

# **BANG LITHUANIA**



**Roosh V**

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# Welcome To Lithuania

I was excited to go to Lithuania after hearing it is visited by fewer tourists than Estonia and Latvia. I wanted to get some easy bangs and complete my Baltic sweep. The result was mixed. It was both easier and harder at the same time. Girls rated 6 and below weren't hard to bang, but girls rated above that were tough as nails. Before I talk about the women, let's start with some basic history.

Lithuania shares a 400-year common history with Poland. They freed themselves from the Poles only to be slapped around by Russia starting in the late eighteenth century. The Russians tried to eliminate the Lithuanian language, but stubborn locals kept it alive by smuggling in Lithuanian books printed in neighboring countries. Lithuania achieved independence after World War I and saw a cultural rebirth until World War II, when Russia took over again. The intelligentsia was deported to Siberia and Lithuania was ruled with an iron fist until the country finally became free once again in 1991.

During my month stay in Lithuania, I didn't feel that the culture was heavily dominated by the Russian mindset. Though they were sometimes shy, girls were open and eager to talk to me. I didn't interact with rocks, something that was more of a problem in Latvia and Ukraine, where the Russian influence is stronger. Foreigners who don't act like obvious sex tourists will be well-received, and there are no logistical problems with staying for a while.

The biggest issue you'll face is bad English. Lithuanians speak the worst English in the Baltics. This is because the government has only recently made English a requirement in schools, meaning that girls over twenty-five or so will likely not be conversational in it. Even with young girls who speak English well, there's a confidence problem that makes them especially scared of making a mistake and appearing stupid.

In the first couple minutes of a conversation it would be smart to compliment their English, even if it sucks. Say, "It's okay if you make a mistake—even native speakers make a lot of grammatical errors." This will make them feel comfortable talking, knowing that you won't be silently mocking her. A Lithuanian girl's biggest fear is that someone is taking her for a fool.

## Which City To Visit?

There are three primary cities to visit: Vilnius, Kaunas, and Klaipėda. Vilnius is the capital with half a million people. After my bad experience in Riga, the capital of Latvia, I decided it would be best to avoid another sex tourist destination. The benefits of Vilnius is that it is the largest city in the country, with a wealthier citizenry that can afford to go out more regularly. It also has more nightlife options.

I spent my entire stay in Kaunas, a slightly smaller city of 320,000 people. It's an ugly industrial dump with few tourists and a handful of nightlife options. The foreigners who were there happened to be Erasmus exchange students, most of whom were from Spain or Turkey. This competition shouldn't concern you since they're young and live in dorms. I did see some foreign men come for the weekends, but it was just a touch of what I saw in Tallinn and Riga.

A contrary option would be Klaipėda, a shrinking city on the Baltic coast with a population of 160,000. Since most of the nightlife is in the form of sit-down bars and pubs, you'll have to primarily use day game, which thankfully is a sound option in Lithuania. There are resort hotels on the Baltic coast that attract visitors in the summer, but I haven't heard any buzz that it's a good place to bang Lithuanian girls.

Depending on your tolerance for sex tourists, either Kaunas or Vilnius will provide enough women to approach and capture your flag within a short amount of time. Since both have their advantages and disadvantages, my gut instinct tells me that your odds of success with either place are about the same, assuming you're not going in the middle of summer. Like in most European cities, the best time to visit is April, May, September, and October.

## Logistics

Getting to and from Lithuania offers no challenge. Go to Skyscanner.com for airfares. Hop on a bus if you're in Estonia or Latvia. Apartment lodging is relatively easy to obtain in Vilnius. A simple Google search on "Vilnius + (flat OR apartment)" will give you a couple options, or you can check out Booking.com. If you're looking at stays for a week or less, expect to pay \$60–70 a night for an apartment, which is still cheaper than a hotel. You'll be able to get deals on monthly rentals that will put it around \$600–1,000 for the month.

Another way to get a rental is to contact real estate offices in the city once you're on the ground. They usually have a staple of furnished apartments for foreigners who visit on business.

If you don't mind shared housing, post an ad on the Couchsurfing group of the city where you want to stay (<http://www.couchsurfing.org>). Click on *Community*, then on *Find Groups*, then enter the city in the search box.

There are no specific packing needs for Lithuania, but I do recommend that you bring an unlocked cell phone (get a SIM card from a mobile shop like Labas in any mall).

## II

# Girls

Before arriving, it was hard for me to find much in the way of Lithuanian girl stereotypes. The lack of available information made me a little bit suspicious that guys were holding back their thoughts so they wouldn't spoil a possible poosy paradise. On the other hand, Lithuania has never been a top tourist destination.

In the end, I think it's a combination of the two. I strongly suspect a lot of guys are pulling their punches because they don't want a decent spot in Eastern Europe to get ruined. I'm not sure why they're so concerned because while Lithuania is okay, it's not great.

## Appearance

Lithuanian girls have the most beautiful, feminine hair I've seen. Not only do they grow it extremely long, sometimes past their waists, but they put such delicate care into it that I felt like I was walking around on the set of shampoo commercial. It had the effect of raising a girl's average beauty by one or two points. It won't be uncommon for you to meet girls who haven't cut their hair in more than five years.

By far the most dominant hair color is blonde, but judging by the mismatched eyebrows, I suspect there's a lot of hair dyeing going on, especially since blondes were in much greater numbers than in Estonia, Latvia, or Poland. Personally, I think blonde hair and dark eyebrows is a great look, so I didn't at all mind the peroxide abuse.

As for bodies, the good news is that Lithuanian girls are thinner than Estonian and Latvian girls. Fat girls were rare, though you'll still find the occasional thickie. The big problem with Lithuanian girls is that have no curves. Their breasts aren't big and their asses can be shockingly flat, to the point where I had no motivation to ass spectate. Unfortunately, there are no big booty bitches in Lithuania. Their bodies were decidedly boyish and straight like Asian girls, but since they were thin and sexily dressed, it wasn't all bad.

The best feature of a Lithuanian girl is without a doubt her face. Many girls have faces that are perfectly proportioned and symmetrical with beautiful eyes, full lips, and nice cheekbones. The only place that could even begin to compete with them in terms of pure beauty was Argentina. You won't find yourself complaining that another country has significantly more attractive women.

## Personality and Vibe

There's something strange going on with the collective personality of Lithuanian girls. Most are friendly and receptive, if not a bit shy, but there's a subset with repulsive attitudes that are just plain nasty. These mean girls will cut you down, insult you, then ask you to buy them drinks. One girl I approached said I looked like a monkey, a type of insult I'd never gotten anywhere in the world.

For as poor as Lithuania is, I was surprised how snobby the girls could be. Some people might confuse shyness for snobbiness, but I definitely experienced the latter. The friendly Lithuanian girls I talked to said it's even worse in Vilnius.

The "shit don't stink" vibe was especially pronounced at higher end clubs, where many girls have iPhones, which cost about 10% of the country's GDP per capita. In the club they possessed almost no charm or sweetness, so I defaulted to my habit of pissing them off to get my rocks off. The only other places that happened in was America, Argentina, and Denmark. I can't say I have a lot of fond memories of gaming in Lithuanian clubs.

After getting the hint that clubs weren't good places to meet quality girls (in terms of both looks and acceptable personalities), I started focusing on day game, where I met some sweethearts that salvaged my trip. While I did sustain some day rejections from curd older women, younger girls were extremely open and eager to chat.

When it comes to game, Lithuanian girls are more crafty and knowledgeable than their Baltic counterparts. They don't necessarily try to trick you, but they come across as veterans who understand their value and know how to get what they want. There's a transactional vibe to their behavior, especially girls in their mid-twenties, but there are no scams like those I encountered in Riga.

With their scheming nature came a true coldness when it was time for intimacy. In just a one-month stay I had too many cases of having girls over to my place late on a weekend night only to be stymied during the basic steps of kissing. It didn't make sense to me. The girls didn't seem comfortable getting intimate with a man they had basic attraction for. Even if I ended up having sex with them, they still returned shockingly low amounts of affection.

The universe has a way of balancing things out: Lithuanian girls are beautiful, but they don't have a lot to offer besides that. Polish girls aren't as pretty, but they're much warmer and more affectionate.



## Types of Lithuanian Girls

The three types of Lithuanian girls are students, twenty-somethings, and older women. Your best bet is to get with young girls because I'm not joking when I say that all attractive Lithuanian girls over the age of 22 already have boyfriends. Many girls told me that if a girl is 25 and single, something is wrong with her. Therefore there's a mad rush by the women to get into a relationship with just about any dude who has a heartbeat. Go for the young girls who are still experimenting with their sexuality and haven't yet been pumped and dumped by Carlos the Spaniard who promised big things only to abruptly leave the country.

Another reason to go after young girls is because they're far nicer and more receptive than girls who are just a bit older. After a couple weeks in Kaunas, I gave up approaching girls who looked like they were over 23 because of the cool reception they gave me. Most of my bangs came from girls who were just wrapping up college or had recently graduated.

It was pretty hard to find women older than 30. I think they hibernate at home to take care of the husband and kids. The only place I saw them was in the grocery store with carts full of food. I didn't bother approaching since I knew all that food had to be for a family. If you manage to find an older chick in a bar who has had a few drinks and is digging your vibe, you might as well notch your belt if she happens to be single or divorced.

Lithuanian girls have a real interest in Americans, since hardly any of us visit the country. Spanish and Turkish guys did okay, though I rarely saw them with a girl above a 6. There does seem to be an invisible ceiling for foreign guys trying to pull above the 6 level. It generally wasn't hard for foreigners to get a girl, but it was harder to pull top shelf.

In Lithuania you have to understand that the dating market is very tight because women don't want to be single in their twenties. The average girl in her mid-twenties may be reluctant to have a dalliance with a foreigner if it doesn't result in something long-term. The name of the game in Lithuania is to find young, single girls who are open-minded about receiving the foreign snake.

## Approach Index

My approach index indicates how many girls an average-looking guy with decent game has to approach before he's likely to bang a cute girl (not including Internet approaches). Since there are so many variables involved, the index is best used to compare the easiness of one country with others. First let me share the numbers from previous countries, from easiest to hardest:

Iceland: 40

Poland: 45

United States: 45

Brazil: 50

Denmark: 50

Estonia: 50

Colombia: 60

Latvia: 60

Argentina: 90

From these number we can conclude that a man has to do twice as many approaches to get laid in Argentina than the United States. For Lithuania, I'm assigning an approach index value of **50**, the same as Brazil, Denmark, and Estonia, meaning that if you've been to either of those countries, the time it takes to get your first bang will be about the same.

## III



## Internet Game

The quickest way to get conversations going with local girls is to use Badoo.com, which is like a Facebook for dating. The game there is more similar to text messaging than Internet dating. Start with a “Hello, how are you?” then get a couple exchanges going about how you’re visiting her city and if she likes English before asking her out for a drink:

*So I just came to your city and will be here for a while. I don’t know anyone so it would be nice to meet someone who speaks English and can teach me more about the city. Would you like to meet for a drink in a couple days?*

I recommend you pay extra for the site’s *Superpowers* feature, which allows you to see which girls viewed your profile and want to meet you. The *Encounters* feature is also a good way to find out which girls are interested so you don’t have to message them cold.

You can also try CouchSurfing.org, a site I’ve recommended in the past. The biggest problem is that the girls are more concerned with doing cultural exchanges with people from a different country than banging foreign dudes, but you can use it to get into a little social circle. I use CouchSurfing mostly to find out where cute girls hang out. A few days before arrival I send the following message and then collect the responses to pick out venues that are mentioned more than once. Here’s my standard message:

*Hi Susanne,*

*I’m coming to Kaunas next week and was wondering if you have any advice on nice lounges or wine bars that I could visit. I’ve never been to your city before and don’t trust the recommendations in my guidebook. Any help is appreciated.*

*Also, I noticed you lived in Istanbul, which is where my mom is from. Are there a lot of Turks in Lithuania?*

*Roosh*

The first paragraph is the same for all girls and the second is customized to what’s in her profile. The customization portion can be short—it’s just to show you’re not a copy-and-paste monkey. If her profile is blank, you can either skip the customization paragraph or say something like, “By the way, your photos are nice, but it’s hard to tell what you’re

like, since there isn't much in your profile.”

If she replies and goes out of her way to help you, remark on how you don't know many Lithuanian people and then ask if she wants to meet up for a drink at one of her favorite bars. When it comes to CouchSurfing, I only go for a meet-up when she's asking personal questions.

Another site is VKontakte (<http://www.vk.com>), a sort of Facebook for Eastern Europe. It has a powerful search feature that lets you find single girls within a specific city and age range. Simply enter your city in the search box to get started. Your first message can be a simple, such as, “Hello, do you speak English?”

Before your trip to Lithuania I recommend you message at least ten girls on CouchSurfing and thirty girls on both VKontakte and Badoo to get a couple meet-ups out of it.

## Day Game

If you want to bang Lithuanian 7s (and maybe even above that), your best bet is to meet them during the day, since at night their attitude increases to stratospheric levels, similar to what happens in America. The good news is that 6s and below were relatively easy, day or night, though especially during the day. The issue with Lithuania is that with so many beautiful girls around you won't want to mess with a 6, though a 6 is a wise bet for your Lithuanian flag if you're short on time.

I went to Lithuania in the middle of winter, so I did most of my day approaches in the mall. Opportunities were somewhat limited, but the hottest girls I at least got a number from were definitely from day attempts. I can imagine doing five times better in warmer weather when the street opens up as an option, causing me to wonder what it would have been like if I had gone in May or June. It's a shame that my timing was off, but I'm not too keen in returning to find out, since I want a place where both day and night game are fruitful. This is one reason why I'm not in love with Colombia, a country where night game is a poor option.

If you're going to approach during the day—and you should—focus on girls who appear younger than 25. They'll be more receptive compared to older girls, who may just flat out ignore you. Older girls didn't seem at all curious about me and didn't want to indulge my approaches, even for thirty seconds, partly because they couldn't communicate in English. Other than that, there are no other day game modifications you'll need to make from what I taught in *Day Bang*. Opening with a tourist question or asking for a “good coffee shop” will suffice, though I had the best success when asking for a pet shop.

If I lived in Lithuania permanently, I'd use day game almost exclusively to get laid. It was so much more effective than night game at having solid conversations where I felt like a connection was being made.

## Night Game

Prepare yourself for the “no-response response,” where a girl understands what you’re saying but chooses to pretend she didn’t hear you. I lived in Ukraine for three months after Kaunas and can definitely say that Lithuanian girls were harsher with their rejections. The saving grace, as I mentioned, was that 6s and below were easy. They’re usually straightforward to bang, even for one-night stands.

I hated how the line of demarcation was at the 6 range, where anything above that was tough as balls, but that was the reality, so I did my best to deal with it. While I did begin rounding bases on Lithuanian 8s, the cutest girl I ended up banging was a Polish 7. I was in Kaunas for five weeks, worked like a fucking dog, threw every possible resource into the problem, but never banged an 8. It was disappointing that I could bang hotter girls in Washington DC than in Kaunas. Here are the three main problems I encountered:

1. Most girls had boyfriends and were reluctant to cheat with a foreigner who was just passing through. Lithuanian girls value relationships more than random hookups, unlike in the West.

2. Their English was weak. The language barrier was a mild-to-moderate problem. If she’s over 25 there’s a chance she won’t know more than one-hundred English words.

3. They had bad attitudes. Lithuanian girls can sometimes be harsher than American girls, with an abrasiveness that’s worse than in Estonia and Latvia (though Latvia could be bad, too). There were many sweet girls, but much fewer than in other Baltic countries. There was no shortage of bitchy hot girls in the club punching away on their smartphones.

If you plan to hit the clubs, you’ll really need a wingman. A Lithuanian girl will be very reluctant to ditch her friend to talk to you. I lost count of how many times a girl bowed out of a conversation out of sympathy for a friend, even though I knew she was feeling me. If you don’t have a wingman, it’s best to hang out in low-key spots that are more like bars. Another possible solution is to approach groups of three or more where your target won’t feel like she has left her friends all alone, but this tactic opens you up to getting cockblocked.

In Lithuania, both talking and dance approaches are effective, but it will depend on the venue. If you’re in a loud club and don’t want to do dance approaches, your best bet is to go to the smoking room and bum cigarettes from girls you find attractive, a sound strategy because of the high percentage of females who smoke. In bars you can stick to talking approaches.

Eye contact is crucial in deciding how your approach will go. You might as well fish for it to see which girl gives you at least a one-second stare. To show her you’re a man, let her break eye contact first. You can also experiment with a smile after a couple-second stare to see if she smiles back. Lithuania was somewhat like Brazil in that eye contact was an important way for a girl to show her interest in men. I still approached girls in clubs who didn’t give me eye contact first, but interactions went far smoother on girls who did.

My main opener was, “You look like you speak English.” If she did, she’d ask why I thought so. I’d then say, “I can see it in your face. People who speak English have a certain look and attitude about them.” It was a slightly absurd statement meant to make her somewhat curious if she had any interest in talking to a foreigner.

Using that line, you can then remark on how English isn’t as common in Lithuania, a path of conversation that should have her asking where you’re from before the two-minute mark. If she doesn’t ask where you’re from by that time, she’s not interested.

With Lithuanian girls you shouldn’t have to drag the words out of them, because the ones who like you will make it clear from the beginning by aiding the conversation. At a minimum, she’ll be smiling and making eye contact with you. Unlike Ukraine, I didn’t feel like I was talking to statues, though it’s still a good idea to keep the conversation simple until she feels more comfortable with you.

Feel free to ask basic questions like what her favorite type of music is or how many brothers or sisters she has. Lithuanian girls don’t prefer witty word play, so your questions should be basic and closed-ended. Following her answers, you can offer a brief sentence or two of ramble to see if she responds. If not, ask another question. Since Lithuanian girls don’t prefer marathon conversations in a club, it’s best to break the conversation periodically by taking her on jaunts to the dance floor. Dancing is very important in building a connection with them.

You’re probably getting the impression that game isn’t nearly as effective on beautiful Lithuanian women as in other countries I’ve written about. Your impression would be correct. In my one-month stay, I didn’t identify any logistical tricks or game tactics that reliably gave me vagina access. I was discouraged with my paltry night results at landing the quality I desired, so I can’t stress enough how day game was the only bright spot during my time in Kaunas. It gave me at least *some* access to top shelf.

If you go to Lithuania with a night-only approach, your quality may be low. Then again, my standards may have been unreasonably high because I went to Lithuania after spending several months in countries with plenty of beautiful women. It may be that my 6 would have been your 7. Still, if you go to Lithuania for less than one month, I wouldn’t set high expectations.

Your best bet in Lithuania is to hit day game hard and to set up a lot of dates early in the night—around 8:00. If the dates go badly, you can still bow out and run some night game, which will be tough going if you’re solo. Whatever you decide to do, be prepared to work your ass off.



## Additional Game Analysis

### *Python Game*

For Lithuanian hotties, you'll have to use long-term python game, where you orbit around her while she's in her relationship, gradually closing in as the relationship deteriorates. It's somewhat similar to the beta orbiting strategy that American men use, but without the neediness or supplication. It requires a lot of time (at least two months) and you may not be successful in the end.

In one month, I was placed in the orbits of three beautiful women. If I lived in Lithuania permanently, I would have smashed at least one of those girls, but there's no way I'd stay long just for that chance.

The easiest way to orbit is to meet up for a platonic drink every couple weeks or to meet in a club when she's with her friends. Have a nice chat, flirt a little, and then go just a tad farther than the previous meeting. You'll know when to go for the kill because she'll start to talk about the feelings she has for you. The orbiting strategy feels a little beta, since you're spending a lot of time with no guarantee of return, but it's the only way I know of that gives you a chance at banging high quality.

### *Lithuanian Guy Game*

Lithuanian guys are the tallest I've seen, even taller than guys in Denmark. It's no surprise that basketball is a popular sport in Lithuania. In restaurants you'll see basketball memorabilia and photographs on the wall, including an occasional black man who played for a local team.

The men look a bit more menacing than in other Baltic countries because of their larger size, especially the ones who wear sweatpants and a permanent scowl on their face, but I didn't experience any problems, even when walking alone at night. There was the occasional cockblock, though not as bad as what I experienced in Poland.

In terms of game, they're similar to Latvians in that they have good energy and aren't too scared to approach. Their main approach style is to get on the dance floor and have fun dancing while spinning the girl around and getting physical. You don't want to snooze in a Lithuanian club if there's a chick you like, because she will probably get approached, if not by a local guy, then by hyper-aggressive Turkish students.

The best way to defeat a Lithuanian guy is to outlast him. By 3:00 they're drunk and beginning to run out of energy. It wouldn't be a bad strategy to get to a club a little late and mop up whatever girls are left.

# IV

# Stories

## I Got Played

I had already decided never to go back to Europe in the winter again. The lack of sunlight and cold temperatures are bad enough, but even worse is that pussy is harder to find. Girls go out less at night and day game is all but eliminated unless you like hanging out at the mall.

It was already late January, the dead of winter, when I arrived in Kaunas from Estonia. I decided to tough it out a bit longer before heading to Ukraine in the spring. The mall would have to do.

My favorite opener during the day is asking a girl where a pet shop is. I've done it dozens of times and know how the conversation can play out for me to get a number. The opener goes off a lot more smoothly if there isn't a pet store nearby because the girl is forced to stop and think of an answer. The biggest mall in Kaunas has three pet stores. It was almost comedy hour with how the approaches were going.

"Have you been to the pet store right here?" the girl would ask.

"Yeah, but they don't have cats."

"And the one upstairs?"

"They also don't have cats."

"How about the one down the hall? I know they have cats."

"Are you sure? I don't think they have cats."

On my second day in the city, I approached a cute girl named Aista with pet store. She wanted to walk me to a pet store that I already knew had a black cat. I feigned surprise that they actually had this cat and she asked if I was going to buy it.

"Um, I don't know about its color. I'm not a fan of black."

"I think it's a pretty cat. You should buy it!"

Was she drawing me out? I considered buying it just to call her bluff, but then told her maybe I wanted a hamster instead, which thankfully the store didn't have.

My experience is that even if a girl knows my opener isn't the truth, she still wants to see me again, assuming she likes me. It's such an innocent "lie" that I've never had a girl use it against me. Aista eagerly gave me her number and we set up a date for Friday night.

When I first arrive in a country, I want to get my flag out of the way as quickly as possible, preferably in the first week. I use night game for that task, since a Thursday, Friday, and Saturday night mission is usually enough for me to bang. I don't do dates from day game on those nights because of the usually longer length of time it takes to seal the deal, but I made an exception for Aista because winter was raging and I wasn't sure if I could find fruitful nightlife. I felt that it was worth the risk.

On Friday night, the date got off to a slow start at an Irish pub. She didn't talk at all, so I

turned on my monologue and kept things going until she started opening up an hour later. I caught glimpses of her sexy body with huge titties that turned out to be uncommon among Lithuanian girls. Her long blonde hair draped across the sides of her chest. I wondered how far I could get with her that same night, especially after she told me she had just gotten out of a three-year relationship a couple weeks earlier.

I truthfully told her I was writing a travel book on Lithuania and she gave me a rundown on the culture and some popular venues, including a fun bar she said I had to visit called Republic. My nightlife reconnaissance was going well and by the second weekend I would know the best venues in the city.

“Am I the first American you’ve met?” I asked.

“Yes, you are. I’ve seen a couple other Americans around, but I never talked to them like I’m talking to you.”

“Well, I have to be extra nice so you’ll have a favorable impression of my country. I won’t act crazy or anything.”

She laughed and I knew the time was right for a venue change to a club where things could get more physical. I gave her the keys to the night by letting her pick the club. She chose one that was in the suburbs, so we had to take a taxi. The club was packed and I was the only foreigner there. The music was good, the vibe was good, and after I ordered a drink it didn’t take long for us to kiss.

I was surprised by her intimacy skills. She was only 22 but the way she kissed suggested a lot of experience. She knew how to pull back and how to bite with just the right pressure. My boner was operating at 100% power for much of the night as she rubbed against it through her wool dress. I felt like the king of the club and was pleased with my decision to give her a date on such an important night.

A couple hours after we got to the club (about four hours into the date), she stopped drinking, well short of the intoxication that would lead to bad decisions concerning sex with a relative stranger. Her kissing dropped in intensity as well. I couldn’t trace it to something I said, since we had barely talked in the club, so I chalked it up as a case of her realizing she was moving too fast and wanting to slow things down. She had just gotten out of a relationship, after all.

My experience had shown that not all Eastern European women wanted to fuck right away, so I wasn’t upset or surprised that I’d have to wait for another date. I was ready to close out the night to set the stage for a home dinner date the following week where I could seal the deal and get my Lithuanian flag.

We were both tired of dancing, so we sat in a booth. In case she did want to bang, I told her that just because I might invite her to my apartment later, or at any point in the future, it didn’t mean I was expecting sex. It was a line I had perfected in Poland which made girls more comfortable coming over, of course leading to sex.

“In America, it’s very common to have an afterparty,” I said.

“Okay,” Aista said. “I just don’t want to be entertainment that you only use for sex.”

“While I’m a single man and like sex, I like doing other things as well. We’re talking, drinking, and dancing, with no expectations. We’re just having a nice time.”

She seemed to like that answer, but ten minutes later she got really quiet and started messing with her phone, sending text messages. I ignored that and we sat for another fifteen minutes until I suggested we go to a different bar. My instinct told me that she’d politely decline and we’d take a cab back to the city center. I wasn’t prepared for what happened next.

“I think I’m going home,” she said.

“We can share a cab back to the center,” I suggested.

“Actually, my friend is going to pick me up.”

The music kept playing, but I felt as if it had stopped. I asked a question I already knew the answer to.

“Is your friend a guy?”

She paused for a second, then said, “Yes.”

I had spent hours with her, bought her drinks, paid for the long taxi ride, gave her my undivided attention, and the result of all that is that I had warmed her up to fuck another guy. While I didn’t have the expectation that she’d fuck me, I did have the expectation that she’d treat me with respect. That was a mistake.

My response was immediate. Within two seconds, I was out of my seat and walking away. She gave chase and grabbed my arm, but I snatched it away, not before she could yell, “Stupid man!”

There would be no negotiation or further conversation. I had been played, and even if she had said, “But I’ll fuck you next time we go out,” I would have told her to go to hell.

I felt like the wind had been knocked out of me. For fifteen minutes I moped around like a pathetic sack of shit at the bar. I felt humiliated. All I wanted to do was go home and lick my wounds. She only saw me as a wallet and a stooge, a foreigner who could show her a good time while some local dude got the pussy. I had gotten her buzzed and horny just for him.

I looked at the time. It was 3:00. The club was way past its peak. There was little hope, but even though I was down, I still tried. I did two half-ass approaches that went alright, but nothing came out of them. I walked out of the club, still in disbelief about the reversal I had just faced. Things had seemed to be going so well. Why had she done me dirty like that? I thought only American women were capable of such harshness. She could have at least lied and said she wasn’t feeling well, or that a girlfriend was coming to get her.

A cab dropped me in front of my apartment. Then I remembered the bar she had told me about—Republic. It was just a block from my place. It was probably closed, but I decided to check it out, not to meet a girl but to see if it was worth going to on another night.

I went inside and was stunned to find that it was packed with more women than men.

The bar had narrow walkways with people standing up. The music wasn't too loud. Was I in a bar in America? The logistics were perfect, the first time I had encountered such an American-style venue in Eastern Europe. All that was missing were the fat American girls in flip-flops singing along to Bon Jovi. My mood immediately brightened. I ordered a drink and leaned against the bar. I couldn't believe I had found a spot that was tailor-made for me.

In my first approach, the girl didn't speak English, but her thick friend smiled and said, "Maybe I want to dance with you later." It was a good sign. Tons of girls were staring at me, and there were no Spanish or Italian dudes in sight. There had to be a catch, I thought, but there was none.

My second approach was on a gorgeous blonde. She was a sweet girl who obviously loved practicing her English, but after some time it came out that she had a boyfriend. "I'm not the jealous type," I said. She laughed.

I knew that talking to her wouldn't lead to sex, but I wanted some companionship after the supreme diss I had faced not one hour earlier. The blonde made me feel good and I wanted to be with her. Our conversation was fun and I could tell she liked me, but the revelation that she lived with her boyfriend told me I absolutely wasn't getting laid.

I thought of a night in Uruguay where I went out with two Brazilian girls, one younger and another much older. I wanted the younger one, but the older one wanted me. I decided to stick to my guns and go for the younger one, but at the end of the night I got neither. Then I thought of all the nights in Poland I wasted on girls with boyfriends after thinking that I could seduce them. I walked away empty-handed 95% of the time.

I looked at the blonde and realized that I'd be warming her up for sex with another guy, just like I had with Aista. Was that what I wanted to be to women, a fluffer? The blonde was the type of girl I could fall for, but I wasn't put on this Earth to serve as validation for women or to make projects of them.

I saw a brunette looking at me while I talked to the blonde. She wasn't as hot, but still cute. I could tell she was DTF, looking around and barely paying attention to her homely friend. I told the blonde I'd be right back and approached the brunette by complimenting her fur-lined vest. She received it well and asked where I was from.

Her friend quickly left, leaving us to a one-on-one conversation. Later the blonde came and said goodbye to me as she walked out. I told the brunette to hold on so I could say goodbye to the blonde—and maybe even get her number—but my feet stopped after only two steps. As I watched her leave, nothing in my being told me to chase after her. I turned back to the brunette and apologized for the interruption.

It took about twenty minutes to kiss the brunette and another ten minutes to invite her to my apartment. Forty-five minutes from meet to bang, something I would have expected more in Iceland than Lithuania. The brunette's body was not as good as Aista's, but my dick couldn't tell the difference. Her face wasn't as good as the blonde's, but again my dick couldn't tell the difference. She fucked me good, and in the end that's all that matters.

## The Dream Girl

I wasn't supposed to meet her. All I needed to do was buy a little food and a small bottle of vodka to hold me over until I was to leave Lithuania for Ukraine two days later. But there she was in the pasta aisle, reading a package of macaroni.

I already had a lot of practice approaching in foreign grocery stores. The first thing I'd do when walking in was grab a loaf of bread. I'd put it in the child seat of my cart then continue shopping.

When a cute girl crossed my path, I'd say, "Excuse me, do you know what kind of bread this is? I can't tell if it's white or wheat." If she was receptive, I'd ask her to recommend some foods and then add, "I'm still learning your food culture." She'd usually ask where I was from and then I'd have her number a couple minutes after that.

My bread loaf was locked and loaded in my cart, but when I passed by the girl in the pasta aisle, my mouth didn't open. What would be the point? I was leaving in two days and didn't have time to entertain the possibility of adding a girl to my pipeline.

I went to the deli meat section, but couldn't stop thinking about the opportunity I had just passed up. I couldn't deny that she was my type: petite, long dark hair, chipmunk cheeks, thick lips, and globular eyes. I had already fallen for a girl like her in Brazil named Mariana. The easiest way to duplicate the feeling I had with her, I guessed, was to find another girl that looked like her.

It didn't take long to start feeling like a chump. So what if I was leaving in two days? That didn't mean I couldn't have a little social chat in a grocery store. I called myself a pussy, a fake, a loser. I turned around, ready to seek her out, when I saw her about to walk right by as I was holding a package of ham. There was no hesitation this time.

"Excuse me," I said, "but do you know what kind of ham this is? Does it come from pig?"

She examined the package for thirty seconds without saying anything. It was possible that she didn't even speak English.

"Yes, this is pig," she said.

"Oh, okay. Thanks. The kind of ham I usually buy is out of stock, so I wasn't sure if this was something weird, like lamb or ox. Actually do you know if they have turkey breast here?"

I led her to the packages of what I thought were turkey breast, but she said they were also ham.

"Back where I come from, turkey breast is very popular. I'm going through turkey breast withdrawal, I think."

"Where are you from?" she asked.



We ended up talking for fifteen minutes, right next to the hams. My month in Lithuania had taught me that the key to success was to yank girls out of their shells and get them to talk, not necessarily to perform a perfect monologue like I could get away with in the West.

Instead of saying something like, “I noticed here that the people are shy, maybe because of when the Russians occupied the country,” I hit her with, “Would you say the people in Lithuania are shy?” I’d wait for a reply and say, “Why do you think that is? In America, people are incredibly friendly.” In Lithuania, it was better to come across as a student of culture, eager to learn from the natives.

That open-ended style worked so well that our conversation showed no sign of ending. She talked just as much as I did. The people who passed us probably wondered why we were having a conversation as if we were in a bar. I even leaned against a soda display case.

Two hints should have clued me in that we were going places. First, she wanted to get out of her country. I couldn’t blame her—her city was an industrial shithole without any charm or beauty. No one dreams of growing old in Kaunas. Second, she was fluent in English, more so than average. The foreign girls I had connected with most had the strongest interest in English and wanted to interact with people who were fluent in a language they held in high esteem. It works the other way around too—I’ve spent the most time in countries where I especially liked the native language (Spanish, Portuguese, and Polish).

I put girls from day meets on a slow roll. I get their number and contact them in a couple days for a casual weekday date, especially when meeting them on a Saturday, as was the case with this girl, but I didn’t have much time. I had to move fast.

“So what are you doing tonight?” I asked, wondering how she’d respond to a nearly instant date. It was already 9:30 p.m.

“I’m not sure yet.”

“Can you recommend a bar that should be good tonight?”

“Have you been to Blue Orange?” she asked.

“Not yet,” I replied. “You know, I haven’t really made any friends in the month that I’ve been here. If you’re free, we can grab a drink there in a couple hours.”

“I don’t know. I’m not sure what my friends are doing tonight.”

“Well, how about we just meet for one drink. I don’t want to hog you for the entire night. Afterwards you can meet up with your friends. You’re fun to talk to, and it would be nice to chat in a place outside of the grocery store.”

I tried to remove the risk, sort of like offering a money-back guarantee. I wanted to make it seem that even if I turned out to be a dud, the investment on her part would be low compared to the possible gain.

“Okay,” she said.

She gave me her number and her name, Zoya. I actually had to end the conversation because she wanted to keep talking.

Before I call or text a girl for the first time, I always make a guess as to the percent chance that she'll agree and show up on the date. Because of how flakey women are, I never peg it above 70%. A solid number is 50%. I put Zoya at 33%. She was eager and friendly, but it was a Saturday night, not the best for a first date with a girl you just met. I refused to get excited, making a backup plan in case she didn't show up.

As pretty and interesting as she was, I didn't need to leave for Ukraine thinking about some Lithuanian chick. I like to leave a country without looking back, with no connections that will cloud my experience in the next place.

I called her and she agreed to meet me at 12:30. I had less than forty hours before my flight to Ukraine.

We decided to meet on the steps of a big church. I got there on time and waited. I was wearing a nice blazer to set up a contrast to the German soccer jumper I'd been wearing in the store. She walked up slowly with a slight smirk on her face, her hands in her coat. She looked tired almost, as if she'd just gotten up from a nap.

At that moment I couldn't have guessed how the date would go. It takes at least two hours on a first date for me to get a general idea. Until then, I'd have to go through the motions of making small talk, doing light touches on her arms and legs, and trying to find out the things that we had in common.

We took a taxi to a hipster bar and I bought a round of drinks. I was concerned that things were off because her energy level was lower than in the grocery store. Nonetheless, I plowed ahead, giving her my backstory, which after nearly three years of living outside of America had become somewhat interesting, full of ups and downs and random cultural insights.

"Where do you want to eventually live?" she asked.

"Probably not here. It's a bit too rough for me. I like Brazil and Poland, but I may just end up back in the United States. Miami is a nice city."

If she had asked me two weeks earlier, my answer would have been, "Anywhere but America," but my Russian language teacher had told me that I'd be a fool to say I didn't want to live in a place where girls from this part of the world would die to move to. I wasn't one to turn down good advice.

Something inside me wanted to go full press onto this girl and create magic. Intense feelings can happen naturally, but they can also happen as a result of purposely seducing someone. I knew what I was doing, but I also knew that it would backfire if I fell for her myself.

"Do you meet a lot of girls when you travel?" she asked.

"Yes, I do, but it's hard to make a real connection, especially when you're from different cultures. There has only been one girl I'd say I had really strong feelings for."

“What happened?”

“It’s kind of a long story.”

“I’d like to hear it.”

I took a sip of my drink. “I started traveling when I was 25 or so, when I went to Italy for one week and visited five cities. I tried to see everything in a short amount of time with a goal to take as many pictures as possible. I remember that when I came home I was proud I had taken so many photos.

“Then I went to Venezuela for ten days, and then to Spain for two weeks. In Spain I started to slow things down a bit, staying in a city for five days or so. I loved being able to go somewhere and not have to work or answer a cell phone. I loved not having any responsibilities. I decided that that it was what I wanted to do, so I went back home, saved a lot of money, and then quit my job a couple months before I turned 28. I bought a one-way ticket to Ecuador and started a trip I thought was going to be full of nonstop fun, party, and girls.

“Things were harder than I thought. I had problems adapting to the culture. I wasn’t learning the language. I got homesick, wishing for the comforts of American life. I didn’t meet girls I liked, and worst of all, I kept getting stomach illnesses. Two months into the trip I was in the hospital because I ate some bad food. I still have problems from that. My doctor said that with certain infections, the digestive system can permanently change for the worse, and that is what happened to me.

“I got out of the hospital and kept going. I had a good time in Argentina, then made it to Brazil. I’d been on the road for five months, but it felt like five years. I knew it was time to go home, but then I met a girl.”

I took a slow sip of my drink to build suspense. I’ve lost count how many times I’ve told this story to women.

“My first weekend there I met a beautiful girl, an actress. I connected quicker with her than any other girl I had met in my life. Things moved quickly and for the month I was in Brazil we had an incredible time. But even she couldn’t take away my homesickness. I was tired and I wanted to go home. So I left.”

“Just like that?”

“Yes. It was sad to say goodbye to her, but I was happy to be going back. I told her that I would come back to visit her, and when I say something like that, I keep my word. I went back to the States, got my mojo back, made some money, and then went back to South America after a year. But I didn’t go back to her city. I went to Colombia instead. And I stayed there for six months.”

“That doesn’t make sense. You didn’t want to see her again?”

“I did, but I was nervous that after so much time the moment was gone and things wouldn’t be the same. Of course by postponing it another six months, I had all but assured that outcome. Even when I left Colombia, I took a couple weeks to travel slowly through

her country. I didn't want to be disappointed when I arrived in her city, so I guess I did my best not to arrive there.

"I eventually made it, and she sounded happy to hear from me when I called her. We made plans for a date."

I stopped talking and blankly stared off into space for a long moment.

"Well?" she asked.

"Well, I learned that a girl won't wait for you. You have to take advantage of special moments, and if you don't, they'll be gone forever."

I paused again, genuinely caught up in my observation.

"So we went out, but it just wasn't the same. We were almost like two different people. We made love that night, but the next week over lunch she told me she just wanted to be friends. I didn't get sad—I got mad. I told myself, 'Fuck her! I'm going to find another girl who is even better!' For the next several months I met a lot of girls, but they were nothing like her.

"One week before I left, I called her and told her I wanted to see her again. She agreed and I got her drunk on champagne. We made love again and at the end I told her I loved her. She told me that she didn't believe me and that I wasn't ready for love. The next time I saw her, she was a bit cold. I knew the magic we had when I first came to her city was gone.

"I saw her one more time before leaving. We went for a nice walk through the park and shared a bus ride back. I didn't know what to feel. My stop came first, and before getting off I looked at her and she was crying. I got off the bus, and we haven't spoken since."

"Are you going to try to get back with her?" she asked, her eyes wet.

"No, it's over for good. I understand that now. The only thing I ask myself is what I'll do if I meet another girl like her. Will I stay or go? I just don't want to make the same mistake again. The only problem is that I'm not in any one place for more than a few months at a time. I don't know. I don't have the answer."

Not long after I told her my story, I suggested we walk to the town center to check out a club. She seemed reluctant to party, but I knew a club visit would accelerate the seduction process. We walked in and I ordered her a double whisky with Coke. Weighing in at only 48 kilograms (I know because I asked), I knew the booze would have a strong effect on her.

"You still haven't asked me how old I am," I told her. I already knew she was 22.

"I don't think age is important. Does it matter to you?"

"Certainly not. It's just that I'm *so old* that I thought you'd be curious," I said, smiling.

"Okay, fine! How old are you?"

"How old do you think I am?" I asked, fixing my hair, as if it would help her make an

accurate guess.

“Twenty-six?”

I put my hand on her shoulder and said, “Thank you, I’m 32.”

“Wow, you don’t look 32.”

“When I was about 16 I looked like I was 12. When I’d drive people would think I was a little kid who stole his parents’ car. I remember my doctor saying, ‘It sucks for you now, but wait until you get older. You’re going to be happy then.’ He was right.”

Later she asked if I smoked. I said no, but then reached into my jacket pocket to find a new pack of Camels. I forgot that I had bought it a couple weeks earlier to practice my cigarette game. So many Eastern European girls smoke that if I wasn’t doing well in a club’s main room I’d smoke one cigarette in the smokers’ pit after asking a cute girl for a light.

I pulled out the pack and said, “I don’t smoke, but when I bought this jacket they were doing a special, ‘Buy a jacket and get a free pack of cigarettes.’” She took me seriously. We went out to the patio where a cute girl asked me for a cigarette. If I hadn’t been with Zoya, I probably would have gotten into a conversation with her.

“What do you think of Lithuanian guys?” I asked.

“They’re okay, just not interesting.”

“You’re single, right?” I had forgotten to ask. A couple Lithuanian girls had already surprised me on first dates by saying they had “complicated” relationships.

“Yes, I’m single.”

“I noticed that Lithuanians quickly get into relationships. Would you say that women would rather settle for a less-than-ideal man than be single after 23?”

“There’s some truth to that, yes. I know a couple guys that like me, but I’m not interested in them.”

She might as well have been holding a “I want to date a foreign man” sign.

Back inside I bought another round. I asked her to take a picture of me. “It’s for my mom,” I said, but it was actually for the Mamba.ru dating site I wanted to use to meet Ukrainian girls.

I got close to her face to feel out the kiss. She didn’t move back. The kisses started slow at first, then turned much more passionate and sensual than her somewhat sedate demeanor would have suggested. She did the move where she turned her mouth in a circle just brushing her lips against mine, something that few girls know how to do properly. We alternated between hard and soft, fast and slow kisses.

I wanted to knock out two routines to prime her for a one-night stand.

“What do you know of American dating culture?” I asked.

“Everyone is obsessed with sex. They openly talk about it a lot.”

“Yeah in the U.S. sex is no big deal. We have a hookup culture where if you like someone, you sleep with them fast. In Eastern Europe I’ve noticed that guys will shame a girl for being a slut. If she’s easy, her reputation will be damaged. In America, pretty much everyone is a slut, so it’s used more as a joke than an offensive term. It’s not uncommon to sleep with someone after only one or two hours. In a place like Iceland, it’s even faster.”

“Then what happens after?”

“If the sex was good, you do it again. I’ve had a lot of relationships start that way.”

“Things are different here,” she said.

“I know. When I was in Poland, girls told me that they would have taken longer to sleep with me if I was Polish, but since I was an outsider that didn’t know any of her friends, she took me to bed quicker.”

“Yes, I believe that.”

“It’s almost as if sleeping with me didn’t count.”

I wanted to add that with an exclamation point but I was afraid I was already going too far.

With that important brick laid, I hit her with another not long after.

I said, “By the way, if I ever invite you to my apartment for a drink, whether now or another time, I don’t expect sex. I just wanted to say that because I know you Eastern European girls think that sex is going to happen if you go into a guy’s apartment.”

“It doesn’t?”

“In America we have an afterparty culture where you just hang out for a drink or two after going to a club. Of course sex often does happen, but it’s not expected. I want to be able to invite you to my apartment just to hang out. There’s no expectation.”

“I don’t know if I believe you.”

“Hey, I’ll probably *want* to have sex, but you’re free to do whatever you want. If you want to leave after half an hour, that’s fine. I won’t pressure you.”

If a girl is even remotely slutty, she’ll put out after I hit her with those two routines. I waited another half hour, after we’d been hanging out for about three hours, then asked if she wanted to go back to my apartment for a drink. She agreed.

Once in my apartment, we sat in front of my laptop and traded YouTube songs. Things moved to the bedroom and I got ready for raw dog sex. But it didn’t happen. Despite my relentless pressure, I only got her down to her panties and a loose v-neck that I gave her. She let me finger her pussy for ten seconds, then kept hitting my hand away. I tried at least twenty times to gain access before finally realizing that she wasn’t going to put out. With so little time left, I had to make something happen, so I decided to use the nuclear option: I’d let her watch me jerk off.

After I started jerking my dick, she just kind of rolled over and went to sleep. I felt like a dissatisfied husband whose wife was no longer attracted to him.

I tried to sleep, but I kept waking up. This beautiful thing next to me didn't want my dick. Eventually I could no longer bear the soreness in my crotch. I sat in front of my laptop, put on some porn with a girl that looked like her, and jerked off. "Bringing a girl home is supposed to prevent this sort of thing," I thought. I was finally able to fall asleep.

Around noon we woke up and I tried again to fuck her, but didn't even get close. I couldn't believe that she didn't want to get rammed.

We ended up talking and cuddling in bed for three hours. It was so comfortable to hold her that I started to feel like a pussy. I had been love-starved for a while and Zoya was as good a candidate as any other. I decided to go full beta on her, talk about feelings and romantic shit, and hope for the best.

"What do you think about coming to visit me in Ukraine?" I asked.

"Which city? Kiev?"

"No, it's an industrial city in the east, close to Russia. Everyone there speaks Russian, and since you speak it, you could practice."

"I don't know," she said. "I think I need a visa."

I nodded and changed the subject, but the seed had been planted. We got dressed and I took her to an Italian bistro down the street for lunch.

By the time we said goodbye, our date had lasted sixteen hours, but I wasn't tired of her. I could have kept going. That alone hinted that she was probably worth flying across Eastern Europe. Since she was a student, I knew I'd end up paying for her flight.

"What are you doing later?" she asked.

"Like tonight? Packing, I guess."

"Do you need help?"

Even though I was going full beta, it hadn't crossed my mind to hang out with her again in just a few hours. Why not?

She was back in my place six hours later.

I love it when girls dress up for me, even when they know we're not going anywhere. Brazilian and Polish girls have done, and now Zoya. She arrived at my Soviet-era apartment with boot heels, tight white pants, a blouse, and a brown vest. Her makeup and hair were done as if she was going to the club.

I cooked dinner and we ate. We had already gotten to the point where silences were normal and comfortable. She didn't say much, but she kept touching me, a level of affection that's rare early on for Eastern European girls, especially before sex. I joked that she wasn't really Lithuanian, but a combination of Polish and Brazilian.

“Let’s go to my bed for a little bit,” I finally suggested.

“I don’t know if we should.”

“I know, you don’t want to have sex.” At this point I should have asked if she had a box that I could insert my dick into.

No clothes were removed. We just laid in bed, staring at each other. I was disappointed at not being able to bang it out, but at the same time I was happy that I had found a girl I could spin a new romantic adventure with.

“I had a lot of doubt about visiting you in Ukraine,” she said, “but now I think I want to. I found out I don’t need a visa.”

“Once I find an apartment there, we’ll work out a plan,” I said. “It’s funny that with what I’m doing right now, I can’t tell my friends back home. Flying in a girl who I haven’t even had sex with? They’d think I was crazy. But it feels right, so I’m going to do it. Last night I told you the story of the Brazilian girl. I should have stayed—I know that now—but I learn from my mistakes. If you and me don’t work out, that’s okay. I can live with that, but I’m going to do everything I can to make it happen.”

There is a point when an actor doesn’t know he’s acting anymore. While it’s true I had just picked this girl to fulfill a fantasy I had, I was starting to believe in it. I was a lonely man who had maybe found his dream girl.

The next afternoon I flew to Ukraine.

Zoya and I exchanged some warm emails until her reply times went from two hours to two days. When I sent an email suggesting actual dates for her to visit, it took five days just to get an ambivalent reply. Her hesitation caused the logical part of my brain to regain the throne.

One night, after sleeping with my mini-Ukrainian girlfriend for the third time, I got on myself for ever referring to Zoya as my “dream girl.” I can’t say my temporarily insanity had come from a lack of sex because I had banged a Polish girl the week before we met, so I had trouble understanding why I had been ready to pony up a large sum of cash to see a girl I hadn’t yet slept with.

Even in a best-case scenario of banging her rotten and then falling in magical love, the enjoyment would have only lasted for one weekend. I started to think about the costs of the endeavor. If a flight cost \$300 and I fucked Zoya six times, that would be \$50 a fuck, not including other expenses like food, drink, and taxis. I started to have doubts at the same time I’m sure she had doubts of her own.

I was desperately trying to experience a beautiful relationship full of love, intimacy, and companionship without actually putting in the work. I wanted to take the shortcut of flying her in for a weekend to feel some semblance of true romance. I knew what the fix was: to stay in the same place and go on dates. To put in the face time. To experience things together. To hold her hand and spend all the important holidays with her. To cuddle in bed



for hours even if she's on her period. But instead of being willing to do those things, I had sold her onto a fantasy involving a foreign guy. I'm sure she had realized that's all it was, that it didn't make sense to fly out and visit someone she didn't really know.

The flight jumped to \$550. For that price in Ukraine I could buy a sex slave. When I started thinking there was no way I could do it, she completely stopped replying. I was relieved. I could go on with my life and pretend that I had done my best to make it work. I could never say that it was my fault.

At the English school I worked at, I started dating a Ukrainian coworker. In the two months we dated, I cooked for her, she cooked for me, I took her to restaurants, we walked through the park, we watched movies, we listened to music, we cuddled in bed, and did everything else normal couples do. It wasn't an exciting relationship, but it was satisfying. My feelings grew slowly for her over time instead of being strong from the beginning. I didn't fall in love with her, but it was the first time I experienced real companionship with a foreign woman that wasn't only about sex. We spent so much time together that I like to think we began to truly understand each other.

I never had the desire to contact Zoya again.

## V

# Kaunas City Guide

Before going to Eastern Ukraine, Kaunas was one of the ugliest cities I had ever been to. On the flip side, it has a standard of woman that is extremely high. Remember that you're going solely for the women, not for the city.

All the universities there would suggest that it could be a goldmine for local girls, but with that came a ton of foreign exchange students, mostly men from Spain, who hit the clubs in large groups. My original design in going to Kaunas instead of Vilnius was to be one of the few foreigners present, but that wasn't the case. The city was small enough that I definitely felt their presence, though I still think it was better to be surrounded by foreign students in Kaunas than foreign sex tourists in Vilnius.

## Lodging

I used Kaunas Apartments (<http://www.kaunas-apartments.lt>) for lodging. I stayed in two of their apartments and both were basic and Soviet-inspired. One apartment, while comfortable, had paper thin walls that leaked the smell of my chain smoking neighbors downstairs. The power would also go out at random intervals and the bathroom facilities were raw. I wouldn't want to use that apartment service again, but in Kaunas you don't have a lot of choice unless you have a lot of time to apartment hunt while you're there. A lot of students rent cheap rooms, but for a whole apartment on a short-term basis you won't find much unless you go to Vilnius. My monthly rental cost about \$700.

## Daytime

The best spot to day game is Akropolis (Karaliaus Mindaugo 49), a modern mall with several floors. I did most of my approaches on the concourse or in the mammoth grocery store. I also picked up a girl who worked in a clothing store when I went in to buy a scarf.

If it's not too cold, I also recommend Laisves Aleja Street, a pedestrian boulevard lined with shops, restaurants, and bars. At night it can be a bit of a ghost town, but during the day you'll find a lot of singles.

## Nighttime

Nightlife was disappointing because I couldn't find anything decent before Thursday night, but the weekend crowd usually made up for it. People tend to go out late, around midnight. Here's a review of the nightlife spots I visited:

**BarBar'a** (Vilniaus g. 56) is a small club with a snobby vibe. The ratio isn't bad, but the good-looking girls have serious attitude. This is a favorite for foreign guys so you won't stand out unless you're black. While I ended up hating this place, it's the most crowded spot in the city on Wednesday and Thursday nights. Wednesday night is ladies night, which usually spells good news if you're in Eastern Europe, but the ratio here was decidedly average.

**Embassy** (Kovo 11-osios 22) is a club outside of the city center (the cab ride is about \$8). The ratio is good, but literally every girl dances nonstop unless ordering a drink. Therefore you'll have to use dancing game. There were few foreigners and the vibe was friendly, though English is less common here than in clubs closer to the town center.

**DejaVu** (Rotušės aikštė 2) is a good club for Friday and Saturday nights when the ratio is at least equal. As long as there aren't any aggressive Turkish guys approaching every girl in sight, you should be able to get some action. The girls don't mind foreigners and aren't as snobby as the ones in BarBar'a. The larger smokers' room is a good spot to approach if you don't want to dance. They have a "no sports shoes" policy, something I think is aimed at keeping out stag parties, so wear respectable footwear.

**Room 201** is a younger, more hipster version of DejaVu that is three doors down to the right. The bartenders are energetic, friendly, and heavy pourers, but the cramped layout of the venue makes it hard to find a good approach spot. It's a good place to check out before the action gets going in DejaVu.

**Republic** (Laisvės 57) is an Irish pub that usually has people sitting down, but late on weekends after midnight it turns into more of a club party with a DJ and active dance floor. The girls here are the friendliest and often speak English, but the ratio is often bad. Surprisingly, there aren't as many foreigners as in the clubs. It also makes for a good date spot.

**Dzem Pub** (Laisvės 59) is a hipster bar with a lot of Spanish people. There are tons of tables so unless it's crowded, like it usually is on the weekends (especially Saturday), there won't be a lot of lingering by the bar. The dance floor is large and full of women. The talent is lowest out of anywhere in the city, but the girls are friendly and will give you a lot of eye contact. To get your flag, I recommend Republic and Dzem Pub, since you'll get the best responses.

## The Bottom Line

Lithuania is like the Argentina of the Baltics. The women are the hottest in the region, but they are also the coldest. There's little reason to go to Argentina if you've got Brazil (i.e., Estonia) so close by, but it's still worth a visit to check out the vibe. If you like what you experience and want to make a go for a Lithuanian beauty, buckle down for a three-month stay that will allow you to run the python game necessary for success.

Even though Lithuania has more beautiful girls than Estonia, you're likely to pull hotter girls in Estonia because the girls there are friendlier to foreigners. If you're the curious or adventurous type, there's no harm taking a crack at Lithuania for a two-week flag mission. It has both high and low points that balance out to make it an okay spot, but get ready to experience serious attitude and strange personalities.

*For more tips on picking up European women, visit my web site:*

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