spanish and so I spoke a little of that as well. Still, she asked no questions. This was odd considering I must have been like a unicorn to her to speak Spanish, Russian, and English, with a vague appearance that wasn't obvious as to my origin. Her chest and shoulders began to flush. She was nervous, not necessarily a bad sign, but I started to get the feeling that she was married even though she wasn't wearing a wedding band. Nearly ten more minutes passed and she still didn't ask me anything. I started to get bored. I asked her to have a drink with me. "I can't, I'm married," she said. I politely ended the conversation and walked to a café.

ROXANA called me and sounded upset, saying that she expected me to call her to finalize plans for the following day. "We're still on for tomorrow," I said. "I was thinking of taking you to pizza."

"Oh."

"You don't like pizza?"

"I want to cook for you."

She came to meet me at the shopping center carrying a bag of groceries. We went to the supermarket to buy the remaining ingredients and then walked to my place. We fucked in the kitchen first and then she prepared a spinach salad and lemon chicken dish while I surfed the internet. After we ate, I got in the kitchen and made chocolate banana pancakes. She gave me a little massage and then we watched the movie *Idiocracy*. I'm sure she missed a lot of the subtle

jokes like Fuddruckers turning into Buttfuckers.

Later in my bedroom I tried to put my dick in her mouth but she said no. "Why not?" I asked.

"It's too intimate," she replied.

"You let me cum inside you when you're on your period but putting my dick in your mouth is too intimate?"

"It's an emotional reason, I can't explain it."

I was bitter, not so much because of pleasure lost from not getting a blowjob, but because she wasn't doing exactly what I wanted. How strong a hold can you have on a girl if she doesn't do what you demand? A pimp can get a girl to have sex with strange men, but I was failing in making my girl give me head.

"Are you going to kick me out like last time?" she asked. She made a puppy dog face.

"Would you be sad if I did?"

"Yes."

The puppy face got sadder, so I instructed her to sleep on her side of the bed and not touch me. She obliged and in the morning, after I got sufficient sleep, I pulled her towards me and fucked her once more.

History was repeating itself. I go into a new city, have sex with a few girls, learn about the dating culture, and then eventually settle into a comfortable relationship until leaving. When the novelty of a new country dies down after a month, a mini-relationship makes sense, and perhaps the only thing keeping my player habits going was continually traveling to new cities where I had to start from scratch.

If one girl like Roxana could make me so physically content, maybe my poosy paradise isn't a parade of women after all. Maybe it's just one girl whose pussy exists in a state of permanent lubrication for me to slide it in whenever I want. I wasn't complaining about the arrangement I had with Roxana, but at the same time I felt that this couldn't be it, that there had to be some other sort of higher achievement to unlock.

The Visitor

My gym was owned by a former bodybuilder. This meant there were only two treadmills, no aerobics room, no gigantic rubber balls, and hardly any women. Out of the twenty or so people there at any one time, maybe two were female. I did notice one particularly cute regular with a nice figure that the Aesthetic gave a lot of attention to. I wondered if his girlfriend was hotter than her, until one day I found out that she actually was his girlfriend.

I was extremely pleased. That night in the club where he couldn't pick up could be forgotten. If Aesthetic had an ugly girlfriend, I would have wondered whether the bulk of my time spent making myself an attractive man was a waste. Optimized aesthetics, confidence, persistence, charm, game—the formula to success was not disturbed. New theories need not be devised.

I received a message from Dragomir, my friend from Bucharest. He wanted to come visit me. He was even a bigger believer in aesthetics than I was, thinking it's the most important thing that a man could have, even more than game. As a good-looking man, he has had cases where girls threw themselves at him for sex. In fact, he told me as many stories of turning down sex as of having it.

Having that much choice is hard to believe until seeing it firsthand when girls show exceedingly positive reactions to him from the start, but the universe has a way of balancing things out: it has given him the weakness of getting emotionally attached to women who invariably crush his heart and cause massive depressions. I wish I had his looks and he wishes he had my emotional coldness, and it's not obvious that either of us is happier than the other in regard to women.

After arriving to Iasi, he updated me on the latest girl that destroyed him after he revealed his affections for her. An older story he

told me was painful to hear. A 19-year-old Polish girl he met on the train fell for him and they went on to have an idyllic relationship. She professed her love for him many times, would send him long emails, nude pictures, and so on. She was ready to give her soul to him, it seemed, but when she sensed him willing to do the same, she found another man while living short-term in England, a player who already had children from different women. Dragomir became desperate, sending her messages and notes trying to convince her of his love, thinking that all would be back to normal when she returned to Poland, where he was still living. Unfortunately, she came back to Poland with the new boyfriend.

Dragomir stalked the girl for some time, sending endless emails, and even told the new boyfriend that she was still sleeping with him occasionally. She went to the police, told them of his harassment, and he was imprisoned in a Polish jail for three days.

Trying to withhold judgment, I said, “A woman will treat you only as good as the attraction she has for you, but attraction is an emotion that can fade, and once it’s gone, none of your past actions matter. She is ruled by her attraction above everything else, above all forms of logic, and there’s nothing we can do about it.”

Lessons from past mistakes don’t seem to stick in Dragomir’s mind. Just two weeks before, after a three-day fuck fest with a girl who took him in her butt, she decided to remain with her boyfriend. Dragomir tried to get her back using the same failed method as before—telling the boyfriend of his girl’s cheating ways—but of course it had the opposite effect. The boyfriend levied threats against Dragomir and decided to propose to his girl.

He came to visit me to clear his head from these girl problems. The good-looking man who could more or less have his pick of attractive women keeps getting burned by the one girl he likes. Nature strives for balance.

We hopped around to a couple bars and he remarked that the girls had surprisingly high attitude. “I was starting to wonder if it was me,” I said. “They don’t seem to care that I’m a foreigner or speak English. Sometimes I just get blank stares.”

“But in the capital you did well. You’d think that here would be even better.”

“In the capital I banged two girls in the first week. In two months since I banged only three more.”

“Maybe you are not putting in the same amount of energy?”

“I have worked somewhat hard by doing plenty of approaches, so I don’t know. I got stood up here pretty bad. Actually I got stood up twice. I’m not sure what’s going on, but Roxana is good to me. She fucks me so much that I don’t have much energy left for other girls.”

“She’s doing that on purpose.”

“Well, it’s working.”

I approached a girl who bragged that her ex-boyfriend begged to marry her. She refused because she wanted to be “free.” I had trouble getting excited about her because of my empty balls, but Dragomir was there and I knew I wouldn’t have heard the end of it if I passed on her. I got her number after she told me she had to return to her friends.

I wanted to show him the snobby club. Even though it was a little better than the last couple of visits, Dragomir still hated it. “The girls here are too old,” he said. “This is the exact type of club I hate.”

“Yeah but the talent is higher than the other club.”

“Not by much. It’s mostly makeup here.” Then I saw Magdalena. She was looking especially pretty. I went to say hi to her, expecting a short conversation, but we ended up talking for a while. She teased me with neck kisses and even stroked my cock through my jeans. “Did you miss me?” I asked.

“Did *you* miss me?”

“Of course,” I smiled.

“Liar.”

“I only have seventeen more days left. Let’s hang out before I leave.”

“Do you have my number?” I had to think about it for a second, which had the desired effect when she opened her mouth in surprise.

I left her to find Dragomir. He wasn’t enjoying the club, so we soon walked back to my apartment. He crashed on the couch.

The next afternoon we sat down to eat ham and cheese sandwiches. I said, “I was complaining to you last night about how it wasn’t so easy here, but I guess it could be worse. It looks like Magdalena wants to bang again.”

“Yes she is very pretty. She looks a little Polish.” Yes, actually, she is pretty.

Magdalena texted me again later in the afternoon to ask if her two homely friends could give Dragomir a tour of the city. The power of his aesthetic revealed itself. Dragomir wasn’t interested, but it would have been a lay-up if he agreed.

Later while sitting at a sidewalk café, we played a game of “Would You Bang?” where we would point out a girl walking by and make a declaration of whether we would have sex with her or not. I thought it would get boring quickly, but after twenty minutes we were still going strong and had a good understanding of each other’s sexual tastes. Dragomir’s standards were slightly above mine, since he was not willing to bang girls I would, but at the same time he would bang any girl as long as she had blonde hair.

The game got us in the mood to talk to girls. We walked through the park and did a couple approaches, not out of sexual hunger but just to pass the time. Our reception was lukewarm at best. Dragomir had the best approach in getting the Facebook of a married girl who was staying in town for only a week, but she seemed reluctant to meet.

“Girls are not engaging here,” Dragomir said. “They don’t even ask where we are from. In Poland they would ask me in the first minute.”

“This is the problem I have here. It’s not technically bad, but it’s not easier than anywhere else.”

He asked me what an American guy would think if he came to Iasi.

I laughed and said, “He would renounce his American citizenship in one day. It would be absolutely mind-blowing for him.”

So why was it average—even below average—for me? Because the mere search for poosy paradise will give me nice experiences that raise my standards and make it that much harder to declare any place thereafter as poosy paradise. The secret to finding it is not what I was doing, but living in the fattest country in the world for fifteen years and then stepping foot into any Eastern European city. *That’s* poosy paradise, even if the girls aren’t easy. By understanding this, I must accept that poosy paradise will always remain just out of my grasp.

“Have you heard of the Polish game called ‘The Sun’?” Dragomir

asked. “It’s how girls as young as 14 get pregnant.” I shook my head. “A group of girls form a circle and then lay on their back naked. Their heads point inside the circle with their legs on the outside. Then a group of boys have sex with them, one after the other. The winner of the game is the guy who cums last.”

“Are you kidding me? That has to be an urban legend.”

“It’s not. If you ask Polish girls about it they will be shocked that you know. You can even read stories about it in the newspaper.”

“Shit, even if you lose you still win.” I mused on the game for a while. If I had the opportunity to play this game as a kid, things would be all downhill as I age. How could you ever top banging five or more virginal Polish girls at a time? Even if you manage to bang five girls a month as an adult, that still wouldn’t top a game of *The Sun*. My spirits lifted a bit after this realization, that I was actually lucky not to have experienced it as a teenager.

DRAGOMIR had met a young girl on the train and she responded enthusiastically when he made contact. They set up a date for Monday evening. I told him to let me know if he needed to use the place for a couple hours to seal the deal since I would be at the coffee shop. At midnight, when I was about to head home, he called me to say he wanted to take her to my place for a drink. I felt inconvenienced, but I could remain at the café for a while longer.

He came by to get my key. “How much time do you need?” I asked, as I handed it over.

“I don’t know. I don’t know what she wants to do.”

“I understand, but I can’t stay here all night.”

“I know. I’ll message you.”

“Where’s the girl?” I asked.

“She’s outside. I don’t want her to see you because she may recognize you from the television.” I wished him luck.

A couple hours later, I texted him and said I would be coming home soon. He said that was fine and asked if she could stay over since she is “fun.” I called him.

“How long does your girl want to stay?”

“I don’t know, we’re just hanging out.”

“If I had a big apartment, I wouldn’t mind, but the living room is

small. If you don't think you will bang soon, maybe it's best to wrap it up."

They were leaving the building when I was going in. He escorted her to a taxi and came back.

"No bang?" I asked.

"No."

"Did you try?"

"There wasn't enough time."

"You had two hours. How much more time did you need?" I asked, in a pre-emptive defense in case he complained about me coming home too early.

"She asked if she could take a shower, so I figured after that shower we would do it. So I needed only 15 more minutes."

I was skeptical because his game is waiting for the girl to make the first move. "Well, you gotta move faster than that," I said.

Two days later we ate lunch at the apartment and talked about how girls in this part of the world were increasingly being employed as video chat girls. Dragomir told me how it works: "It's a very easy job for them. They simply stay in a room with a camera and then play with their pussy. They get more money than any other job here. I dated one video chat girl who married a rich man from Switzerland. He was one of her best customers, even sending her paintings and poems he made. All her customers worshipped her and wanted to marry her. Most were older guys from America. So we slept with each other for a month and sometimes the phone would ring from her husband and she'd say how much she loves him. You'd be surprised how many girls actually do it. One time I was dating another girl who I thought was doing video chat. She denied it even though *all* of her friends were doing it. Then I said, 'Why don't you do it? It is safe and adventurous. The money is good. If I was a girl I would do it.' So of course after that she admitted to doing it only 'once' because she noticed that I would not shame her for it."

"I have been wondering if Magdalena is a chat girl," I said. "Sometimes she comes across as an actress. She says sexy things to me just to get a response, and it's hard to tell if she means it or not. She must have had practice saying those lines."

"It's hard to find out. There are hundreds of sites out there."

The next day, Dragomir found an apartment to stay in. I resumed my normal work and reading routine. He eventually did bang the blonde girl.

I set a café date for Magdalena midweek while pushing Roxana to the weekend. Magdalena was surprised that I asked her out, but I couldn't forget the club cock stroking. She greeted me without a hug or kiss.

"You're leaving in two weeks," she said, "so I definitely won't get attached to you."

"I don't expect you to get attached. We haven't gone out in a month."

"Because you didn't text me."

"I didn't think our relationship was working. When I saw you a couple weeks ago, you ignored me and played with your laptop. I had to talk to your friend instead."

"I had to work! And I texted you that night to send you a signal that I was open to seeing you, but you didn't do anything about it."

"This is true, but I wasn't in the mood for a booty call." I hadn't told her I was being satisfied by Roxana.

"It's so weird with you," she said. "On one hand we're compatible, but on the other hand we're not. I didn't tell you that one year ago I broke up with the love of my life. He cheated on me and then got engaged nine months later. You remind me of him."

"And yet you are still emotionally cold with me."

"Because I don't want to go through that again."

"And I didn't give you much sexual pleasure. You complained about it often."

"It still feels good even if I don't orgasm. It's not easy for me."

"You kept trying to make me feel inadequate."

"It's just that I've never had a vaginal orgasm before."

"Now you tell me! You made it seem like I was the only sexual dud in your life." I started to feel better that the poor result of our relationship wasn't due to my failure as a lover.

She opened up more than usual, telling me about events in her past. I shut up and let her talk. After she was done, I moved in to kiss her. She did not resist. There was no point in wasting more time, so I paid the bill and suggested we go for a walk. "Okay but I have to get

up early,” she said. I liked how she would not persist in spending the night like Roxana would.

We arrived to my apartment and raced to undress. I got a condom for the deed, which I knew she’d want, and fucked her doggy style in the kitchen for a few minutes before moving to the couch. She straddled on top of me and I let her ride my dick while I played with her breasts. After five or so minutes, I put her on her stomach and rode her until my orgasm came. It was strong. She complimented the sex, so I knew that this was the best for her out of all the times we’d done it.

The next night I went out with Dragomir. We sat in a square that was surrounded by no less than five bars, but except one, they were all garbage. Two girls walked behind us. I twisted my torso towards them and inquired about the nightlife. They stopped where they were, leaving my body still contorted. I asked if they would come and stand in front of me so I wouldn’t have to strain myself. They thought of my request for two seconds before complying.

Dragomir and I had a long conversation with them about the city. He pretended he was Canadian and nine years younger than his actual age. He had done this Canadian act in front of me many times before and I found it amazing that girls believed him when his English accent was not unlike their own. The only problem is that he would sometimes change his nationality and age on random approaches, so if girls asked me about his true background, I would not be able to answer with confidence.

One girl was a complete dud, with the body of an Asian boy, while the other was just okay. They invited us to one of the bars that was having a dubstep night. We tagged along and Dragomir got the number of the cuter girl. We left soon after and walked to another club where I saw a pretty blonde with her back to the bar, surrounded by five people. I pointed her out and Dragomir agreed that she had beauty. He encouraged me to try.

“Right now?” I asked. “It would be a suicide mission. Look how she is in the center of the group, with no way to access her. I also have approached one of her friends in the past and she instantly rejected me, so I may get cockblocked.”

“I doubt she remembers you.”

“If you were a girl and I approached you, you wouldn’t remember my face? It’s not like there are many guys like me around.” Dragomir looked at me intently but gave no response.

I was plotting my move when two of the blonde’s friends peeled away from the group. She turned around to the bar as if she was about to order something, leaving her left flank completely open to a man who wanted to strike. I moved to stand right next to her at the bar. As chance would have it, my drink was empty and I went to order another. The bartender noticed me before her, probably since I was taller. I looked at her and said, “I feel sort of bad that I ordered before you when you were here first.”

“Yeah I noticed that,” she said with a slight frown.

“You have to be more aggressive, maybe. You have to wave your hands around and yell like all the other people. But that doesn’t work where I come from.”

She asked where I was from, as expected, and I noticed how gentle and polite she was, almost to the point where she was nervous talking to me. If she told me she ran a sanctuary for lost or injured animals, I would have nodded and thought it matched her nature. We talked for no more than two minutes when three shots were served to her. She stepped aside to serve them to her friends, who re-formed a shield around her.

We went back on the street to see if it was any better than the club. We did an approach here and there, but girls were absolutely not receptive. I told Dragomir how I felt like a fool for choosing to live here, all because I happened to arrive when one club was having its grand opening. Then I saw a cute girl walking alone and put some spring in my step to intersect her at the end of the square. She was quite attractive upon closer inspection and spoke perfect English. This appearance was deceiving because after a short amount of time she revealed herself to be exceedingly tough, refusing to play my little guessing game of where she supposed I was from. At one point she asked me for my thoughts on her city and I gave a compliment to the women, saying they are “much more feminine” than girls from America. She yelled, “I’m not feminine!”

“So you’re masculine?” I instinctively replied. She became annoyed and changed the subject.

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A man with thick eyebrows came beside her and she exchanged words with him in Romanian. I asked how they knew each other and the girl quickly stated that they were classmates. Dragomir then came over to assist. I looked to him and said, "Sometimes it's the smallest girls who act the most tough, as if they need to prove something. It's like a Napoleon complex, but for women." The girl enjoyed this, because now she could use whatever debate skills she had learned to challenge me on things I was saying. She shrieked that she wasn't feminine and weak, as if they go hand in hand, and that she was a serious student who would make herself into an accomplished and "independent" worker bee of some sort. She confused independence for rudeness, strength for bitchiness, and there is no doubt that I triggered this release like I have with many other women, but it's better to be the type of man that causes a woman's true nature to be displayed within mere minutes than one who goes along thinking she is a wonderful snowflake, only to get badly burned in the end.

The conversation ended and she walked off with her platonic friend. We agreed that he got to endure the worst of her without enjoying the best, her pussy.

We returned to the club to see if the crowd had changed in our favor. The blonde angel was still there but now her two girlfriends were dancing with guys. I re-approached her. "Did you meet the man of your dreams tonight?"

"Not tonight. But I've been dating him for three years."

"And how old are you?"

"20."

In all likelihood he is the only man she has been with, and I know that I would be enraged to see him, because he probably doesn't have muscles like I have from going to the gym three times a week. He is not as well-read or as well-traveled as I am. He is not richer than I am. He's not as funny or interesting as I am. And none of that matters because he met her at the right place at the right time and could provide her with comfort and commitment while all I could provide her is a couple hours of entertainment followed by a good fuck. In spite of my past self-improvement endeavors to make myself out to be the best possible man that my genetics would allow, I could not have her. There's nothing I could have done, except maybe volunteer

myself to be her beta orbiter, with no guarantee of eventual success. Even this option was not available to me because I was leaving in ten days. At that moment I regretted that game is always a numbers game, and in the end you will need to be exceedingly lucky to get your first choice, and there wasn't much else to be done about it.

Back outside we got approached by two drunk guys. We humored them by asking how we could succeed with their women. "Money, all you need is money," said one. We got rid of them and yet another guy approached us. We asked him the same question. His answer: "Money." While the three of us were talking, I saw a group of four walking by, including one girl in heels. I caught up to them and said, "I couldn't help but notice that you are walking in pain because of those heels. You are sort of moving like... a duck." Her friends erupted into laughter, though I didn't think my analogy was sharp. They accepted me into their group and I walked with them. The girl with the heels didn't speak much, but the chubby friend beside her did, shocked that I was an American in her shitty town. The two remaining friends consisted of a skinny Spanish man who talked quickly and a petite girl who I didn't get a good look at.

The Spanish man was the star of the group, but I quickly supplanted him since there are much fewer American men in Romania than Spanish. Out of politeness I still gave him some attention, saying a few things in his language.

The petite girl gravitated towards me and demanded to know what I was doing in her city. I evaded by giving funny answers to build curiosity, like I usually do, but this made her impatient. She wanted to know *right now*. I refused to play the game on her terms. The problem with girls like this is that they have a high need for control and much prefer a man who they can mold than one who is a challenge. Even though she looked pretty, she was not unlike the previous girl on the street who bragged that she was "not feminine."

"I study law," she told me, "and I can spot bullshit easily."

"Law is not a feminine profession," I replied, bracing myself for what I'm sure would be the beginning of the end.

"You're an arrogant person," she said.

"You would be arrogant too if you were from the richest country in the world," I said, going all in. Everyone's mouth opened, shocked

that I would make such a culturally insensitive remark.

"I'm offended," the petite girl said. "I'm very offended."

"So?"

"You're so arrogant," she added. And then they jumped in a cab and left.

I vented to Dragomir about the aggressive attitude of the women, where I had to think of snappy comebacks I never thought I would have to use in Eastern Europe. I complained about the nightlife and the lack of good approach opportunities. I wanted more, and I wanted it to come easy.

"You have to look on the bright side of things," Dragomir said. "You have pussy, money, and you're traveling. This is a dream for a lot of men."

"Yes but is this the pinnacle? You also have what I have. What more can we go for? What dream can we have?"

"There is not much more. We have abundance in things that we want. I don't think more of it would be better."

"So this is it? This is the best that life will get for us? There's not much more we can do."

"I suppose not."

THE NEXT NIGHT I planned on taking Roxana to pizza. I was in a sour mood because of the lack of solitary time I had all week, and when I told this to her she said, "It's okay, I won't bother you much." I gorged on pizza and then afterwards we went to see a movie. She was very aware of the space I needed and didn't bother me during the film. Afterwards she came to my apartment.

As I settled into the kitchen, I told her I was going to make her a sex potion. "The sex potion is something that my dad taught me when I turned 18. Even though he told me the recipe over 15 years ago, I remember it as if it was yesterday."

"Are you joking or serious?" she asked.

"I'm serious," I said, keeping a straight face. "The potion is an aphrodisiac that increases blood flow to the sex organs, resulting in increased pleasure during sex. It lasts for only seven hours."

"Does it have drugs?"

"No, no drugs. It contains one fruit from each of the four corners

of the world—Europe, Africa, Asia, and the Americas.” I grabbed the four fruits and lay them on the counter. “The pineapple is from America, the orange is from Africa, the grapes are from Europe, and the kiwi is from Asia. Alone, these fruits do not have much of a sexual effect, but once combined, along with some additional ingredients, they form a potent synergy that has a very desirable result.”

“I’m not sure if I should believe you.”

“It’s in your best interest to believe me, because the more you believe, the more open you are to the effects of the potion.”

I cut the pineapple into rings and put them into a bowl. Then I juiced two oranges into a separate glass. Then I juiced three kiwis into another glass.

“The main ingredient is vodka. Some debate if the power of the elixir results from just the alcohol. It’s hard for me to say, but I do believe the combination of the four fruits does produce enhancements that can’t be scientifically explained by the alcohol alone.” She was mesmerized now, watching my every move as if she wanted to duplicate the recipe later.

I retrieved two cocktail glasses and filled them halfway with ice and then a big shot of vodka. I poured some orange juice, kiwi juice, and the squeezed juice of a pineapple slice. “Now each drink needs the juice of exactly four grapes.” I juiced four grapes. Then for theater, I added salt, powdered sugar, and three drops of vanilla extract. I mixed the drinks. The resulting color was an opaque orange. As I handed her the concoction, I said, “This drink is not known for its taste, but for its effect. It will not be the best drink you’ve had.” She took a sip and said, “Not bad.” I tasted it as well, the first time ever with this recipe. It was a bit too sour.

A couple minutes later I asked her if she was feeling the effects of the potion. She said no, but I swear that when we had sex not fifteen minutes later, she was wetter than she had ever been, with almost no foreplay required to get her gushing with vaginal juice. After a few minutes of fornication, I ejaculated all over her body.

We fucked once more before going to sleep and then again in the morning. It’s worth stressing that she was much wetter than usual. The previous night I was cursing the city, upset at the attitude I was

experiencing, but I was in bliss while pounding Roxana's pussy.

"I'm angry," she said in post-coital embrace.

"Why?"

"For all the women you will have sex with. They will get to touch you, feel you, and I won't have you anymore."

ON DRAGOMIR'S last day in Iasi we went to the gym and grabbed a frozen yogurt in the park. We watched girls walk by and played a lightning round of "Would you bang?" When it was time to part ways, we shook hands and agreed to meet in the summer. Only six days remained until I was next to leave.

Roxana came by my apartment with four pieces of chocolate cake. I carefully set the cakes on the table and began cooking dinner while she watched. She mentioned how she couldn't sleep the night before but I didn't inquire as to why, and not until after dinner, cake, and sex did she mention it again.

"Is there something you want to tell me?" I asked.

"I found your stuff."

"What stuff?" I already knew the answer.

"Your blog, your writing, everything. This is why I couldn't sleep. When I first found it, I went apocalyptic. I was furious with anger. But then I started crying. I read as much as I could."

I nodded my head and said, "How I write for thousands of people is not the same as how I see you. I know in your head you are trying to reconcile how I could be so nice to you but such a monster on the internet."

"I thought about this, and how you are actually nicer than other guys I've dated. When my mom was dying, my boyfriend at the time told me, 'I wish I didn't meet a girl with so many family problems.'"

"That's horrible. I would never say something like that." To change the subject I asked, "So how did you find out?"

"I accidentally spelled your name wrong when I googled you. You didn't give me your correct name!"

"Yes I changed one letter of my name to thwart google investigations. I tried to give a fake name to women in the past but hated it. It was too much of a lie."

And that was it. She understood who I was, didn't criticize me for

it, and now our relationship could go on for the few days it had left. If I didn't have the problem of getting bored of women easily, I would settle with Roxana. She would give me a relationship full of emotional and physical pleasure for as long as I needed, but I was eager to throw it away for the prospect of more adventure and random pussy in some other shithole city. What she offered me was not something I wanted.

DRAGOMIR recommended I get a massage from a proper spa. I never had one before so I figured it would be a good experience. The appointment came on a Saturday afternoon, three days before I was set to leave. On the way over I did the second-to-last Russian lesson, right on schedule to finish the entire Pimsleur course for the language.

I walked into the spa and the receptionist gave me a towel and robe, instructing me to shower. It was understandable that the masseuse didn't want to massage a dirty body. Afterwards I stepped out of the locker room, fully robed, and a short man directed me into the massage room. I figured he was maybe an aid or the janitor, but he was actually the masseur. I thought it would be assumed to pair a male customer with a female masseuse, but I was wrong. Before I had a chance to think of what to do, he said, "Lay on the table face up."

He applied oil on his hands and then started rubbing my quadriceps. "Relax," he added. I was concerned that I may get an erection while he rubbed on me and this would introduce doubt as to my sexual orientation, but at the same time I wanted to get my money's worth. I kept telling myself, "Stay in the massage, stay in the moment." I closed my eyes and took deep breaths. He worked his way down and gave me a foot massage, even stroking my individual toes. This was ticklish for me so I let out several belly chuckles. He proceeded without pause, the sign of a true professional.

After he gave me an abdominal massage, where he used a sort of tapping technique that went slightly below my waistline, he instructed me to turn over and place my face over a hole built into the table. He then massaged my heels, calves, hamstrings, lower back, upper back, shoulders, and neck. A lifetime of muscular tension was soothed by this man's hands. My instinct was to let out groans of pleasure, but I held this back, reducing the overall benefit of the massage. Thankful-

ly my penis did not move.

After he was done, he said I could get up. My voice descended into a croak, not unlike how I sound when first getting up in the morning, and I said, “Thank you, it was nice.” I hate to admit it but this man explored more of my body than any woman I’ve had sex with, with a stronger familiarity of my musculature and anatomy. I would prefer to get a massage from a woman in the future, but I don’t think her hands will be as broad and powerful as a man’s.

After changing back into my street clothes and walking out of the spa in a semi-stupor, I saw my masseur walking by. For some reason, I felt more uncomfortable than when his hands were stroking my thighs not twenty minutes before. I was glad to be leaving the city soon enough so I would never have to see him again in my life.

Later that night I met with Roxana in the main square. She showed up in a dress with high heels while I was in a t-shirt, jeans, and sneakers. I liked the contrast of me looking pedestrian while she was dressed up. I hoped it caused other people to wonder why a pretty girl was with such a bum. I took her to the top of the tallest building in the city (the 13th floor) where there was a panoramic restaurant. We had a satisfying meal where she gave me a Lego figurine that she possessed since her childhood.

We took a long walk through the center of the city. I marveled at how dead the nightlife was even though it was a Friday. I wanted to make a value judgment of whether my decision to come and stay in Iasi was correct, but I pushed that thought away. I was trying to lean away from the habit of deciding on anything as “correct” or not and instead accept that the whole of life balances out my choices. If you isolate for one factor, like women or weather, you can easily find places that are better when compared to another, but when accounting for everything else, the benefits of having the best women or weather will come at some other cost. The good of this cancels out the bad of that, sometimes perfectly. If I went to Bucharest, I would have had more sex and made more male friends, but I would have written less, spent more money, and studied less Russian.

The more cities I’ve been to in Europe, the harder it is to decide which is best. If I had only been to three cities in my life outside the US, it wouldn’t take me long to select the best of them, but now that

I've been to well over 70, I can no longer give an answer for those who ask me for my favorite. Favorite in terms of what? If all you want is sex, meaning it's the most important thing in your life, then there will be cities that offer an advantage in that regard (at some cost that you don't foresee), but if your desire for poosy paradise is fading as you age, if your sexual energy is decreasing, and if your interests are more varied, it matters less. It's impossible to reach a firm conclusion, because the right choice today may be the wrong choice tomorrow.

Like usual, sex with Roxana happened quickly once in my house. She kept on her dress and heels, which made it slightly more erotic than normal, but as soon as I achieved orgasm, I wanted her to leave. I was done. Her incredible sweetness, her understanding, her humor, and her intelligence was not something I wanted. I was bored of her and wanted to be alone. I wanted to be on the hunt again. I wanted to release the fish I caught so that I could catch another one, whether bigger or smaller. There was no way I could tell her this, so when it came time to shoo her out the door the following morning, I made an excuse about how I close up during goodbyes as a self-protection mechanism. I denied her the emotional farewell that she expected. It was selfish to sour the end with sudden frigidity, but I couldn't fake attachment. I didn't feel the same way she felt about me, and perhaps I resented her for making me have to think about how to get rid of her without making a big deal about it. I put her in a cab and closed the door. There was no talk of me coming back, no promises made that I couldn't keep.

Whether I improved her life by giving her an overall positive experience or whether I hurt it by raising her standards to a level that the local guys can't meet, I don't know, but when I saw her cab drive away, I was happy. I was happy because I was free again, because I could hunt alone again, because I didn't know where I would get my next bang, because I would be struggling with girls just to have sex with them. In two days I'd be ready to enter a new country to go out every day and night and approach women and eventually have sex with a random girl that would most likely not give me as much pleasure as she had, and the thought of it filled me with joy, more than being with a girl who was ready to worship the ground I walk on.

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My hunt for poosy paradise is fake. I don't want to find poosy paradise, because if I did, this goal that has been driving my life—this device—would disappear. I would have no reason to go to yet another country, visit yet another club, or learn yet another language. I would have no drive to accumulate the knowledge and skill that I could share in my work. At the same time I go to the ends of the world to find poosy paradise, I must never find it. I must close my eyes when it appears before me, pretend I didn't notice, and keep going. I must never find poosy paradise, because if I did, I wouldn't know how to replace the meaning it gives me.

POOSY PARADISE

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