

The Pickup Artist

The New and Improved Art of Seduction

Mystery
with Chris Odom



VILLARD

The Mystery Method

The

PICKUP ARTIST

THE NEW AND IMPROVED
ART OF SEDUCTION

Mystery

WITH CHRIS ODOM



VILLARD BOOKS
NEW YORK

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
TO ALL THE LONELY HEARTS.

MAY YOU FIND LOVE.

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Hey, you.

Yeah, I'm talking to you. With the eyes. Staring right at me.

Come a little closer.

That's better.

Listen, I need to tell you something. But this is just between us, okay? Don't tell the authors of this book I've been talking to you. If they knew, they'd be really pissed.

You promise?

Okay, good. Here's the deal: You don't really need this book.

I know. I know. Shh. It's just us here. It's okay.

Look at you. You are a perfect specimen of manliness.

Rip off your shirt. Do it. No one will mind. You're a Greek god. All any other guy can do is compare himself to you, and weep at his own inadequacies.

Yeah, strut your stuff. Strut it down the self-help aisle. Strut it through the cookbook section. Show them a body for life.

Now leap up on a table. Pull your pants off. That's right. Yank 'em clean off and swing them over your head like a Chippendale. Let go. See what lucky lady they land on.

What's that? This isn't working for you?

No, you don't say. That can't be true.

Okay, so maybe you don't have the perfect body. No big deal. Not everyone can be a Greek god. That's not all it's about. You've got something more important: experience. Plenty of it. You've got natural charm, charisma, and confidence. Something these seduction gurus and method meisters know nothing about. They order people to recite scripted lines, rehearse artificial gestures, and follow all sorts of crazy pie charts and bar graphs. They make this whole boy-meets-girl thing overly complex, like some sort of nerdy scientific formula. But you and I know the truth: Some guys were born with it and some guys weren't. It's as simple as that. And you, my friend, were clearly born with it.

All you have to do is just walk up to a woman and talk to her. You don't need a script. All you need is you. So show them how it's done.

Okay, just wait for it. The first attractive woman you see. Ready?

Go!

There she is. Just receding out of sight. That's the one. With that silken hair, that perfect body, that enticing swing of the hips. Hurry. You're going to miss her. Run!

She's turning around, looking back at you. Now. Make that eye contact you do so well.

She saw you. She's running now too. That's good. She's mirroring you. You've got

her right where you want her. Keep running. Show all those wannabes staring at you in admiration how to approach.

She's run right into a corner. This is great for you. It's what they call an indicator of interest. Now's your chance. Lock her in.

Her eyes are widening. Yes, that's fear, but you know that with your natural charm you can turn that fear into lust. After all, it's just another emotion that's four letters long.

Now say something. Anything. The first thing that comes into your head, because you don't need scripted lines and artificial routines. Go. Now.

"Bladouwahhh"? That was the first thing that came to your head? Maybe you should—

No, wait. She's opening her mouth to speak. Maybe she's going to tell you she wants you or loves you or needs you. Hold on. Let's see. Your natural-born confidence and charisma just may have worked.

Okay, maybe not. She's screaming for help. She's yelling "police!" now.

Okay, quick, follow me. I know where we can go. There's a book. It's called *The Pickup Artist*. It will help. It's safe. I've read it already. It has words. Words that have been proven to work much better than "bladouwahhh." Trust me on this.

Oh, wait? That's the book you were reading when we started talking? And you interrupted me and said you didn't need it?

Well, you didn't need it then. But now maybe you do. Times change, people change. You've been through some hard times recently; some pretty embarrassing things have happened in the last five minutes. It couldn't hurt to spend a couple of hours reading. Just in case there's something useful to be gleaned from all this nonsense.

After all, it is confusing out there these days. If what you do naturally isn't working well enough, then several hundred men have appeared in the last few years willing to charge several thousand dollars to teach you the right way. And all several hundred of those right ways are mutually exclusive. You can't do indirect game if you want to do direct game. And you can't do direct game if you want to do natural game. And you can't do natural game if you want to do alpha game.

So where do you start when every time you want to try something new, a friend or expert tells you it's wrong or stupid? A good place to begin is by considering what all the competing theories and schools and methods have in common. For starters, almost all of them are not methods but marketing tactics, designed to differentiate themselves through criticizing the competition. In addition, they all contain one common denominator, the word *game*. And finally, the teacher behind almost every single one began as a student of Mystery's.

So why not simplify things and start at the source? The marketers may not want you to be aware of this, but in reality, all you need to know are two forms of game: game that works for you and game that doesn't. So try a few of the suggestions here—particularly the ones that seem the most unnatural to you, because you've been doing what seems natural your whole life—and see which ones yield results. Then start your own school of

seduction. And while you're at it, go ahead and move in with Mystery. He seems to love having business competitors as roommates. It keeps life exciting.

We are all stuck. We're stuck in our own small reality, trapped in a miasma of petty little problems, anxieties, insecurities, resistance to change, and worries about being judged that won't matter one bit when we're dead, because all they'll add up to is regret. Fortunately, there's an escape from this trap. It's called approaching. After all, the best way to expand our small reality is to invite someone else into it. It keeps life exciting.

What's the worst that can happen? They can say no. And then do you know what you can do? You can beat them with your belt. That will teach them for not letting you expand your reality.

Or you can read this book. It has ideas. And a good idea is more powerful than any belt. After all, belts hold up pants. Ideas lower them.

A Message from Mystery

I've found that the pickup community can attract all sorts of interesting characters and in order to cover my ass from hangers-on, copycat competitors, and jealous ex-girlfriends, I've changed a few names, altered some identifying characteristics, formed a few composite characters, and fudged the timeline a bit to make your reading experience all the more enjoyable. If in doing so I've created similarities to you, or your father, or anyone else living or dead, it was entirely coincidental.

The women, however, are another matter.

Introduction

I AM A PICKUP ARTIST.

I'm not a player, but I have devoted a large portion of my time to the art of seduction. I have read many books, dress cool, have many girlfriends, and believe I am rather charming at times. I once felt very much alone in this art. My friends did not enjoy the "chase" at all. I attempted to advise them on the reasoning behind the techniques, but they would just freeze up. I had a tough time coming to grips with the fact that I am what I just said I am. Why?

Truth is, though, I have had sex with hundreds of girls so far, and many have been beautiful. I mean 10s. I am very good at what I do. At the risk of sounding arrogant, I am the best pickup artist I've ever met. It *is* an art. I worked very hard to get good. There are many rules I may give you. Please take them only as considerations. They are *not* rules, and they have helped me greatly.

I honestly feel like I am a master at this. Not because I can get any woman—that, of course, is impossible—but because my pickups are so controlled and smooth; not sleazy, but rather natural.

I love women. I especially love the adventure and the companionship. I love being in a strange girl's apartment. She takes care of me and I feel like a king. And when I leave, I go to another girl's place and get the same great treatment all over again. I love backscratching and baths. They're so clean and the girls smell so good.

You might feel lonely and decide to go out, and within two hours your life changes. You meet a girl and she is attracted to you. And she's hot. And you are at her house listening to new music and eating new foods and exploring a new life. They have issues you can listen to and learn from. It's a great big soap opera and you are the star.

I love it when my ideas actually help people. That's what I live for. All the pain I endured to finally learn these techniques has paid off. I bled for you. I will impart some minor pearls of wisdom to you. I myself have been greatly enriched by conversing with other pickup artists who truly enjoy the game, so I hope to do the same for you.

It is a very simple system, really.

1. Find
2. Meet
3. Attract
4. Close

Say it with me: Find, meet, attract, close. Find, meet, attract, close. The details and subtleties, however, are the heart of the system.



Chapter One

WELCOME TO MIAMI

“I AM INDULGING IN MY HUMANITY,” I said.

I took a long drag from my spliff and then passed it matter-of-factly to the blonde seated next to me (without looking at her). She took it as I continued, “And I can say to all of you now, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that I”—pause—“have *earned* it. Eh, brother?” I smiled at Lovedrop, my trusty wingman.

“Mystery, you’re damn right,” said Lovedrop, “and this is going to be a great year.” He raised his glass of chocolate protein shake and took a swig.

“I’m just living in the Now,” I said, making a grand, sweeping gesture with my hands. “The Universe presents itself. I mean, look at all the math. It’s absolutely brilliant.” My straight, dark hair was pulled back into a ponytail, an expression of fascination fixed on my angular face.

The blonde next to me wore my trademark fuzzy black hat. I had used it earlier in the night as a lock-in prop. It was too big on her, and she looked very cute with it on. She had almond-shaped deep-set eyes and wide, Slavic features—my favorite type. She smiled at me. It was on. I’d been working on this one for a few hours; I was just comfort building now.

“This couch looks like something out of *The Jetsons!*” said the other girl, a brunette with long, straight hair. She wore a green cocktail dress and dark eye makeup. “I love this rug, though. It must have cost you a fortune to have it cleaned.”

The four of us—Lovedrop, the two women, and I—relaxed on a white shag rug. Lining the walls around us was a futuristic, white leather couch. Everything was white. The fourteen-thousand-dollar custom curtains were white. The giant avant-garde, plastic light fixtures around the house were white. Even the dog was white.

Seated in a nook nearby at a glass table was our acquaintance, the Rat. He was using his debit card to crush a few small blue pills on the surface of the table. The Rat flashed a sagging, loose smile from his wet lips.

“Hey LD,” he said, a slight whine to his voice, slurring, “you want one of these Roxies?”

Lovedrop smirked. “Haven’t you had enough already? You look like you’re about to drool all over that table.”

The girls giggled.

“Is that a no?” The Rat kept smiling greasily as if to say, *You know you want some.*

A projector played music videos on the far wall of the room, and a bouncy hip-hop song came on. Lovedrop got up and started to dance to the music, bathed in the changing light of the projector. “I love this song,” he said, and he was only half lying. It wasn’t what he would actually sit around listening to through a pair of headphones, but it was perfect for dancing with girls.

The brunette stood up and started to dance with him. “Do you guys own this house?” she asked, the shag rug feeling oh-so-soft under her bare feet. All the pieces came together as a vibe: the beat of the music, the light from the projector, the dancing, the laughter, the smoke in the air. He put one hand on her hip and circled the other in the air like swinging a lasso.

“Hey Mystery,” said Lovedrop, “remember the Matthew McConaughey chicken dance? In Vegas. He started flapping his arms like a chicken.

“I don’t know about Matthew McConaughey, but you’re in Miami now,” said the Rat. “Hey LD, you look like the Backstreet Boys with that dance you’re doing.” He snickered under his breath and licked his lips.

“I guess I was lucky all I got was their dance moves,” said Lovedrop. “And meanwhile you got stuck with their goatee, smack-dab in the middle of your face.”

“Ouch,” said the brunette. She smiled at Lovedrop and tucked her hair behind one ear.

The Rat scooted back in his futuristic chair and placed his hand on his chest indignantly. “LD, I’m hurt,” he said in his whiny voice. “I’m hurt that you would say that. After everything that I would do for you.” He actually sounded sad; it was good.

The Rat paused and then pushed it a little further. “LD, you know I love you like a brother, don’t you? You guys, you’re like brothers to me. I love you guys.”

The brunette joked, “The girl is supposed to say ‘I love you’ first.” She tossed her hair back and forth with the music, little green earrings swinging.

“Do you really know Matthew McConaughey?” the blonde asked me as she handed me the spliff. She touched her cheek and then ran her fingers back through her hair.

“No, no,” I said, holding the spliff daintily. My nails were freshly painted black, matching my toenails. I paused to take a drag. “I met him once in Vegas. In a small club. Not Tangerine, but near there. I saw him do his chicken dance.”

The girls both said, “What’s the chicken dance?” and then they looked at each other and giggled.

Lovedrop explained: “It’s how McConaughey was picking up women. It’s his game.”

The blonde shook her head. “Matthew McConaughey doesn’t need game to pick up women. He’s *hot*.”

“I deduced his game plan,” I continued, “at least for that night. But I presumed he must have used this particular tactic before.” I took a final drag from the spliff and then extinguished it directly on the glass coffee table, then continued: “I was at this club in Vegas and there he was, doing this weird chicken dance, and of course it gets a reaction. McConaughey’s flapping his arms around and walking low, and bobbing his head up and down. Just drunk as a skunk—”

“It provokes people!” said Lovedrop.

My voice took on a conspiratorial tone as I continued: “They make comments to each other about how funny he looks, and they start to ask each other, ‘Who is that guy?’ And then finally someone says, ‘Wait, that’s Matthew McConaughey!’ and it starts to get around.”

I spoke with a certain rhythm, and a fascinated glint in my eye. “Soon, McConaughey’s game everyone whispering, ‘He’s that movie star’ and ‘Wasn’t he dating so-and-so?’ His valuable demonstrations got uploaded into everyone’s head. People are looking at him, talking about him; the whole room is warmed up for him.”

I paused, opened both of my hands, and continued: “And it worked. He started chicken dancing with this girl. And he was crossing some barriers, he was socially violating a little bit, but knowingly. I’m more than certain he knew what he was doing.”

I suddenly produced a plastic eyeball and held it up for everyone to see. Then I tossed it into the air and it vanished, eliciting a gasp. I grinned and said, “McConaughey made his own chicken splash, all over the room.”

Everyone laughed. “Did you talk to him?” asked the blonde.

“Well, I talked to him for a few minutes,” I said. “He and I had dated the same girl, Jackie, and we talked about our dogs ...”¹

The blonde squeezed my skinny arm and said, “Do you guys know what Mystery said to me tonight when I walked by? He looked over at me like he’s curious about something and then he says, ‘You ever dump in a gold toilet?’”

The brunette’s jaw dropped open. “Are you serious?” she said.

The blonde giggled. She started to apply some lip gloss and said, “I couldn’t believe it at first: That was his opener! And then he says it again: ‘I said, you ever dump in a gold toilet? It’s *divine!*’”

Both of the girls burst out laughing, and the brunette looked at me and said, “Oh my God! I never would have talked to you if you had said that to me!”

The blonde continued, “... I mean who talks like that?”

No one talks like that, my dear, I thought; not when they’re trying to impress you. That’s the point. I’m a firm believer in disqualifying myself as a potential suitor early on; the pickup just seems to go easier that way.

The blonde started toying with the strap on her purse, and then she said, “We *were* curious about you guys, though. We thought you were in a band or something. *Are you in a band?*”

The brunette said, “Yeah really, what do you guys do? Were you serious about that pickup artist stuff?”

You couldn’t blame them for being curious. Our house, Project Miami, was a fifty-four-hundred-square-foot mansion in Coconut Grove. It looked like a work of modern art, white, angular, and rising above the surrounding lush vegetation. Our driveway was like a luxury auto dealership, filled with different models of Mercedes, a white Bentley, and the Rat’s black Lexus with cheesy custom rims. With the exception of the Lexus, not a single car was worth less than a hundred thousand dollars. Not that we had paid for any of them with pickup artist money—we were onto a new caper in Miami.

“It’s true, in a way,” Lovedrop admitted. “We teach seminars on how to be social and meet people. We call it the Venusian Arts. And we help guys learn how to talk to girls.” He paused and then said, “We just want everyone to have as much fun as we do, because so many guys in the bar don’t know what they are doing.”

The blonde nodded in agreement. “That’s for sure. Most of the guys in the club are such douchebags! Seriously, you guys were the most fun of any guys that we talked to all night.” *She’s pretty, I thought as I looked at her. She reminds me of my ex-girlfriend.*

“For sure,” echoed the brunette. “You guys were definitely the most fun.”

“Yeah,” said Lovedrop, strutting with faux arrogance. “All the other girls were jealous of you guys because you got to hang out with us.”

The brunette laughed. “Oh my God, you are so full of yourselves.” She shook her head.

“Oh, hey guys,” I said suddenly, “do you want to see the piece I did for Current TV?” I pulled out my iPhone, started a video, and handed it to the blonde. There I was on TV before her eyes, being interviewed like a big shot. The whole night I had been uploading my own value demonstrations into her head. It was like I was going down a checklist:

Fame? Current TV clip. Check.

Center of attention? Matthew McConaughey Story, everyone listens eagerly. Check.

Preselection? I dated this beautiful girl. Check.

Leader of men? “Are you ready for this? I am the tribal leader.” Check.

Strong identity? Grounding routine. Check. Avatar. Check.

Social alignments? “I want you to meet my cool friends.” Intro Lovedrop. Check.

Presently, the blonde said, “‘World’s Greatest Pickup Artist,’ that’s what it says on this video.” She

looked up at me.

I said, “Yeah, are you ready for this?” My pale skin gave me a vampiric charm in the glow of the projector, a reminder of my nocturnal lifestyle. “Turns out, some people think I’m the world’s greatest pickup artist! Isn’t that crazy?” I said it as if I found it strangely surprising.

The blonde snorted derisively. “Yeah right. *I’m* the one who picked *you* up tonight. And you were easy.”

“*Easy* is just a word that people use when they’re feeling over-confident,” I replied. “But beauty is common. There are models all over South Beach. Personally, I prefer a woman with more flaws, more character. That’s what I like about you. There is beauty in imperfection.” I nodded at her seriously and continued: “You’re one of us! I can tell. All that boy/girl stuff aside. You’re in your humanity like the rest of us.”

The Rat rolled up a one-dollar bill and made it into a straw, and then he leaned forward and snorted a fat line of blue powder from the glass table in front of him. His spiky black hair glistened from too much hair gel. “Hey LD,” he said, “you should check out my modeling portfolio. I was a professional model, you know. I used to be in really good shape. I was even skinnier and more ripped than you.”

“And you can be again,” said Lovedrop. He took another swig from his protein shake and said, “I was overweight when I moved here a few months ago.”

“Really?” asked the brunette, squeezing his bicep. “You look good now.”

“Do you really mean that?” he flexed proudly.

“Of course.” She giggled. “You’re buff.”

“Now I feel validated,” Lovedrop said, beaming like a little boy. Then, as if with resignation, he said, “Oh, all right, you can have a hug ...” and he rolled his eyes and looked away, opened his arms to her, and gave her a big hug. Squeezing her close, he paused momentarily. He was about to say, *You smell good*, but then he felt her stiffen just a little, and so to err on the side of caution, he said, “All right, that’s all you get, now get off of me,” then he pushed her away and rolled off.

Lovedrop thought to himself, *I’ll just keep plowing her comfort levels and see how far I can go tonight. No big deal. I’ll just go back and escalate again in a minute ...*

Just then, we all heard a sharp muffled crack, followed by a distant sound like a woman’s moan.

Everyone stopped.

“What was that?” asked the brunette.

“What was what?” said Lovedrop.

Then we heard it again, a distinct slapping sound followed by a woman’s moan, and then again. It sounded like she was being spanked.

“That’s Johnny,” said the Rat. “He’s down in his room with that flight attendant girl.”

The brunette raised an eyebrow.

“Who all lives here?” asked the blonde.

Too many questions, I thought.

“Johnny just rents a room here,” said Lovedrop. “He has his own place across town. He’s a good guy. And he’s also into bondage.” Then he joked, “You should see the dungeon at his other house!”

“Wait a sec,” said the brunette reservedly. “Are you saying there is a dungeon down there, with whips and chains and stuff?”

“No, no,” I said, “he just has a bedroom here. She visits sometimes; they’re into spanking.” I sounded certain, sincere, no big deal.

I better make this quick, I thought. *Next thing you know Matador will come walking out here with his shirt off.* “Oh!” I said suddenly, “that reminds me. Have you guys ever seen Google Earth?” I thought, *bullshit baffles brains.*

“Oh yeah,” said the blonde, “you were talking about that at the bar, right?”

“Oh my God, you *have* to see it.” I was enthusiastic. “It’s the most amazing thing. I have already flown all around Miami in Google Earth. Come on, I’ll show you on my projector.” I stood up, tall and skinny, and grabbed her by the hand. I looked like Tommy Lee; my avatar was an image I had created through years of experimentation. She looked at the brunette, and the two locked eyes.

Lovedrop turned to the brunette. “I’ll show you around the house,” he offered.

“Actually,” she said, “I’m going to stay with my friend. No offense.” She picked up her high heels and started slipping them back on.

Damn it, thought Lovedrop.

Another spank rang out from below, followed by another moan.

I led the blonde by the hand, and both girls followed me across the fluffy white rug, up the white marble steps, past the stainless-steel kitchen, around the pool table, into my bedroom, and up onto my white custom California king-size bed.

Lovedrop remained for a moment while the Rat snorted another blue line off the table. Now *I can invite myself along without coming off like a try-hard*, he thought. *I have to wait it out. Hopefully she’ll get bored. Maybe I should have just thrown her over my shoulder.* The gray of morning was starting to show through the windows.

“By the way,” said the Rat, “you’ve got a conference call with the lawyers tomorrow. I forgot to tell you, your phone was off today and they called the office line. You guys are all being sued.”

Another spank rang out, followed by another moan.

“Sure you don’t want any of this?” the Rat slurred, and grinned as he held up the rolled dollar bill. His eyes defocused slightly and some drool began to leak from the corner of his mouth and into his Backstreet Boy goatee. He kept grinning and stared off into the distance somewhere.

Lovedrop snatched the dollar from him. “Give me that thing,” he said.

MYSTERY’S TOP 10 TIPS

1) Get into the habit of starting conversations just for the practice. Release your outcome and be relaxed in the process.

2) Between approaches, always remember to smile while mingling.

3) Lean back and relax when you initiate conversations. Don’t lean in. Speak slowly and expressively. This alone will improve your game by 300 percent.

4) Be chatty—really—and convey a strong sense of fascination. Talk about relationships and the mysterious, and use lots of humor as well as emotional and sensory descriptions. Enthusiasm is contagious.

5) Don’t say anything to impress her, such as bragging about your job, girls, or friends. Instead, indirectly convey value via demonstration and incidental story details. If she catches on and tells that you are trying to impress her, she will perceive you as lower value.

6) Don’t act as if anything is a big deal. Be fun and playful. Vibe with her, but don’t react to her. Act the same way you would act with your eight-year-old niece.

7) As you hang out with her, and she has an opportunity to win you over, *then* show her your increasing interest. She must recognize that she has genuinely won you over with her personality.

8) Balance indicators of interest with indicators of disinterest. Do this both in your conversation with her and also as you escalate with her physically. This has a great effect.

9) Wear one accessory that gives other people an excuse to initiate a conversation with you, such as a hat, or a certain ring or necklace. Have a good story prepared for when that happens.

10) Have a life. Go to the gym and stay in shape, and continually improve your wardrobe. Cultivate your circle of female friends. Throw parties. Put effort into your social circle. A girl should imagine herself being a part of your cool life.

1. By mentioning the girl Jackie, I activate an attraction switch in the blonde's mind: that I am preselected by other women.



Chapter Two

PHYSICAL ESCALATION
AND KISSING

WHEN IT CAME TIME TO WRITE THIS BOOK, it seemed fitting to me that we should make an official record of my knowledge and tactics regarding physical escalation and kissing.

It's amazing to me how applicable this chapter can be to every other aspect of your game. In fact, there are lessons in this chapter that will give you valuable insight on indicators of interest, the use of disinterest to preserve comfort levels, compliance and microcalibration, role-playing, inner game, and more. So much so, that I've decided to put this chapter here toward the beginning of this book.

Physical escalation is actually quite easy. Just read along with me and I will show you how. Just do what I say and it will work. Don't worry, it's easy, and the moves I'm going to teach you will not get you rejected. Trust me. It's fun and you can stop anytime. Now, let's get right into it...

Everyone's first question is, "How will I know when the time is right to kiss her?"

The easy answer is that a woman, any woman, will give off very specific signals when she is ready to be kissed. All you have to do is watch for these signals and you will know exactly when she is giving you the green light. I call these signals her indicators of interest. (See [chart](#).)

Lesson One:

Women give off signals when they are attracted to you.

If a woman touches you often during conversation—for example, if she touches your arm while saying something to you—then she is signaling her interest in you. Furthermore, this behavior is unconscious—she's probably not even aware that she's doing it. Women are hardwired to touch when they feel attracted.

If she giggles a lot, or asks you a lot of questions, or tries to joke with you a lot, then she is interested in you. These are also green lights.

Another example of a green light is when a woman continually turns to face you with her body. This means that even if you turn away from her a little, then she will also turn until she is facing you again. Women do this unconsciously when they are attracted to someone.

Another green light is self-grooming: For example, as she is talking with you, she will touch her

hair more and start to toy with it. She'll toss her hair, drawing attention to it. She will touch her face and her neck, and the back of her hand. She will scratch her cheek, next to her nose, and between the lip and the nose. It's hardwired, designed into the circuit of our brain, to scratch these key points. It's a behavioral design.

If a girl is laughing at all your material (even stuff that really isn't all that funny), that is a signal.

If a girl grabs your arm and leans into you or puts her head on your shoulder, that's a signal.

If she leans in toward you for extended periods of time, or crosses her legs toward you, that is a signal.

INDICATORS OF ...

INTEREST (IOIs) DISINTEREST (IODs)

Proximity	Avoidance
Self-grooming	Impatience
Scratching face	Crosses arms
Toying with hair	Hand toss
Giving attention	Rolls off
Vibing with you	Disacknowledgment
Giggling	Breaking rapport
Offering value	Disinterested
Touching you	Pushes away
Showing appreciation	Disqualifiers, Negs
Asking questions	Drops conversation
Leaning in	Leans back
Facing you	Faces away
Trying to impress	Disallows frames
Allows escalation	Gives resistance

If she folds her arms or leans back or turns her crossed legs away from you, don't go for the kiss until these things change. If it doesn't change, don't bother going in. Be willing to leave. These are all bad signals.

Here's the secret: If you see her do at least three of these indicators of interest (such as touching you, toying with her hair, asking you lots of questions, and giggling during conversation), then you can kiss her.

The easy way to interpret her signals is this: "The more, the better." A single green light may not really mean anything. But you can expect an entire flurry of green lights from a woman when she's really warming up toward you.

Here's the best part: With practice, over time, you will also develop kissing sensors. What I mean by this is that after you get enough practice going for the kiss, you will just *know* when the time is right. You will develop a feeling—an intuition, an inner sense of when she is ready for you to kiss her. This sense develops naturally through practice.

I remember one time when I explained this to my friend Dan. He was asking me how he would know when the time was right to go for the kiss.

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