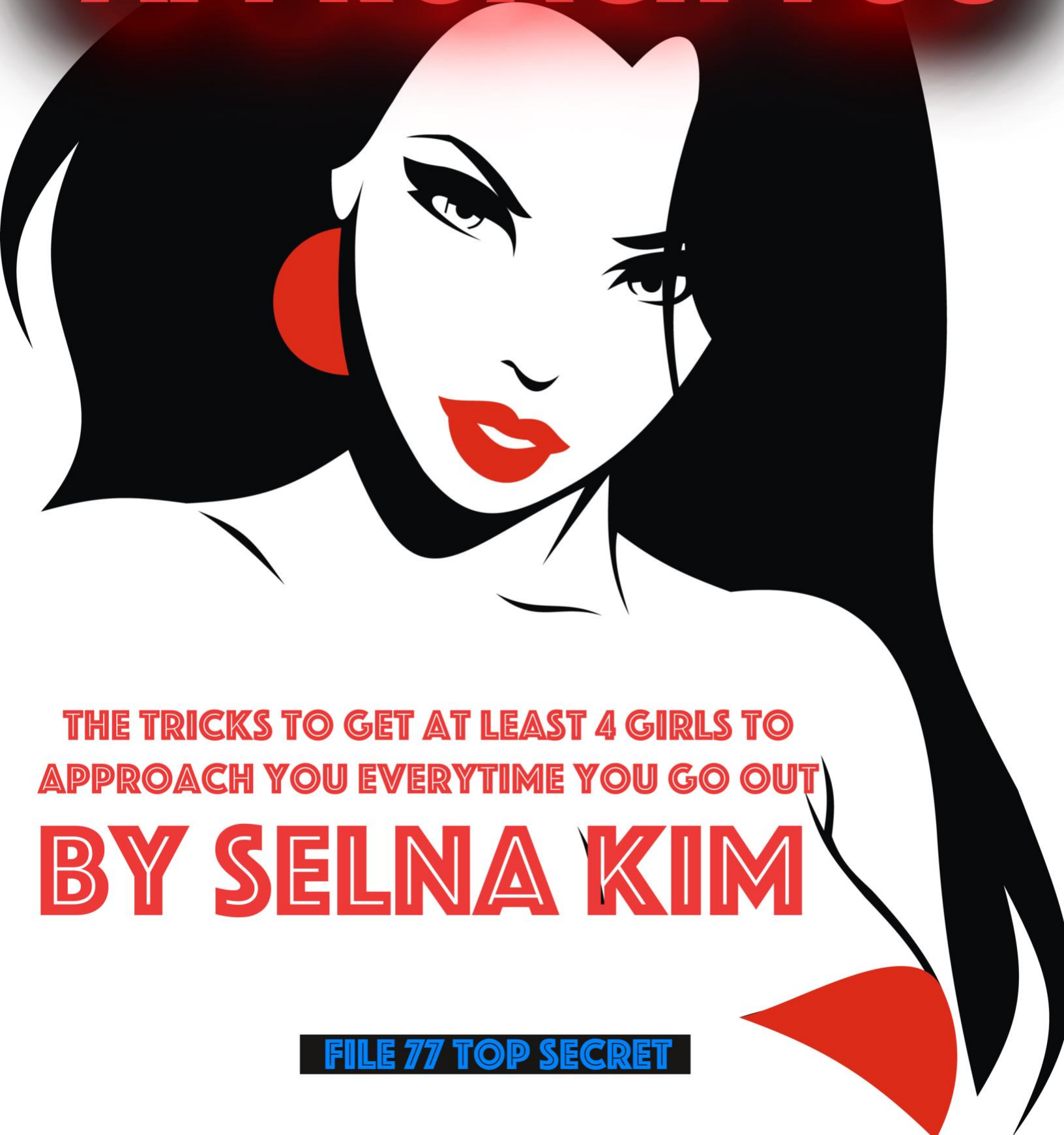


MAKING WOMEN APPROACH YOU



THE TRICKS TO GET AT LEAST 4 GIRLS TO
APPROACH YOU EVERYTIME YOU GO OUT

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FILE 77 TOP SECRET

MAKING WOMEN APPROACH YOU

*THE TRICKS TO GET AT LEAST 4 GIRLS TO
APPROACH YOU EVERY TIME YOU GO OUT*

A SHORT STORY...

There are always 4 things that you need to have 4 girls approach you every time you go out. Before I tell you those things you don't need a line, you don't need some fancy trick. Which is good because everyone can do these then. But let's face it, even if you had the smoothest line in the world what happens after you say that line? She's not just going to be like: *that line was so smooth, take me right now you stallion!*

Sometimes you'll even say the line and then she doesn't even respond.

Sometimes you'll say the line and she will be like: what? (in a dumb, drunken tonality which just makes the situation awkward because you have to say it twice and that never goes well.)

But the 4 things you must combine and do every time you go out to have girls flock to you are these:

- 1) You must lead the group you are in
- 2) You must smile when you walk into wherever you're going
- 3) You must walk confidently (exaggerate if you're not used to walking confident)
- 4) Make them show you their best dance move (will explain shortly)

Let's start with the first step: Leading The Group.

This night takes place in Louisville, Kentucky. 12 A.M. We were going out for a party and decided to hit one of the 5-star clubs in the city.

I had never promoted this club; I had never been to this club. I was visiting my friend, Dallas, and he invited his sister, his friends, and all of us to this club. It's easy when you're in a group of

10+ people to fall into the middle. To be led by the group. It is intimidating going first, but this is the man that will always attract the women.

Alpha Males lead the pack. They do not fear because there is nothing to fear in the club. Why? Because everyone is afraid that's around you.

When we passed security the entire group tried to stand there - outside the club - awkwardly looking around. NO. I looked to my friend Alex. "Off to the bar, let's go." I began to walk without looking back, and they followed. Alex and I opened the doors to the club side by side.

We need to combine steps 1 through 3. I walked in with a smile on my face. Excited. I couldn't wait to see where this night would take us. But think about it. Look around wherever you're at. It doesn't matter if it's not the club. Look around in public. Who is smiling? Nobody. The only people smiling are on posters or on TV ads and... high status people?

Ding Ding. You're starting to catch on. You're smart I can tell (;

If the only people that are smiling are the celebrities on posters and ads then you should be smiling too. People will perceive you to be higher status because typically we're only used to seeing the celebrities smiling. Average people usually are never smiling, and you're not average.

And when you combine that with swinging arms, walking like you have a pair, chest out, and chin up women can feel the confidence radiating from you.

Because let me show you what happened:

The club was shaped like this:



This may be a confusing drawing, but as you read earlier, I'm leading our group to the bar with Alex. On the map you can see: girl 1, 2, and 3. These girls, according to the arrows, were facing away from us. Their backs were literally facing us when we walked in.

It's insane to me how girls can feel confidence because as I walked in smiling, arms swinging, and confidence oozing from my body all 3 of the girls literally snapped their head and turned around looking me straight in the eyes. How did they know I was there?

This happens all the time. At the gym, in the club, walking to my mailbox to get my mail, everywhere. Girls will have no idea you're there, yet, abruptly turn for no reason to look at you. It's some weird 6th sense type of thing. Girls can feel confidence.

The club was packed. The entire greyed out area was filled with people. But one of the girls (Girl 2) was eyeing me as I walked past her. I knew she was going to try something later on.

Alex and I get in line to the bar.

He turns to me and says, "Don't look now, but this girl behind you is hot and she's staring at you."

I did the opposite of what he said and turned around. Directly behind me, practically touching me, was this short, tanned blonde girl wearing jeans and a cowboy hat.

It looked like this now:



We held eye contact for what seemed like forever, and then I turned back to Alex with a look on my face that said: oops.

The blonde came up between us. "Hey, I saw that", she said.

“Saw what?” I responded.

“I saw you look at me!” she sassed.

“Are you sure that was me? That doesn’t sound like me.”

“It literally just happened!” she laughed.

“Woah what kind of drink is that?” I asked.

“Sex on the beach” she smirked. “Try it!” Alex sipped the drink, and then I sipped the drink. It tasted like strawberries, mangos, and I guess sex on a beach.

“Did this drink make you tipsy?” I asked.

“What?” She said in a drunk, dumb tonality.

“Did it make you drunk?” I asked again, not following my own advice. Fuck now it’s weird.

“What?” She said again in a drunk, dumb tonality.

“Umm, never mind.”

She rolled her eyes. “Whatever,” she said. I could’ve kept that interaction going. Or teased her for being weird. Or did a cold read. It would’ve been easy. I didn’t because of one good reason.

I just simply didn’t want to. We got our drinks and went back to the group who was sitting at a nearby table. “Alright guys,” I said. “To the dancefloor.” Half of the group stayed at the table, but the boys went to the dancefloor.

Now it was like this:



Girl 2, wearing a green shirt with jean shorts, eyed me from the dancefloor. “Dude that girl will literally not stop eyeing you,” Kyle said.

I knew she was because she had been eyeing me ever since I came in. If I was single, which I’m not but if I was, a great opener you could use is: *Hey I saw you checking me out and I thought I’d come up and help you out* (;

I didn’t want her to approach me, but my back was facing her. She tapped me on the shoulder. I acted like I didn’t feel it. Out of the corner of my vision she scurried back to her friends. That must have been a big move for her. Girls don’t want to put themselves in the position to get rejected so it’s a big deal when they approach a guy.

I knew she’d be back. They *always* come back.

About 10 minutes later she said: hey!

I turned around and she opened me with a classic: What drink is that?

I didn’t like the flavor of this drink. It was like a rum and coke or something, but it was stronger than Mike Tyson in round 9.

“Tell you what,” I said to her. “If you guess the alcohol, you can finish the drink. It’s either vodka or rum.”

(I always advise the guys in my Eros program that you must answer questions with a question or make them guess. Being a challenge works well with women. If you’re not in Eros and haven’t been through the program then what in the world are you doing???)

“Vodka,” she said. *Fuck, how do you guess it wrong. It’s literally brown – the color of a rum and coke.* That’s at least what I was thinking in my head.

“That’s incorrect,” I responded.

“Then what is it?” She asked.

“You know what,” I said. “Let me go ask my friend and I will tell you.”

I didn’t come back. They were very persistent tonight. As you will soon see.

A girl that looked to be about 23, jet black hair, and a dress danced next to her boyfriend. She tried to dance with him and grind on him, and yet he just wouldn’t dance with her. What a shame. She wanted romance, she wanted to dance on her man. She wanted to show off her body, but out of fear, he wouldn’t dance with her. Never take your lady for granted, or for the guys in Eros never take your ladies for granted. Show them you love them, make her feel sexy and hot, feel that body like it’s your last time.

She saw our group. She saw us all dancing together. She wanted to have fun and she slowly moved closer to our group to the point where she was right behind me. This is called a *choosing signal*. Where she will indirectly show through her body language that she wants you to approach her.

As she scooted closer Kyle opened her and she started talking to us. Her boyfriend then started to become antsy. He realized if he doesn't date his woman, somebody else will.

I then applied step number 4.

"Show me your best dance move," I told her. This is a great question to ask in the club because typically the girl will get all shy. Not only girls, but your friends will get all shy because most people (including me back in the day) tend to be very insecure about their dancing.

"I'm so bad at dancing I can't!" she whined.

"C'mon," Kyle insisted.

Kyle began to entertain the drunken semi-single woman but then, as we all continued to dance in our group, a blonde girl angrily stormed through the crowd of people. She pushed Alex and Dallas to the side and aggressively walked up to me. A few inches from my face she stared into my eyes.

"I know who you are," she growled.

"Are you sure?" I asked. *Fuck*. She was about to say I was 'That TikTok dating guy' only because it happens every time I go out. Usually in the urinals the guy next to me will be like: *yo, are you... are you Selna Kim? Weird? yes. Do I love it every time still? Hell yes.*

"You're Brian!" she said. "My friend's ex-boyfriend!"

What in the world. Who in the world did this girl think I was?

"I'm not Brian," I told her.

She stared at me. I looked around. My entire group was watching me like a hawk. This is just so awkward. Eventually her friend came and got her. She pulled her away and said: sorry, she's a little tipsy. As they were walking away, she whispered something to Alex.

After I went home my girlfriend Brittney, annoyed, after I told her about this night said: *she was just saying that so she could talk to you. She didn't think you were anybody*. Maybe she was right, maybe she wasn't right. Either way, she hates when girls approach me, but she loves it because it shows her that other girls want me but can't have me.

The next morning at breakfast Alex tells the group: *oh yeah, her friend told me she thought you were cute that's why she came over*. I guess she was right.