

HAVE EVERYTHING YOU EVER CRAVED FOR

# How To Make Him Buy You Stuff



The missing manual for the woman  
who knows what she wants

*by* Lydia Lafaso

# How To Make Him Buy You Stuff

by Lydia Lafaso

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Special thanks to Nigel White for the photography and editing work

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*What does a woman want?*

*Sigmund Freud*

Hello,

My name is Lydia Lafaso, and I am a woman of 34, who learned how to place her life in the right track. I am a happily married woman and a mother. After many years, I am free to say that I have everything I wanted in life – a good husband who loves me, and I love him, a wonderful daughter and no financial difficulties. My husband is a successful man who provides more than enough for me and our daughter, so I can say that I am a blessed woman.

But that didn't come out of nowhere... I suffered very much when I was younger, because I always dated men who weren't tentative towards me and my needs. They just thought of themselves, putting their wishes before mine. I was just another silly girl who would do anything for her man, and get so little in return.

I went a long way to get here. I admitted my mistakes, and changed my behaviour. I couldn't do it without my friends, whose support and wisdom brought me here. My four friends proved me that nothing can help a girl like a piece of advice from a mature woman. If you too need a better treatment from men, read my story.

I wrote this book to continue to share the knowledge how to get what you want from men, because we women definitely deserve it. I am sure that every woman was sometimes hurt or used by a guy, for whom she was ready to die for. I was also like that, but my girlfriends' experience showed me how low women can go. But it also proved how women can go up, how much they can manipulate and rule their men.

I got the first confidence boost and stories about men from my friends, in order to support me to get myself back together. Now, for good karma, with reciprocity I want to continue this good karma – as my girlfriends helped me, I want to help other women.

Men are predisposed to protect and cherish women, and female position always has to be high. We give so many things for men, throughout our life, and we should get something in return too. Here I write everything I learned about men in my life.

Welcome to the world of female secrets,  
Lydia Lafaso

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*Chapter 1:*



**Lydia, or What I Was Doing  
Wrong?**

My journey begins at the age 24, with an event so little, that if you don't pay attention close enough, it never happened.

My journey begins at the age 24, with an event so little, that if you don't pay attention close enough, it never happened. But if you do, and you take a better look, that little event, a tiny detail gets a great relevance in time, and later you never lose it out of sight. Something like a lighthouse, that forever, unavoidably, stays in your focus.

My story begins at my graduation party. A party that destined my life from that moment, shaping the method I observed things happening to me. I should also mention that the party guests were only my boyfriend and myself. Young and full of hopes for the future, I was very much in love back then, and as every woman in love, I wanted to share that special moment with him. You know the feeling, right?

I didn't need anyone else beside me. I wanted to celebrate my success just in our intimacy. Earlier that day I defended my thesis, and years of studying and nerding finally paid off. I got a prestigious Master diploma, as the best in my class, with a good career ahead of me.

My student days brought me fate in my intellectual and business abilities, but frankly my emotional intelligence was fairly underdeveloped. I was completely unaware of how many things I had missed during my college and grad school. Graduation was to be celebrated with a special dinner at my place for the two of us. That night I wanted just him, I wanted my Brandon.

Before he arrived that evening, I had been cooking some light Italian dinner, since I never enjoyed heavy food – especially if I am planning to have sex later. Pasta with pesto and chicken, followed by a bottle of white Venetto pinot. Brandon was 29 at the time, a successful and promising

young businessman, the **marrying kind**. The one you see and after 20 minutes of conversation you picture yourself in a big, white dress.



## The marrying kind (MMM):

*Always have it clear in your head which type of man you would marry, which type you would just date, and which type you will only have sex with. Never mix these. The greatest attention and devotion goes to the marrying kind (MMM) and keep your wild side only for the fuck buddies.*

He was that kind of man who always reached his goal. I was also one of the kind, myself. Not that I was against it, of course. We had met at his sister's birthday party, while he was still in a relationship with another girl. I knew that, that's why **I stayed away from him**, since I got very attracted then. Brandon was exactly the kind of man which you meet, and as soon as possible, you text your best friend about him, and how you would have 5 kids with him instantly.

I guess Brandon felt then how much I liked him, although I tried to play it cool, and my infatuation came to surface. Couple of days later, he called me, and told me he got the number from his sister and asked me out. Couldn't say no, since Brandon really was a guy every woman would desire: handsome, successful, smart, funny and rich. We went out for a dinner, hanged out together for hours, kissed at the end. It was a perfect date.



## Taken Men (TMM)

*These men should be taken into consideration only if they are not in a long, committed relationship, or worse, marriage. You will just waste energy on him, which you could use in seducing 3 other targets. Say yes to dating him, only if he leaves his girlfriend / wife in a month. If he doesn't, he never will.*

I was really worried about his girlfriend, and told him while dining that evening, that I don't date taken men (TMM). The dessert came two weeks later – he left his girlfriend and became my boyfriend. At the beginning I was a bit sceptic towards him, thinking he would leave me in the same manner as he did his ex. But, he didn't and our relationship happened to last. After one year, I was still enjoying the time spent with him.

“Knock knock!” My thoughts got interrupted by Brandon knocking the door. I looked at myself in the mirror once again, and saw a tall brunette in a long black silk dress, with deep black eyes everybody was always complementing me for. “Not bad” I said to myself. While I was going down the stairs, I thought whether Brandon had brought me a gift or something for my graduation. I was sure he had prepared some nice surprise.

During our relationship he never bought me anything, or gave me gifts for special occasions, except one book on American history. He was constantly saying how love is not about material things, and that he feels bad if he gives me something tangible, it “**would objectify our love**”. But on that day, the day when I finally got out of college and decided to

spend that day only with him, I was sure he felt how relevant that day was for me.



## Men Shitters (MS)

*These are the men who say shit, and they say it nicely. They never act, never do anything for women, they are just full of nice words in order to have women, without investing anything else, beside their stories. To be avoided.*

Rushing to the door, I pictured him with a big bunch of red roses, or some seductive perfume that will inspire us to go crazy all the night. I opened the door, and there he was. Elegant as always, with a big smile, he hugged me warmly and wished me all the luck for my future tasks and life goals.

I accompanied him inside, and realized that, again, he didn't make an effort to cheer me up with a flower, not even today. He came empty-handed. We started chatting, I hugged him back and we spent a nice dinner, celebrating the end of my student days.

Tomorrow morning I woke up, made a coffee for myself, turned on the radio, and turned off the questions rolling in my head. At least, tried to. But, still nervous queries were on the table the entire morning. I couldn't explain to myself why Brandon hadn't made an effort to give me at least some form of present the night before.

I have never been too insecure, or a kind a person enfolded in misery, but there just was this bad feeling inside. Why didn't he buy me anything? It wasn't the case that I needed something from him, or any kind of material support, but I felt that simply I deserved more attention

from him. There are just some moments when a woman really needs to get a present, to be reminded how women are wonderful beings.

Women have to be treated with care and respect, not with laziness and ignorance. Last night I only needed some extra gesture from a gentleman. Especially last night. Graduation happens once in a lifetime. At least for me, since I certainly wasn't a type for 2 universities. Why Brandon wasn't gentleman enough to hand me a flower, as a real lady deserves?

On and on, the entire morning passed while I was stuck with my dilemmas. And it was that little, but eventually enormous detail, that initiated a storm in my head. It launched so many burning questions about my value, my significance, my purpose as a female. I also started doubting myself. Maybe he got angry at me for something, maybe I offended him somehow a week before?

I wasn't sure, so I decided to wait for a week or two for his reaction. But he continued to behave normally, we were seeing each other almost every or every second day, just like we always used to. When I concluded he definitely is not angry at me, I got back to thinking why I hadn't deserved a graduation present. And so, this inattentiveness of his definitely stayed stuck in my mind, waiting for its butterfly effect that will soon happen, and its sway will go far.



During this period, most of my girlfriends were finishing faculties also, so I was attending graduation parties frequently.. Shaken by the lack of attention from Brandon, couldn't help myself but to closely observe whether my friends were receiving some gifts from their boyfriends. To support my insecurity, I realized that all of them were getting either flowers, chocolates, clothes or some other presents. I wasn't interested what the presents exactly were, only the gesture of endowing.

One friend even got a spa week in Miami from her boyfriend, something that in those years appeared like jumbo luxury a girl can get. Especially when I compared it to the nothing I got from Brandon, it certainly seemed like a trip to the Moon. And I couldn't help but wonder – How was I less worth than others?

I looked OK, not a supermodel or something, but OK. I had a slim body, far from abs, some cellulite was in the story too, but generally men found me attractive. So, why wasn't Brandon paying enough attention to me? What struck me the most was how much his move actually affected me. It was just one stupid present, nothing special, but I ended up being hurt.

At that time my neighbour, Lilly, got a car from a guy she'd been dating for only 8 months, less than I'd been dating Brandon. She was dating an older guy, who was often taking business trips, so she had a lot of free time. Lilly was very satisfied about this situation, because this guy was helping her financially a lot, and she didn't have to see him often. Usually once or twice per month, and she even got a car.

What was different between Lilly and me was that she clearly stated what her needs were, while I was never able to set that straight, and **was always sacrificing myself**. I wasn't aware then that in life it is the little things that make us undertake great changes and decisions. Naturally, as every woman, I ended up reflecting on our entire relationship for days. So, at New Years Eve he repeated his mantra of the *intangibility of love (this is a shitter's work)* but he didn't have a slightest problem wearing the shirt he got as a present from me and accepting many other little gifts I was giving him.



## Keep Yourself First

*Never sacrifice yourself for a man. Your needs always have to come first. If you realize it is you who is putting more into a relationship, get the hell out of there.*

In spite of the “graduation neglect”, we continue dating for a half year more, when we split because it started to be a bit boring to me. Although very appealing, Brandon was too self-oriented a person, so we ended our relationship as friends. Each of us went his own way and we never made it up. So I ended up single, left with my doubts in men and relationships.

Later I will figure out that we split actually because I started to ask for more devotion and attention from him. Since I had much more free time, because there was no more studying, I was often asking him to go for a weekend somewhere, or to travel to some exotic destination together. But deep down, he was a real Scrooge, at least to me, and I got tired of this.

After every break up, this one included, I needed some time to recover and pull myself together. It wasn't the feeling of sadness, it was more the feeling of loneliness, not having anyone to call before going to bed. No one to tell me I'm pretty and those sorts of stuff we all women need. Also, what I always hated after leaving someone, or being left, was all that (wasted) time I used to spend with someone. Now I had to restructure my daily rhythm again, because hours usually predetermined for meeting Brandon were now empty.

For three months I was super bored with everything. I wasn't going anywhere, and because I graduated I didn't even have to go to college. I was only spending time at home wondering why all my relationships were so stupid and empty. TV and soap operas were taking most of my time. I didn't have strength to face myself, and decide where to go from there.

Slowly, I was realizing I had to keep going forward, and on the way something good will come about. My neighbour Lilly tried to cheer me up from time to time, but I know that a path to happiness and confidence lays in myself. I had to find the energy in myself, so I could manage without people. It was time to find a new boyfriend, or at least a hobby. It was time to move on.

After 3 months of misery and feeling sorry for myself, I started applying for jobs in different companies. I knew that everything would be much easier for me if I worked, and had something to think about. The worst thing you can do is just stay in the shadows of your room, and go desperate. I had to get out of my depression.

Finding a new job wasn't too hard, since I was always a good student. (Finding a new boyfriend was much harder, indeed). Graduating international business turned out as a good idea, but I remember how much I was against it when I first enrolled it. History of Arts always attracted me more, but my father was stubborn “You need a real job” and it turned out he was right. As parents usually are, at least when we are younger. Later we make mistakes on our own.

I got a job in a big international company in Boston, good salary and room to progress. Many young people were in surrounding offices, so it seemed like a cheerful environment for work. I was satisfied that I would be working there, hoping I would now get a chance to find someone who will be more gallant towards me. # **From now on, when I notice someone is a Scrooge, I will skip him straight away.**



## Scrooge

*Do avoid this type of men, who don't like to share. Don't try to change them, because you will fail. Secondly, maybe he is not a Scrooge, but he is with you, so one more reason to avoid him. If you see in start of your relationship he is a Scrooge, withdraw. If you are already in a relationship, continue reading this book.*

Months were passing, and I was getting used to my new life in this corporate world of Boston, which suited me perfectly. I was always responsible and talented for organization and management, and everyone in the office seemed to appreciate my competences. Usually I was working 9, 10 hours per day, but also staying late wasn't anything rare at all. I didn't mind, because building a career was

very important to me. Only one thing bothered me - I wasn't seeing anyone, I was only working, working, working.

Long hours and being forbidden from dating colleagues got me very lonely after some time. I had friends, and some ex boyfriends for a drink followed by casual sex , but was starting to need a boyfriend of my own. All these ex-boyfriends just had strange sex ideas to offer, and nothing else.

I was raised as independent female and I never need a man for any help, but sometimes I just wanted someone to love and cuddle. Desperation wasn't the phase I was in, but loneliness certainly was.



In my office all were females, all blondes, and all singles. Too much oestrogen for my taste, but we were getting along fine, quite surprisingly to be honest. Beside work and colleagues we commonly disliked, our other random topics were female independence and emancipation. They were all in their mid thirties, earning well, travelling with friends and sleeping alone. None of them appeared to be unhappy, on the contrary, they all seemed perfectly satisfied with their lives. Or they were just faking it.

Taking part in their conversations, trips and shopping was amusing, and I loved spending time with them. They were all older than me, but accepted me as equal, which I was very grateful for. None of them had a nasty female urge to treat me as some little inexperienced girl, or form

some kind of hegemony on my back. No, they were really friendly and nice, always ready to give me a piece of advice on work, or even family, personal issues. But what I didn't understand was how none of them had a man in their lives?

They weren't lesbian, because they were commenting men from other offices and joking about it all the time. Dressing up, hairdressers, heels and all other stuff straight women do, were all part of their habits and style. But they were just independent, successful and that was enough for them. It confused me deeply how some women could indulge themselves in their solitude, without someone to make their life a better place to be in?

Later in life, I will get to understand that some women after a couple of love failures lock themselves in their careers and independence, and with their attitude push men away from them, although secretly they want them. Six months in this office was enough to conclude one thing – I will not be one of them.

Since working long hours and sleeping less became part of my routine, I decided to dedicate more attention to myself. Started going to Pilates and regular massages, which I desperately needed, considering that chair and computer became my worst enemies. Also, I continued my friendships from college, and started to go out more often to bars and clubs.

My college friends started to work as well, and after surviving the first six months at work and having said goodbye to sleep, they came up with the same conclusion that it was time to reintroduce social life. They were

guys and girls with similar interests like me, experiencing the same problems of this shift from college to work, but with none of them did I make a closer friendship. We were all just hanging together, but that was it.

With one of the, Evan, I had sex from time to time, but never achieved an orgasm with him, so it didn't last long. He was a cool guy, my age, working as a consultant, we would really be a match. But his penis was just too small, so the sex was lame. I knew I could never get used to that, so I gave up on him.

In the next six months I dated several men, some were even younger than me, wanted to see how that would go. Not so well, so I came honest with myself that he has to be older, at least 3 or 4 years. Younger guys were just insecure and with no structured manners, making some silly acts I didn't have patience for any more. And although I was preached on independence at work every day, more and more I was feeling how much I needed a man in my life.

One younger guy even lied to me about his age. When I met him in the bookstore, he told me he was 23, so we went out for a drink, but then I realized we had some common friends, and through them I found out he was only 19 at the time. Although he didn't seem so in the beginning, after a while his age materialized itself in his question if **I could lend him money?!**



## Lending Your Money

*Never in first 6 months of relationship, until you have trust in him. There are many frauds out there, who dress nicely in order to look rich, who deceive women, squeezing their money out.*

Opening doors, dinners and flowers were signs of attention I was always enjoying and considered them important. My mother rarely got gifts or any gestures of attention from my father who treated her as equal. She raised me in the same manner, that I have to fight for myself and always go my own way, but from time to time, she could be a bit melancholic,

waiting for my father to show more romantic affection.

Building my career and positioning myself in the company was my primary goal, but still I was feeling empty. When I tried to talk to my office girls whether they felt the same, and where was their need for male attention and the kind a support only men can provide us, they laughed and said “Oh dear, that phase was long gone in our lives. Don't worry, you'll get used to it”. But I didn't want to get used to doing everything by myself, without a man to give me a hand when I need it.



## Know What You Want

*Always be aware of what you want, and don't let anyone judge you. Your life is just yours.*

Although my family, my colleagues and everyone else were insisting on the female emancipation, I was starting to get a feeling of imposed

independence, or **judged if I say honestly that I need a partner to make my life happier and easier.** To hold my hand, to spoil me, to keep me warm in the night. At least to have someone to dress up for, to wear sexy underwear, to feel sexy and desirable. I certainly couldn't admire the little ol' me on my own.

All this thinking at least allowed me to get to know myself better. I started to be honest to myself, and admit my fears and wishes to myself. Couldn't pretend any longer and fake to be something I was not. I will never be one of those women to whom career is everything in life and who don't need anyone. **I needed a man, his attention and affection.**



**It's normal to need a man**

*Don't feel ashamed about this, ever.*



After working in the company for one year, I got invited for a big barbecue party organized by my company with 3 other daughter companies. This was a very lonely and boring year, due to all the workload I had to face each day. Luckily, one month later I was promoted, so I would start to work less, since I got an assistant to help me out.

Good chance to meet someone, I thought, so for that occasion I put on a

white cotton dress up to my knees, paired with golden flats, and a **ready-to-mingle mood**. There I met many old friends, many of whom I didn't know worked in our corporation. By the bar I noticed Evan-small-penis, so I avoided the bar all the time, and spent most of the party in the garden.



## Ready-to-mingle mood

*Never refuse communication with any man that appears as normal / nice / rich. Men will approach you if they feel you are open for conversation. If you are all rimmed, no wonder men are avoiding you, you would do the same.*

There I met Brandon's and mine mutual friend Sarah, who couldn't wait to tell me Brandon was happily in love with some girl, who was a friend of hers he'd met a few months before. Oh, how much I hated this kind of people who can't wait to tell you something that will, possibly, spoil your evening. Sarah, as every other unfulfilled woman (she was quite unattractive and somehow dull) was telling me everything I didn't want to know about Brandon's new relationship.

Naturally I wasn't excited to listen to this, but she was talking and talking, and probably enjoying my frozen face too. I got to know how “*she* isn't anything outstanding” but him, “he is totally crazy about her”, and that generally Brandon totally changed.

“You know how he was always a bit distant and occupied by his work?”

”Yes” I mumbled.

“But he seems so engaged into this relationship, he even took her to

London last month, imagine!” said Sarah, obviously aiming to kill my mood totally. But don't kill the messenger, ever. Better to kill myself, I thought. I finished my wine, and ran to the toilet.

TO LONDON?! What? What?! When did this happen? He literally took me only to sports shops or places he preferred, when he was buying sportswear for himself. Other stuff we were financing together. To me he never even bought a pair of socks or something. And her he took to London? Him?! The damn, cheap Brandon all of a sudden realized Europe does exist. And when I was proposing Europe, he was always busy?!

I was pissed. To Sarah I showed no emotion, I just smiled mildly, and said how happy I was things were going great for him, and moved from the conversation. But damn, I was furious. So I left the party 2 hours later, didn't want anyone to notice how hurt I was by the breaking news I'd received from Sarah.

I came home, sat, looked myself in the mirror, and tears started to roll down. I saw my confused reflection staring at me with the most obvious question “Why didn't he take me to Europe?”. During the entire year of our relationship all we travelled together was Chicago and New York, which wasn't even far, since we both lived in Boston. But foreign countries he never even mentioned.

During the following week I did some research through our mutual friends, and I figured out Brandon is, so surprisingly for me, a real gentleman to his new girlfriend. What I also discovered , was that damn London was just one of the destinations they'd visited. It was Hawaii,

Paris, Rio, Cuba. And lots of other stuff, such as presents, flowers, fancy dinners and all those things he never provided to me.

First I was really angry. The anger that makes you go in front of his house, yell at him, and break his car. Then I was furious, and I started making serious plans how to ruin his relationship. Then I was desperate, because he just continued with his life, and all I was doing was thinking how stupid I was with him, which brought me to feeling crushed.

And it ended with feeling humiliated. The little detail from the beginning of my story started its butterfly effect, but with a storm inside my confidence and pride. His girlfriend wasn't anything of a supermodel, she was average looking, so I couldn't help wonder – What did I do wrong?



## Easy For Maintenance (EFM)

*Every real preciousness demands high maintenance. If a guy gets you satisfy with anything, he will never try too hard for you. Once you deserve EFM status, you will need lots of effort to get out of that. That's why you must never present yourself as too simple and modest.*

I was patient, understanding, modest and always there for him. For all of his business trips, meetings, conferences and fucking tennis trainings. For each time when he was silent or tired, each time we didn't see each other because he had to work. And I never asked him anything, never had some big demands. He had always joked I was “**easy for maintenance**”. And that was absolutely my biggest mistake.

Love and good sex were the main parts of Brandon and me, but still, when I thought about it from time to time, I was feeling a bit empty and somehow used up. I gave so much, and got so little in return. When I was suggesting we go for a romantic dinner, we would end up in the local diner's. In organizing travels for the two of us, he would immediately find an excuse not to go. For romantic gifts I prepared for him with so much passion, I got **nothing in return**, except that boring book.



## Nothing In Return

*If after 3 months he didn't buy you anything, leave him. Don't waste time with someone who is not that much into you, because the next one will be. Or with someone who is cheap. Anyhow, if after 3 months you received nothing, move further to the next one.*

Huh, how naive I was. I was just too compliant with him, and he knew he doesn't need to try harder. He was so sure about it. And he was right. I never asked for any presents, any fancy dinners, exclusive venues, no effort from his side at all. I was satisfied with practically anything. Or nothing. Probably more the latter.

That was such a big failure. Then I learned I must always ask for more. Even if I don't have it at first. But # **a man must know that you don't get satisfied with nothing**. He has to be assured you are not an EFM. He must never be too comfortable around you, because he won't invest any effort, and in the end he will sometimes even leave you because everything became just too boring. That happened to Brandon and me.

Days were passing, I was going to work, to my massages, to Pilates. Just

to forget my humiliation, and to continue with my life, like nothing had happened. But I couldn't, Brandon and his bird weren't going out of my head. I was obsessed by all the attention and pleasures she was getting instead of me. I had to stop recalling my bad memories of Brandon. Because the bottom line was, he wasn't the problem. I was.

I had to accept I was a stupid, infatuated, weak woman. I wasn't able to stand for myself or to achieve my goals with him. Nor with any other man. I was always letting them guide me, without ever expressing disagreements or orders, as other women would do. To raise my voice or disagree simply wasn't in my nature, or I thought so. But that was soon to be different. It was time for change.



What does every woman do when she needs a change? First she changes her hair. No shift in life can be made without first paying a visit to a hairdresser. **#Head thinks better with new hairstyle.** This has been proved so many times by all my girlfriends. Sometimes in life it is necessary to make some changes in our appearance, in order to have a material reminder that we have to change something.

Second thing I did, I bought 2 size smaller, tight black dress, as a diet inspiration and a reminder. Of course new shoes were a must, as well as a new bag. These things always accompany each other, you know girls how it goes, right? I bought them in red rouge shade, a la Marilyn Monroe. It was all a cliché, but I had to start from somewhere. As a

friend of mine used to say #**“You can never be too good looking”**.

When it comes to diet, I was never really disciplined. Ten pounds more or less were a usual thing for me. Working out wasn't my favourite activity either. But I absolutely needed it, because my tummy started to be like jelly, and cellulite. Women's worst enemy, too visible. So, sport was on! I started going to zumba twice a week, and it helped me a great deal, not just physically, but mentally as well.

I also noticed that when I have a lot of sport going on, my sexual desire decreases. Which is good, no need to go and bang the men around randomly, nothing good can come out of that. It is better to spend the energy in a gym than with some lame Jim.

After a long and stressful day in the office, it was absolutely the right way to snuff out the bad energy. And plus my bottom was becoming tight. Although I hated sport with all my heart, and I still do, it is necessary for looking and feeling good. No man with qualities wants to date an overweight woman. **#If you want a man to give you attention, you too have to give attention to your body and your looks.**

Having trainings regularly made me feel better, healthier and more attractive. My body really got fit, and I noticed men were more attracted to me than before. Simple as that, for all men, the way we look is very important. We always have to be aware of our looks, and not neglect it and let the kilos come on. **#Never underestimate the power of a good looking woman.** In the next chapters you will see why.

Next thing on the menu, as a main dish, was my self-esteem. Trouble was that I had been experiencing difficulties with it since I was a child. I was never very out-going or aggressive, I always tried to stay aside and didn't draw too much attention. So I swallowed my pride, went to the book store, and bought all self-help books they had.

*Chapter 2:*



# Evolutionary Psychology - Evolve Yourself

We are born predisposed to search for the best partner,  
because all our ancestors before were doing exactly the  
same.

In the book store there were many, many books about men, women, and each other. I was surprised by the range of titles, and how many writers were engaged into explaining this topic. Personally, I never really understood self-help literature, but I decided to give it a shot. I bought a couple of books about how to love yourself, how to make a guy love you, marry you and so on.

Came home, and in the next 2 weeks I read all 5 book I had bought that day. Generally, I didn't discover anything new or revolutionary, that I hadn't known before. It did help me to realize that everything was OK with me, when it comes to love and some basic confidence. I read about how men should be teased sometimes, how sometimes I have to be unavailable, unpredictable, mysterious. And that was good to confirm.

But I already knew that. What I didn't get to know is why I was so hurt by Brandon? Why I felt so empty if a guy did not treat me right?? Why I needed male attention and support so strong? Those were all the questions I was still lacking an answer for, so I decided to undertake a more serious research for the right books.

I was always very nerdy, and honestly, I always believed in more science than some female magazines and self-help books. I went to my University library, to the old librarian I was very close with during my college days, but also in Master studies. She waited for me in the library next Monday afternoon because I asked her for her help.

-What is the newest you have in psychology, or even sociology, about men-women relations?

-Oh dear, what a topic... Um, let me see... Well, we have many new books

which arrived last month, what specifically do you want?

-Well, something contemporary, that explains how this relation is going on lately... (What a stupid answer, but I didn't know what else to say)

-There is always Freud, but you are into something more modern, right?

Yeah, I confirmed. She went to see what's available, and came back with a cart with more than 20 books. Huh, that was far more knowledge and information than I was aspiring for, but I couldn't say no to her effort to help. In the end, reading is never a waste of time, so I loaded all those books into my trunk, and drove them home.

In the next 3 months I extensively read and researched everything about male-female relations. After 6 weeks I read all the books. I was just going to work and reading. I stopped seeing my friends, because my focus was on answering the question what is it that I need from men?

Half of the books my librarian friend gave me were a pure waste of time, but the other half was very useful and comforting. I realized I was a normal woman wishing for normal things in life. I discovered evolutionary psychology (EP), that is something first developed by Charles Darwin. Name sound familiar? He was the first to talk about evolution of primates in the 19<sup>th</sup> century. It is called the theory of natural selection.

Well, this scientist, and many after him, claim basically that human behaviour is something strongly connected to biology and genetics. Our brains have mental maps inside, which got us by birth to always strive for more, therefore to chose partners that will provide us with a better life and more children. This was exactly like that throughout the history

of human kind – that is why we *evolved*.

Bottom line, as we humans adapted physically, we also adapted mentally in order to survive and progress. We are born predisposed to search for the best partner, because all our ancestors before were doing exactly the same. Therefore, the aim for best sexual partner possible became a part of our genes, and generally the crucial part of the human genetics.

I also read many up-to-date articles, and one English professor, Dr Nick Neave claims that even in the 21st century, women are scared they can't survive without a man. Although we have great jobs, and great incomes, and even great husbands, we are still checking our phone whether he called, or whether is he cheating on us. He said this is natural, because since the beginning of times, females have been choosing and holding their male partners.

On the other hand, feminists say we are all equal, and culturally that is to some extent true, but according to Dr Neave “In evolutionary terms the huge cultural changes over the past generation amount simply to the merest blink of an eye. It could take another 10,000 years for women to change their thinking.”

In his interviews he also says that “Quite simply, women are preprogrammed to feel dependent on men. Even today women may be richer and enjoy all the trappings of success but, deep down in their psyche, they fear they can't survive alone. These women may be shooting up the career ladder and earning more than the men in their lives, but when it comes to relationships men still hold the trump card.”

While doing a research on this psychologist I felt relieved again, because for so long I had felt unnatural about my desire to have a strong man by my side who can support me. But then, I knew that my aspirations were normal and natural. This English professor is a very famous and a smart guy, so in order not to recount what he is saying, I will quote him entirely:

## Key differences in sexes

*"I study patterns of behavior dating back to the first human societies and constantly analyze evidence that demonstrates the key differences which have developed between the sexes since men were hunter-gatherers and women were child bearers. Females are smaller and weaker than males, so, in prehistoric times, women and their offspring were prone to being the victims of predators and violence. They needed the support and protection of men who didn't just have brute force but also had social status in the group, either through their sheer physicality or the strength of their personality. That's why women still look for a mate of higher social standing. If a woman had a relationship with a socially dominant male, she would immediately get greater access to resources because her social standing would be elevated, too. As we shall see, modern surveys consistently show that women today ape [no pun intended?] those inherent characteristics by looking for partners who are socially dominant and have the respect of their peers, paying close attention to how men interact with, and are treated by, other men."*

## Men look for women who are young.

*"Men have a different reason for choosing a mate," Neave continues. "The caveman needed to be sure he was raising a child who was genetically his. The best way of doing this was to secure a mate and guard her so she didn't get the chance to stray. A man's natural instinct may be to have sex with a different woman every day, but to safeguard his relationship (and secure his progeny), he has been forced into a pattern of monogamy. When couples meet at speed-dating events, typically a man will judge a woman on her looks and youth. His priorities are whether she's healthy, interested in sex, and can give him children one day. He doesn't care how much she earns or her social status. Typically, however, a woman's first question will be: 'What job do you do?' It sounds a friendly overture, but what she really wants to know is his social position and earning capacity. Is he an industrious, hard worker, capable of providing for her and their children? Because of his power, even the ugliest politician on the planet has women lining up to go to bed with him... As American statesman Henry Kissinger put it: 'Power is the ultimate aphrodisiac.'"*

## Women will pick the powerful over the sexy.

*Neave goes on to quote a study in which the researchers presented women with photographs of men. The first group, described as doctors, wore designer ties, smart shirts, and sported Rolex watches. The second wore plain shirts and Swatch watches and were described as teachers. The third group wore Burger King uniforms. Women repeatedly picked*

*doctors as potential boyfriends — even though many of the men in the third category were actually more handsome. To women, a man's looks are less important than earning power and social standing."*



So, these were my first discoveries, which really learned to watch through relationships with much more security, because it was all explained in detail in psychology. I continued to dig all the possible materials I could find, I even started to read it at my work, how obsessed I became.

I also confirmed what I already knew and experienced: “That old saying that opposites attract? Not exactly. **#People are much more likely to end up with someone who is similar to them in terms of attractiveness, political and religious beliefs, socioeconomic status, education,** etc. etc. etc. Of course, there are confounding factors. Like money. Money is a confounding factor. A guy can date a woman who's more attractive than he is if he's got money and she wants money.”

**#Finding a Man of Means (MM) means looking like a woman for the Means of Means.** I was glad that I started to work hard on my looks when I started working, because the obsession with female looks is obviously not something modern, but eternal. Moreover, women who self-report being beautiful and who are perceived by others as beautiful,

tend to have a higher level of a sex hormone called estradiol, a form of estrogen.

Women with this chemical makeup tend to be what researchers have named "opportunistic serial monogamists." They're open to relationships, but they will move on when a better mate becomes available. Let me emphasize that they're not LOOSER than other women -- they're no more likely to engage in one night stands. They just dance into and out of serious relationships more quickly.

They're more likely to have an affair. They change partners more regularly and report feeling less satisfied with their current lover. They also demand more time, resources, attention and attractiveness from their partner." So looking better will, according to this theory, justify asking for better. Kind of shallow, I was thinking, but honestly, that's the truth.

Evolutionary psychologists also say that #**“Beauty is a trait that is more beneficial for women than men.** Almost everything that we find beautiful about women is also a sign of fertility, resilience, and the ability to conceive, carry and deliver a child. That is why beauty is so important to men. That is why a rich man would marry (or at least provide for) a poor woman if she was beautiful enough.

However, it's much less likely that a rich woman, or even a woman of average wealth, would be willing to reproduce with a poor man. He will not be able to support her during pregnancy and help her raise a healthy child. It's better for a woman to be with a richer man, no matter how ugly he is.

Similarly, beautiful women tend to have beautiful children. And the thing about beautiful children is that people treat them better. Not just adults, but also peers and teachers.



Another great researcher that really made me think, is a phd lecturer from Florida State University and a really beautiful woman too, Ms. Kelley Knapp Kline. She teaches evolutionary psychology, and these are the most important fragments of her lectures:

As women have a greater physiological investment in reproduction (9 month gestation, lactation), their preferences for what they want in long term mates differs from that of men who have a much lower investment in procreation.

Costs associated with mating (sexual intercourse) in the past could result in a pregnancy for a female. This meant:

- ***a long gestation (40 weeks)***
- ***child birth***
- ***Nursing***
- ***Nurturing***
- ***Protecting the child/children***

As these costs are high, a female in the past couldn't indiscriminately mate with just any male. She had to be selective, choosing a male willing

to invest resources into her and their children. Advances in contraception as well as in methods to terminate unwanted pregnancies, have allowed women more freedom like men, to explore more casual mating relationships. Nevertheless, even though our social structure has changed rapidly, our biology which evolved over millions of years to cope with ancestral adaptive problems hasn't caught up with modern times.

Hence, our preferences for mates willing to invest in us & our offspring persist...

## Factors women evaluate in prospective mates:

- ***Financial capacity***
- ***Social Status (power)***
- ***Age***
- ***Ambitious/Industriousness***
- ***Dependability/Stability***
- ***Intelligence***
- ***Compatibility***
- ***Size and Strength***
- ***Health***
- ***Love, commitment***

## Why women want men with resources?

**#Females have historically preferred males with resources they are willing to invest in her & her offspring.** Since men have traditionally monopolized access to important, but scarce resources, it was advantageous for women to seek out a specific male who wanted to share these resources with her. Therefore, women evolved preferences for males with resources for her and her children's survival.

## Financial Capacity

Women tend to prefer mates with access to economic resources (money, real estate, investments, stocks) more than men do. A study in 1939/ had American men & women rate the desirability of 18 characteristics for a potential marriage partner. Women were twice as likely as men to rate good financial prospects in a mate as important. This finding was replicated in 1956 and again in 1967. In the mid-80s this study was replicated once again and the same result found. World-wide studies also confirm this.

## Social Status

**#Women tend to desire men of higher social status, because men in power have control of resources.** Women tend to view mates with higher social status or in a high-status profession as being only slightly less important than good financial prospects. Females place emphasis on education and professional degrees in mates

(characteristics strongly linked with high status). Lack of education is highly undesirable to women when looking at potential long term mates.

Women also shun men who are easily dominated by other men or who fail to command the respect of the group. Women prefer alpha males for mates. Alpha males\* (same as Means of Means, MM) tend to have higher social status in a group, have financial resources, be in positions of power, are ambitious, & successful. They are the “go-getters.”

Beta males tend to be dominated by Alpha males are more laid back, tend to have fewer resources, lower social status in the group, and aren't as ambitious or competitive as Alphas.

## Age

Averaged over all cultures, women tend to prefer men who are roughly **3.5** years older than they are. The worldwide age difference between brides and grooms is about 3 years consistent with women's dating preferences. All things being equal, as income tends to increase with age, women find dating older men more attractive than dating younger, less experienced males.

## Ambitiousness/Industriousness

**#Women world-wide are interested in men who work hard & possess ambition in their fields of work.** Both single & married women rate ambition in a mate as important or indispensable. Conversely, women find men who lack ambition or are lazy as extremely

undesirable. Men who are ambitious & work hard are more likely to acquire resources for survival & women are drawn to this.

## Intelligence

Women prefer to mate with intelligence, educated men over less intelligent, uneducated males. Intelligence is linked with greater economic resources (smart people get into good schools & tend to further their educations resulting in greater earning capacity over their lifetime). Other skills linked with intelligence are: good parenting skills, cultural awareness, good oral communicative ability, common sense, etc.

## Men's Status & Women's Beauty

**#A woman's physical attractiveness isn't just linked with her fecundity, but also increases a man's social status in society by virtue of being linked with her.** The concept of the trophy bride (a man having a younger, beautiful woman on his arm) as an asset that will improve a man's status has been verified. **#Men who are perceived as unattractive when paired with women considered attractive, are rated higher in social status and other status related issues.** In other words, for an unattractive man to land a beautiful woman, he must possess something society doesn't see.

So, these were the issues I found most relevant. And they helped me a great deal. I learned to be honest with myself about my aspirations in

life, since I was just one of all the women in the world wanting the same. Packed with all these knowledge, I will enter the craziest, funniest and most important period of my life – the year when I met ***Female Bosses.*** (FB)

## *Chapter 3:*



# **Female Bosses**

**In the following years I will be so lucky for having these women in my life. They will be my friends, my teachers, my life coaches..**

During the next couple of weeks, I started going out more often with the girls from my college. The popular, bitchy ones with whom I had never really gotten close during my college days, since I was too gray for them. Although we had some common friends, and they invited me for a drink a couple of times, I never felt relaxed in their company so I avoided them. But, after educating myself on evolutionary psychology I realized we have much more in common than I wanted to admit to myself before.

Luckily for me, Lucy, the blonde with whom I was most familiar with back then, came to work in my company, two floors down. This will turn out to be one of the most important things in my life. Seeing each other often and having common topics about our jobs made us friends really soon. She was a beautiful, attractive and interesting woman, both women and men liked to spend time with.

Jokes, funny stories and happy vibrations were around her all the time. Some positive karma that everybody would feel while talking to her, so did I. She was always out-going, in the college you could hear her voice all the time in the hallways, and she didn't change afterwards at work. She was going out all the time, partly with us, her friends from college, because I had heard before that she had some group of female friends who were all older than her.

In the company we usually spent breaks together, and our friendship started to get a more serious flow. She started telling me some personal stuff from her life, and so did I to her. She didn't have a boyfriend, and as I could guess, she was like me, looking for one. From her stories, I understood that she had quite high criteria when it comes to men.

We started going out together regularly, and I had many chances to observe her interaction with men. She was definitely a master of seduction, and it wasn't just her looks, it was more her charisma. Positive, open, out-going, self-confident, she never had problems with men. They rather had problems with her, since she would get easily bored with them. Unless they were rich.

Once in a restaurant an unbelievably ugly man approached us and started talking to Lucy. To me he was so ugly, I don't know if I would be able to talk with a man of such monstrous appearance. But she was, and she was very kind and pleasant. He left her his business card and afterwards it would turn out he was a friend of the CEO of our company. Then I learned you have always to play nice, cause you never know who or what is round the corner.

We spent more and more time together, we became closer, and one day after work while we were having dinner, I decided to tell her about Brandon and my inner struggles I still hadn't overcome. I opened myself completely towards her, because I really needed to talk to someone honestly, and I estimated she was the right person for that.

She listened to me carefully, and took a deep breath:

-Dear, do you want me to be honest or polite? (She was always direct.)

-Honest.

- You don't behave like that with men, he mustn't ever get an impression that you get satisfied with little, like an EFM, and that he is the centre of your world. No, **you must teach him to try harder.**



## He has to TRY HARDER with you

*One day or one decade in a relationship, your partner has always to try harder in order to have you and keep you. All the time, you have to be just a little bit outside his full control. He must never feel that he is everything for you in the world, because then he will realize he doesn't need to try.*

To try harder. That was the keyword that pushed the red button in my soul. Nobody ever tried too hard with me. Lucy recognized that, too. I explained to her all the details about my relationship with Brandon, how I was never too hard to please due to my upbringing. I told her how Brandon behaves totally opposite with another girl, which showed me how naive I was. She responded that she understands me, especially since she knew how shy I seemed to her in college.

-You know, let me give you heads up about something. I always found you attractive and smart in college, and I wanted to be friend with you, but you were always so closed and even invisible sometimes. - she told me. - Too bad, because you missed many crazy parties and hot men, she said with a smile. - But no worries, it's still not too late - and winked. I knew that if she doesn't help me, nobody will.



Going out every weekend became a standard protocol for the two us.

Lucy had many admirers and male friends, so every weekend I was meeting some new guys. With some I kissed, with some I slept, but with none I was starting anything serious, because Lucy told me I still wasn't ready. She also wasn't engaged in any serious relationship, so single life was our mantra.

Until now she'd had many boyfriends, and they all seemed rich and successful. I was wondering how she did it, and she responded that the secret was to go to right places and be in the right social circles. And to **#avoid men that you see that don't have a good life perspective to offer.**

She told me that she was in love with a taxi driver the previous year, but she left him soon after realizing he would never be able to provide a lifestyle she needs. On the contrary, it was her who had to lend money to him when his car broke down. And that was the deal-breaker.. The other thing was that the taxi driver, beside not having money, lived with his mother, so Lucy saw no purpose in further dating.

I also met her girlfriends. We all met at Lucy's birthday party, where we had a chance to get to know each other. They were all Female Bosses (FB) and one could really see that remarkable female energy. Among guests I noticed that ugly man Lucy and I had met before, and next to him our CEO! Wow, he really came. Lucy was chatting with him all along, mostly about work, as I could overhear it. But now her previous kindness seemed much more logical to me.

FBs were all beautiful, wild, powerful seductresses. They were all in great outfits and on high heels, while I was in some goofy sketchers shoes and

jeans. When I met them, I felt ugly. I told them that, and they looked at me with shocked faces. “Girl, you look great, you just have to work on your style”.

That gave me an injection of self-confidence, because if super beautiful women like that tell me I am good looking, that means battles aren't lost yet! They were all more or less like Lucy: **# out-going, positive and self-confident. This was the type of women I should definitely surround myself with**, I thought. I had enough of depressed girlfriends, who completely neglected their physical appearance, which made them even more depressed.

I realized that **#life is too short for spending it with lame men**, who aren't able to provide enough even for themselves, and even less for their women. **#And life is too short for spending it with jealous friends**. My entire life I was in the shadow, never getting what I wanted, and always having the men who were treating me with no effort. For once in my life I want to be the woman who is getting everything she wants from life!

Later I will realize what an important decision this was. **#Leave out and make some distance from all of your friends who are in some kind of dark phases all the time**, because as soon as you start to blossom they will try to pull you down and will get **jealous of you**. This happened to me with my colleagues from my office, so with them I remained in strictly business relations.



Next weekend, Lucy invited all her best friends, the Female Bosses, to brunch, and me as well. Female Bosses was the nickname one guy from Canada gave them, while hitting on all of them. Since they all blew him away, saying there is no chance he can play with them, he told them that they are indeed Female Bosses.

Female Bosses were 3 girls couple of years older than her. They met at one dinner, the millionaire whom they all dated organized for all of his ex girlfriends. They invited each one of them, letting them think it would be a dinner for two, and when they showed up, the scene was astonishing and ridiculous at the same time! Fifteen belles at one restaurant table!

Then their common ex-boyfriend came, ordered champaign for everyone, and wished to enjoy each other company, as he did before. Lucy told me she was startled in the beginning of the evening with this, but in a few hours she had so much fun and 3 new friends: Patricia, Ariane and Elisabeth.

In the following years I will be so lucky for having these women in my life. They will be my friends, my teachers, my life coaches. My windows to a whole new level of living and thinking. Of having my life in my own hands. And of having men and their money in my own hands.

All of them were dating, dated or will date many rich guys. For them that wasn't a question, because they were interested exclusively in **men of**

**means (MM).** I wasn't so strict on that, but as every normal woman I had nothing against dating a rich guy who will give me some lavish moments.



## Men Of Means (MM)

*Men who have money, and are ready to share it with you. If the man doesn't have money, do not try to make a MM out of him, because you will fail. He is broke, therefore go to the next one. If he has money, but doesn't want to share, keep reading this book.*

First of Lucy's friends that presented herself was Patricia. She was medium height, black haired, dressed in a Marc Jacobs dress and some perfect beige shoes. She was an ambitious lawyer, working in an uptown legal office, surrounded by yuppies, but was more into politicians and officials. At first, she seemed like she stepped out right from the "Boston Legal", all polished up and serious.

She liked power, because her mentality was very strong as well. "I don't need him to be richer or more successful than me, but at least he has to be my level, and he has to reflect some power to tame me". Fair enough, I thought. She was also a very warm and simple person, that will be a great friend of mine in future.

Second I got to know was Ariane. A tall brunette, with French origins, that remained noticeable in her inner identity. Somehow naturally, she worked as a chef of French cousin, but only when she didn't have any men to support her. When she did, she would use her culinary skills to additionally seduce them, please them and to keep them.

Unlike Patricia, although very talented, she wasn't ambitious at all. She always repeated that for her cooking was an art, and she would rather perform for one man, than for hundreds. With her culinary skills, there was her bad temper she never really tried to hide "I would destroy my identity then!". Her relationships never lasted longer than a year, but she didn't seem to bother herself about it. As long as she was getting everything from men. And she was.

The third, and the girl from whom I will learn the most vicious secrets about men, women and also myself, was Elisabeth. Certainly one of the most dazzling and elegant women I have ever seen, she worked as an account manager in one marketing agency. Her salary was more or less useless, since she always had one or more rich lovers who adored her and were supporting her for years on.

She never got married, although she had been proposed numerous times. Seduction was in her blood, so belonging to one man was unimaginable for her. She lived to seduce and to be worshipped. She was a goddess and a brain of this informal FB group. Together, the four of them were an unstoppable female machine that will change my mindset forever.

The FB group were exactly the right gurus I so eagerly needed. A perfect sequel to the books I had been reading in the previous months. Full of experience and funny stories, (from which some weren't so funny) they reflected female wisdom I was so desperately lacking and so badly wanted. I began to spend more and more time with them, taking their advice and comments, wanting to improve myself and my performance with men.

I decided to learn everything possible from them in order to learn this: How to get what I want from men? This one sentence actually presents a whole range of skills and tricks I am describing in this book. Besides that, I learned how to respect myself, how to defend and fight for myself. How to judge people, and how to foresee and avoid some negative experiences I don't need in my life.

FB was a group of unique women who were ready to share their knowledge with me. If it hadn't been for them, or had they refused to help me, today I would still be out there with some cheap ninny hammer and broke. And this is why I am sharing my knowledge with you – women have to stick together and get what they deserve.

\*

## *Chapter 4:*



# Lucy, or How To Attract Men?

I felt excited because I knew this would be a whole new world out there for me.

Re-socialisation with Lucy brought a whole new perspective in my life. She was that kind of person that shines with positivism, and feeling optimistic around her just comes natural. I felt then for the first time in my life that meeting and dating men is not something too complicated, but on the contrary, enjoyable. Although I was making, and will be making many mistakes with men, I realized how important it is to stay positive and to be in touch with males, in order to gain experience and confidence.



## Meet Your Target

*Feel free to date several men parallel until you chose the one you like. Usually you will have either 5 admirers or zero. That's how these things roll in life.*

I really loved her company, and our friendship day to day was becoming stronger. We continued to hang out together often, and I started to understand why men were always so fond of her, and in what ways she was drilling all of them. She would rarely be in situation to date only one guy, usually she would go out with a few of them, until she

would pick the one whom she would find **suitable**. She was very playful, something I never was.

I really became attached to her in a few months, but in the beginning I was a bit reserved towards her. I must say vice versa it was the same, our relations after one year became the most honest friendship I ever had. She never was a gossip type of woman, especially when it comes to her life. **Keeping quiet** about the men she was dating was her style, but with me she opened up completely, and her stories became a bible for me.



## Be Quiet About Your Game

*Always be a bit reserved about your interactions with men with your friends. Not too many people should ever know much about your love life, because people love to talk.*

She didn't need much time to catch how inexperienced and naive I was, so gradually she became my mentor, first I will have. I told her everything I'd read until then, and she fully agreed with me, moreover she had also read some of the books I had. But she warned me that nothing can substitute experience I, personally, gained.

Luckily, Lucy was one of those girls that were a real “feminine guerrilla”, always at the side of women, and in the first row when any men should be used. What I like about her most is her healthy, balanced approach to life – **#“life is only one, so live it to the fullest, and try not to hurt too many people.”**

One Friday she invited me to go clubbing with her. Until then we would usually go for dinners or to bars, but never clubbing, since she was mostly going there with her FB friends. She would usually say smiling to me “Oh, I'm afraid you would maybe disapprove of my partying. You know I am not a good girl”. I was never pushy about this, although I was so eager to see what her night life was like. “Certainly much more interesting than mine” I sighed numerous times.

But my patience paid out, and that weekend it was the two of us out. I was super happy about it, since clubbing and clubbing with Lucy were completely two forms of night life. Clubbing meant and still means

dancing and maybe meeting new people, while clubbing with Lucy offered adventure and unlimited possibilities that a night can bring in.

I felt excited because I knew this would be a whole new world out there for me. I did go out before, but that was before I discovered Evolutionary psychology and my FB girls. I took on the ink blue Bvlgary dress I had, (the most expensive one in my closet), and fabulous purple Ana Sui bag I bought after *Brandonization* (that's how I call now my decision to change).

Before going out I called Lucy to say that I'm planning to go in flats, because being all night in heels seemed like a nightmare to me.

**-What?! In flats?! No way, that's out of the question!** We are going to one of the best clubs in Boston, and you want to go in flats. Trust me, when



## No heels, No Elegance

*Do yourself a favor, and don't go to night bars, dates and clubbing in flats. Always in heels. Always.*

you see all those women there, you will feel like a dwarf and invisible pet.

-All right, I understand.

I knew she had a point, so I prepared mentally to be on heels all night, which I never used to do before. OK, I will destroy my feet, but if I have to choose

between my feet and my confidence, I would rather lose my feet. And the more you go in heels the more you'll get used to them, I told myself.

When Lucy picked me up she was surprised –Oh, preparing for some bigshots! Love your outfit!

I didn't feel confident as that, I just didn't want to seem ridiculous compared to Lucy, since she looked as Fashion TV 24/7. It was probably the most dressed up version of myself since my prom, but it was worth it. Investment in my looks paid off, because in the club I was very noticed.

**#No man will pay the same attention to a woman in an outworn jeans and shabby t-shirt, with her dirty hair and no make-up on, and a fully made-up woman in dress and heels. This is the reality, and always keep it in mind. Even if you are too tired and bored, getting all dressed up will lift your spirits, but will also lift the level of attention you are getting from the environment.**



## Visibility Is The Key

*Even the most beautiful woman will be forgotten if nobody can see her. If you don't let your surrounding notice you, then your night failed. Always stand somewhere where everyone can see you, and where you can flirt.*

When we went inside the club, I rushed to some free chair in the back corner where I could sit, since my feet were already killing me, and I didn't want to take it anymore.

-Where the hell do you think you are going?! Lucy screamed at me.

-To find a place to sit.

-Sit at work, at home, or at Sunday lunch with you granny.

We came here to party and to

meet men, not to hide in the dark. Let yourself be noticed! **Always keep your visibility,** woman!

Ehm, smart, I never thought of that. In all clubs I would usually end up in some dark part, where I would sit and observe other people. That was one of the biggest errors in my night life system. Instead of hiding in the dark like a criminal, I should have stood in some higher point in a club, like stairs or in the center. But this night, we would be the observed ones.

Lucy chose a bar table in the centre of the club, near 6 other tables, where majority of guests were males. Certainly not by accident, I thought, because it was a perfect position to meet men and exchange looks. Then I learned how important it is to be in a strategic position in the club – always somewhere in the center, or next to the bar where everyone was coming to take a drink.

And again I captured the strengths of visibility. **#Even if you look like a goddess, it is not relevant if you are not visible in a club.** You always have to be in a visible place, with a table of your own. If possible, make a reservation to a club earlier. You will look more fabulous if you have a reserved table of your own, than standing in a crowd where no one can see you, and approach you.

**#Without a table in a club, just being among people makes the interaction easier, but also decreases your value to MMs, because now everyone can reach you.** I remember when I was going out before, it never happened to me to have a decent night in a club, if I hadn't reserved a table before. Once some guy was grabbing my ass all the time, because we were in a crowd and I couldn't discover who that was.

Luckily, this night was different. Our table has a perfect location, and everyone could see us. Lucy was behaving and showing herself as super relaxed, like a fish in the water. Obviously in her field, she ordered 2 Martinis for us, and told me “Wait to see something. In half hour, there will be a dozen other Martinis right on this table”. I smiled mildly, not knowing how I should respond to this.

The music was loud, so I couldn't talk to her. Instead, I was checking out guys around, and I couldn't but notice that they were all looking in our direction. Both in super good moods, looking flashy, we were really the stars of the evening. Even those olives in Martinis looked fabulous with us. During the night, Lucy told me **#I mustn't ever order a beer in a club, because I am a lady, not a truck driver.**

## FB ALCOHOL CARD

DRINKS	YES	NO	TRY
BEER	Picnics, sport events, private parties, barbeques.	Bars, restaurant, clubs	Heiniken, Stella Artois. Drink European ones, it will make you appear more posh.
RED WINE	In all the months that contain R in their name. Appropriate drink anywhere, after noon. Combine with red meat, cheese, barbeque.	Avoid in summer, when it's too hot, you'll get drunk too soon. Not with Italian food.	Cabernet Sauvignon is the best sort. From American wines, go with Californian, from foreign ones try French, Chilean, Spanish, Portuguese.
WHITE WINE	Consume in	In winter, if red	Chardonnay,

	summer, never mix it with water, it simply destroys wines. Appropriate to drink anywhere, after noon. Combine with white meat,( chicken, fish)	wine is on the table.	Pinot are always good. Try Australian, French, Italian.
ROSE WINE	During the entire year, with dessert or pre-course. As well, don't drink in the morning, before 12 am.	More or less, always acceptable choice if you like it.	French and Californian.
FRUIT WINE	Never.	Never.	Never.
CHAMPAIGNE	Only in special occasions, you will appear foolish if you drink it all the time.	Too often.	Only French, from the Champagne region in France. Nothing else is a real champagne.
SHOTS	Only with your girlfriends.	Never on a date.	Magnum, Party started, Black Forst Gateau.
MARTINI / CAMPARI	With friends, date.	During the day.	Martini Bianco.
COCKTAILS	On parties, during summers, in bars.	During dinner or lunch.	Mojito.
ABSYNTH	Never.	Never.	Never.

If I am going out, I should only order wines, cocktails and drinks like Martini, prosecco and campari. Not even rum and shots, because one gets easily drunk from that, and a lady must never put herself in that situation. **#Never expose yourself to unflattering situations in**

**public, due to inebriation.**

**#A real FB never drinks too much in the club, because she never wants to come as cheap and ridiculous.** Couple of wines or Martinis are OK, depending on how much you can take, but the point is to always look like you are enjoying and having fun, and never like party animals who came to crush the club down. If you really like alcohol, it is safer get wasted at home. In clubs, go for softer drinks.

Music continued to be loud that evening, Martini was starting to relax my intense nerves, and we were both dancing slowly in the rhythm of bossa nova. I was never a big fan of Brazilian music, but tonight it went perfectly well with the atmosphere in the club. One by one, Martinis were starting to appear on our table. When bringing them, waiters were saying to Lucy who they were from.

For me, a shy Lydia I was back then, this seemed like science fiction going live. I don't remember anyone ever sent me a drink like this. But I also don't remember being super dressed up, in a fancy club, in the centre of attention. While I was experiencing these pleasant shocks inside, Lucy was just dancing and pretending like nothing was happening.

Well, for her it wasn't. For her it was a completely ordinary occasion, like sitting at home, eating popcorns with Meg Ryan movie on TV. Since there was no one interesting around her, she continued to teach me her know-how on clubbing:

**#Always accept drinks dear, you never know how they taste**

**until you try them**- she told me that night, among many other things. I was just nodding the entire evening, completely confused with what was going on. Slowly, I was accepting the situation, and facing the fact that someone has to drink all those drinks. Lucy shared my concern, and we continued partying until dawn.

Some men approached us during the evening, but Lucy politely explained them that this was a girls night out, and that we'd just come to relax after a stressful week in the office. The week at work was actually slow, with not many meetings, but I didn't comment anything. I knew who was the teacher, and who was the pupil, therefore I behaved like that. She thanked them all for the drinks and also accepted all of the offered numbers and business cards they shared.

Wow, I thought, what a night. I got just one number, from one guy who literally pushed it in my hands. I was so disoriented with the entire situation that I didn't have the confidence to mingle too much. But again this was a huge progress for me. Before, if someone would offer to buy me a drink, I would just mumble no, and hide my look in shame. To have a night like this, with so many men around me, was only a high-school fantasy for me. (And I was never a cheerleader.)

Lucy was everything opposite, flirting easily and lightly, without giving too much attention to anyone. She accepted all the drinks, cheered and smiled to all the men who sent them, and didn't share a single glance with them later that night. For me this was a surprise, since I always perceive an accepted drink as an obligation towards a guy. Well, I was wrong.

“So what if you accepted a drink?! You were thirsty and that's it!” she said. “If you do like or don't like a guy, it's not so relevant, just smile once and glance once or twice more back to him. If he is really interested, he will approach you. **#Never refuse anyone instantly, give a couple of minutes to every guy. (Except those who look weird)**

“You never know, maybe he is a super-interesting millionaire. So never say no immediately, or make a disgusted face, because you are cutting opportunities before even exploring them. And you never know who is watching you. So always have a ladylike attitude.” she concluded.

“Secondly, you will show confidence that way– you are someone who is USED TO being served with sent drinks from all over the place. **#He has to create this idea of you, that you are desirable, that there are hundreds of men chasing you, and you are making them a favour by accepting their attention.**

Of course, never show too much gratitude, but on the other hand, never be impolite. Always say thank you, smile, and raise a glass in his direction, even if he is on the other side of the club. Look him straight in the eye, and let him feel your power”. Huh, what a strategy, my Gosh! Later this will come natural to me, but then it seemed as rocket science.

“But what if he is a freak or something?” I asked the next day when we met for lunch to discuss the previous night. “Huh, well, that's life, there are all sorts of people, but one drink will not kill you. If someone seems strange, pushy or aggressive, say no to the next drink he sends and ignore him completely. He'll get the message”

Remember that ugly guy who brought CEO to my party? - she asked me – Well, since CEO and I had a really nice conversation that night, he gave me his business card, and told me to call him sometimes, imagine? Who would say that through that little monster-man I will get to our CEO? You see, you never know!

OK, I thought, there will be opportunities to practice all this I heard and learned. After this night, I strongly decided to go from shy to foxy approach Lucy had.



Two weeks later, during our lunch break, I brought up to Lucy - I want to have more men around me, to have their attention, to seem attractive to them. I am sorry if I sound desperate, but I really need to change my behaviour. I am bored with being a girl next door, who just get smaller pieces of male attention and generosity. I want to be admired and cherished by men. To have them fight over my attention. You know I suffered gravely, but I am in Brandonization now (she knew the expression) and please help me. I need to know what you know.

Lucy stopped jawing and looked at me with shock. “Damn girl, I knew there was something about you I really like! And know I finally get it what it is! It's your inner strength to fight for the better place in the Universe. You go girl! Of course I will help you, you are my friend! But one thing you need to know – she warned me – **#there is no perfect**

**woman and no perfect approach towards men.** I can share my knowledge and experiences, but you have to make your own style sometimes.”

Our first clubbing is something I will never forget. I learned so much in one night. Yes, I made stupid faces in the beginning and even behaved childishly, but it is crucial, in the process of becoming a FB, to practise. **#Go out often, flirt, meet men, date them, fail. It's all part of the process. But once you get good, you will just be better and better with men.**

The next weekend Lucy and I met because she decided she needed to brief me on some other steps every FB must know. We were in the shopping mall, both had a day off, and she decided to devote it to my “primary education”.

**Basic step: Smile. #A woman always has to seem happy, satisfied and fulfilled. No man wants to have some bitter witch next to him, but someone cheerful and positive that would make his life brighter.** And this is a general truth, women are the same. Think about it? Did you ever go for someone who was negative and sad all the time? Hardly.

True, I thought, that damn Brandon had the positive thing going on all the time. It is just normal for people to want to be around successful and happy people, and to run away from sadness and misery. It's human nature, as Madonna says. So it must be true.

**#Don't talk about your problems and fears! At least not in the**

**beginning, he doesn't have to know which are your weak sides,** because trust me girl, **those are the spots he will shoot first once if he wants to**" she continued. "Protect yourself and upgrade yourself, by sharing stories of your success, your cool and funny friends, your travells, interesting stories from your life. Of course, watch what you're saying, never give an impression of a party animal or one night-stand girl, no! Give filtered and moderate information on yourself, wild details safe for me" she grinned



## He Will Attack You With The Weapon You Gave Him

*Leave out the dark  
details, protect yourself.*

**#“No man wants to date, as in a serious relationship, a girl he find promiscuous. To buy her stuff even less likely.** Even if you dated and slept with hundreds of men, men will always be men, so never be honest about it. Crazy stories from college, threesomes and sex in public are details you are sharing with your girlfriends, never with your boyfriend.

**#In order to make MM (man of means) want to invest in you, you have to seem as an unreachable “not-everyone-can-date-me” kind a girl.** Therefore, try to date men in different states and cities. If all your partners are from the same place, the stories will inevitably come.

While I was processing this information in my mind, my previous mistakes were coming flashing back to me. Since I have always had problems with my shyness, I tried to leave an impression of an outgoing

girl, who had loads of fun. I shared one true story all the time, where me and my college girlfriends are in a club, celebrating a friend's birthday, and a friend started vomiting in the booth, not stopping the entire night. "We were so drunk, that we found this scene hilarious", so we were just screaming and laughing at this. Jesus, how shallow and naive.

I remember revealing these stupid scenes to a couple of my dates, and seldom did they call me back. No wonder, I left an impression of an immature teenager. I admitted this to Lucy "Wow Lydia, that is perfectly stupid, why would you say that? **#Present first the best things about yourself, leave the trash for later**".

Yeah, logical. Too bad I didn't realize this before. Who knows how many good relationships I destroyed with my wish to be over-interesting "Just be balanced and cool in the same time... Have I'm *above the situation* attitude" It was easy for Lucy to say that. But soon it will be for me, as well.



**#"The way you look, says what you are looking for.**

One more wisdom coming from Lucy. We were at a piano concert of a friend of mine, and he was playing Fuga by Bach. Perfect music background for this universal truth. The concert was in the Old Boston Music Hall, and Lucy looked posh like a princess. Black pants paired

with black blouse and high black heels.

Her friend from high school, Nathalie, also joined us. She was a blonde as well, ex-model, very appealing. She was rarely in Boston, because she had an obsession to date guys who were only from New York. According to her, in New York there are around 100.000 millionaires, and that is the place to be.

Accessorized with white pearls and white furry coat she gave an “I just stepped from Vogue” impression. And all the people, both men and women, were looking in her direction. Including me.

I was also on high heels, in a plain beige dress, since Lucy warned me to have high heels EVERY time during evening hours.

**# Always show a dressier version of yourself** - she whispered me - Why the hell would you look average and not attractive, if you can just look hot and sexy?! Check out Nathalie, every time I see her she looks even better! And secondly, dear, let's be honest, it will raise the level of male attention, you are so much aiming at. There is no man who doesn't like to see a dressed up and good looking woman”.

The concert finished, (my friend played lovely) and we moved to a bar nearby. I was impatient to hear the next rules she would tell me. We ordered champagne, since that was the only drink decent enough to consume after listening to Bach. Nathalie began a story about a guy she'd met in NY:



## Men Who Dislike Dressed Up Women

*Small, but persistent group.  
To be avoided. They usually  
have some problem with  
their self-esteem, because  
they need an average  
woman, in order to feel  
better about themselves.*

So, he was a doctor, some big fish out there, and he always insisted on me wearing something expensive and fancy. We were all the time at some charity dinners, surrounded by some nice, fabulous people. After a couple of weeks, I didn't have any new clothes to wear, so I started to repeat some dresses. And, imagine, he noticed that! He told me he thought I could do better than that?! And on the other hand he never bothered to

buy me anything. So I casted him off.

I hate those men who pretend they have money, demand from you to spend money, and they never spend money on you. Definitely MMs to be avoided the most. And in the end, they always marry someone their family picks. Terrible isn't it? Nathalie asked.

Yeah, we agreed. That was the first and the last time I ever saw Nathalie. Lucy told me later that she finally started living with some millionaire she'd been hunting quite a while. I was happy about her, she certainly was a woman with a plan, and I always respect that.

## STYLE AND APPEARANCE

The next day at work, Lucy and I had better things to do:

**#“You have to build something called *The constant level of appearance*. You know my mother makes up, first thing in the morning, and then she puts on some nice, comfortable dress even if she is staying at home. Then her day starts. And my father was in love with her his entire life. That's the power of beauty and grace”.**

And then she emphasized **#“Being always well styled, manicured, hair, clothes, heels and etc. will spread the opinion that you are generally good looking. And then when everyone thinks that, because they are *used to seeing you all dressed up, your value will rise*”.**

The constant level of appearance.... Ehm, definitely not something I possess. I would usually dress up only when I was going to meet Lucy, since I know she would make a scene if I didn't. But the rest of the time, I was usually in jeans, or some comfortable sportswear. Basically, I had 3 dresses (one of them was from Brandonization beginnings) and 2 pairs of heels. The rest of space in my closets was filled with some sweaters which Lucy said looked“ like pre-war if you ask me”. (Yeah, Lucy was always an unstoppably honest friend.)

“Dear, there is no point of looking good once a week, and all other days not. You will just look pathetic to your neighbours. No, you have to be dressed up all the time, cause you never know, maybe you'll meet the guy

when you stop by at Starbucks to pick up your latte”.

Spring came, and nature in Boston started to wake up from the winter dream, me included. My winter coats started to be too warm, and it was time for the spring shopping. This time I decided to go with Lucy, actually she decided to go with me, since myself I would again buy just something sporty that “sends no message, except to your grandmother, that you are still a good girl”. And I really welcomed her help in shopping, because she was always a woman of style.

We went to the mall, and I let Lucy guide me. She went to all the fancy shops I usually wouldn't go. She chose many clothes for me to try, plus all sorts of accessories. I noticed many things were either black or white, sometimes red, and later I will learn why. After 5 hours of fitting, having spent my entire savings and with complete physical and mental exhaustion, we left the mall.

We bought lots of stuff, since I really wanted to reconstruct my appearance. While picking items for me, Lucy made a list of things every woman should have, which are sacred for a refined female image, and that absolutely every woman has to have and wear, otherwise #**“She is not a real woman, and she will not attract real men”**.

## LUCY'S MUST HAVE CLOTHING LIST:

- White fitted shirt
- Black silky blouse
- Black pants

- Black fitted jacket
- Black little dress
- Colourful up-to-knees dress
- One light and one dark tight jeans (depending on your figure!)
- Black 12cm high heels (for evening)
- Black 6cm high heels (for day - for walking)
- Red 12cm high heels (for evening, important events)
- Black high heels boots
- Small “a la Chanel” black bag (if you don't have money for original, good copy will do )
- One big Guess bag, latest season
- red nail polish (it's an eternal must)



## Fashion Blogs

*The best fashion blog where you can catch on FB styling: [www.theblondesalad.com](http://www.theblondesalad.com) It's Italian. And it's amazing.*

Most of the things were black, so I asked Lucy whether there was some funeral in the near future. She laughed and said that this is the fundamental shopping, that I just have to have these clothes, since it is the basis of every outfit. When you have those elements in your wardrobe, anything is possible.

I will get to know soon that she was, as usual, naturally 100% right. Sometimes, when I was tired or simply didn't know what to wear for going out, I would just put on the little black dress, or jeans with black red heels and black blouse, and looked fabulous.

When I first wore to the office some of the things Lucy and me had bought, all the girls from the office immediately reacted “Wow, where did you get all these stylish things, you look like a celebrity.” But they weren't the only one to react, male colleagues gazed at me much more often now, complementing me that I “somehow changed, and that I look much more feminine now”.

I even got 2 dinner invitations, but I skipped it, never like to date people from work, except if they belong to the board of directors, but they were on the other floor. Anyhow, good news, the clothes were working.



“The way you look, says what you look for” - this was her mantra. If the two of us were going out for a dinner and just to relax, she would usually wear boots, jeans and a blouse, with some Donna Karan Bag and a leather jacket, accessorized with a French scarf. Something urban, but posh at the same time.

At work she always dresses in business code, with high heels and formal pants, skirts and shirts. Half of our company was in love with her, but she never cared. And when we were going out, most often she would have some simple, but effective dress, combined with some sexy heels and a smaller bag or a clutch.

But one thing was characteristic of all her looks – she looked *expensive*.

No matter what she was wearing, where she was going, whether the clothes on her were actually expensive or not, she was always dressed up, with done make up, nice hair and done manicure. I never saw her without make up, except if I met her at home. “The level of the look, Lydia”- she would say - #“It doesn't count if one day you are super dressed, and then the other one you come looking as a cowgirl. Keep up the level”.

Keeping up the level, next weekend I wore a colourful Donna Karan dress, black heels and a small black clutch. Combined with a beige raincoat, we went to the opening of some new club up town. Lucy acquired tickets for it through some channels only known to her.

The club was all in champaign shades, with white leather booths and unbelievable lighting. “It all matches perfectly with our damn sexy style tonight” – I screamed to Lucy! We instantly met some Lucy's friends, so we went to their table.

At the table there were six men and no women, so no wonder they invited us for a drink. And they all literally fought between themselves to talk to us. The feeling was great! I couldn't believe how one dress and a confident attitude could influence things! The entire night went on excellently, everyone was treating me like a real lady, asking where I am from, what I do for a living, in free time etc.

That night I didn't spend a cent, since all the men were getting out of their way to get to the bar first to buy us a drink. And this situation will be repeated in future many times more, and I will learn the paid drink is nothing. #“**Flirting for drink is charity. A woman can get much**

**more from a man”** Lucy claimed. “Look good and confident, be in a good club, and the drink will always come”.

Beside many drinks that night, I also got many phone numbers. Three of them seemed more interesting to me than others, so I decided to meet them, but I couldn't decide which one. Lucy suggested me scheduling dates with the all 3 of them, cause “you never know what can happen” and “practise is the mother of knowledge”.



## Multi Dating

*If you are seeing more than one MM, take them to different places. With one MM go to one part of the city, with the other one to the other. No need for the waiters to remember you by hanging out with a bunch of different men. Secondly, you may run into another MM, while seeing the first MM, and we don't want that to happen.*

According to Lucy I should have as many dates as possible, in order to learn some things about men, since **#wisdom comes from personal experience, mistakes especially**. I agreed, and appointed dates for next Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. They were all cool, so I wanted to meet them in private, away from the group. Actually, more honestly, I didn't care so much, I just wanted to enjoy life.

I asked Lucy if I should have sex with them on the first date? “If you don't want anything serious, then it's no biggy. **#But if you do want something more serious, no sex on the first date!**” She also added that every woman has to sleep with at least 10 men to be entirely relaxed on the sex matters. According to her, if woman slept with less than this figure, she will still be a bit shy and not really free and self-

assured on her sexuality. And she was right, I was one of them.

Until that moment, I had slept with 7 men. I usually avoided one night stands, since I always like to know my partners well, before anything happens. Lucy said this is a good way to save myself, but maybe I could just rename my “to know someone well” to “he is cool and uses condom”.

Also Lucy shared some other rules on sex she developed. I wrote them down, since I couldn't memorize all the information coming from her, she was like my personal manual on men and love life.

## SACRED SEX RULES

If you are prolonging sex, the point actually is NOT to lie to a guy saying you got your period, or you are busy or something like that. NO. The point is to be honest, and to say openly that you don't like to rush into things, that you prefer to meet a person before, that you need a bit of time and trust. For him to see that you are aware of the situation, but you are consciously choosing not to sleep with him, because you are a mature woman who knows what she does and doesn't want. Trust me, this is a serious aphrodisiac.

- 1. Do not have sex on the first date, because that's the safest way he never calls again.**
- 2. Have sex on the first date if sex is the only thing you are interested in doing with him.**
- 3. Do not give a blow job in first 3 intercourses – it will be trying too hard. Make him deserve it. Do it only if sex is all**

**you want from him.**

**4. Always have a paired underwear, preferably a tongue and a push-up bra.**

**5. Never be too long without sex – men can smell desperation.**

**6. Do not go for threesome, anal etc. if you are still not in a serious relationship, or you want to keep it serious. If a guy proposes a threesome to you, he is not taking you seriously.**

**7. If you meet a guy in a club, and you want to have a relationship with him, no sex in first 2-3 weeks. Men usually have doubts about women who they met in clubs, therefore show him you are not cheap. In the meantime, if you need sex, have it with someone else.**

**8. If you met a guy through friends or work, you can have sex after a week or two, because you have some decent, familiar background in his mind.**

**9. Have sex in less than one week, only if you are 100% sure he is in love with you. But even then, better not.**

**10. Do not be lazy in bed, nor too quiet. Nobody likes statues.**

With the sex rules, and newly gained self-confidence, may the dating start.

*Chapter 5:*



# Patricia, or How To Target

I felt excited because I knew this would be a whole new world out there for me.

## **5. PATRICIA OR HOW TO TARGET**

My first date was on Friday, second on Saturday, and third on Sunday. Neat schedule indeed, but I gravely needed to see all these man, and check how I've been doing lately. I did a quick shopping on Thursday with Lucy, who brought her friend Patricia, a lawyer, with us to have a drink together. She came in black suit, Italian design, I would say D&G, with big black sun glasses and a Chanel bag. She looked prefect.

While I was trying out some dresses, I heard Patricia telling Lucy of her new affair with some congressman, without mentioning his name, of course. She was always the most discreet of all Lucy's friends. I wasn't surprised she was seeing a congressman, her style was all about looking expensive and unreachable.

The way she was moving was saying "This girl ain't for a random guy". While they were mumbling around the shop, I was in the wardrobe. I looked at some cotton flower dress I was trying out, and just put it aside.

I would look ridiculous compared to Patricia. So I asked her to help me.

“Hey, Patricia, sorry to interrupt” I approached her “ Do you, perhaps, have some free time to help me choose some clothes over here? I love what you are wearing right now”.

“Sure!” she said. She surprised me with her modesty then, ‘cause she spent her entire afternoon helping me find clothes that would fit me well.

Later I will learn that Lucy brought Patricia on purpose, just to make me compare myself with some bigger fish. Being around these women made me see where I was investing too much energy with men, and where too little in my looks.

Patricia was fast and soon she proposed me some fashionable items. Beige dress was my favourite Not so expensive, up-to-knees length, and a white blazer to match it. When I put that on, I really felt like a duchess. Expensive look, but not for too much money.

“That's the trick, my dear. Always look refined and prestigious, never vulgar and cheap. Like that you will never attract the MMs, only some cheap men. **#Look expensive, you'll attract expensive, look cheap, you'll attract cheap.**” Patricia concluded, and I couldn't agree more.

Later we had a drink, so I got a chance to tell Patricia about my 3 dates in a row, she laughed quite nicely about it, wished me luck and proposed to hang out next week, so I can tell her all about it. I also found out one more thing– Lucy started regular dating with the CEO of our company.

He was freshly divorced, ready to hit on with his new bird.

Can't say I was surprised, since lately I haven't seen her with too many men. She told me a week before she was working "on a new project". It was our CEO. I was happy for her, the guy was loaded, but at the same time down to earth and cool. And it was all because she was nice to CEO's ugly friend, who praised afterwards her kindness with CEO.

Lucy wasn't interested in any kind of men, only the MM. She told me numerous times that she could feel confident and safe only with the men who can provide for her, and spoil her. I knew she had a point. I as well decided to, from now on, target only MMs. It is much better to have a real man around, than some Brandon who only provided excuses and emptiness.

In the following months I will not get to see Lucy too often, since she will be spending a lot of time with the CEO. Time full of travelling, gifts, shopping and luxury. In the next couple of months Lucy will completely give herself to her relationship with CEO, making a distinguish lady out of herself.

During that period, my wing and FB guru will be Patricia.



The dating Friday came, full moonlight, my beige dress was on. At 21h Jerry, the banker I was going out with today, was supposed to pick me

up. At 20:55h I got a SMS from Lucy saying “*Use smartly everything you learned from me this weekend. From next weekend Patricia will take care of you, I am going for one month with Mr. CEO to Brazil – paid vacation my dear ;)*”

At 21h sharp, Jerry in a black Jeep was in front of my building. He was less handsome than I remembered him from the club, guess alcohol boosted up the looks. He took me to a nice Italian restaurant, where we spent a pleasant night chatting. We talked about politics, business and job opportunities in the East Coast, friends, travelling. He seemed to have travelled a lot, and I liked that. He was a cool guy with a respectful career ahead of him.



## Cheap men

*As soon as you notice your target is cheap, pull out. Don't waste time on cheap men. They never change.*

Three hours and one bottle of wine later we decided to leave the restaurant. The bill came, and he proposed to split it. Naturally, I said OK, but I didn't like that at all. **#If you can't buy me a simple dinner, probably you will never be able to share anything with me in the**

**future.** Entire night he had been presenting himself as a great traveller and rich man, so the bill split was totally uncalled, judging by his previous stories. I never answered his calls. He was cheap.

Next day I e mailed Lucy on the bill issue, and she responded me shortly that I was completely right, and that she was happy to see I'd learned to think straight and not waste time with cheap guys. “It's not that you

don't have money for a simple dinner, you do. But it's a symbol! If a guy doesn't pay a first dinner, get the hell out of there, the guy is a toolbag” she wrote me.

Tomorrow, in black blouse, black pants and red heels I waited for my second date, Mike, hoping this one will be more successful. He came driving a nice little, white Corvette, which seemed really classy. He was a freelance journalist, so I couldn't really guess his income. But, as would Lucy say “time will show”. After the previous night, I firmly decided I do not need any cheap man around.



## Inform yourself

*f your date is a banker, be informed on recent events in banking. If he is a musician, learn about his music. If he is a politician, check out how politics is doing these days. But never go unprepared on his topic. Being an educated and informed woman is an important stake for MMs*

We went to a new, Thai restaurant, which seemed totally compatible with his relaxed attitude. I liked him, he looked better than he did in the club. Brown hair, hazel eyes, 2 day beard, and the feeling no woman can put a saddle on this guy. He was nice, but it was to see if he has the MM potential. We ordered and the night went on about recently published books

and interesting articles in several newspapers. Luckily for me, I always read anything that would come into my hands, so I didn't seem like a dummy to him.

The dinner was excellent, the night was going on smoothly, and when he ordered the check I was eager to see his reaction. The bill came, and he

just continued talking about the article he published in the Times recently, put the money inside the bill, and asked for the waiter. He paid without mentioning or gesturing anything to me, he just glanced to the waiter to come and pick up the cash. OK, first test passed.

We proceeded to the car, but before we entered, he kissed me softly, and asked if I wanna go to his place. I said no, due to Lucy's sex rules and because I liked him too much. He drove me back home, kissed me goodbye and said he'd call me.

The next morning I woke up quite satisfied because I had met a guy with class, had a nice evening and didn't spend a cent. He picked me up, took care of everything and drove me back. Didn't even have a cab or gas expenses. Nice, I liked how this was going.

Sunday was passing slowly, and the evening approached for my third meeting. The choice was again the beige dress, this time with black heels and a black clutch. It was totally a ladylike, Sunday look. Perfect to meet one of the most refined men I will ever meet – Misha.

He drove a black Benz, not too big, but big enough to leave an impression. He was 15 years my senior. In the club I didn't realize he was that older, nor when we spoke on the phone. What I did realize was that he had the sexiest, deep, male voice. Big like for that. He owned a leasing company, and he seemed very focused in his business.

During our dinner, in a costly French restaurant, the conversation was mainly about the local businesses in Boston. The topic I didn't know much about, since my company was more global oriented, but I was

trying to keep up with the conversation, and to level with him in the conversation.

Seems I was doing it OK, cause at the end of the evening he said he hadn't recently met such an educated and sophisticated young lady. He had good manners, followed by ordering one of the most expensive wines on the menu, the one you pay through your nose.

The waiter brought the check straight to him, obviously he was a regular here. And according to the prices in the menu it was quite a bill, for my standards too high. We left the restaurant, and he offered to take me to a nice bar with a view of the Charles River.

In the bar we took a Martini, and listened a to live jazz that was going on that night there. I got a bit tipsy, and he kissed me. I wasn't sure if I wanted that at the moment, but he seemed so decisive. He was powerful, he was older, he was Man of Means. And I knew that. For one more hour we were kissing in the bar, and when he started touching my knees, I knew it was time to go home.

“My home” I answered to his proposal to continue the evening at his place. “Why, dear, you are such a wonderful woman, don't leave me alone tonight”. But I knew if I don't leave him alone this night, he will leave me the following morning. So I left his car, with his look on my back and the promise he'd call.

The Monday morning came, with me super tired from the ambitious weekend, but also full of impressions I wanted to share with my girlfriends. Since Lucy was in Brazil, I called Patricia to meet me for

lunch. We met in Jacob Wirth restaurant (her proposal) and I told her all about my weekend.

Patricia was a couple years older than Lucy, she was 34 at the time and therefore with much more experience with men, and life in general. She also worked in a very male-dominated environment, which gave her even more opportunities to meet and socialise with men. She was always very kind with me, treated me like a younger sister and helped me every time I asked her. Really a great, powerful woman.

With her I will learn everything about **targeting** men – how to create and find the type of the guy I am looking for. She was all about targeting. #**“No matter how gorgeous or attractive you are, if you are not in a right environment, all your efforts ain't worth a dime”**. We ordered a soup and risotto, and she continued “Look around you. It's all attorneys and bankers. No blue-collars or wretches like that. Only MMs”.

It was true. When I took a second look, there actually were unbelievably many yuppies around – women from my office would go crazy for a place like this! But still they were going to the same place every day, where they already had met everybody – that is why they were all still single.

Patricia always emphasized #**it is crucial to watch where you go out and who you are going out with**. She explained to me that the club I'd been to with Lucy that night, is the place where both ordinary men and MMs came, that is why I met 3 different types. One who was cheap, other who was average (when it comes to money, personally I liked him, it remains to check his generosity) and the third, Misha, who was a real MM.

“If you go to a prestigious, more expensive kind a bar, or a club, you will meet only MMS. It is a bit harder to get in, but I'll get us there”. I had no doubt she would. About my dates she told me to first decide what I want. “Just say bluntly, what do you want from them? Do you want love, do you want lavish trips and gifts, or you want money?”.

Since I wasn't sure exactly, I said I wanted it all. She smiled and said that's nice, but kind of a beginner's answer. “Rarely can any man give you everything. Those are the rare, rare species. And if you ever find him, hold him and never let him go!”.

She told me that is was a good decision to ignore Jerry, the banker from the first night, cause if he is making an issue for the dinner, you will hardly ever get anything from him. He was the type that spends only at the women he marries, and I certainly don't need that.

The second guy, she said, he has potential. Hardly a journalist can make millions, but maybe he comes from some rich family. Don't let him go, with these guys you never know. And especially cause I see you liked him. Every guy, even if he doesn't seem so appealing at once, can give you something.

Once, she told me a friend of hers dated a guy from one very wealthy family. He was impotent, so he was buying her stuff like crazy and giving her money as well. In the end, she got loads of stuff, and she didn't even have to have sex with him. She was really tight with money then, so this sex-less MM came as a convenience.

It was at Misha she put the biggest accent: “That is the safe road to hit. He is older, so he most probably already knows how to treat a lady, so you won't need to teach him anything. He is the one that will be the most loose when it comes to gifts, and maybe even money”. We soon finished our lunch, and I had to run back to my office, and to some important trial. When we separated, she turned and added #**“Just don't have sex with him first 10 days, he has everything on a plate, so he mustn't have you!”**

Patricia's advice meant a great deal to me. While Lucy brought me back to reality, from my sleepy Cinderella-like vision of the world, Patricia was putting real FB skills into my system. Going out with her brought my perception of dating to a whole new level again. For her, dating wasn't just dating, it was always a calculation preceded by a cost-benefit analysis and ended with a power game. Usually her as a proud winner.

Places she was visiting were strictly MMs zones, cause she was never interested in going to any other kind of places. She never liked to waste time on pointless men, and soon enough I will acquire this habit myself, which will save me a lot of time and nerves. During that period Patricia was seeing the congressman she mentioned to Lucy. I will not write his name here, because he is still in politics.

Two weeks later I met Patricia and Congressman for dinner, who brought his friend. His friend was a politician as well, so can't give his name, a really powerful figure, as well. He was divorced, not bad looking, though I'd heard he put on weight now. But he was ok, so Patricia tried to hook me up with him. But there was just one problem – he was super weird.

He was constantly talking about his cat, how the cat always recognizes him, and how he sleeps with his cat. Creepy. The second plate still hadn't arrived, he was already narrating about his cat's habits, and how the cat is the most powerful cat in the neighbourhood, which made him really proud. He finished the cat story in a sad manner, saying how the cat's funeral went fine, and many other cats had shown up. I had no other choice but to name him CAT MAN and conclude that not all MMs are sane people.

Patricia was spending a lot of time with her MM, who luckily, was a normal person, but she never let herself fall in love. "With these kind of guys you never know what will happen tomorrow. So I am enjoying it while it lasts, and the future will arrive anyhow". And she definitely did, cause the Congressman was a very generous man.

In the meantime, I was receiving e-mails from Lucy about how much fun she was having in Rio, how she loves Brazil, and one day she will for sure move there for a while. Patricia was also travelling with her MM, but only to shorter trips, due to his busy schedule, but also hers, so she was in Boston most of the time.

Patricia invited me for a dinner at her place, where she showed me all the gifts she had been receiving lately. Designers' clothes, LV bags, perfumes and jewellery. I had an impression that even Quasimodo would look as a hot babe with these clothes on.

During this dinner, she shared with me how in their second date, Mr. Congressman offered her to take her to a weekend in L.A. She refused,

because she knew it was a strictly sex invitation. **#When a MM invites you to a trip only after few days of dating, know it is usually a booty call, and he will probably ditch you afterwards.**

She said no to him, and she claims to this day that this refusal was the reason he stayed with her. He was so accustomed to having all women fall right into his arms, that Patricia's no made a big impression on him. She slept with him 10 days later, and before that she emphasized to him that she needs first “to get trust into him”. I knew how silly this sounds coming from Patricia's mouth, but somehow **#every guy has to have an impression that he is dating someone who is not presenting herself as a slut.**

At that time, while I was hanging out with Patricia, no guy actually ever gave me anything. I really felt pathetic in comparison to Lucy or Patricia. My salary was not small, but far from letting me shop LV purses on weekly basis. Patricia was earning more than me, but not so much more, while her clothes were screaming MONEY! It was actually the clothes she had got from the previous MMs.

We went for brunch a week later, and she confirmed my impressions “Yeah, most of the expensive stuff you see I'm wearing I got as a gift. Because **#in order to have MMs spending money on you, you already have to reflect some money.** It is naïve to expect and behave as someone worth spending money on, if you yourself do not possess anything valuable. You will just seem poor, asking for charity.”

“So, when you shop with your own money, invest in bags and jewellery, because they will most easily reflect the brand, and are most easily to be

sold, if you happen to experience some financial difficulties, for example. Jewellery especially!”. Yeah, I did notice, she usually had some super fancy bag, so I never interrogated whether her clothes were branded. “Sometimes, just purse and designed sun glasses are enough for an impression”.

Misha called me 3 days later, and we started dating. He was inviting me to his place for dinner all the time, but I told him simply “I do not like to rush into things” and that I would like to get to know him better, because “I really like him”. These were all Patricia's instructions, which I followed strictly, and they turned out as a success. After 10 days I got a Gucci perfume and an invitation for a spa weekend, which I naturally refused.

“If you wanna have him keep spending money on you, prolong the sex as much as possible. But never go too far, a woman has to feel when it is the right moment for giving it up. For example, I slept with the Congressman after less than 2 weeks of dating, because he is an extreme case. He has so many women, that I couldn't prolong sex too long! But on the other hand, for him it seemed like an eternity!”

And why on Earth would he spend his money and time on me, if he realises I would sleep with him straight away?” I memorized every word she was pronouncing, like little notes in my brain. Loved these crazy dialogues with Patricia. She was really a wise woman, big player and a great teacher.

The following day Misha asked me to go to the theater. I got ready, put on my Bvlgari dress and a Gucci perfume I'd got from him. The show was nice, not Broadway exactly, but inspirational. Later on we went to that

jazz bar we went the first night we met. We'd already been dating for more than 2 weeks.

“I see you are a special kind of girl. But I am a special kind of man. And I am ready to do many things for you, because I can't remember when I desired a woman that much...” I realised he was toasted and that it was time for sex. And it was great! Certainly it was one of the best I had ever had, and even today I remember it with great pleasure.

He was strong, well shaped, with a big penis. The sex was kind of old-fashioned, but good. He was on top of me, and he has strength to go on the entire night. I felt like he was 20, not 40. And the way he smelled was special, and the smell was always important to me. When I came the second time, I knew we would get along fine.

Since then our relationship went up, and I got plenty of gifts from him. Clothes, shoes, trips around US, to Cuba, to Mexico, jewellery and lots of other stuff. It was perfect, finally I felt like a real woman, who deserves to be spoiled and pampered. This was a very cool part of my life, because Misha was always scared that I would leave him for someone younger, so he was buying me everything without me even asking for it.

Lucy and Patricia were in the same relationships, so we were socialising without envying each other, as I felt was the case with some other of my girlfriends. Soon I will get to learn that it is a normal thing, and that both unfulfilled women and men have to say bad things about others, just in order to feel better.

With Misha I dated for an entire year, and it was a great year, full of

hedonism and exciting moments. Unfortunately, the age issue popped out when he opened the topic of marriage. He aimed to make me his spouse, while I was still far from that – there was a whole world out there to discover!

I thanked him for everything he did for me, and told him honestly that I was too young for such an attachment. I was 26 at the time. It was too early for me, and I felt there are too many things to learn and experience about life, men, love – the FB game in general.

Still, to this day, I am grateful to Misha for shaping me into a real woman. Only a man can do that. Everything I had heard from Patricia and Lucy, was just learning to walk before I run. But it was Misha who helped me grow as a woman. And it was wonderful. I got plenty of attention, love and gifts from him. But it was time to move on.

## **PATRICIA'S TARGET GROUPS :: MEN OF MEANS**

- **Bankers \*upper management**
- **Lawyers, judges, attorneys**
- **Successful writers, journalists, publicist. (really small target groups, who will rarely *share*)**
- **IT guys, programmers, softer designers (they are always undercover, but want to *share*, more about them in further chapters)**
- **Businessmen (the most relevant target group, but be aware of fake ones)**

- **Politicians (the most dangerous group, always be precocious)**
- **Heirs (bored, and easily spend money on women)**

## **MMS WHICH SHOULDN'T BE TARGETED, ONLY IF NECESSARY**

- **Actors (if they are rich, then they are famous, and can have many women without spending their money. If they are not famous, they are usually poor)**
- **Musicians (same story)**
- **Rappers (same story, plus even more groupies)**
- **Ballers (Can be the same story, but there are many of them, and sometimes they can be a useful MM)**
- **Sportsmen (same story, but golfers)**
- **Criminals (your life and health is more important)**

## **TARGET AREAS – WHERE TO FIND MMS**

- **Expensive and exclusive restaurants, hotels, bars and clubs**
- **Airports**
- **Golf clubs**
- **Charity events**
- **Restaurants and cafes nearby yuppie companies**
- **Spa centres**
- **Fancy gyms**

- **Fancy neighbourhoods (go and jog there in the morning, very high possibility of meeting MMs)**
- **Prestigious events**

## *Chapter 6:*



# **Ariane, or How To Make Him Buy**

**"For some reason, men want to be with this *expensive* type of women, because it makes them feel more relevant to themselves and the society"**

After being a close friend with Lucy, and following her advisory, going out, no matter whether with my girlfriends, by myself or with men, became much, much less stressful. With Patricia I learned how to pick up men, how to judge them and evaluate.

Before I had always been afraid, invisible, shy, and never had I succeeded in getting what I wanted, neither from men, nor from life. Going to clubs usually meant paying overpriced drinks all by myself and getting bored and frustrated, while my other girlfriends were flirting around. But now it was all different.

My appearance changed a lot. My body improved, since I started working out regularly. I got plenty of nice clothes, shoes and other accessories from Misha, but I also bought many things. I realized that if I don't invest in myself nobody else will. Although we often went shopping together, I was also buying certain things alone, especially nice lingerie.

My hair was regularly nourished at hairdresser's, manicure and pedicure were an ordinary thing as well. As before, I was still having my massages, which were extremely important for me, both for my body and soul. Sometimes I thought I can give up on food or water, but never massages.

While being with Misha he was taking care of all that, since his friend owned a beauty salon, so I was just doing everything there, and he would cover it later. But when we broke up, all these services had to be financed somehow, and my salary wasn't enough.

It was 2 years since I'd started working, and I did get a raise, but it was

far from enough to cover all of my expenses. With my new girlfriends and Misha I had developed a kind of lifestyle that needed more financial assets than the ones I had.

First month somehow I managed to pay all of my bills, since I was left with some savings from the “Misha times”, but soon I would stay without money, and the feeling was unsettling. Not just clothes and beauty services, Misha provided also dinners, clubbing, spa treatments and many other nice things that made me more attached to him.

The feeling that a real man is next me, and that I am safe with him, was so good. Everytime, he would spoon me, and we would fall asleep together, I felt so secure and satisfied. Really, what a wonderful year it was. But I knew there was more stops in this journey of mine. I could have married him, but I felt it would have somehow been just a shortcut to peace, without seeing what the FB game really is.

It was summer, and I was sitting with Lucy and Patricia at a brunch a month after splitting with Misha. They were both fond of him and they liked his approach towards me, but they both met on the fact that I was too young for marriage and kids.

Lucy especially, because she was also still young and wanted to party and continue the FB life. She was still seeing Mr. CEO, it was a relationship with commitment, especially financially speaking. She really liked that guy, but the fact that she was travelling once a month to some exotic destination, she liked, in my personal belief, more.

Brunch was nice and relaxing, pasta with salmon and cherry tomatoes,

and before the dessert came, I was all tragic about my lack of money. I had some dates since I became single, but I didn't really like any of the guys, nor did they seem as Ms willing to share. Now I had clothes and looks to seduce MMs, but I didn't have any cash to support this lifestyle.

Secondly, I didn't have anyone to go out with and search for new targets, since Lucy and Patricia were seeing their MMs and travelling often. And I didn't like to go out alone, I would look spooky or pathetic. Boston is not such a big city, and I didn't want people to talk bad stuff about me, and decrease my value like that. Luckily, for me, FB family had two more members. So, this is what Patricia suggested me:



## "Sarging"

*Going out with a goal to meet other men and women*

“Lydia, let me level with you. I see you're struggling, so I think it's about time you got together with Ariane. You've met this friend of ours before, and since she's also been lamenting lately over her poor destiny, join forces

and go **sarging** together. And secondly - she is a genius when it comes to squeezing money out of men”.

Ariane, I got to find out way before, was French, and a chef, and a really good one, but she was never too much into work or building a career. She was more into seducing men and enjoying life. Can't blame her, it also became much more appealing to me than my office routines, but again I could never function unemployed.



Ariane, although living in Boston since she was a teenager, still had a soft French accent, which made her even more charming and lucid. She was also one of the guests for the dinner their common ex boyfriend organized for all of them.. Soon the three of them compared their views on men, got how similar they were, and became good friends ever since.

The first time I met her was 2 years ago, soon after I started hanging out with Lucy, and then I didn't see her for a year or more. She was in Paris with some French guy she'd met in New York, but they separated cause it turned out that he had some crazy temperament just as her. So, she came back to Boston, and was sitting right opposite me, in the 6B lounge, a restaurant she used to work in.

“Financial difficulties, ma cherie?” she grinned “No worries, it happens. This is just a transitional phase. Just be like a cat, ready for all jumps and challenges...be a woman”. And she continued drinking her wine, saying that these Californian wines could never compete with French ones.

It is easy for you to say, I thought. She was a tall redhead with green eyes, and strong personality, that was obviously severe for men, but they still couldn't resist it. I watched many times how, when she enters the room, every time everyone present, drunk or sober, would glance in her direction. She was just that kind of girl. And she was aware of it.

Going out with her made me realize how much a man is ready to do for a

woman when he is into her. But also how much a man can let you down when he loses his interest. She had taught me to function in both situations.

In most situations, Ariane usually didn't have income of her own, therefore her methods were quite straightforward, fast and sometimes even scandalous. But she didn't care about anyone's opinion. She just knew what she wanted and she would get it from one man or another. Completely irrelevant, as long as she gets it.

I, on the other hand, always needed financial security of my own, cause you never know what men are up to. She, on the contrary, was addicted to risk, and life for her was a big game. Because of that, she was a master FB player.

While Lucy was dating her Mr. CEO and Patricia her Mr. Congressman, Ariane and me had an agenda of our own – going out and detecting new MMs. With Ariane everything was even more relaxing, cause she was super attractive and men would approach us all the time. On the other hand, she was kind of cocky, so there were many insane situations with her, from which I will mention here only those that can be seen as lessons learned.

Certainly, she was one of the most direct women I will ever get a chance to meet. First night when we went out, she didn't give her phone number to any guy, but she just collected, very quietly, all of their business cards, names and phone numbers.

“Cherie, if I went out with every cute guy that asked me out, I would

waste my life on endless dating. You have to be smart, and do a **pre-selection** at home. Google is a friend! **#First I google them at home, and then I decide who I will call.** Next, it makes me more desirable and unreachable, when no one gets my phone number, but it is me who is choosing!”



## Pre-selection

*We are all Internet users, therefore use it. Google and find out all possible information about your target, so you have a clue who you are dealing with.*

Wow, I was amazed. I would never think of that, I was doing it the old fashion way. We go out, talk about each other, and then I make a judgement whether he possesses the MM potential or not. And many times I made a wrong judgement. But not Ariane.

“That's how we do it in Europe, cherie. No time for wasting. Google the guy out, check his background, possessions, and then if he is worth it, meet him. Naturally, **#always pretend you're clueless about him, he mustn't ever realize you were scanning him.**”

Beside her investigative methods, Ariane had more than enough experience to make a difference between a real MM and a fake one. Our first clubbing was in Rumour night club. Very soon, at the bar we met two guys, one dressed totally in white, and the other one in some greyish shades.

The white one instantly went hitting on Ariane, so I as a good wing girl, started talking to the greyish dude. His name was Ryan, and he said he

was a programmer. He seemed somehow average, one of those guys you would overlook in a club, but you would talk to if he approaches. He seemed harmless, so we started chatting.



## Blurry Professions

*When a guy doesn't want to say clearly what he does for a living, he is either nobody, or a liar, or a criminal. Anyhow, remove him. Only play safe.*

With the corner of my eye, I was closely following what was happening with Ariane and her admirer.

He was grinning all the time, reflecting certain “like-a-boss” (LAB) behaviour, telling Ariane how he is a regular guest in Rumour. When she asked him what he was by profession, he told her **he ran “his own business”** and continued with his LAB attitude.

In the meantime, Ryan ordered a drink for me, and asked me how I'm doing, what's my background etc. We found out we had both attended the same university, and that we even were members of the same debating club, just he was 4 years older, so he graduated when I enrolled. The conversation started to warm up, but Ariane pulled me and told we are living at 5 to go to another club.

I knew what this meant – Whitie was a failure, and I had 5 minutes for *closure*. **#Closure is when the acquaintance needs to get to the next level, and when we take the targets' phone numbers, mails or business cards.** Inspired by Ariane, I also stopped giving my phone numbers, but was only taking them. I told him that unfortunately I would have to leave, and then he asked me for my phone number.

“I am sorry, I do not often meet men in clubs, so if you don't mind, I would rather take your number and give you a call these days”. He seemed cool with that, so he gave me his business card. Soon, Ariane and me left the club. I asked her what the problem was with her guy, and she told me that he was a paradigmatic example of a fake MM.



## Fake MMs

*Many men pretend that they are MMs, while they are not. Until MM doesn't buy you something, he is fake. EVERY MM IS FAKE UNTIL HE PROVES THE OPPOSITE.*

“He was too striking and showy, and he has the entire LAB moment going on. Come on, he didn't even offer me a drink, had to pay it myself! And when I asked him what he does for a living, he gave some vague answer. Fuck that, he is fake. No, I didn't like him at all... **#If he had money, he wouldn't be showing off**”.

-And what about your guy? He really seems to like gray... She chuckled.

-Well, no idea, he seems nice, nothing special.

-He did buy you a drink, right?

-Two, actually. He seemed generally very relaxed, without any need for over-exposure.

-Cherie, that's a real MM, trust me. I can feel it. **#A real MM usually doesn't have a LAB urge... Because he IS a boss.** Do remember that”.



Tomorrow at work you can easily guess what was the first thing I did. I googled him, and the results of my quest were more than good. He possessed two medium enterprises for security software and computer games production. Rising industry, I thought. I decided to call him next weekend, but before that I had to meet my gurus to see what they had to tell me.

“IT sector – that's where potential lies these days” said Lucy.

“Low profile approach – he probably hasn't been with too many women, so he will be easy on the money” added Patricia.

“Low profile approach – so don't have too much “high profile / uptown girl” approach or you might scare him away” concluded Ariane.

We continued going over other stories of them, and after our group drink, Ariane took me for another one to a bar in West Cambridge, Noir. - Listen, be smart with him, you can totally dig this guy. He maybe has much more than you can imagine. But if he feels you are up to his cash, he will ditch you in no time.

You have to go gradually, you have to explain to him that *love is about sharing*...that kind of narrative. That you have to have confidence with a man, that you want to feel secure with him etc. Don't bring up a topic that you are short of cash! He is insecure and immature, who knows, he might even think you are an alley cat or who knows – so play it cool.

**#Always present yourself as an independent, satisfied, fulfilled young woman, who has everything in life, or at least behaves like that. #To every guy you must position yourself like you don't need him, your life will not change if he leaves you.** Moreover, you must really think like that. Always have some money for the rainy days, so you are never trapped or forced to tolerate anyone you don't want to.”

Next, Ariane continued, be ready sometimes to wait for the first gift or some other material sign of affection. Many men are very precocious, and they want to test you first. So don't be stupid, behave like everything is OK, as you don't expect anything. In the meantime, **#you have to create a framework, an atmosphere, a world where endowing and financial support of your girlfriend is a normal thing**”. It is always up to you! **#How you teach him in the beginning of your relationship, that's how he will behave further on.**

I was listening very carefully to everything she was saying, aware this was a supreme know-how. “After a couple of weeks, start telling him how your girlfriend is travelling to Miami often with her boyfriend, cause he has an apartment there. Or something like “last week he surprised her totally and bought her an identical Versace swim wear she had lost last time they were in Miami”. Or “this friend of mine, you know, she is crazy about shoes, luckily she found a man who loves her enough, and understands her shoe passion, so he often buys her that stuff..”

So, always start with the stories about your girlfriends, never about yourself, because it will seem obvious. When you tell him a couple of stories about your friends, (but always 2 or maximum 3 stories each time

you see him, but again be careful, people react differently) you can start with your personal history. But he has to be the one who poses the question.

“Wear or bring the most expensive or breath-taking items of clothes you possess and wait for him to ask where you got it, or where you bought it blah, blah.. You answer that it is from your boyfriend, or you don't know where it is from cause your boyfriend gave it. Or, next time, it is I bought it in Paris, so international shopping is a normal thing for you... Get it? You are setting the level high! Once you put yourself on the shelf, don't let him get you down there. He has to treat you like that too, cause you are used to being pampered.”

**#For some reason, men want to be with this expensive type of women, because it makes them feel more relevant to themselves and the society.** So, what is important is to set things straight in the beginning – you are a terrific, independent young woman who is used to getting all the best from her man. You are not a beggar, nor do you need their charity (free drinks, whatever), but **#for you it is just natural to have men around craving to spend their money and attention on you. THAT is the picture you have to put inside his brain.**”

“But, how the hell will I do that?!” I cried “I need to brainwash him!”

“Exactly!” she replied “Exactly. You need to be gradual, but persistent. Always step by step, slip into his mind the attitudes you need him to have in order to treat you right. Remember the Brandon story you told me, how his next girlfriend was getting everything you didn't” Damn story. “Well, be sure that even Mr. Economizing Brandon didn't figure out

himself he should spend more money on her. It is her who knew what she wanted, and who wisely shaped him to fit in her wishes.”



I called Ryan the following weekend, and we set up a dinner on Saturday night. The deal was to meet in the Blue Ginger restaurant, so I didn't get a chance to check out what he was driving, but concerning his *low profile* way of life, probably some ordinary car.

When we met I hardly recognized him. He was in a black suit, with a perfect white shirt, no tie. He looked great. I was in a black dress myself, so it was a kind of a movie scene type of dinner. When we sat together, he proposed I choose a wine.

This is a typical trap men made to check if a woman is greedy – **#if you order something too expensive, to check his reaction whether he will pay it, the possibility to look stupid and greedy is very likely.** So, I chose a medium price, but good quality Chardonnay from Cali.

He qualified my customer's loyalty towards local American products as positive. I smiled and just nodded, because I didn't even think of that, I just ordered anything with an average price. In these situations always go for something not too expensive, but also not too cheap, because then you will look cheap.

The night went on, we talked about many topics, and through the conversation I got to know more about his business, though I played like I was clueless, and knew nothing. Since I am an Internet geek myself, we had plenty of stuff to discuss. Later we took a dessert in another place, where he kissed me and proposed to have a second wine at his place.

I kissed him back and said I would rather see him some other time (so here I was giving him a positive signal), than to rush into things (here I am a good girl). He said it is OK, but he will miss me tonight (shitter's work). We said goodbye around midnight, and I went home alone.

So, I said no to Ryan, and he offered me a ride home. I said I came with my car, which was a lie, I came with a cab, because I felt he was the type of MM to whom a woman has to demonstrate her value a bit more.

Therefore, I showed him that I came with my car, so I had no expectations from him to drive me home. It is important always to estimate who are you dealing with, because not all MMs are the same. Far from that, so always leave a bit space for a change of plan, if necessary.

I decided to take a stroll, since my apartment was just 5 blocks away. The night was pleasant, one of those calm September nights when absolutely nothing can surprise you. I was still thinking about Ryan when I run into Brandon! I was surprised, and him even more!

-Wow, Lucy, looking great! I hardly recognized you! How have you been?

-Hey Brandon, nice to see you, I'm good, how are you?

I saw he was really stunned by my looks, since he wasn't used to seeing

me sparkling like I did that night, in heels and expensive outfit. I felt he scanned me entirely, like he wanted to see how come I advanced my looks and attitude that much.

-We should get together sometimes, to catch up! He proposed

-Sure, I'll call you.

I never did. He had his chances. But at least I was happy that he got a chance to see how much I was over him. Another thing was that only in his eyes I realized how much a change of attitude can influence your life and alternate your way.



The next day at work, it was a slow day, so I had time to go over some stuff in my head. Clearly, **#it is always better to be stupid, than a slut**. Iconic sentence of Lucy. And I agree fully. It is always better to leave an impression of a nice, good girl who doesn't engage in random sex around.

Even if you do, do not have it with a man you want to get clothes or money from. If you sleep with him immediately he will not have any reason to invest anything in you, since you already gave it up before he even had to try.

I am not talking about sleeping for money – this is not that type of book! But frankly, we have all been in that situation: If you had have sex on the first date, a chance for him to call you ever again decreases drastically,

and not to think about him buying anything for you. So, **#if you need sex asap, look for it in another place, while you are in a “setting your value” phase with the MM you have just met.**

The following morning I received an e-mail from Ryan saying he hadn't meet such a *strong* and beautiful girl in a long time. Obviously I was right, he needed a type of woman who would be his partner, equal to him, not a type of woman who waits for a man to solve all of her problems. **#Some men hate if they feel a woman will totally be dependent on them. They have to be persuaded that a woman is capable to handle her life on her own – and then they give her everything.**

Ryan was just the type. We started seeing each other more often, and after 2 weeks we had sex. Later he was frequently saying to me how he was thrilled and excited that we didn't have sex instantly, because it made our relation more special and emotional. And how I was so feminine and gentle, by refusing him for a while, and how that was rare. FB tactics were working.

In the meantime, Ariane started dating a certain wealthy banker. Since she was running out of cash, and had no intention to find a job, she used some of her methods for an instant cash gain. For her getting clothes and gifts wasn't enough, since she didn't have income of her own and she had to react fast.

What is important about Ariane is that she completely doesn't care about anyone's opinion but her own, so she never suffered from a guilty conscience or anything alike. On the contrary, when she needed money,

she was acquiring it fast, using all her skills. She was definitely a FB master mind.

As I expected, in 4 months she got more than \$15000 from the banker. It turned out that he was a super rich, super insecure guy, who needed a trophy wife. Ariane told that, beside his confidence, his penis was also very small, so all she did was boosting his ego.

She told me that this banker was one of the least complicated MMs she had ever dated. She was just saying how his dick is perfect, how she loves his being such an alpha male, how she feels safe by him. As soon as she would start going on on his virtues, he would get wood – no matter if they are in bed or restaurant.

She continued dating him for the next 2 years, when she left him for some pilot with a bigger dick and a bank account. But she was perfect to detect the Achille's heel in a male confidence, and to absolutely manipulate a guy until she would get what she wanted. Thanks to this trait of hers, she still manages cash and men quite skilfully.

Here I will present her tricks for fast cash, that are golden tricks in the FB world, and they helped me overcome money-tight situations many times.

## ARIANE'S TRICKS FOR FAST CASH

### THE BROKEN CAR

When you meet your MM, be all sad and passive. When he asks you what's happening, don't say anything, just sigh sadly and say it's nothing, and that you will solve it. When he asks you again, repeat that it is something you have to solve on your own. Then continue with the sadness. When he continues to insist what is happening with you, start crying (if you can't, practise at home, or at least make the most tragic face you can) and say your car is broken. And then say you know it is not a big deal, but you are really out of cash at the moment, and you have to go to work early, or you have to go to the University every day this month, or you have to take your mother to the hospital... Anything. **DON'T ASK FOR HELP!** He has to offer it. When he does it, act surprised, like you haven't ever expected him to do something so nice for you... If he doesn't offer his help, he is not a real MM, and dump him. Be careful not to take your car to the car service he suggests, but to some you know, so you can take the cash for repair for yourself.

## **UNPAID RENT**

Similar situation as with a broken car. Be sad when you meet, do the routine I already mentioned, and when he asks for the third time why you are so sad, start crying and explain that your house/building got another owner, or it is going to a private market, and the rent is going up, plus you have to pay 6 months in advance. But at the moment, you just don't have that amount of cash, and you will be kicked out. You don't know what to do, and make some disoriented face. If he proposes you to move in with him, refuse cause you need cash. Or accept, if you are ready to make a new step with him. If he doesn't offer any help, he is definitely cheap, therefore dump him.

## **SHOPPING**

Go shopping with MM, and chose some expensive bag, dress etc. which he will pay IN CASH. Take the bill with you, if “something happens” to the item. The next day go back there and return it – and the cash is all yours. Be careful he doesn't pay with a credit card, cause it will be much harder to return what is bought.

Another trick is to make a deal with a salesperson you know from before. This is possible in smaller shops. Take your MM to some little shop, and chose some shoes for example. Your shop assistant should charge him the double price. Later meet and split the difference. Like this you get to keep the shoes and the money.

## **DOUBLING**

When you are in a longer relationship, it gets normal that your MM gives you cash to buy yourself stuff. For example, mention to him that you saw a wonderful dress in the mall, but you don't have money to buy it, and now you are feeling sad. When he offers to give you the money, and ask how much is it, double the price. If it's \$400, say it is \$800. Buy the dress, wear it the same night and keep the change.

## **DOUBLING 2**

Beside doubling the price, Ariane knew to double the sources of money as well. By this I mean the men she was dating. So her another trick was this: To both men she was dating she would say she saw a wonderful fur coat, but it is so expensive (\$7000) that she cannot afford it, and now she feels unhappy. So she made it to make them both give her money, she bought herself a fur coat, and kept \$7000.

## **SEX STRIKE**

And the oldest female tactic. If he stopped sharing, or ain't buying the tricks, just stop having sex with him. Say you are currently experiencing financial difficulties, and sex just isn't on your mind. His reaction will tell you everything.

*Chapter 7:*



**Four Female Bosses vs. One  
Man Of Means**

**the importance of narrative**

It was November, I had already been dating Ryan half a month , and I still hadn't received any gift from him. I liked him, and he was interesting, but I knew what I wanted, so I could feel happy in a relationship. Every man can date you, and pay your drink, but I wasn't interested in any man. My target group were MMs, and certainly I wasn't planning to waste my time with someone who has money, but no intentions to spend it on me.

I called Ariane, Patricia and Lucy for a coffee, and to brief them about my problem. All three started laughing and said they'd been there and that it was a normal thing. “Cherie, your first MM was a much older and experienced guy than you, and he knew that he had to buy you stuff in order to keep you. Ryan is not an older guy, and he can probably find a younger girl without investing any money into her” responded Ariane.

“Second thing is” continued Patricia “Misha had already dated enough women to know that gifts and pampering are the safest way to your fidelity and attention. For him it was easier to start with presents and trips from the early start of your relationship than to let you slip away because he was too old for you”.

Huh, I never thought of that, but they were both right. All the time in my relationship with Misha, I knew he was too old for me, and that no future is there. The comfort he provided me totally overwhelmed me, and made me sink in that relationship and enjoy it until it got too serious.

“And, you never know. Maybe Ryan is one of those guys who earned big money recently, but he still doesn't know exactly how to behave like a MM should. Or maybe you just didn't leave an impression that you need

the pampering and that kind of attention?." Lucy asked me. "I can bet that you are usually talking about twitter, Internet, IT businesses and all goofy topics?"

Damn... Lucy was right! Talks I had with Ryan were so challenging that I totally neglected the stories where he has to learn that *love is about sharing*. I forgot to build the narrative around me. We were constantly engaged in conversations about his job and mine, and I saw he was thrilled I was the girl he could really talk to. (He said it himself). But I didn't present myself as a girl he needs to buy for.

"No worries, beginner's mistake. You are still a small fish in this whole FB universe" comforted me Patricia.

"So, what should I do next? I do want to have things moving with Ryan?" I asked.

"No worries. Hey, you have three FB legends over here, we'll find a solution" said Ariane and winked.

"Well, since he still didn't buy anything to you, let's reverse the logic. You go and buy something to him." suggested Patrica.

"Yeah, that is always a smooth tactic! Buy something for him in order to suggest how you function, and how you *perceive* dating" agreed Ariane.

"Totally! And while giving your gift to him, present is nonchalantly, as it is the most normal act for you. Trust me, it will work" Lucy added from another side of the table.

I wasn't sure whether this would have an effect but I was definitely going to try.

The next day after work I went to Natick shopping mall, and bought a

Calvin Klein shirt for Ryan. It was white with black stripes, quite classy. I bought a navy blue shirt for me too, since I had to present the whole situation as buying a shirt for me, when I “accidentally ran into this shirt for him, and I thought it would suit him perfectly”.

I scheduled a dinner with him straight after my shopping, so I could come there with all my shopping bags, and make it look as spontaneous as possible.

“Wow, what a shirt, what a surprise! You really shouldn't have! I haven't got a present in ages!” Aha! So, that was it... Bestowing was just out of his system. But I was about to put it back in. “Yeah, dear, I went to find a shirt for me, and I saw this one, and I couldn't help myself, I had to take it for you. Hope you like it?”

Now, I had to wait for his step. The trick with buying a gift first is that it has to be something nice, but not something too expensive. Or something too symbolic, like a big red heart pillow, or something even more pathetic. The point is to engage a guy, not to scare him away. Or to buy him a costly watch, so he feels obliged that he has to respond to that. Don't do that.

The safest is to buy a book, a shirt, a tie, a sweater. Something that doesn't have an emotional connotation, doesn't demand big financial investment and can be bought anywhere. So, you didn't buy the gift intentionally – it was *accidentally* there, and it reminded you of your MM.

A week later, I invited Ryan for dinner at my place. I made some

Brazilian food, salads and meat. He rang my door, and when I opened I saw quite a sight – he'd bought me a bucket of red roses and a perfume. I was relieved, finally we were going somewhere. I was really happy, and I told him I feel special now for him when he bought me something, because now I see he really thinks about me.



My three FB gurus where very focused on my relation with Ryan, as they found him to be a good polygon for my FB skills. The four of us became very close, and having them in my life really made me a happier woman.



## Love his attention - not gifts

*This is the attitude you have to show him. Always emphasize how much his attention means to you, not the material aspect. Save that for your friends.*

BE GRATEFUL. This was a text message I got that night from Ariane, when I texted her about my new perfume. When we met next time she told me - When you receive a gift, you have to be grateful. You have to show **his attention** really means to you, to make him feel special, to make him feel like a man. Because it will become like a drug to him. He will feel more manly when he buys stuff for you, and every time

he does it, you will be a grateful woman who will boost his ego.

A month later, Ryan and me were spending a Saturday afternoon shopping in Prudential center, here in Boston. It was the idea of my FB comrades and me, cause we wanted to see how he would behave, and whether he would treat me with some gift. We decided that if he doesn't buy me anything, I should move on.

I did like him, but I didn't have time to teach a kid how to be a man. For 3 months of dating I got only one perfume, and that definitely wasn't enough. Therefore, the common decision of FB was that if he remains with a closed wallet, I should switch to another target.



## "I love fashion" narrative

*No matter whether you love cars, dishes or violins, you have to emphasize it to your boyfriend. Not aggressively, but lightly and persistently. He has to be aware how much you love something, in order to buy it.*

We were walking inside the Prudential, and I stopped in front of Gucci, to check bags in the window. I unlocked the “I love fashion” narrative, and jabbered about how much style means to me, and how Prudential always had great stores, so I always felt good there. I was all thrilled and emotional about it “ooh how much I love Gucci, Italian craftsmanship is just the best in the world. Check out that nice, white bag in the

back” And I winked to him. “Yeah..em...it's nice...do you wanna go inside to check it out?” Ryan asked. The magical question finally came out. “Sure!”

We went inside, I tried out a couple of purses, smiling to him all the

time, saying how “niiice they were”, and how “there is no fashion like Italian” (which is true, but I was also demonstrating value, and style to him). So while I was trying it out, I paid special attention to a white purse, so he would notice I got attached to it.

Then I approached him, checked the price, and the etiquette showed \$1500. I sighed sadly how I don't have the money for it at the moment, looked at him and started **slowly** to put it back to the shelf. Now was the moment where he will show whether he is a real MM or an ex-boyfriend to be.

“Wait” he said “wait. I see that you really like the purse, and it fits you... I hope you wouldn't mind if I bought it for you?” Yeah right, I thought and responded “Well, I don't know. Isn't it maybe too expensive?” Didn't want to rush saying yes to his proposal, because he was maybe testing me. “No, come on, I would really like you to have it from me.” And finally he started to comprehend what he was supposed to do.

We came to the counter, he took out his credit card and bought the purse. Just like that. When we left the shop I took his hand and told him I was deeply touched by his generosity. Then we went for lunch, which I paid - do have reciprocity from time to time, MMs pay attention to that a lot.

**#Men like to be pampered as well. Every now and then, do take your wallet out and pay a drink, a dinner, a brunch... just for him to see you are able to support yourself and him.** It will demonstrate them that you have money of your own, and you too are ready to spend it on him. You don't have to over spend, just every now

and then, to settle his suspicion down.

The next day I met all three friends of mine again, because they really wanted to pull this Ryan mission to the end. They agreed that after this MM, I will officially be a FB. I described them briefly the purse purchase, and they were all relieved Ryan came to mind finally. They agreed I should just continue with the current fashion-narrative routine.

Then they opened up a more serious issue "Listen, cherie, what is the ultimate goal with all MMs? The correct answer is getting married to one of them or , at least, being in a longer relationship throughout which he will finance and pamper you. Therefore, there is no room for mistakes. We have to foresee MMs' tests, said Ariane.

I knew that MMs test FBs to catch their intentions, and check their trust. Especially the older, more experienced ones, who have already had a lot of negative experience with women. But the younger ones as well, if they are insecure, or just analytical. Anyhow, a real FB is always ready to pass all the tests.

"Honestly, no one ever tested me like the Congressman. Really, an extremely tricky MM. He has the money, and he wants to spend it, but you have to pass the tests first . Unfortunately for him, he didn't know he was dealing with a professional FB here" she grinned "Listen what he was doing to me".

## TEST NO 1.

We went to New York, and while strolling along the 5th Avenue, I did a classical move. I stopped in front of Louis Vuitton shopwindow and started staring at those bags. He was standing next to me, and then I started to cuckoo how much I liked the bags, you know how it goes, and then we went inside the shop. I started trying out the bags, asked for his opinion, and he said he found it very nice.

Then I said I liked a brownish bag, but I am not sure if I should buy it, it is just so expensive. He responded it really fits me and that I should have it. So, here was a blurry response - he said he finds it nice, but doesn't state clearly whether he will buy it or not.

So, I proceeded to the counter to see his reaction. He followed me, and while queuing to pay, I asked him once again for his opinion, and he confirmed that a "lady like that should most definitely possess such accessory". At that moment I was sure he would buy it. Our turn for paying came, and the girl at the counter started doing the bill, which was more than \$1000.

But the senator didn't move, he just froze, and then I got to realize it was me who was being tested. Oh how mad I was at him, but I took out my card and paid, and smiled to him while doing it. I knew this was a test, because he had numerous women hitting on to him, and he learned to be careful.

On the other hand, he has million\$, and I was aware that this was just a

smaller investment into a fruitful golden mine. And I was right, because the next day he bought me jewellery at Tiffany's, now that he felt confident I was not taking advantage of him.

## TEST NO 2

Buying a gift for Congressman is not an easy task, because the man has everything. So, somewhere in the beginning I bought him, typically, a shirt, in order to have the sharing thing going. I bought him an Armani shirt, and gave it to him when we went for a weekend to Atlantic City. But for some reason, he wasn't excited or happy to have it. He thanked me politely of course, and said it was a reflection of my good taste and grace. He wore it a couple of times, but I felt I never reached the G-spot of his ego.

A month later he was telling me about his weekly massages and how much he enjoys them. The massages with esoteric oils, lavender were one of his preferences. First thing I did, I went to a pharmacy, and bought a Lavender oil for him.

I packed it nicely, and gave it to him as a gift the next day, offering to do him a massage myself. When he saw it was lavender, and that I was LISTENING to what he was saying, he told me bluntly "Wow, you really like me".

I was surprised how much it moved him. It was a 3 \$ oil, but to him it seemed as something personal, as a proof that I was paying attention to what he was saying and loving. Six hundred \$ shirt was way more

expensive, but to him it just seemed random and impersonal. As it really was, I bought it without a minute of thinking whether he would like it. So, **#get to know your MM. Listen carefully to what he is saying about himself.**



With Ryan everything was going on smoothly, he naturally couldn't compete with 4 FBs, and we were having a really nice time in the next couple of months. He started buying me a lot of things, so my closet got a couple of really nice pieces.

My favourite was a furry jacket from D&G. When I first had it on, I looked absolutely all posh and elegant, and so many women and men had been complementing me for it years after. That is what I call a good investment.

I also bought him gifts from time to time, and a dinner here and there. But it was him of course who spent more money on me. But never underestimate the power of the moment when you pay or buy something to your MM.

When MMs buy gifts to their girlfriends and wives, often they get scared or doubtful about their partners – Are they with me just because of the money? Naturally, never go too far, because the point is to **#always get much more than you give.** What is also crucial for the sustainability of your relationship with MM is the narrative.

## THE FB NARRATIVE

These are the basic directions of FB narrative I also used with Ryan:

**#Never say “Buy me this” or “Oh, how long haven't you given me anything” because those are major turn offs for MMs.**

Secondly, you have to present the situation where he buys stuff to you as natural, never be too ecstatic about it, or ungrateful. Always smile, say thank you and praise him for being a great guy and a great boyfriend for “doing all these nice things for you”, for “understanding your passion towards fashion”... Things like that.

**#Avoid the verb *to buy, to shop* etc... He is not buying you stuff, he is *doing stuff* for you, he is *making* you happy, he is *understanding* your love towards style... And so on. Because sometimes MMs get ashamed of themselves that they are spending all that money at a woman. Well, we have a deep bias here.**

On the one hand, they are proud of themselves for being able to have a feminine, handsome woman who is well dressed next to them, and for being able to provide it for her. But, on the other hand, and this usually happens after a while, they start to panic inside.

“What if she doesn't love me?”, “What if she leaves me for someone who has more money?”, “What if my money is all she is interested in?”. Trust me, I have many male MM friends and they are all struggling with the doubts like these. Why? Because the girls they were dating didn't build the right narrative.

Always be gentle, caring, nice to every MM you date. Always hug them, **#talk about their characteristics – because the favourite topic of every person is they themselves.** Say that you have noticed he is ambitious, or shy, or that you see he knows how to handle people, or that he is smart etc...

Always observe your MM, and share with him a part of his (good) characteristics. First, you will touch his ego, because everybody loves this kind of attention, and he will want more. Secondly, he will think you are really into him, since you are dedicating so much attention and analysis to him.

The truth is that it is best just to be nice to all of them, **#never to play the big bitch** (but being a bit bitchy from time to time is good, more about that in the next chapter) **but always to present yourself as a good girl underneath it all!**

You are not a greedy, self-interested bitch. No! Present yourself as a gentle, caring, good girl that likes to have nice things surrounding her, and a nice life in general. **#It is a thin line between a good girl (GG) and a greedy bitch (GB). Always stay on the bright side, because once you go to the GB category, it will be hard for you to get out, and then the buying and pampering stops.**

Only if he is really in love with you ,you can go easy with him a bit, but it is usually better to use the GG narrative:

- I really enjoy beauty, because life is too short for not having beautiful things.
- I give beauty, and I demand beauty.
- I like shopping, because it takes all the stress away.
- I know I don't really need a new bag, but it just makes me so happy. I can't even explain it to myself, it just does.
- You know, CHANEL has existed for more than 1 century, imagine all that style and tradition! That is why I appreciate it so highly!
- Having a spa weekend made me realize how spending time with you makes me happy and fulfilled and I wish we could spend more time together.
- I know I will sound like a Barbie, but when I see all my shoes, I really feel happy and feminine.
- Travelling makes a person deeper and more aware of the world he lives in. If I didn't travel every couple of months, I think I would be a completely different person, much less passionate about love. And even you, maybe.
- I would really like to see you in another environment, to see how you behave in Europe, in South America... I guess we would be totally different, and more exciting there!

The trick is to start with this lavish narrative straight away, because a MM will accept it more naturally. You constantly have to emphasize your love towards style, travelling and fancy lifestyle. You enjoy wine, you enjoy Europe, you enjoy wine in Europe... Because every MM wants to have a real lady next to him. So, when you start on time, it is easy to receive gifts later, it comes naturally.

Of course, I know this now, because back then, I made a mistake with Ryan.

Throughout our relationship, I was very kind to him, because I really liked him. I knew I was the first girlfriend he was buying stuff for, but I wasn't aware how much it started to make him uncomfortable after a while. He was starting to feel misused by me, and I didn't notice it.

My mistake was made due to my lack of experience. After some time, it became a habit to get gifts from Ryan very often, and if he stopped buying, I would ask him straight-forwardly to buy me something, or I would be pushy about visiting a mall.

Mistake! **#Every MM will test you once in a while with a “shopping pause” (SP)**. He will just stop buying gifts for a month or two (Ariane once experienced 3 months without presents) to see your reaction.

It is extremely important to behave like nothing is wrong and that you are not noticing that lack of his attention – if you wanna stay in that relationship. If you find that a certain relationship is not worthy, plus he stopped buying, leave him.

But, back then, I didn't know all that. After six month of our relationship, and many gifts received, Ryan stopped buying to me. He just bluntly stopped, and after a month I was furious. Every time I saw him, I would try to trick him into going to a mall. When I finally made it, we went straight to Guess shop. What did he do? He just grabbed my hand, took me out and told me he was too tired for shops now.

Too tired?! What?! I really hated him at that moment. I was so self-assured with Ryan, due to my previous results, that I thought it was just enough to demand. How naïve I was. At that time he was really getting quite mad at me, because I became totally obviously greedy.

Severe lack of experience came to surface. It was time for some serious advice. I called Ariane and we met the following Friday.

“Cherie, this is just a phase, hold on a bit. Resist to this testing of his, in the long run it will be worth it. **#MM must never see that you are desperate and addicted to his gifts and pampering!** If it is a low phase, while he is testing you, you can always go and search for another MM. But, usually, MMs do this when they fall in love, when we become meaningful to them. Then, they start to self-reflect and wonder whether we love them or not”

“If you want to get married to a certain MM you are dating, in the low zone it is the moment to show your love and devotion. Although he is not buying anything, you start trying even a bit harder. Make a dinner or two for him, take him to a picnic, to a concert etc...

Once he gets the impression that you are really devoted to him he will buy even more. One MM of mine, once tested me for 3 months! I was cool about it, and after that I got a Rolex watch. So, this testing is an investment into something more serious, or a possibility to move on.

I listened to Ariane, and I was aware she was right, but in that period I

was so spoiled and still insecure, that waiting for the next gift for 3 months seemed like an eternity for me. It was almost 2 months since the last gift I received and I wasn't sure if I would be able to keep up with this low phase.

I was super nervous and pissed at him, although I really did like Ryan, and I felt he felt the same. But I was young and I wanted it all, now.

The next morning I called Ryan and proposed we go out for lunch and then to a mall. He said he was busy (it was Saturday) and that he'd call me later. He never did. Neither did I. Our relationship ended silently, in the gray manner as it started, because none of us wanted to make the first move.

He got sick of my constant pushing and demanding for more, and I got sick of him not wanting to respond to my wishes. And that's how we broke up, without a word. In the months to come I was in doubt whether I should call him or not, but in the end I didn't because I thought he just wasn't MM enough for me.

The following year he earned 5 million \$ with his new software, and today he is a very powerful businessman in the IT sector. He got married a year after we broke up, I think it wasn't even a year... I really wanted to kill myself in the beginning for my stupidity and impatience, but it all goes to experience and lessons learned. Now, when I look back I wonder what could have happened if I had just played smarter.

*Chapter 8:*



**Elisabeth or How To  
Demonstrate Value**

**I took a long journey to come to this self-consciousness.**

**Getting everything I wanted became normal.**

It was 1<sup>st</sup> April, 5 months after Ryan and me split up and I was sitting alone in my favorite park in Boston, the Franklin park. I still love to go there, because it is a peaceful place when I need to clear up my mind. I sat there to think about my life and what had changed in it. That day was 3 years since I had started going out with Lucy and entered the FB life. Three years of adventure, pleasures, adrenalin and self-reflection.

I took a long journey to come to this self-consciousness. I gained a lot of confidence, pampering, gifts and happiness. Moreover, I learned to respect myself and enjoy life, picking the real men I wanted to date. I learned how to behave in a relationship, and position myself properly towards my partners. Getting everything I wanted became normal.

In the Franklin park there were many couples and children, running around ponds. Unlike before, I started noticing all this, the fact that I was single, that fact I have no significant other. I had never thought about that before, to be honest. But there, in the park, I realized I was ready for commitment and something stable. Also, some things changed in our FB group.

I was 28 at the time. In the meantime, Lucy got married with the CEO and went living with him to Dallas. She left her job, since her husband earned more than enough for the two of them. Patricia's relationship with the Congressman got serious, and she moved to Washington soon after Lucy. Congressman got an appointment at the White House, and Patricia decided to let go the FB life, and settle down.

They made a party before they moved to Washington, an upper-class, white-American party, with men in suits and women in dresses.

Absolutely Congressman and Patricia's style. I found a politician there myself, and we had an interesting affair, so to say, which lasted until last week.

It was great, especially a trip to London he took me for Valentine's. But there I got surprised with his proposal: To go for threesome – with a guy? I really wasn't in a mood for something like that, but we were in England, and I had never had threesome, so I decided to give it a shot.

Some English MP came, a colleague of his, who he had known for years. He was tall, handsome, sexy and clearly gay. I told that to the Politician, and he told me that I was trippin', that he was not, and that it would be fun.

We all went for dinner, somewhere in the West London, and had a bottle of Porto each. Porto definitely shook things up a bit, so we started to touch each other under the table. When the atmosphere really heated up, we took a cab back to our hotel room.

In the room, the Englishman kissed me softly, and suggested I changed into something more comfortable in the bathroom, and the two of them will wait for me in bed. The adrenalin started to pump up, and I changed fast into some sexy black underwear.

When I returned to the room, the two of them were naked and kissing in the bed. This confused me totally, cause I thought it was going to be about me. I approached them, and the Politician told me what would really turn him on, that I sit and watch. And then it hit me – fuck, he is bi-sexual, maybe even gay.

That night I left the room, and went down to the hotel bar to have a drink, cause damn, I really needed it. I came all the way to London, to see my boyfriend having sex with another man. What a sad and humiliating situation. At least the bartender was straight, so he continued to give me drinks for free the entire night.

The next day I tried to talk to the Politician, but he was completely in denial. I told him I thought he was bi, and he said it had just been a crazy night. Didn't wanna argue, I just stopped returning his calls as soon as we landed to Boston. I ain't certainly going to be a cover for someone's successful career.

I never knew I could never cope with that, so I didn't want to waste another second on him. But the gifts were nice. Pierre Cardin jewellery, Marc Jacobs clothes, Vera Wang dresses... At least his fuzzy sexuality cherished him with refined taste.

I left the park somehow relieved, cause no matter what stupid situation I end up in, at least I learned to know when is the moment to back off. I called Ariane to see how she is doing, but naturally she didn't answer her cell, as she never does. Later that day she called me to say she was in her fencing lessons, and proposed we meet tomorrow.

Ariane stayed in Boston, and with her I spent most of my time in that period. Silly as usual, beside her crazy fencing lessons, she was having several parallel affairs. They lasted until her MMs could cope with her financial demands, or until she left them for someone richer.

I, on the other side, was something called **"opportunistic serial**

**monogamist."** For me it was always easier to date one guy at a time, and to get stuff only from him. I was never too much into cheating, and secondly I worked, and **#cheating is a time-consuming sport.**



## Opportunistic Serial Monogamists

*They're open to relationships, but they will move on when a better guy becomes available. They just dance into and out of serious relationships more quickly. They change partners more regularly and report feeling less satisfied with their current lover.*

With Ariane, partying and FB game were going well as usually, we were having fun, dating nice men and in general life was good. But I wasn't satisfied. I felt like I needed some strong relationship, someone with a marriage potential. Unfortunately, with Ariane I was mostly clubbing and visiting crazy parties, and that wasn't the right environment for marriage potential detection.

I said all this to Ariane, and she told me she doesn't intend to visit boring restaurants or charity events with me. I wasn't surprised at all, since I knew she would never go for that. Even today, when I am writing this book, she still hasn't got married. So I suggested her connecting me with the last member of the FB group, Elisabeth.

With her I wasn't close at all, because she was really close only to Patricia. Elisabeth travelled to Europe a lot, and I hadn't seen her in a long time. She was always polite to me, but she was never too interested in becoming a friends with me, because for her I was just another

apprentice in the FB world.

Ariane gave me her phone number, and told Elisabeth that I needed her help with some problems. I actually didn't have any particular problem, but I just wanted to get her support in my search for a partner. She said she'd meet me and we arranged lunch together on Saturday.

I was aware Elisabeth found me inexperienced, so I knew I had to prove her how much I'd grown up in these 3 years. For our lunch I picked my outfit very carefully, because I knew she would notice it. I put on Bill Blass dress, D&G shoes and a DK handbag I'd got from some MM I dated for only two weeks. I looked like a real FB should – expensive and elegant.

I was the first to arrive at the restaurant, so I ordered a gin tonic for myself. She came 5 minutes after me, in a perfect Oscar de la Renta dress, paired with eternal Chanel bag. Her blonde hair was wonderful as usual, definitely the most amazing hair I ever saw. She approached my table promptly, not giving me time to scan her shoes.

Long, silky and straight, it was definitely her trade mark. It was just impossible not to notice her, with all that hair she had. Secondly, she had a very pretty face and a nice body. And above everything, she had an unmistakable fashion sense. She always looked like she lived in Vogue, not in Boston.

We ordered some sushi and soup, and she asked me what's the problem. I answered to her honestly. That I got a bit tired of dating, and that I felt the moment had come for me to start a serious relationship, and that I

felt some advice and FB knowledge can help me here. She looked at me with surprise. I guess she didn't expect all this honesty.

“Patricia was always saying that you are a lovely girl, but I never asked you for a coffee, cause you seemed very engaged in your friendship with Lucy, Patricia and Ariane, so I didn't wanna bother. But I am very glad you called me, because I feel we have many things in common”. She raised her glass with rose wine (her favorite drink) and drank it for our friendship.

Elisabeth had also known Lucy and Ariane for many years, but didn't get close with them. She found Lucy too direct for her, since Elisabeth was always underspoken. Ariane was more closer her age (Elisabeth was 34 then), but she wasn't too close with her either. I assume Ariane was too much of a party girl for her taste. Elisabeth was a much more serious FB player than all of them.

While Ariane mostly functioned short term, whose goal was just to take money out of men and support herself that way, Elisabeth was a very long term oriented FB. And this was to be expected. She had been involved in the FB game for more than 10 years, with enough experience to know what she wants from life.

She was an art historian, graduated from Yale, working in a gallery on Newbury street, where she daily had a chance to meet many fascinating men interested in art. She spoke Italian quite well, since she spent 2 years in Venice studying art. Everything about her was delicate, and no wonder men around her always felt aroused and challenged at the same time.

At the time she was dating the owner of an Oil company from Houston, John. He was a pure opposite of Elisabeth: rough, loud, direct and absolutely uninterested in art. But absolutely interested in Elisabeth.

She was already married once, to an Italian aristocrat she met in Venice. He was a millionaire naturally, and he came to Boston because of her. Their marriage cracked when he demanded they go back to Italy, which she refused, so they both agreed they should split. Before that she paid a visit to a lawyer, so when she realized how much money she was gonna get from him, she saw divorcing him would actually be quite an investment.

Elisabeth was too young for marriage then, since she was only 24 when they got married. They were married 4 years, when she felt they didn't belong together, but part of his money did belong to her. So, they divorced quickly, because her Italian husband obviously wanted freedom as well.

She always says that every girl deserves a wedding in Italy, cause **#it is only once you marry for the first time**, so it has to be special. I found this very funny, but in time I will get to hear many more comic theories Elisabeth carried inside. Soon I will recognize a very loving and cheerful person beneath the cold and solemn surface she featured.



Elisabeth's FB life was no different than ours – **#find, seduce, date, take**. But what was different was that in her game, the stakes were much higher. With her there was no compromise with targets, she was dating exclusively millionaires.

She could be seen only in the premium places, such as the most expensive restaurants, resorts and high-class private parties. She was a known face in the Boston's elite circles, and a usual guest of all fancy events Boston had to offer. Decade of FB life provided her that.

One thing I learned from her is to **#always stay in good relation with your ex**. Cause you never know which of them will become richer overnight, or handsomer, or you will be you lonely, or poor, or lonely and poor, craving for attention. So the fact you didn't make it with your MM, shouldn't stay in a way of your future friendship.

How to do that? If he leaves you because he figured out you are a FB, let him grieve it over, and then call him for lunch in a month or two, where you will tell him how much you appreciate him and how much he is special. Tell him he didn't understand, you weren't after his money, but his heart. You got too emotional, that's why you were pretending you were a bitch. So always deny everything bad he says about you, and in time, he will maybe accept it so.

**#If you leave him, do it nicely. Don't break his heart, because MM are powerful men, who sometimes like to revenge.** Always show compassion and great sadness because of your failed relationship. Cry while breaking up, it will mean a lot to him, and he will go around

telling his friends you are still heartbroken because of him. Not that you are a greedy bitch, which is very important for your reputation.

**#Ex MMs have a great part in your reputation, so never neglect them, always stay friendly with them.** When we once went to a nice restaurant, Elisabeth met two very handsome men, and talked very warmly with both, so I thought they were her cousins. Later, she told me that she had actually dated both of them, and left them when they couldn't follow her financially any more, but that is no reason to behave badly to them.

-This way they will just spread the word about me being a nice, modest person, with real feelings. MMs talk between themselves, trust me. So save yourself, and treat them all nicely. At least they should think so.



## Value Indicators

*Subtle sentences in which you indicate your system of values, your needs and desires.*

Secondly, always express value. **Value indicators (VI)** are extremely important. In order to get a classy MM, you have to show VI very subtly, but clearly. Talk about nice trips to other continents like it is something absolutely normal to you, like going to a local supermarket. Or

say how bored you are with the men and women who are obsessed by Louis Vuitton, like there aren't other classy designers, like our Marc Jacobs. So, keep up the narrative.

For example, when he asks you about your favorite destination, say “Paris, but not the 1<sup>st</sup> arrondissement, where all the tourists go, I prefer 18<sup>th</sup> arrondissement, where Montmartre is”. So he can see that you’ve really been there, but moreover, you totally know Paris and you even dislike the center where Notre Dame is situated. So, always be a bit snobbish, but in a good manner. It has to be catchy, non-irritating.

With Elisabeth I upgraded my style. The outfits, the dishes I ordered in restaurants, the drinks.

The events we visited were really only upper style. No wonder she was seeing only millionaires, cause there were no other men in these places. I also met one nice MM at one of those parties. His name was Josh, and he worked as a banker here in Boston. He was 35, and he looked extremely handsome. Fair-haired, with black eyes. My favorite combination.

Elisabeth also noticed him that night, and it was her who introduced me to him. He was a friend of one of her ex MMs, and since Elisabeth had her legacy of staying friends with the exes, it was easy to meet new admirers through her old admirers. When I met him, we started some small talks, how it was a nice party and so on. Elisabeth went to some other people standing at the other side of the room.

An hour later she walked up to me and whispered “He is an MMM!” I knew what that meant, but didn't want to inquire Elisabeth about further details in front of him. Soon I took his business card, and left the party with Elisabeth. **#A real lady never leaves the party last – she leaves it among first, letting everybody think she has better things to do.**



## MMM - MM for Marriage

*MMs between 27 and 40, who are ready to commit. They are serious, normal guys. If they seem aggressive or unstable, they are not MMM, but only MM. MMM are a long term category, and you don't go along with someone who seems quarrelsome.*

I didn't need to google Josh, since Elisabeth knew everything about him. He came from a super rich family, educated at Harvard, a nice guy, a playboy from time to time. He never got married and his family was becoming pushy about that. He was the **MMM**.

The following day I met Elisabeth to watch the Boston Marathon, and to have a drink afterwards. While runners were racing around

Boston, Elisabeth shared some of her FB skills. The trick she used with her MMs when they came to the point whether it will get serious or not, she would always use the same tactic.

Since Elisabeth, like me, was an opportunistic serial monogamist, she also preferred to have some longer, more stable relationships, rather than short flings and adventures. Beside emotionally, it more rewarding economically, as well. **#The longer you stay with MM, the more he will share with you.** Because he will have more trust, more love, and more confidence in your relationship.

That's why it is often more lucrative to stay with one MM for 3 years, than to have 3 MMs in 3 years. Because in the second and third year you can get a car, or something even more valuable (like a real-estate) from your MM, because you gained his trust. I've seen this numerous times

afterwards.

Elisabeth will marry the Houston guy 2 years later, after he buys a boat for her and name it Elisabeth. She always needed these extravagant moves, and luckily she found a man with enough patience and money to meet her lavish demands. She will remain his queen, for whom he opened an art gallery in Houston, and named it, of course, Elisabeth.

## ELISABETH'S GOLDEN TRICKS

1.

So what would Elisabeth do when her relationship comes to a rusty period? “So, after sex, when he is naked and vulnerable, hug him and tell him, in a very serious and honest tone of voice, that he set up a new standard what a man should be. Trust me, works every time!” I tried it out, and it really does! Men just have the need to be *the one*, the best, the man who showed you what a real man is. Tackle their ego.

2.

Her second golden trick was to increase value in front of the MM. Since all men suffer from big ego, it is easy to manipulate them as in the first trick, with this trick you will show him he is not the best, nor the only one who is after you. Here you will use your mobile phone. Memorize your friend's number as some celebrity. Chose some actor, footballer, baseball player, someone richer and more famous than your MM, but again someone whom theoretically you could have met somewhere around. For example, Elisabeth memorized my name as Marc Wahlberg, since he is from Boston, and he can be often seen in Boston. So someone

who she could meet through her friends in Boston.

The idea is to use the celebrity in order to make MM smaller and less relevant, so he doesn't feel too comfortable in your relationship. So what Elisabeth did is to put her phone in front of MM, and tell me to call her at 21:05 h. I called her exactly at that time, and in her phone's display the name "Marc Wahlberg" appeared, so her MM could see it as well, since the phone was in front of him. His face got pale in a second. "Why don't you answer?"

She didn't answer, but she told him that this boring Marc Wahlberg keeps calling her entire week, although she told him she was taken. Here you demonstrate fidelity, plus the fact that you are desired by a celebrity. You are taking your value higher. Later I texted Elisabeth, and in her phone appeared a text from Marc Wahlberg:

*Hey why don't you answer? I've been calling you for days. I would really like to see you.*

Hahah, Jesus, I still laugh when I think of this. Her MM got super challenged by this, so in 3 days he scheduled a trip to Russia, just to show her he was rich and powerful, too. So the point is just to pick a celebrity that is reachable for you, and you can't imagine what a couple of missed calls and messages can do to his ego. Marc Wahlberg was born and raised in Boston, so he could be still caught around Boston from time to time, and this MM knew that.

3.

Since the MM is usually the more powerful figure in your relationship, you have to find his weak point, and hit him right there. As I said, the

MM Elisabeth was dating then was a businessman from Houston, involved with oil industry. He was very fond of Elisabeth, because he felt she had something he didn't have— grace. So she emphasized her artistic side and education in front of him . She would listen to Mozart and Rossini, she would read in Italian, she would take him to exhibitions and art galleries. Everything to make him feel weak when he is around her. For entire year she was culturally terrorizing him, until he proposed her. He felt that she completely captivated him, and that without her he is nobody.

**Therefore, #find your MM's weak point, do everything he can't or mustn't. This way you will grow in his eyes.**



First date with Josh was very unusual – he took me to a circus. We went to *Cirque du Soleil* show, and had a wonderful time. Josh was everything I wanted from a man. I knew that after our first date. Caring, funny, spontaneous, smart and a heavy category MMM. His good breeding was obvious, everything he did was done with style.

We started dating after our second date, when he kissed me in my Franklin park. He organized a picnic for me, cause I told him how much I loved this park. We were lying on the grass, when he took my hand, and asked me to be his girlfriend. Like in the movies. That was the most romantic moment of my life. And I was lucky enough that it has lasted to this day, because Josh is the father of my child and my

*husband.*

*I married a guy of my dreams. The one who I love and admire, who can provide for me and my baby. I came a long way to get to this marriage, and I really tried to come here. Love and happiness are not only about luck. That is the excuse of the people who are not brave to search for their happy endings. But I know that you, dear lady reading this book, are not afraid of having your life in your own hands, your destiny in your control.*



*I wish you all the best in your quest for happiness!*

*Lydia Lafaso*