

A HARDWIRED SERIES

WAKING *The* CORE *Of* MAN

CLASSIFIED
BANNED CHAPTERS

The Gateway To Seperating Yourself From The
Average Man With Dating, Attraction, & Love

CONNOR McCANLESS

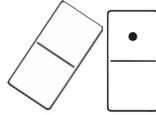


(Before you dive into multiple BANNED chapters from my book 'Waking The Core Of Man' notice that these parts and chapters are the RAWEST versions of my writing. This is it without editing and reviewing from the New York Times reviewers, graphic designing, my two personal editors, and the lawyers that claimed some of the material I'm showing you should have been - in their terms - "Burned and never resurfaced." You are seeing this because you are a part of TEAM SK's VIP list which means this has to remain in absolute secrecy.)

On that note... what you're after is below:



(Cut Parts From Chapter 1: Toska)



Chapter I

Toska

Scars From The Past & Lessons In Pain

She was everything that I ever wanted since I laid eyes on her in 6th grade.

I finally worked up the nerve to tell her I liked her only to get shot down. Cassidy was her name. She was 5'1" with straight hair that wrapped around her head until it was put into a ponytail where she curled it. She was a tan soccer player who always wore short shorts that showed off her toned legs. All of the guys wanted her, but I wanted her most.

My very first friend, Adrian, knew I had the biggest crush on her. Her friends knew that I had the biggest crush on her, and of course she knew since I asked her out over text message, but she said, "It's not a good time for me right now." Whenever I was sitting in class, I would just stare at her. She had already rejected me once, but fate would let me try again now, a year later.

Mr. Hadley told us that we were getting put into groups in class for our final project, and when he showed us our groups my jaw almost hit the floor. Cassidy and I were put into the same group, but also at the same table with her right next to me. Adrian nudged me with his elbow and said, "Awww." Her friends in the class looked at me and smiled. We had to go meet with our groups, and I had never talked to her in person before, except for a casual 'hello' because of the same feeling I was feeling right now – nervous.

My chest constricted when I saw we were in the same group. I felt like I was going to go into cardiac arrest.

I looked at Adrian. "What do I do?" I asked, panicking.

"You got this," he encouraged, getting up from his seat. "Say hi and start talking to her."



“Say hi?” I fretted, watching him stand up. “That’s all you got?” He gave me a look as he walked to his seat with his new group.

This was my opportunity, and I had to be clutch. I had a couple weeks before we would switch seats again to make something happen. It was easy to sit in class and imagine myself saying all of the smoothest things to her in person, but when I was thrown into the situation it seemed as if all of my strategy went out the door. It was like I was thrown into the lion’s pit and I wasn’t prepared. You can have all the books, all the studying in the world, but there is nothing like going to face to face with it for the first time.

I didn’t have a choice though. I had to go and sit right next to her. She was already at the table waiting for me. “Move,” I said to myself. I peeled myself from my current chair and began to walk over. “Here we go,” I thought to myself. “The moment I’ve been waiting for.”

What in the world was I going to say to her? Then I had a thought. Only a pure genius could think of something this clever to say on the spot.

I sat down.

I looked her right in the face and said... “Hi.”

That’s all I had in my arsenal. I couldn’t think of anything else to say. She said hey back, but I didn’t talk to her the rest of the time. It was one of the most awkward moments I’ve ever been through in my entire life. Some of the people knew at the table that I was really into her, she knew, and this was basically the beginning of the end for me. The pressure on top of me at the table I just couldn’t handle. I chickened out, and I sat in silence the entire time.

Every day we left class she would leave later and walk alone, and every day I told myself that today was going to be the day that I walk with her. Every day I walked behind her and just watched her in the hallway. I just wanted to go up and start talking but I never could.

Until I saw Adrian do something.

Before we talk about him, everyone has to start somewhere, and I had something at least. During this time, I just wanted Cassidy. I had an endless number of girls, it seemed like, who I did not want but wanted me. The girls I had zero interest in would become obsessed with me and ask me to be their boyfriend. This one time in class I sat next to a girl named Madison that was really mean to other people. She said something that was mean to me and I replied with, “I’d be mad too if I was getting bad grades.”

She glared at me. “My grades aren’t bad,” she bickered.



“Well they’re not mine,” I smirked, staring her down. She looked at me as if she wanted to kill me and, in that moment, I was scared. I had never challenged a girl like this before.

However, she smiled and laughed. I did something, but I didn’t know what because that day on the playground she had her friends surround me.

The leader of the friends, Tori, walked up to me. “We need to ask you something.”

I slowed my swing to a stop. “What is it?” I asked.

“Someone has a crush on you,” she said.

“Please be Cassidy,” I whispered to myself. However, I looked at Tori and smiled. “That wasn’t a question,” I said, shaking my head.

“We’re getting to it!” they squawked. “How do you feel about Madison?”

I shrugged my shoulders. “She’s cool I guess, why?”

“She has a crush on you,” they blurted. “Will you be her boyfriend?”

“No,” I told them, hopping off of the swing. I walked away.

In class later, Madison sat next to me. “W-why did you say no?” she stuttered.

I gave her the response that Cassidy had always given me. “It’s just not a good time right now.” In reality, I just wanted Cassidy and used time as an excuse for my lack of interest.

Cassidy was also in my gym class, and a few of my other classes. In gym class I would always run as fast as I could to beat the other kids or try to show off in anyway in hopes that she’d notice.

Every time I was on Cassidy’s team for something, I wanted to talk to her so bad, but I just didn’t know what to say.

I knew eventually, if I wanted her bad enough, I had to go for it.

It would be one of the most difficult things at that time, and I had no confidence. I couldn’t find the courage to talk to Cassidy until I saw Adrian do something. Adrian also had a girl he was interested in. Her name was Sydney. A taller blonde with blue eyes. He told me that he thought she was kind of cute, so he was going to ask her out. I had never done this before in person. I watched Adrian from afar as he went and talked to her. My eyes peeled on what was about to happen. “There’s no way she’ll say yes,” I thought to myself. “I’m nervous just from watching?” I have to admit, I was jealous. It takes guts to do this because trying to talk to Cassidy seemed impossible. Just thinking about it made my heart beat fast.



I was sweating as I tried to lean in a couple inches as if that would let me hear better. “I hope she says no,” I told myself. “Because if she says yes then I’m going to have to do this.”

I got the last part of the conversation. “Sweet, what’s your number?” He handed her a piece of paper. I was in shock. She gave him the paper back after she wrote on it. He strutted back to us his chest out and moved his shoulders over exaggerated.

“She wants me,” he boasted, holding the paper up with her number on it.

I guess I was next up.



Part



Pressure

Iron sharpens iron they say.

He did it and I didn't want to be left behind so I had to go up and talk to Cassidy. If he could do it; I could. I had to ask her out. During class with Cassidy, I contemplated what I was going to do and say to her. I kept looking at the clock as it clicked closer to game time. When it struck 2:50, the bell would ring, and it was going to be the moment I've been waiting for.

I spent all of my waking hours thinking of a strategy to get this girl to be mine. I tried to look up advice, pick-up lines, and anything else I could find to help me in the situation I was in. I thought I had a huge bank of knowledge from all the movies I've seen, advice from family, and research I've done that would help me win this girl over.

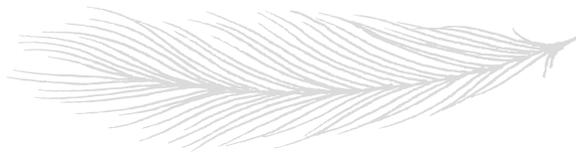
I had all A's, so I didn't see a point in focusing in class because there were way more important things at stake - like figuring out what in the world I was going to say. I just looked like I was paying attention, but in reality, I was deep inside of my head going through strategies to get this girl. I viewed it as a highly classified S-rank mission.

One minute away, at 2:49, my heart started to race, and my forehead began to sweat.

I realized that there were too many scenarios I could play through in my head. It was impossible to tell where this conversation would go. I had to wing it based off of what she said.

Finally, the bell rang, and my heart began to beat faster and faster. This was the big moment. It was do or die. Cassidy began to pack her bag up. I packed mine up at the same pace and my plan was to "coincidentally" walk out at the same time as her and start walking with her. I was closer to the door, and she started to walk towards it to exit the classroom. When she was about to pass me, I knew I had to say it. I had to do something. My heart was beating out of my chest, and my face felt bright red.

Part of me wanted to tap out, but I didn't want to look back and wonder "What if I did this and it works?" I had to say something now and put it all on the line.



“How about that,” I said. “We are leaving at the same time.” I was so nervous that I slurred almost that entire sentence together and said it really fast. She looked at me.

“What?” She tilted her head, smiling at me. I was already messing up.

I laughed, scratching my head. “We’re leaving at the same time, let’s walk together?”

“Uh, well,” she replied. “I’m about to go meet up with someone.”

“Oh okay.” I watched her walk out of the classroom. Before she walked away, I had to say it. “Hey Cassidy?”

She stopped and turned around. “Yes?”

My mouth felt dry; my chest out of air. I felt like love demanded this from me, so I had to say it. “I was wondering if you would be my girlfriend.” She looked at me for a second. I skipped over just asking for a number, I skipped over any flirting, and I skipped even just a date.

I had a whole week to plan, and this is what I came up with.

“I’m sorry,” she said, looking away. “But I’m kind of talking to someone else.”

“Okay!” I smiled as if these words didn’t just pierce my heart. “I’ll see you later,” I added. Before she could say anything else, I walked away fast to the bathroom.

I wrapped both of my hands around the white ceramic sink and then I looked in the mirror.

Disappointment looked back at me. It’s not like I looked bad, but I sighed deeply because I couldn’t figure it out. “Why am I not enough for her?” I asked my reflection.

When I finally came out of the bathroom, I saw Cassidy holding hands with another guy as they walked away. Later I found out she started dating a different guy about a month after she rejected me. I thought to myself, “I like you so much, but you couldn’t care less about me. He’s what you want, but I could treat you so much better.”

I told myself that I was going to become so great that she will look at me and realize how much of a mistake she made, but I didn’t know where to start.



Part



Blinding Lights

Most people are blind to the habits they are doing that's causing them to fail. There are patterns that chase people away, but also attract people towards us. I became aware, and I realized that I was doing exactly what he was doing, but with Kassidy. I tried to message her over social media, and when she wouldn't respond, I'd chase her. However, with these sisters, whenever they would try to talk to me, I'd give them little attention. I was indifferent, and it caused them to chase me. It caused them to crave my attention because they had to work for it. We tend to take advantage of what's easily given, but what's worked for is cherished.

That night when I got home, I laid down in bed. I heard my phone buzz right when I was drifting off to sleep. I unlocked my phone and squinted my eyes at the blinding screen until I could make out what it said. A random number asked me, "Are you up?"

"Um I am now," I sent. "Who's this?"

A message came back almost instantly. "Oh, sorry, it's Kassidy!" I sat up in my bed. I couldn't believe it. I was beyond excited. Somehow, she got my number and reached out. That means she must have been thinking about me. "I can't believe you remember me after all of these years," she sent right after the first text.

"How could I forget?" I replied. This was a completely different woman from before. I used to tell her over messages how beautiful she looked, and asked her out on dates, but I always got left on read. She always ghosted me, but now it was a whole different story. I could've talked to her all night. I texted her back and forth for as long as I could keep my eyes open. Then I texted her, "I'm about to go to sleep, but I always enjoy talking to you. Text me tomorrow."

"I will. Goodnight." She put a smile at the end of her message.

Right before I drifted off to sleep, I thought of Quinton. I'm bringing this to life. Someway, and somehow, I'm doing it. I was making my fantasy slowly turn into a reality. I wanted Kassidy to be mine, and I felt like I was getting close.



I didn't see her at school at all the next day, and she still hadn't texted me. I wanted to text her, but I held myself back from sending the text with everything I had. Waiting for her to text me was going against everything I believed to be right. I knew that if I did what I did years ago, and kept texting her, then she would eventually ghost me. It was what Einstein once said, "*The definition of insanity is doing the same thing over and over again expecting a different result.*" I had to wait for her. That night my mind was in a tug of war. I pulled my phone out to text her, then I put it away, and then I unlocked my phone and almost texted her. I didn't text her. Every time I got a message, I would check my phone immediately to see if it's her.

I didn't think she was going to text me, so I forced myself to put my phone down and distract myself with television and YouTube videos. As I got lost in watching, two hours passed without my knowing. It was around 10 o'clock, and I checked my phone one last time to see if by chance she texted me. It showed that over an hour before that, she texted me, "Heyy." With two y's on the word 'hey'. I remember something that my neighbor, Alexa, once told me. "If a girl texts you the word 'hey' with two y's on the word, then it means she has a crush on you."

I didn't know if it was true or not, but I didn't have time to think about that. I needed to text her back. I did, and she texted me back almost instantly. After a while of talking back and forth she invited me to join her, that coming weekend, in her hot tub with some of her friends.

Just the thought of being there with her, and other varsity soccer girls made butterflies fill my chest. I never had spent any time with her outside of school either. Now it was going to be with the girls that every guy in the school wanted.

When I texted Adrian and told him about what was happening, he sent back, "Go get her, you got this."

That weekend, when she sent me her address, I realized that she actually lived right down the street from me. In my town there was clearly a divide between the wealthier and the poorer side. I lived right outside of the rich area, but she lived just inside of it. I jogged on the sidewalk for about 10 minutes before I reached her house. I heard women laughing in the backyard, and it sounded like music to my ears. I was going to sneak up on them and scare them. As I snuck around the side of the house, I peeked around the corner, watching them.

"Is Connor coming?" one of the girls asked.

"He said that he was," Cassidy wondered, checking her phone.

"Do you think he's cute?" the other girl asked. My ears twitched as I heard this.



“I don’t know!” Kassidy snapped. I managed to sneak up to the side of the hot tub while they were giggling. I rested my head on the side, and they still hadn’t noticed me.

“Would you date him?” they teased Kassidy. Then they started laughing.

“Date who?” I asked as if I was a part of the conversation the whole time. Their laughs turned into shrieks until they realized it was me.

“How long have you been there?” they exclaimed, breathing heavily.

“Only like twenty minutes,” I grinned, stepping into the hot tub.

“Are you being serious?” Kassidy faltered.

Her mom poked her head out of the upstairs window. “What’s going on down there?” she huffed, glaring at us.

“Nothing!” Kassidy yelled back. “We just got scared for a second.”

“Is that a boy in the hot tub with you?” She squinted her eyes at me.

“No,” I muttered, sinking lower into the water. Her friends giggled.

“Shut up!” Kassidy whispered, pushing me.

“Mom go back to bed,” she whined. “This is so embarrassing.” Her mom shut the window.

“Does that mean I’ve met the parents technically or not?” I asked, scratching the side of my head. After about two hours, the chlorine had basically sucked all of the hydration out of my body, and we got out.

“Did you not drive over here?” her friend, Aubrey, asked while she wrapped herself in a towel.

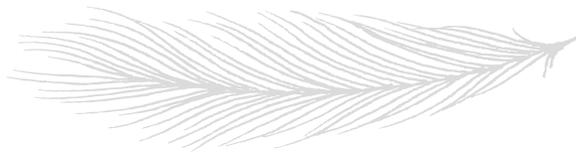
“I live right down the street, so I walked.”

“I can drive you if you’d like,” she offered. I almost said yes, but then I realized that where I lived compared to where they lived was completely different. I didn’t want them to see where I lived since it was on the poorer side.

“That’s okay, I’ll just walk instead!” I laughed awkwardly, walking off.

That night Kassidy texted me. “Thanks for coming over,” she said. “It was so fun.” She included a smile. We continued to text back and forth. “You’re way different from a while back,” she sent. “And I’m not sure what it is, but it makes me like you a lot more.”

I sat up in my bed. “What do you mean?” I typed, hitting send.



“Well, I kind of like you,” she replied. I never thought that I’d ever get that from her. I read that message over and over again. She was my dream girl, and quite possibly I could finally feel what it feels like to be in a relationship. But a night after that, I made a mistake, and it would cost me. I took a picture that her friends took of Cassidy and I in the hot tub and posted it on social media as if we were dating. Rumors started to spread that we were dating, and at that age, rumors spread like wildfire. Everything I built seemed to fall apart that week.

“Are you telling people we’re dating?” Cassidy texted me one night. I only told a couple people, but I realized that it was a mistake because now everyone was bothering her about it.

“No,” I responded.

“Well everyone keeps asking me and it’s bothering me.” This was the night that everything changed. She used to text me every day but the next day, she didn’t text me back at all. The day after that, she still didn’t, so I texted her. “I’m just busy with school.” she said. I felt like this wasn’t true. I couldn’t deny these feelings that I felt deep inside. I was losing her, and I didn’t know what to do. I’d text her and she wouldn’t reply. I just wanted her to say something.

I scrolled back through our old conversations one night, and I didn’t understand what I was feeling. I was afraid that I was going to lose her if I didn’t do something. “What’s happening?” I asked myself. Why did it feel like I needed her? I was driving myself crazy because I couldn’t let everything I built, be for nothing. I came so far, so I designed a whole plan that seemed like a good idea. I was going to lay it all down on the table and show her how much I cared for her. In the movies, this always worked.

I won a necklace when I went on vacation in South America. The stone was a trillion cut, deep blueish-purple, Tanzanite. Not only was I going to give this to her as a token of my love, but I also added one more creative plan to the mix. She was a soccer player. I went out and bought a soccer ball with all of the cash I had at the time.

Since I was poor, I didn’t have a lot of money.

A soccer ball is made of small hexagons and pentagons. I took a golden sharpie marker and wrote something I liked about her in each of the little hexagon shapes of the ball. After about two hours my work was finally done, and I had come up with something for each small shape. The ball was tatted out. In the very center with the biggest hexagon, I had written, “Will you be my girlfriend?” I sent a picture to her friend, and she said it was the cutest thing she had ever seen.



“This is going to work,” I told myself.

That weekend I took a gift bag filled with the necklace, a card, and the ball to her house.

My plan was to leave it there on her back porch and she would come down to find it the next day waiting for her. I walked up her porch, past the hot tub we were in a few weeks ago and placed the bag right on the mat by her glass sliding door. I began to walk away with high hopes, but an unsettling feeling dwelled within me. “Should I give her the necklace... maybe it’s too much.” The ball and card were already over doing it, and so I turned back around to take the necklace out of the bag.

As I walked up the porch, a light came on in the kitchen hitting me square in the face. It was her mom. I was sure she saw me, but she luckily didn’t. She probably wasn’t expecting a guy to be putting presents on her doorstep at this time of night. I dived quickly behind a bush. I watched from behind the bush waiting for her to leave so I could grab the bag. She noticed it at the doorstep almost immediately, and it didn’t help that I taped a sign with her daughter’s name to the window with an arrow pointing down at the bag.

She slid the door open and moved her head side to side like a radar. Scanning her yard to see if the mystery person who put it there was still around. She picked up Cassidy’s present, and the door slid shut with a lock. “Uh oh,” I said to myself. I was so in the moment I didn’t realize how in the world she was going to explain this to her entire family now that they are involved. They probably thought one of her friends put a present there for her, and when she opened it the next day, probably in front of her mother or family, she would pull out the soccer ball and necklace. Either this would be the sweetest thing that’s ever happened to her, or the most embarrassing thing.

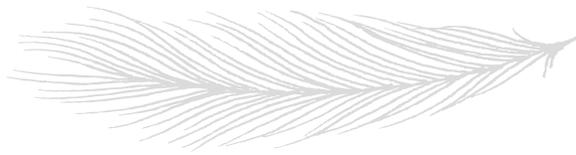
It took me a while to fall asleep that night. I was so nervous to what she was going to say. Finally, I drifted off to sleep hoping that in the morning I would wake up to a text or a call from her telling me how sweet it was. That she would be so happy to be my girlfriend.

That’s what I dreamt that night at least.

I woke up the next morning with butterflies in my stomach.

I checked the clock and it read 5 after 10. What if she texted me? Surely, she had to have been awake by now and opened the present. I rolled over and checked my phone.

Nothing.



So, I waited, and I waited, and I waited. I sat by my phone all day long waiting for a text. She had to have opened the present that morning and it was already midafternoon. I knew that this was probably a bad sign. 4 o'clock rolled around and I was sitting at my kitchen table. My phone buzzed. Her name popped up on my screen, and hope filled my chest when I read, "This is the sweetest thing anyone has ever done for me..." I unlocked my phone to read the rest of her message. She sent a huge paragraph, and upon reading further hope turned into remorse.

The latter half of her message was the opposite from the start. "I'm really just not interested like that," she said. "I'm sorry, but I don't want to date anyone right now."

I felt like the universe was playing a joke on me. I wanted this girl so bad for such a long time, and I was so close. I wanted her so bad and every time I felt like I was about to reach her, she would always slip away. She was the one girl that I wanted; the only thing I wanted. I tried over and over again. I never could get her no matter how close I came. It felt like a curse to be obsessed with something but never have it. She was my *'La Douleur Exquise.'*

She took pictures of the ball and sent it to people around the school. To me, that ball meant the world, but to her, and to the school it was just an opportunity to laugh at. I couldn't look at her the same after that. Every single day for weeks people were making fun of me for it during my classes. I hated school. I saw her in the hallway and looked away when we made eye contact. "How could you do that to me?" I thought to myself. After 2 years, nothing changed.

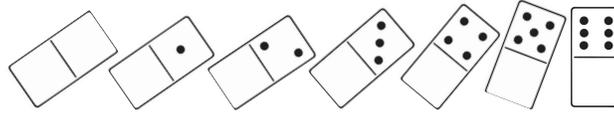
Up until this point and shortly after she was my inspiration. You never know how much you truly inspire someone right now and perhaps you'll never know. She never knew how hard I really tried. Perhaps she will never know or understand, but to me it meant the world.

Earlier I said that it was me versus Cassidy. In this moment, I felt so wrong. We're never facing the girl; we are only facing ourselves and our own beliefs. I said that nobody could stop me, but I didn't see that I still counted as somebody. I stood in my own way because every time I saw her, I felt like a failure. I gave her, literally, everything I had since I had almost nothing.

But everything I had just wasn't ever enough... I felt so lost.



(Cut Parts From Chapter 6: Kilig)



Chapter VI

Kilig

The Rush of Feeling from Finally Achieving

I drove through Stephanie’s gate, and parked next to KT’s car. My headlights caused the broken glass of the bottle that Alex shattered to sparkle back at me. Nobody had cleaned it in over a week. I stepped out of my car and looked up at the sky again. Everything laid quiet. Finally, after a night of drama, I felt some peace. After a night like this, it was soothing to look at the stars and hear the crickets chirp. The frogs also croaked near the pond and I took a deep breath. I stared into the universe.

I dragged myself up the steps and put my hand on the brass knob. It was cold for a summer night. Right before I turned the knob, I heard a wolf howl off in the distance. I had never heard one before this night. “I’m really in the backwoods,” I said to myself. When I walked in, I just wanted to go to bed. However, I was hit in the face with more drama.

Letter-Y sat in the kitchen talking to Ava – the equestrian country girl who had her hair wrapped in a dirty-blonde braid. When I walked in, she ran up to me and gave me a hug.

“Where were you?” she asked, looking deep into my eyes with her pupils dilated barely showing her green iris’. For a moment, I wanted her.

I didn’t know where KT was, but I’m sure I would find her. However, not soon because Ava wanted me to hang out with her in a different room. Letter-Y, visiting from Kentucky, already had Ava in the palm of his hands, but she also desired me. There was no choice. She wanted both



of us, so she'd have that. They followed me into a spare bedroom, and I made myself comfortable on the bed.

Ava laid down next to me, and it seemed my drowsiness went away.

I looked at Y. "Let's play a game."

He slurped a sip of a frosty. "What game?"

"Dude." I pointed to his frosty. "Where did you get that?"

"I have one too," Ava added. "But it's in the kitchen."

Y pointed at the door. "KT brought them back for us."

I had to make a mental note that he must've pointed in the direction to the room she was sleeping in.

"Alright here's the number game." I sat up and put a pillow behind my back. "Someone will count down from 3, and when the counter says 1, the other two people will say a number 1 through 10. However, we will take turns for who the challenger is."

Ava tilted her head. "What?"

"I'll give you an example, Adrian is going to count down and when he says 1 you will have to say a number 1 through 10 and so will I. If our numbers happen to be the same then I want you to go to the kitchen, get your frosty, and let me drink it. Okay?"

"Sounds fun." She bounced up and down on the bed. "Let's go Y."

He counted down. "3... 2... 1..."

We both simultaneously said "7". "No!" she whined.

"Go get it for me babe," I laughed. She grumbled but came back with it. It was red, and maybe it was cherry - my favorite flavor. I took a long sip. "Ah the taste of victory."

"Whatever." She rolled her eyes. Then she challenged me right back. "How about if we both say the same number then you have to give me a foot massage."

I looked at Y. "Count us down." I smirked.

"3... 2... 1..."

I said 3 and she said 8. Thank goodness. We went back and forth a couple times, but then I turned up the heat a little. "If you and Y say the same number then you have to make out with us both for 30 seconds."

"Fine." She smirked at me. I counted down. They both simultaneously said, "1". I celebrated in my head. I made out with her first and then she kissed Y. The game went on like



this for another hour, so we reduced the numbers from 1-10 down to 1-4. We now had a 25% chance of hitting the same number. Y caught onto what I was trying to do. I wanted to see just how far she'd go. She won a bet of getting my shirt off. Y's shirt was taken off too. Her pants, panties, and shirt were off. She was basically naked under the covers except for her bra. Finally, my grand finale dare was to let us both suck on her breasts for 30 seconds. From that point I was going to start to make out with her, and we would then go all the way.

Y counted us down. I was nervous because, if the off chance we landed on the same number, I didn't know if I could I really go through with it.

I wanted to back out, but it was too late. Y began to count down. "3... 2... 1..."

"2!" we yelled simultaneously. My hands began to shake. Now the game was on. She took her bra off and it started. I worked up her sternum, to her neck, and then started making out with her as Adrian continued to mess around with her breasts.

I tapped him on the head. I continued to make out with her, but I had my eyes open trying to get him to realize what was happening. It was way past a minute. The way she kissed me. The way she rubbed Y. I couldn't believe this was happening. She *really* wanted it. I motioned with one hand for him to go under the blanket and turn her on more. He finally understood, slid under the covers, and disappeared like a great magic trick. A few moments later he started coughing and sounded like he was almost gagging. "I'll be right back," he rasped. He leaped out from under the covers, opened the door, and then shut it behind him.

I continued to make out with her and, after a couple minutes, I believed he wasn't coming back. We started to get really into it. I got on top of her. I kissed down her body, and then I suddenly disappeared under the blanket this time. I realized that this truly was a magic trick. Going under this blanket made men disappear. I knew why Y left now.

My very first girlfriend said that it's a woman's biggest fear to smell bad down there. She said it was the equivalent to a man fearing he's not big enough down there.

A rancid scent stung my nose. I felt like I was in a cartoon. Where the green fumes get sniffed in and then their eyes turned into an 'X'. I had to get out of there. "I need some water," I told her. I grabbed my shirt and ran out. I left my jacket to make her think I'd come back.

I went into the kitchen and I was trying to be as quiet as I could. Y was nowhere to be found, and I needed to talk about what I just experienced. I was thirsty though. I went through cabinet after cabinet. This is the problem with big houses is that I can never find just a single



cup. On the last one, I finally found the hidden stash. I grabbed a cup, but when I began to pull it out, I thought I heard something move behind me.

I saw brown hair with highlights in it laying on a pillow. It had to be her – KT. I pulled out the cup slowly as I continued to watch her. I finally found her.

I wanted to make sure I didn't wake her, but as I pulled it out, I bumped a plastic cup.

It hit the counter, and then bounced on the tile a couple times.

"Connor?" KT asked, rubbing her eyes. "What are you doing?"

"Just getting some water, would you like some?" I asked her.

"Yeah, please," she groaned.

I handed her both cups, picked her up, and carried her to a private bedroom.

"Where have you been?" She put her arm around me.

"What do you mean?" I mumbled back, trying not to smile.

"I've missed you; you have been gone a while." She cozied up next to me.

"You're crazy," I said monotoned. "I've been right here the whole time."

I was just messing with her.

"No, you haven't," she urged.

"Are you going to kiss me goodnight or what?" I said with indifference.

I just wanted to go to sleep.

"No," she pouted like a child. "You don't deserve it." I could tell she was smiling. She wanted me to play a game.

"Oh. Alright," I said, stretching and slowly rolled over. My back was facing her. I wasn't going to beg.

"Stop," she whined, nudging my back with her elbow.

I didn't say anything.

"Hey," she said, shaking me. She continued to pester me. "Kiss me!"

"You had your chance," I said.

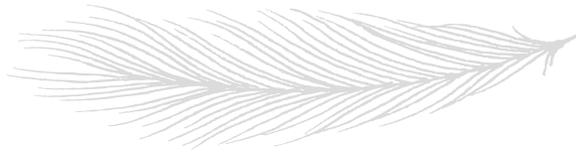
She climbed on top of me. "No, I want a kiss."

"Eh you don't deserve it," I joked, beginning to chuckle.

She pouted and got off of me. "Fine," She huffed, moving to the far side of the bed.

I rolled on my back. "C'mon lighten up. Kiss me goodnight."

No response, I guess this was called the silent game.



I made two kissing noises. “Come here,” I called as if she was a dog.

“I’m not a dog,” she muttered.

“Come kiss me then.” I was smiling. This was fun and playful.

“No,” she said. She said it coldly, but I knew it was an act.

“I’ll come over there,” I playfully warned as if I was telling a child. She said nothing, but I acted like she said something under her breath. “Did I just hear you say that you dare me to?” I sat up, continuing to talk. She whined, but I talked over it. “Alright you asked for it.” I scooted closer. “Ready or not here I come,” I told her.

I grabbed her arm and rolled her on her back. Then I began to make out with her passionately.

We made out. Then I passed out.



Part



Steppingstones

The next day I sat down at a restaurant with my mom. A cute waitress set our table and poured some oil onto a plate to dip the bread into.

I immediately turned on. “Is that stuff good?” I asked.

“It’s made of tomatoes and I actually hate tomatoes,” she commented.

“Why don’t you just try a bite for me?” I gave her the eyes, and the shy smile.

“I would never,” she said, smiling back. “Will anyone else be joining you guys?”

I patted the back of the chair. “Yeah sure, you can have this seat next to me.” I could feel my mom’s eyes laser beam the side of my head. “But you have to ask my mom of course and try the oil dip,” I added.

She blushed. “I wish, but I can’t.”

She got our drink orders and walked away. “I know what you’re doing.” My mom continued to talk to me as I turned my head to watch the waitress walk away.

I played dumb. “What, just being friendly?” I gave it away with a cheesy smile. She raised an eyebrow. Most girls say I’m hard to read, but mom saw right through me. I’ve always been a troublemaker. Kind of like Han Solo where he would always talk himself out of things.

“You’re flirting with her,” she groused.

I gasped as if I was offended. “Would I do that?”

“Yes,” she countered.

You can spark interest about anything and everything. You just have to be observant.

When I talk to a girl, I don’t have a plan. Most people focus on themselves, and you’ll never get anywhere if it’s all about you. She needs to feel who you are. When you’re not present, and in your head then she can’t feel your confidence, passion, and desire.

We need to focus on her and what she’s doing.



What are they wearing? What are they doing? Why did she look at you like that? Was she checking you out? One time there was a girl at a food ordering counter, and she said to me, “If you’d like to order food you will have to go down there.” I looked back at her as if I didn’t hear her right and teased, “What? My number? You want my phone number?” She laughed. I got her number. Why not put a smile on her face? That’s how you add value. A human connection aimed at just leaving each other better than you found each other.

When you talk to a woman and assume rapport, you are in essence telling her indirectly, that most people respond to you well. Since, it seems, others like you then she probably will too. She begins to subconsciously find the reasons in you to support that hypothesis in her head. It’s the story about yourself that you’re subtly telling. Expecting that she will like you is telling her that you are probably a leader of men, wanted by other women, a protector of loved ones, and a successful risk taker.

She did arouse my curiosity. I had to think, and basically flirt through Morse Code without directly telling her that I liked her. I had to make her reveal her interest indirectly and adapt to the situation and to her. If you were going to talk to a girl who was sitting on a bench reading a book, then you probably would talk to her differently than a girl who’s at a party where you would be more teasing and more energy. In front of my mother, and especially at her work, I had to do something different. I understood the situation. I guess Alex was good for something because I couldn’t just tell her right away that I was interested and ask for her number. If she ended up having a boyfriend or wasn’t interested, then this whole meal would be awkward every time she came back. I had to pin roll my tactics over the whole meal and finally, at the end, go for it if I believed I set the tone.

This time it was different because I had 45 minutes to try to make her show some interest, and to build a great interaction. Versus if it was a one-time thing where I’d never see her again and had to be more direct from the start. People are afraid of time because they run out of things to say, but in reality, the more time can also be beneficial. You have more time to strategize, and build attraction. Eventually I was going to have to be direct and go for it.

I started to realize that this was linear and just like the sales funnel that goes from awareness, to interest, to desire, to creating an emotional connection with perception and understanding of her, and then finally creating a physical connection. The first step is usually already done for you by your body language and style. Most are aware of who you are before



you even open. If she's blue on the scale and not showing you signs of interest, like I stated earlier, then she can't become interested, and then I would abort this mission. To get her, I had to be the leader and set the tone for who I was and what I'm about from the start.

Now, it was time to see whether she was just being nice, or whether she had true interest indirectly. Women mostly speak indirectly hoping that men will understand. It was time to demonstrate that I'm higher value than most men by teasing and risking. If she reacted or gave me resistance, then her emotions are engaged, and I would know she's attracted.

She came back to get our orders. "What do you recommend?" I asked. She clicked her pen and got her notepad out.

"I think the spaghetti is really good."

"Wow, at first I thought you were different, but you're so basic." I continued to scan my menu, and didn't look at her, but I was smiling. "I think I'll do the fettuccini alfredo." I gave her a chance to tease me back and she took the bait.

"What? That is literally the most basic thing!" she retaliated. We were arguing like a married couple as they say. I let her have an opportunity to have a shot at me to see if she was attracted, and by bantering with me she was.

"I don't want to hear it miss spaghetti and meat sauce." I smirked at her. "And you said you don't even like tomatoes, that's all tomatoes." I was challenging her.

"That's... That's different," she stuttered. She looked at me as if I was going to respond. I stared at her for a second, blinked, and then looked back down at my menu shaking my head.

"What!" she whined.

"If you were an animal, you'd be a cat."

"Why?" she asked.

"You're so sassy."

My mom ordered the spaghetti in the middle of our exchange, and she left to prepare it.

"Hey," I whispered to my mom. "I think that girl has a crush on me."

She sighed. "What are you? In kindergarten?"

During dinner, I saw the waitress chewing on some gum, so I asked her, "Do you have any more gum?" The next time she came back she gave me a minty green piece. People will do favors and nice things for people who they like. They justify in their head that they must like you



and therefore raises your value in her eyes. For example, passing a saltshaker, or having them hold or watch something for you. She would only give gum to someone she likes.

I was done eating, so I slid the gum out of the wrapper and chewed it. She came back to collect our plates. “What’s the craziest experience you’ve had here?” I asked. It was time to move into making an emotional connection and build rapport. “I’ve heard that being a waitress is difficult a lot of the time.” She was a cheerleader with typical cheerleading back problems, walking around all day didn’t help that apparently.

She talked a lot, but I like women who talk a lot and keep the conversation going.

She took my plate. “Are you done with this?”

“You can finish this off for me if you’d like,” I smirked.

There was one pathetic half noodle left on my plate covered in alfredo. She gave me a look. My mother and I were about to leave. I stared at the gum wrapper, and my heart began to beat through my chest when I stumbled upon an idea.

My heart beats fast when I’m about to open, and when I’m going to go for a close.

She was cleaning a table near ours, and I got up. I had butterflies inside of me but on the outside, I showed no hint that I was nervous. This is courage, and especially because my mom was watching me do it. She saw me coming. “I’d like to see you again; may I have your pen?”

She perked up and blushed. “My boyfriend and I just broke up actually.”

That wasn’t the question I asked so I replied, “You went a little too fast, I didn’t get the rest of your number. 317...” I smirked at her. She handed her pen to me; I clicked it.

Leave people better than when you find them. Have fun and realize there’s nothing to fear. Some people will like us, and some wont.

I sat in the car with my mom and pulled out the gum wrapper with her number on it, “Easy peasy lemon squeezy,” I told her with a smile. She rolled her eyes.

In order for her to emotionally invest and feel desire, men must be unattached, be free flowing in the moment, and show flirty intent. Just by having a normal conversation, you will be very surprised at how many girls will actually show interest and end up liking you.