

It's your time to become a Heartbreaker.

Hey there [name] looks like you're really serious about having a multitude of women in full devotion to you.

As promised, I attached your free guide "The Harsh Truth About Attraction" below.

Upon completing the guide, you will finally understand how visual and physical attraction works, and why being "the nice guy" **will never** get you laid.

You will also learn the bait lines that only 17.26% of men know that DOUBLES your chances of getting her on her knees ready to do whatever you ask.

Don't worry, you'll receive emails every now and then talking about those and much more.

See you soon, heartbreaker.

Cheers, Lobão



I watched her video and started to cry...

Sometimes dark moments are an opportunity.

See [name], I didn't always exude confidence, power, and strength.

At college every girl looked at me and thought "Ew he's so awkward, i bet he has nothing inside his pants"

But for some reason the girl i liked a lot had accepted going on a date with me.

The **hottest** girl in the whole campus, the kind of girl every single dude wanted to bed desperately, had accepted going on a date with me.

Finally the day had come and my mind was through the roof.

It felt like I've waited my whole life to go out with her.

After choosing the best clothes in my wardrobe, I texted her to check things on.

Guess what? She flaked out on me, and left me hanging with a bunch of question marks on my head.

That was really disappointing, but nothing compared to what she would do next.

To kill my curiosity, I checked her instagram and she was out with some guy.

"They're probably just friends, no way she dumped me for another guy. Better text her"

Waiting for her reply was like nonstop excruciating torture.

I went into panic mode and couldn't stop texting her.

She got tired of my texts and decided to reply with a video.

When I opened her video I found out why she flaked out on me.

Her mouth was too stuffed with that guy's thing to go on a date.

Do you think she did that for him because he was nice?

That's the way I learned that it's not about being nice.

And now you know it too, heartbreaker.

Cheers, Lobão

