

SEAN BILZERIAN

Self-Using Purpose Only

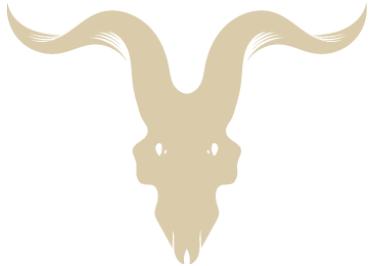


THE SET UP

FOREWORD BY DAVID GOGGINS

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF CAN'T HURT ME

THE
SETUP



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ISBN: 978-1-63755-005-2

*For my father, Thank you for diligently
proofreading this book. Sorry I didn't take any of
your suggestions.*

**“If you release this book as it is, it will be an
unmitigated disaster.”**

PAUL BILZERIAN

**“Rather than love, than money,
than fame, give me truth.”**

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

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PART 4

Fame

Chapter 56

The Plan

We win 42 mil was the text I received from Rick Salomon. I had 25 percent of his action, so my share was \$10.5 million.

I was on a ski trip with Victoria when I saw the text. We were watching a movie with Bobby Baldwin and his girlfriend in the theater room of a log cabin in Montana. The excitement hit me hard. I was finally allowed to get happy and fully take it in; I wasn't in a poker game, and I didn't have to mute my emotions or worry about losing it back. It felt amazing to win money and not suffer any of the stress. I had made over \$23 million in the last couple of weeks and didn't even have to play one game.

One thing I regret about that time in my life was that I didn't pause to appreciate it. Success should, ideally, be like climbing a mountain. Take a break every so often and really absorb the view. Appreciate that progress, then climb higher, and savor the next view even more. I didn't do that. I climbed and climbed as fast as I could for ten years, and I didn't stop to look at shit. On that vacation, when I got that text, I finally stopped. I took it all in...

I was in very rare air.

I felt like Johnny Depp in *Blow* when he ran out of rooms to store his cash. I had giant safes in all my residences and safety deposit boxes at all the banks and Vegas casinos. Everything was full and couldn't handle another stack. I had so much gold stored in one of my boxes at Aria that the female cashier on duty legitimately hurt her back when she pulled it out. They had to pay her worker's comp for her injury. One safe had \$5 million in cash in it, and it's not like in the movies where that fits in a big suitcase; \$5 million takes up a ton of space.

I bought a Gulfstream jet and spent a million dollars just on the Wi-Fi and custom interior. I had a multimillion-dollar watch collection, millions in gold, guns, and Bitcoin. I'd bought a Lamborghini, a couple of Range Rovers, a Bentley, a Ferrari, and the first \$900,000 Mercedes-Benz Brabus G63 6x6 in the country. I had so many cars that the garages in all three homes were full, and some had to be parked on the street. I literally bought anything and everything that I'd ever wanted, and it didn't even make a dent in my bank account.



By now, most of the high-stakes gambling world was on to me. They knew I was winning huge amounts. It's hard to act like you aren't making your living playing poker when you play all the time and make tens of millions in a night. I didn't care; I was sick of the stress and tired of pandering to the suckers. I'd made enough money. It was time to take on a new challenge, climb a different mountain.

I saw how a super-rich, jaded degenerate like Sam reacted to Paris Hilton. I saw how a billionaire like AG reacted to Mark Wahlberg. I saw how the women at my pool parties behaved whenever a celebrity entered the property. Fame was access. It was validation. It was power. And it had the added bonus of compelling women to fuck me with less effort on my part. Fame was a whole *setup* in it of itself, and the only thing I didn't really have.

I'd had a taste of it, and I mentioned it to my father since he'd had his time in the spotlight. In the '80s, he was on the cover of all the major newspapers, for good and for bad. So I was curious about his thoughts on the matter. Our relationship had improved as I got older, and I would regularly ask for his advice. I wouldn't usually take it, but I always listened. He told me, "Son, you either want to be totally anonymous or super famous. Don't ever get caught in-between like I did. Being well known will put a target on your back, but it won't give you immunity. Only serious fame can provide immunity. The Feds don't want to take down household heroes like Denzel Washington or Brad Pitt."

It was too late to be anonymous and that sounded boring anyway. My father was right, this wasn't something I wanted to half ass. I'd already started down the road, now it was time to see how far I could go.

There were many ways to go about this, one being the standard dumbass reality show. A lot of production companies were reaching out pitching ideas, but like the shows you see on TV, everything is staged, none of it is real. I knew this was a guaranteed recipe for fame, but sacrificing my authenticity to get attention felt like selling my soul.

I would not be fake.

I would not be politically correct.

I would not sell out, and I would not apologize for who I was or what I was doing. I was going to do it, but it was gonna be on my terms. I always wanted to be a rock star when I was a kid, but I never wanted to learn to play guitar.

It was bucket list time. I was gonna buy all the toys I ever wanted, travel, do exciting shit, and fuck a lot of hot girls. Basically, everything I had dreamed about as a kid. And I would post it all on social media for every other guy with a similar fantasy to come along for the ride.

I hired digital media strategist Ben Stevens to secure digital press and coverage. Then I hired a hungry talented camera guy named Jay Rich who'd been relentless about working with me.

“Here’s what I want,” I told Jay. “Get candid, authentic fifteen-second highlight reels of what I do. I’m not going to set up shots, and I’m not doing any retakes. You’ll have one chance to get it.” I also warned him to avoid interfering. My life took precedence over a video of my life.

I was about to kick things into a much higher gear and money was going be the catalyst.

JAY RICH

Photographer/Videographer

How did I link up with Dan? Well, I kept harassing him until he finally answered one of my emails and told me to come on over. At this time, Dan only had ten thousand followers, but he reminded me of a young Hugh Hefner. Coming from a preacher background for twelve years, having a bitter divorce, and not going to my first nightclub until I was thirty years old, this was very different than the church world I came from.

It was fascinating when I first started with him because he blew up quick. He’s been in a few films, but he wasn’t a

superstar, he can't sing, for sure can't dance...He didn't even have the biggest house. So why did he cause so much chaos on the Internet? Why was he getting more attention than any actor or athlete? It was simply because he was very intelligent and had this "I don't give a fuck" gift. It's a gift that I've only seen a few people have, like the Kardashians, Kanye, and Donald Trump. He just doesn't give a fuck about what people say. I remember, at times, I would tell him, "You should delete that comment, you should change that caption. You're offending people."

He'd always tell me, "Fuck 'em. Never allow anyone to control your thoughts, voice, or vision." He always told me, "As long as they talking, you're growing."

We've had many viral videos and photos, and he never wanted me to Photoshop him—he just wanted me to capture moments. I saw so much fake shit in LA that I learned quick you can't compare people to things you see on TV, except Dan. Dan is just Dan.

Let's talk about girls for a second. He wouldn't say much when the truckloads of girls would come in. So I'd talk to most of the girls first. Some girls would come just to see what the hype was about. Some would come to get a career overnight. Most wanted revenge on an ex. And others actually physically just liked him. Now I know a lot of people, but I've never seen truckloads like this. At the time, the biggest ticket was if he posted you on his IG—a girl could all of a sudden have a million-dollar career overnight. They'd get shit from their ex-boyfriends, current boyfriends, from their families, and friends, but if they could stomach it, they'd become an Instagram success overnight.

Unlike most of the girls, I got a chance to have a lot of great conversations with Dan and also a lot of arguments. I found out quick that Dan is a very intelligent man. His psychology and the way he views things was definitely on a different level than what I had encountered before I met him. Him being a white man, me being a black man, and him still taking me in

and showing me the ropes about business, content, and marketing was something I wasn't used to. I got lucky enough to be in a lot of business meetings and to watch him break down situations and deals to a point where the other person just had no rebuttal.

I wasn't happy all of the time I was with Dan, but he was so real, and everything he did on IG was real. He was so bluntly honest. I was tired of hanging around people who just lied all the time, so I could admire that side of Dan. He would call me fat, and these days, people get offended. He would always say, "You can't change how tall you are, you can't change the size of your feet. If you can't sing, if you have no rhythm...but you can change the way your body looks." He would tell girls the same. Some would take it personal. Some changed their life for the better. In my mind, he was always looking out for my health, but I'd always clap back at him and say, "I'm a lot healthier than you. You've had two heart attacks."

Those are the things I liked about Dan. The brutal honesty. The late night talks. The biz advice. The spiritual conversations.

I've always been an underdog my whole life, and I've heard so many people talk shit about Dan. It made me want to understand the psychology. Many people will write many different things about Dan. But if you ever got a chance to get close to him, there's nothing that he wouldn't do for his friends. He never posted any of the charity work he did; it's almost like he wanted people to think he was a bad guy. All in all, why Dan never allowed anyone to see the real side of him, I'll never know. Because I think that's the person you'd really, really like if you hate Dan.



Chapter 57

Racing Exotics

I chartered a helicopter to take Sam, Victoria, and me to a private track day at Thermal Raceway in California. As soon as we left the ground, Sam pulled out a crumpled hundred-dollar bill that contained a mound of cocaine. He spilled the blow all over the seat and his black jeans, which highlighted the residue like a black light reveals semen. As he lifted the bill toward his nostril for a snort, the cold air from one of the overhead vents got hold of it, and instantly the mound disappeared. He looked like the *Peanuts* character Pig Pen with a big dust cloud of cocaine swirling around him in the air. The pilot turned to see what was going on.

“This aircraft is filthy!” Sam yelled. “There is blow all over the place! What kinda show are you running?”

The pilot wasn’t fazed. He ignored the question and continued to fly.

At Thermal, we had to sit through a safety briefing. They were pretty anal about track behavior, unlike Willow Springs Raceway where you could do whatever you wanted. Last time we went to Willow, I hired ten poker girls to be our cheerleaders, complete with pom poms, crop tops, and tiny skirts. We ignored them; they were just there to make the video better. Everyone focused on racing. In fact, the girls received so little attention that one of them ended up fucking a track employee in the bathroom.



I started my day with a few warm-up laps to learn the track. While I was trying to memorize the apexes and braking points, the rest of the guys just went full retard. It was a total shit show.

Tony, the loudmouth tattooed Persian who'd set up the track event, drove Sam's Porsche Carrera GT and almost collided with Sam in his vintage 1969 Shelby GT500 on the first turn before spinning it off the track. Sam screamed at him.

"You almost crashed two of my cars at once. You almost cost me two million on a corner!"

A few minutes later, Tony's buddy Vinny, an actual male gigolo, put the half million-dollar Aventador his sixty-five-year-old sugar momma bought him into the wall. He bent the rims, ripped the paint off, and filled the entire car with rocks. This didn't go over well with the track management, and they pulled us aside to explain that our behavior was completely unacceptable.



Clearly, the lecture went in one ear and out the other because a few minutes later, Sam was attempting to do burnouts in the pit lane where the speed limit was five miles per hour. Sam was a terrible

driver who didn't really understand the mechanics of a manual transmission. He'd rev the engine, but instead of dropping the clutch, he slowly released it, causing the car to lurch forward. Sam immediately slammed on the breaks, and the cycle repeated. It looked from afar like his car got jacked by a teenager suffering from cerebral palsy.

After five minutes of doing his best to burn up his clutch, Sam, in all his infinite wisdom, came blasting down the track going the wrong direction at over sixty miles an hour in reverse with his head hung out the window like Ace Ventura. This was the last straw; the safety officer lost his mind and shut it down.

Sam had destroyed both of his cars. He'd completely blown the motor on his Porsche. The GT500 had smoke billowing from under the hood; the clutch was fried, and it would only drive in reverse.

While my assistant was trying to figure out what to do with the undrivable vehicles, Sam retired to the club house to do blow. The owner of the track walked in, and instead of hiding the coke, Sam told him that he'd built a track for women and Priuses and explained that he would never come there again. To which the owner replied, "If you don't get off my fucking property, I'm going to call the police."

I posted a good video from the track day, and people like to see guys actually racing exotic cars instead of just showcasing them, so it was well received.



Chapter 58

Steve Aoki

I met Steve Aoki around the start of Victory Poker when he was an up-and-coming DJ, and very quickly we became friends.

STEVE AOKI

Two-Time Grammy Nominated DJ, Music Producer

One thing you should know about Dan is we're cut in a lot of the same ways. On the outside, it might look like we live big, exciting lives, and in a lot of ways, we do. But in a lot of ways, we're also pretty private. A lot of folks don't know this about me because of the way I am onstage, but I wouldn't say I have too many close friends, and I'm betting Dan would say the same about himself. We're both always on the lookout and move around with our guard up. That's how it is when people always seem to want something from you. It's hard to know who to trust.

But I trust Dan. He has my back. I love the guy to death. I feel more connected to him than I do to almost anybody outside my family. He pushes me in ways I'd never think to push myself. What people see is how he pushes me in a thrill-seeking way, chasing adventure, although what I really appreciate is the way he challenges me to think. Like with poker. That's how we first met—in the poker room at the Wynn, 2009 or so. I'd come to Vegas to DJ. I had a small following back then but was beginning to make a name for myself—a long way from making the kind of noise I do today.

I happened to sit next to Dan at a small stakes table. I was just learning the game, but Dan was used to playing for higher stakes. We got to talking.

Now, you meet a lot of people at the poker table. Over the years, I've met a bunch of cool people from all walks of life, only it's not like you actually become friends with these people. They're your poker buddies, that's all. But with Dan, it was different. We clicked. At first, it was mostly about poker, but then we started hanging out, and it was about chasing these great adventures, challenging each other.

I played my first big-time poker games because of Dan. It was four or five years after we'd met, and I was still feeling my way around the table. I went to watch Dan play at the Phil Ivey room in the Aria—a \$100/\$200 game, but the blinds don't really mean that much. Right away, the straddles ramp up to \$400/\$800, \$800/\$1,600. I didn't think I'd ever be at that level, but after a while, Dan turned away from the table and said, "You should play. It's a good game."

I said, "No way, man. Not my speed."

He said, "I think you'll crush it. These guys are terrible!"

No way was I ready to play at this kind of table. Almost everyone had a million bucks in chips in front of them. I was intimidated by that kind of money, but Dan thought I could handle it. He stood from the table and said, "Take my seat, man. I'm gonna sit out a while."

You have to realize, this was an invitation-only table. I had no money on me. I'd only come down to hang with Dan, but he must have figured it was my time. He knew I was ready before I knew I was ready. The money was a problem, though, because there was a \$20,000 minimum. It worked out; one of the guys with the big stacks said he would loan it to me.

He said, "If you win, you can pay me back now. If you lose, pay me back later. We'll figure it out."

Dan just kind of disappeared. I assumed he was hanging back, leaving me alone to do my thing, so I didn't really think about it. I trusted his trust in me—only I couldn't see my way

to playing a hand. I folded Ace-Queen. I folded a small pair. I folded my big blind. Everyone was raising all around the table. If I played a hand, I thought I'd get eaten alive.

Finally, I was dealt King-Queen, so I called the \$800 straddle, thinking I'd at least see the flop, but then the guy behind me raised to \$5,000. Another guy called, and the betting came back to me. I looked around to see if I could spot Dan, secretly hoping a look from him would tell me what to do, but he was nowhere, man. It was crazy! So I breathed deep and called.

At this point, the pot was over \$15,000. The flop came Queen-Four-Six. It felt to me like my Queens were good, but then the guy to the right of me pushed all-in, with over \$1 million in chips. I only had about \$12,000 left at this point; I'd been bled out by the blinds and a couple calls. I was pot committed, and the only move was to call. Then the action was on the guy to my left, who took a long, long time to act. He was thinking about it and thinking about it and finally folded Ace-Queen. Thank God.

Once again, I scanned the room for Dan, but he'd left me on my own. Later, I'd find out he was watching from a distance to see how I'd handle the pressure, but I was on my own, heads-up against the guy who'd gone all in. He turned over a Three-Five—a straight draw. He didn't make his straight, and I took down the biggest pot I'd ever seen, and I had Dan to thank for it. When I caught up with him later, he didn't buy that he'd had anything to do with it.

He'd seen how it went down and said, "That was all you, man. You were ready."

Maybe I was, but here's the thing: I don't think I'd have ever realized it if Dan hadn't stepped away from the table like that and handed me his seat.

Like I said, he pushes me. He believes in me—and, yeah, he's competitive as hell, but he can dial it down and play poker with my mom and my sister and my niece who's just

learning the game for \$1/\$2 stakes. Those games seem to mean as much to him as when he's playing for big money.

Same with chess. He's got years of experience. He's good... really good. Me, I'm still learning, and Dan screws me hard—just kind of bitch-slaps me around the board. He beat me every time, until one night, late, we sat down to play at my house, and I threw him an opening he wasn't familiar with. He gave me this kind of look that said, "What the fuck is that?" It threw him off, and I set up my pieces in a way that put me ahead by a little, and I hung on to win. I couldn't believe it. And the thing about Dan is he can be crazy competitive, but he didn't seem to mind losing to me that one time. It was like a Mr. Miyagi moment. The student becomes the master...That's how it is with us, you know.

What people see is the stuff we put on Instagram: midnight bicycle rides at Red Rock...taking Can-Ams through the desert to a small bar in the middle of nowhere... doing flips into his stunt pillow or my foam pit...living on the edge, you know. And that's a part of what we share, a big part, but if you look beneath all of that wild, adventure-type stuff, you see this thirst to live life bigger, louder...smarter. To think more deeply, more confidently. That comes from Dan. He's always telling me I should slow down my DJ-ing and start doing fun shit with him all the time, and maybe he's right. Or maybe the key is finding a better balance. Either way, he helps me to live life to the fullest, and I am so damn grateful for his friendship.

A lot had changed in the last four years; I'd more than 10Xed my net worth and garnered a couple million followers on social media in the process. Steve had blown up too and was now pulling down \$100,000 a night at Hakkasan. He invited me to his show, but before taking the stage, we met up in his hotel room. When I walked in, I was surprised to see Waka Flocka and Flavor Flav hanging in the living room. But that's Steve; he is always collaborating with artists

and honing his craft. We did a couple shots before the club security escorted us through the Hakkasan kitchen and into the DJ booth.

Steve and I crouched down in the booth as the opening DJ got the crowd hyped for the headliner. When the bass dropped, Steve and I popped up, and the crowd went nuts. I jumped up and down with him for a bit and then quickly moved into the corner to watch the show.

Steve climbed up on stage and said something on the mic about me being there, and the crowd cheered. All of a sudden, the lights turned to me. Steve reached his hand out and told me to come on stage. This was totally unexpected, and I was nervous about going up there with no purpose. I wasn't a performer, I didn't really like crowds, and all I could think was *What in the fuck am I supposed to do, just stand there and look like an idiot?* This was Steve's job, and he was clearly good at it, so I just trusted that he had a plan.

I reached out and grabbed his hand. Steve pulled as I climbed the speakers to get on the stage. I looked at the crowd. People were yelling my name, and there was a sea of phone lights pointed at me. I smiled and held my arm out to the people, wondering what the fuck I was supposed to do next. He quickly handed me a magnum bottle, and I followed his lead, spraying down the crowd with champagne. They gave us cakes to throw at his fans as well. We pegged grown men with full birthday cakes, and they were super happy for the experience. The anxiety was gone, the people were stoked, and I was having fun.

I noticed an inflatable life raft being passed around by the crowd. "Jump in that!" Steve yelled at me.

"Are you serious?"

"Hell yeah, get in there!"

I wasn't sure how this was going to go, but stage diving was on my bucket list, so I figured fuck it. I took a flying leap off the stage and dove headfirst into the raft, just like we used to do in BUD/S minus the ice water. I stood up and held onto the front rope with my left hand in the air like a bull rider. The crowd carried me around the entire venue. It was some real rock star shit.



The goal for the past years of my life was to get in games, which required some bullshitting and trying to look like a loser. Now that my goal was to have fun and enjoy life, I was finally able to be authentic and be myself. It felt good. These were some of the best times of my life—I was doing amazing shit, getting laid was seamless, and my plan was working well.

The talent agency ICM started representing me, and they threw me some cool opportunities here and there. In April, they called with a

pitch from *Hustler* for an article on me and a photo shoot with porn stars.

Sounded like fun...



Chapter 59

Throwing a Porn Star Off My Roof

The crew from *Hustler* rolled up with two porn stars, a camera crew, and a reporter. The producer had a bunch of cheesy ideas for pictures, most of which I declined. They got a shot of me cleaning one of my engraved Colt .45 pistols with Victoria in a bikini while the porn girls played ping-pong butt-naked in the background. There was a photo of me dealing cards to the nude girls at the poker table. For the climax of the shoot, they wanted me to throw a skinny porn starlet named Janice Griffith into the pool. They asked me to put her on my shoulders and throw her over my head, but that seemed dangerous from eighteen feet in the air.

“I think that’s a bad idea. What if I hip toss her from my waist?”

Janice agreed, the crew liked the idea, and so up to the rooftop we went. They didn’t teach porn star tossing in my judo classes, so I wasn’t entirely sure how to go about this. But we played around and decided that I would hold her back with my left arm to stabilize and use my right arm to shotput her as far as I could. I experimented with hand placement, and basically, I had to throw her by the pussy. It was exciting, and she seemed to be having a good time, given that she was strangely wet. I don’t think I’ve ever felt a girl that drenched. I’d like to blame the accident on a lack of grip due to the lubrication, but that wasn’t the case.



Hustler photo shoot.

“If you grab me, you’re going to pull us both over the edge,” I said. “Whatever you do, don’t hold on to me.” She understood, and we did a couple *dry runs* to rehearse. Everything went well until the very last second. In the video, you can see her arms in the air, but suddenly as I was throwing her, she freaked and grabbed my shirt. I almost went over the edge. It took every ounce of my strength to throw her hard enough so she would clear the concrete edge of the pool. A nine-inch chunk of fabric she’d torn from my shirt floated down. As Janice neared splashdown, her foot clipped the edge of the pool.

The crew dumped their gear and rushed over as Janice climbed out of the water. She said her foot hurt, and we urged her to go to the

hospital; I even offered to drive her. But she declined and said she was fine.

My buddy Alan posted the video, and it went viral. Every news outlet in the world picked up the story. That bad press got me a lot of international attention because once one major outlet runs a story, everyone else picks it up and regurgitates it. TMZ wrote about me for the first time, leading its article with the snide line: “Instagram’s Biggest Playboy can add Instagram’s biggest dumbass to his resume.” The headlines were misleading—“Dan Bilzerian throws porn star off his roof”—giving the impression that I’m just chucking bitches off my roof for no reason. But in twenty-four hours, I gained over five hundred thousand additional followers on Facebook, almost a million on Instagram, and somewhere in there became Instagram’s biggest playboy.

Once all the media attention poured in, along with references to my net worth in each article, Janice suddenly had to go to the hospital because she was hurt so badly. Despite posting a picture of her on Twitter with three dicks in her two days later, she found an attorney who claimed lost wages as a result of being unable to work. In actuality, she should have been arrested for attempted homicide. You can clearly see her try and kill me in the video.

Good thing I was poker buddies and racing pals with crazy-ass power attorney Tom Goldstein, Esquire, legal mind extraordinaire, arguer of almost fifty cases before the United States Supreme Court.

He wrote the porn star’s attorney one of the most infamous legal missives ever written. It dripped with sarcasm and disdain, and Tom now says it is his most well-known piece of work. Go ahead and read it for yourself.

GOLDSTEIN & RUSSELL, P.C.

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May 12, 2014

Shoham J. Solouki
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Dear Mr. Solouki,

I represent Dan Bilzerian and received your letter on behalf of Janice Griffith.

I am genuinely sorry that your client was hurt. No one wants to see anyone injured. But the suggestion that Mr. Bilzerian is responsible for that injury is embarrassing. I'm sorry she made you suggest it in writing.

The whole tragic-comic thing is of course on tape. Given that you agreed to send Mr. Bilzerian a threat to sue, I can only assume you must not have seen it.

It shows facts your client always omits: she was under contract to Hustler and agreed with Hustler's request that she be photographed while being thrown off the roof. I always thought that this kind of thing was Photoshopped instead. Perhaps Hustler's editorial standards would not permit it. Perhaps she insists on doing all her own stunts. I really do not know.

In all events, she agreed. Very few people I know would make that choice. But there it is. And chronologically, she's an adult competent to make it. Hustler and your client asked Mr. Bilzerian to be the thrower, and we can all agree that was the better end of the deal.

So like your client, the facts of the claim won't, quite, fly. The tape shows the two carefully practicing this flight of fancy under Hustler's direction, and your client expressly agreeing to go ahead. In legal lingo, she assumed the risk.

But maybe I'm not creative enough. Maybe your client's theory is that Mr. Bilzerian negligently violated the established standard of reasonable care for one who throws a porn actor off a roof into a pool during a photo shoot for an adult magazine. I'll let that one sink in for a moment.

But there's more. The tape shows that she did the one thing that she had been explicitly told in advance would stop her from making it to the pool: she grabbed Mr. Bilzerian's shirt. Now, I'm no physicist. And it won't surprise you that I don't have any relevant personal experience. So I don't know the precise amount of thrust it takes to heave someone across to a pool a floor below. But I'm also not blind. And it is apparent that Mr. Bilzerian's *shirt* did not reach out and grab *her*.

As I said, I don't doubt your client was genuinely hurt when she clipped the edge of the pool. But there are some natural questions about just how awful those injuries were. Her prompt text to Mr. Bilzerian's assistant demanding \$85,000 for her hurt foot inevitably leaves the regrettable misimpression that she is nothing more than a crass opportunist.

Thankfully, she does seem to be getting on. I don't run in the same circles, but like a lot of people, I do have Twitter. And with all due respect, she overshares. I can't bear to describe most of what is on her eponymous account, thejaniceXXX. I will save you the embarrassment of looking for yourself. Just trust me that her recent missives with the hashtags "#deepthroat," "#fatpussies," and "#NSFW" (the others are SFW?) suggest that her career is gangbusters. Indeed, I doubt the exclusive interviews with TMZ that have come from these events could have hurt.

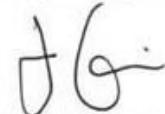
Maybe your client will think this letter is unduly harsh. After all, I've never met her. I'm not at all familiar with her oeuvre. If my life depended on it, I could not tell you what phrase she has tattooed on her left breast. Nonetheless, I feel my tone is justified. I didn't send a letter threatening to sue her on an obviously ridiculous claim.

So if your client sues Mr. Bilzerian, she will obviously lose. But please don't let her believe that since you may well have a claim against Hustler, there's no downside to tacking him on as another deep-pocketed defendant who might settle just to make her go away. Mr. Bilzerian will never, ever permit the case to be resolved prior to the inevitable judgment in his favor.

If she sues, the complaint will be sanctionably frivolous. Your client should just box up almost every last bit of her property (please exclude all videos and photographs, as well as the seemingly inevitable small yappy dog) and drop it off with you in safe-keeping for Mr. Bilzerian. After he receives the judgment in his favor, he will have it all delivered to him. Then he will probably blow it up with a mortar in the desert.

I enjoyed our brief correspondence.

Very truly yours,



Tom Goldstein

I can't say it helped my case, but it was certainly worth the laughs.

TOM GOLDSTEIN

Supreme Court Litigator, Teacher at Harvard Law School

I've argued almost fifty cases in the Supreme Court. But Janice Griffith's infamous failure to launch is how I came to write the thing I'm best known for in the law.

The pages of Dan's are filled with dozens of stories that are at least as bizarre as that one. I suppose my perspective is different from most people in these pages because Dan and I go back to way before he was famous (to when he was just "Tampa Dan") and because I always skipped the crazy parties.

But a bunch of times I came by the next day—to make sure nobody was dead. And nobody ever was, so far as I'm allowed to say. And he's never been convicted of a serious criminal offense that hasn't been either expunged or sealed by court order.

Over the decades, we've done plenty of desert driving, firing automatic weapons, paintballing, and playing poker (net winner) and chess (I'm hopeless). I'm lucky enough to say that he's one of my best friends.

This book legitimately takes you behind the scenes of the crazy days and nights that Dan creates with the snap of his fingers. But if I have a criticism, it's that the book doesn't give you a sense of just how smart and loyal Dan is. That's true for several reasons. Filling pages with the details of business negotiations and hours-long calls talking buddies through their problems just isn't sexy. Dan also knows how to work his image and celebrity maybe better than anyone in the world. And he isn't interested in getting you—or anybody else—to like him. Almost the opposite.

The book also reads as if Dan has been the same weed-smoking, gun-toting, multiple-girl-banging dude from the day he slithered out of his mom's womb as @danbilzerian with a fully-grown beard. In reality, he evolves more than anybody I know. That's good because some of his early thinking was honestly really stupid. But he is always thinking. And when he says "I'm no smarter than you"—that's the one and only part of the book that's bullshit.



Chapter 60

Flipping the Fame Switch

Hamza, a rich Arab, invited me to Cannes for the famous film festival. He claimed his mother owned a hundred-million-dollar mansion right next to the hotel that serves as the epicenter for the festivities. If we got there and split up clubbing costs, he'd take care of all other expenses. Sounded good, but the trip got off to a rocky start.

My plane was getting a custom interior installed, so I decided to save the three hundred grand and fly commercial for the first time in years. I figured, let someone else deal with pilots, flight plans, and the offended stewardess who always seemed to catch me fucking on chartered jets. What's the worst that could happen?

Upon arrival, I discovered the airline lost all my luggage. I wildly swung between furious anger and panicked shock. The lady at the counter couldn't have cared less. She acted like it was no big deal to be stranded halfway across the world without so much as a Quaalude or a clean shirt. There was over five hundred thousand dollars in watches alone in that luggage, and she was talking five hundred-dollar travel vouchers.

The next thing I found out was that Hamza's mother wouldn't allow us to stay in her mansion because of renovations. Things were not going as planned.

"We can stay on my yacht," he suggested.

His vessel was an eighty-foot speedboat, not something suitable for several dudes to share for two weeks. I told Hamza this was horseshit and he'd better figure something out. He found a 154-foot yacht that'd cost around a million plus the cost of gas, food, etc. for the two weeks. Seemed expensive, so I texted Mike the sports bettor to see if he wanted to come. He was in, and we agreed to split the cost three ways.

We went to dinner that night at a restaurant/lounge on the water. To my surprise, people began coming over asking, “Can I make photo with you?” to which I replied, “Sure, no problem.”

Then an American guy introduced himself as an entertainment manager. He said he represented the actor Ron Perlman, the star of *Hellboy* and *Sons of Anarchy*.

“Would you mind if Ron came over and said hello?”

“Sure, send him over,” I replied.

Ron was super cool and said he wanted me to be in a new movie about three generations of soldiers: a grandfather who was a World War II vet, a middle generation as a grunt who was in ‘Nam played by Ron, and he was pitching me to be his son who served in the Gulf War. Our conversation was repeatedly interrupted by people wanting a picture with me, which was completely new and bizarre. I took the pictures for a few minutes until someone finally asked Ron for one.

“Are you sure you want me and not him?” Ron asked the fan jokingly.

We finished talking, exchanged numbers, and Ron headed out. “What the fuck just happened?” I wondered. An A-list celebrity was sitting here, and people only wanted to interact with me. It was like a *Twilight Zone* episode. I had about 2.5 million followers on Instagram and half that on Facebook, but people were going crazy. I was usually in my bubble and never went out in public, so I had no clue that I was becoming this object of interest in real life.

All the press that I thought was bad, like throwing the porn star off the roof and her suing me, had actually served me. The media was now calling me the king of Instagram, which sounded really fucking lame, but people relentlessly telling me that I was their hero felt good. Either way, the plan was working.

We took some European models back to the boat, and I hooked up with one of them and then her friend thirty minutes later. Zero effort.

We went out virtually every night, and I had the same experience each time—guys wanting to shake my hand or take a selfie with me and girls smiling while migrating closer. Even Rick Ross knew who I was, which was wild because I’d been listening to his music for years.

It was like I flipped a switch, and all of a sudden, everyone knew who I was.



Hamza took me to a twenty-five thousand-dollar a person black-tie event, which only reminded me what I didn't want to do. This "old money" crowd was all about rules. There were rules about what to wear, what forks to use, where you could sit, and what kind of language was appropriate. I wanted no part of that nonsense. After an hour, I went back to our yacht and threw a real party. We invited a

few guys and had a couple promoters bring a ton of European models.

The luxury fashion brand Roberto Cavalli hosted their yacht party the same night a few boats down. I'd guess it was a similar vibe to the black-tie event because a lot of their models left and came to our boat. I walked down the dock with Justin Bieber and watched the paparazzi swarm him. I'd started getting attention, but it was nothing like what that kid was experiencing. The paparazzi were very obnoxious. I didn't envy that; I felt bad for him. So I gave him a Quaalude and got the boy laid.



Justin Bieber.

It was a memorable evening because I lived a lifelong dream of mine: having sex with a stranger without saying a word. The girl was an Eastern Bloc high fashion model with high cheek bones and a perfect jawline. I saw her standing at the bar, staring directly at me with these big blue eyes. I stared back at her. When she didn't look away, I walked over, took her hand, and led her upstairs. Only for a

moment was there any awkwardness because she said something, and I didn't respond. I wanted to see if I could pull this off. And I did. I didn't say one word until we were finished.

I'd fucked a couple girls prior and had backups on the couch, so I didn't really care if it failed, and that's probably why it succeeded. I've found the less you care, the better you'll do.

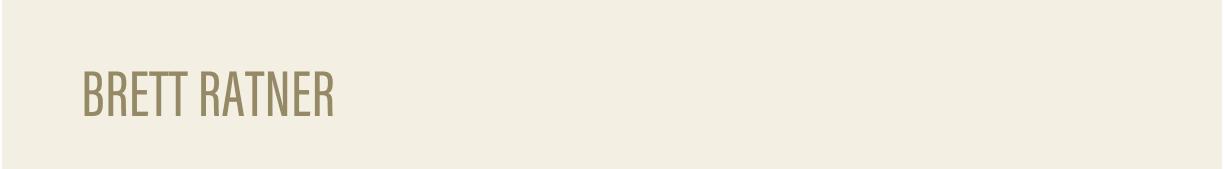
The more shit I did, the more confident I became. I started pushing conventional boundaries. A girl flirted with me at a beach club in the middle of the day, and I fucked her in the men's bathroom with both of us stone sober. Then I hooked up with her sister. A few years prior, I would have never attempted such ridiculous things, but you never know what you can accomplish until you try.

I've found that the more attractive a woman is, the more unconventional your approach should be. Beautiful women get hit on all the time with the same bullshit. So be outrageous; try something different. Make it exciting for her, but do not reveal too much interest or attachment to the outcome. And always have a backup. Having a sure thing takes the pressure off, it makes you less needy. Neediness to women is like garlic to vampires.

I had so many things going on with so many different girls that I truly didn't care. If you don't have this abundance in your life yet, act as if you do, and it will come.

I eventually grew tired of Cannes and decided to check out St. Tropez. I'd heard people talk about it and wanted to see for myself, but like most super expensive places, it's impossible for hot girls to afford to go unless they're being sponsored. The beaches were nice, but I wasn't a fan of hookers and old dudes, so we left rather quickly.

After St. Tropez, we went to Monaco to watch the Grand Prix. I flew a group of girls out and rented a slip front and center to the race so we could watch the whole thing from the back of the boat. As our yacht sailed out of the marina for points south, my phone buzzed.



BRETT RATNER

Director of Rush Hour, X-Men, etc. Producer of Horrible Bosses, The Revenant, etc.

I first reached out to Dan Bilzerian when I was with Edward Norton in Cannes during the film festival staying on a friend's yacht. We definitely were having a great time ourselves, but we heard Dan was on a yacht parked very close to us. So I got his number and texted him, letting him know how much Edward and I admired him and how he was trouncing all of us in the game of life.

I was hopeful that one day I would be invited to one of his legendary parties. That day came several years later. I was so curious to figure out—why him? Why is this guy so popular with women? I had spent many years hanging around Hugh Hefner at the Playboy Mansion and knew that Hef was not only educated and cultured but a perfect gentleman and had the utmost respect for women, which was why he was so successful with them his entire life.

I must admit Dan is not quite the person that we all believe him to be. He is bright, has real humility, is incredibly down to earth, and just an all-around cool guy. As I sized him up as one cocksman to another, he is shorter than I expected but more buff than I expected as well. It could've been because his clothes are probably two sizes too small, and as a result, I couldn't help but notice he had a sizable package in those short shorts of his. That must be it, I said to myself. Could this be the secret? Is this why all these beautiful women adore Dan?

As I stood next to him on his sprawling lawn at his mansion with no less than one hundred girls in bikinis and just the two of us, I quickly realized I needed to work out. Then again, maybe not. I'm popular with women, most likely for my successful movies and less likely because of my svelte body, but Dan, on the other hand, is a real sex symbol, and I'm not being facetious. He's constantly working out, obviously takes good care of himself, and has the most

masculine beard I have ever seen. Dan is a man's man! Guns, ammo, smoke, abs, exotic animals. Of course, I get it. It's the whole package. But is it? Is there more than we all see? Is Dan Bilzerian a walking contradiction to what all of us thirty-two million plus Instagram admirers see every day? Is he the next Hugh Hefner, or Charlie Sheen, or maybe even Wilt Chamberlain? Does he have something real to say or is it just all smoke and mirrors? This book will surely give us some of these answers.

During my two weeks in Cannes, I had hung out with more celebrities than in my entire life combined. None of them seemed any different than anyone else I knew, but it was still interesting and my bucket list was getting smaller by the day.

That trip cost a total of \$1.4 million, which Mike, Hamza, and I chopped three ways. A far cry from the “we'll just split the cost of booze” excursion I had been promised, but it was worth every penny in terms of unique life experience. I witnessed the power of fame firsthand; I saw what it did to people's perceptions of me and the effect it had on women. The seed was planted. This was just the beginning; I knew I could do this bigger and better, and that's exactly what I planned on doing, for better or for worse...



Chapter 61

Becoming a Cop

Before I left for France, I'd purchased a nice house on the golf course in Las Vegas. When I returned, a bunch of free SilencerCo silencers were waiting for me and a request to judge a Tropic something bikini competition. Notoriety was starting to pay off.

I flew to LA to make a video at a shooting range with a bunch of girls in exchange for some free guns. I'd been making a decent effort to document my adventures on social media, and it was working. My numbers grew rapidly, but capturing the moments wasn't as easy as I thought. I wasn't able to convey one-tenth of what was happening.

This time, because it was a planned shoot instead of a trip, things worked out easily. We had an assortment of pistols and a rifle with an optic that employed the same tracking technology as an F-16 fighter jet. You could lock onto a target up to a mile away and pull and hold the trigger, but the gun would not fire until it was the perfect shot. It was hilarious watching topless blindfolded girls shoot steel at five hundred yards. We made a cool video, and it was fun.



Just a couple of hours later, I was back at my Hollywood place, in the Jacuzzi with the girls smoking a joint. Somehow, the topic of goats came up, and one girl refused to believe that I had any on the property.

“You wanna bet?” I asked.

“Yeah. If you actually have goats on this property, I will suck your dick right now. But if you’re lying, you have to take me skydiving.”

“How about if I win, you have to drive me and my two buddies to Lake Elsinore tonight so we can skydive in the morning. If I lose, then I will give you \$10,000.”

“Deal!”

Now, obviously, I knew for *certain* that goats were sleeping on my property because I had just lined their house with some really nice Lovesac fake fur blankets earlier that same day. My buddies and I had already made plans to skydive in the morning. I just didn't want to have to do the driving.

"All right, put some clothes on. We're taking a road trip."

I led the girl down to see my pet goats, and then we started packing the car.

Lodging was pretty sparse at Lake Elsinore, and the finest accommodation was a Motel 6. I got a room with two queen beds and gave no impression that I was interested in sex. I took a shower, got into bed, and turned off the lights. She showered, made it clear she was not putting any clothes on, climbed in my bed, and then got on top of me. We fucked, and since I have a hard time sleeping after sex, I took a sleeping pill.

I begrudgingly woke to an eight in the morning alarm, still groggy from the pill. I rallied my friends, and we all went to the drop zone.

Skydiving was one of the things on my bucket list, but I refused to go tandem. I was originally going to buy a parachute on eBay and charter a plane or a hot air balloon and just send it. But my assistant did a little research and discovered I could legally bypass the tandem jump if I completed some training.

He got an instructor to come to my house, and I completed the six-hour course. It had been a few months and I'd since forgotten everything. The only tidbit that I remembered was that a parachute failure couldn't always just be cut away. Instead, you had to identify the problem first. For example, if it was a double open, and both chutes were deployed, then you'd better try and unfuck them because that's what you're landing with. If you cut away the primary, it would almost certainly collapse the secondary. There were a ton of other scenarios, most of which I didn't recall.

I put on my jumpsuit and headed to the runway. For some reason, I had a bad feeling about the whole thing, but I wasn't going to turn back now. When I dove out of the plane, I felt a spike of adrenaline, but it wasn't as scary as I had imagined. Having the ground fourteen thousand feet beneath me made the fall seem much slower than

bungee jumping or cliff diving. Even though I was falling much faster, it was hard to tell, being up so high with no points of reference.

I pulled at four thousand feet, and fortunately my chute opened with no issues. I hit the ground super hard because I flared too late, but I was able to “leg it out” in a dead sprint. It was fun; I posted a pic, and it was one of my least liked photos. I was quickly learning that pictures with hot girls and expensive shit always outperformed interesting action adventure. This didn’t mean I was going to change what I was doing, it meant I would adjust what I was sharing. Having fun was still my first priority.

A week later, my friend who took me shooting in LA introduced me to a police chief in New Mexico who ran a special program deputizing ex-military guys. He primarily wanted former SEALs and Special Forces operators to help serve high-risk warrants alongside the U.S. Marshals. But my pal put in a good word, and the Chief suggested I come down.

The police chief turned out to be an ex-Marine, a little over six feet tall, probably weighed about 220 pounds, and was solid coiled muscle like a pit bull. His armory put mine to shame, which wasn’t easy to do. He had belt-fed machine guns, seven police cars, piles of body armor, and a shipping container full of ammunition. Marine battalions in Iraq weren’t as well equipped.

I came in the prescribed uniform, which consisted of a plain black collared shirt, tan tactical pants, a police duty belt, and a tan plate carrier. The first thing on the chief’s agenda was breakfast burritos and huevos rancheros that he ordered smothered.

At the range, I did both the pistol and rifle qualifications pretty easily and then went out that night on patrol. Coincidentally, one of the reserve cops was Arik Burks, who had been my First Phase proctor in BUD/S. He’d retired after twenty-five years in the SEAL teams and was doing the reserve cop thing for kicks.

“You only have to work four days every four to six months to stay current,” Arik told me. “Last trip, I raided a meth lab and served a few murder warrants. It was three straight days of door kicking. But other times, it’s just sitting around.”

On my last day, the chief swore me in, printed up an ID card, and bam, I was a law enforcement officer.



Right before serving a murder warrant in New Mexico.



Chapter 62

Belligerent Midget

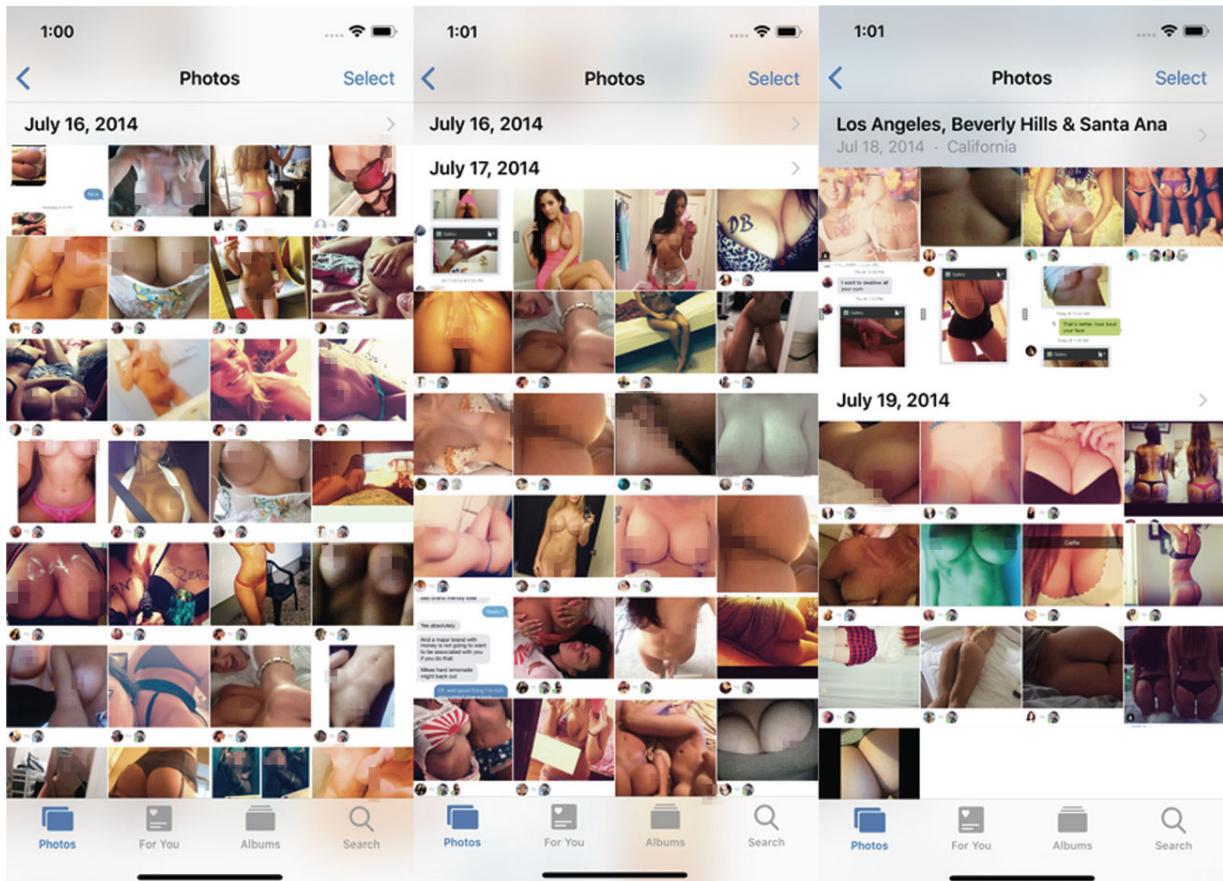
When the King of All Media asked me about sexual statistics, I answered honestly.

“I fucked fourteen women in twelve days,” I told Howard Stern about my time in Cannes. Victoria was at home, listening, and she was furious. I felt bad, I really did, but I wasn’t going to lie, and I certainly wasn’t going to hide from who I was.

His show was my first live interview, and I was a little nervous. I probably should’ve prepared but instead spent the night partying and having sex in my hotel room. I couldn’t have slept more than two to three hours tops.

I was pounding coffee while speed walking to the studio as the sun was coming up. I kinda had to piss going in, but I was late, so I didn’t bother. After an hour, I couldn’t hold it any longer and asked to take a bathroom break. He said he was almost done and to just hang tight. Thirty minutes later, I couldn’t think straight, I was sweating, and legitimately worried I might piss myself when he shook my hand and thanked me for coming on. Howard was a pro, and he made the whole interview flow seamlessly. After his show, life got even crazier.

At first, the nudes trickled into my Instagram inbox. But as my notoriety grew, the flood gates opened. Hundreds came in every day, sometimes thousands. I posted some of the more creative ones, which generated even more followers and even more nudes.



Three days after the interview, I met up with Arik Burks in San Diego for Comic-Con. He hadn't seen me outside of BUD/S or New Mexico, so he was surprised to see me getting stopped all night long. People constantly wanted pictures, and I kept my vow to take pictures with anyone who asked. No one was being rude or trying to start shit, but there were so many people that it took half an hour to walk fifty yards. The security guys helped manage the onslaught of mostly male fans.

Women were less aggressive, but they always found a way through. They would observe a crowd, pick out who the center of attention was, and zero in. It didn't even matter if they knew who I was or not. All they knew was that the guy in the center of the swarm had status—and as a guy, high status will get you a lot further than physical attractiveness. There is a scientific study that showed when the female goldfish is trying to decide who to mate with, and since all

male goldfish look alike, she goes with the male goldfish that has the most females around him. Interesting how human psychology works on a primal level.

Sometimes if a hot girl was really visibly interested, I'd give her as little of my time as possible. And that made her seek my attention more desperately. That's an important part of *the setup*: If you can get a woman to chase you, give her subtle push away, then when you're ready, it's game over. The sex is always better when they've had to put in effort to fuck you.

An hour later, I took a girl into a porta potty. After a couple minutes of getting my dick sucked sitting on the side of the urinal, we got to fucking. It took a while because, no matter how hot the girl is, it's hard to get off in tiny spaces that smell like shit.

When it was over, I busted out of the door covered in sweat, looking like I'd just run a marathon. One shitty thing about being famous is that people notice you and will take unsolicited pictures as if you're a zoo animal. "Why is he so sweaty?" I heard people asking. Before all of this, if I spilled something on my shirt or looked like shit, it didn't matter, but now there was no hiding.

A teenager came up and asked for my first autograph. He was young and nervous but seemed like a nice kid. He said he was a big fan. I gave him back his notepad, took a hundred-dollar bill out of my pocket, and signed it for him. "Let's see how long you can stay a fan," I said. Looking back now, I wonder if he still has it.

After that, I went back to New Mexico to get in some police hours. I'd received my actual badge and wanted to see what the real cop shit was like.

We linked up with the U.S. Marshal, and I got to breach a door, and by breach, I mean I kicked it right off the fucking hinges with my boot. I was the first guy in to serve a murder warrant. After we cleared the house, one of the cops stomped his dirty-ass boots on the dude's white couch whilst yelling, "Fuck yo couch." We didn't even look like police. With all the plate carriers and machine guns, we would have been more at home in Afghanistan than rural New Mexico.

I had never been on this side of the siren before. Usually, I was the one in trouble for one thing or another. But now I was the cop. I could feel the power that came with it. We would walk into a gas station with body armor and badges, and everyone would just move out of the way. It was surreal.

A couple of days earlier, I'd fucked a girl in a portable shitter at a comic book festival, and now I was serving murder warrants in the desert, driving a police car. This didn't feel like real life.

From there, I sped to LA to throw a birthday party for Victory Poker founder Dan Fleyshman at my Hollywood house.

DAN FLEYSHMAN

Founder and Former CEO of Who's Your Daddy

Over the years, Dan and I threw some legendary parties together at his various homes. His main rule was “Don’t invite dudes.” So if you look back at videos of our parties in 2013 and 2014 before his Instagram had really taken off, we had two hundred to four hundred guests in attendance, often with a eight to one girls to guys ratio. The parties from 2015–2020 just kept escalating as his homes got larger and the network of models, celebrities, and friends kept expanding.

People often ask me, “Does he really play poker?” I usually laugh out loud and tell them quick stories about how he beat one of our mutual friends for \$10,800,000 in one session and posted the wire transfer screenshot on his Instagram a few days later. Dan ultimately beat that same guy for \$53,000,000. I also tell them how many games we played together where I watched him win six and seven figures in a session. Of course, there are losses along the way as well, but overall, he’s really good at game selection and causing players to make bad mistakes.

In closing, as I reflect on the last decade, we've really been through a lot together. We've had friends pass away, watched countless people come and go, but just like when he called me to get him bailed out of jail at five in the morning, Blitz is the first person I would call if there was a civil war or a zombie apocalypse.

Fleyshman suggested a theme of “CEOs and Secretary Hoes,” which gave the women an excuse to dress as slutty as possible. I invited my usual proportion of at least seven girls to every one guy, and my newfound fame put the odds even more in my favor. I could hook up with three to five women a night when I hosted a party and generate leads to keep me busy for weeks afterwards.



It was a great scene. The highlight was a midget fucking two girls in the entryway bathroom. A random girl walked in on it and started filming, causing a fight to break out between the girls. After, he was found chain-smoking cigarettes in my living room. That midget really didn't give a fuck about anything. When I had someone inform him that he couldn't smoke in the house, he refused to stop, and I had to have his ass thrown out. I fucking hate cigarettes.

Even with all the debauchery, there was a really enlightening moment that had a major impact on my life perspective.

I had been flying combat-wounded veterans to all my parties. This time, I brought out a Marine we'll call John who'd lost both of his legs in combat and now worked as a motivational speaker. He was super

nice and appreciative and just happy to be doing something so out of the ordinary.

Around two in the morning, I found myself talking to a brunette that I really wanted to fuck, but I talked up the Marine to her, told her he was a war hero and that he worked helping others. I set it all up and then introduced her to John.

The next day, I was hung over and staggered to the table for my afternoon breakfast. The Marine sat bolt upright, enjoying a fruit bowl and pancakes. I put on sunglasses because it was bright and I had a headache, but he couldn't stop smiling.

"I saw how much you were drinking last night," I croaked. "How are you so fucking happy?"

"Man, I feel great! Life is good. I couldn't be happier."

"Every time I talk to you, you're in such a great mood. How do you do it? Don't you get bummed out?" "Why? Because I lost my legs?"

"Yeah. I guess I'd be pretty salty if that happened to me. What's your secret?"

"Shit, losing my legs was the best thing that ever happened to me!"

Now, I was still partially drunk. I was fully hung over. And I felt like I'd been run over. So admittedly, I was not at my most intellectually astute. But how in the hell could this guy say that getting his legs blown off in Iraq was a positive development in his life?

"Before I was blown up, nobody gave a fuck about me," he explained. "I was just some Marine sleeping in a tent, living in a convection oven of a sandbox called Iraq. If I hadn't been injured, I'd be back home working some shitty job, probably never leaving my home state, and never doing anything interesting. But look at me now. I'm eating breakfast in the Hollywood hills with Dan Bilzerian, I went to the best party of my life, I hooked up with the most beautiful woman I've ever seen, and I get to spend my time helping people. Plus, I get paid a shitload of money to do it. Honestly, I've never been happier."

Then it hit me; I'd paid that girl three thousand dollars to bang him last night, but still. I took off the sunglasses and looked out into the view. I was on top of the world—literally—I had a view of the entire

city of LA laid at my feet and a garage full of exotic cars. I had millions in the bank and enough adventures ahead of me to fill three lifetimes, and my guy John was happier. It was time to get my head out of my ass and be more thankful.

I will never forget what he said and how he looked at things. That was such a powerful example of the importance of perspective and taking control over your own happiness. I will say, knowing I had a little part in contributing to his happiness, did in fact make me a little happier. There is nothing better in this world than doing something for someone and having that person be truly appreciative.

Give a guy a sincere compliment, and he's grateful for a day. Give a guy a stack of money, and he's grateful for a year. Give him a beautiful woman, and he's grateful for the rest of his life.



Chapter 63

Ink

“Come on, man,” I said. “You’re drunk. Leave me and my girl alone.”

He snapped something silver off his wrist and held it out to me.

“This watch is worth three grand. Hang on to it until I get back with a tattoo gun. I’m dead serious! If I don’t come back in five minutes, you can leave and keep the watch.”

I was headed back to my villa with a girl. We’d just left a Miami nightclub after celebrating Guy Laliberté’s birthday. People had asked for pictures, which wasn’t strange anymore. But this was something new.

This guy wanted a tattoo of my signature. Not only that, he wanted *me* to actually give the tattoo. I’d heard of people getting a magic marker autograph and then running off to a shop to get it permanently inked in. But this loon thought I could hold the needle gun and mark him for life.

“Kid, I have never given a tattoo in my life. I’ve never even seen someone get a tattoo.”

“I don’t care!”

By this point, I was down because it would definitely be something I hadn’t done before and a funny story if nothing else. I told him that I’d probably fuck it up, but if he was willing to live with the consequences, I’d give it a shot. He ran off into the night as other people started asking if they could watch. A small crowd gathered as the kid jogged up with a backpack. He pulled out the tattoo gun along with little cups of ink. He got the machine running, and I freehanded my signature. Thank God, it turned out well. Everyone cheered, and then some girl asked me to tattoo her as well. Her fiancé was encouraging it too, which I found equally bewildering.

“Okay, but this is the last one,” I said. I still wanted to get laid, and I wasn’t trying to get stuck doing tattoos all night.

I wasn't about to tattoo my name on another man's wife, so I told them to think of something else. Something small and simple, and she landed on a heart on her foot. I inked her up and then kicked everyone out.

The girl I'd met at the club took my hand and led me up the stairs. The whole spectacle downstairs proved to be more effective foreplay than Ron Jeremy's tongue work. She was ready to go and clearly enthusiastic about banging me, which made the sex great. As we laid in bed smoking a joint, I couldn't help but laugh at what a circus my life was starting to become.



Chapter 64

Lindsey

H

ollywood power agent Michael Kives invited me to a party. His home was pretty normal, but the guest list was absolutely not normal. Virtually everyone in attendance was a well-known actor, director, or agent. I considered myself more of a novelty than a celebrity, but I was certainly gaining momentum.



Michael Kives, Goldie Hawn, Kate Hudson, Danny McBride, and my date.

Danny McBride introduced himself and said he was a fan, which was a riot since *East Bound and Down* was one of my favorite shows of all time. I tried to act nonchalant when he asked if he could get a picture, but it took every ounce of self-control to not tell him what a

fan I was of him. I should have told him, but I was new to this fame thing, and I didn't know if that would be weird. If my date had any questions about sleeping with me, seeing how the celebrities welcomed me put those to rest.

The next day, I had the picture framed.

Attending the Playboy Halloween Party was different this year since people recognized me. The last time I was at the mansion, I fucked a girl in the Grotto, and no one paid much attention. Now, people noticed me doing nothing. There was a blonde in lingerie with enormous natural tits; she approached *me* and started a conversation. Usually girls would come closer, look at me, or drop subtle clues that they were interested. But having women blatantly hit on me was a new experience.

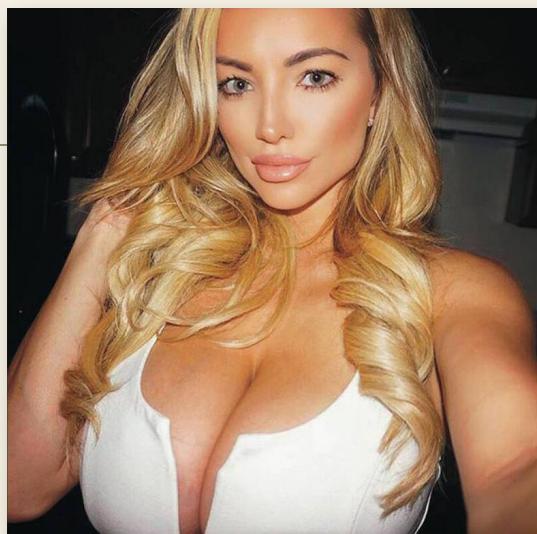
I learned it was still good to make them work a little bit so they could feel like they accomplished something. Plus, it was a different dynamic than they were accustomed to, and different is always good.

The blonde's name was Lindsey Pelas, and she modeled for *Playboy*. We tried to fuck at the mansion but there were too many people so we went back to my house instead.

LINDSEY PELAS Playboy Model

Hmm. Dan Bilzerian, where do I begin? I guess I should start with a "thank you." Thank for introducing me to Los Angeles. Thanks for the Internet fame. Thanks (and you're welcome) for my first and only threesome.

It's hard to choose a memory that stands out the most when they're all pretty standout. Our poetic first-time meeting



at the Playboy Mansion. The time your plane caught on fire. Snowmobiling in the Colorado mountains. Vin Diesel and Ludacris partying at your house (loved that)...or maybe the time you were filming that PSA for the government because you blew something up that you shouldn't have. That was funny.

I guess my favorite thing about you is that it's so hard to believe you're actually a real person. People always ask me, "Is Dan really real? Is all that stuff he posts really true?" I can confirm the weapons, the women, the pyrotechnics, the wild animals, the sex, the weed, the fun, and the fantasy are all true.

One time we were on a plane landing strip in snowy Colorado. The plane had two faulty takeoff attempts, and we were stuck waiting for the fire department to see if the plane was too hot. As the firefighters came to take the temperature of the aircraft, the brakes caught on fire. Everyone on the plane ran out in a frenzy...the pilots, the chef, models, and friends. As we stood watching the plane get hosed off, Dan was nowhere to be found.

"Where's Dan? Where is he? Why isn't he coming out?" Everyone was rightly startled by fire and the freezing cold and even more so by the fact that Dan Bilzerian must've had a death wish. What kind of human being wouldn't immediately run out of a burning plane? Was he stuck? Did he get lost? Did he have another heart attack?

And then, after what felt like three hours but was probably three minutes, Dan emerged. There he was at the top of the G4's stairs wearing a long coat, his signature combat boots, and a black tee. Only now he was holding a bag of chips. It became clear to the rest of us at the same time that while we were outside scared and shaking, Dan had gone back further into the burning plane for a snack to appease his hunger. He took a slow gaze to the left where the firefighters were putting out the flames, gave a disapproving nod, and ate a handful of chips.

It was at that exact moment I realized Dan was fearless. Like fearless fearless. Not just fearless in the way people already knew about—like his affinity for blowing shit up or making bets that would cost normal people their homes or retirement funds. But the kind of fearless where death isn't even scary anymore. A man who's seen it all, done it all, and is afraid of nothing.

I had totally forgotten about the two high-speed aborts we had leaving Aspen. My pilots at the time, who have long since been fired, failed to remove a pin that allowed the plane to take off, or that is how it was explained to me. The brakes caught fire because stopping a seventy-five thousand-pound plane at over a hundred miles an hour on a short runway results in a ton of friction, which causes heat.

It wasn't really that I was fearless; I was worried the plane could explode, being that it was on fire. I was just so irritated and embarrassed by the situation that my pride trumped my self-preservation. I figured, like the captain who goes down with his ship, I would stay on, and if God wanted to shit on my head, then so be it.



Flying with Lindsey.



Chapter 65

Getting Paid

I started getting paid to do things that I would have gladly done for free.

BGO Gaming paid me \$250,000 for a six-hour commercial shoot featuring my 6x6 Mercedes, a gorilla, Verne Troyer from the *Austin Powers* movie, and five models. The studio sent a screener copy of *John Wick* and paid me \$50,000 to post a picture of me watching it the day before it hit the theaters.

Marquee paid me \$75,000 to appear at their club for an hour. They put twenty models at my table, \$10,000 worth of alcohol in the center, and reserved a nearby bungalow so I could slither off and bang girls. Most of the rich guys I knew from the poker scene would have paid the club \$75,000 for that type of setup. The club even hosted a Dan Bilzerian look-alike contest with a \$10,000 grand prize.

I thought a girl hitting on me was crazy, but I hadn't seen anything yet. Shortly after arriving at my table, a girl walked up, looked me in the eyes, and said, "I want to fuck you." I had a couple girls grab my dick; it was competitive and aggressive. Things started to snowball. The more girls were coming after me, the more it made others want to do the same. I wanted more attention when I was a kid, but in my wildest dreams, I never imagined a scenario like this. And things were just getting started.



Look-alike contest. I'm on the far left.



Chapter 66

Samantha and Friends

I was making around \$80,000 a night in tips hosting a weekly poker game at my LA house. The game would come about when a particularly bad player wanted to play, and the rest of the seats were filled with mediocre recreational players. I say mediocre, but in a casino, if any of those players sat down, the bat signals would go off; pros would sell their sisters for a seat. The initial buy-in was only \$50,000–\$100,000, but guys would regularly lose a million or more in a night. Massage girls in bras and twelve-inch skirts served drinks and rubbed guys' shoulders while they played.

Ashley was gorgeous, and she gave fantastic massages. I was enjoying her handiwork whilst sending nudes to Samantha, another poker girl across the table who had a perfect body and big tits. Life was good, and I was getting lazy in terms of the game I ran on women. Ashley saw me sexting Samantha and joked about it.

When the poker was over and all the players left, Ashley asked if she could stay at my house until she sobered up.

“Sure, take the room down the hall on the right.”

I did a final chip count, settled the books, and then went to my bedroom. I opened the door, and Ashley was sprawled across the bed with a huge grin on her face instead of sleeping it off in the guest room. I took the hint.

She was on her knees with my dick in her mouth when Samantha appeared a minute later in the bedroom doorway.

“Oh, my,” Samantha said, surprised.

I went to the door, grabbed Samantha by the hand, and led her into the mix. She started kissing me, but she wouldn't suck my dick or have sex. So after a minute, I told her to leave. She walked out of the room, and it was back down to just Ashley and me. But now she wouldn't fuck either. She had the audacity to mention how important

her faith was to her while blowing me. After manufacturing this whole hookup with her “too drunk to drive” excuse in the first place, she wouldn’t even remove her skirt. She continued to suck my dick until Samantha re-entered the fray. They started kissing, but Samantha refused put my dick in her mouth because she said she had a boyfriend. With that, I’d officially had enough of the games. I kicked Samantha out for the second time and called Victoria.

“Come over here,” I told her. “I’m going to fuck you, and there’s a girl here who is going to watch.”

Victoria stormed in ten minutes later, turned all the lights on, and blurted out, “Who’s the whore?” I told her to chill and dimmed the lights a bit. She went down on me and then commanded Ashley, “Suck his dick, you slut.” Ashley did as ordered while Victoria got naked and then shoved her out of the way. Victoria talked shit the whole time we were fucking.

“Do you like watching my boyfriend fuck me, you whore?”

When we switched positions, she grabbed Ashley by the hair and said, “Suck his cock. I want you to choke,” and forced her head down. It was really aggressive but hot, and Ashley was surprisingly into it. Suddenly, Victoria shifted tones, got all innocent and coy, and sweetly asked, “Please fuck me, Daddy, I’ve been a good girl.”

When I came out of the shower, Victoria was giving Ashley hell. She really didn’t like her, and I realized that the whole threesome had been her version of hate fucking.

“Get off our bed,” Victoria yelled. “Go sleep on the floor.” Then she ordered her out of the house entirely. I told Victoria to chill the fuck out and explained the girl needed to sober up before driving. She wouldn’t stop, and I didn’t want to deal with this shit, plus it was a good reason to kick her out so I could fuck Ashley later. I walked Victoria to the door, told her I’d call tomorrow, and headed back to bed.

Ashley was already under the covers by the time I returned. I don’t share my bed with anyone, but my gut told me she didn’t want to sleep. Sure enough, the minute I climbed into bed, she scooted her perfect ass into me. I could feel that she was completely naked.

Evidently she changed her faith that day because this church girl climbed on top and rode me like a porn star.

If you are thinking to yourself that women are crazy and irrational after reading this, look a little closer. The girl's behavior in this story was completely predictable if you consider the psychology. Ashley saw Samantha sexting me and, as a result, decided she also wanted to fuck me, so she snuck into my room. However, after Samantha rejected me, Ashley second-guessed her desire to bang me. Ashley didn't come into my room to just suck my dick, and had Samantha wanted to fuck me, I have no doubt Ashley would have jumped on top of me too. But the moment Ashley didn't feel like I was in demand, she all of a sudden didn't want me either.

I read the situation right and did probably the only thing I could've done to save it after Samantha cockblocked me. Once Ashley saw how much Victoria was into me, she went back to wanting to fuck me. If this situation doesn't clearly illustrate the power of competition, supply and demand, and jealousy, then you're hopeless; stick to jerking off.

Samantha texted me a while later, inviting me to a poker game at the home of fight announcer Bruce Buffer, the "It's Time!" guy. It was a small game, and once I figured out that her boyfriend was in attendance, I took off. A week after, I told her I wanted to hire her as a pussy coordinator. Her job would be to manage the girls I was talking to and introduce me to others who were interested. She booked a lot of poker girls for games and had an amazing Rolodex, so I thought it would be a good fit. Plus, I knew we were going to eventually, at some point, fuck. It was only a matter of time. I mean, she came back after I told her to get the fuck out of my room with my dick in another woman's mouth.

We met at BOA steakhouse for dinner, and it was weird. I never go out on dates, and it felt strange to be with a girl I hadn't fucked. I was sober, and people were staring at me. I tried to have a conversation, but I hadn't been on a normal date in so long that it was awkward. I started sweating because the whole thing was giving me anxiety, so I excused myself to the bathroom to eat a Quaalude and take a piss.

Quaaludes were huge hits in the sixties and seventies, commonly referred to as disco biscuits or ‘ludes. In the seventies, ‘ludes were the most commonly prescribed sedative in the country. They were taken off the market in 1984 because so many people were taking them recreationally. ‘Ludes were great, they made you happy, didn’t produce hangovers, and made you not give a fuck about anything.

“I think I might break up with my boyfriend,” she said.

“Why?”

“Because I should not have a boyfriend if I’m having these urges to have sex with you.”

“Do you want to fuck in the bathroom?”

“No.”

The date was an absolute disaster, and I just wanted to get the fuck out of there.

A couple of weeks later, she told me she had finally broken up with her boyfriend and asked to come over. I told her I couldn’t have sex because I had prostatitis. I’d been having so much sex lately that it actually inflamed my prostate (the small walnut-sized gland that produces seminal fluid) and required me to take a few days off of banging. She was pissed because she had just moved out of her boyfriend’s house and was expecting to fuck me.

A week later, I was at Sam’s house, and Samantha texted to hang out. I gave her the address, and she came over. I took her on a tour of the opulent madhouse that ended with sex in the guest room. I took a shower while she got dressed and headed to the kitchen. Downstairs, Samantha ran into a woman who’d been an actress on *Baywatch*.

“How do you know Dan?” the Hollywood lifeguard asked.

“I work poker games, and I’ve been talking to him a little bit,” Samantha replied.

“Does he fuck all the girls?” the actress asked.

Samantha was a little shocked. “What do you mean?”

“Well, he had sex with me before you arrived, and I feel like every woman I meet is sleeping with him.”

I showed up, and they stopped talking, which was a little awkward. After we left, Samantha recited the convo, but I didn’t waiver or apologize; I just behaved like it was perfectly fine for someone single

to do whatever they wanted. Samantha was superhot and wasn't used to a man not chasing or catering to her.

Ultimately, it fueled Samantha's desire to get me to like her. When the foundation of a relationship is built on the girl doing whatever she can to make the man happy, she will, by default, put up with a lot more crazy shit. And the more she did to get me to like her, the more she became invested in our relationship.

The following week, Samantha brought out four hot models to my Vegas house. Three of the girls were fresh out of long-term relationships and wanted to let their hair down, so Samantha suggested Vegas.

"The girls drank all the champagne on your plane," Samantha warned. "We should be landing in fifteen minutes." I was sitting on my couch, chillin', when I got the texts, so I drank some coffee and braced myself for impact.

The girls boisterously entered my house, laughing and immediately requesting music. They'd clearly come to Vegas to party, and I wasn't going to hang around these lushes sober, so I popped a Lude and took a shot. I fucked Samantha upstairs straight away, and we didn't bother to put our clothes back on. The girls barged into my room twenty minutes later, and they weren't being shy about seeing us naked. I got up in a rare show of modesty to put on a towel, and they all ended up in my bathroom Jacuzzi.

Samantha remained naked and encouraged her friends to do the same. A couple stripped down to their underwear while the other two kept just their tops on and sat on the side of the tub. As the water was filling, Briana, a tall blonde, bent over in front of me. She had one of the nicest asses I'd ever seen, and she stayed in that position, prominently displaying it. She looked back and grinned, but I always start orgies with the girl I've hooked up with before, so I grabbed Samantha by the hair and had her suck my dick.

Briana had her back arched and her ass in the air like a cat in heat, so I put a condom on, pulled her thong over to the side, and started fucking her. The girls sitting on the side of the tub drank champagne and watched, but it was a little distracting fucking in front of girls

who weren't involved, so Briana and I eventually moved to the shower.

The girls got in the tub and appeared to be talking, but I could see them watching us. I had Briana's face smashed up against the glass as I fucked her from behind. She requested a facial; I obliged and then handed her a towel.

I finished showering, turned off the water, got out, and saw that a petite sexy brunette named Emma was standing naked in front of the towel rack. We kissed, and she dropped down to her knees and started sucking my dick. I pulled her up and promised to fuck her but explained that I needed to eat some Cheerios first. I went downstairs, ate my cereal, drank a protein shake, and smoked a joint before going back up to her room. She had changed into some lingerie, but it didn't stay on very long. She was super tight, and the sex was good.

When I opened the door to my bedroom, I found Samantha and her friend Caroline passed out in my bed. In the morning, Caroline woke Samantha up by going down on her. Samantha pushed the girl off and said, "No, but Dan will have sex with you." She wasn't my type, so I kicked her out by saying I wanted to sleep. And then I fucked Samantha.

People always ask how I fuck so much, and the answer is simple, Cialis and synthetic testosterone.

I texted the chef that I was awake, took a shower, ate breakfast, and then slithered into Emma's room. The sunlight was streaming in, and I saw Girl Number Five sleeping on the left side of her bed. Emma and I started fucking quietly, but Girl Number Five woke up after a couple minutes. At first, she just watched, pretending to sleep, then she grabbed my arm and gave me a look. I've had this happen a lot; a girl will look at me, and it's shocking how much can be communicated with no words.

"Lemme go get another condom," I said.

I walked back into my bedroom, Samantha was still in bed, and I was butt-naked with a condom on, grabbing a handful of extras. By that point, she'd seen enough shit that I didn't feel the need to explain myself. I went back and alternated between Emma and Girl Number Five.

The reason I always switch condoms before fucking another girl is so they don't get BV (bacterial vaginosis). I found out that if you fuck a bunch of girls with the same condom, it will throw off their PH, which can make their pussies stink. I'm not really a hit it and quit it type of guy, and I try and keep my girls' vaginas in good working order.

The girls all went out that night, but Emma snuck away early and came back to the house. We smoked weed, fucked, and watched movies until eventually they all returned. I got pretty high, so I can't exactly recall which women I hooked up with or in what order, but I tended to the flock.

The next night, we landed in LA, and all the girls Ubered back home or to their boyfriend's houses from my plane. I sometimes wonder how many women sell their boyfriends good girl stories but have some drunken backstage orgy in their past that even they rationalize away as "not counting" since the dude is famous, or she was drunk or whatever.

It was almost two in the morning by the time Samantha and I got back from the airport. The chef had dinner ready for us when we walked in the door. We were eating at the dining room table when she told me she wanted to watch me fuck another girl.

"It makes me jealous," she said. "But it's a turn-on."

"When do you wanna do it, and who do you wanna watch?" I asked.

"Whenever. And I don't care who the girl is as long as she's hot and has big tits."

This was perfect because I'd just texted Lindsey Pelas a few minutes prior, and she said she'd be over in thirty minutes. I was actually trying to figure out how to tactfully tell Samantha, and this made it seamless.

Samantha was surprised that it all came together so quickly. She wanted to hide and watch the show, but the only place was under my desk. So I hung a blanket over the desk and put a pillow on the stone floor.

When Lindsey pulled into the driveway, Samantha crawled into her nook. Lindsey didn't waste any time getting naked, and we had

sex for a good thirty minutes. My first thought afterward was *I have to get Lindsey out of here so Samantha can escape.*

I suggested to Lindsey that we take a shower, but she didn't want to move. I went to the bathroom by myself, wondering what would happen if Samantha just burst out of her cubbyhole like a fucking rapist. When I finished showering, I went back to the room, kissed Lindsey, and made a face.

“You need to brush your teeth.”

She smiled and said, “Asshole.”

As soon as Lindsey rounded the corner, Samantha shot out of the cubby and made her break. Fifteen minutes later, Samantha strolled back into the room, completely naked, holding two glasses of champagne.

“Would either of you care for a drink?” she offered.

Lindsey didn't bat an eye. I still to this day can't comprehend how little it fazed her that a butt-naked chick just magically appeared in my house when we'd been there seemingly alone all night.

“No, I'm good, thanks,” Lindsey replied.

I had just smoked a joint, so I thought this was the most hilarious thing I'd ever seen, and it took all of my self-control to not burst out laughing. She went into the guest room and sent me text messages about being horny and masturbating. I didn't see them until after a second round with Lindsey, and by that time I was tired, so I ignored them and passed out.

Samantha later told me that she felt like the scenario kind of backfired because she didn't think I could find a woman more beautiful than her to come over on short notice at two-thirty in morning. I think they were both equally hot. But women can be insecure.

SAMANTHA (NAME CHANGED)

Medical Doctor

Imagine the world's largest magnet and on the ground were paper clips. Everywhere this magnet went, the paper clips were sucked up by the magnet's strong force. The magnet is Dan, and the paper clips are the girls, the girls being anything from the most innocent girl who has never had sex to porn stars. They were all drawn to him like nothing I've ever seen. I was one of those paper clips, and now that I am removed from that environment, I can look back and analyze more accurately than I could when I was in it.



When you look at Dan's Instagram, you would think that he is this loud, boisterous man, but in person, he's actually really humble. He doesn't talk a lot, but when he does, it's something meaningful. How is this guy who just sits there and eats a lot and has sex a lot drawing in so many women at such an unbelievable rate?

My theory is that when you are going to hang out with Dan, it would be asinine to expect anything different than you see on his Instagram. His personality is unlike what you see on Instagram, but him having sex with multiple women—that part is accurate. So when these girls hang out with him, and he's having sex with multiple women, nobody gets mad because that is what you go in expecting.

There is a lot of adrenaline involved in hanging out with Dan because he is always having outrageous events, doing crazy things with guns, and there's celebrities around. You're in mansions and flying on private jets, so you always have this surge of adrenaline that is fogging any type of logical

thought process of what is normally socially acceptable. And with this excitement and all of these girls throwing themselves at him, it almost feels like you're in an alternate universe.

However, there is something subconsciously going on with the women he is constantly surrounded by. He will often give attention to one girl here or there, and it makes all the other girls feel as if they are inferior. Most of the girls who are around him were the hottest girls from their hometowns and had never experienced such indifference from a male. This leads the girls to feel inadequate and insecure, which then breeds a desire for more superficial attention from him. What's actually going on is he's giving the girls what is called intermittent positive reinforcement. Basically, just giving them sex or attention arbitrarily, making them feel special for a moment in time and then when that moment passes, their dopamine crashes, their need for attention peaks, and the cycle repeats itself.

Hanging out with Dan probably isn't what my mom or my future significant other would hope for, but I learned the most from my experiences with him. I learned that private jets, exotic locations, chefs, etc. aren't that great. I could've spent my entire life in search of this, and I was able to find out through my experience with Dan that it's not something I want to strive for. Having gratitude for the little things that I have and having peace of mind is most important to me. I would've never found this out without actually experiencing it firsthand. So I would encourage anyone to have new experiences and step outside the box that society is keeping you in because only through trial and error will you find out what really makes you happy.

Samantha is clearly very astute. I knew she was a smart woman—most doctors are—however, she was more objective and perceptive than I expected. I created an environment of competition, and

because there were multiple women vying for my limited attention, they by default received intermittent positive reinforcement. Intermittent positive reinforcement results in strong behavioral conditioning, and it's extremely resistant to change. You will find intermittent positive reinforcement in gambling, and it's built into social media algorithms, hence why these things are so addictive.

“Intermittent reinforcement does have one important quality—it produces robust responding that is significantly more resistant to extinction than when continuous reinforcement is used.”

FERSTER & SKINNER, 1957



Chapter 67

Tannerite

Tt was like Christmas morning, but Santa usually doesn't drop off a hundred pounds of Tannerite. It's a good explosive and pretty safe to handle because it takes a high-powered rifle round to detonate it.

Most people and shooting ranges use a quarter of a pound to produce a satisfying boom. I saw a guy on YouTube obliterate a fifteen thousand-square foot barn with fifty pounds. Another YouTuber, FPSRussia, used fifteen pounds in a truck, and the door flew past him at like two hundred miles an hour and almost cut him in half. Today, it's illegal to have a hundred pounds, which the ATF says is equivalent to sixty pounds of C-4.

I bought a semitruck and had it delivered to a place out in the desert where many Vegas locals go to shoot. We filled up a giant Igloo water cooler like they use on the sidelines of football games with the Tannerite and buried it under the cab.

Then I borrowed a 20 mm cannon from an acquaintance. I'm not using slang here or being dramatic. It was literally classified by the government as a cannon. The largest firearm is a .50 caliber, and this thing shot a round more than twice as large and at a higher velocity. We carted that ridiculous gun into the desert and set it up on a table.



20mm Cannon.

I zoomed the scope to max magnification, placed the crosshairs on the cooler, and slowly squeezed the trigger. I braced myself for the recoil equivalent of a Mike Tyson punch. I wasn't sure how much trigger pull there was on the weapon, so I pulled. And pulled a little more.

No click.

Nada.

Turned out that my boneheaded buddy had never even fired the thing, and the firing pin was broken or had been removed. Not to be deterred, I picked up his Barrett M107, a .50 caliber sniper rifle that was resting nearby, put a couple of rounds in the magazine and racked it. Normally, I don't check the barrels of long guns, but

something didn't sound right. I had a feeling this guy didn't actually know shit about his own weapons, so I took the magazine out, racked the action, and looked down the business end of the rifle with a flashlight. Sure enough, there was a squib (unfired bullet) lodged in the barrel. Had I pulled the trigger on that sniper rifle, it probably would have blown my face off and injured others nearby.

This adventure was not going as planned.

It's a weird feeling knowing that you just saved your own life. I felt like the universe was telling me not to do this, but I'd paid for the truck, buried the explosives, and everyone was waiting for the show. Stopping wasn't really an option.

We tried a 300 Blackout, but at that range, the bullet had slowed down too much to detonate the Tannerite. The last thing we had was a 5.56, but we were too far away to use that as well. Our short, fat, bald friend Slinger volunteered to go closer and put the old truck out of its misery.



Semi-truck explosion.

He waddled down the hill, slipping a couple of times in the loose gravel and dirt. And then *BAM!* He sent the semi's engine block into the clouds like an intercontinental missile. The explosion was deafening and essentially disintegrated all but the frame of the semi. If there were any Nevada old-timers within a mile, they probably thought the government was testing nuclear bombs like in the fifties.

"This might cause a problem," someone said. For once, we all agreed and didn't dick around. We calmly and quietly got the fuck out of that canyon.



Chapter 68

Art Basel

Ianding in Miami for Art Basel, my crew on the plane was digital strategist Ben Stevens, my assistant Jeremy, a dude named Claude for security, and two women named Brittney and Christine. Brittney was a skinny college girl with huge real tits who happened to live with her fiancée. We had been hooking up for almost a year but kept it quiet. Christine was gorgeous but a monogamous-type girl, so we decided after hooking up a few times to just be friends.

A Ferrari, a Range Rover, and a Rolls Royce were waiting when my plane landed. In the past, I would've paid for regular rentals, but now exotics were coming to me completely free—another perk of fame. We checked into the hotel. I smoked a joint, ordered room service, and went a couple rounds with Brittney.

I was eating breakfast around noon in my suite with the girls when Ben knocked on the door. He said that Patrick Schwarzenegger, Wiz Khalifa, and Miley Cyrus were in town and wanted me to stop by their hotel to get high with them. There was a garbage bag full of weed on the table when we walked in because Miley had instructed her staff to never be caught with less than a full pound at any given time. Wiz rolled a couple joints, and the three of us smoked on the balcony.

The Art Basel events were boring as shit, so we left and went to LIV. Ten minutes after arriving, I met a hot blonde and quickly took her upstairs to fuck. The club was inside our hotel, so it was easy to sneak out and catch an elevator. Brittney and Christine noticed that I was gone and wanted to come looking for me, but Ben was a good soldier, and he kept the troops in line. I finished with the blonde, took a shower, and was back in the club before too long.

Critics make fun of my wardrobe, and I'll admit that maybe I don't present myself as the pinnacle of sophisticated GQ fashion. But what

those people don't understand is how nice it is to be able to fuck, change, and still have on the exact same outfit. I don't like to shower and put on clothes that aren't fresh. So imagine the shit I would have to deal with if I changed into five different outfits in one night. By sticking to a consciously restrained wardrobe of cargo pants, T-shirts, and swim trunks, I can look the same every time I return to the party. Plus, it makes packing easier, and it's one less thing I have to think about. Most people don't see all the angles; they see the surface and make assumptions.

Leonardo DiCaprio told a mutual friend that he wanted to meet me, and I was thrilled. But between the impossibly loud music and the Quaaludes I had eaten, I couldn't communicate for shit. I felt like a slurring retard. Not knowing what to say, I offered him one of my few precious Quaaludes. He politely declined after telling me he'd never tried them before. We yelled, smiled, and raised our eyebrows like we were communicating for about thirty seconds. I gave him a fist bump and headed back to my table. I couldn't help but find it ironic that the guy who informed the younger generation about Ludes had never even eaten one.

I wish I had a better DiCaprio story, but a woman did tell me that a few months prior, she was in a club with him when he was growing out his beard for *The Revenant*. She told me he jumped on the table and shouted, "I have this beard and all these women! I'm like Dan Bilzerian!" I didn't believe her at the time, but he knew who I was, and it'd be a strange thing to make up. If you were to tell my younger self that Leonardo DiCaprio would be impersonating me in a nightclub, I would have told you to lay off the crack pipe. But strange things were happening.

German, a Miami promoter, told me a billionaire client of his had a yacht and wanted to party with me. German had lined up a yacht filled with girls every time I went to Miami, and every time, I was fucking in one of the staterooms within an hour of getting on the boat. One time I came out of the shower in a towel, and two girls I hadn't even spoken to just ripped the towel off of me and both started sucking my dick. It was like that when you're on a boat with forty drunk girls and only three or four guys. I would rarely close the door,

and girls would sometimes come in while I was fucking and ask to join or just jump in uninvited. I was never a big fan of group sex because I found it kind of distracting, but getting your nuts or ass licked while you're fucking or getting a blowjob is nice.

On a boat in Miami.



That night, we were back at LIV, and lots of Art Basel people where there. It was December 6, 2014, and I was about to turn thirty-four in a half an hour. A friend handed me a magnum of Dom Perignon, and

I started drinking right from the bottle. Brittney the college girl and my friend Christine were to my right.

A worked-up brunette yelled at Christine, “You can’t stand next to him all night!”

“Yes, I can. I came here with him.”

The brunette said to get out of the way, but Christine wouldn’t budge. Frustrated, the girl sucker punched Christine in the face and yanked her off the booth by her hair. Christine fell five feet onto the concrete floor, and the lunatic pounced on her and started punching her in the face. It all happened fast, and I couldn’t pull her away since I was on stage, so I tried to kick the crazy bitch off, but she was too far away. I was at least able to help Christine up and back into the booth, only to find that Brittney had been knocked off as well.

Claude called the club security over and explained what happened. Christine was pretty banged up and wanted to press charges, so the cops were called. When they arrived, we all went into a quiet room in the back of the club.

“Miami code states if two people get into a fight, and one of them wants to press charges, we have to take both parties involved to jail,” the police officer explained.

Understandably, Christine didn’t want to go to jail, even though she was the victim. So she decided not to press charges. The other woman didn’t have a scratch on her and acknowledged that she wasn’t actually hit by anyone. Everyone was free to go.

Someone in the club sent a grainy video to a gossip site. On the tape, you can see me kick out into the air, and the site posted that I had kicked the woman in the face. The site was run by a scumbag who went by the name Nik Richie. Nik reached out to the girl and told her to sue me and got her an ambulance chaser attorney who worked on contingency. He told her to go to the hospital. A full forty-eight hours after the incident, she went to the emergency room and then called the police, claiming that I’d kicked her in the eye. That bogus story was posted again on the site and then picked up by newspapers. They reported that I fled the club before the police arrived, which was ridiculous because I spoke to both officers and the conversation was

documented in the report. Moral of the story: Never trust what you read in the media unless you were there.

Fueling this bullshit inferno was Nik, who started the fire in the first place by misrepresenting a poorly-shot video. He wanted to be famous and wrote a book, but no one bought it. He married the daughter of an actor and tried a reality show, but no one watched it. So he focused on a website to call out hookers and spread nightclub gossip. He had tried to attach himself to me in any way possible over the last year. And after this incident in Miami, he claimed to be so troubled by my alleged behavior that he planned to donate to a women's charity.

Nik, though, was more concerned with looking like he supported women than actually supporting them. The false information he posted about people led to a lot of pain, to women getting fired, to women attempting suicide. Instead of changing his ways, the power went to his head. He extorted women, public figures, and nightclubs for money if they wanted the incorrect and defamatory articles removed. And one of those people was me. Months prior, he told a mutual friend, Justin Smith, that he would remove my articles and not post about me if I paid him \$5,000. It was an inconsequential amount of money, but I told him to fuck off on principle. He was accustomed to people giving in to his threats, so it pissed him off when I said no. He attacked me and everyone around me, including Victoria, making her life very difficult.

Nik constantly posted about me until one day he fucked up. He posted that a woman had come forward stating that I'd given her chlamydia. His usual strategy for avoiding repercussions is that he would claim he wasn't the author of the post. He said he just provided the forum but that individuals posted the content so he couldn't be held responsible. However, the woman publicly stated that she had never been to the website or made the posts he attributed to her. Plus, I had five years' worth of clean medical records with monthly STD checks. And of course, Nik was unable to provide an IP address of the supposed poster because he wrote it himself. I had him dead to rights. I sued him and the site for two solid years until he ran out of money,

the owners of the site fired him, and he had to slither back to the desert from whence he came.

But at that moment in Miami, with the crazy nightclub scene, he started a deluge of bad publicity. And as a result, the police opened an investigation into the Miami nightclub incident, which infuriated me to no end. That crazy bitch had attacked my friend unprovoked, and I would have been fully comfortable kicking her and facing the appropriate consequences. But to face this much heat for a swing that did not make contact was almost unbearable.

“Fire up the jet, I’m going to Nassau,” I told the pilots.

The plan was to fly to the Bahamas, relax, and disappear for some quiet. But I still read the articles and saw the online comments, so being in a tropical paradise didn’t really put me in a better mood. No place is far enough from the Internet anymore. I’ve been hiking in remote mountains and still had five bars.

This was the first real negative experience in my rise to fame, and I learned another lesson: When the press runs with a story that isn’t true, there is little you can do to stop it. It’s your life, but you are no longer the expert on it. You cannot address the lies because you just bring more attention to the false story as well as the shitty publication or website. That exposure is exactly what they want. My attorneys advised a simple “no comment.” This was painful because I wanted to set the record straight. I have no problem getting hate for things that I’ve actually done. But to get shit on for fiction? That’s brutal.

We flew back to Los Angeles, and I was lying with Brittney on the pull-out couch while Christine sat on the other side of the plane, still sporting a black eye from the assault in Miami. We began the descent to the LAX airport, and I couldn’t help but wonder if I was going to have any issues. Everything seemed normal as the plane taxied down the runway and stopped in front of the customs office. I climbed out of bed, put on my shoes, and grabbed my passport and customs form from my assistant. I walked down the aisle, turned the corner left, and looked out the door of my plane. I stopped, frozen in my tracks.

There was a sea of flashing red and blue lights; at least twenty police officers and federal agents with guns were there waiting for

me. I couldn't believe my pilots didn't warn me. *What in the fuck did I just walk into?* I wondered as I walked down the steps. An ATF agent approached me and asked if I was armed. I said no. He frisked me and put me in cuffs. I asked why I was being arrested; he laughed and said, "You know why."

I was arrested right there at the airport on federal bomb-making charges for "possessing and manufacturing illegal explosive devices." At the LA county jail, I told the female cop at processing that I was a police officer. She looked at me like "Yeah, right, motherfucker." I gave her my police ID, her face changed, and they put me in isolation.

The A/C was cranked up in my cell, and I regretted not grabbing a sweater, but when I got outta bed, spending the night in jail didn't register as a possibility. I closed my eyes, but the bright fluorescent lights shined through my eyelids. As I laid there in that small cell, my mind was racing. The whole thing didn't make sense. I did not have any explosives in my possession when they surrounded my plane. The destruction of the semi-truck in Las Vegas was months ago.

When they finally gave me my phone call, I rang Tom Goldstein, and he enlisted well-known Vegas criminal defense attorney David Chesnoff, who had represented celebrities like Mike Tyson, Britney Spears, David Copperfield, and Shaquille O'Neal. Tom said he was flying to Los Angeles and for me to just sit tight while he figured everything out.

Meanwhile, the press was going crazy. From the headlines, you'd swear I was planning on blowing up the airport. Another downside of celebrity: If you appear larger than life, there's a certain type of person who wants to cut you down to their size.

The dynamic legal duo got me out the following day. Goldstein informed me that my security guard had left the box of Tannerite at the site with my address on it. That explained how they knew it was me, but it didn't change the fact that I was totally innocent, and the charges were complete bullshit. At the time, there was nothing illegal about purchasing Tannerite in any quantity, and you're allowed to destroy your own property. But there is always a risk when facing a jury. They could be biased, idiotic, jealous of my lifestyle, or annoyed by my image. Anything can happen in a courtroom. Even elementary

school kids can recite that our legal system is based on the premise that people are innocent until proven guilty. That's in theory.

I was a gambler. I made millions calculating risk and reward. And I'd seen what had happened when my father was in this same position and miscalculated. So I took the deal.

I had to plead guilty to the misdemeanor of "failure to extinguish a campfire," pay a fine, and make a public service announcement on social media telling people that blowing up semitrucks is not the intended use of Tannerite. The whole ordeal cost me over \$250,000, a night in jail, and my second amendment right for a few months. It could have been worse, but it's never fun being punished for something that isn't illegal. I understood the game: When the government goes after you, the prosecutor cares about winning, not about right and wrong.



Chapter 69

School Girls and a Giraffe

A few weeks after my arrest, *Lone Survivor* hit the big screen and the movie was well received. My part, however, was a far cry from the eight minutes and eighty words I was promised. The one line that remained was something Marcus fabricated, which as information surfaced, proved to be a reoccurring theme.

In the book, Marcus claimed there were two hundred Taliban fighters, but the after-action report and ground intelligence indicated only eight to ten.

¶

Marcus claimed they “killed fifty or more”; however, there were no reports of any enemy casualties. Mohammad Gulab, the Afghan villager who saved Marcus and housed him until he was rescued, told *Newsweek* Marcus’s book was inaccurate. “While Luttrell wrote that he fired round after round during the battle,” Gulab says, “the former SEAL still had eleven magazines of ammunition when the villagers rescued him—all that he had brought on the mission.”

¶ R.M. Schneiderman, “Marcus Luttrell’s Savior, Mohammad Gulab, Claims ‘Lone Survivor’ Got It Wrong,” *Newsweek*, May 11, 2016, <https://www.newsweek.com/2016/05/20/mohammad-gulab-marcus-luttrell-navy-seal-lone-survivor-operation-red-wings-458139.html>.

True story or not, a deal is a deal. Director Peter Berg didn’t give me the screen time he’d promised even though I gave him the million dollars he repeatedly asked me for, so I had to sue Randall Emmett—who Peter also fucked over—because he was the one that I had the

contract with. Before I had my day in court, they paid back my original \$1 million investment plus \$500,000 for interest. Even though the movie has brought in over \$150 million, they still have not paid me a single dollar on the 3 percent backend I own. I should have taken Clarence's advice: Don't invest in films. Movie studios maintain multiple sets of books, and they almost always fuck over investors. Even though I did it for the acting role and not for the money, they managed to screw me over on that too.

Randall was unbothered by the lawsuit and offered me a role in a movie called *Extraction* with Bruce Willis in exchange for a personal Instagram shout-out (the guy has no shame). He did a lot of super cheap flicks in states that offered 30 percent rebates for shooting on location. Let's say the movie had a \$10 million budget; Randall would pay a big name like Bruce Willis \$4 million to shoot all of his scenes in one day. They would put the star's face on the box and presell the foreign rights for \$7 million. After the state issued the \$3 million rebate, Randall would have recouped his entire investment and have a freeroll on domestic sales. The movies were usually shit and too many could sink an actor's career if they weren't careful. But guys like Bruce Willis still did a bunch of those, hoped for the best, and tucked some cash away, figuring fuck it, \$4 million for a single day of work is good pay.

I played a CIA agent with some fight scenes, including one with Kellan Lutz from *Twilight*. Bruce's one day of work was a disaster. He hadn't memorized the lines, so he had to read off a teleprompter. At one point, he accidentally read the stage directions.

"I'm not going to let you take the chip!" Bruce barked and then continued, "John looks nervous and turns to the right..."

Everyone was watching as Willis got more and more flustered until Randall took him into the trailer. After a couple bottles of wine to calm his nerves, he finally came back out and finished his scenes.

I grew up watching Bruce Willis movies, so it was interesting to watch him on this side of the screen. He obviously didn't take the movie seriously, but it made me feel better about my shit performance on Cassavetes movie, now knowing even the biggest actors can have bad days.

When I got back to Hollywood, I threw a party to let off steam. Every time I had an event, I tried to outdo the last one. And the last one had alligators, topless mermaids, porcupines, and hundreds of hot half-naked girls. But summer was coming, and it was time to crank it up. This time I got a giraffe, Steve Aoki to DJ, and literally had yellow school busses full of college girls showing up at the gate. I had set the theme for this party: body paint or schoolgirl outfits only.

The guy who plays Vince on *Entourage* showed up, and it felt like an episode of the show. At one point, I was in my closet getting my dick sucked by a couple girls, and I looked over, and an A-list celebrity action star was getting his dick sucked too. It was funny because he was still wearing his sunglasses in my dark-ass closet. I didn't bother to put on clothes when I finished.



Steve Aoki.



The bus.

My bed had a bunch of girls in it, one being Lindsey Pelas. She had seen so much at this point that she didn't even flinch when I walked by her butt-naked. On the way to my shower, I passed a couple of

topless girls talking to Ludacris. I grabbed a towel, and he reached out for a handshake. I wasn't quite sure where my hand had been, so I gave him a fist bump and stumbled by.



Steve Aoki, Vin Diesel, and Ludacris.

After my shower, I put on a robe and went to the kitchen to eat something. There were girls walking around wearing eight-inch skirts, heels, and nothing else; others were just wearing a little bit of body paint, and there were a few that weren't wearing anything at all. Almost every girl there was centerfold-worthy; even the bartenders were agency models. I don't know who hired them, but there were body-painted girls with lamp shades on their heads standing where

my lamps used to be. It was a hell of a turnout, and everyone seemed to be having a good time.

When I went back to my bedroom, which had morphed into a VIP section, I saw a long line of girls waiting to get in. The line was wrapped all the way down the hall to the front door. I cherry-picked a few of the hottest ones, and security stepped aside, letting us in.

My bedroom was all reflective glass windows, so we could see the whole party but they couldn't see us. There was so much going on, it was hard to decide who or what I wanted to do. Tina, a tiny little brunette with huge tits and a bubble ass, was calling me over, so I climbed into bed with her and about five other girls.

I fumbled around on my nightstand for my bong and filled the bowl with weed. Tina went under the covers and started giving me a blowjob while some of the other girls started migrating over. I smoked a few hits of Tangerine Dream and tossed my robe on the floor. Tina got on top of me while two girls I didn't know made out with each other to my right.

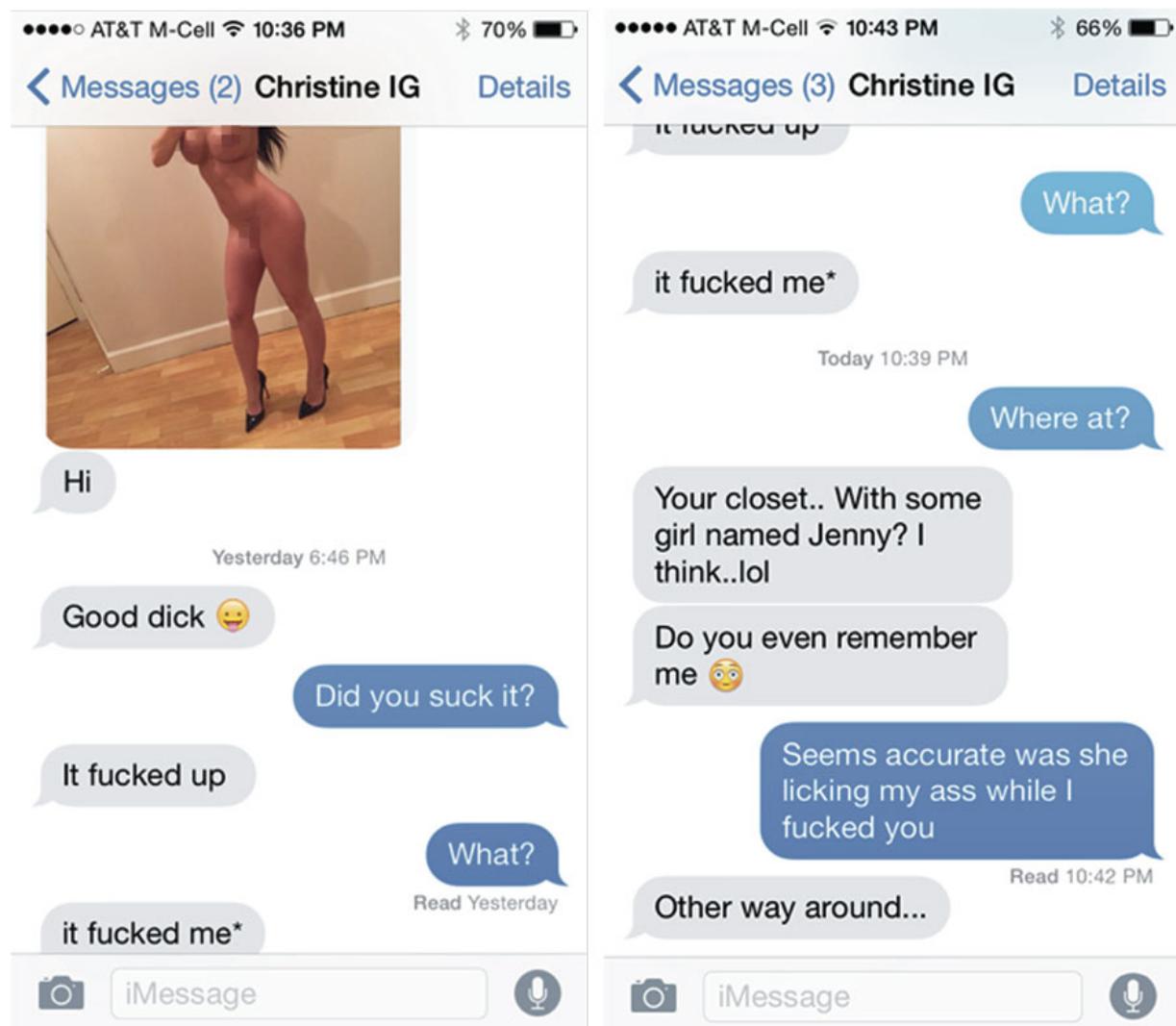
After a bit, I pushed her off and let the two make-out girls suck my dick, and then I started fucking Tina again. I saw some girl with great real tits at the base of the bed watching, so I pulled her over, and we started kissing. I was playing with her enormous tits while banging Tina. Her tits were so damn nice and I planned on fucking her, but I didn't get around to it.

You may have noticed that most of my hookup stories are similar, and you aren't wrong. Almost every time it's kissing, hand on the dick, blowjob, and then sex. I never eat girls out; I rarely finger them unless I'm in a relationship. I know that might sound fucked up, but I figured if a girl doesn't get wet sucking my dick, then she's just not into me enough. Also I'm really good at fucking and not much else, so I'd rather just get to that.

There were at least fifty girls at the party that I'd hooked up with before, so there was no shortage of options. I usually tried to get new ones at the parties, but the girls were all so hot, it didn't matter too much to me at this point. I found that as long as I rotated between girls, I could go months or years hooking up with the same girls and

never get tired of it. Plus if I waited long enough, it was like fucking a new girl since I'd forgotten what the sex was like.

When I woke up, the house was a mess. There was everything from cake in the pool to a fresh pile of shit by the side of the house because evidently someone thought the bathroom line was too long. It usually took a full day to clean up the house, but this one took two and a half. It was the biggest party I'd thrown yet, and for days afterward, I received crazy text messages reminding me of what I had done.



BJ BALDWIN

Professional Auto Racer, Two-Time Baja 1000 Winner

Dan's parties were always over-the-top fun. There were always awesome people there. Very interesting. Always friendly. And the women—let's just say I didn't know they made women that gorgeous.

One of many examples was a charity poker party packed full of celebrities. It became so packed that the people he was tight with ended up migrating to his bedroom, which was usually exclusively reserved for Dan's spectacular experimental sexual encounters with incredibly beautiful women. Most men would cut their finger off for a chance to have one of these women kick them in the nuts. And some of these women acted like they would walk through a wall of bullets just to have the opportunity to drink Dan's piss. Lmao. I'm sure it was problematic at times, but given the caliber of women in pursuit, I think that's a problem all men would like to have.

That night I was looking for Dan, and I found him in his closet being sexually assaulted by five of the most beautiful women I have ever seen, and all of the most favorable activities men pray for, were being done to him...and all at the same time. There was no room for additional lips or mouths to be placed anywhere on him. I opened the door, asked him the question, he answered like nothing was happening, I thanked him, closed the door, and immediately forgot what he said because I was still processing what I just saw. Four years later, I'm still processing. Lol.

Over the years, I would go to events where I was very well known for winning Baja 1000's, off-road championships, and my firearm proficiency. At every one of these events, people would ask about Dan, the bulk of the questions being "What's

Dan up to?" I got it frequently enough to where my standard response evolved into "Just got off the phone with him. He's having sex with models."



Chapter 70

“Fame Brain”

I was invited to attend the White House Correspondents' Dinner, and I needed a date since Victoria and I had broken up. My lifestyle and the open relationship were making her miserable. I knew we were at a crossroads: Either I had to get exclusive with her or set her free. And since I wasn't capable of doing the first, I decided to stop dragging her though so much heartache. My videographer Jay Rich suggested that I take Jessa because not only was she beautiful, but she was also well spoken and she carried herself well. Jessa accepted as long as it would be just the two of us attending.

After we had separated for good, Jessa moved to Los Angeles to pursue her modeling career, and we hadn't talked much since. When Jessa pulled up to the plane, I could tell she was impressed but didn't want to admit it. She sarcastically gave me shit about being ostentatious while flashing me her signature smile. I replied by lighting a blunt held in a long quellazaire (cigarette holder), and we both started laughing like no time had passed.

On the flight to D.C., she told me she was on a photo shoot, and the photographer instructed her to “do it more sexy, like Dan Bilzerian style.” She stopped immediately.

“What did you just say?”



Jessa.

"There's this guy on Instagram with an amazing lifestyle. He always has beautiful women around looking sexy. See, look." He'd pulled up my social media profile and tried to educate her.

"I know who he is, asshole. Dan is my ex!"

The photographer peppered her with questions about me until she stormed off the set. The pain and frustration in her voice when she recounted that story was, I will admit, enjoyable. Jessa had, in my opinion, chosen modeling, LA, and her own pursuit of fame over our

relationship. That had always bothered me. So I moved to her city, and I became so famous that she couldn't even do her job without hearing my name. Meanwhile, I'd also fucked the majority of the big-name models she had to work with. She couldn't avoid me. I had officially accomplished all my goals for creating the Instagram profile. I'd gotten big enough that no one could ignore me, even her. In short, I Gatsby-ed her ass.

Although I sometimes responded to the women pounding my Instagram DMs (direct messages) with naked pictures, I never initiated contact, barring three exceptions. One woman that I made an exception for was Sarah, a model who provided sports updates with fruit rollups on her tits or strategically ripped up dresses. We'd spoken at length, and she was a really intelligent woman who used to be a boxer.

She lived on the East Coast, and we hadn't been able to link up yet, but we both extended standing invitations if either of us was ever in the vicinity. I told her I was traveling to Washington, D.C., for the event, and my assistant bought her a plane ticket to come down. Jessa and I were getting along, and I wasn't sure how I would manage the Sarah situation. But if necessary, I would just be honest. It's not like Jessa didn't know I hooked up with other women.

I had a jam-packed schedule in the nation's capital. Jessa wanted to sleep in, so I asked Sarah to join me in the morning for a meeting with Senator Rand Paul from Kentucky. We played some liar's poker and hung out briefly. Afterward, Sarah and I climbed into a luxury Sprinter van for a three-hour drive south to Richmond, Virginia. A poker pal named Ron Devine owned a couple of NASCAR teams, and after losing to me in a poker game, he painted my face and my pet goats on one of the cars as my preferred method of payment. Ron met us at the main gate for the racetrack, gave us all access passes, and took us to his team area. I hadn't said anything to Sarah about the car's paint scheme, so when we approached it, she burst out laughing.

Drivers in the pit asked me for photographs, and I was happy to take them. I knew that the more attention I garnered, the more Sarah would want to fuck me. Not because she was a groupie, but just because it's human nature.



Clarence once explained a phenomenon he referred to as “fame brain.” He’d been around a lot of actors and business leaders, and he noticed that attraction increased in proportion to the eagerness of others around a person. You may have heard the term preselection—basically, people who have met certain criteria are more trusted and thus have more access. For example, if you’re a college student at Yale, other college students will have accepted you for a variety of things just because you go to Yale. It’s “you have gone through a

process and are deemed worthy by others, so I accept that judgment to be true.” People don’t consciously think of this; we unconsciously, all the time make judgments about people’s “value” based on preselection.

Fame brain is a very acute form of preselection. It’s one thing to be admitted into an exclusive school club; it’s another to have everyone everywhere recognize you and ask to take pictures with you. Girls/guys see this, and they immediately and unconsciously give you a lot of respect and have a desire to be near to, talk with, or have sex with you. How many times have you seen some charity enlist a clueless actor to speak on their behalf in Congress? They are using fame brain to their advantage. No matter who you are, you will be affected at some level.

Let’s say that a woman named Jennifer lusts after David Beckham. She witnesses another woman flirting with Beckham, some guy wanting to shake his hand, and a CEO trying to strike a deal. Jennifer already had the hots for Beckham. Maybe she planned on being coy, waiting a while, making sure she thought he respected her as a person first. But after observing those other people fawn over him and knowing her time with him may be scarce, Jennifer’s desire will increase until it becomes a momentary obsession. And if he knows how to play his role in this, she will pursue and throw down with him at the first possible opportunity.

I know because I experienced the same phenomenon. Women who would barely speak to me would now take my hand and lead me to a bedroom. They went from passive to aggressive real quick. My objective had been met. I was famous, and getting laid now took zero effort. I could hook up with virtually any woman I wanted.

We watched the race from pit row which was as close to the action as you could get. On the way back to the trailer, I made sure we walked by the crowd, knowing exactly what would happen. People shouted my name, shook my hand, and asked for pictures. I wasn’t about to go against the science of preselection or fame brain. So I worked with it. And sure enough, Sarah’s arm was around me before we even reached the trailer.

Some might view my strategy as overkill, and perhaps it is. But it's not simply about the act of getting laid. For me, the turn-on is when a woman is *really* into me, when she's ready to explode with lust just at the chance to be with me. I never cared if a woman had some exotic technique, was double-jointed, or could wrap her legs around her head. I'm not impressed with parlor tricks. It's the energy, the enthusiasm, and the passion that excites me. The more she wants it, the better our sex will be, and the more she'll want to please me. That yearning for deep desire is one reason why I never liked hookers. Paying for sex could, and would, make life easier, but I only enjoy it when women *want* me. It's probably rooted in insecurity from my childhood, from longing to be wanted or not getting enough attention, but it's led to so many unbelievable experiences that I've made peace with it.

Back at the hotel, Sarah and I went to our separate rooms because I was playing it cool. Walking down the hall, I realized her jacket was inside mine, so I went back to knock on her door. She answered wearing only a thong and fruit rollups on her huge tits. I'm a sucker for fruit rollups, and I was helpless under her fruity neon spell. After we fucked, I took a shower and hoped that Jessa wouldn't want sex the minute I walked in. If so, I figured I could probably delay that with a room service order, and then I'd be ready for a second round.

The actual White House Correspondents' Dinner itself was a bore. I had to wear a tuxedo and bowtie, which I hate, and stand in lines for the crazy security. Jessa looked great even though she wore a cheap white dress that looked like something her grandmother had sewn together using her curtains. She was so gorgeous that no one noticed. She wore five-inch heels, making her look six-two and me look short. But I expected nothing less.

It was crowded, and people kept coming over wanting to talk to me, so I took some Valium to make this miserable experience more tolerable. I snored and drooled on the table during President Obama's speech. Jessa woke me up by shaking me.

"You're snoring, you horse's ass!" she said quietly, trying not to laugh. All I wanted to do was get the fuck out of that place and get high in my hotel room. We left early to have sex and eat room service.

I got back to LA, and some liberal followers were upset that I'd gone to the NRA museum while I was in Washington, so I posted a pic of this hot girl feeding me grapes and said, "Focus on your job, it's a weekday you simple fucks."



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April 28, 2015



Chapter 71

Texas Tim

I'd been hanging out with a former Miss New York pageant girl named Luciana, a skinny Columbian who was exactly my type—skinny with big tits, a beautiful face, and long legs. She was 5'7" but couldn't have weighed more than 110 pounds. She was the perfect girl to have around because she looked totally harmless, and all the girls thought she was gorgeous, so she got away with doing wild shit. Luciana would get naked and make everyone do shots. I remember watching her randomly go down on a girl in my kitchen once, totally unprovoked. The girl had a PhD in turning up.

She hit me up as soon as I got back from D.C. and said she wanted to come by with her girlfriend. I knew that meant a threesome, but I was kinda tired and told her I wanted to fuck her solo. She called me a pussy and said she wanted to bring her friend. So not wanting to be a pussy, I agreed.

She brought over a really well-known model with tens of millions of followers, and we had a threesome. I was kind of shocked she was down, because her boyfriend was really famous, but I shouldn't have been so surprised. It seemed like almost every girl I met cheated.

LIN OEDING
Director, Stunt Coordinator

Dan's Blue Jay house sat about as high in the Hollywood Hills as any house could, and because of that, the view was breathtaking. I had a girlfriend, but it was a hell of a place to be a fly on the wall. I'm not a professional bartender, but I do

mix a pretty good vodka, cran cocktail, so I heard a lot of wild stories at the bar. Married women who were given a hall pass from their husbands to sorority girls who made flying to LA to party with a guy they only knew from the Internet sounds like some kind of foreign exchange trip. But crazier than all the stories I'd heard was what I witnessed.

I saw so many surprising things, and I'm not talking about orgies; the house wasn't some crazy sex dungeon like some might think. I'm more talking about the interactions and girls behaving in a way that I'd never previously experienced. One night, Dan was sitting on the couch across the room chatting with a woman. I was manning the bar when suddenly, I was startled by a voice.

"Hey! You're friends with Dan, right?" She sounded rushed, like it was some sort of emergency.

I spun around and saw an absolutely drop-dead gorgeous blonde leaning over the bar.

Before I could even get a word in, she continued, "Can you help me? I need to sleep with Dan!"

I was sure I'd heard her correctly and couldn't help but laugh. I texted Dan even though he was twenty feet away and said, This gorgeous blonde is insisting that she sleep with you lol.

He looked over and replied with one word only: Nah.

I gave her the bad news in as tactful a way as possible. I could tell just by looking at her that she'd probably never been told "No" by a guy in her life—and certainly not when the question was "Wanna have sex?"

She explained that she was in LA doing a photoshoot for a major brand and was flying out tomorrow morning, so she had to sleep with Dan—tonight! She was getting more frantic by the minute as she began thinking out loud, plotting desperate schemes to get Dan's attention, like some sort of perverted Wile E. Coyote.

"Text him and say its urgent," she pleaded with me. "Tell him I just want to have sex, nothing more! If he's too busy

right now, ask if he would consider a raincheck if I come back later tonight?"

I pulled out my phone and relayed the message to Dan. We waited for his response in silence.

Moments later, I got another one-word reply: "Busy." I looked up from my phone and felt sorry for her as she was ready to sacrifice life and limb all for a night with him, and what did she have to show for it? A seat at the bar, alone, venting to the bartender. Had it been a guy in that seat, it would have been completely normal—if not expected and a bit creepy. But this Australian bombshell of a woman? That's some parallel universe shit only seen under Dan Bilzerian's roof.

Thankfully, this story has a happy ending. She said she was staying near the "W Hotel" and I'd mentioned that a buddy of mine, Steve, was having a party in that area. I felt a bit like a game show host offering a consolation prize, but she seemed happy to take Steve's contact information. What happened after that is Steve's story—one he loves to tell—which begins with "Dan Bilzerian and his absurdly high standards led to the best night of my life..."

A couple days later, I fired up the jet and went to Vegas because a billionaire Texan named Tim was in town. He did the wildest shit you could imagine. One time, he threw \$200,000 worth of casino chips into a pool and told the women they could keep whatever they grabbed, but they had to dive in naked. People on fire don't strip down as quickly as those women did. Another time, Tim set up a glass phone booth in his hotel suite. He attached a leaf blower and fired in a bunch of \$100 bills. The women could get in the booth and keep whatever they could hold, but they had to be completely naked. It was hilarious to watch. They tucked the bills in their armpits and between their legs, but it was a struggle because every time they would reach for more, some dollars would drop.

He also had some challenges that involved fully clothed adults. A model perusing the wine list announced how much she really liked good wine.

“You’re a big wine connoisseur, huh? I’ll give you \$40,000 if you can tell the difference between red and white wine,” Tim wagered. “But if you can’t, you have to pack your shit and take a cab back to Los Angeles.”

The girl feigned confidence as she put on the blindfold and promptly failed the test. Even just with a guess, she had a fifty-fifty chance of getting it correct. Tim didn’t hesitate. He had the gorgeous model thrown out of his hotel room and sent home.

Another example was his trip with a limo full of women to Louis Vuitton. Tim told them they could have anything in the store, but they only had five minutes to get it to the counter. The girls went from classy to Jerry Springer in about point two seconds. They fought for bags and tripped as they sprinted to get their hauls to the checkout counter.

His disregard for money was like nothing I had ever seen before. He offered a woman \$350,000 to let him fuck her in the ass. He bought 150 bottles of Dom Perignon at a club, got bored after five minutes, and left all the booze sitting there. The guy was an animal.

During this particular escapade in Las Vegas, I learned that Tim had rented every bungalow on the left side of an ultra-pool at the MGM Grand. He paid half a million dollars for the bar tab, but that wasn’t the most expensive part of the day. It was his girlfriend’s birthday, and Tim hired the Navy SEAL Leap Frogs parachute team to skydive into the pool with her attached to one of the divers.

Consider that for a moment.

You would need a waiver or approval from the City of Las Vegas to jump into a no-jump zone. You’d have to get clearance from McCarran International Airport, approval from the MGM Grand, and insurance in case something went wrong. Then you would have to obtain approval from the United States military to allow highly-trained, very expensive active duty soldiers to jump into a civilian pool for no reason other than for a woman’s amusement.

That’s some fucking juice.

Lots of people talk big about doing crazy shit. A few actually do it. But nobody did shit like Tim.

The SEALS did their job, professional and nonplussed as expected. They landed in the pool of the day club, folded up their chutes, and started drinking beer. I stood there in disbelief.

Later that night, we planned to head to the Floyd Mayweather and Manny Pacquiao fight, the “Battle of Greatness.” Tim had done contests all week to select five women to attend the fight. He gave each woman a \$500,000 necklace attached to a leash so he could stroll in with the ladies in tow. In the end, Tim didn’t even show up.

Tim stayed in town for a few days, partying everywhere. One night, Noah a promoter buddy of mine, hit me up, saying that he and Tim were going to a club and asked if I wanted to join. I went over and it was like forty girls, a couple of Tim’s friends, and the security at the table. Tim didn’t show up, but his girlfriend was there. She was good friends with Samantha, and she also used to work at my poker games.

I was at the booth, sitting on top, and Tim’s girlfriend was sitting between my legs on the bench cushion. After a couple glasses of champagne, she reached back and started rubbing my dick. I wasn’t going to fuck her, she was just flirting, but one of the security guards saw it and informed Tim.

We left the club and headed back to Tim’s villa. The security told me I wasn’t allowed in the villa, presumably because of the dick-grabbing incident. But the next night, Noah said he talked to Tim, and he wasn’t pissed. He said it was all good and invited me over.

There were 150 models and maybe only ten of Tim’s people there. After a five minutes, I hooked up with a woman in the bathroom. She dropped to her knees and sucked my dick. But when I started to put on a condom to fuck her, she said no. I did my usual thing, which was be cool and leave. I found another girl, tumbled into a bedroom, and she sucked my dick on the bed. As soon as I grabbed a condom, she said no. Exact same thing. Not wanting to deal with any more bullshit, I grabbed a girl I’d fucked in the past. When she pulled the same stunt, my head started to spin.

“Are these bitches allergic to latex all of a sudden, or what?”

In total, about four or five women did this. I got so pissed off that I left and went home to jerk off like a loser.

The next day, I debriefed with Noah.

“What the fuck was going on last night?”

He said he hadn’t heard anything weird. Everyone had a good time.

“Two of these women had literally begged me to fuck them before. I’m so confused,” I went on.

Noah let me go on and on until he couldn’t contain himself anymore. He laughed hysterically for a solid minute before finally revealing that Tim had paid every single female at the party to *not* fuck me. I felt like I’d been trying to solve a puzzle or figure out a magic trick and now that I had the answer, it seemed so obvious. I couldn’t help but laugh. It was genius.



Chapter 72

A Hurricane of Hedonism

Todd Phillips, the man responsible for *The Joker*, asked if I wanted to be in the movie *War Dogs*. The role would entail me beating the shit out of Jonah Hill and Miles Teller in the same Miami nightclub where that woman attacked my friend Christine. Todd was a cool guy, always fun to hang out with, and very down to earth. He was the complete opposite of so many of the pretentious Hollywood douchebags I'd met. All in all, it was a good reason to visit South Florida.

Todd Phillips and Jonah Hill on the set of War Dogs.



I brought Luciana, who always brought fellow pageant girls into the mix. She loved to bring in other girls, and she was a huge instigator, but the best part was she was no drama. Women like her don't come around often; it's rare to find a hot girl like that who isn't a headache.

I always had good orgy etiquette. Fuck your girl first before her friends and give her the most attention. For this trip, Luciana invited Miss Florida, an innocent, recently single twenty-one-year-old who'd

only slept with a handful of guys prior. We had a threesome the first night, spent the day on a yacht, and then went out on a fan boat in the Everglades that night.

Our guide brought a giant spotlight to shine on the alligators. A normal motor would spook them, but the dull humming of the fan boat propellers mesmerized the reptiles. When we hit them with the floodlight, they'd freeze like a deer on the road. You could tell how big the gator was by how far apart its eyes were. I'd grown up in Florida and had played with gators my whole life. Ben Stevens got a cool video of me holding a six-foot alligator I'd grabbed, but upon review, my lawyer said it could be considered "molesting wildlife." I thought that would sound strange to have on my record, so I never posted the clip.

After a fun week in Miami, I returned to Los Angeles where a girl named Skye and her big-titted blond Canadian friend were waiting at my house for me. Skye had told her friend good things, and a threesome quickly ensued. We all ended up back at my house that night after the club with some random girls and Samantha. Skye and her friend were texting me to come fuck them in my guest room while I hooked up with a tall skinny blonde who later passed out in my bed. She woke up when I started fucking Samantha and ended up joining in. It's always interesting to witness the reaction of a woman waking up to you fucking a different girl. At first, they're confused. And you might think they'd get pissed off. But as long as the other girl is hot, they rarely seem to mind.

In the aftermath, around one in the afternoon, Jay Rich came into the room and just started laughing. He lifted his phone and took a picture without hesitation. I'd just gotten out of bed, and the room was demolished. It looked like a storm had blown through. Pillows and clothes were strewn about the floor. A stiletto heel was stuck in the side of my bed. Two naked girls were passed out face down while I looked at the mess half confused and half amused.

This candid picture was a perfect representation of what my life had become. A hurricane of sex and partying.



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May 22, 2015



Chapter 73

You're Gonna Need a Bigger Boat

Tom Goldstien was hired to defend a Chinese billionaire held in Las Vegas on bookmaking charges. If Tom could get an acquittal, he would earn \$10 million. But if he lost, he'd get nothing. After an intense eleven-month trial, he won. They were going to a poker game in London to celebrate and invited me to tag along on his client's G550.

I had no idea about the client. Didn't know the man, didn't know what he got up to. But Interpol evidently did, or thought they did, and they red-flagged his plane and grounded us in Montenegro. It turned out that they suspected Tom's client of being the head of the Triad crime syndicate. During our delay, we retired to the guy's \$70 million-dollar castle, a gorgeous stone structure with terracotta tiles on the roof.

The authorities made it clear that Tom's client was not going to proceed to London anytime soon. Montenegro was nice, but after a week or two, I got bored and decided to link up with Clarence, who was on a yacht off the coast of Italy. I chartered a jet and asked Clarence how many girls he wanted me to bring.

"Bring as many as you want, the yacht is huge," Clarence replied.

I called Nico, an Italian promoter I'd met in Cannes. "Do you have any hot girls in Italy?"

"Bro, I'm in Milan," he laughed. "There is nothing *but* beautiful women here."

"Grab all that you can and meet me at the port in Viareggio."

"Seriously, give me a number."

"Bring twenty women."

"Okay, see you soon."

Clarence was thrilled I was coming down, and he probably didn't think that I would truly show up with that many women in tow. I had

Luciana and Miss Florida meet me in Italy, and Nico pulled up with a fucking charter bus full of Italian models.

“You’re gonna need a bigger boat,” I told Clarence.

“Yeah, right,” he laughed.

But I was right. When the bus unloaded, he looked at me incredulously.

“Shit...I’m gonna need a bigger boat.”

Clarence actually had to charter a second yacht just to carry all the fucking women. We split the group up on the two vessels, and everyone grabbed a room. In Porto Azzurro, we went to a nightclub and just got bombarded. Those Italians went nuts, asking for photographs and selfies. I had to leave; it was just too much. Security surrounded us in a diamond formation to get us out of the craziness. On the way out, amid the mayhem, I saw two drop-dead gorgeous Italian women trying to get to me, so I pulled them into our group.

We finally made it to the van, and the two newcomers sat on either side of me.

A guy yelled at the door, “May I please make photo with you?”

I figured, *What’s one more?* so I leaned out and took the picture. He asked to join our party, and I said no.

“But that one, that one there, she is my girlfriend,” he stammered in broken English. I explained that the women were more than welcome to stay with him but he was not joining us. They looked at him, looked at me, and then turned their heads the other direction without stirring from their seats. That solved that.

We hadn’t been on the road for more than a minute, and both the girls were sucking my dick. Clarence and his date were watching and laughing in the front seat, and the girls in the back were equally surprised at the absurdity of the situation. I had literally said zero words to those women. I was pretty certain they didn’t even speak English. I just put the one girl’s hand on my dick, and they did the rest.

At the port, I zipped up and got out of the van. The jilted boyfriend was there. He’d followed our convoy, which was a bit extreme, so I told security to have a word with him, and we boarded the yacht.

Security came back and explained that one of the women was his girlfriend and that they actually lived together. He said she had the keys to their house, and he couldn't go home without them.

"Just tell the girls to take off," I said. Security came back, giggling, enjoying their work as translators.

"The women, they...they say they will not leave without fucking you."

Clarence thought this was hysterical and started laughing like a hyena. I took the two girls to my room and fucked one in the ass while the other licked my nuts and vice versa. Both women got facials, and not one single word of English was ever spoken.

I showered, threw on some shorts, and went upstairs to eat. I found Clarence on the top deck in the Jacuzzi with a bunch of topless Italian models. This trip was off to a great start, and we hadn't even left port yet.

We went to Bonifacio, which was one of the most beautiful places I had ever seen. There were huge sheer cliffs hundreds of feet high with a big medieval citadel perched on top. We did some sightseeing and returned to the boat. I fucked Miss Florida before Luciana, which upset her a bit. Luciana told Florida to go fuck Clarence and to leave me to her.

Clarence had women lined up, and he was going down on them with the doors and windows wide open. He loved to eat pussy and didn't want any privacy. There were something like seven women on Clarence's bed when I entered with Luciana. It turned into a big orgy, and Clarence and I traded off. I started fucking Florida again; Luciana got jealous for the first time and fucked Clarence to make a point.

The boats sailed at night, and each day we awakened in a new port. While at sea, the women walked around the boat essentially in the nude. Clarence could only have sex once a day, but he constantly had women on his bed waiting to get eaten out like an all you can eat pussy buffet. The girls were super horny because the more sex you see and hear, the more it's on your mind. Clarence was coming off a tough divorce, and this debauchery was just what the doctor ordered.

There were twenty-four women rotating between the two boats; Nico was on the second boat, and Clarence and I were the only guys

on the main yacht. I spent my days getting high, eating amazing food and going four to five rounds a day with beautiful women. I was having the time of my life.

CLARENCE WILSON (*NAME CHANGED*)

Hedge Fund Manager

Dan told me that more people came up to him than Mark Wahlberg as his plan unfolded, to which, internally, I was saying bullshit! But then I saw it firsthand with Dan in Italy. I was shocked, and the real craziness didn't start till later.

I witnessed a mob at a club surround our position, fighting to get into the small section we were sitting. It took a chain of over twenty bodyguards to escort us out, but then still somehow two girls managed to pile in the van we were leaving in, headed to the yacht. They immediately started tearing his pants down and blowing him in front of the five other people in the van as we drove back, nonchalantly playing it off as normal.

When we arrived, the one girl's boyfriend was hanging outside the yacht asking for the girlfriend to come back out. Not mad, just waiting. As if this was the famous "hall pass" he had to give. I witnessed the frenzy created and the competition firsthand to be with Dan. It was quite the spectacle, but it happened so often in so many different scenarios it would be boring to list them all. No rock star could compete. You may be thinking these are just crazies, but I saw the most respectful and improbable fall prey to what I referred to as "fame brain." We truly are herd animals.

Dan was like the Eiffel Tower to hedonism. Ask anyone who has visited Paris—Did they go and see the Eiffel tower or at least take a picture with it the background? You'd be hard-pressed to find anyone who had visited and didn't at least

take a picture. This was Dan; he was so famous, much like the Eiffel Tower, that you just had to see it and take a picture. Dan was Eiffel Tower of sex and partying.

You know the ride people stand in line for two hours at the theme park cause it's "the ride?" Dan is like the ride, and women were like, "There's no way I'm going to not fuck him."



Chapter 74

Presidential Tour

Before I met up with Clarence, I told my team that I was in Europe and asked them to set up some club appearances on my way back home. Ben Stevens lined-up some clubs on what he called the “Bilzerian ’16 Presidential Campaign Tour.” That’s what my campaign in the summer of 2015 was. It was an excuse to get paid to drink and fuck girls. The first stop was at my version of a convention center or hotel ballroom: The Cabana Pool Bar in Toronto.

Samantha got naked as soon as we boarded the plane. I took an Ambien, told the pilots to give us some privacy, and got to work. We were flying in from Naples after spending the week on Clarence’s yacht. I took Samantha because she never caused problems, we never fought about anything, and she was drop-dead gorgeous. Most of all, I liked that she was in medical school and had life aspirations other than modeling.



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dansbilzerian Since I left my Jet in the U.S., my business manager said 125k for the one way was a waste, that turned out to be a lie

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June 20, 2015

Samantha.

At Cabana, they had heavy security, big cardboard cutouts of my name, and a table with about twenty models and bottles waiting for us. Within fifteen minutes of arrival, I fucked a girl with an impeccable ass in a private bathroom. There was a shower, so I cleaned up, put my shorts back on, and went back to the table.

The club was wide open, and I was right in the center like a zoo animal on display. I didn't mind. I'd washed a couple 'ludes down with a Corona, so I was happy as a pig in shit. The setup was perfect. I had tons of girls at my table with dudes behind the ropes begging for pictures. Plus, I had Samantha standing next to me, looking bad as hell in an Italian bikini.



Cabana Club, Toronto.

The women couldn't help but be curious, and they had to come to me, which meant no effort. After a couple of hours hanging out, I invited the hottest girls back to my suite for an after-party. I fucked two girls in my bedroom while the rest hung out in the living room. After, I let some of the others into bed, where we smoked weed and ordered room service.

The next day, we loaded up in the jet and flew to Montreal. As soon as we landed, I went to George St. Pierre's gym and hit pads with his trainer. After, I got high, ordered room service, and had a relaxing night with Samantha at the hotel. Every now and then, I would look at my DMs. They were mostly flooded with guys wanting to hang out or asking for money. Only about 10 percent were messages from girls and of those, only about 10 percent were hot girls. It was like sifting a big river for gold, a lot of work for a small reward, but that night it was worth it.

Beachclub Montreal was a private island with a wakeboarding park on the right and a waterslide park on the left. They flew me in on a helicopter, and I told the pilot to forget landing—just hold a hover. As he did so, I dove out of the seat into the water.



Everyone went crazy, which was something I was getting used to. But I still wasn't accustomed to that much excitement just because of my presence. I never thought of myself as being special because I'm really not outstanding at anything traditional or quantifiable. I'm smart, but there are a million people more intelligent than me. I had no artistic talent; I couldn't sing, play an instrument, or act worth a shit. Looking back, it felt like I had a list of failures a mile long, hell I didn't even finish high school.

I tend to be hard on myself, probably because growing up the bar for excellence was set so unachievably high, but on that swim, I tried to be more objective. I looked at my failures and considered my accomplishments.

I wanted to be a Navy SEAL because I wanted to develop confidence and prove to my father and everyone else that I was tough. I made it to the last day of training, but I didn't play the game, so I failed. I did, however, succeed at my goals. I completed more days of training than almost any Navy SEAL, which gave me confidence, and finishing two winter hell weeks, proved by most standards, that I was a hard motherfucker.

I wanted to make a lot of money because growing up my dream was to have nice cars and cool toys like Ernie, but most importantly money represented freedom. I saw an opportunity to do this in poker, however I lacked discipline, so I failed. I went flat broke, but I got back up and played eighteen hours a day for thirty days straight until I had a bankroll and a plan. I cultivated a reputation that gained me entrance into the best games with the worst players. I worked at that strategy for thirteen years until I had more money than I knew what to do with. I now owned a jet and I had complete freedom to go or do whatever I wanted, whenever I wanted.

I wanted to get laid more because when I was younger, I got exactly zero attention from hot girls. I failed miserably for seven years straight until I learned how to get women to chase me. I utilized the power of competition, jealousy, scarcity, and ultimately the sledgehammer that was fame. The end result—I had so much sex that I had to start taking Cialis daily like a multivitamin, and even then, I still couldn't keep up with the demand.

I wanted to become famous because fame represented access, it was powerful, and I knew it would get me more pussy with even less effort. So I developed a strategy utilizing social media and digital press to become one of the most famous men in the world. After being mobbed by fans in every country and having women consistently throw themselves at me with reckless abandon; I knew I had accomplished my goal.

In BUD/S, I swam miles and miles. But I was more reflective and thought about more during that short hundred-yard swim at Beachclub Montreal than I had in all my previous swims put together. Every time I lifted my head for a quick breath, I heard the pounding music and cheering crowd. Through all the nonsense, I finally realized my talent. I had the ability to *setup* my life to get what I wanted. That was the only reason the partiers cheered for me. It doesn't sound as glamourous, but I'd much rather be good at that than at throwing a ball or playing a guitar.

When I went on stage with the DJ, the crowd went wild. They were having a blast just watching me party; it was a cool feeling and a complete 180 from my childhood. I'd come a long way since high school, and it made me happy knowing I created this reality myself.

Beachclub Montreal.



The helicopter picked up me, Samantha, and Rosie and took us straight to my plane. Rosie had lost her bikini and heads turned as she walked through the private airport topless. She'd been on the yacht with Samantha and I, but because of a passport issue, she had to fly commercial. Rosie was one of the coolest girls I've ever dated, she never got jealous or caused any problems; everyone loved Rosie.



Samantha and Rosie.

ROSIE ROFF

Model

Dan is the eye of the storm, calm and centered within a hurricane of excitement and chaos which manifests around him. Dan moves through life with complete ease, never pretending or overcompensating. He remains the same no matter how crazy or outrageous the situation. He is a beacon of stability, and there is truth in his character.

I've watched Dan swim dive off the top deck of our yacht in Italy; party in a room with twenty-five nude, beautiful, women; enjoy mushrooms peacefully on tropical beaches; play chess with Richard Branson on Necker Island; impulsively jump from a helicopter into the ocean in Bali; ride a glow-in-the-dark bicycle through the desert at Burning Man; and have a casual coffee at home with Lance Armstrong.

In a life of unadulterated hedonism and spontaneity, Dan's steadiness is magnetic. I've watched beautiful women around the world become instantly drawn to him. It's a harmonious balance of yin and yang. Order and chaos. I've always been unconventional, but I had never felt such hedonistic freedom as I did with Dan; it was pure spontaneity with no thought of anything except that moment in time. I treasure the memories and his friendship.

At my stop in New York City, I met up with a drop-dead gorgeous blonde who's DM I'd found while "sifting the river" in Montreal. She had some of the best tits I'd ever seen in my life, and we fucked straightaway at my hotel that afternoon. That night, she came to the club I was hosting. Her boyfriend showed up, and she sat in my lap in front of the dude. It can be brutal what women put these poor guys through. Men get the bad rap in dating, but I've seen women do *way* more fucked up shit, you just don't hear about it because they rarely get caught.

I brought a bunch of girls back to my hotel and hooked up with different ones in my bedroom while everyone else hung out in the living room like patients waiting on an appointment to see a doctor. Every night seemed to get crazier. The more shit I did, the more normal it started to seem.

The so-called campaign went splendidly. The clubs were happy, everyone had good times, and I felt on top of the world. I'd accomplished what I said I was going to do. I'd become world famous, and it only took me a year and a half. I was getting laid with zero effort, and with clubs forking over \$75,000 an hour, I was even getting paid to do so.



At the club in NYC.

When I'd host those events, they'd always have a table full of models waiting. I always brought some, and then there were all the other girls in the club who'd come to the table to see what all the fuss

was about. I was never a fan of nightclubs, but hosting was different. There is no better way to get laid than throwing a party, and hosting was the same as throwing a party but without the cost, headache, and cleanup.

Boston was the last appearance. It was the least prestigious booking of the tour but turned out to be the craziest. The models they provided were nowhere near as attractive as New York City and the Canadian cities, but they were wilder. They removed their dresses and pranced around in thongs with Bilzerian '16 bumper stickers on their tits.

After an hour, I grabbed some girls from the stage and headed down the hallway out of the club. A line of girls followed us out, and I picked and pointed at the ones I would let come after-party. When I was younger, this is exactly how I envisioned it would have been for rock stars backstage after their shows.

Back at the hotel room, there was Samantha, about ten cute women, and five hot ones. Samantha got into my bed, and I started fucking a girl next to her. Samantha fingered herself while watching us. When I finished, I took a shower and ordered room service. While I was waiting on the food, I banged another girl while she went down on Samantha. Some girl came in from the living room, crawled in the bed and sucked my dick to finish.

I went out to eat my food, and about twenty minutes later, Samantha came out and found me fucking another girl in the hallway of the suite while others stood around watching. Samantha was tired and wanted to go to bed in her separate room, but she discovered that her purse had been stolen in the bedlam. She phoned the front desk for an extra key, and when the bellman knocked on the door to deliver it, she stepped over me and the blonde going at it on the floor. The look on the employee's face was priceless because I didn't stop on account of him. Some dedicated fans were milling about in the hallway, and they got an eyeful as well.

I can only imagine what the White House would have looked like if I'd gotten elected, which was never going to happen. But I'm a determined motherfucker, so if I ever seriously set my mind to it...



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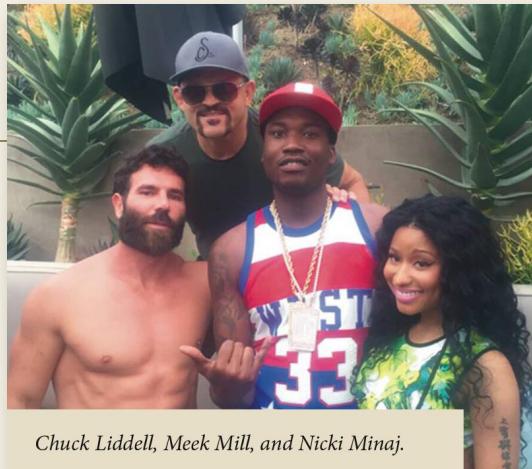
Chapter 75

Jax

My buddy Jax and I were at a pool party when Meek Mill told me, “The hood loves you,” which was one of the more surprising compliments I’d received. Growing up, I didn’t get much respect, and I certainly didn’t get any from guys in the hood. As a scrawny kid who didn’t want to be scared of anything, I looked up to the gangsters who didn’t take shit from anyone. I respected their lack of fear, and it felt good to get that respect back.

MEEK MILL Rapper

Dan inspired us just by not following the standards of the so-called American lifestyle and actually made having money look like fun with his own way of living... In the hood, we don't ask, "What you do?" Well, the real hustlers don't. We just get inspired when we see winners!



Chuck Liddell, Meek Mill, and Nicki Minaj.

Jax is Jackson Vroman, an almost seven-foot-tall power forward and center who’d been drafted by the Chicago Bulls but was playing in overseas leagues. He was the life of the party, an extremely

popular, funny guy who never had a bad word to say about anyone unless it was to their face.



Jax.

We'd become close over the last couple years living in LA. As my notoriety grew, I left my house less and less, and we'd regularly get high on my bean bag chairs and talk about life, experiences, and girls. It seemed as if every hot woman in LA had slept with either him or me, so there was always lots to talk about.

He'd dragged me out of the house to celebrate his friend's birthday, but the pool party was kinda boring compared to the crazy shit I'd been doing anyway. So I left early.

That was the last time I saw Jax alive.

The next day, I received a frantic call that the giant was dead. I rushed over to his house. I beat the authorities there and walked inside. The few people in the house were sobbing, hugging each other, or just staring off into the distance in shock. I held out hope that somehow this was a mistake, someone fucked up, or maybe it was a sick prank. But then I saw him in the deep end of the pool.

Jax's eyes were open, forever staring up into the sky. His hair flowed around his face, and his long arms were outstretched. He was pale and almost translucent.

I've only cried a handful of times in my life, and that moment was one of them. It's horrible when anyone passes away, but Jax was so beloved. It was just heartbreakingly sad. Los Angeles was never the same after he died. Jax tied so many diverse sets of friends together, people who would not normally associate. Once that bond was gone, people went their separate ways.

Toxicology revealed ketamine, cocaine, and GHB in his system. Security camera footage showed him trying to stand from a beanbag but collapsing back into it. He finally got upright and stepped onto a lawn chair near the shallow end of the pool. He slipped, hit his head on the side, and fell into the water. That's what everyone thinks killed him. Official cause of death was accidental drowning.

But I think there was more to it.

Jax was incredibly generous when he was making good money. He bought everyone's drinks and rented nice houses. Jax spent every penny he made every season, which wasn't a lot compared to what players like LeBron James or Steph Curry make, but spending \$700,000 in six months is a lot by anyone's standards.

Then he wasn't picked up.

With no contract and nothing in the bank, he struggled. A good friend named Stratton let Jax stay at his house and gave him some cash from time to time. I think it really ate at Jax that he had nothing coming in and couldn't reciprocate financially. He started getting

more fucked up more often. He ended up in the hospital a few times, and we all told him to slow down. But when you're sober, you have no choice but to face reality. He wasn't ready to do that.

Financial ruin can be crippling. A few of my father's friends killed themselves because of money troubles. It's difficult to change your entire lifestyle, and it can seem like the end of the world—even though it's only the end of one chapter of your life and the beginning of a new one. Downsizing doesn't sound hard, but when you're accustomed to a certain level of social status and a high standard of living, it can be damn near impossible. Another peril of being rich is the higher up you go, the farther you have to fall.

I tried to think of something for Jax to do, but it was hard to come up with anything that would pay enough to sustain his standard of living. I wish I had an answer for him other than to just recalibrate to a more normal lifestyle.

I dedicated much of my life to accumulating wealth. Money can make life infinitely better in the short run. But as long as you have enough to survive on, it's not a solution to any *real* problems. In the military, I made \$860 a month, got my ass kicked all day, and it was one of the happiest times of my life. I was working towards a goal, and the money was all relative.

In San Diego, on the rare instances when I had enough energy to go to the movies or out to dinner, that was a luxury. Those simple things brought me a disproportionate amount of joy. Conversely, when I bought half million-dollar cars or spent a normal person's lifetime income on one single week's vacation, it wasn't enough. Eventually, nothing that I purchased brought me lasting joy, yet still I couldn't stop doing it. It was more an addiction than a necessity.

I wish I had been able to communicate these thoughts to Jax at the time when he needed honesty and sincerity. But I was more caught up in the materialistic rat race than he was. I couldn't express these truths because Hollywood will make even the most levelheaded person think that nothing is ever enough.

I spoke at Jax's funeral. It was humbling.

"Jax had so many friends and everyone loved him." I paused for a minute, fighting away the tears, and I said, "I don't have many

friends, but Jax was my friend.”



Chapter 76

Caring Too Much

Draft Kings, the online fantasy sports betting site, paid me a million dollars to throw a party for ten of their winners.

The deal was I had to do a post on my social media saying I was going to throw the party, and they committed to give me another half million to cover the costs of the party. However, they'd gotten into some regulatory lawsuit a month after we signed the deal and had to stop all promotions. They said I could keep the million, and I didn't have to throw the party, but they weren't going to give me the half million.

I posted I was going to throw a party, and I do what I say, so the party had to go on. To ensure the ratio was good and the contestants had a good time, I'd told thirty-six Instagram models I was gonna pay them to go and post for the company, and I was going to honor that commitment as well. I hit up my buddy Bam, a former Marine who ran Wishes for Warriors, and told him to send me some combat-wounded amputee veterans. Then I called Clarence and asked him if he wanted to take the girls and the vets to Cabo and chop it. He had a blast on the yacht, so he didn't hesitate and said book it.

BRYAN "BAM" MARSHALL

Former Marine, Founder of Wishes For Warriors

So I'm sitting on the couch one day and I get a message from Dan: "Yo I want to send some vets with me to Mexico." I remember thinking, "Shit, this can go one of two ways...either give these guys a time of their life with Dan Bilzerian or...we

are getting into major fucking trouble.” Either way, I knew two awesome combat wounded guys that could use this trip.

A few weeks after, I get a call from one of the vets. “Bro! We made the cover of Playboy!” I am like, “What the hell do you mean “We” made the cover of Playboy?” He says, “We as in me...and I am in a Wishes shirt!” I was laughing so hard I couldn’t believe it. Out of all photos that could have been on this damn thing, it had to be the one where our veteran amputee’s arm numb was on one of the chick’s ass but it looked like a damn hot dog in a bun...all in a Wishes shirt! We were dying laughing and the guys said it was a trip of a lifetime!

Dan’s done so many badass things for vets during the time I’ve known him. From flying them out to all of his parties and taking them off-roading to large cash donations. Most of the time it goes well, but... one vet almost killed Dan’s friend driving an ATV with a single prosthetic leg (thankfully nobody was injured). When Dan took some vets to Canada to party with him years back it cost one vet his relationship with his girlfriend. One guy made the cover of Playboy and many others have gotten laid. It’s not the story book tale most people have when doing charity, but his heart is always in the right place. Dan definitely lives life to the fullest and I respect anyone who wants to share that with veterans.

I rented a huge compound with around twenty rooms, private beaches, and a main clubhouse area. My plane was down for maintenance so I chartered a G550 and filled it with the models, a couple vets, and Eve, a drop-dead gorgeous brunette I’d been wanting to fuck for years.

When we arrived, I asked Eve if she wanted to stay with me. She said if we were alone on the trip that she would, but she didn’t want to be just one of the girls I hooked up with. I told her, “If we hook up, I won’t hook up with any other girls on the trip,” figuring that would

surely seal the deal. She still said no. I said, “Ok, no worries.” I was bummed—I really liked her—but figured it wasn’t the end of the world. I mean, it wasn’t like I was trapped on a deserted island with thirty-six large breasted models or anything.

While I was ordering a drink at the bar I observed Clarence talking to a hot, skinny, blue-eyed blonde with a big bubble ass. He was clearly in love with this girl, but she didn’t seem very interested in him. He made mention of her muscular legs and then asked her if she played field hockey. I honestly have no idea where he even comes up with this shit.

He was overly aggressive with his approach, and it wasn’t working, but he refused to take any hints. He then directly asked her if she’d hook up with him, and she said, “Absolutely not.” He went to the girl next to her and tried the same approach sans the muscular legs comment. She gave a similar response, and down the bar he went until he had tried with every girl in the whole joint.

He came up to me visibly flustered saying, “I don’t know why you invited me on this trip. These girls only want to fuck you. I don’t even know what I’m here for.”

“Stop with your temper tantrum, you big black baby. I literally don’t know two-thirds of the girls here. Your approach is awful, and that is why they don’t want to fuck you. You’d be much better off just pulling your dick out and saying nothing than the nonsense you are spitting at these girls. Be patient. We are here for five days, and you’re asking girls for a verbal commitment to fuck you in the first five minutes. You need to chill the fuck out and have a drink.”

I went over to the blonde field hockey girl and had a shot with her and her friend Skye, who I’d been hooking up with for a year. Field hockey was pretty flirty, and I couldn’t watch Clarence flounder any longer, so I asked if they wanted to go smoke. They said yes, and we went to their room, smoked a pen, and I took turns fucking both of them.

I was covered in sweat, and I didn’t feel like putting on my shirt, so I threw on my shorts and went straight to my room. I walked in the door, and there was Eve in lingerie brushing her teeth in my bathroom.

Shit.

I looked like I'd just ran the Boston marathon, so I headed directly to the shower. It was one of those open showers in with glass doors, and I still had the condom on my dick, so I detoured to the toilet. I was stressed out because I really liked this girl and didn't want to screw it up, but how on earth could I fuck her? I'd just gotten off two minutes ago, plus I'd been drinking, and I hadn't eaten in forever.

When I got out of the shower, she was waiting in my bed, smiling, looking at me with fuck me eyes. A shocking 180 from when we had arrived. Ignoring her at the bar and leaving with other girls had apparently done far better than my original nice guy nonsense. I tried to put it off as long as I could by brushing my teeth, but Eve didn't want to wait.

She started sucking my dick, and to my surprise, it got hard. I was so paranoid I wouldn't be able to go another round that I didn't even use a condom; I just bent her over and started fucking her. Things were fine, but I was still high from smoking with the girls, and I couldn't help but worry. I was so in my head about being able to perform that I gave myself anxiety. I kept thinking, *I hope I can keep my dick hard*, and strangely enough, she kept repeating, "Give me that hard dick," which made me think about it even more. I was so stressed out about it that my fears became reality, and my dick started going limp. Looking back, I don't know why I cared so much, but I really liked the girl, and I'd put the pussy on a pedestal.

Keeping your dick hard is all in your head; if you get stressed and worried about it, then your shit won't work. There is a scientific explanation like stress and anxiety trigger the fight or flight response, and your body isn't wired to have sex in those situations.

I took a shower and tried to give myself a pep talk, but, alas, I came out and did the same thing again. I was so irritated with myself that I couldn't even sleep. I laid in bed thinking, *You fucking retard, look what you've done, and now you're trapped with her in your bed. A personal prison with a constant reminder of what a limp dick loser you are.* On top of that, I'd told Eve I wouldn't hook up with any other girls, which had the models on the verge of rioting by day four.

Clarence was not doing any better; even the girl he brought wasn't interested in banging him. He was really confused, so I sat down with him to dissect it, and I came to the same conclusion for him as I had for myself: He cared too much. Remember, nobody wants to give you something you need, and he needed sex. I also explained how terrible his approach was and told him that he needed to establish himself as a guy who wasn't needy. "Remember there are more than thirty drunk, horny girls that haven't had sex this whole time, and you're the only guy other than the vets who can fuck them." Or so we thought...

Cabo.



We later found out it had gotten so bad that my security guard had been pulled into a room to have sex, and one girl allegedly fucked my chef in the bushes. With this setup, you could literally sit there, not say one single word, and still get laid. I mean, just ask my security guard. And Clarence had not had sex once. Impressive really.

Clarence and I chartered what was supposed to be a sailing yacht, but it ended up looking more like a dilapidated pirate ship. He finally took my advice, got drunk, and stopped giving a shit. The girls had gone days without sex, I was on a self-imposed monogamous

lockdown, and everyone was drunk. A Colombian brunette named Julia asked Clarence to go to one of the rooms, and they started hooking up, but she was so sloppy, he said, “Let’s do this when you’re more sober.” She called him a “pussy faggot” and shamed him into fucking her.

I took Eve below deck. I had nothing left to worry about; it’s not like I could have worse sex with her, so I didn’t think twice about screwing it up. I didn’t care, and we had amazing sex, she came a bunch, and finally, I could relax.

After the boat, we took our bus to a bowling alley that we’d rented out. Everyone was drunk, and there were girls half-naked, taking pictures in the lanes, and hooking up with each other in the bathroom. Clarence took this girl Presly upstairs and fucked her out in the open. The staff was horrified and asked us to leave, but not before Clarence and I had our bowling match.

Clarence was with Julia and began bragging about how good he was at bowling. He said he wanted to bet twenty-five grand on the match. Before making any bets, I try and assess the outcome, so I asked what he usually bowled. He said he usually bowled a 170. This had me nervous because I sucked at bowling and could maybe hit a 130 on a good day. It was Clarence and Julia versus me and Eve. Eve was winking at me like *we got this*. I remembered her bowling regularly with Jax, so I figured she’d be good and Julia was slurring, so I accepted the bet.

I wasn’t too concerned since I was still up twenty-five thousand from a Fruit Ninja bet we’d made the day prior. Upon arrival in Mexico, Clarence ordered his assistant to buy thousands of dollars of fruit, a ninja outfit, and somehow smuggle Japanese katana swords across the border. “I want to play Fruit Ninja on the beach,” he said. Clarence is such a ridiculous human being. Needless to say, we threw pieces of fruit at each other and bet on who could slice the most without missing. I got a bloody lip after taking a lemon to the mouth and I almost sliced my finger clean off, but I won.

Fruit Ninja.



We started bowling, and after rolling six balls in the third frame, Clarence had not knocked down one pin. My girl accidentally dropped the ball on one of her rolls, and after six throws, she had only hit seven pins. It was like dumb and dumber; I'd never seen worse bowling in my life. Clarence ended up rolling a 76, and with Julia's

score, I think they barely broke 100. I rolled one of the best games of my life and scored around 130 just like I said I would.

Clarence leapt up from his seat and said, “You hustled me!”

“Are you out of your fucking mind, you said you were going to roll a 170, and you rolled a 76. My girl can’t even keep the ball in her hand. This is absurd!”

Clarence started laughing. I mean, what’s he gonna say? He’s the only guy I know who overexaggerates his abilities when making a bet. That fucking guy had never rolled a 170 in his life. I had him send the fifty thousand to the Wishes for Warriors charity and told him to put “atrocious bowling” in the memo on the check.

When we got back to the compound, Clarence had a threesome with Presly and the girl he’d originally brought on the trip. I was proud as a peacock strutting around my bedroom and mentioned something about our great sex to Eve.

She said, “We had sex on the boat?”

I was furious. After three days of bad sex, she was so drunk she didn’t remember the Peter North performance I finally put on. I was done!

Eve went to bed, and I went to the bar. I started talking to Lauren, a college girl from ASU who had one of the best asses I’d ever seen. She was the hottest girl on the trip aside from Eve and definitely the sexiest. We talked for a bit and ended up going to her bathroom to get high because her roommate was sleeping and my room was out of the question. After a few hits of her weed pen, we pretty quickly got to fucking. Fifteen minutes later, I was tired of having her ride me on the shitter, so I picked her up and carried her to the couch next to her bed.

She started panicking because her roommate was sleeping six feet away. They’d just met on this trip, and Lauren didn’t wanna make a bad impression. I thought it’d be funny, so I scooped her up, and started fucking her right on top of Presley. Presley woke up confused and then after about thirty seconds unexpectedly asked me to fuck her. Lauren was just happy she wasn’t mad and said, “I wanna watch.”

I'd love to tell you I put on some great show, but I'd been at it for a while, and I lasted about nine pumps before unloading on Presley's face. Presley was probably thoroughly unimpressed, thinking, *That's what I got woken up for?* But that's how it went down. I put on my shit, got Lauren's number, and went back to my room to shower.



Chapter 77

Bike Bet

Rick Salomon considered taking the \$600,000 bike bet, but he called a friend who was a world record holder, and he advised against it.

I kept pinging it around in my mind, and it seemed doable. But I wasn't in good cardio shape, and I hadn't ridden a bicycle in eighteen years. Hell, I didn't even own a bicycle.

I woke up the following day and couldn't get the bet out of my head. I called a cycling buddy who said I could definitely do it with six months of training; it could be theoretically possible but unlikely with three or four months of training; and it would be physically impossible with one month or less.

In my head, I heard the words of Jim Carrey from *Dumb and Dumber*: "So you're telling me there's a chance."

That was enough for me.

I phoned Clarence and told him I'd take the bet for \$600,000 with six months of prep time. We went back and forth before agreeing to the terms and ended on: Ride a bicycle from my driveway in Las Vegas to my driveway in Los Angeles in less than forty-eight hours with six weeks to train.

Clarence had been in a mood at my house that night: He'd bet my brother \$300,000 that he couldn't go forty-eight hours without saying the word "the." My brother accepted the bet and refused to speak to anyone until Clarence bought out for \$150,000 an hour later. Then he turned his attention to Rick, and the great bike bet was born.

The beauty of bets is they settle arguments real quick by making both parties put their money where their mouth is. The best guy to bet with is a rich guy with a big ego because they will defend their points by betting on them rather than accept that they could be wrong. Like negotiations, poker, or sales, the person who cares about

the money the most usually ends up with it. When it came to money and gambling, I learned a long time ago to check my ego at the door; I was okay with people thinking I was an idiot or a sucker as long as I ended up with the money.

This bet was different. This time I was the guy betting with my ego. I wasn't sure about my chances of winning, but the more everyone said I couldn't do it, the more it made me want to prove them wrong. *You've pushed your body way further than what these people could even comprehend. These motherfuckers don't know you, they don't know what you're capable of* my ego screamed in my ear.

To test my endurance and evaluate my chances, I went to the gym and got on a stationary bike. After forty-five minutes, I was torched. I only covered ten miles in perfect conditions, and the actual ride for the bet was over three hundred miles in varying terrain with the wind and the rain. *Shit*. And with that, my ego had left the chat.

"I have to ride three hundred miles in two days, so I need something fast and comfortable," I said to a hipster working at the bike shop.

"How many centuries have you done?"

"What the fuck is a century?"

"A century is a one hundred-mile ride."

"I haven't ridden a bike in almost two decades, and I've never ridden more than five miles."

He started laughing. "There's no way. It's physically impossible."

"Well, I'm gonna do it. Just give me two of the best bikes and all the shit to go with them. And I need a good coach, too, if you know anyone."

The kid went nuts with that. I dropped \$30,000 in a couple of hours at the bike shop and got a cycling coach named Nate.

I went home and put my new bicycle on a stationary stand designed to simulate the resistance of the road. After fifty minutes, I was covered in sweat, my legs burned, and my ass felt like I had been sitting on a medieval torture device. I began to wonder if the guy at the bike shop was right.

My coach Nate did a lactic acid threshold test and told me the results weren't good. Once my heart rate went above 125, I'd start to

produce lactic acid and fatigue quickly. So I had to train at a low heart rate and condition my legs and my ass. Those years of juicing and lifting weights were of no use here.

In addition to fanatically training, my whole team kicked into gear trying to find any advantage, no matter how trivial, to improve my chances. Support vehicles were allowed in front as well as in the rear. The lead vehicle would provide a useful draft against the wind. My assistant researched the best routes. I wanted to avoid highways, and my team figured out if we got permits to film, I could pay for a police escort out of Las Vegas and into LA.

Then Joe Rogan texted me.

“Hey, is it okay if I give your number to Lance Armstrong? He wants to help.”

Fuck yeah it was okay. Spandex wearing cyclist snobs looked down on Lance for using steroids, but I was not such a purist. Obviously. I’m a *whatever it takes to win* type of guy, and Lance did just that. I couldn’t wait to get him on the phone.

“What’s the optimal drug regimen for this type of training?” was the first question that I asked the guy who won seven consecutive Tour de France events. He didn’t want to go anywhere near that subject. When he tactfully redirected the conversation, I figured he was just averse to talking steroids on the phone.

I discussed different types of bikes along with the benefits and dangers of vehicle drafting. He said, “Recumbent bikes (bikes that places the rider in a reclining position) are for pussies.” I laughed, but I didn’t care. I’d wear a pink leotard if it helped my chances; I just wanted to win.

He went on to say that he thought I could succeed. Of the hundreds of experts I talked to, Lance was the only person who believed it was possible.

Lance was super sharp, and in ten minutes, he diagnosed something that took my doctors years to figure out. I mentioned a high red blood cell count, and he said it was from sleep apnea. He was right; I’d wake up frequently while sleeping because I would stop breathing. This would put me in a hypoxic state and signal my body to produce more red blood cells, similar to someone living at altitude.

And while it was bad because it interfered with my recovery, it was positive in the sense that I had a good oxygen supply when training.

GPS technology had become so advanced that all my training data was immediately shared remotely with my coach. He saw everything from my speed and distance to my pedal rate and power output. Based on that information, he adjusted my rides and recovery intervals. On my third ride, I got up to fifty miles per hour going downhill. But every training session was a risk. A single injury and I'd lose the bet, so I had to be careful.

After a month of training, Lance came to visit with his two sons. He said they were fans of mine, which I found hilarious. Their father was one of the best athletes in the world, yet they idolized me. I showed them my gunroom and took them to shoot machine guns in the desert. Then Lance and I went for a bike ride, where he gave some pointers. I really just wanted the cyclist drug cocktail, but he refused to talk about it.



After Rogan texted me, I watched Lance's documentary. I thought it was sad. He beat cancer, was on top of the world, and got busted for using the same drugs every other cyclist used. While we rode around, I could still see pieces of a cocky champion in him, but the scandal had really beaten him down.

Clarence asked Lance how long it would take him to do the three hundred-mile ride. Lance said he could easily do it in a day, and Clarence offered to bet him he couldn't. Lance told me he could do it no problem but was worried about negative press, so he declined. It was hundreds of thousands of dollars that Lance could have easily won but opted out of because of the possible public perception.

Lance, to his credit, wouldn't even take money from me for his coaching. He just asked that I donate \$25,000 to his wife's charity if I won the Vegas-to-LA wager. He seemed so scared of negative press attention. That was strange to me, and I told him so.

"Tell them all to go fuck their mothers," I advised. "Own your shit. You juiced, and so did everyone else in the sport. Tell them to suck dick. You're not sorry."

That was always my response to bad press or critics. No apologies. Own who you are. Unfortunately, what Lance was fighting was too powerful to be stopped, way bigger than anything I'd experienced, so he was on the defensive. The media is out of control. They love to tear people down and then—when they're down, kick them until they can't move. Then later, they might feel sorry for the person and lift them up a little so they can tear them down again. Most journalists were never popular; they probably got bullied as kids, so when they're presented the opportunity to take down celebrities while hiding safely behind a computer screen, they do so with glee because it makes them feel powerful. It's their *Revenge of the Nerds* moment.

I didn't adjust my drug regimen. I kept doing my standard hormone replacement therapy: 100 milligrams of test every four days and one IU of HGH every day. I completely stopped all weightlifting, put in three to five hours of riding a day, and worked up to two fifty-mile treks in a day. I practiced vehicle drafting and communicating with the chase car. I rode in the rain and at night with forty mile per hour winds. There was no stopping once I took off to LA, so I had to

be prepared for any kind of conditions; the weather can change a lot in forty-eight hours.

There was a ton of side action being wagered. Clarence had around \$2 million total, and Rick was betting big against me also. I told both of them I was going to do it, but they didn't believe me. Rick even thought there was a decent chance I would die. So I offered to bet my G4 against \$250,000 cash from him. He agreed to pay if I did the ride in under forty-eight hours, and he got the plane if I died during the race. Towards the end, I bet another \$250,000 to offset the expenses that kept piling up. By race day, I had over a million on the line.

I'd paid for police escorts out of Vegas and into LA. I had eleven squad cars with their lights on blocking the Las Vegas Blvd intersection. You would've thought the president of the United States was coming, but alas, it was just an asshole in spandex on a lowrider bicycle.

I was drafting off the support van and making good time in the flats as I approached the first big hill. I lost my police escort when I crossed the state line, and the sun began to set as I started the ascent. There was a total of around thirteen thousand feet of climb on the ride, which is about half the way up Mount Everest.

By the time I reached the peak, it was pitch-black, and I was freezing. The winds were screaming as I opened the door of the support RV. I knew there was going to be a long, really high-speed downhill section coming up in the complete darkness, so I went in to regroup.

"Damn, it got cold fast," I said to my coach.

"Yeah, it's thirty-one degrees, you're not gonna last in that T-shirt," he replied.

I threw on a ski jacket and started the descent. I was doing about thirty-five miles per hour, and things seemed to be going well when out of nowhere I had a blowout. My front tire burst. I immediately leaned as far back as I could and rode the rear brake hard. My heart was racing as I came to a stop—that could have been bad.

I switched bikes and got back on the saddle.

By the time the sun came up, I was ahead of schedule. I'd finished the hardest climb and descent, so the people betting against me were

starting to get worried.

Meanwhile, Clarence had a tour bus following me filled with hot girls trying to seduce me. He offered any of them \$50,000 if they had sex with me, but sex was the last thing on my mind.

About seventy miles from my Los Angeles home, I got on the road bike, put my head down and started charging. For the whole ride I'd been going at a moderate heart rate to conserve the fuel in my tank, but now I looked at it like a race. My heart rate was maxed and I was hauling ass doing 40-50 mph on the downhill section coming into the city. My coach told me to slow down, not wanting me to blow up before the finish, but I wasn't hearing it. I got a massive second wind knowing the end was in sight; they call it "Smelling the barn." I finished the three hundred-and nine-mile ride in just under thirty-two hours with sixteen hours to spare.

I learned a few things doing this bet. First, cyclists are pussies. These fitness queens massively overestimate the difficulty of their sport (except Lance—he never doubted me). Second, I learned the importance of target heart rate training and lactic acid threshold knowledge. In layman's terms, if you keep your heart rate low, you can go forever, but once you let it get into the lactic acid threshold, you burn the fuel in your tank fast. Third, I learned biking is way easier than running or swimming and is a great way to add lots of volume to your regiment without overtraining.

But more important than what I learned is what I proved. My bike ride was chronicled in news outlets around the world, and everyone saw that I succeeded.

Let that be a lesson to you: If you're in a situation where you think something is near impossible, just remember your body is capable of ten times more than your mind thinks possible, and cyclists are pussies.



Chapter 78

No Sex

I finally broke up with Victoria for good in an effort to win \$600,000.

We had been fighting, separating, and getting back together for ages. She was amazing, and it wasn't fair to her that I hadn't cut it off for good. She was too loyal to leave me, and it was hard for me to give her up because the sex was so damn good even after three years.

On a flight to Shanghai, a week after the bike bet was over, I told Clarence that we were done. For real this time. He thought I was full of shit. He'd never been a big fan of my relationship with Victoria, partly because she'd been an impediment to me having girls around, which was an impediment to him getting laid, and partly because he knew I wasn't making her happy but mostly because she hated him.

"I'll bet you \$600,000 that you can't go one year without having sex with Victoria."

This would be much harder than the bike bet. But I knew it was the right thing to do. It would be the only way I could let her go. As much as I loved her and the sex, I wasn't going to effectively pay \$1.2 million to fuck her.

Victoria went ballistic when she heard about the wager. And she certainly did not make it easy. She'd always been amazing at dirty talk, and she would text me things that made me consider actually buying out of the bet with Clarence. I even jerked off to some of the texts and videos she sent, and I hadn't masturbated in years.

It was painful for both of us, but breaking up for good turned out to be the best thing that ever happened to her. She started dating a guy around our tenth or eleventh month without sex, and they eventually got married. I gave Victoria \$60,000 from the bet, and I let her keep my cat. She's a good girl and deserved to be happy.



Chapter 79

Wishes Ranch

After training for the bike bet and not focusing on pussy, I noticed I was more relaxed and happier without the constant distractions. I really wanted to go deeper into the minimal effort lifestyle.

I was sick of LA and poker, so I decided to get rid of my place there. It made sense when I was running poker games and throwing parties, but I didn't feel like dealing with either. I wanted to spend more time traveling and hanging with my guy friends, off-roading and wakeboarding in Vegas.



Vegas.



After a couple weeks in Bali and Japan, I spent three weeks in Europe on a couple's trip with Lauren and Clarence and his girl. Full disclosure, we brought five other girls and were not monogamous, but we mostly hung out with our main girls. We rode bikes in France,

partied with Chris Brown in Milan, and spent nine days on a yacht off the Amalfi Coast.





Out at sea.

After that, I wanted to just wing it. So I called my pilots and told them to stand by as we looked at a map debating where we should go. First, we flew to Prague, then Venice, and our last stop was a few days in Iceland.





Positano.



Lauren in Venice.



Icelandic glacier.

Lauren flew home from New York, and I hosted some clubs on my way back to Vegas. After a week at home, I flew to Minnesota with Lauren, and hung out with my family for a week. I wake-surfed and water-skied during the day and played cards with the family at night.

It was nice for me to step out of my crazy life for a bit and regain some life perspective. When you live in a tornado, it can actually be more interesting to experience a moment of calm.

Sleeping with tons of women hurts your soul, and not in a religious way. It draws on your energy, your life force. Being pulled in so many directions and having so many relationships isn't easy; it can really be draining. Finding hot girls to fuck is pretty easy, but finding hot girls who are cool to hang out with for more than a day is a bit more challenging. Hanging with dumb girls is fine for an hour or so, but they'll drive you crazy if you get trapped with them. I was super picky when it came to seriously dating a girl, so losing Victoria was a serious blow, but it was the right thing for her, so I didn't regret it.

In the midst of my introspection, I decided I needed more guy time, so I hit up my friend Bam. He founded the charity Wishes for Warriors to help combat-wounded veterans, and he'd sent me the amputee guys for Cabo and my previous parties. His guys were all super cool, so I suggested we do a veteran trip and told him to cherry-pick some good guys. We planned a trip to Wyoming to shoot guns, off-road, and do man shit.

I rented a big ranch, and my assistant and chef hauled out all my guns, ATVs, and an endless supply of beer. We sat on the back porch and shot clay pigeons with machine guns while listening to country music. I felt like I was back in the military. Everyone had good stories, and the vets were stoked to be there.



After a couple days, I flew a girl named Alyssa out because it was difficult to go any duration without getting it in. Alyssa was a tall, head-turning half-black girl with green eyes and a perfect body. She was a really cool, down to earth twenty-one-year-old who grew up in Texas, and her dad was a cop. She'd met me in New York after the yacht and I figured this trip would be perfect because she enjoyed shooting guns and off-roading. Things with her were good, but having a hot girl with huge tits bouncing around the cabin threw off the dynamic, so I sent her home after a few days.

It messed with the guys' heads because now they were thinking about pussy. Bam's business partner Carl invited out a cute blonde girl that he'd been talking to online for months. She met us at the lake for a few hours of wakeboarding and then headed home. The girl lived a couple hours away but agreed to come out to the ranch later that night with a girlfriend. When she arrived, I didn't waste time with the typical nonsense small talk that most guys have with girls.

"What's the sluttiest thing you've ever done?" I asked the blonde's friend. She said she fucked her best friend's boyfriend, which isn't

really that bad. Not compared to the crazy shit I'd seen women do.

Then I asked Carl's blonde the same question. She dodged and told me to answer first. Wasn't hard for me to shock the small-town locals. Then blondie shared something that was vanilla by my standards but sufficient to ensure she couldn't play the good girl card with Carl. It was all setup. My work was done, so I smoked a bowl and went to bed.

But for ages, I could hear Carl and the blonde talking, nothing more.

Hurry up and fuck that girl, I texted him from the bedroom directly below his. *It's almost four in the morning. She's ready to go, bro.*

Dude, she's a fucking tease. Lets me get all the way and then stops. Fuck my life.

That's brutal.

Fucking friend just fucked it all up.

I stomped upstairs to see what was up with the friend and stop her from cockblocking. The friend said that the blonde didn't want to fuck Carl, and she kept sending her texts asking to be saved. Then she handed me her phone to prove she was telling the truth.

"Why in the hell would she drive an hour and a half at midnight to see him? Why would she go to his bedroom if she didn't want to fuck?"

The friend got a little squirrely. Then she confided, "She does want to fuck."

"Good, then tell her to stop bullshitting," I said.

"She wants to fuck you."

This caught me totally off guard. I'd barely acknowledged, looked at, or said a word to this girl all day.

What kind of trollop drives out to a guy's ranch and then last minute decides to bang his friend instead? I wondered. The friend must have texted her because, moments later, Carl's blonde walked into the kitchen, and I confronted her with the news. She looked sheepishly at the ground and then back up at me.

"I'll fuck you if you fuck Carl after."

She said no.

“I’m not going to fuck you unless you at least suck his dick. This whole situation is messed up.”

She didn’t answer.

I left and went downstairs to my room. But she followed and shut the door after walking in. We started hooking up, and I could tell she didn’t want anything conventional. I was choking her and told her she had to agree to suck Carl’s dick after. She was smiling and clearly into kinky shit, so I slapped her and told her to say, “Yes, Daddy,” or leave. She squealed, “Yes, Daddy!” So I fucked her and then triumphantly marched her to Carl’s bedroom.

“This girl is ready to suck your dick now.”

Thinking I’d solved the problem, I turned and walked back out. He didn’t want to hook up with her at that point, called her a whore, and kicked her out of his room. She came back downstairs a couple minutes later; I fucked her again and went to sleep.

Carl was better looking than me. He’s a tall, cool guy, and everyone respects him. But he fell victim to the most common trap. He communicated interest too early and got stuck in bed with a girl who wasn’t ready to fuck him. This put her in the driver’s seat, and when she pumped the breaks, instead of stopping, he kept trying. With each failed attempt, her interest in him decreased until she ultimately wanted something else. Just like in sales, you don’t take the buyer to the register before they’re ready to buy the product. Also, if you act desperate and push the sale, it’ll make the buyer wanna run.

Maybe I should’ve said no, maybe I’m a dirtbag, but it seemed clear that she wasn’t gonna bang him, so I at least teed up a guaranteed blowjob. I’m also kind of a sex addict, and you don’t put an alcoholic in a bar and expect him to come out sober.

Sex addict or not, I am definitely no Don Juan. But I understand psychology, and I don’t make the mistakes that most guys do. Trigger attraction and always be willing to walk. The person willing to walk has the power. To be clear, I wasn’t gaming this girl; I showed no interest because I had no interest.

The secret to having power with women is not needing them. There are a couple ways to accomplish this. One is to have multiple options, but the best way is to be happy alone. Being happy by

yourself is an invaluable trait, and if you don't have tons of options with women, it will surely give you more. Girls want to be around guys who radiate confidence and don't need them for their happiness.

When you get your happiness from within, you'll most likely end up with a better woman and much better relationship. She'll trust you more and live up to higher expectations if she knows you have the confidence to walk and don't *need* her to be happy.

I invited Lauren out to the ranch, but she said she was busy with school and a move. It seemed she only wanted to see me when an exotic locale was involved, which hurt because I liked hanging out with her. I unfortunately didn't have that happiness from within, I didn't like being alone, so I needed the options. Between Lauren's rejection and the blonde making me think about sex again, my short-lived mellowing out period ended, and like a junkie who just fell off the wagon, I was back at it again.

Even though I'd rented the ranch for three weeks, after eight days of only fucking two girls, I cracked. I told the boys to stay as long as they wanted, left the guns and the Can-Ams for them, and headed to the plane. Jay Rich met me at the airport with six girls, I had invited two more, and we all flew to Cabo together. Three girls is the minimum for a trip because then when you hookup with one, the other two girls can hang out, and it's not awkward. Eight works also.

I posted a pic, and all of a sudden Lauren's schedule freed up; it was like one of those gold digger pranks on YouTube when they find out the guy has a nice car and all of a sudden want to hang out. I told her to piss off.

Todd Phillips had asked me to post something about *War Dogs*, and I told him no problem, send me a screener. He said legal wouldn't allow him to give the screener to friends. I apologized and said I couldn't vouch for something I hadn't seen. A month later, the studio reached out, paid me \$60,000 and sent me the screener in Cabo. We all got high, and everyone watched me beat the shit out of Jonah Hill. I chartered a yacht, lifted weights, smoked weed, hooked up with most of the girls, and left Cabo. The end.



Chapter 80

Harem

A
lways say “It’s good to see you” when you meet a woman.

After Cabo, I backslid hard. I’d started to like Lauren, and to get my mind off of her, I fell right back into the old lifestyle. It was common for me to have a house full of girls and be sleeping with almost all of them. New girls would hit me up, and girls I was dating would bring friends. It was like a revolving door of repeats and new girls coming and going every couple days.



Jay Rich brought a bunch of women to my Vegas house, and I mistakenly said “Nice to meet you” to a woman I had fucked multiple times previously. He pulled me aside and expressed concern that

things were getting out of hand. This wasn't the first time it had happened. I'd been going hard for so long that it was all becoming a blur.

I had a rotation of over fifty women at the time. I never cut anyone who was hot and cool, so sometimes these women would be around for years. The key was variety, and I could mix and match old and new.

Contrary to popular belief, I didn't pay any of them. I couldn't keep up with what I had, and that made it competitive. Paying them would have been counterproductive; it actually would've made them like me less and expect more from me. I know this sounds counterintuitive, but over the years, I'd consistently noticed that a high percentage of the time when I'd do something nice for a girl or buy them something, they'd actually treat me worse.

My theory is models usually don't think that highly of themselves since they know their value is solely based on looks and it's fleeting, so the better you treat them, the more their respect for you diminishes. Plus, they've probably had tons of suckers kiss their ass and shower them with gifts in the past, so there's a subconscious correlation between doing nice things and being a chump.

As women got jealous or started seriously dating someone, they'd drop out and new ones would join. I didn't try and control them, and I never told them they couldn't see other guys.

My harem was like a snowball; the longer it went down the mountain, the bigger it became. As the women got more and more beautiful, it made others even more curious: *What is so great about him? He has four hot women all over him. I want to know why.* The more women wanted me and the more competitive it became, the easier it was to attract new ones. Conversely, when there were less women, the girls had higher expectations, became more attached, and, as a result, didn't last as long.

Now there were so many it didn't matter if they dropped off and they knew that, so they focused more on what they could do for me and less on what they wanted from me. The stronger the competition, the more the girls wanted to win, and winning for the girl was getting me to like her. That's the type of dynamic that you want to create

when dating: Make the girl work for your approval. Not the other way around.

Bill Perkins

2h ago



Good night!!!

CHAT

PART 5

Finding the Limits of Excess



Chapter 81

Nina

I hosted a pool party at Marquee Day Club with Floyd Mayweather and about forty girls. I had the three-story bungalow hotel room attached to the day club. There couldn't have been a better setup.

One of the women at my table was Nina, a tall, thin, stunningly gorgeous brunette from Norway with long legs and big tits. She had just won Miss Globe and was one of the most beautiful women I'd ever seen in my life. I don't think she knew who I was, but there was so much commotion around me—people wanting pictures, guys trying to say hello, and girls trying to get my attention—that I'm sure Nina had to be curious. I gave her my phone to put her number in when a girl named Sofia came up to me and started flirting.

Sofia was a college girl with huge real boobs that Jay Rich had found on Instagram, and we'd flown her out for the party. I asked her if she wanted to smoke, and off we went to my bungalow. We started kissing, but she stopped and asked about the weed. I said, "Oh, I don't know where it is," and walked out of the room. Evidently, she really did want to smoke.

Either that or she wanted to play hard to get and not seem too easy. Whatever the case, I didn't care. I just walked out to find another one.

I hung out with Floyd and French Montana at the pool and introduced them to some girls, then found one to fuck myself, followed by another. After a few hours, I brought all the girls back to my house. Sofia kept coming over to talk, and we ended up fucking in my closet while her best friend sat in my room. I suppose after watching me fuck a few other girls, she realized I wasn't gonna chase.

French Montana.



Afterward, along with the fifteen other girls staying at my house, we put on the movie *Spring Breakers* in the theater room. Most of the girls were in bikinis or underwear; one girl was dressed like a cheerleader. Jay Rich thought it was a good opportunity to do my first Facebook Live, and hundreds of thousands of people online got a look behind the curtain. Sofia and a couple other girls laid on me, petting my chest and beard. It all seemed normal to me, but the guys watching and commenting thought it was crazy. Jay went around to the guest rooms; girls were in night gowns or lingerie walking around the house. He showed me the video later, and it looked like

the Playboy Mansion used to. Eventually, we migrated upstairs, and I had a sevensome with some of the girls.



Sofia (smiling, to my right) in my theater.

The following day, we took machine guns into the desert and blew up thirty pumpkins for Halloween. Then we went to the casino. As I strolled through with fifteen women in lingerie costumes, people went nuts.

This was the end of 2016, and I was a legitimate celebrity at that point. Critics try to downplay it and say, “Instagram famous.” But this wasn’t Instagram. This was real life; in every city and every foreign country I’d been. I’d been around a lot of celebrities and hadn’t seen anyone generate that type of hysteria.

Fame is a weird thing. It can be debilitating if you like being out in public. Once the first person comes over and asks for a photo, then everyone else just lines up. Sometimes people will ask for a picture, and they don't even know who you are. Those are the only ones I reject. What kind of sheep do you have to be to want a picture with a human being simply because you saw other people taking photos of them?

After the party with Floyd, I flew to LA with T-Pain, Francesca Farago, and her blonde friend Crystal. T-Pain had just released a song called “Dan Bilzerian,” where he rapped “I got ten Brazilians like I’m Dan Bazarraan.” He said my name wrong, but T-Pain is a legend, and I was honored nonetheless.

While we were out at a club in LA, I sat there with Francesca and Crystal on my lap watching T-Pain on the mic singing a song about me. I remember thinking, *Damn, I really made it, they’re writing songs about me.* After the club, I went back to the penthouse apartment a friend was letting me use and had a threesome with the girls in the living room.

*T-Pain (far left) and Francesca Farago
(to my immediate left).*



FRANCESCA FARAGO

Model, Star of Netflix series Too Hot to Handle

I met Dan working at a beach club in Montreal, Canada. His grand entrance for the day was a dive into the lake from a helicopter. I remember him having so many beautiful girls all over him, and I've still, to this day, never seen anything like it. Every girl wanted to be Dan's #1 girl, and you needed to do something to stand out because he had so many options. My tactic was anal sex and it worked!

He took me on his private plane to a beautiful island. We went scuba diving with turtles, did mushrooms, and had so many beautiful yacht days. While with him on our little adventure, he actually flew another girl out to the island, strictly to have sex with. Normally that would've bothered me, but because it was Dan, I thought it was amazing. No one else could've pulled that shit off!

Since becoming his friend I've introduced him to my entire group of friends, and even though this was years ago, I have very vivid flashbacks of all of us naked on his plane or hooking up in a limo; there were really no clothes around Dan. I've been around many celebrities before, but the power Dan holds is unlike any other. Everyone's quite literally running around naked vying for his attention. All trying to be his #1 girl even if it's just for a night. And I can say from experience, being his #1 girl—even for a night—is life changing.





Nina and cat.

Nina joined me in Las Vegas a week later with a hot blonde friend. She was super cool, always smiled, and never complained about anything. She even paid for her flight to see me, which is something

models never do. I didn't know how it was going to go with her, so I had Crystal stay with me in case Nina didn't want to fuck for some reason. But that didn't turn out to be the case.

I took her to Aoki's brain cancer charity event, and everyone broke their necks when she walked by. We shot machine guns in the desert and then went to Top Golf. The girls had never shot a gun or swung a golf club, so they were stoked, and my cousin Nick ended up hooking up with Nina's friend.

I spent a week with Nina before she had to return to Norway, and she was all class—super appreciative of everything and expected nothing in return. If her English had been better, I would have seriously dated her. On top of everything, she was sweet to the other girls and was cool with me fucking them. They broke the mold when they made Nina.

Crystal was pissed because I hadn't been hooking up with her. I told her that if she sucked my cousin Nick's dick, then I would fuck her. She thought I was kidding, but I said I was tired.

"Wake the kid up and do him a solid," I urged. "I'll rally and fuck you."

Nick was the little boy who had been my wingman those teenage summers in Minnesota. He happened to be visiting me and said he thought Crystal was one of the hottest girls he'd ever seen, so I figured he'd be stoked. Besides, fucking her wouldn't exactly be a chore, no matter how tired I was. We went back and forth about it, and finally she agreed. Crystal opened his door at two in the morning and crept in to wake him up. He was pleasantly surprised, waking up to his dream girl sucking his dick. I certainly paid him back—with interest—for helping me get laid all those summers ago.



Chapter 82

Crypto

I hadn't been playing much poker, but back in 2014, I was paid over a million dollars in Bitcoin from my Macau ponies. Back then, it was around \$700 a coin, and I'd forgotten about it. Now that it was around \$2,100 a coin, the news began to cover it, and all of the different types of coins were going up, so I bought some Ethereum, Ripple, and a few others. My coin accounts would go up and down hundreds of thousands and sometimes millions of dollars in a day.

I kept piling in until Bitcoin reached around \$17,900 a coin, and Clarence was panicking, trying to sell his coins. He said something that really stuck with me: "If you aren't a buyer at \$17,900, then you should be a seller," he advised.

Bitcoin went up to \$19,500, and I sold all my crypto as it started to fall. I cashed out at \$16,500 a coin and was happy with the insane profit. It was fun to gamble every day and have the big swings, but it was better to put a ton of money in the bank. I kept a couple of million in coins just for the sweat but took the big money out.

This was a big deal for me and a totally unexpected windfall of money that I only had to pay capital gains on. I'd pretty much stopped playing poker at this point because AG had quit me and the smaller games weren't worth the time. I had enough money to do whatever I wanted, so I decided to focus on doing things that made me happy, what I thought would make me happy anyway...



Chapter 83

Stampede

Imet Ron and his Canadian nightclub owner friend Will in Panama for stem cells. These guys went hard. They'd go to the local clubs and bring hookers back to the hotel. I don't mean one or two prostitutes. I'm talking like fifteen or twenty of them. They needed multiple elevator trips to get all these whores to their room.

On the way up, Will grabbed a federal cop from the lobby, brought him up to the room, and had one of the girls fuck him on a chair while he was still in uniform. Will lined ten hookers up against his hotel window and went down the line fucking them all like a sewing machine. Hookers were never my thing, but I couldn't pass up the opportunity to have a threesome with two hot biological sisters. I was banging them together on the floor while Ron was getting his dick sucked in the bed.

Mel Gibson was down there too, and we met up with him and the head doctor of the clinic the next night for dinner. I'd watched most of his movies and was interested to meet the man. He was a lot different than other celebs I'd met; he came in by himself with no security, which surprised me. He also clearly didn't give a fuck about being politically correct at all and made some comments at dinner that really made me laugh. He was unfiltered and seemed like a no bullshit guy. So when he told me stem cells got his ninety-something-year-old father out of his wheelchair, I knew he was telling the truth.



Mel had been roasted in the media for popping off to some cop about Jews, and everyone went crazy. I'm part Jewish, and it didn't bother me. He told everyone to get fucked and made a half a billion dollars on his *Passion of the Christ* movie, and I respected that. Kinda like when I heard Denzel Washington bought all the black guys on set jackets and didn't get the white guys anything; I thought that was funny. I never got offended by shit like that. I could care less what

your beliefs are as long as you're honest and upfront about it; everyone is entitled to their opinion.

My Florida public school was divided growing up, so I get it. I used to resent blacks for arbitrarily punching and jumping white kids in school on what they called "cracker day." In the military, I stopped caring about race because it didn't feel like it was blacks against whites; we were all on the same team. After traveling as much as I have, I realized that there's no shortage of shitheads and good people, and I've found no correlation with race. I laugh when people are proud to be Mexican, black, white, Jewish, whatever—I don't take pride in or identify with any race, location, or religion.

You should take pride in what you have accomplished, what you've built, and who you are as a person, not where you were born, what color your skin is, or anything else that you have no control over. That said, it took me some time to figure this out, so I don't dislike people who are racist. In fact, if they are open about it, I respect their authenticity. I just look at them as being less advanced.

Will saw people coming up to me constantly, and he asked how much he'd have to pay me to host his club in Calgary during Stampede (Canadian Rodeo). He kept talking about how amazing this rodeo/festival Stampede was, so I figured I'd check it out.

"Give me \$60K to cover the jet fuel, and I'll cruise up," I said.

"Done."

I got up there, and he had two hundred women lined up for a hot girl contest. My DMs were blowing up with hot girls that heard I was hosting, and there was no shortage at the venue either. Will was right; this place was pretty sick. I did the meet and greet and went to my table.

An hour later, Ron and I got into an argument about his cowboy hat. He'd loaned it to me and now wanted it back after I'd been wearing it for an hour, and my hair looked like matted shit. I had to take pics all night, so I said, "If you take the hat, I'm going to fuck your girl."

Sure enough, a few minutes after he reclaimed his hat, I had the random club girl he was talking to sucking my dick in a public

bathroom stall, hat head and all. He pounded on the door and yelled for us to stop.

“Give me the hat, and I’ll give you the girl!” I yelled. And he begrudgingly tossed the Stetson over the stall.

I unlocked the door, walked out, grabbed a hot, big titty brunette I’d been talking to, led her back into the bathroom, and fucked her in that same stall. It sounds absurd, but that’s the way it went down; ask Ron. Being famous and becoming a sex addict is like owning a bar and becoming an alcoholic.

A bunch of people ended up at my hotel room after the club. Ron walked in the bathroom unannounced as I was fucking two girls in the shower. He’d seen me bang enough girls that he wasn’t fazed.

“Hey, man, what time do you wanna go to the shooting range tomorrow?” he casually asked as I pumped away.

“I dunno, probably around one. I’ll text you when I get up.”

After I finished, I sent the girls away and ordered room service. One of the bottle girls from the club showed up and fucked me before the food arrived. It was like this every time I hosted a nightclub. I just ate Cialis, smoked weed, and fucked all night. It never got old because the women were always different, but something was missing.



Chapter 84



Sofia after going balls to the wall for four years, I needed a break.

I'd set up my life so I was in complete control and had no chance of being hurt.

I also had pretty much no chance of finding a decent girlfriend either. By having a bunch of girls constantly around, I was never available or susceptible to attachment. It was a power play and a defense mechanism all in one. I got to live out my childhood fantasy and fuck tons of hot girls while never having the headache or the risk of caring. The ego boosting sex and crazy adventure was amazing, but after doing it for four years, I needed a break.

Sofia, the girl I met at the Marquee pool party, happened to catch me at just the right time. Things started very casually, but progressed quickly. She was athletic and quickly learned how to wake surf and drive the off-road vehicles. Pretty soon she was holding her own, keeping up with my buddies and me blasting down the Vegas trails at over 90 mph. She was smart, and we got along well, but most importantly, she had huge tits. Her sarcastic personality grew on me, and after a few months, Sofia and I were living together.



Sofia.

I'd been looking to spend more time with my guy friends and it was much easier with a girlfriend. Before my buddies would come

around and they wouldn't know what to do with themselves, constantly distracted by the girls walking around wearing barely anything. I can't blame them, it was quite the distraction, but it messed up the dynamics nonetheless. Now I was able to have a guys' night at the house, and my friends who were married were finally allowed to hang out.

Things started off so good...



Chapter 85

Hawaii

We were flying in from Bora Bora after a week of surfing and exploring Tahiti. Everyone sat around the table in the back of the plane and played low-stakes poker while listening to Stick Figure and discussing what we should do in Hawaii.

It was a couple's trip, and I'd brought Sofia. We had to stop for fuel, so we figured why not check out Hawaii before returning to Vegas? I'd rented a wood-carved Asian-themed house that was inland on a couple of lakes. It looked like the temples in Shanghai set in the jungle. And the lush green backyard was full of birds and wild geese.

My buddy "All-American Dave" had lived on this island before, so he knew his way around. The first thing we did was surf at a mellow sand bottom spot with the girls. Then we went on a hike up the coastline that ended in a waterfall by the ocean.

On the drive home, we stopped to pick up some fresh coconuts from a local stand. I was pretty fucking thirsty after the three-hour hike, and the coconut water really hit the spot. Back at the house, my chef had prepared us a massive feast. I'd never felt so relaxed, sitting on the couch, watching *Big Wednesday*, a classic surf movie, while passing a joint around.

I slept like a baby that night and woke up feeling good. We had breakfast, loaded up the boards, and went surfing again at the same spot. After a couple hours, Dave took us to a really bomb fresh fish taco restaurant. Next door, there was a bohemian store that sold high-end art, handcrafted trinkets, surfboards, and pretty much everything in between. I went in looking for weed and left with Golden Teacher psychedelic mushrooms.

The next day, we went to a secluded beach and did the mushrooms. I didn't wear a shirt, sunblock, or shoes almost the entire trip. We left

the cell phones in the SUV and headed down to the beach with only a water bottle. It felt nice to not need anything. It was hot, and the ocean was there to cool you off if you wanted, but there was no need for towels or shoes.

The mushrooms kicked in on the hike down to the beach, the colors became much more vibrant, and I became more connected to the earth. We got to the beach, and everything and everyone looked more beautiful. The landscape on this island was already insane as it was, but with the mushrooms, it was indescribable. I ran to the ocean and dove in. The water was warm, and the waves were about four to five feet, so enough to have fun but not big enough to fuck you up. I got in about seven feet of water and held my breath. The waves would come, pick me up, and set me back down. I felt weightless like a jellyfish.

Dave was bodysurfing, and everyone else was hanging out on the beach, absorbing the sun's energy. After an hour of breath holding in the ocean, I went for a run to warm up. Everything had a shimmer to it, the water, the three hundred-foot rock walls, even the mist from the ocean spray on the rocks. And the lighthouse at the end of the beach on the top of the cliff looked like something out of an oil painting.

I felt distinctly relaxed and happy; there was no stress or worry. Everyone was smiling, and after about four hours, we decided to go get some Mexican food. I lit a joint in the car and put on some reggae music. As we drove down the cliffside highway with the bright blue ocean on the right, and the lush green mountains on the left, I remember thinking that I'd just had one of the best days of my life, and it cost no money. A hippie in a van could have had the exact same day, and there was something really cool about that.

The next day, the realtor who rented me the house offered to take us up the coast and show us the more remote parts of the island. They took two boats, and he let me drive a Wave Runner. On the way there, we drove into some massive caves and snorkeled with giant sea turtles.

The ride ended on an isolated beach only accessible by water. They anchored the boats, and we all swam in. The beach was surrounded

by sheer rock walls that went up hundreds of feet and to the left was a big arching cave that lead to another enclosed beach with a sixty foot waterfall in the back. Everyone had lunch on the beach, and we agreed that this place was a perfect spot to shroom.

All American Dave on the far left.



The last day we packed up, went surfing, and then took a helicopter tour of the island that ended at my plane. Everything was loaded up when we got there, so we smoked a joint, hopped on the jet and took off to Vegas.

We played cards on the way back, and the time went by fast. The way the plane was set up, it felt more like hanging in a living room than traveling. I was happy, I'd had one of the best trips of my life, and I was only with one girl. There were no headaches, no distractions, and for once, my dick wasn't running the show. I finally

figured out the secret to mushrooms was to be in nature, and I knew I was going to live in Hawaii someday.





Chapter 86

Hurricane Harvey

I bet two million dollars on Floyd and felt pretty good about it, especially since he'd let me watch him train.

Floyd Mayweather.



My buddy Mike and I watched the Floyd Mayweather–Connor McGregor fight at my house in Vegas. I knew he was in good shape, but I’m not gonna lie, I was sweating in the first three rounds. After Floyd won, I turned the channel and news coverage of Hurricane Harvey came on. Houston was flooded, and thousands of people needed rescue.

“Wanna fly out there and help?” I asked Mike.

Mike was a bit of a hermit and didn’t like to leave the house. But he was also a devout Christian and knew it was the right thing to do. A friend of Clarence’s in Houston offered his house to serve as our base camp. We flew down the next day.

I didn’t really have any kind of plan but I had faith that I’d figure something out. A friend of a friend had a helicopter and was flying in supplies, so we went with him for the first day. It was worse than I’d expected. Houston was completely underwater. Only the tops of houses were visible and it reminded me of Venice, Italy.



Houses flooded in Houston.

The second day, we flew to a small airport where all the government agencies refueled. It was hard to do anything if you weren't in uniform, so I told a DEA agent that I was a cop in New Mexico and asked if I could help out. He told me to wear my badge and sent me to help load people onto a C-130 for evacuation. I carried suitcases for old ladies and made sure everyone from gangbangers to church grandmas got up the back ramp of the military aircraft.

Carrying peoples' bags wasn't why I flew down there; I wanted to do something more impactful, so I hit up my buddy Ron. He owned a firearms company, and he worked with the police, so I figured he might have some insight.

"Come by tomorrow," Ron told me. "I'll talk to the PD. I've got a deuce and a half you can drive, and you can run it all day, pulling people out."

The deuce was a six-wheeled military troop transport vehicle equipped with a snorkel above the cab that allowed it to drive in up to twelve feet of water. We picked up two local cops and drove them into the flooded neighborhoods so they could respond to distress calls. The water was six feet deep in some areas, and I had to cut a couple fallen trees with a chainsaw to make it through.



It was summer in Texas, and the deuce didn't have air conditioning. With the humidity, it felt like we were in a bathroom after the shower had been left on for twenty minutes. I felt bad for the

cops wearing full uniforms and body armor, but they didn't seem to mind; they had good attitudes and were appreciative of the help.

Driving through Houston.



The following day, we found a neighborhood so flooded that I accidentally ran over a car because the water was three feet above the roof. Residents were using kayaks and inflatable rafts to evacuate their homes. Mike and I made runs all day, hauling out dozens of people at a time. They were very thankful, and it felt good. After five days, we flew home, exhausted.

A couple of weeks later, I linked up with Taylor Hammond, a kid I'd met years prior through the Robin Hood Project. I hadn't seen him in a while, and I wanted to hang out with him since he was struggling, and his parents didn't know how long he had left. We hung out for a couple days doing the kinda stuff I did when I was his age (Mexican dynamite and machine guns), and he made me feel a lot better. Hanging around people like him forces you to improve.

Taylor was living in poverty with leukemia, constant pain, terminal cancer, and God knows what else wrong, but he was always smiling and walking around with a better attitude than me. Most kids find things to bitch about, but not Taylor—he had a list a mile long, but he never complained about anything. I remember him always being happy, which made me happy. Taylor had a great perspective and that made all the difference.



Taylor Hammond.

Having a good perspective was never one of my strong suits. I never felt like anything was good enough, probably because growing up I never felt like I was good enough. Finding lasting happiness was always difficult, but I did figure out that making other people happy does make me happy. I believe everyone is connected, and when you help others, you're also helping yourself. It's much better to focus on happiness than pleasure as you will soon see the perils of my pleasure seeking.



Chapter 87

Route 91 Shooting

Jake Owen invited me to his concert in Las Vegas. It'll be fun, he said.

Jake walked on stage barefoot with a big smile, and the crowd went crazy. It was strange watching him sing in front of all those people; he'd come a long way since our Little League days in Tampa. His singing was really good, but I was even more impressed with his stage presence. Knowing him only as a shy kid, I was surprised how comfortable he was in front of that massive crowd. It was like he didn't have a care in the world.

JAKE OWEN Country Singer

I remember sitting in the back of the Escalade, scrolling through my phone while waiting on wherever it was we were going next. My manager was sitting next to me doing the same. I'll never forget him asking me, "Have you heard of this Dan Bilzerian dude?"

I told him, "The only time I've ever heard the name Bilzerian was when I was a kid in Tampa, Florida, playing Little League baseball. Paul Bilzerian was my coach, and his son Dan was on my team. We were pretty damn good. Why do you ask?"

He proceeded to show me this dude on Instagram that looked like Zeus, firing guns with fine-ass women all around him. Although I hadn't seen him in twenty-five years, I said, "Holy shit, that's definitely him." I immediately sent Dan a

message from my Instagram account and said I'd love to connect next time next time I'm out around Vegas or Cali.

Fast forward to a Sunday night, October 1st, 2017. I was playing the Route 91 Country Music festival in Las Vegas with my buddy Jason Aldean. Seemed like the perfect time to reach out to Dan and invite him out. After my show, we hung out on the bus for a bit and laughed about old times.

Aldean had just started playing his set. I mentioned to Dan and his buddy we should go watch the show from the side stage. We did just that and hadn't been on stage for more than a few songs when amid our mid-yelling conversation, I heard the first few pops. My first thought was pyrotechnics or a light blowing out.

Dan looked at me and said, "I know that sound...that's gun shots."

The music kept playing, and everything seemed fine for another twenty seconds, and then all hell broke loose. It sounded like a machine gun. Nonstop gunfire. I had no idea where it was coming from, and for some reason, we all ran off the left side of stage. I remember running through the crowd of people. Everyone panicked, running for their lives or clinging to someone they came with who was already shot. Dan was insisting he was going to find a gun, gunfire still ringing out. I saw my buses in the parking lot across the street and made a run for it. That's where Dan and I split.

I don't talk about that night much. I've kind of tucked it away in my mind in a place where I don't like to visit. I'll never forget it, though. One minute, we were all partying and loving life. The next minute, people were losing their lives. I know Dan has been in crazy situations in his life, but I'm pretty damn sure he'll always remember the night he decided to come see his buddy Jake at a country music concert.

Jake had taken our gang to the side of the stage to watch Jason Aldean play. After a couple songs, there were audio problems, and I heard what sounded like electronics crackling. Twenty seconds later, the music stopped completely, and I knew right then the *cracks* were bullets flying by us. I'd heard this familiar sound seventeen years ago in the military when I was downrange behind a berm changing targets. It wasn't the sound of a gunshot; at distance, the gunshot is heard long after the bullet arrives. This was a distinct whip crack noise caused by a bullet breaking the sound barrier, and you hear it when a supersonic bullet travels by you.

There was panic, and then people started to run. With the music off, I could now hear the heavy machine gun fire clearly.

Shit, I need to find a gun. Where is it coming from? You stupid fuck! Why didn't you bring your gun? were the first thoughts in my head as I ran.

My buddy Brendon, who was a professional surf photographer, was running behind me, and his first instinct was to record on his cellphone. I heard bullets hit the ground around me, and people were running and screaming. It was chaos.

As we approached the back of the venue, I saw a parked police car with flashing lights and made a beeline for it. The car was empty, and I didn't see any cops in the vicinity, so I searched it for a weapon. I immediately saw a duty shotgun locked upright in a harness between the seats. The keys to the squad car along with fifty others dangled from the ignition. I tried key after key, but nothing would unlock the shotgun. Frustrated, I dropped the keys on the seat and went looking for the cop the vehicle belonged to.

At first, everyone assumed that there were multiple shooters moving through the crowded festival, mowing people down. The gunfire kept coming in long, fully automatic volleys, echoing through the streets and buildings, but nobody could tell where it was coming from.

I ran over to a girl lying on the ground surrounded by friends. She had been shot in the head, and it didn't look good. I didn't check to see if she was alive; I just told them to bring her to the squad car.

Figuring I'd borrow the car and bring her to the hospital. But when I got back to the vehicle, the keys were gone.

Gunfire erupted again, and I took off running through an empty lot toward the Mandalay Bay. While I was running, I whipped out my phone and threw up an Instagram story saying that a girl had been shot in the head. I wanted people to know an active shooter situation was happening at the concert I'd been posting about. My stories were getting around eight million views at the time, so it was the best way to generate awareness.

As I approached the hotel, the gunfire intensified, so I crouched down near a small concrete lane divider. "Hey, the security is boning out!" Brendon yelled as a two security guards and a police officer ran toward us. The cop was carrying an M4 carbine and as soon as he reached our barricade, I told him, "I'm a cop!" and held up my police ID.

"Go, go!" he yelled.

"I need a gun," I said.

"Get the fuck away from me," he said. "I don't know who you are."

"I'm a cop. I just showed you my creds."

"That's fine, I don't know who you are. Keep moving! Let's go," he said as he turned and ran away.

The gunfire was increasing, and my chances of finding a gun seemed to be nonexistent, so we doubled back. Some guy in a van yelled my name and asked if we wanted a ride. I thanked him and got in. On the way out, we picked up a couple of injured girls and headed to the hospital. On the ride, I called my New Mexico police chief.

"Can I grab a gun, wear my plate carrier, and go back?"

"Definitely not, Dan," he ordered. "You can carry concealed, but under no circumstances should you go back with a visible weapon. You'll be shot by the police."

I hadn't even considered that possibility. It suddenly dawned on me that if I'd gotten that shotgun unlocked, I might very well have been shot by the cops myself. Looking back, I probably shouldn't have asked that cop for a spare gun either, but I was a cop and people were being murdered, so it seemed like the thing to do.

After the hospital, the driver dropped Brendon and me off at my house. I ran upstairs, grabbed a pistol, and headed back. While I was driving, Chief called me and said his friend's daughter was at the show and needed to be taken out. I had him send a pin of her location, but the police had barricaded off the roads, so I couldn't drive to her. I parked as close as I could and called him as I was jogging back.

The shooting seemed to have stopped, but I still had no idea where it had been coming from, and that was nerve-wracking. As I neared the concert area, I saw bloody bodies on the ground. A few cops drew down on me; it was all a panic. The police didn't know who the gunmen were, and there were reports of multiple shooters over the police radio.



I made my way to the congregation of police cars on Las Vegas Boulevard. There was a dead body in the middle of the street, and the police were hunkered down behind their vehicles. I linked up with some first responders, and we walked around looking for people who were injured. The whole situation was fucked up; cell phones on the

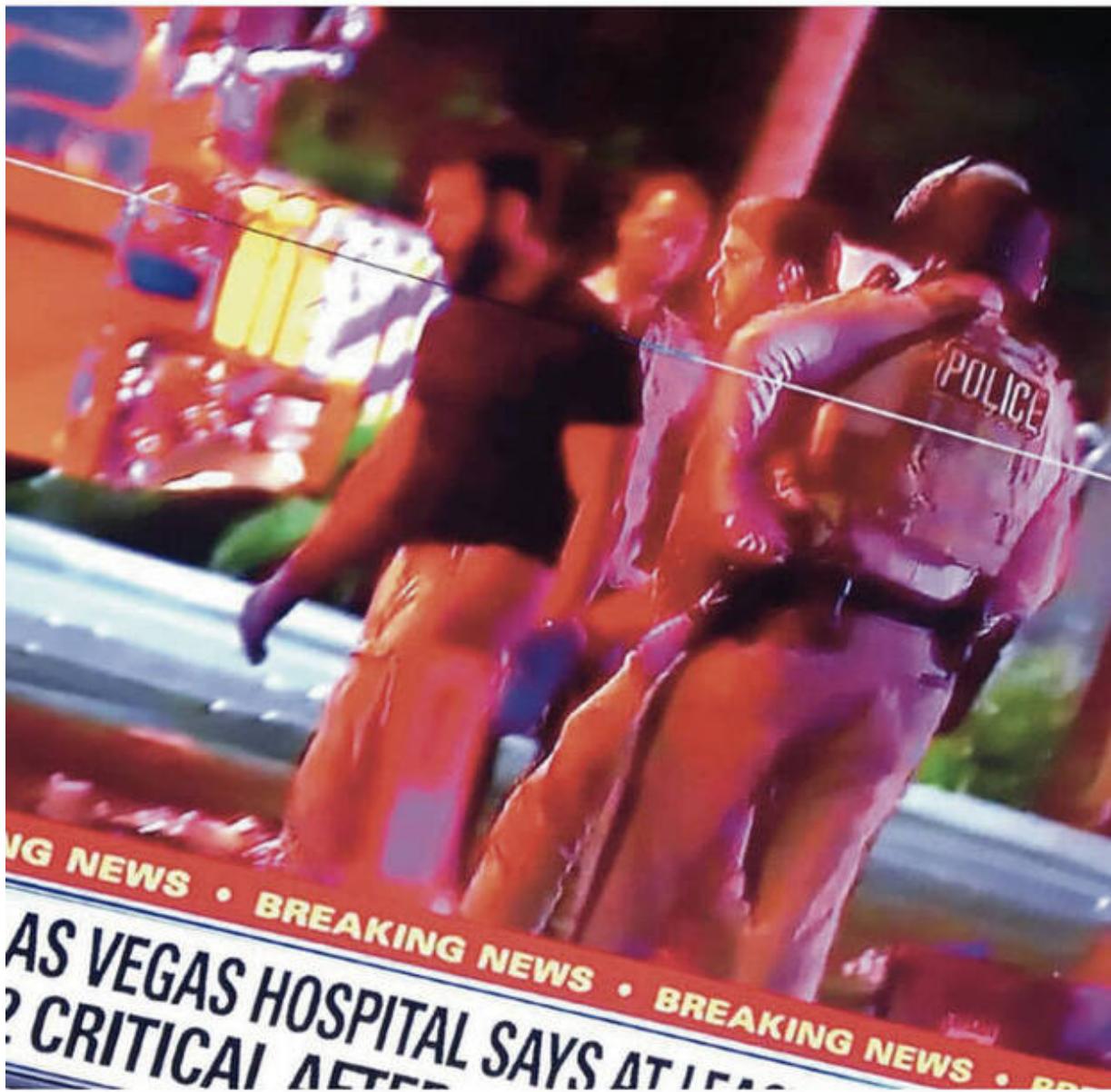
bodies rang nonstop as people across the nation tried to reach their friends and loved ones. It was brutal.



zackiscrack

Las Vegas, Nevada >

...



124 likes

zackiscrack Actions speak louder than words #behumble
#VegasStrong @danbilzerian

9 HOURS AGO

After a couple of hours, it didn't seem like there was much more I could do, so I went home. On the drive back, everyone was texting and calling me. I wasn't in the mood to answer the same questions over and over, so I posted a story saying I was fine and put my phone away. When I got back to the house, I saw Brendon on the couch, and he was pretty shaken up. He showed me the video he'd recorded, and we watched the news trying to figure out what in the fuck happened. We talked and replayed the night's events for a while before going to bed.

The next day, news outlets asked to interview me, but I told them to piss off. I wanted nothing to do with the press. The hospitals were packed, and the staff was working overtime. They were asking for blood, water, and food donations. I didn't think anyone wanted my hormone-infested blood, so I jumped in my five-ton six-wheel military truck and went to Costco. I bought ten thousand pounds of bottled water and delivered it to a drop point for contributions for the hospitals. Then I met up with Jessa at a local Mexican restaurant that wanted to donate a ton of food. We loaded it up and brought it to the drop point as well.

When I got home, I received a text from the Chief telling me Dakota Meyer, a Marine Medal of Honor recipient, was blogging that I was a coward for running away from the shooter. I thought Chief was fucking with me, but sure enough, this fat idiot was online blogging about how I shouldn't have run away and that I should've stayed and helped people. Dakota was one of my followers, and he saw the Instagram story I posted while running *towards* the Mandalay. Unfortunately, he wasn't very bright and interpreted that as fleeing.

I was livid. I went from feeling good about the donations to pure anger. Instead of helping, this asshole was online, blogging about what a hero he was and what he would have done if he was there. I mean what a tool, using a mass shooting as an opportunity to try and make a name for himself. Notwithstanding, I didn't run away; I actually ran directly towards the shooter.

I was confused because getting the Medal of Honor was supposed to be a huge deal, and usually a recipient is a stand-up guy, so I looked into it. The articles I read said the Marine wrote his own report on the events to receive the Medal of Honor, and the video from the soldiers' helmet cams contradicted his report. Another article said he was hospitalized after an eighteen-year-old beat him up in a bar and that he was fired from his last job for being mentally unstable and having a drinking problem. After getting more information, this idiot's desperate cries for attention started to make more sense. I wasn't going to think twice about him using my name to get views, but then the press got involved.

The same reporters that I'd told to piss off when they wanted to do a hero story on me now were actually calling me a coward. These journalists who would have been the first to start crying in that situation were now saying I ran away, which was false. But even if I had, criticizing an unarmed man for running during the deadliest mass shooting in United States history is absurd. And the message the media was conveying to all the survivors is that they were cowards for running from machine gun fire, which is really fucked up. I knew these motherfuckers were dumb, but this shocked me.

Then military guys started posting comments and talking shit. It was really brutal because, thanks to Brendon, I had a video of the entire shooting that clearly showed me staying in the heart of it for seven of the nine minutes it was going on. My police chief didn't want me to post it because he was worried it would bring a lot of heat on the program. So just like Miami, I had to read all this bullshit and do nothing.

One of the problems with being a celebrity is that the media can just print lies, and you have no real recourse. Denzel Washington once told a reporter, "If you don't read the newspaper, you're uninformed; if you do read it, you're misinformed. We live in a society where it's just first. Who cares? Get it out there. We don't care who it hurts, we don't care who we destroy, we don't care if it's true. Just say it, sell it. Anything you practice, you'll get good at—including BS."

I went to some hospitals and dropped off food, but it didn't make me happy, I was too angry. The whole thing really messed me up; I went from wanting to help people to not wanting anything to do with them. Brendon wasn't doing any better, so I suggested we get the fuck out of there.



Chapter 88

Shaun and the Halfpipe

I flew to Fiji with Brendon to surf and get away from the bullshit. After a couple weeks there, we figured we'd check out New Zealand since it wasn't too far away, and I'd never been. We went paragliding, hiking, and on some high-speed jet boats through fjords.

With social media, everyone knows where you are whether you know them or not. Snowboarder Shaun White knew my pal Steve Aoki, so when he saw me post from New Zealand after the shooting, he asked for my number. He texted and said he was practicing for the Olympics at a half pipe on a nearby mountain and asked if I wanted to come watch. When I got the text from Shaun, I told my assistant to find a helicopter.

Brendon, a few girls, and I flew over to meet Shaun. His team gave me a snowmobile and I met him at the half pipe.



Shaun White.

Shaun started out with something simple, and then went for a crazy double or triple flip 1080. He flew into the stratosphere, spinning to the point where I had no idea how he knew which direction was up anymore. And evidently, he didn't. Instead of landing on his board, he dropped directly on his face.

The impact of the sharp lip of the half pipe split his face from his mouth to his forehead. I watched in shock as he slid down the side until he crunched up like a scorpion at the bottom. Coaches and medical staff rushed over, and I stood on the top of the pipe, thinking, *What the fuck did I just watch?* I'd just met this extreme sports legend thirty minutes earlier, and now he'd possibly died in front of my eyes. A pool of blood stained the snow as they carted him off to the

medical center at the base of the hill. They told me Shaun would live but that he had to be flown to a hospital immediately.

“Take my helicopter,” I told them. “It’s right there.”

But for some reason, they made him wait over an hour for one to fly in from the hospital. He was in a lot of pain, and they told everyone to leave. We went back to the half pipe, wondering if Shaun would be able to snowboard again. I felt somewhat guilty, wondering if me being there had distracted him or thrown him off.

Shaun was hurt pretty badly, but he recovered and went on to win the gold medal in the Korea Olympics, landing the exact same trick that almost taken his head off. Talk about fucking balls.

SHAUN WHITE

Three-Time Olympic Gold Medalist Snowboarder, Fifteen-Time X Game Gold Medalist

I met Dan in New Zealand in 2017. He helicoptered in to watch me try a new trick. I had been planning on doing that trick for some time, and I love a crowd to motivate me, so I figured that day would be the day to nail this trick and go jet boating with Dan and his crew to celebrate pulling it off. Next thing I knew, I was covered in blood, trying to piece together what had just happened. I remember Dan throwing an army rag down on the floor of the pipe, shouting to put some pressure on it...meaning my face. I did what he said but couldn't help think, This guy just carries army rags around with him???

I haven't seen my face yet...Dan took one look at me and said "Don't worry, I've seen worse. You have money...doctors back in LA will have you looking normal before you know it."

After all the tests were run at the hospital, it was determined that I had suffered massive pulmonary lung contusions, I got sixty-two stitches in my face, and I had a

slight concussion. I spent the next week in the hospital where they pumped blood out of my lungs before I was allowed to fly home.

As miserable as I was, I did have a good laugh when Dan told his millions of followers on Instagram to DM me nudes to cheer me up in the hospital.

Fast forward, Dan and I are still friends because of this wild experience, and I appreciate him keeping his cool during such a dramatic event in my life.



Chapter 89

Sam, the Final Chapter

I was down in Central America for another round of stem cell treatments when I received word that my crazy, funny, outlandish friend Sam Magid was found dead in his home. I hadn't seen him in almost a year, but we'd texted and spoken on the phone frequently about an animated series I was producing about my crazy life. I'd sunk over a million dollars into the project, and a third of the stories were about Sam.

He'd done his own version called *Painman* and printed the logo on golf balls. Those were the projectiles that he usually cajoled naked ladies into sending forth into the neighborhood. The house that was the most frequent target turned out to be owned by Cher. She sent demand letters to Sam's house, but for some strange reason, they were all addressed to me. He paid the bills but never clarified that it wasn't me doing the late-night driving.

One time, she sent a couple of lackeys over to rough us up and collect the damages.

"Did you hit this ball into a house across the way?" They held out a golf ball with Sam's face on it.

"Yes."

"It's \$20,000 for the repairs." No way the costs were that much. They just threw out a number.

"Okay, give me a minute." Sam ducked into the house and returned with \$80,000 in cash. "This should cover this one, and the next couple as well."

They were thoroughly confused but impressed. They gave their numbers to Sam and said to call if he ever needed anything. They had come to beat him up and left, offering favors. That was Sam.

I thought of that story for some reason when I heard the news. He was so lovably fucked up, and his death was inevitable. Though he was so open and shameless with his money and lifestyle, there was

one thing he rarely shared: that he had a rare autoimmune disease called granulomatosis with polyangiitis. And that's why he lived like there was no tomorrow. There really wasn't one.

When doctors told him that he had two to ten years left, Sam liquidated all his stock positions and moved to Hollywood to be a rock star. He did precisely what I would have done if I had hundreds of millions of dollars and as little as two years left to live. Sam made it eight years, which, considering his drug use, was nothing short of a miracle. He bought a sick bachelor pad, fucked tons of girls, and partied his ass off. Sam was a legend in Los Angeles. He partied with the best and worst of them, banging Lindsay Lohan and getting high with Charlie Sheen.

His family asked me to speak at the funeral because I was his best friend. I tried to keep it together, but it was impossible to stand over his casket and tell stories without getting emotional. His freakish ability to frustrate and terrify me meant that I constantly wanted to kill him. But in truth, I would have done almost anything to save him.



Chapter 90

Ignite

I went from zero to 100.

In November of 2016, marijuana became legal for recreational use in Nevada. The minute I saw the news, I knew I wanted to do something in that space. Cannabis felt like a natural fit since I was getting high every day and I wasn't afraid of the negative connotations. Plus I was tired of playing poker; I didn't like that for me to win someone else had to lose. I wanted to build a business where I could provide value and not deal with the stresses of gambling.

After a year of flying around looking at grows, meeting with partners, and a road show to raise money, I launched a cannabis business called Ignite with commitments for \$10 million to do a reverse takeover with a Canadian public shell company. In January 2018, we had our launch party in Vancouver.



Ignite launch party in Vancouver with Sofia.

During that past year, things had changed a lot. I'd been working hard on setting up Ignite, and that required a lot of focus. Sofia and I had been monogamously dating for almost a year, and my time was being spent working, traveling and hanging with my guy friends. When I wasn't working, it was couples ski trips to Aspen, the Galapagos islands with my aunt and uncle, and surfing in Hawaii anytime I could.

I'd had an amazing year free of partying and female distractions. I was happy, but I was getting restless and I wanted to make Ignite a success. It was time to climb another mountain. I was famous, but the clock was ticking. I knew I wouldn't be relevant forever, and if I was going to do something with it, the time was now.

Fame had robbed me of a lot of freedom and all of my privacy. It was isolating and very limiting; I couldn't even walk the streets in obscure foreign countries without getting bombarded. Sporting events, concerts, and festivals were no longer an option without security. The relevancy would go away, but the recognizability wouldn't, and I knew that, if in five years I was still having to take pictures in fucking parking lots and I'd never monetized it, I would regret it.

The first thing I needed to do was get *set up* in my city. So I searched for a property that was bigger than my reputation and found it: a sprawling Vegas compound that had been listed for \$25 million.

New Vegas house.



I bought the house in June of 2018. The seller wanted to move it, and I paid all cash, so I got a good deal. The home was 41,500 square feet spread over five acres. There were four gates onto the property, and the garage held sixteen cars and had ports for two RVs. The living quarters had seven bedrooms, fourteen bathrooms, a regulation indoor basketball court, a batting cage, golf simulator, a pool with an industrial water slide, twenty-foot high dive, and outdoor air-conditioning. There were six fireplaces and two imported Italian wood-fired pizza ovens. The master had a custom-made ten-foot bed and a shower that could comfortably hold thirty people. I hoped it was big enough.

I bought a Rolls Royce Cullinan for \$450,000, a Bentley Continental GT for \$300,000, and the new Ferrari 812 Superfast for \$475,000. I bought them all cash, then invested \$500,000 on home automation. I

threw down \$500,000 on a loft and airbag, and \$675,000 on an off-road truck.

All cash. No leases. No credit. No half stepping. Anything worth doing was worth doing right.



Chapter 91

The Ignite House

The world had changed in the intervening years. Hollywood had begun taking cues from whatever self-righteous hashtag was trending on social media, which brought the label “toxic masculinity” into the mainstream as if acting like a man was now some sort of disease. It seemed like the crusade to emasculate men was spilling into everything; even razor companies had joined the fray, airing a commercial *during the Superbowl* that lectured men on the inherent dangers of manliness. The more brands castrated themselves, the more the marketplace was flooded with neutered products, the more I was going to stand out.

I wasn’t going to Tweet apologies for offending people or feign regret for sleeping with a bunch of women. Not a fucking chance. I was gonna put it right in their faces with billboards on Sunset Boulevard that would cause accidents. It was risky. I knew it would cause outrage, especially in California, but my following was built on authenticity and not being a sheep. So I did what I’d been doing my whole life and continued to swim upstream. The plan was to build a counterculture brand the world would recognize—and I was going to do it in record time.

I knew what the Playboy Mansion had done for the *Playboy* brand. The mansion was listed as their most valuable asset when I’d previously offered to buy the company. They were arrogant and their inflated valuation was way too high, so I decided to let their brand die and create a better version of it.

I needed to reestablish myself in Los Angeles, and I was going to be loud about it. I knew what it took to stand out in that city of rich suckers, so I looked at every property in Los Angeles listed for \$50 million or above. One house stuck out like a sore thumb. It took up a city block on the side of a mountain in Bel Air and looked like a

beached ocean liner. It was four stories and 31,000 square feet of marble, granite, and glass. Twelve bedrooms, twenty-six bathrooms, nine wet bars, a movie theater, a bowling alley, and a twelve-car garage with rotating turntables. The master bedroom alone was 5,500 square feet. That monstrosity was a big fuck you to everyone in Los Angeles.



I knew this was the house, no question.

It had originally listed for \$110 million, then the price dropped to \$90 million, which was still a lot of fucking money. We came to terms where I paid \$5 million for a three-year option to buy it and \$2.4 million per year in rent. I went out and raised \$30 million for Ignite in less than twenty-four hours and locked up the Ignite house. It was game time.

There was a tennis court on the roof, but I was more of a meathead than a country club guy. So I bought an LA Fitness gym, shut it down, and had a crane lift all the equipment onto the court. I put a slip and slide in the backyard, installed a cryotherapy machine in my

bathroom, and bought a custom-made ten-by-ten alligator skin bed. Just the essentials, you know.

Jordan Belfort, the inspiration for *Wolf of Wall Street*, came over to the house to discuss talking about Ignite on his podcast. He was pretty animated and exactly what I expected given what I had seen of him in interviews. We talked Quaaludes, and he begged me to give him one; I told him I only had a few left and didn't want to part with any of them. He then offered \$5,000 for one pill, but I declined. We had a lot in common, a couple of adults that still thought like college kids.

JORDAN BELFORT **Wolf of Wall Street**

What was supposed to be a quick thirty-minute business meeting to discuss the possibility of doing a podcast together ended up lasting for over three and a half hours and culminated with Dan and me hitting golf balls off a makeshift driving range that he'd had retrofitted to one of his house's countless outdoor decks.

"You think that neighbor will get pissed If I shank this seven-iron into the window of his Rolls Royce?" I asked Dan.

"Fuck him if he can't take a joke," Dan replied quickly. "Besides, my neighbors are gonna hate me anyways, a broken car window is the least of their worries."

I nodded in agreement, marveling at how effective this type of twisted logic could be at rationalizing even the most extreme forms of unneighborly conduct. I had used this sort of twisted logic myself in my younger and wilder days to rationalize a laundry list of socially unacceptable behaviors



—everything from landing a helicopter in the backyard of my estate at two in the morning to turning a blind eye to the presence of a van full of hookers in the lower level of the Stratton Oakmont parking garage.

The housewarming party consisted of 485 women and about 40 men, including Chris Brown, Tyga, Shaun White, French Montana, and Marshmello to DJ.

A buddy showed up with some G, and we went shot for shot until I said, “Fuck it,” and drank right out of the water bottle. I blacked out for the first time in almost two decades and hit my head on the side of the dining room table. Security carried me down to my room and left me on the bed. I woke up covered in my own piss and puke like a freshman in a fraternity.

I looked at my phone and had ninety-three text messages, mostly from women.

“You fucking asshole! I can’t believe you ditched me.”

“Are you fucking that girl?”

“Are you coming back out?”

“Why are you with that bitch?”

It was really funny because this was the only party I can remember where I didn’t get laid. Jay Rich made a great video, and thankfully I got a quick pic with Marshmello, so there was something to post letting people know I was back. Everyone said it was the party of the year, so it was a total success—other than my face. I had smashed my nose on the table and had no skin left on the tip.

I went out to the pool to survey the damage and the view beyond. The Jacuzzi was full of hot girls in Ignite bikinis drinking champagne. Coincidentally, Eminem’s “Without Me” came on the sound system: “Guess who’s back, back again!”





Chapter 92

Back in LA

I'd cut off my harem, so I had to rebuild my stable. Initially I thought it would take some work, but after the first party the floodgates opened. Word traveled fast.

Sofia and I broke up the day I locked up the Ignite house in LA. Toward the end, our relationship was barely hanging on by a thread because of trust issues. For instance, she accused me of cheating while I was playing poker at the Aria. I hadn't left the table, but she insisted that a girl had DMed her saying she saw me with Lauren (the girl from Cabo). I told her she was full of shit and asked for a screenshot of the DM. Sofia went silent until she produced an obviously photoshopped conversation. She literally made up the entire incident in her head and lied about it because she was stalking Lauren on Snapchat and saw she was in the city. I broke up with her then and numerous other times because I had no patience for her Colombian craziness.

She didn't trust me, and her insecurity ate her alive. Granted, I've got a lot of baggage, but considering I'd fucked two girls hours before having sex with her on the day we met, what the hell did she expect? The Ignite house was just the straw that broke the camel's back. To be fair, it was more of a telephone pole than a straw, but it was for the best. We wouldn't've lasted a day after I moved into the Ignite house.

Everything happened so fast. I went from being a low key minimalist living in nice 9,400 sq foot \$4 million-dollar home in a quiet golf course neighborhood to living in two of the biggest, most expensive houses in the world. I went from not caring about social media to relying on it to build my brand. I went from not partying at all to throwing the best parties in LA, and I went from monogamy to buying economy size boxes of condoms on a biweekly basis.

This was not a slow turn up, I came out of the gates firing. Ignite raised another seventy million, and we were sponsoring everyone,

hiring influencers, athletes and models. There were models, photoshoots, and castings at the house every few days. I would be in business meetings, working out in the gym, or getting high. Because they didn't see me, girls would get curious and go looking for me, some would even ask employees how they could hook up with me. There were girls staying at the house all the time, and on numerous occasions I found girls I'd never even met waiting in my room or in my bed naked. It was like being the only guy living in a sorority house. Things were nuts before, but this was a whole different level of crazy. My DMs were flooded, and A-list celebrities were showing up asking to hang out by the pool.





Vegas house.

SWAE LEE

Rapper

Living in LA and being a significant influence on the LA party scene, word starts to travel. I had some parties at my house in Woodland Hills, and I'd always hear about girls either getting ready to go to or leave Dan's. Somehow the stars aligned, and I learned exactly who that Dan was, and it's something the normal person would think a real-life Project X or Hugh Hefner would look like in modern day...Girls are like life A&Rs, and they love to be around fun and good vibes. I think Dan's lifestyle requires spending half your time on private jets, and it's one not easy to achieve. Wherever he's at in the world, I know it's looking like the Playboy Mansion/living room, and he's sitting cool, calm, and collected.

When I first moved to LA in 2012, I was living like I had hundreds of millions in the bank. Now I actually had hundreds of millions, but I was living like I had billions.



Chapter 93

International Incident

Three months after moving into the Ignite house, my father insisted I become an Armenian citizen.

Disillusioned by the way he'd been treated by the United States judicial system, my father had moved to St. Kitts and gotten my brother and I citizenship down there. He'd renounced his US citizenship and acquired Armenian citizenship as well and wanted my brother Adam and me to become Armenian citizens. He held meetings with high-ranking government officials, and they agreed, but first Adam and I would need to actually travel to Yerevan, the capital of Armenia.

I grabbed a couple girls, fired up the jet, took an Ambien, had sex, and passed out for pretty much the rest of the ride. A ton of paparazzi were camped out at the airport, but the last thing I wanted to do after a long flight was be photographed, so we hurried through the airport and went to the hotel. There are only three million Armenians in the country, and it felt like every single one of them knew me. We were mobbed everywhere.

Dad had a full schedule for us. First, we completed the paperwork, met with some government officials, and then received our passports. The military set up a day of shooting, but evidently didn't think it was important to disclose that it would take place in a disputed territory. Every gun in their military armory was laid out and ready. Pistols, machine guns, sniper rifles, grenade launchers—you name it. All the way up to tanks. I shot everything, and my brother and the girls also got off some rounds. Finally, they gave me a rocket launcher and instructed me fire it into the side of a mountain.



The following day, Azerbaijan issued an international warrant for my arrest. According to them, that mountain was attached to Azerbaijan, and they didn't appreciate me firing a rocket into it.

I wasn't far from Thailand, where my buddy Tarzan and Jay Rich were already shooting a music video for Ashanti. So I figured I'd hang with them and then just fly my plane the rest of the way around the world for the first time.

The next day, I arrived at Sri Panwa, a really high-end resort in Phuket owned by a rich Asian named Wan. He was friends with Jay and a gracious host, allowing me to stay in a \$17 million villa for free. I wanted to give his resort a shout-out on social media, but I worried that Azerbaijanis would show up with ski masks and AK-47s and extradite me to their country to rot in prison. This wasn't a totally sarcastic concern as the incident was getting international press, and I was now a pawn in their land dispute.

Meanwhile, all this high-profile activity, the good and the bad, had only served to help my brand awareness. The Ignite vape pen won the Best CBD Vape Pen category at the High Times Cannabis Cup. They sent the trophy to my villa in Phuket, and we set up a quick photo with a curvaceous model. In front of the infinity pool, she bent over at the waist, nude, while I perched the hardware right above her ass. It quickly became one of my most liked posts.



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Liked by billperkins and 2,425,585 others

danbilzerian @ignite won the @hightimesmagazine cannabis cup for best CBD pen, see

Ignite had really pushed me to lean back into social media as it was the best way on the planet to promote a cannabis company. My Instagram stories were getting between seven and twelve million views, and my posts were getting between thirty and sixty-five million impressions each. I got a half a billion impressions on Instagram alone in one week. Not everyone could follow me because of wives or jobs, but everyone was watching.

Former UFC fighter Mike Swick operated a first class Muay Thai gym and let us train and use all the equipment. It was cool to be in a ring in the middle of the jungle where this particular fighting discipline had originated in the eighteenth century.



That night, Mike took us to a local fight and then to a “ping-pong show.” I’d heard stories about ping-pong shows for decades. They were legendary among sailors. The wealthy Wan arranged police escorts for us, while Mike arranged heavily tattooed mafia enforcers.

The meet up was slightly awkward, but not a single soul would fuck with us.

As we settled into the show, an older, unattractive Thai lady came on stage. She lit a cigarette and inserted it into her vagina. That was followed up with multiple cigarettes, blowing out smoke rings on the “exhale.” Then she squatted over a bowl of water and dropped three full-size fish out of her pussy. They plopped into the water and swam around in the bowl. She then inserted a tube and shot darts out her pussy at balloons around the room. It sounded like gunshots when they popped. Then a live bird went in and out of her orifice.

The climax of the show, if she was still capable of climaxing through that beaten-up thing, was a string of metal nails and actual razorblades that she pulled out of her vagina. There was nothing sexy about it at all, but in terms of training and discipline, it was impressive.

We packed a lot into the week in Thailand. We went to the Phi Phi Islands where they filmed the DiCaprio movie *The Beach*, and I drove one of those crazy Thai fishing boats with a twelve-foot shaft on the motor. Tarzan caught a six-foot monitor lizard with his bare hands, we got in a snake pit with king cobras, and Wan flew in a world-renowned Japanese sushi chef for \$25,000 for a day.

That night, everyone ate weed brownies and met up at the sushi bar. Wan grabbed a brownie from the Tupperware container and offered it to the old chef. In Japanese culture, it’s considered to be poor manners to decline an offer, so the chef grabbed the brownie and ate it. This old man had no idea what he was getting into, and it took all my self-control to not bust out laughing.

Fifteen minutes later, Wan held out the container of brownies as a joke. Before we knew it, the old chef had grabbed another. Wan tried to convince him not to eat it, but it was too late. We all started laughing, knowing you can’t overdose on weed, but that he was gonna be on another planet in about forty-five minutes.

The chef did his omakase menu where he made what he wanted based on what he thought were the best ingredients. The fish had all been caught maybe an hour prior, so it was physically impossible to be any fresher. Still to this day, it was the best sushi I have ever eaten,

and the chef was a beast; he maintained his composure and never let on once that he was high as a giraffe's pussy.

Nina, the next level gorgeous girl I'd met at the Marquee Day Club, messaged me while I was in Thailand right after breaking up with her boyfriend of a couple years. I hadn't seen her since they got together, but even still, she said he'd become obsessed with me. At first, he thought it was cool that we dated but after a while became jealous and eventually broke all of her furniture. I found I have a strange effect on guys who date women I've been with.

Once, a husband gave his wife a hall pass to fly out and fuck me. Everything was fine until she returned home. Then he wanted to know everything. He peppered her with questions until he became so jealous that they ended up getting a divorce. I probably messed up a lot of relationships, and after this incident, I made it a rule to only fuck single girls. I believe that when you have more power, there is a higher level of responsibility that comes with that. An exception was if the girl was cheating on the guy anyway; then it was open season. For example...

Hanna was the quintessential hot blonde. She was 5'9" with blue eyes, natural DDs, a bubble ass, and a small waist. She slid in my DMs and agreed to meet me in Hawaii on my way back from Thailand. When I got to the house, I found her drinking in the Jacuzzi. I was pleasantly surprised to see she looked better in person than in her online pictures.

She asked me to join her in the hot tub. We talked, and she told me that she'd watched all of my interviews on YouTube. This seemed to be the layup of all layups, and I considered just taking off my shorts to avoid wasting anymore time.



Hanna.

I said, “Let’s rinse off,” and two minutes later, we were naked in my shower. We started kissing, and then we moved to the bed. This is where it got weird; she wouldn’t suck my dick or fuck me. Normally I’d tell her to leave, but we were on an island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, and she’d DMed *me* and asked *me* to fly her out. I was really confused, so I asked her why.

She danced around the question before finally saying, “I am probably never going to have sex with you.”

Now I was really curious. After more prodding, she finally admitted that she had a boyfriend and said she really liked him. I could respect that, but I was obviously wondering why on earth she was in Hawaii naked in my bed, so I dug a little deeper.

“How many guys have you cheated on him with?” I probed.

“Three.”

I didn’t expect that, but this was certainly getting more interesting. She went on to tell me some crazy stories about how it was all threesomes with her female roommate who was a sex addict and that it was only guys her roommate really wanted but couldn’t get without her. This was getting better by the minute.

“The old roommate charity threesome excuse, huh?” I said jokingly.

She wasn’t very bright and didn’t get the joke, which was fine because right then Leslie, a shorter but similar looking blue-eyed blonde with big natural tits text me from the living room.

Wyd.

Getting high in my room, wanna fuck? I replied.

Be right there, she said.

She walked in wearing some tiny shorts and a crop top that barely covered her nipples. When she saw Hanna butt-ass naked in bed, she looked a little disappointed and said in her Texas accent, “I don’t know if I have the energy for a threesome right now.”

“Nah, Hanna is leaving,” I replied.

Hanna was a bit shocked; I don’t think she’d ever been kicked out of bed before. Leslie started sucking my dick while Hanna walked

around the room flustered, retrieving her clothes. She darted into the bathroom to get her bathing suit, and I was fully fucking Leslie by the time she came out. Hanna went to the kitchen where my boys were sitting around the table playing cards.

“Can you guys believe Dan just kicked me out of his room to fuck another girl?”

They didn’t flinch, and Frank said, “Yep.”

After I showered, I saw a text from Hanna that read, *I'll never say never* with a kissing face emoji. Clearly referencing her “I am probably never going to have sex with you” line.

U just wanna fuck me now b/c you aren't supposed to, I replied.

Hahaha we'll see ;)

About ten minutes later, Hanna came in the kitchen wearing a see-through robe and sat on my lap. I'd told my buddies what happened, and when she came out wearing that, they just smirked like, *I've seen this movie before*.

We obviously ended up fucking, but what was interesting about the situation is something I've actually had happen to me a few times. When I fucked another girl in front of Hanna, I proved unequivocally that she is replaceable. She had my attention, and now it's gone. This triggers something. It makes her want to be *wanted* again. I can almost guarantee, had I done what most guys would do and cater to Hanna, I probably would not have fucked her on that trip.

As strange as this sounds, most of the girls I really liked, but was having a hard time fucking, happened immediately after I gave up hope and behaved like I didn't care. Fucking another girl in front of a girl you are pursuing is probably the pinnacle of not giving a fuck, and that's why it was so effective. It sounds crazy, but it works like a charm.



Chapter 94

Holidays

My life was fully turned up, I was having sex with at least two to three different girls every day, and I was having parties and after-parties for every occasion I could think of.

Alesso, the Swedish DJ, was performing at Hollywood Palladium, and he wanted to do an after-party at my place. In exchange, he offered to DJ my next party for free.

“Done deal,” I said.

His after-party was mostly girls and required no real effort on my end. I had an orgy with nine girls and just me. Full disclosure, I only fucked six of them.

Alesso’s guy texted me at four in the morning to see if they could keep going. *Sure, I responded, but kick the guys out.*

An hour later, he texted to say they were in my guest room with thirty women and wanted to know what I was doing. My response was a selfie from my tub with six naked girls: Katie, Hanna, Amanda, and a few others. That snap turned out to be my most liked picture on Instagram.



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danbilzerian Going through old pics, this book gonna
be crazy



Post Insights

Messaging-related insights, such as shares and replies, may be lower than expected due to new privacy rules in Europe. [Learn More](#)

3,691,248 81,436 2,273,024 185,143

3,160,761

Profile Visits

45,332,719

Reach

Interactions i

3,193,720

Actions taken from this post

Profile Visits	3,160,761
Replies	1,084
Website Clicks	29,951
Emails	1,877
Texts	47

Discovery i

45,332,719

ALESSO

DJ

Some of the craziest nights I've DJed has been at Dan's parties. Halloween 2019 was something else! At one point, there were so many girls in the booth that I fell behind the stage in the middle of my set (true story lol).

For Halloween, I threw my best holiday party to date. Alesso Djed as promised, and the place was packed with beautiful women and celebrities. The VIP list was long: Diddy, Maluma, YG, The Chainsmokers, Jason Derulo, Steve Aoki, Tyga, Machine Gun Kelly, and Ludacris, to name a few. There were more, but some wanted to remain anonymous. I can tell you that one celebrity, who shall remain nameless, buttfucked two women in the VIP section raw dog. A battalion of almost seventy security guards with shotguns and assault rifles kept the place locked down. It was like the Fort Knox of fucking.



Alesso.

MALLY MALL
Grammy-Winning Artist

The best way to describe Dan's parties—over the TOP. Wolf of Wall Street on steroids. I'm talking 15:1 ratio of women to men, super models—runway-style Victoria Secret type. Right away from the military security with AR-15s to greet you out front, then the oversized mansion which took up the whole hill by itself. With what seemed like twelve to fifteen levels of different vibes going on. Five-star food being catered. Seven bars, the best hospitality you can imagine.

The roof top was fire. I remember being there with my brother FRENCH Montana, SWAE Lee, Usher, and so many celebs. Hanging, drinking, smoking, scoping out all the baddies or actually getting scooped out by all the baddies. Then inside, it was packed like a Black Friday shopping mall full of bitches. Performances by the best artists, the bars, all of it was like something out of a movie! Basically, every party he has is the best party you ever went to.



Aoki, MGK, Maluma, and Drew Taggart of The Chainsmokers.



Katie, Hanna, and hens.

I had shut out Hollywood agents, managers, and sugar daddies, so they all began to dislike me. But regardless of their opinions, no one could say that I didn't throw the best parties in LA.

Instead of spending Christmas in Minnesota that year, my family joined me in Vegas. The house was perfect for the get-together; we played volleyball in the basketball court. I took them off-roading, and we shot some guns in the desert. It was good to see them, to reconnect with my past, and be treated like a normal person.

My new Rolls Royce SUV arrived that holiday season, and I took Dad for a ride. Neither of us could figure out half the buttons, and it felt like a couple kids going for a joyride in their parent's car. I had grown much closer to my father, and he had chilled out a lot after I left the house and my brother had his kids. He was a great granddad. He couldn't get enough time with my brothers' boys, and I think that made my brother's relationship with him better as well.

The truth of it is my dad wasn't an asshole; he just wasn't a normally social guy. He didn't drink with his buddies, he never chased women, and he spent almost his entire life working; that was just who he was—a workaholic. As a man with possibly the most addictive personality on the planet, I began to understand my dad's motivation better as I fought my own addictions. I guess it's all perspective, and who am I to judge a man for working too much when my sex addiction was borderline crippling?

The day my family flew out, I airlifted a ton of girls in. The sentimental family bonding was nice, but I was a degenerate and needed to get back to it. I had to charter a bus to fit the sixteen women I took out for New Year's Eve.

To save time and avoid any confusion, I used my video guy Jay as an opening act to explain the situation.

"Dan is never going to try and hook up with you," he'd instruct them. "If you want to get with him, you need to be proactive. He likes submissive women that are into him. If he doesn't get the vibe that you're into him, he won't fuck you. Don't matter how hot you are."

This saved me a lot of headache because it was true. I didn't want to hook up with a girl who wasn't seriously interested, and it informed the girls who were, that they would have to pursue me. It's always better when a woman approaches you, and you can push them off a bit until you feel like it.

The vast majority of my sex life involved getting high, fucking, showering, eating, and then repeat. I put in a ton of volume because I just really liked getting high and having sex. Some people like cooking or playing golf or drinking fine wine. My hobbies just happened to be more fun.

Or so I thought until I went to Antigua.



Chapter 95

Private Islands

Every single night cost \$85,000. We had a five-night stay booked. But Clarence was paying, and he didn't sweat budgets when it came to his birthday.

Of all the places I have visited in my life, Richard Branson's Necker Island in the British Virgin Islands is the most amazing. The ocean was clear and warm like bath water. The sand was snow white, and the air hovered constantly at eighty degrees.

The main hangout area was on top of a mountain with a 360-degree view of the multicolored—almost fluorescent—ocean and surrounding islands. The whole island was stocked with exotic and endangered animals, eight hundred-pound Galapagos tortoises, lemurs, flamingos, and more. He had wakeboarding boats, paddle boards, kayaks, kiteboards and sailboats. If there was a toy or amenity you could think of, Branson had it.

Clarence had never done mushrooms but agreed to try them with me for his 50th birthday. We went to a quiet beach and ate a few together. I grabbed a mask and snorkel and went for a swim. It was fucking amazing. The sand and coral on the bottom were moving like a kaleidoscope. The fish were brighter, and every stroke felt like it was propelling me ten feet.

I held my breath and swam to the bottom to hang with a massive sea turtle, and I felt I could stay there forever. One of the keys to breath holding is being calm, and I was as calm as a cucumber. When I surfaced, I saw six naked girls jumping on the inflatable trampoline. The water was shimmering, their big tits were bouncing everywhere, and Branson was kiteboarding in the background.

I would say it was like a scene out of a movie, but no movie ever looked as good as this. Then I looked to the beach, and Clarence was

running around naked, swinging his black dick around and laughing. The scene was over.

The day we were leaving, I challenged Branson to a game of chess and beat him. When I asked if he wanted a rematch, he said he only wanted to play speed chess with a short timer, so we played that, and he beat me. I appreciated that he was like me: he couldn't stand to lose, so he set up a game where the odds of winning were more in his favor. His whole island was a setup, and he had everyone he wanted to meet coming to him and paying for the privilege of doing it. It was pretty genius.



Soon afterward, inspired by Branson, I rented another private island in the Bahamas for \$65,000 a night. I brought fourteen women down there, and it was a good 50:50 ratio of new girls and ones I had hooked up with previously.

These trips were as much about marketing Ignite and building the brand as they were about having fun. I still had a good time, but I was quickly learning that being an entrepreneur was a lot more work and less fun than being a rich playboy who just partied and fucked girls. It looked similar: the photographers would shoot the girls all day and would schedule stuff like swimming with the sharks, volleyball, the pig island, and more. At night, we had big group dinners, and the girls were allowed to drink and party if they wanted. But there was a purpose.

Things were also different now because of the social media element. I was tagging girls I was dating, and their accounts were growing like weeds. In the past before being an influencer was a career, things were more organic, but now girls would aggressively seek to have sex with me in hopes of getting posted on my page. Another thing I saw was that the girls on a trip would develop their own pecking order based on the size of their social media following. Since they all wanted to be famous, the one who had the biggest following usually ran the herd; the leader holding possible Instagram tags over the other girls' heads like a dangling carrot.

The whole thing was a bit ridiculous so on that trip, to take some of the pressure off, I started the @Ignitesmodels account. Before the getaway was over, that model account had more followers than most of the girls individually, and I figured it would be a good way to help our girls grow without me having to post them directly on my account.



Next, I set up an Ignite trip to Antigua with eighteen women, my buddy Lin, and some photographers. The trips had to focus on documenting the lifestyle because it was helping so much with the promotion of Ignite. @Ignite had already gotten millions of followers and become bigger than all of our competitors' social media accounts put together, and I was just getting started.



Chapter 96

A Message from the Universe

**“The devil doesn’t come dressed in a red cape
and pointy horns. He comes as everything
you’ve ever wished for.”**

TUCKER MAX

Tt was raining in Antigua, and the only place that had blue skies was Turks and Caicos. I told the pilots to fire up the bird, and I had my assistant rent a house for the day. When we got there, I ate some mushrooms and headed to the beach.

I learned a lesson that day. More is not always better. There were too many women, and it fucked up my trip. I was being pulled in so many directions, it wasn't fun. So I got on a paddleboard and headed directly out to sea.

I like to be on my own sometimes when I'm shrooming. It's when I learn the most. I'm alone with my thoughts, and I can find answers to my questions. My life had turned into a circus, and sure, it was a guy fantasy to be around tons of beautiful women. But I only had one dick, and this was too much.

The content was great, and in the past, more was better, so I kept upping the bar to experiment with how far I could push the limits of this lifestyle. I'd gotten to the point of extreme excess, and it was in every aspect of my life. The cars, the houses, the vacations, and the girls.

Before, when I got a better car, bigger house, or more girls, it brought me some joy, but now I was numb to it. I missed doing surf trips with my buddies and not being a slave to my dick.

I paddled out to sea thinking, *Where do I go from here, and when am I going to stop?*

The answer came to me.

You've had too many almosts in your life. You almost graduated high school, you almost graduated BUD/S, and you almost graduated college. You've done too much work to not bring this to the finish line, Finish the fucking job.

I had a publicly traded company, and I wanted to make myself and my shareholders a bunch of money. The foundation was built, the road was paved, and to stop now would mean everything I did up to this point was a waste. I was a lot of things, but I wasn't a quitter.

I had questions about why girls were acting crazy in certain situations. The answer was, I'd set up a ridiculous environment, and it would be illogical to expect people to behave normally within it. The whole thing was nuts, but I'd concocted it, much like Frankenstein's monster, now I had to live with it. So I figured I'd try and enjoy the circus I'd created and make Ignite an international brand worth more than me.



Chapter 97

Happiness vs. Pleasure

Before the Turks and Caicos trip was even over, I started booking an over-the-top European tour. First stop would be London, then Venice, then a superyacht on the Amalfi coast, and I would end in my favorite place: Iceland.

We got to London, and the Ignite marketing team had rented an entire hotel to throw our UK CBD launch party. I did some interviews, went to a CBD convention, and then to a nightclub. Everyone took pictures and made a big spectacle of me being there, which was good for the launch.

On our second day in London, we had our hotel party. I came down late because I had an interview and needed a nap. I went to the party and took a girl up to my room pretty quickly. I had another girl texting me to come by, and after I fucked and showered, the next one showed up. It was an awkward come and go at the same time, but I didn't care at this point. I had a seemingly never-ending stream of girls. After that girl left, my photographer texted me a pic of a tall Victoria's Secret model-looking girl she said really wanted to bang me.

Send her up.

So I did a triple-header, all back to back. I ordered room service, then the first one came back for a second helping. I had gotten so used to condoms that I didn't even notice wearing them. I had forgotten what sex without latex protection even felt like. The secret is to always wear them no matter what because the moment you stop, it's really hard to go back. Then you never have to worry about anything, and it doesn't matter if the girls bang other guys.

When we got to Venice I spent time with the two main girls I was dating—Desiree, a beautiful half-Asian girl and Leidy, who was a gorgeous, fiery Cuban. From there, we jumped on my plane and flew

to Naples where we boarded the three hundred-foot yacht, though that's not technically accurate. This thing was so massive that it was actually classified as a cruise liner. We had to moor with the cruise ships because the standard yacht slips weren't big enough.



There were forty-two staterooms and multiple boats that would crane off the top deck into the water, including a full-size wakeboarding boat, a tender, and WaveRunners. The boat had everything from a gym and salon with laser machines to a disco club

and a movie room. We had twenty-seven models, Clarence and his three girls, Jay Rich and his girl, a girl photographer, plus my two assistants.

I was really looking forward to the trip because I'd had such good times in the past on yachts. Even though I learned my lesson about too many women in Antigua, I wasn't fully realizing the implications yet, and I was about to get smacked in the face with it.

I'd previously hooked up with almost every girl on the boat, and they quickly became catty. Des and Leidy went from hooking up to hating each other. I always thought more was better, and the scarcity model was good, but I'd made a tactical error in taking it to this extreme. This was *way* too many options/obligations, they were almost all veterans, and I was trapped on a cruise liner with them.

I realize that it's pretty ridiculous thing to complain about being trapped on a \$300 million boat with a bunch of models cutting throats to bang me. But I was miserable. I was suffering from something worse than Jax's dilemma: I kept shifting my lifestyle upward, but nothing was ever enough.

I don't think I fucked Des or Leidy one time the whole cruise, and that just made them more pissed off. The girl that hit me up the most was Genni, a twenty-year-old college girl with big natural tits. She texted me for dick constantly. One night, I turned down a foursome with her to crash early because I was tired. She was ashore with Jay and the rest of the girls and ended up fucking a waiter bareback outside a club and videotaped it. I was about to go to sleep when I got a text from Jay sharing the sordid tale.

I texted Genni back: *I heard you fucked a waiter lol.* She swore to God that she didn't hook up with anyone. Then she got Leidy to lie to me about it, so it was confusing. I felt like I was playing a game of Clue, and I really wanted to figure out what happened. Jay's story seemed less probable than their version, and he had been drinking heavily this trip, which made him less reliable. It took three hours, but I finally got the full story. Once we had the exact details and eyewitnesses, Genni admitted to it.

Turns out that the guy was a fan of mine, and he had found her through the @ignitesmodels page and DMed her. They met up at the

club, and he took her out back and banged her with no condom while she recorded it. Then she went inside and showed the girls the video. Hilarious. Sounded like some shit I would do, and I was proud of the guy. That was a pretty strong move. I don't know if I ever banged a girl outside of a club before. I thought her videotaping the whole thing selfie style was the funniest part. The only thing I was pissed about was that she'd lied to me and fucked up my sleep schedule. So we had her pack her shit and dropped her off at some pier. One more time I was glad I always used condoms.

The girls ate mushrooms after the club and ran around the boat naked until the sun came up. Jay flew a drone to get video of them all dancing on a nice wooden table, but they broke it and collapsed into a lump on the deck. Leidy asked to fly the drone, and Jay agreed if she was certain she knew how to operate it. She assured him she did. Jay showed me the video of her taking the controls and flying the drone right into him. In the video, I saw the drone jolt towards them. She ducked, and his eyes got real big as it went right into his belly. Jay showed me his bloody arm and the cut on his gut.

Pro tip: Don't let girls on mushrooms fly drones.

Wan from Thailand joined us on the boat around one in the afternoon. He was with his girlfriend and the guy who started Lyft or Uber, but they weren't ready for this. Our boat was almost twice the size of theirs, and everyone had been partying for twenty-four hours, so it looked like a Mötley Crüe hotel room after a show. Naked women were fully passed out, baking in the sun. Those still awake were drinking and snorting Lyrica. I think Wan's girl was severely traumatized by what she witnessed.

Lyrica was sold in Italy without a prescription and was similar to Quaaludes. It makes you happy and feel a little drunk, but you'd slur your speech a little bit if you took too much. I only took it once because when I woke up the next morning; I still felt a little wobbly, and I don't like hangovers. But Clarence and the girls loved it. I've said it before and people usually don't believe me, but I always felt like I was the normal person surrounded by crazy people.

Even though I thought this would be the trip to end all trips, I didn't have much fun. The setup was wrong. I was so focused on

doing everything bigger and better than before that I'd missed what was most important. That was enjoying each day and doing things that made me happy. Sometimes with social media, you can get so caught up in showing everyone you're having a good time that you forget to actually have one.

There was an article in *Vice* where the writer decided he'd do everything I did for a week. "Dan Bilzerian isn't real in the traditional sense," he wrote. "He's more like an advertisement for bachelorhood. Dan is a poster boy for what life could be if us guys stopped being afraid and started working out."

After doing a low-rent version of everything I did for a week, the writer concluded, "Dan epitomizes the eternal search for more. Everything he does is massive and bombastic and covered in cocaine-powered pussy. He is America in the flesh. [But] after a week of Dan's life, I realized it's not even that great."

He went on: "Sure, private jets are nice, but they're just pipes with wings. Laying in a small pile of strippers was nice, but they're just people. In the end, the whole thing was like planning a big trip to Europe, just to arrive and go *yep, that's an old church. What else.* But Dan can't stop. He's an Instagram celebrity, and he's stuck on this big meaningless, exhausting, eternally ungratifying treadmill."

It's cute that he thought he was living like me. He was probably a loser journalist banging sixes on a budget that wouldn't cover a bar tab. But his theory wasn't far off. I was doing what I always said I never wanted to do, which was documenting more than living, imitating myself instead of being myself, regressing as a person instead of growing.

I had gotten so obsessed with building the Ignite brand, making noise, giving people a show, and flexing on anyone who had talked shit that I was losing my soul in the process. I'd truly reached the limits of excess and found that there was no happiness there.

People think money can buy happiness, but it can only buy pleasure. Those are very different things.

Happiness comes from doing things you love, having meaningful relationships, helping people, working towards a goal, and being at peace with yourself. Ultimately, though, happiness is a state of mind,

not something that you need to feed, and it can last a lifetime if you keep your mind right.

Pleasure, on the other hand, needs to be fed. It comes from hedonism, sex, money, partying, and self-indulgence. It is addictive and functions *exactly* like a drug. You get an intense high that quickly flees. The more you do it, the more you need to do it to get that same high—and after a while, you don't even get high anymore. But you have to do it just to not feel like shit.

I had fully maxed out these highs for so long I couldn't feel pleasure anymore, let alone happiness. The latest Ferrari I bought didn't even give me pleasure for twenty-four hours. I had fucked so many women I was numb to it. I used to feel like I accomplished something when these things happened but not anymore.

Having objectives like money, pussy, and power will never lead to happiness. Because no matter how much you have, you always want more. It's like trying to fill a black hole. You can't fill a black hole. These things are infinite and endless traps.

When I first started gambling, I thought a million dollars was a good goal. Then I was sure that \$5 million would be plenty, then \$10 million. And it kept escalating. Same with women. How many girls did I need to fuck to feel like I'd succeeded and could stop? There were times when I didn't even want to have sex, but I would fuck girls just because it was wired into my brain that I was supposed to. Like a billionaire who sees a hundred-dollar bill on the street—he doesn't need to, but he's always going to bend down and pick it up.

I had so much more fun shrooming, surfing, and hiking with my friends in Hawaii than I had on this vacation. I've found the things I have enjoyed the most in my life didn't cost much money.

I can tell you the hedonistic narrative I've preached before, that money is freedom, and it's fun to drive fast cars and fuck hot girls. It's nice to get respect, to be able to tell people to get fucked, and not have a boss. All those things are true, but I'm one of the few people who can actually vouch for it not being a goal that in it of itself will bring long-term lasting happiness.

I left the boat with Leidy and Des and instantly felt happier without the harem. As soon as we arrived at the hotel in Iceland, I hooked up

with Des and then Leidy. The girls were happy, and I felt much more relaxed. We ordered a bunch of food, smoked weed, and went to a volcanic hot spring.

Leidy and Des.



Two women was nice; more is not always better. After the boat and the Ignite UK launch, I decided as we ended the trip in the beautiful and surreal landscape of Iceland that was it. My plan to go bigger was over; I'd finally hit the ceiling. That said, I still had a company to run, and the show must go on.

CLARENCE WILSON (NAME CHANGED)

Hedge Fund Manager

Once the fame genie was out of the bottle, it was extremely hard to contain. In the beginning, Dan relished in his newfound power. The ability to not have to compete for sex (for a sex addict) was liberating. At first, he was happy to always have a hot girl wanting to sleep with him anywhere he was in the world. But then it was a burden; he was the pony everyone wanted to ride in the circus of his life for “whatevers.” He tried to have fun with it, the ring master that he is, but often he was overwhelmed and overrun.

I can’t count the number of times he would tell some large breasted girl to smack my head with her tits to wake me up at 2:00 a.m. and have sex with me or some other person first before he would consider having sex with them. And sure enough, they would try (wait in this line to ride the ride).

A man has only so much energy, and eventually, Dan couldn’t physically satisfy the demand. He created a prison, not able to enjoy normal outdoor activities without getting mobbed by people wanting a picture or trying to strike up conversation. In many ways aside from what you may think, it was miserable and limiting. We often just hung out at home, hiding out playing chess or arguing philosophy and politics.

He did try to have relationships, but his sexual addiction and the relentless sexual pony ride eventually took its toll on every relationship. At first, they were all about the craziness, but after a while, they couldn’t take it. How could they? Dan couldn’t take it; even with all the steroids and Cialis a man could possibly take, it was still too much.

Dan taught me in a matter of months that my dream of being famous was a nightmare in disguise. What I once would

have given my net worth for, I now would avoid like the plague because he can't turn it off.

There are brief periods of time where he goes underground, cuts off all women and hangers-on, and we can be human and play chess and pontificate. But much like the ring in Lord of the Rings, fame whispers to him, and he puts his ringmaster hat on, and the circus is in full swing again. Ring masters don't retire young, I guess.

The worst part of all this experiment gone wildly successful, so much that it hurts, is that it obscures many of the great qualities and traits that Dan does have. He is generous, compassionate, caring, of high integrity, and has a lot of don't quit grit. Yes, he has many controversial takes and some bad programming, but it is not out of malice. Most of all, Dan is a learner always trying to be a little better when the circus doesn't have its grip on him.

I'm very much looking forward to the second act of this circus. This is going to be the part where he has figured out how to make maximum positive impact on the world and use his fame to that end. It's been in the works, and if he's at all one-tenth as successful as the first act, it will be a great benefit to all. Fingers crossed!



Chapter 98

The Final Party...For Now

I'd had sex with three girls before the party even started, and I'd fuck five more before the night was over.

It was October, 2019 and it was time for Ignite's second Halloween party. Seventy ex-military security guards roamed the property armed with AR-15s and shotguns. I'd hired tons of extra promoters and door girls to make sure everything ran smoothly. Shuttles were flowing to the house packed with models.

The party started at ten, but I told all the girls they had to be at the house before nine if they didn't want to shuttle.



There were over 1,600 women in the house before the party even started. I had flown out four random followers who'd commented on my last pic. They wisely showed up two hours early and were loving life. By the time ten rolled around, the house was slammed, and it was 95 percent gorgeous women wearing lingerie at the most. I had the forty women I was dating and other random hot ones in my sectioned-off VIP room reserved for A-list celebrities.



As I walked through the house with my heads of security parting the way, all eyes seemed to be focused on me. Some of the girls I was dating proudly strutted by my side while a string of others followed closely behind. I didn't spend a lot of time out and about at my parties, but when I did, it caused quite the commotion. Heads turned and iPhone lights shined as people filmed and snapped pictures.

There were always girls following me and the trail seemed to grow until I got to my bedroom or an area that required a special wrist band. Once special access was required the girls became more aggressive, grabbing arms or other limbs trying to get my attention.

Throwing great parties sounds cool, but it's a pain in the ass. There is a ton of pressure to do it correctly and I pissed off way more guys than I made happy because of the strict guest list that I kept. My phone was flooded with text messages and there were a million things going on, but I took solace in the fact that at any given moment if a girl caught my eye, I could get laid as quickly as I could find a bedroom or bathroom. When I was younger I never dreamed of being this desired and it felt good knowing I could sleep with almost any woman I saw.

There were around three thousand people there, and it was pretty much all women, artists, athletes, and celebrities of some sort. Just about everyone I spoke to said it was the best party that had ever been thrown, hands down. People have always wanted to see me fail since I was a kid. So I relished the fuck-you moments of life, and this rager was one of them.

I made my way to the fourth-floor day bed in the VIP area, and it immediately turned into a giant dog pile with me and twenty girls. I texted my chef that I was ready for breakfast and asked security to get me a couple beers. The food was going to take thirty minutes, so I decided to take a lap. I headed towards the DJ booth where Diplo, Carnage, and Alesso were all spinning together. I stood behind them and looked at the crowd; it was just a sea of hot women. Locating a Y chromosome in that ocean was like playing a game of *Where's Waldo*.



Carnage, Diplo, and Alesso.

My breakfast was waiting when we got back. I sat on the bed and ate while girls crawled over each other to scratch my back and rub my legs. People standing around the bed filmed with their cellphones. I could see the surprise in their faces, shocked that this was real. This wasn't planned or orchestrated in any way; it was just a natural spectacle that occurred because of the environment that I'd created. I

sat there thinking about it, knowing I'd done what I'd set out to do. I'd accomplished all of my hedonistic goals. This was the top of the mountain.

I soaked it all in and smiled.

It was the perfect setup.





Epilogue

In all likelihood, Oprah will not have me on to cry about my inspirational story. My tale isn't the usual feel-good transformation that makes for clearly defined self-help books. I am the guy who doesn't conform to social norms, who doesn't follow the rules—a sort of antihero at best.

But I did overcome, and I did it my way.

And you can too.

You simply have to decide what you want, and then set up your life so you can acquire it. You pay now, or you pay later in life, and setup is all about paying your dues early so you don't have to later. Everything I've accomplished in my life has been achieved through setup and perseverance.

There isn't a magical incantation I can give you unless it is this: Do not give up. Success is a matter of willpower. I suffered through physical pain, humiliation, and failure but all of that helped me; I used it as the fuel for my drive. With a strong will and an agile mind, you can overcome almost any limitation.

Look for the angles. Devise a good setup. It doesn't matter what your goals are. You might be a one-woman type of guy, a one-guy type of guy, or a ten-guys type of woman. You might be a sex fiend, a work fiend, or a philanthropy fiend. Regardless, establishing an effective life setup will allow you to accomplish your goals, and in the long run saves untold time and effort.

You don't need what society tells you to succeed. You don't need a college degree to get rich. You don't have to be good looking to attract tons of women. And you don't need any talent to be famous. Life is a game, and like any game, you must have a good strategy to win. The implementation of that strategy is called the setup, and it paves the road to success.

Before you figure out a way to hack life and rig the system to accomplish your objectives, just make sure your goals are the right goals. Because as the old saying goes, be careful what you wish for. You might just get it.





Acknowledgments

Thank you to David Goggins for motivating me to write the book at the perfect time. To Naren Aryal for helping me self-publish, so I didn't have to give 85 percent of my money to a traditional shithead publishing house. To Neil Strauss for the first edit. To Rob Judge for putting up with my late night calls and helping me with my never ending editing process. To Wayne Marquez for suggesting I add vignettes; they add a great perspective and color to the story. To everyone who wrote vignettes, thank you for taking the time and doing such a great job. To my mother and father for helping me with dates, timelines, and pictures. To everyone I gave early copies to for your feedback and critiques.

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