

**“The Strangest Attraction  
Secret: How I Learned  
to Stop Chasing Sexy  
Women and Start  
Attracting Them”**

**My Hardest Case Yet**

**by**

**The King of Let ‘em Come to You**

**[www.WomenApproachYou.com](http://www.WomenApproachYou.com)**

Here in Austin, TX Halloween is a big deal. Everyone dresses up in costume and goes downtown to 6<sup>th</sup> Street. This is the club and bar district, so things can get pretty wild. On Halloween night, the police block off the entire area, and let people with costumes walk up and down, having a grand old time. The crowds vary, but there's usually over 50,000 in attendance, sometimes more.

As you can imagine, parking is a nightmare. So, a few years ago, some friends of mine and I rented a hotel room a few blocks away from the action. We figured we'd take one or two cars, park at the hotel, hang out of 6<sup>th</sup> Street, and when we were finished just crash at the hotel.

All my friends were from my Toastmasters Group, so after we had our meeting, we got into costume and went downtown. (Note: if you're not familiar with using Toastmasters or some other form of speaking to get women to approach you, you're really missing out). I dressed up as the Incredible Hulk, smearing green paint all over my face and body. It wasn't the best Hulk costume ever, but everyone got the idea.

Now, this story actually involves two women, one I was able to close the deal with that night, and one I had an opportunity to close the deal with but never did (mainly because I did not fully understand the Women Approach You Formula at the time). The truth of the matter is, I actually chose the wrong one.

Why? Because she really was a "one night deal." The other one would have turned into a long term "friend with benefits" (maybe even something serious) which I much prefer over a one night deal. But, hey, I'm not going to complain about a hot night with a sizzling hot 21 year old blonde (I was 33 at the time).

Now, today, using the latest evolution of the Women Approach You Formula, I would have shared adventures with both of them, but like I said I was a newbie back then, and had to settle for the 21 year old, hot blonde.

## **Oh Well, Such is Life!**

When I finally got to the hotel room, most of my friends were there, along with a cute brunette from Toastmasters, called Tori. A few minutes later, a friend of mine, Kevin (who is a cop, although he was off duty that night) showed up with a 21 year old blonde, named Kate. He quickly let everyone know she was just a neighbor, that they weren't seeing each other. She was cute, though, no doubt.

Here's what happened as soon as she walked in the room, and this is important. Every guy EXCEPT ME immediately made her the center of attention. I ignored her. Even back then I'd adopted the attitude that being around beautiful women was normal and customary for me, and that for her to get my attention she needed to show me more than just beauty (this is an attitude that will serve you very, very well).

She soaked up the attention, too. Loved it. All these idiot guys dropped what they were doing and started competing with each other, trying to see who could impress her the most.

As soon as they started doing that, they had no chance. Why? Because she'd seen it all before and recognized it as an opportunity to get free drinks all night long. Keep in mind she was 21 years old at the time, and free drinks from older guys they have no interest in are important to women of that age.

To tell you the truth, I wasn't interested in her at first. She was a party girl, a player, and she loved to use guys to get her evenings paid for. That's their fault, though, if they couldn't recognize that type of woman. One thing I did know back then was how to qualify women, and I made the right call with her.

So, I ignored her and started talking to Tori. She was actually pretty smart, and due to my "work" at Toastmasters, was attracted to me. However, I didn't yet have the skills to recognize just HOW attracted she really was.

In fact, five minutes after I started talking to her she said, "I can't have a beer right now, because alcohol makes me really horny." Now, today I'd immediately recognize this as an IIS (Intense Interest Signal), because women don't say that to men they're not attracted to. But, like I said, I didn't completely understand the Women Approach You Formula back then so, it went over my head.

Besides my friend Kevin, there were a few other guys there who play important roles in this story. One was my roommate, Robert, and another was a friend of his named Bill.

Robert was, for the most part, a pretty cool guy. He had a "natural intelligence" when it came to attracting women, and always seemed to be dating a new one every week. He had a particular "type," he was good with—pleasant, somewhat chubby but attractive, and in either late 20's or early 30's. Interestingly, whenever he got outside that type, he wasn't nearly as good... extraordinarily beautiful women left him flustered.

He had one issue, though, that always bugged me. He had no problem boasting about all the women he'd been with, and since he was a pretty good story teller, I enjoyed listening to him. However, he couldn't stand it when another guy hooked up and he didn't, and he'd go out of his way to sabotage other guys.

Bill was a different story. He was the classic choad, a guy who probably hadn't had a date in years. He was a nice guy, who made friends with women, but never could seem to attract any. He always had an excuse why, but the truth was he was just "female repellent." Embarrassingly, he reminded me of myself during high school, and part of college. Thank God I got over that and discovered the Women Approach You Formula.

We all hung out at the hotel for another hour or so, had a few beers, then off we went to 6<sup>th</sup> Street. Tori and I walked together, and we started talking.

A few weeks prior I'd attracted a woman over the internet (using the "Mass Attraction" component of the Women Approach You Formula), and flown out to meet her in Reno.

While things don't always work out when you travel to meet a woman, I hit the jackpot with this one. She was an incredibly hot redhead, and we had an amazingly passionate time.

What was interesting, was that when I was in the Austin airport waiting for the first flight to Phoenix (I went first to Phoenix, then connected to Reno), I ran into Tori and a friend of hers. They were going to Las Vegas for a work related convention.

Tori and I started talking, and I told her what I was doing, and where I was going. She was immediately curious, and started asking me all kinds of questions, ending with "well, are you going to f\*\*\* her?" Tori was always pretty blunt, but she had a smile on her face when she said it, I smile I later came to recognize as one that means a woman is intensely attracted to you.

She and I parted ways in Phoenix, and I didn't see her again until Halloween night.

As we were walking towards 6<sup>th</sup> street, she started interrogating me about my visit, again smiling that same smile. I gave her details (yes, women do love stories of "conquest" IF told the right way), and then she looked me in the eye and said...

### **"So Do You Ever Think About ME In That Way?"**

Fellas, that's about as obvious as it gets—what I should have done was looked her in the eye and said, "Now Tori, when it comes to show 'n tell, you know I'm not a tell guy, I'm a SHOW guy." Then I should have kissed her, marched her back to the hotel, and done what we both wanted to do. But, I hadn't mastered the Women Approach You Formula then, so I said some lame brain thing such as, "well, I dunno, do you think about me that way?"

Now, this one episode didn't kill the attraction with her then (I managed to do that a few months later by turning into a nice guy around her), but she quickly caught on that I was too dense to close the deal with her that night, so she went home and went to sleep alone. I still kick myself over that one.

Anyways, I met up with my group of friends, and we went up to the top floor of a club called Speakeasy, which I believe is still around in Austin. Usually the place is packed, but since it was Halloween, everyone was milling around outside, and we were able to get a table.

By pure chance, I wound up sitting by Kate with Bill (the choad) sitting on the other side of her. Robert was off chasing another woman, and we didn't run around into him again until later. Now, understand this: I was NOT looking to attract any women that night. I was just out to have a good time with my friends and that was that.

This, however, turned out to be an important part of the Women Approach You Formula. See, if you go out with the deliberate intent to attract a woman and take her home, you rarely will. Why? Because women can smell that on a guy, and to them it feels desperate.

## **Desperation Is ALWAYS An Attraction Killer**

Most guys come across like that, and women don't find them attractive. What they do find incredibly attractive is the man who doesn't NEED to attract women, the cool guy who can take it or leave it. They can sense a man like this, and they're intrigued because they wonder what makes him so cool, what makes him so different from other guys. This presents a challenge, and as we'll discuss later, women love challenges.

This mindset is an important part of the Women Approach You Formula, and one you should adopt for yourself. You just want to be a cool guy, who doesn't NEED to attract women because, well, he's so cool. The attitude then becomes that since you're so cool, and don't need to attract women, that you'll only spend time with the best of the best, and therefore women have to prove themselves to you.

Now, this is NOT an arrogant "I'm God's Gift to Women" attitude. Not at all. That's a big turn off. Rather, it's just a quiet knowing that you can make woman feel what few other men can... that wonderful sense of attraction and chemistry they all crave.

On with the story. All of us ordered drinks at the table, and Bill immediately offered to buy Kate a drink. She had no problem accepting his offer, then asked me if I was going to buy her one. "Nah," I said, "Bill's taking good care of you, and I'm just buying for me tonight."

It was obvious to me she was trying to play Bill and I off against each other, to see who could buy her the most drinks. He was more than willing to play, but I wasn't. I was truly interested in just hanging out that night, with no intent of attracting her or any other woman (had I known then what I know now, Tori and I would have been having our own Halloween celebration right then).

When I told her I wasn't going to buy her a drink, she started acting bratty, something young girls are prone to doing. She stuck her tongue out at me. I laughed at her, and used a line a friend of mine used to use back in high school—"Don't stick your tongue out at me unless you mean it."

She laughed, and stuck it out again, whereupon I said, “Hey, it takes more than a woman sticking her tongue out at me to get into this man’s pants.” Then I turned my back on her and ignored her.

She was flabbergasted by this, because she’d never had a man act this way towards her... she was young, hot, and used to men kissing her ass. She made a comment about how “rude” I was, and I turned to her, smiled my famous naughty boy smile and said, “Well now, I’m NOT a nice guy. In fact I AM very, very rude.” She looked stunned when I said that, but I could also sense something else going on... all of a sudden she seemed subtly interested.

Then the drinks arrived, and everything calmed down. Bill bought her two more drinks (she put them down FAST), and we all started telling stories. As it does when alcohol flows freely, the sex talk started.

Then Kate made what I thought was an interesting comment at the time: “Everyone here has had sex recently, but me. I don’t understand it, I’m cute, and I’m bouncy, but everyone ignores me. What’s going on?”

## **Watch Out For This One**

Now, here’s the deal with that comment, and I picked up on it even back then: that was a “buy me more drinks comment,” a comment designed to give all choads present false hope they’re going to sleep with her, so they will immediately open up their wallets and buy her more drinks.

That’s what Bill did—his eyes lit up, and he immediately called the cocktail waitress over and ordered Kate a “double.” Honestly, I don’t even think Kate was buzzed yet. She obviously had a high tolerance, something many party girls have. It took a lot to get her drunk, and the \$40 Bill had blown on drinks so far hadn’t even gotten her close.

My answer to her was simple: “well, maybe you’re just not attractive enough.” Now, please understand I did NOT say this in a mean spirited way. Rather, it was a fun, playful, teasing sort of manner, something I knew would immediately separate me from all the choads present.

She kind of snorted at that, but before she could respond, I spoke some of the most powerful words that can be spoken when it comes to creating attraction...

## **“Let Me Tell You a Story...”**

If you ever want to shut up a group of guys, just speak those words. Everyone will instantly clam up, and fix their attention on you. Why? Because everyone loves a good story, especially if you learn to become a good story teller (a very effective part of the Women Approach You Formula, and an easily learnable skill).

As soon as I spoke those words, she looked me right in the eye and said, “go on.” So, I told my story of what happened in Reno a few weeks prior with the hot redhead, ending with the line, “and then she said, ‘John, I can feel you in my teeth, I can feel you in my breath, I can feel you in my bones.’ “

Kate’s eyes were big and round when she heard that, with her mouth kind of half open. “Omigod,” she said, “I’ve never heard a story like that, that is so cool.”

Then I spoke what turned out to be the most important line of the evening, something that proved to be a turning point in my understanding of the Women Approach You Formula: “Too bad, you and I could never share an experience like that.”

She looked at me like a brick just hit her in the head, and she said two words I will never forget ‘til the day I die.

## **“Why Not?”**

While I wasn’t yet smart enough to recognize what had just happened, that was the moment she’d decided to “have a little fun” with me. She mentally made the decision to get physical with me the instant I told her she *couldn’t*, and now she was in the position of trying to sell me on the reason why I should allow her to!

I was on a roll, so I said the one thing that came to mind, and it was the right answer at the right place at the right time: “because I don’t think you’re adventurous enough to handle such an intense experience.”

Right then and there, I had her. She was now in the position of having to prove to me just why she was “adventurous enough” to spend time with me, something no other man had ever challenged her to do.

Here is a big attraction secret, and this one is worth tattooing on the back of your hand: women LOVE challenges, and love men who present them with challenges. That’s a big, big secret, and as you’ll see, it paid off in spades that night.

Now, Bill was watching this whole interaction take place, and he was starting to get nervous. He thought she was going home with him, and all of a sudden she appeared to be no longer interested in him.

Here’s something you should know: Bill never had a chance with this woman from the beginning. The instant he started kissing her butt and buying her drinks she categorized him as a choad, a guy whose only use was to buy her drinks. She felt no attraction for him, and therefore had no interest in him except to string him along so he’d continue to fund her thirst for booze.

Avoiding bad categories is a very important part of the Women Approach You Formula. If a woman puts you into a “bad category,” (such as a nice guy, or a safe friend), you will never get out of that category. You want to make sure she puts you into a good category (such as a Rock N Roll Guy).

Women behave towards men based on how they categorize them. That’s why it’s very important to engage in behavior from the very beginning that compels her to put you into a good category, and that’s when the fun really begins.

So, as the night wore on, it became obvious to me that I was in the Cool Guy category, and Bill was in the Choad category. He was there to stay, but I was in no way firmly entrenched into the Cool Guy category.

You see, it’s very easy to move from a good category to a bad category with women, but almost impossible to do the opposite. Do one tiny thing wrong, and you lose your Cool Guy status, and become a choad. But once you’re a choad, you can do a million things right, and you’ll never be a Cool Guy in her eyes again. That’s just how it works, so remember this:

## **Don’t Be a Choad, EVER**

What that means is this: be on your guard at **all times**, consciously avoiding the behaviors that get you put into the Choad category. And as you’ll see, it was a good thing I was on guard that night, because I had several opportunities to lose my Cool Guy category status.

Women WILL test you to see if you really are a Cool Guy, or are just pretending to be one. Most women have been burned by choads with a good cool guy act, so they will test you to see if you’re the real deal. And truthfully, who can blame them?

Just as Bill ordered Kate another drink, my roommate Robert showed up. He was in hot pursuit of a very attractive woman named Melissa, but things weren’t going his way. While he was usually firmly entrenched in the Cool Guy category with women, that night he was having problems, teetering on the brink of becoming a Choad in Melissa’s eyes.

Anyways, we all decided to head to another club called Element (it’s still there, but under another name), and I thought that was pretty much that with Kate, since we all split up. By that time I was starting to get the idea I might be able to have some fun with Kate later on that night, but my attitude was (and this IS important) still that I was there to hang out and have fun, nothing more, nothing less.

Now Element was a dance club, and truthfully I hate dance clubs. Some guys are very good at dancing, and while I will freely admit dancing is a great way to attract women, I personally agree with Jerry Seinfeld—“it’s soooooo stupid!”

So, I found a table, took a seat, called my friends over and ordered another beer. I was sitting on the outside corner, when who should come up, but Kate. She was there with Bill (yes, she had a drink in her hand), and they'd been dancing. As soon as she saw me, she came over and said, "Come dance with me."

Now, this was a moment when I could have slipped into the Choad category with her. She was still trying to get Bill and I to compete over her, and it was obvious she was asking me to dance right in front of his face. I simply told her that Bill was doing a fine job with her, they seemed like a "great couple" and to go have a good time. Besides, I said,

### **Dancing Is For Sissies!**

Bill did not like that, but I didn't care. If he couldn't see she was using and abusing him that was his own problem. Oh, and you should have seen her face when I said she and Bill were a "great couple." She looked like she'd just tasted something really bad, and quickly said (much to his consternation), "Oh, we're just friends."

The waitress arrived with more drinks for her, and I turned my attention to my friends. Robert wasn't doing so well—Melissa was resisting all of his tricks, and it looked like he was going to be by himself that night, something he hated.

We hung out for a while, and closing time rolled around. By then, Bill had come back to the table without Kate, moaning about all the money he'd spent on her, and how she'd just run off on him. What an idiot—he really thought he could buy his way into her pants. No wonder she ran off.

Last call came around, and Kevin said, "Hey, someone go grab Kate, we've gotta get back to the hotel." Bill was moaning about what an expensive bitch she was, so I volunteered to go fetch her.

All I had to do was put on my Choad Detector, and sure enough there she was—holding hands with yet another choad while she downed the drink he just bought her. I didn't even speak a word—I just grabbed her hand and pulled her away.

The choad didn't know what to do, and I ignored him. The only thing I said was, hey, it's time to go, and pulled her towards the group. She ditched the other guy immediately, and obediently came along... while I continued to hold onto her hand.

I don't know what it was that night, but I was feeling really, really good. I had the 'Tude going in full force, and she was really starting to respond. The idea popped into my head that, you know, if I continue to play this right, go with the flow, and maintain the rock n roll attitude (Exude the 'Tude, in other words) I was going to be in for a pretty good night.

### **Good Things Always Happen When You Exude the 'Tude**

As we walked back to the hotel, hand in hand, things began to happen rapidly. Bill came up on the other side of her, and started letting her have it. “What’s your deal,” he whined, “I spent all this money on drinks, and you ran off on me, and now you won’t even talk to me—what’s your story?”

As he said that, I started squeezing her hand, and she squeezed back. In the middle of his whiney rant, I leaned over and whispered into her ear, “passion, energy, excitement.” She quickly leaned over, lightly bit my ear, and said, “oh yeah, I’m into all that!”

## **Here’s Where It Really Starts to Get Funny**

As soon as she said that, she leaned back over to Bill and said, “My story? Oh I was born in Rockport, Texas, and I went to school in…” She was totally giving him the business, and it went right over his head!

He kept griping at her, and I kept whispering, “passion, energy, excitement” into her ear. Every now and then she would turn to me and say, “oh yeah, I am soooo into that,” before turning around to Bill and continuing with her story. It was the perfect contrast between the Absolute Choad and the Ultimate Cool Guy.

It was one of the funniest things I’d ever seen.

As we got closer and closer to the hotel, another problem cropped up—Robert. I wasn’t too worried about the room situation, since just about everyone was going home, we’d booked two rooms, and I had the key to one. But I was worried about Robert, because the one thing he hated was for another guy to get the girl when he’d struck out.

Sure enough, he started to take an interest in Kate and I holding hands... but Kevin came to my rescue. Kevin had known Robert for a long time, and while they were good friends, Kevin knew how Robert was. So, he distracted him, getting Robert to tell him what happened with Melissa, and keeping him away from me, Bill, and Kate. The interesting thing was, having Bill there was actually a benefit because he acted as a physical barrier between Kate and Robert.

We finally made it back to the hotel, and eight of us piled into the elevator together. I made sure Kate and I were in the back, far away from Robert, and I made sure I put my arm around her waist. She grabbed my hand and squeezed it, a good sign.

Now, our two rooms were back to back, which was both good and bad. It would have been difficult for me to sneak her to another room (the group would have interfered), but by the same token the room situation kept Robert close... and he was starting to glance at us more and more.

As luck would have it, everyone went into one room, and Kate and I went into the other. I only had three minutes before I opened the door that separated the rooms, and I made the most of it. I had the sudden idea that if I wanted this night to go any farther, I had to kiss her then and there, and I did.

It was the right move. She kissed me back, and then she said, “OK, just play it cool—we have to get everyone out of here without them seeing what’s happening between us.”

When I heard that, I thought to myself, “She’s done this before,” which was a good thing in my book. Thank God I always carried protection, though.

We went into the next room, and everyone started saying their goodbyes. Robert was looking at us very suspiciously by now, but he’d promised to take some people home. However, he made it a point to come over to us, ignore me, and say to her, “Are you sure you want to stay here? I’ll give you a ride.” He said that two or three times, each time avoiding eye contact with me. Each time she stood her ground, saying she was “staying right here,” even though he kept coming back and pestering her.

To tell you the truth, that really pissed me off. Had our roles have been reversed (and they had been more times than I could have counted), I would have gotten everyone out of there, and let them enjoy themselves. But he just couldn’t stand the idea of another guy getting the girl instead of him, and would do everything possible to stand in the way. I never fully trusted him again after that—he had some obvious self esteem issues.

As he was getting ready to leave, she whispered in my ear, “follow me to the bathroom.” So, I did, and had the distinct honor of watching a 21 year old, incredibly hot blonde take off her pants, plop down on the toilet and...

## **Piss Like a Russian Racehorse!**

I decided to look on the bright side-- at least she was comfortable enough to be naked around me.

When we got out of the bathroom, everyone was gone. I knew Robert would be gone for at least 40 minutes, more than enough time for me to seal the deal to the point where he couldn’t interfere when he got back.

Or, so I thought. She got on the bed, turned on the radio, and started jumping up and down on it. “I always wanted to do it like this,” she said, and we started kissing. This is where this story ends, right?

Not by a long shot. When jealous friends and choads are present, you have to work for the prize, and I still had more work to do... way more than I ever expected. Just when things were starting to get interesting, she said the dreaded words:

## **“STOP—What’s That Sound?”**

What sound, I didn’t hear a sound? That banging, she said—it sounds like someone is knocking on the door of the other room!

Ignore it, I said—turn up the radio, and ignore it. I could feel my prize slipping away...

And it almost did. She got up, went to the door, opened it, and who was there, but Bill. I literally wanted to punch his ever-loving lights out, but before I could, he staggered into the room, moaning he was too drunk to drive. “Sleep in your damn car,” I told him.

“Kevin won’t let me, he told me to sober up first,” he slurred. I literally wanted to pound him to a pulp then and there. He wasn’t there for safety reasons—he was there to keep Kate and I from hooking up, and we both knew it.

You know what, though? I’d worked so hard to get to that point I was NOT going to let a choad like Bill ruin my evening. So, I sat in the hotel room, with Kate and I sitting on one bed, and Bill sitting on the other, moaning about how bad his life was. I had my hand on her foot, and kept squeezing it, because I knew if I broke contact with her, it was over.

After 40 or so minutes of this crap, I finally had enough. I got up, took her hand, lifted him off the bed with my other hand, and moved him towards the door. “You’re plenty sober now,” I said. “Go to your car, and sleep there if you feel you’re not, but it’s good night for now.” I opened the door, shoved him through it, and miraculously, he went.

The night was getting old, and that was bad news. I needed to hurry this thing along, or the mood would be lost, and dammit, after everything I’d done right, I wanted to claim my prize.

She looked at me and said, “you’re dirty, and have green makeup all over you. Let’s take a shower and get you washed off.”

## **Those Words Were Music to My Ears**

No problem there... we did just that, and I came out sparkling clean. As I stepped out of the bathroom, I froze—I’d made a fatal, stupid mistake. I left the door between the two rooms slightly ajar... and Robert had come back with Kevin.

I knew if Kate went through that door it was over. Robert would kill the mood dead so fast it wasn’t even funny. I could hear him griping to Kevin about how he missed out on Melissa, and how he couldn’t believe Kate was hooking up with me instead of him!

When I heard that, a grim determination set in. She was NOT going through that door, and I WAS going to claim my prize.

She heard him in the next room, and moved towards the door, saying, “I just want to say hi to Robert before we go to bed.” This was it, the moment of truth. I either took action and sealed the deal, or let an almost perfectly played evening go down the tubes.

## **I Chose To Act**

I stepped between her and the door, closed it shut, locked it, and said, “You can talk to Robert tomorrow. We have more important things to discuss.”

And with that, I claimed my prize... and dammit, if it wasn't worth every ounce of work I put into it. When you really earn something, success tastes that much sweeter, and this was definitely the case here.

The next morning I took her home, and we parted ways. I never saw her again—she was too much of a party girl for me, but it was a night to remember.

Robert never asked me about what happened that night. He never even mentioned it to me, not even for a second. I'd listened to his stories for hours and hours upon end, even helped him out with several of them, but he wanted nothing to do with my one big success (at that period in time). He just couldn't stand it when one of his friends somehow “out did” him.

We didn't really hang out much anymore after that, and a few months later I got my own place, and went to work piecing together the Women Approach You Formula. That night, however, turned out to be one of the most valuable nights in my life, both in what to do, what not to do, and what to be on the lookout for when you were competing with other guys.

I'd played my hand with Tori badly, mainly because I didn't understand the Women Approach You Formula fully at the time. If I'd played that right, she and I could have had some great times, maybe even something a lot more serious. She was a really great girl, and if I'd known the entire formula, things might have been different.

That's why it's important to understand the Women Approach You Formula if you're only interested in attracting that one special woman for a lifetime relationship. You never know when that opportunity is going to appear in front of you (as it did for me that night), and you've got to be able to seize it.

However, on the plus side of the ledger, I'd closed the deal with hot, young blonde I just met that night, a woman other guys in the group had been after for months. Not only that, I did so under extreme duress, fighting off choads, c—k-blockers, jealous friends, and an entire group interested in seeing me NOT claim my prize.

I did everything right with Kate when it counted, learning all kinds of valuable lessons for the future. Closing the deal with her was the most challenging “deal,” I’d ever worked on, and what I learned from that one “deal,” served me very, very well in the future.

The other lessons had to do with carefully choosing your guy friends. After that night, I started to very carefully qualify them as well, making friends with guys who would be as genuinely happy about me succeeding as I was about their successes.

Not only has that lesson served me very well when it comes to attracting women, it’s also served me very well in the world of business, a world full of shysters, con men, snakes, cheats, and out and out liars.

So, on the whole, I came out on the plus side of the balance sheet, and if you learn the lessons from this story as I did, you’ll come out on the plus side of all your deals too!

On with the fun, indeed....

The KING!

PS Got a similar success story you’d like to share with other cool guys in this Women Approach You community? Just email it to me at: [questions@johnalanis.com](mailto:questions@johnalanis.com)

PPS If you’re not on my email list, you’re missing out on all kinds of cool stuff—free audios, videos, success stories, and all kinds of great tips, tricks and secrets that can literally compel desirable women to approach you first for a date, no matter your looks, age or income.

Don’t be left out—go to [www.WomenApproachYou.com](http://www.WomenApproachYou.com) right now... and feel free to invite your cool guy friends. There’s only one rule, though... No Choads Allowed. But after reading this story, I think it’s a rule we can ALL agree on (especially the women in this community).