

Total Flirt: The Missing Chapter

By Total Flirt author [Violet Blue](#)

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Welcome to the bonus chapter of [Total Flirt](#)! If you got this chapter from entering the code words in the book on thetotalflirt.com, congrats! If you got this "missing" chapter in a different way... congrats!

If you find what you read helpful, consider picking up the [Total Flirt app](#) or buying the Total Flirt book. It's a practical [crash course in flirting](#) you don't want to miss.



This book was based on six years of research, studies, and covert investigation. It also had a lot of "trusted testers" along every step of the way. They happened to be women of a significant age range, from girls new to dating all the way to moms who were out of divorce and seeking to reignite their flirty ways. They were women of diverse race, and diverse tastes in sexual partners - not all of them were straight.

Not all of my "trusted testers" were female. Some were flirty gay friends who wanted to try out my tips to playfully test me; many were straight men who wanted to know what women were up to. I wanted to know if guys thought Total Flirt would work on *them*.

How The Guys Get Us Wrong

Of course, I knew the answer to that question. But they reinforced it by their reactions, and also by taking tips from the book themselves. Little did they know how many of their kind had been taken down with even a single technique in the book. And every time they asked, I was always delighted to demonstrate how effective the techniques are in real life.

Men who thought they were *absolutely sure they knew* when a girl wanted him were shown when they were right, and when they were wrong. "If she plays with her hair and looks at me, I know she wants to have sex with me." *Wrong*, I said. *There's a difference between a hair flip and a come-on. Know it.*



The first rule of flirt club, I explained to these guys, is that men mistake female attention for sexual interest. Guys are not taught the difference. And then "pick-up artists" tell them that it's okay to push girls who didn't mean to signal that, in the chance that insecure girls will fold to pressure and let these douchey guys steamroll their way into bed.

I can tell you for a fact that most guys are not like this. But the gross ones, the pests, give most men who want to meet a girl on honest terms a bad rap. And that bad rap ends up being the nice guy who comes off like a sleazebag when he accidentally mistakes my hair flip and eye contact with "come here, big boy." And then they wonder why we're so cold.

Being nice isn't the same as wanting sex, and most of us girls have been bullied by a bad flirt, which leaves us more than a little gun shy.

I explained to my confused guyfriends, people touch their hair reflexively. They scan a room reflexively. Hair touching is sensual, and room scanning means they're either looking for their boyfriend, or that they are single. It's when things are done in repetition - two's and three's - that give you a green light to investigate the situation.

As I explain to women in *Total Flirt*, when someone passes three indicators of interest, you're good to go - they want you, and they want you to know. Now, if the girl touches her hair and looks at a guy, that's one. If she looks again and repeats the behavior, or adds a smile, or touches another part of her body like arm, neck or collarbone, then it's two. (If she smiles and makes eye contact, don't wait another second.) If you get a third signal repeating any of the above, or she walks past you (even with a hair flip in your direction), that's three. Get over there and say hi - or say something about how nice she looks, or how something she's doing relates to you or the environment.

As girls, it's important for us to not unintentionally send signals when we don't mean to. But the thing about flirting and being sexy in public is that it's all in fun, and it's all practice. So if you accidentally send a signal to someone, it's easy to get out of. Just say, oops - I didn't mean to give you the wrong idea. Thank you for being cool about it.

And if you need to end the accidental conversation, either use one of the exit strategies in the *Total Flirt* book - or if you don't remember them in the moment, excuse yourself to the bathroom, bring your purse, and refer to the many more exit strategies in the [Total Flirt app](#).

Sample exit strategies:

- * I'm sorry, I just realized how tired/stressed/ill I feel. It was nice meeting you.
- * The night is young... It was a pleasure meeting you.
- * I don't feel like giving out my number/email tonight, but thank you for asking me.
- * Nothing personal, but I'm feeling a little weird (or guilty) about my homework/deadline/spouse. I'm going to call it a night.
- * I think I should head back to my friends, but it was great chatting with you.

Tips From The Bartender

By far one of the best "trusted testers" I had use and review the Total Flirt book was a female bartender. She's a tall, sexy woman who used to be a runway model in her youth, she retired to run her own club. A bartender now for ten years, she has seen it all. After reading Total Flirt she told me. "You have no idea how much these tips are going to help women in all the other parts of their lives. In work, in regular social situations. Really, the confidence tips will make everything easier, and it's true. It's all about confidence, and the tips are perfect."

Interestingly, she had a highlight: "The part where you tell girls not to get too loud with their friends... You can't emphasize that enough. I see groups of guys coming in here, and it's predictable that when they get drunk and loud in a group that it scares girls away. That's a no-brainer. But girls don't seem to know that they do the same thing. When a group of girls gets drunk and they get loud, even if it's just 2 or 3 of them, the guys stay very far away. The *nice* guys, anyway."

She explained how the pick-up artist tricks were pretty obvious to most women - except the deeply insecure ones. "I've seen guys writing their numbers down on ATM receipts with big balances, then watch girls look at it and laugh when the guys were out of sight. The worst thing they do is touch women without asking. Don't these guys have any female friends?"

Taking More Lessons From Total Flirt

One of the things I want to stress is to beware of people who claim to offer all the answers in one place - that they are flirting, dating and everything else experts. Get information that helps you everywhere you can, but don't let dating or flirting "advice experts" make you feel desperate. Or uninformed, or like you don't try hard enough. You are going to try, and that's great - you have to go at your own pace if you're going to have a good time, and get what you want. Remember, the dance of flirting and dating and mating is a marathon - not a sprint.

Reading Total Flirt will give you all the fine-grain tips and tricks. Try out, and use as many as you can. Don't worry if you forget some of them. If you need help remembering, or wish the book were a personal friend to guide you along, check out the Total Flirt app.

I can't emphasize enough how important it is that you know and use specific body language – a technique called "Flirt Mode." In just five seconds, you'll change everything with a few simple adjustments that will take you fifteen minutes to learn in Total Flirt. The body language techniques in the book (and even the few that are in the app) will make all the difference in the world. These were compiled using the science of Kinesics, the study of body language and the very real messages they send. The body language tips really work.

But this isn't a sales pitch, it's a suggestion - and I've got four Flirt Club suggestions you can use as general guidelines for your adventures.

Flirt Club #1



Go to places where you will have something you can relate to; like a meetup about your interests, an event you actually want to go to, a club with music you really like, a bar that has something that makes you want to visit for its own sake. Do a tiny bit of prep and have a story or two to tell, a dumb joke or two, a photo on your phone of something cool or weird you saw in the past few hours, celebrity gossip, or even a current news event.

Wear an item that might be a good conversation starter, something a little outrageous, but not too outrageous. Like red shoes, or a big ring. Totally think of a few things you've been meaning to talk to your wider circle of friends about. This way, you're prepared to chat.

More opening lines:

- * I don't usually do this, but - you have a really nice smile.
- * Hey, can I get a (female/male) opinion on something? Do you consider friending someone on Twitter or Facebook to be "just friends" or does it mean more?
- * I saw you standing there and had to tell you that you look great tonight.
- * Somebody told me that have great [cocktails, or an item in their hand like tea, coffee] here. Is it true?
- * Smile and tell them they can't sit or stand where they're sitting or standing. Tell them you're joking and that you really wanted to tell them that they look great.
- * Can I ask - you have a great style - what do you think of these shoes?
- * In a grocery store, pick up a can of cat food and say "Have you tried this? It's SO good!"
Laugh.
- * I just saw [X new movie] - have you seen it? If not, ask what they have seen recently.
- * Is your friend always so (funny, inquisitive, popular, drunk)?

Flirt Club #2

Make contact. Plan to fail a few: this way, you won't be afraid of rejection. You'll be surprised. When you get the conversation going, get them to open up, relate to things you agree with (especially if it's a feeling they have about something), and let them show you their personality.

Tip to turn flirting into dating: Find a piece of common ground, and suggest a book, website, café, or store that keys into the common interest. Proceed to #3.

Flirt Club #3



Get their preferred method of contact (email, phone) for a specific reason not to make a date or meet, but to send them info about the common interest. Then do it the next day, in the afternoon or evening. Don't start with "Do you remember me?" Start with positives, like "Hope you guys had fun with the rest of your night! Wish I could have stayed. Here's that book we talked about. Great meeting you, Amy Red Shoes." Adding a signifier to your name is optional, but can be a fun

twist – good ones are something about you that you both talked about, especially if it ties into your appearance.

Tip to turn flirting into dating: When you've just met someone, you are walking into their already busy lives – don't expect (and definitely don't demand) immediate responses to calls, texts or emails. Be casual, but don't let more than two days go by without saying hi – and don't just say "hi" but say something about yourself or your day, or tie your statement to the circumstances under which you both met.

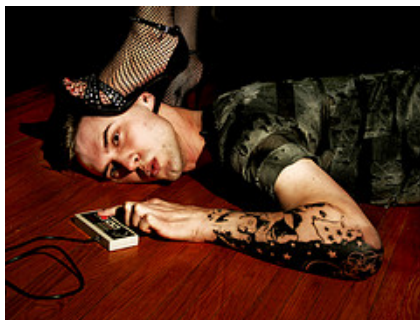
Non-verbal contact is best and the least confrontational. You could email, "Hey [name], how is your [crazy/funny/intense] [thing that they told you about their daily life]? You were definitely the most interesting person I've talked to all week." This creates common ground, establishes rapport, makes you stand out from the rest, you seem genuinely interested in them, and they are reminded of the good time you had together.

Flirt Club #4

If things progress after a conversation or bond building over the common interest, invite them to something you are already going to be doing. "Hey, there's another meetup like the last one. I'm definitely going – here are details in case you want to check it out." "FYI, there's an art show featuring [that thing you like] at Fred's Gallery starting at 8 tomorrow night – I'm going and will tell you if it's cool if you can't make it." "A bunch of us are going to see [a movie they might like] at the Century, 9pm showing. You should come!" Don't start with a one-on-one date as the first thing; make that the *next* thing you do together.

The Smart Girls' Pick Up Artist Safari Party

Before I release you out into the wild, I want to give you the recipe for the ultimate girls' night out on the prowl. Hunt, bag, and tag - then keep if you like them or play "catch and release." It's all up to you.



* Get together before to make a plan. Play music; make sure each other look perfect. Decide your transportation to and from all the places you're going. Make sure you travel together as much as possible.

* Decide who is in charge for the night. Pick a second in command just in case.

* Everyone should state what their goals are: to get numbers/emails, to meet guys, just to dance with hotties, or to go home. You want to make sure the girls who are set to go out and stay out are taken care of, otherwise feelings might get hurt ("I thought you were going all night with us!") or you will be worried about your friend if she takes off without telling anyone that was what she wanted to do.

* Let the leader decide where you go, the order you party-hop in, and let her decide who gets sent out flirting first and in what order. If one girl just wants to watch and be support, that fine - just as long as she tells everyone beforehand.

* When you get to the place, make a base of operations. Ideally, you will be standing because this makes you more approachable. This is the spot girls make sexy walks across the room to and from, and can return to when they need an exit.

* The leader asks if everyone has their targets, or a target, or any target. If yes, she tells the girl to go make contact; walk by and smile while walking. Or if daring, go over and say hi. She can opt for trying to make contact from the group, but men will be more intimidated to make contact if your girl-gang surrounds you.

* Each girl gets a turn. Then everyone reports back, and the leader decides if it's time to move on, or if you're in a good spot for another round.

* The leader must make sure you leave before the night is over: you must leave when it is too soon. This gives everyone a chance to get contact info ("My friend wants to go!"), or ask hotties where the next party is. Leaving soon leaves a good memory of you, and you leave them wanting more. Also, if one girl is having a dud night, it's everyone's job to make sure she's not left out or abandoned: switch activities.

* The final rule (besides no driving drunk) is that if one of you is harassed, frightened, or made uncomfortable by any guy, you all have a pact to leave immediately. She is one of you. And feel free to tell the bouncer why the hot girls are leaving - on your way out, of course.



“Working It”

By [Alison Tyler](#)

“I can’t do this.”

“Do what?”

“Sheila, you’ll have to manage without me.”

My best friend looked at me, incredulous. “What are you talking about? You got your hair done. You’re wearing your favorite sexy outfit. How could you *not* go?”

“You know me,” I pleaded. “When I’m in a room with a lot of guys, I get nervous. I don’t know how to speak or think or breathe.”

“That’s why I asked you to help me work the event. If you’re pouring drinks, all you have to know how to say is ‘Red or white?’”

“What if they ask me my name?”

“It’ll be right there on your tag,” she promised.

“What if *he*’s there?”

She grinned. “The guy you saw from the winery? His name is Jesse, and I’m sure he’ll be there. This is a wine tasting, after all. His vineyard is represented.”

I started to tremble.

“The only way you’re ever going to become more confident is by practice. You didn’t win first chair flautist by watching re-runs, right? I remember how many hours you stayed in doors, learning to trill.”

“Right, while the rest of you hung out at the park. That’s why I’m no good with men. I’ve never had the…”

“...practice.” She laughed at me. I’d proven her point. “This is the perfect chance for you. I want you in full-on flirt mode, just like we discussed. You need to stand up straight, put your head up high, and stride in those new fuck-me pumps of yours.”

“Fine, but if things go south, I’m working the kitchen.”

Sheila’s party planning service is one of the most successful in town. She’d kindly taken me on this evening as an extra assistant, offering me a paycheck when she knew I could use a cash infusion. She also knew that as a private music teacher, I rarely met men, and I could tell she thought I was doomed for old-fashioned spinster-hood.

“Do me a favor,” she said as we drove to the site. “If you see a guy you like, don’t stutter or run away. Ask questions. People like to talk about themselves. I’ve learned this over the years. The more you ask, the more comfortable you’ll be.”

When we got to the event, Sheila positioned me behind one of the bars and ran off to make sure the rest of her team was in place. At least, I knew how to uncork a bottle. I began fussing at my station, organizing the reds, whites, and rosés, looking busy so I wouldn’t have to talk to anyone. “Anyone” arrived suddenly behind me. I heard his footsteps and felt the motion at the same time. He was catching the bottle as the merlot slipped from my hands.

“That’s a good year,” he said, smiling as he set the bottle back on the counter.

What was I supposed to say to that? Sheila said small talk would come naturally, but *nothing* really comes naturally to me. Sheila promised that working an event would give me a reason to be there, so I could relax. Looking into Jesse’s green eyes made me anything but relaxed.

“You know,” he said, taking a step closer, “I hate these events.”

I stared at him, surprised. He looked ultra-confident in his dark gray suit, crisp white shirt. He began to move quickly, reorganizing all of the bottles I’d apparently put in all the wrong locations. This was a wine tasting event, and I knew next to nothing about wine.

“What do you mean?”

“You have to small talk everyone, paste a smile on your face, try not to forget important people’s names. These things make me nervous.”

I was shocked. He’d named a slew of my fears right off the bat.

"I know," I stammered. "I was so scared, I told Sheila I'd forget my own name!"

"How could you? Marlena is so pretty."

"How'd you know?"

He tapped my nametag.

I felt my cheeks heat up and I reached for the box of glasses to give myself something to do. Sheila was right about one thing. Working an event made me slightly more at ease.

"I have to admit," he said, "I asked, too. I wanted to know which station you'd be working on, and I told Sheila I'd help. You know, since you're a newbie."

Sheila hadn't told me that. She'd probably known I would have refused to attend. Desperately, I tried to remember all the tricks she'd gone over with me before we'd arrived. "If you find a man attractive, learn more about him by posing questions," she'd prepped me.

"How long have you been working for the vineyard?" I asked him, remembering to stand up straight and arching my back, exactly as Sheila had shown me.

"Let's see." He stared up at the ceiling. "Thirty-two years."

I looked at him, confused.

"The business was started by my grandfather. I grew up in grapes. How about you?"

Yes, Sheila had told me to ask questions—but she hadn't told me he might ask me questions back! How about me? Now was the time when I had to confess that I was a music teacher. How dull did that sound?

"I teach flute," I said, waiting for him to dismiss me.

"I played horn in high school," he said quickly, and I felt something inside me slowly relax. He was a band geek! "I had to quit," he confessed, "I could play horn, or I could march, but I couldn't march and play horn at the same time."

Was he blushing now? I started setting the glasses out on the bar.

"Did you ever play *The Baby Elephant Walk*?" I asked.

"Only over and over and over," he said, and then he hummed the opening few bars.

As people started to fill the room, I realized my nerves were disappearing. Even when I brushed against Jesse in the tight quarters, I didn't feel rattled. We began to move in rhythm, helping the attendees as they stopped by for sips of wine. Jesse bantered with me as if we'd been working together for years. When he nudged a bottle of wine with his elbow, I was the one to make the save.

"We make a good team," he said during a lull. His hands found my waist, and he pulled me closer.

"I think we're out of glasses," I said, kicking the last semi-filled box beneath the table.

"I've got more in the truck." Jesse gripped my hand and led me to the exit. I didn't look to see if Sheila was watching.

In the parking lot, he pushed me up against the wall of the building. His lips found mine and I closed my eyes.

Practice. That's what Sheila said I needed. I knew so much about practice when music was the subject. Men, I knew so little about.

Jesse kissed me and I felt as if I were floating. His arms around me were the only things keeping me on earth. "I've wanted to do that since I saw you yesterday afternoon."

"Me, too," I sighed.

"I was hoping you weren't taken," he said, "or one of those ditzy girls who doesn't have anything to say." Thank god for Sheila. The only reason I'd had *anything* to say was because she'd helped prepare me!

"I don't have anything to say now," I told him honestly, "except kiss me again."

He wrapped one of his hands in my hair and tilted my head back. His kiss was powerful, making my lips feel hot and swollen. Beneath my spangled dress, I knew I was getting wet. I wondered if he could guess.

He pressed his body against mine, and I suddenly realized he was hard. We did make a good team, didn't we?

I would have been happy if the kiss never ended. He slid his lips along the line of my jaw and then pressed them right against the hollow of my throat. I would have melted into a puddle in the parking lot if he had not held me up with both hands.

"We're going to have to snag the glasses," he said sadly as he looked at me. "Wine won't pour itself. But I need to know... are you free later?"

Sheila told me to ask a lot of questions. Right now, I only had one—and it wasn't 'Red or white?' With a shy smile, I asked, "Your place or mine?"



Further Flirting

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Remember: it's always better to be flirty than forgotten.