

BEDROOM BOSS

THE MIKKI MASE PLAYBOOK

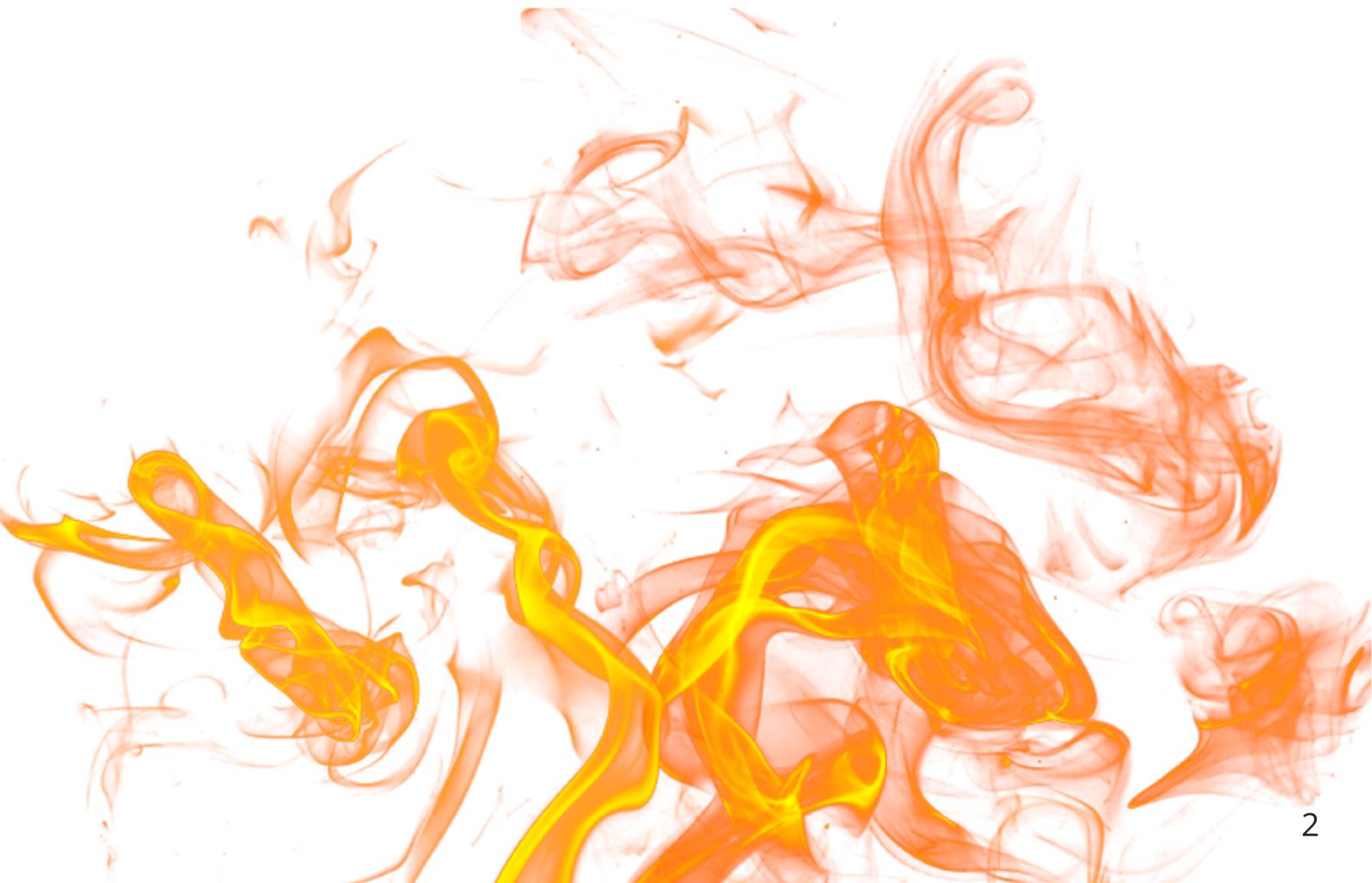
BUILT FROM A LIFE FEW MEN WILL EVER EXPERIENCE

FROM THE MOST TALKED-ABOUT
HIGH-ROLLER LIFESTYLE
EVER LIVED

MIKKI MASE

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The Night That Ruined Me — And Made Me

She didn't say it. She didn't have to.

One look told me everything.

That quiet, polite smile. The empty eyes. The way her body angled away from mine without even meaning to.

She was done.

Not angry. Not emotional. Just... finished.

And in that instant, I knew.

The woman I thought I'd marry — the one I once saw as the mother of my children —
was already gone.

Not physically. Not yet.

But her soul had checked out days ago.

I still remember lying beside her that night, holding onto hope like a fool.

Hoping a luxury suite might change something.

Hoping the view, the candles, the overpriced bottle of wine might spark something in her.

In us.

For a moment, I thought it had.

She lit up when we arrived.

Smiled like she used to.

Tossed her arms around me, whispered dirty things over dinner.

Slipped a lace thong into my palm with a grin that made my cock twitch instantly.

In the taxi, her hand snaked into my pants like she couldn't wait to be devoured.

For the first time in months, I felt it again:

Hope. Hunger. Power.

I threw her onto the bed like a man reclaiming his woman.

And for the first few minutes, it felt real.

But then... it faded.

She faded.

The moans got softer. The touch got mechanical.

The eye contact vanished.

I was there — in her, on her, around her —
but it was like she'd left the room.

I panicked. Tried harder. Faster. Deeper.

Anything to bring her back.

But she was already gone.

Then came the sound that would brand itself into my memory forever:

Moaning.

Not hers.

The room next door.

Loud. Messy. Shameless.

The kind of moaning you only hear from a woman who's being fucked by someone she can't get enough of.

I tried to joke. Something about thin walls.

She smiled. Not cruelly — just tired. And said:

"At least someone's having a good time."

That sentence ended our relationship.

Right there.

Even if it took a few more weeks for her to walk out the door.

I told myself it was just a bad night.

That every couple goes through dry spells.

That love meant more than sex.

But I knew.

I knew that moan next door wasn't just louder.

It was **real**.

And what I had with her wasn't anymore.

A few weeks later, she left.

I don't even remember the excuse she gave.

Something like "I'm just not in love anymore."

But I remember what I felt.

Like I was less than a man.

Like I had failed.

That night wrecked me.

Cracked something inside that had been fragile for years.

And for a while, I let it.

I drank too much. I watched porn like it owed me something.

I swiped on apps and ghosted girls who liked me.

I played the cool guy and hated myself for it.

Until one night, at 3:14 a.m., alone in my apartment,

I typed the words:

“How to be better in bed.”

That search turned into a seven-year obsession.

Books. Sex shops. Tantra retreats.

Therapy. Porn star interviews. Psychology.

Failures. Regrets.

Women who cried in my arms from pleasure.

Women who ghosted me after sex I thought was “great.”

And slowly — through all of it —

I built something.

A method. A mindset. A way of being.

This book isn’t a list of sex tips.

It’s the manual I wish I had that night — before the silence, before the moaning next door, before I lost her and myself.

This is the book that could've saved her desire.
Her loyalty.
My goddamn pride.

But you get it now.
Before it's too late.

If you're willing to face the truth,
this book will give you something most men never even taste:

A woman who worships you.
Craves you.
Tells her friends about you in whispers.

A version of yourself you've only dreamed of becoming.

To the man holding this book:
You're here because something inside you knows this isn't just
about sex.
It's about power. Confidence. Control.
It's about never feeling helpless in the bedroom again.

You don't need to be perfect.

You just need to be **done being powerless**.

Let's begin.

Chapter 1: The Lies That Are Castrating You

Let's get something out of the way.

Yes, I know you came here for the dirt.

The moans. The grip-her-thigh-and-make-her-cry kind of stuff.

You want angles. Tricks. The secret sauce.

You'll get it.

But right now?

We need to do surgery.

Because what's killing your sex life isn't a lack of technique — it's a virus in your head.

A mindset infection so common, you probably don't even know you have it.

You think you're broken.

Or unlucky.

Or just "not that guy."

But the truth is, you're poisoned.

By three lies.

Lies you were handed by porn, pop culture, schoolyard gossip, and ex-girlfriends who never told you the truth.

And these lies?

They're not just keeping you mediocre.

They're making you invisible to the kind of women who could worship you — if only you knew what the fuck you were doing.

Let's rip them out. One by one.

Lie #1: “My Dick’s Too Small”

Here’s the part where I’m supposed to comfort you.

Tell you size doesn’t matter.

Wrap it up in some Disney-esque reassurance and move on.

Nah.

Fuck that.

Let’s be honest. If you’ve got a below-average dick, your journey will be harder.

That’s not cruel. That’s math.

But harder doesn’t mean hopeless.

Because women don’t cum from length — they cum from pressure, rhythm, depth, dominance, presence.

And most guys?

Could have a hammer between their legs and still be sexually useless.

You know what makes a woman lose her mind in bed?

A man who **owns** his body.

His hands.

His voice.

His breath.

You can be five inches and forgettable —

or five inches and make her cry into the pillow whispering your name.

It's not about your size.

It's about what you do with your presence.

And let me tell you something brutal:

The second you use your dick size as an excuse for being average, you've already lost.

You've mentally castrated yourself.

No woman wants to fuck a man who's apologizing for himself.

They want to fuck the man who makes her feel like prey.

And you don't need a porn star package to do that.

You need balls. Technique. And the willingness to go **all in.**

Lie #2: “I Need to Last Longer”

Let me guess.

You're obsessed with timing.

You measure your worth in minutes — or worse, in strokes.

You've tried pills. Delay sprays. Numbing creams.

Maybe even that sketchy breathing method some tantric dude on YouTube promised would make you a stallion.

Listen to me closely.

If you're boring at 3 minutes, you'll be fucking *painful* at 13.

You think lasting longer makes you better?

Nah, man — if your technique is trash, lasting longer just makes her check out harder.

It's like adding extra chapters to a shitty book — no one cares, and no one finishes it.

Don't focus on time. Focus on impact.

Make those first 5 minutes unforgettable.

Make her cum hard before she even asks for round two.

Then watch her chase you like a drug.

Yes, stamina can help — if the sex is already great.

But if you're worried about how long you last before worrying about *how deep she feels*, you're playing the wrong game.

Lie #3: "I've Slept with a Lot of Women, So I'm Good"

Cool, Casanova.

You've notched the bedpost.

You've got stories.

You've got volume.

You know what else has volume?

Pornhub's comment section. Doesn't mean there's quality.

Most men repeat the same awkward, half-assed routine with every new girl.

Missionary. Maybe doggy.

A little fingering. Some chest kisses.

Call it passion, call it love — but don't call it skill.

Let me hit you with truth:

Repetition doesn't equal mastery.

Only reflection does.

If you're not improving, analyzing, adjusting —
then you're just clocking hours in mediocrity.

And please, stop saying "Well, no one's ever complained."

Of course they haven't.

Women don't give Yelp reviews for bad sex.

They ghost you.

They avoid round two.

They lie.

They say "It was great" while making mental notes to never let
you touch them again.

Until women brag about you behind your back,
until one books a flight just to feel you again,
until her body shakes and she thanks you through tears,
you're not a master.

You're just another name she forgot.

Time to Kill the Lies

These three mindsets are like viruses in your bloodstream.
Silent. Subtle. Devastating.

And now that we've named them, you don't get to hide behind them anymore.

From this point on, there are no excuses.
Only upgrades.

You're going to learn things in this book that make your past sex life look like a kindergarten talent show.

You're going to break rules, rewire habits, and do things that make women tremble.

But first?

You promise me this:

You let these three lies die right now.

You don't bring them into the next chapter.

You don't cling to them like broken crutches.

You bury them.

You burn them.

And then —

We begin.

Chapter 2: 10 Bedroom Blunders That Ruin Good Sex

Your mom was right: everyone makes mistakes.

But she never warned you about the kind that make women fake orgasms, ghost you, or cry into their pillow wondering how they ended up in bed with someone so tragically average.

This chapter is not about harmless little errors.

This is about the shit that kills desire.

The kind of mistakes that turn you into a cautionary tale for her group chat.

And the worst part?

You probably think you're doing just fine.

So if you're not ready to get uncomfortable — to have your ego gutted and dissected — close this book now.

Go watch more porn. Go memorize another five positions you'll never use right.

This chapter isn't for fragile men.

But if you're ready to be her best — if you're done being the guy she tolerates instead of the one she fantasizes about — read every word.

Let's begin with the murderers of your sex life.

✗ Mistake #1: Listening to Sex Tips Written by Virgins

You've read the articles.

"15 Mind-Blowing Moves to Drive Her Wild."

"Do THIS With Your Tongue and She'll Squirt in 30 Seconds!"

Who writes this crap?

Teenage interns. Clickbait factories.

People who haven't seen a naked woman outside of hentai.

These articles are junk food for your dick.

They feed you empty tricks, false confidence, and zero real skill.

And you gobble it up like gospel — then wonder why she lies there like a corpse after 3 minutes of your "magic tongue swirl."

Real sex isn't a performance.

It's a connection, a dance, a dominance that adapts.

And if you're out here copying tricks from a Buzzfeed listicle... brother, you're not a lover. You're a joke with a pulse.

✗ Mistake #2: Thinking Porn Is Education

Porn is entertainment, not instruction.

It's exaggerated, choreographed, chemically-enhanced fiction.

Like trying to learn martial arts by watching The Fast & The

Furious.

Women don't want to be jackhammered into oblivion with dead eyes and zero soul.

They want to be taken — not just penetrated.

You copy porn and wonder why she's dry.

Why she's quiet.

Why she looks at the ceiling while you're pounding like a malfunctioning piston.

Because porn is a lie.

And if you're mimicking it, so are you.

✖ Mistake #3: Being Silent in Bed Like You're on Mute

You grunt at the gym. You yell during FIFA.

But in bed? Suddenly you're a goddamn monk.

You think silence is sexy?

It's not. It's unsettling.

Your woman wants to feel you. Not just inside her — but around her, inside her head, inside her nervous system.

Moan. Growl. Breathe her name into her skin.

Let her hear your hunger.

Because silence doesn't make you mysterious — it makes you forgettable.

✗ Mistake #4: Going Straight for the Clit Like It Owes You Money

She's not a vending machine.

You don't press a button and wait for an orgasm to drop.

Diving for the clit before warming up the rest of her body is like trying to microwave a steak with a lighter.

Tease her neck. Her ears. Her thighs.

Breathe on her skin. Drag it out.

When you finally touch her clit, she should be *begging* for it.
Not flinching from the assault.

✗ Mistake #5: Thinking Penetration Is the Main Event

Newsflash: **penetration alone rarely gets her off.**

If your whole game is just “stick it in and hope for the best,” you’re not a lover — you’re a meat thermometer.

Sex isn’t just thrusting.

It’s rhythm. Language. Pressure. Energy.

If you can’t make her melt with your mouth, your hands, your words —
then you’re not fucking.
You’re just humping.

✗ Mistake #6: Treating Foreplay Like a Speed Bump

Foreplay isn't what happens *before* sex.

Foreplay *is* sex.

And no — three minutes of licking and two fingers don't count.
That's not warming her up. That's checking a box.

Foreplay starts hours before you touch her.

It's the text you sent at 11AM.

The way you kissed her neck while she was brushing her teeth.

The way you looked at her across the dinner table like she was already naked in your mind.

Build her tension until she's vibrating.

Then let her explode.

✗ Mistake #7: Being a Timid Little Bitch

Let me be blunt:

Asking "Is this okay?" every ten seconds isn't sexy — it's exhausting.

Of course consent matters.

But constant hesitation? That's not sensitivity. That's weakness.

Take the fucking lead.

Know what you're doing. Be bold.

Touch her like you mean it.

Guide her like you own the moment.

If you act like a scared intern on his first day —
she'll treat you like one.

✖ Mistake #8: Always Needing Booze to Perform

Yeah, drunk sex can be wild.

But if you *need* alcohol to perform, you've got a bigger issue than whiskey dick.

When you rely on booze, you're not bold — you're blurred.
You're not present — you're numb.

She wants a man who can *feel* everything.

Who can make her feel *seen, taken, ravaged* — stone-cold sober.

Master sober sex, and you become a god.
The rest is just sloppy filler.

✖ Mistake #9: Ignoring Her Mind

You want to fuck her body.
But have you fucked her *brain* yet?

Because for most women, arousal starts in the **mind** — not the panties.

Text her something filthy. Whisper what you're going to do to her tonight.

Build anticipation.

Make her *need* to be touched before you ever lay a finger on her.

Mental foreplay is the cheat code to unforgettable sex.

Use it.

✖ Mistake #10: Same Routine, Every Time

Same bed.

Same lighting.

Same position.

Same sad ending.

No wonder she's not into it.

You're treating sex like a rerun.

She wants a thriller. A surprise. A goddamn rollercoaster.

Switch it up.

New positions. New locations.

Try dominance. Teasing. Roleplay. Risks.

If sex with you is always predictable, the only surprise she's craving... is someone new.

Congratulations, You're Officially Average

Most men fuck like they cook eggs —
just enough not to burn them.

And that's the problem.

You weren't born to be "just enough."

This book isn't here to make you slightly better.
It's here to **destroy the man you were**,
and build something far more dangerous —
the kind of man whose touch she never forgets.

So ask yourself:

Are you here to be decent?

Or are you here to be **legendary**?

Let's keep going.

Chapter 3: Inside Her Mind — The 4 Stages of Female Arousal

It didn't happen in some tantra seminar.

It didn't come from a book or a podcast or some smug guy in linen pants talking about "sacred connection."

It happened on a rooftop.

Whiskey in hand. Las Vegas lights bleeding across the skyline.

And a woman named Olivia, who changed everything.

She wasn't just beautiful.

She was electric.

The kind of woman who looks at you like she's already tasted you in a dream and isn't sure whether she wants to surrender... or make you beg. We talked. We joked. She laughed at my bullshit. But there was something under the surface — slow, subtle, *dangerous*.

And when I invited her back to my place, she hesitated.

That delicious flicker of conflict in her eyes: excitement fighting with conditioning. Every woman has that moment.

"I don't usually do this," she said.

And I leaned in.

Low voice. No rush. Total certainty.

"Neither do I. But if you come with me... you'll never forget it."

Stage One: The Spark — She Imagines You Before You Even Touch Her

Back at my place, we sat close — wine, low light, space charged with anticipation.

But I didn't lunge.

I watched.

Her breath changed.

Her posture shifted.

Her legs crossed tighter.

Arousal isn't a switch. It's a storm system building pressure.

It starts in her **mind**, not between her legs.

"Have you ever been kissed so slowly that your whole body begs for it to end... and never end at the same time?"

She froze. Eyes locked.

Pulse fluttering beneath the skin of her neck.

I hadn't touched her — and she was already wet.

Lesson: The best foreplay doesn't happen with your hands.

It happens with presence.

With words that live in her imagination like ghosts.

Stage Two: The Plateau — Drive Her Mad with Restraint

I got close. Not close enough.

My lips hovered — jaw, cheek, neck — never landing.

She leaned in, hungry.

I pulled back, softer than a breath.

“Please,” she whispered.

A single word, barely audible.

Desperation in syllables.

This is where 95% of men fuck it up.

They pounce.

They *take*, instead of letting her *fall*.

You want her begging.

Writhing. Drenched in tension.

Begging not because you forced it — but because you orchestrated it.

I traced her collarbone.

Fingertips like fire.

She shivered under my touch like she was being played by a violinist who knew every string of her nervous system.

This is the plateau.

The edge.

Where anticipation becomes need.

Hold her there long enough, and she’ll give you everything.

Stage Three: The Peak — Where She Stops Thinking and Just Feels

The kiss came like an explosion.

Not because I forced it — but because I *earned* it.

Her body moved on instinct.

Her hands grabbed, hips grinding, voice cracked open.

In the bedroom, she was molten.

And I didn't fuck her.

I *guided* her.

Pressure. Rhythm. Words. Breaths.

I didn't chase orgasm — I led her toward it like a master conductor.

She came like a thunderclap.

Not once. Not politely.

But with her entire body — shaking, breaking, sobbing my name into the mattress.

And that's how you know it was real — when she looks at you like you just rewired her soul.

Stage Four: The Cooldown — Where the Real Bond Begins

Most men disappear here.

Roll over. Check their phone. Leave her alone in the afterglow.

I pulled her close.

Whispered things only she would hear.

Ran my fingers through her hair like I was still making love to her, just in a different way.

This is where you seal the imprint.

The part she never forgets.

Not because of the orgasm, but because of how you held her *after*.

Women want to feel safe after surrender.

And if you vanish — emotionally or physically — after taking her to heaven,

you just turned a divine experience into another regret.

The Truth Most Men Will Never Learn

Every woman has these stages.

Some faster. Some slower.

But they're always there — the ignition, the buildup, the explosion, the descent.

Miss one, and it all collapses.

But when you **master all four?**

You become the man she dreams about.

The name she whispers when she fingers herself weeks later.

The story she tells her girlfriends over wine, half-smiling, half-sinning.

Olivia was proof.

Not a conquest — a mirror.

She showed me what's possible when you understand the game behind the game.

Not just technique.

But timing.

Presence.

Mastery.

Are you ready to become that man?

Then don't skip a single page.

The journey only gets deeper from here.

Chapter 4: How to Make Her Orgasm Before You Even Touch Her

Most guys think sex starts when the bra comes off.

But the truth is, she's either coming in her mind before the first kiss... or not at all.

You want to be unforgettable?

You want her soaked with anticipation before you even graze her skin?

Then you need to master the art of the *pre-game seduction*.

Women don't get wet from your dick.

They get wet from the way you prepare the world around it.

Let me tell you about Ava.

We met at a house party.

Lips like sin. Voice like smoke.

Sharp wit, soft edges. The kind of woman who walks into a room and makes your heartbeat shift without asking permission.

She didn't fall into bed with me that night.

But she gave me her number — and that was enough.

I didn't try to fuck her at our first dinner.

I tried to *ruin her for anyone else*.

Here's how.

1. Clean Your Fucking Space Like You Expect Royalty

This should be obvious, but for most guys, it isn't.

The moment she walks into your place, she's scanning.

Dirty dishes? Red flag.

Crusty bathroom mirror? Red flag.

Sheets that smell like last week's sweat and regret? Red flag.

My apartment smelled like sandalwood and citrus.

The bed was made — crisp sheets, actual pillows, soft lighting.

She stepped inside and *relaxed*.

Because a clean space doesn't just say "I care about hygiene."

It says:

"I've hosted women before. I know how to make them feel safe." And safety is the **first step to surrender.**

2. Smell Like You Fuck On Purpose

You can look like a Greek statue, but if you smell like anxiety and Axe... game over.

Your scent is your silent signature.

It stays on her pillow.

Her sheets.

Her memory.

Here's the formula:

- Shower. Twice if you're nervous. Amasculine cologne — one spray to the neck, one to the wrist, then walk through it. That's it.
 - Clean mouth. Fresh breath. No excuses.
 - And for the love of all that's sacred: clean sheets that smell like cotton and confidence.
-

3. Prepare Her Like a Queen, Not a Quick Fuck

Ava walked into my bathroom and saw:

- A fluffy towel folded on the counter.
- A brand-new toothbrush still in its wrapper.
- Makeup wipes.
- Mouthwash.
- A lit candle.

She turned to me with a smirk.

“Is this all for me?”

I didn't smirk back.

I nodded — like a man who plans every move.

“Of course it is. I take care of what I invite into my world.”

And in that second, she melted. Because women don't want to feel *used*. They want to feel *chosen*.

4. Make Your Home Foreplay

Men think foreplay starts in bed.

Wrong.

Foreplay begins with the lighting.

Overhead lights = dentist office.

Lamps, candles, warm LEDs = seduction.

I lit the room with mood — not brightness.

Put on something low, sexy, and slow.

Not club music. Not sad boy shit.

Think: smoke, sex, jazz, or dark R&B.

She walked in and felt it.

Not a space.

An *atmosphere*.

One built for surrender.

5. Stock Your Arsenal Like a Gentleman, Not a Teenager

In the fridge: chilled wine, a bottle of water, and herbal tea.

In the drawer: *quality* lube.

In the nightstand: condoms, *hidden*. Not displayed like a fucking trophy. Options. Preparation. Subtlety.

Women don't want to see your plan.

They want to feel your readiness.

6. Talk Like a Man Who Knows What's Coming

Every word is part of the build-up.

Confidence is not “Can I kiss you?”

It’s **“When I kiss you, you’ll forget what you were saying.”**

Before Ava came over, I texted:

“Dinner’s ready. Hope you’re in the mood for something slow, rich, and addictive.”

She replied with a fire emoji.

That’s not flirting.

That’s psychological *pre-lubrication*.

7. Don’t Rush. Build the Storm.

She arrived. I didn’t pounce.

We cooked. We laughed. I poured wine. I let the clock tick.

She relaxed. She softened. She opened.

By the time I brushed her hip in the kitchen,
she leaned into it like she’d been waiting for hours.

That’s the difference between *taking your shot* and
making her need it.

Seduction Starts With Intention

You want to be unforgettable?

Then understand this:

Women come from presence. Preparation. Anticipation.

Not just from pressure between their legs — but from pressure built *in their minds*.

When you prepare her space like it's a stage for her pleasure, when your presence hits before your hands even arrive, she'll moan your name with her eyes **before her clothes are off**.

You don't need to touch her to fuck her.

You just need to set the scene like a king who knows what he's about to conquer.

Next, we talk about what happens once her body catches up to her mind.

And that's when it gets *dangerous*.

Chapter 5: Pre-Foreplay — How to Tease Her Into Total Submission

You know the moment.
That electricity in the air.
She's not kissing you yet, but her breathing changes.
Her pupils dilate.
She shifts closer — not consciously, but instinctively.
Something in her is pulling toward you.

And this is where most men ruin it.
They pounce.
They go in like horny dogs — fast hands, zero control,
clothes half-off before her brain has even caught up.

But the **master?**

He doesn't rush.
He **orchestrates tension** like a violinist with a razor-thin
bowstring.

He knows the truth most men never learn:

Foreplay doesn't begin with touch.
It begins with presence. With pressure. With a pause
that makes her skin ache for contact.

This is the **Pre-Foreplay Method —**
a blueprint for making her body vibrate with need...
before you've even laid a single finger on her.

Step 1: Slow Down to Speed Up

When she steps into your world, the game has already started.

Your voice drops half an octave.

Your movements smooth out like smoke over glass.

You become gravity.

Not loud. Not flashy. Just *undeniable*.

Every time she expects a move — don't.

Let silence stretch.

Let your glance linger one second too long.

Let your presence fill the room until she has to shift her weight just to stay upright.

Women are **nervous systems first, bodies second**.

They don't respond to speed.

They respond to suspense.

So slow... the fuck... down.

Step 2: Speak Sex Without Saying the Word

Words are your fingers before your fingers arrive.

Don't talk about sex. Talk around it.

Imply it. Suggest it. Breathe it into the room like incense.

"There's something about the way you look at me... like
you already know what I want."

Say it slow. Say it like a secret.

Watch how her body reacts —
the subtle smile, the shifting hips, the parted lips that say "I'm
listening."

When you speak into her **imagination**,
her body follows.

Every word you say should feel like it's tracing her spine from the
inside.

Step 3: Touch Like You're Starving, But Holding Back

You don't grab. You graze.

You don't grope. You guide.

Start with the wrist.

The curve of her neck.

The inside of her elbow.

Then pause.

Let her feel the loss of contact.

Let her chase it.

Touch her like you're thinking about where to taste her — but haven't decided yet.

And when you finally let your palm rest on the small of her back?

She'll lean into it like it's oxygen.

The best touch isn't rushed.

It's deliberate. Delayed. *Damn near cinematic.*

Step 4: Make Her Initiate the Next Move

A rookie thinks seduction means taking control.

A master knows: true power is when she makes the move... without realizing you scripted it.

If she takes your hand and puts it on her thigh?

That's not her taking charge.

That's you, four moves ahead, orchestrating the moment like chess.

You want her to feel like it's *her idea*.

Like she *needs* you to touch her — just so she can breathe again.

Her body will beg for what her words won't say.

Let her.

Step 5: The Whisper Before the Ruin

This is the moment just before the dam breaks.

Her breath is shallow. Her eyes glazed. Her skin hypersensitive.

You lean in, not to kiss her...

but to whisper something that collapses her last shred of resistance.

Not vulgar. Not pornographic. Intimate. Inevitable.

“I’ve never wanted someone like this.”

“You have no idea what I’m holding back right now.”

“Say when...”

That whisper — low, direct, vulnerable —
is the final stroke.

By the time you actually touch her where she wants to be touched...

it won’t feel like foreplay.

It’ll feel like mercy.

This Isn't Manipulation — It's Mastery

The Pre-Foreplay Method isn't about tricking her.
It's about understanding how her desire works.

Women crave anticipation.

Crave the slow burn.

Crave a man who can hold space for their chaos and lead them through it with total, grounded command.

You're not taking anything from her.

You're opening the door to a version of herself she's been dying to meet.

When you master this?

She won't just want sex.

She'll want **you** — the version of you that made her wait, tremble, and beg without saying a single word.

And the best part?

The moment you finally do touch her...
she'll already be halfway to coming.

Ready to find out what to do once she's naked and desperate in your arms?

Let's take the leash off.

It's time for foreplay. The real kind. The kind she won't forget.

Chapter 6: Foreplay Like a God — Fingers, Tongue & Timing

Let the boys rush.

Let them stumble through kisses, fumble with bras, grab at skin like desperate animals.

You are not them.

You're not here to "get laid."

You're here to take her somewhere her body has never gone before — and make her thank you for it.

Pre-foreplay isn't foreplay.

It's not touching.

It's tension. Command. Psychological dominance wrapped in restraint.

This is your ritual.

Phase 1: Standing — The Wall Scene

Step 1: Corner Her Without Ever Losing Control

You don't ask.

You guide.

Stand in front of her. No words. Just presence.

Place your hand at the small of her back, walk her slowly backward — until her spine meets the wall.

Your other hand? Behind her head. Not grabbing — *guarding*.

Subtle. Protective.

It says:

“I could pin you. But I’d never hurt you.”

Lock eyes. Don’t speak. Don’t smile.

Let her feel your stare enter her bloodstream.

She’ll lean in.

You don’t kiss her.

You pull back.

And that grin — that subtle, cocky grin —
says everything.

“You can want me...

But I’ll decide when you get me.”



Step 2: Breathe Her In Like You're About To Devour Her

Don't kiss. Don't touch.

Lean in until your lips are millimeters from her skin — just behind her ear.

Brush her hair aside.

Inhale.

Slow. Deep. Possessive.

Then whisper. Low. Barely audible:

“You smell like sin.”

“I’ve been holding back all night.”

“Do you feel how close I am?”

Your hand leaves her head.

Rises.

Grips her wrists.

Not rough. Not tight.

Commanding.

Pin them above her head for 30 seconds.

Then let go.

Like a lion releasing a deer just to watch it run.

Step 3: The Neck That Makes Her Knees Weak

Here's where boys kiss, and men taste.

Start at her outer shoulder. The one furthest from her neck.

Kiss it. Slowly.

Lips like velvet. No tongue. Just intention.

Then move in — inch by inch.

Don't rush.

Every inch should feel like a sin.

Every second should feel like a lifetime.

When you finally get to her neck, don't kiss it.

Switch sides.

Leave her hanging.

She'll ache in the space you leave behind.



Step 4: Cross Her Lips Without Ever Kissing Them

Glide across her mouth — lips ghosting past hers.

Don't kiss.

Let your breath tickle her skin.

Move to the other shoulder.

Repeat.

Your hand gently moves her face to the side. Hair pushed back.

A ritual.

Not groping. Not grabbing.

Just pure, choreographed command.

You're not undressing her.

You're undoing her.



Step 5: The Ear — Your Gateway to Her Spine

Once your mouth returns to her neck, you're right by her ear.

This is your moment.

Your kill shot.

Lick the edge.

Kiss the lobe.

Tease the rim.

Don't go inside.

Watch. Feel. Listen.

If she gasps?

If she clenches?

If her fingers grip your arms like she's holding onto reality?

You're in.

Don't break rhythm.



Step 6: The Arm Stroke — Light Enough to Haunt Her

While your mouth handles her neck, your other hand is working on a different line of seduction:

The slowest, lightest stroke down her arm.

Start at her shoulder.

Glide down to her wrist in 20 seconds.

Then back up in 20 more.

Feather-light.

Barely-there.

Want to master this?

Do it on yourself.

You'll realize how slow, how soft, how controlled it really needs to be.

Switch sides.

Mouth on one side, fingertips haunting the other.

She's not turned on.

She's unraveling.



Step 7: Neck-to-Shoulder Stroke — Tracing the Tension

Now level up.

While you're still kissing her neck, let your hand rise.

From her shoulder, up the side of her neck, to the back of her ear.

It's not about touching skin.

It's about drawing maps of pleasure.

Trace her like you're reading a language written on her body — and she'll beg to be translated.

Keep going for ten full minutes.

Yes. Ten.

She will try to kiss you.

She will try to pull you in.

She will whisper, plead, moan, beg.

And when she does?

Lean into her neck.

Kiss her gently.

Whisper:

“Not yet.

I want to enjoy every inch of you first.”

♥ This Is Where You Become Her Addiction

This isn't just technique.

It's dominance with a heartbeat.

Restraint as foreplay.

Seduction as worship.

Most men rush to take her.

You'll **make her beg to be taken.**

Let her live in the anticipation.

Let her ache for more.

Let her remember this moment every time she closes her eyes.

Because when you do this right?

You don't just make her wet.

You **own the part of her that no one else has ever touched.**

And we're still just warming up.



Phase 2: The Bed Sequence

She doesn't know it yet.

But her body's about to be rewritten — not by pressure, but by precision.

Not by speed, but by control.

You guide her into the bedroom.

Not by grabbing her hand like some overeager frat boy — but with a hand on her lower back.

Firm. Possessive. Calm.

She feels it instantly.

That this won't be fast.

That this won't be polite.

That this is going to change her.

Step 1: Beside Her, Not On Her

She lies down. The bed is cool beneath her. The air is thick with silence.

You kneel beside her, not over her.

You don't climb. You don't hover.

You assess.

Like a lion studies its prey before the kill —
not out of mercy, but out of *ritual*.

Step 2: The Neck Ritual Returns — Refined, Repeated, Revered

You inhale her neck.

That same scent. Her shampoo, her skin, her slow-burning need.

You kiss her shoulder.

Then her collarbone.

Then the hollow just beneath it.

Each one slower than the last — like you're not kissing skin, but *tasting surrender*.

As you pass her lips, you *don't* kiss them.

You graze past, just barely brushing — and her breath hitches.

Then you switch sides.

Your mouth devours her neck.

Your hand glides down her arm — that same hypnotic stroke:

Shoulder to wrist. Twenty seconds.

Wrist to shoulder. Twenty more.

She's writhing beneath you.

Not because you're doing anything intense — but because you're denying her exactly what she wants.

And when she reaches for you, moaning softly?

You pull back an inch.

Smirk.

“Shh... I’m not even halfway done with you.”

Step 3: The Descent — But Not Where She Thinks

She thinks you're going for her jeans.

She's ready.

But that's *exactly* why you don't.

Your mouth drifts lower — past the breasts, not to them.

Down the sternum. The navel.

You pause just above the waistband of her jeans — where tension lives and breath holds.

Then?

You sit up.

Lock eyes.

No grin. No rush. Just dominance.

You lift her shirt. Not off — just up.

One inch at a time.

Each patch of exposed skin becomes a canvas.

And you paint it with your lips — slow, reverent kisses.

Between each one:

“...one one-thousand, two one-thousand...”

By the time you reach just beneath her breasts, she's shaking.

And you haven't touched her jeans.

You haven't even kissed her mouth.

Step 4: Flip Her Over — Own Her Back Like a Temple

You pause.

Pull back.

Let silence stretch like a wire.

“Turn around. On your stomach.”

She hesitates.

That’s good.

It means she feels the shift — the control sliding fully into your hands.

She turns.

Now it’s just her spine. Her hair. The shape of her breathing.

You start low — just above the waistband.

And you climb.

Each kiss like a blessing.

Like you’re reading her skin with your mouth.

If her shirt rides up, expose more. If not, kiss the fabric like it’s not there.

When you reach the nape of her neck, pause.

Then take her earlobe between your lips one last time.

She’ll exhale like she’s been holding her breath since the moment she met you.

Step 5: Strip Her Slowly — Like It's Sacred

You shift off her. Sit upright. Say nothing.

She follows your energy.

She sits up. Maybe kneels. Maybe breathes your name.

You look her in the eyes.

“Hands up.”

She obeys.

You remove her shirt. Not like a guy peeling a banana.

Like a man unwrapping a secret — one he already owns.

You **fold** it.

Place it down with intention.

Because *everything about this moment matters*.

You're not just getting her naked.

You're making her feel **chosen**.

Her jeans stay on.

For now.

Because the next time you touch them?

She'll be begging for it.

This is how you devour a woman before you've even undressed her. Not with greed. With power. With ritual. With restraint that most men simply don't have the patience — or balls — to master.

And when she looks up at you, trembling, half-naked, and gasping for more?

She's not thinking about how good you are in bed.

She's thinking about how **no one has ever touched her like this.**

Now: Place her on her back again

Hair fanned out across your pillow.

Jeans still on.

Bra hugging the curves you've imagined a thousand times.

Any other man would be climbing on top of her right now — grabbing, peeling, rushing toward that frantic ending.

But not you.

You're not here to fuck her.

You're here to etch yourself into her bloodstream.

To make her body ask questions it's never asked before.

Step 1: Loop It Back

Your mouth finds her neck again.

Not out of routine — but as a return to ritual.

You kiss slowly, shoulder to jaw.

You pause behind her ear. You inhale. You linger.

Then, for the first time, you give her lips a real kiss.

Soft.

Precise.

Just enough.

A promise wrapped in restraint.

As your mouth teases, your hands do the familiar work —
that hypnotic, featherlight stroke from shoulder to wrist and
back.

She knows this rhythm now.

She's trained to melt under it.

But everything feels sharper, closer... because now she's almost
bare.

Almost.

Step 2: The Descent

Your lips travel down.

Past her collarbone.

Down the center of her chest.

Right between her breasts — but you don't touch them.

You don't even glance.

You trail below the bra line.

Down her torso.

Toward her belly.

Your breath brushing warm across her stomach.

And then?

Your lips meet denim.

The stiff waistband.

The place her mind is already screaming for you to undo.

But you don't.

You kiss it.

Slow. Deliberate.

Like you're honoring the barrier itself.

And then you sit up.

Eyes locked.

Hands to the button.

Step 3: The Slowest Unbuttoning She's Ever Survived

Your fingers hook into the waistband.

You don't yank.

You **unfasten**. One snap. One notch. One slow breath at a time.

The zipper slides down like you're cracking open something sacred.

Still no groping.

Still no rush.

You slide her jeans down... slowly... over her thighs, her knees... her feet.

And now?

She's lying there in just her bra and panties.

Practically naked.

Completely aroused.

Still untouched.

You've taken her halfway to orgasm... and haven't even exposed skin that most men race to grab.

Step 4: The Climb Back Up

You don't leap for her hips.

You go lower — to her ankles.

And from there, you begin the climb.

Kiss her calves. Her knees.

Her thighs — but never where she expects.

You avoid her pussy like it's the final boss.

You kiss the inside of her thigh and then pull away.

Then your lips press gently over the fabric of her panties —
not to stimulate, but to *haunt*.

A whisper of contact.

A ghost of intention.

And then you move on — up over her ribs, her chest, back to her mouth.

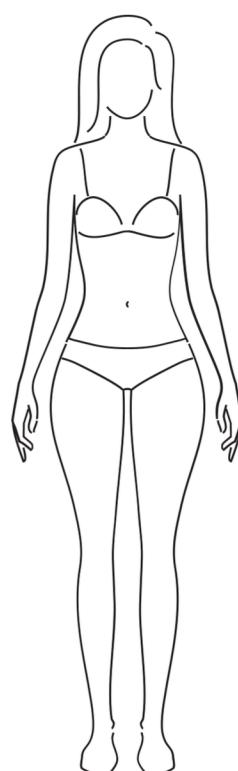
This kiss?

It's different now.

It tastes like tension.

Like denial.

Like pure, weaponized restraint.



Step 5: The leg Ritual — The Most Underrated Turn-On on Earth

Slide back down.

Watch her expression — **curious. Confused. Turned on in a way she can't explain.**

You stroke her calves with the side of your hand.

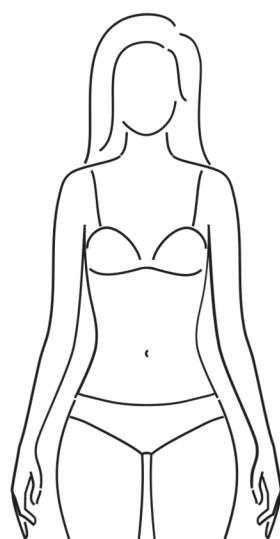
Outside of her left leg. Then the inside.

Then the right. Same pattern. Slow.

You move toward her core — not away from it.

She starts breathing like she's sprinted, but hasn't moved an inch.

You're touching her like a man who's already inside her mind — and **already owns her orgasm**, even if you haven't touched her clit.



I

Step 6: Upper Thigh Worship — She's Melting

Now you go further.

Same stroke. Same hand. Same ritual.

From ankle to hip, outside of her legs.

Then inside — but only to mid-thigh. **Never touch the panties.**

Never yet.

Each motion is a **sentence of silence**

telling her body:

“You don’t know how good this is about to get.”

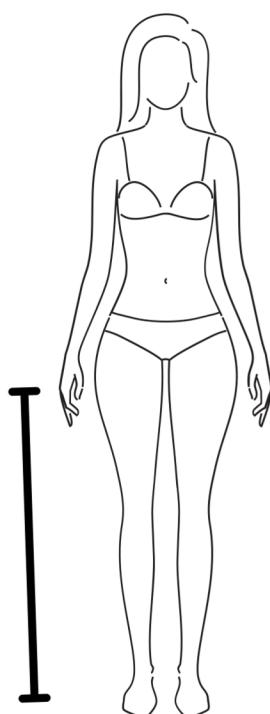
She’s soaked.

Her thighs shift. Her hips tilt. Her breath trembles.

And you haven’t touched a single place that society calls
“sexual.”

She’s **begging** internally.

And this is where you win — because she doesn’t even
understand why.



Step 7: Pause and Read Her Like Scripture

Now she's laid out.

Panties. Bra.

Skin flushed. Mouth parted. Eyes glazed.

She's never been touched like this.

Never been *handled* like this.

But she's also **vulnerable** now.

More exposed than if she were fully naked.

So you pause.

You watch her.

If she fidgets, if she looks away, if her breath hitches —
you know.

She's feeling seen. Too seen.

Not because she doesn't want it — but because she's not used
to being **fully present** in her own body.

And that's when you **whisper it** — low, calm, direct:

“Turn over. On your stomach.”

No panic. No question.

Just an anchor. A way for her to soften again.

The Bra Ritual

She's on her stomach now.

Back arched just slightly.

Hair spilling like ink across your pillow.

You haven't taken anything from her.

You've given her permission —

to feel, to trust, to collapse into her own pleasure without
shame.

And that's exactly what makes this next phase so devastatingly
effective.

When she turned over, something shifts.

She's no longer looking up at you, waiting for the next move.

She's with herself.

Face pressed into the pillow, skin glowing under low light,
breathing shallow.

This position is primal.

Not submissive — *vulnerable*.

And when a woman *chooses* to be vulnerable with you, that's
the moment you earn her body.

Lie beside her. Mirror her.

Both of you on your sides, facing each other.

No rush. No agenda.

Your hand glides along her outer thigh, barely touching.
No sudden moves. Just presence.

You kiss her neck.

Then her shoulder.

Your hand strokes her calves — visible, intentional, not sneaky.

That's how you gain trust without asking for it.

Every movement seen. Every action clear. Nothing hidden.

Then, with a half-smile and a low whisper:

"Honestly... they should put your legs in a museum."

She laughs.

She softens.

"Come here. I need a closer look."

And just like that — she's yours again.



Step 1: The Back of Her Legs — One Stroke at a Time

Now you sit back.

And you begin again.

You've already kissed her thighs. Already seen her squirm.

But this time, you take her deeper.

Stroke Pattern – Calves (Back):

- Outer left calf, ankle to knee.
- Inner left calf, same.
- Outer right calf, slow drag up.
- Inner right calf, slower.

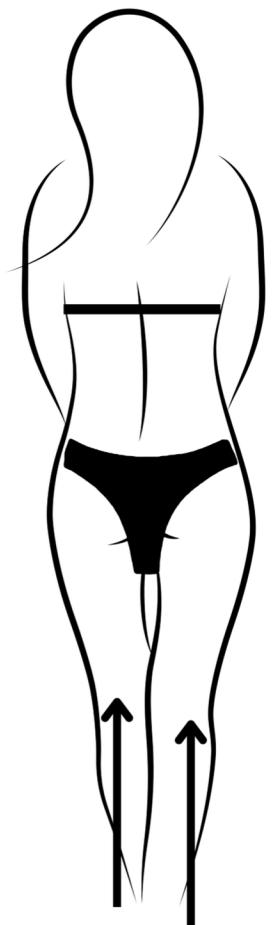
10–15 seconds per stroke.

Use your fingers. The side of your hand.

Don't caress — *glide*. Like you're reading a Braille map of her body.

By now, her body's breathing on its own.

Not air — *anticipation*.



Step 2: The Thighs & Hamstrings — One Inch from Madness

Now comes the buildup.

Full Leg Stroke Pattern (Back):

- Outer left thigh, ankle to just below her ass.
- Inner left thigh, but stop *before* the panties.
- Outer right thigh. Then inner right thigh.

Leave a gap.

Exactly 15 centimeters between your fingers and her panties.

That distance?

That's where tension lives.

That's where the storm gathers.

She twitches under you.

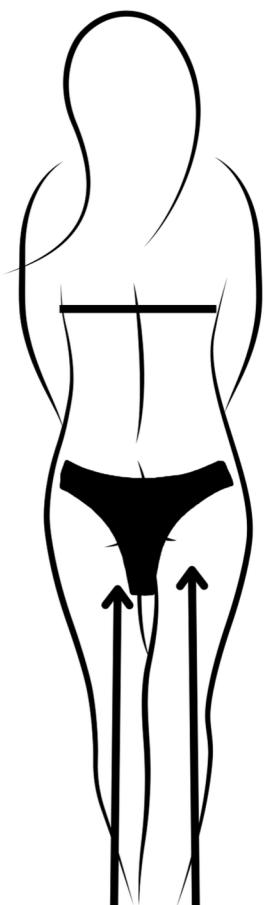
Her hips rise without permission.

And you? You stay composed.

Because you know:

The longer she *doesn't* get what she wants...

the more she'll crave what you haven't even promised.



Step 3: Up Her Spine — The Slowest Climb of Her Life

Place both hands on the small of her back.

Right above her panties.

Then slide upward.

Fingertips grazing her spine.

Palms brushing her ribs.

Hands curving outward until you reach her neck.

Then the kiss begins.

Behind her ear.

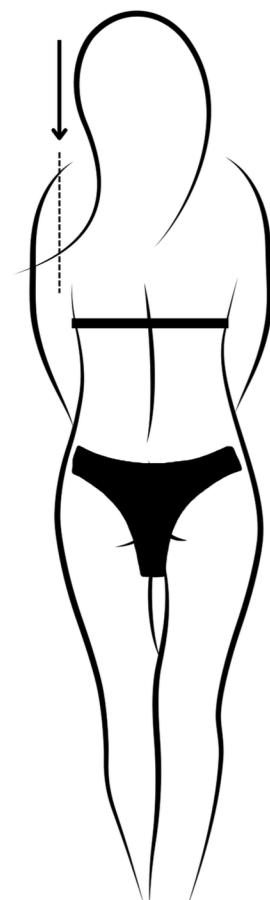
Down her spine.

Across her shoulder blades.

All the way to the edge of her bra strap — and stop.

This isn't touch.

This is reverence.



Step 4: The Bra Unhook — Surgical Precision

You kiss from the neck downward.

Your lips reach the center of her back, just above the clasp.

You pause.

Then you whisper:

“You’ve been incredibly patient.”

Your fingers move.

Smooth. Silent. No fumble. No force.

Just a single, practiced motion.

Click.

The clasp gives.

And you... don’t remove the bra.

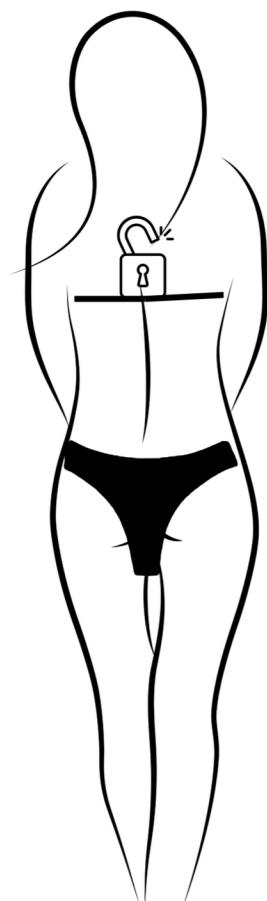
Let it rest on her back like silk against fire.

Let her wonder when you’ll finally peel it away.

You just told her body it’s time to open.

But her mind doesn’t know when.

That’s the perfect storm.



Quiz 1: What Do Most Men Do After They Unhook the Bra?

They go straight for the tits.

Hands like hammers. Mouths like vacuum cleaners.

Like they've just uncovered buried treasure and forgot to read the map.

They grope. They squeeze. They ruin it.

And her body?

Her mind?

They shut off. Immediately.

Because she went from goddess to object in one blind grab.

Quiz 2: What Do We Do Instead?

We ignore them.

Completely.

Utterly.

Brutally.

Because denial is desire's twin.

The longer you delay the obvious,
the deeper you anchor into her nervous system.

You've already got her soaked.

Already got her arching.

And you haven't touched her breasts once.

The Panty ritual

Her bra is unhooked.

But not removed.

It's hanging on like a whisper, like the last secret she hasn't fully surrendered.

She instinctively starts to take it off.

You catch her wrist.

"No. Not yet. Just breathe."

Say it low. Calm. Like gravity, not a command.

She doesn't know why she obeys.

But her whole body listens.

That pause?

That denial?

It hits her harder than any touch.

Step 1: Kiss What's Been Hidden

You lean in.

Kiss the back of her neck. Soft. Still.

Then you move lower.

Down the curve of her spine.

And when your lips find the skin that's just been revealed —
that once belonged to the protected space beneath her bra —
you kiss it like it's forbidden scripture.

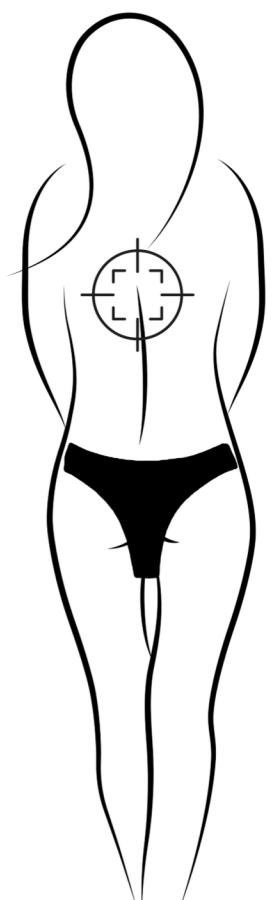
No groping.

No escalation.

Just reverence.

You're not rushing to *have* her.

You're rewiring what it feels like to *be wanted*.



Step 2: Sit Her Up — Change the Power Dynamic

You roll her gently.

Ease her into a seated position — topless, glowing, eyes wide with anticipation.

Maybe she's cross-legged.

Maybe she's on your lap.

Either way, she's upright... and exposed.

Her bra is still draped over her shoulders — like a ribbon unwrapped but not removed.

She can feel your cock through your jeans, hard and close, and she stutters a breath.

Then, calmly:

“Hands up.”

She lifts her arms. No hesitation.

You slide the straps off her shoulders.

Slowly.

Like peeling silk from a sacred gift.

Then you **fold the bra**.

Deliberately.

You place it — gently — on top of her clothes.

She watches you. Fully exposed.

And you haven't even looked at her tits. **Good moment to remove your own shirt as well.**



Her breasts are bare.

This is where 99% of men fail.

They lunge. They grope. They lose themselves.

Not you.

You don't even glance at them.

Instead, your mouth finds her collarbone.

Then her shoulder.

The side of her neck.

Maybe even the curve of her cheek or the tip of her nose.

You're kissing the woman, not the parts.

And right now?

You're the only man who's seen her topless...
and chosen restraint over reaction.

That restraint?

It melts her faster than any tongue ever could.

Because it says:

"I don't need your body to feel powerful.
I'm already in control."

Step 3: Put her on her back

You guide her back down.

Softly.

No weight. No rush.

She's on her back now.

Topless. Panties still on.

Her breath is uneven. Her pupils blown wide.

You start the ritual again.

From her neck —

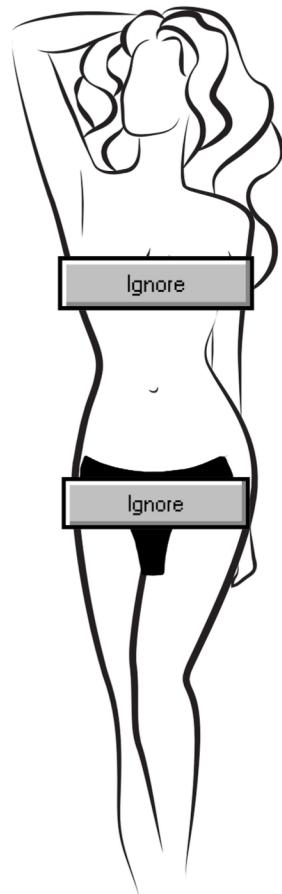
Kiss by kiss, inch by inch —

you move down her chest, past her sternum, over her belly...

You don't even look at her breasts.

You don't even touch her panties.

You **keep going.**



Then?

You shift down — to her ankles.
And you restart the full-leg sequence.

Left leg — outer to hip.

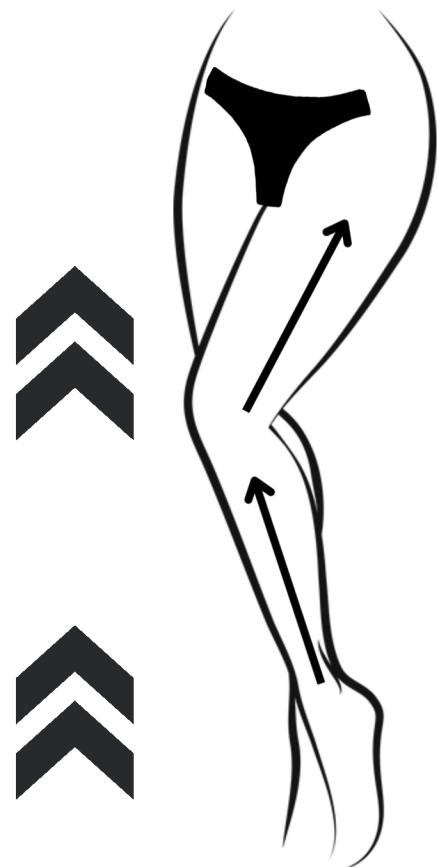
Left inner thigh — slow and far from center.

Right leg — same rhythm.

Same denial.

She's squirming now.
Her hips lift off the bed — subtle, desperate.
Her body is chasing your mouth like it has its own will.

And still, you hold back.



Real Talk: Why This Breaks Her

You know what two experienced women on our shoot told me?

“If a guy did that — all that... and didn’t touch my tits?”

“I’d start begging. Out loud.”

Because this isn’t about sex.

It’s about **surrender**.

It’s about her realizing you want something deeper than skin.

You want the part of her that’s never felt chosen this deliberately.

And that?

That’s the shit she’ll fantasize about for years.

Why This Works

Because women have had their bodies touched.

They’ve been kissed. Groped. Fucked.

But very few have ever been **worshipped**.

And worship means you see her — all of her — but choose to wait.

To tease.

To unravel her with patience instead of pressure.

And in doing so, you make yourself unforgettable.

She'll beg.

Out loud.

Eyes wide. Voice cracked. Legs trembling.

Not because you touched her pussy.

But because you *didn't* — and she wants it so badly she'll offer you everything to end the tension.

The Panty Tease — She's Never Been Undressed Like This Before

She's lying in front of you.

Back arched. Chest bare. Panties still on.

She looks ruined — and you haven't even touched her pussy.

Most men would already be inside her.

Awkward thrusts. Eager hands. Proud of themselves for being "good in bed."

You?

You're not even halfway done.

Because you're not here to "have sex."

You're here to redefine what her body believes sex even is.

She's breathing like she just ran a mile.

And you're about to make her feel like she's floating underwater — weightless, breathless, begging.

Step 4: Back to the Beginning — Reignite the Fire

You could go in.

You could end the build-up.

But you don't.

You go back to her **calves**.

Not because you forgot.

But because you understand: **repetition with escalation is addiction.**

And this time, it's different.

Her bra is gone.

Her panties are the only thing left.

And her mind is screaming *touch me there*.

You don't.

Instead, you start your stroke sequence.

Not out of routine — but with the grace of a man *composing a symphony*.

Stroke Pattern (Calves – Back):

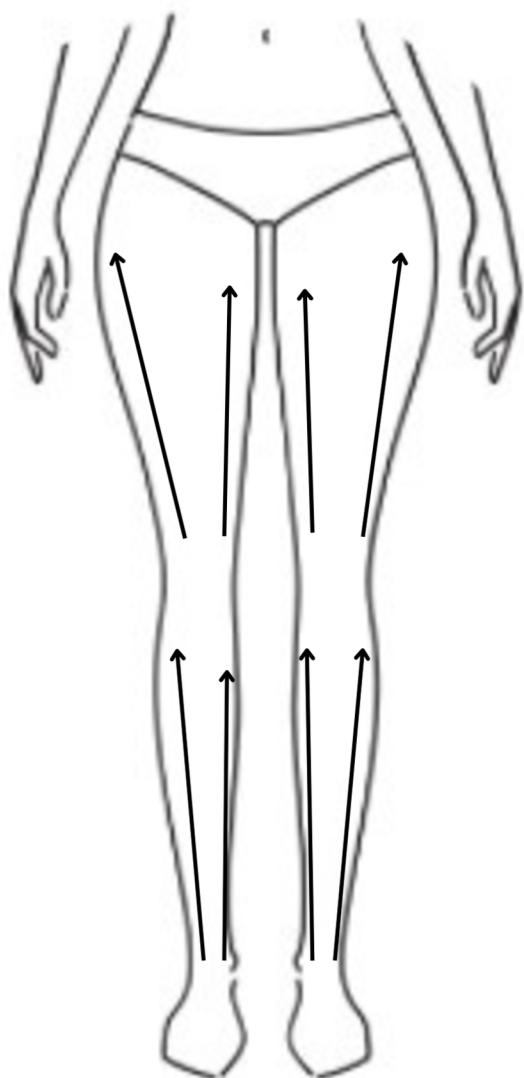
- Outer left calf, ankle to knee — 10 seconds.
- Inner left calf — 10 seconds.
- Outer right calf — slow.
- Inner right calf — even slower.

Every motion says:

"I could devour you right now.

But I'm enjoying the wait even more than you are."

And she can *feel* it.



Step 5: Full-Length Strokes

Now you go long.

Now you go deep.

Now you flirt with danger and never cross it.

Full-Leg Sequence:

- Outside of left leg, ankle to hip.
- Outside of right leg, same.
- Inside of left thigh — ankle to mid-thigh. Stop.
- Inside of right thigh — same. No exceptions.

You're skimming the border of her pleasure like it's a demilitarized zone.



Step 6: Circle the Flame Without Getting Burned

Now you stroke the edges of her underwear.

Not the fabric.

Not the center.

Just the skin that surrounds it.

Her hips. Her lower belly.

The ridge of her pelvis.

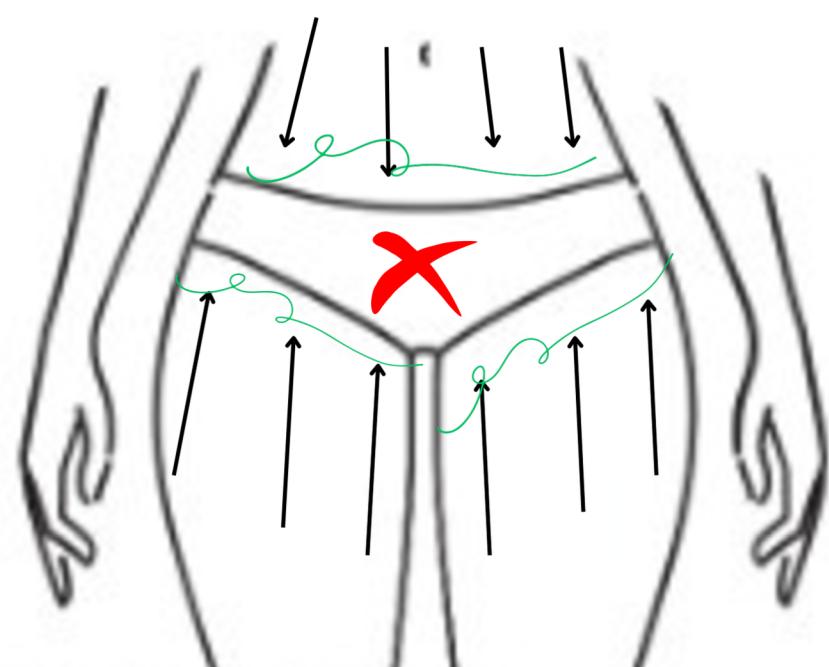
The curve of her thighs.

You orbit her.

You trace paths like ancient runes just millimeters from where she needs you.

And every part of her is screaming silently:

"Why isn't he touching me?"



Step 7: The Reveal

Your hand slides to her hip.

Not fast. Not hesitant.

Inevitable.

Two fingers slip just under the waistband of her panties.

You don't tug. You pause.

Her eyes are on yours now.

Wide. Glazed. Desperate.

You lock her gaze and say it — slow, low, reverent:

“Wauw...”

Not sexy. Not performative.

Just *honest awe*.

Because right now, it should feel like you're unwrapping the last sacred thing on earth.

You maintain eye contact.

Let silence bloom between you.

Then — *slowly* — begin the descent:

Over her hips.

Past her thighs.

Down her legs.

Off her feet.

Real Talk: What This Does to Her Brain

If you're sitting there thinking:

"This feels like an erotic novel..."

Good.

Because she's thinking:

"What the **fuck** is happening to me?"

She's disarmed.

Flooded.

Short-circuited.

You've taken her somewhere most men couldn't even name, let alone reach.

And you still haven't touched her pussy.

That's not teasing.

That's **power**.

And now?

Now she's finally bare.

Fully exposed.

Fully yours.

But you still don't dive in. Because the next move?

That's where you learn how to touch her pussy without ruining everything you just built.

The Art of Foreplay — How to Give Her the Best She's Ever Had

She's naked.

Skin flushed. Lips parted. Eyes dazed.

You just peeled her panties off like they were a secret spell.

She's ready.

Desperate.

Begging, even if she hasn't said it yet.

And still — you don't touch her pussy.

Because that's what every basic man would do.

Rush in like it's a race.

Like she's a slot machine ready to pay out if he presses the right buttons fast enough.

But you?

You don't chase orgasms.

You build worship.

Foreplay Doesn't Start at Her Core. It Starts at Her Chest.

You've spent 30, maybe 40 minutes tracing her body with reverence.

She's lying on your bed like the final painting in a forbidden gallery.

And before you go any lower,
you bring your focus to the most ignored, most mistreated,
most misunderstood part of her entire body:

Her breasts.

The Two Paths to Her Chest

Like every woman, every moment is different.

You don't choose your route by habit.

You read *her* — and then decide how to approach what comes next.

The Short Path — Direct Line to Desire

Use this if:

- She's tipsy.
- She's vocal, aggressive, or clearly aching for speed.
- It's a one-night stand and she's already gripping the sheets.

You start at her neck.

Trail down her sternum.

And land between her breasts — hot, present, controlled.

 **The Long Path** — Worship Mode

Use this if:

- You want to wreck her soul, not just her body.
- She's sober. Present. Yours.
- You're not looking for sex. You're looking for surrender.

Here's how:

1. Start at her neck. Kiss down her chest.
2. Then move down. All the way. To her thighs.
3. Stroke her legs — just like you did in the earlier chapters.
4. Then flip her over.
5. Kiss down her back. Neck to lower spine. **Skip her ass completely.**
6. Stroke the backs of her legs, slow and surgical.
7. Then... flip her back.
8. Only now do you bring your mouth toward her chest.

By the time you land there, she won't just want it.

She'll feel like **she's earned it.**

Because nothing's more intoxicating than reward after restraint.

The Real Quiz: What's the Most Sensitive Part of Her Breasts?

You might think "the nipple." And you'd be half right. But what matters isn't what you touch — it's **how you approach it.**

Here's your game plan:

⌚ The Three-Zone Method

Zone 1: The Perimeter

Start with the outer curve.

Kiss the outside of her breast — the under-curve, the edge, the skin that never gets love.

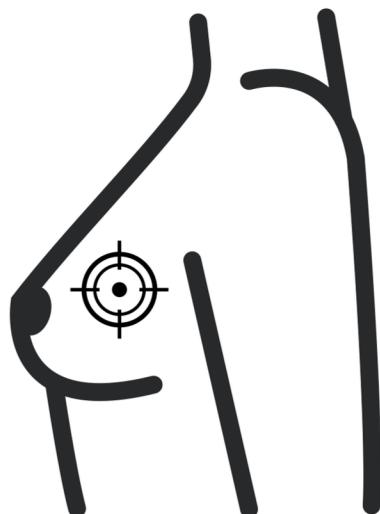
Each kiss = a question.

Each pause = an answer.

You're not rushing in.

You're orbiting.

Her breath will already be shaking.



Zone 2: The Flesh

Now kiss the *body* of the breast.

Avoid the nipple completely.

You want her brain to scream:

"Just touch it already."

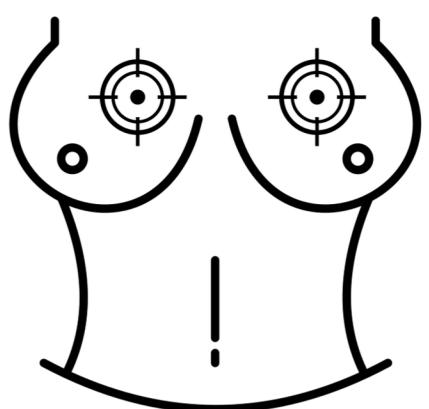
But you don't.

You **hold the line.**

Soft lips.

No sucking.

Just heat and pressure and restraint.



Zone 3: The Peak

Now — and only now — do your lips find her nipple.
Gently.

No roughness. No biting.
Not yet.

You start with the tip of your tongue.
Just a taste.
Like something sacred you've waited hours to reach.

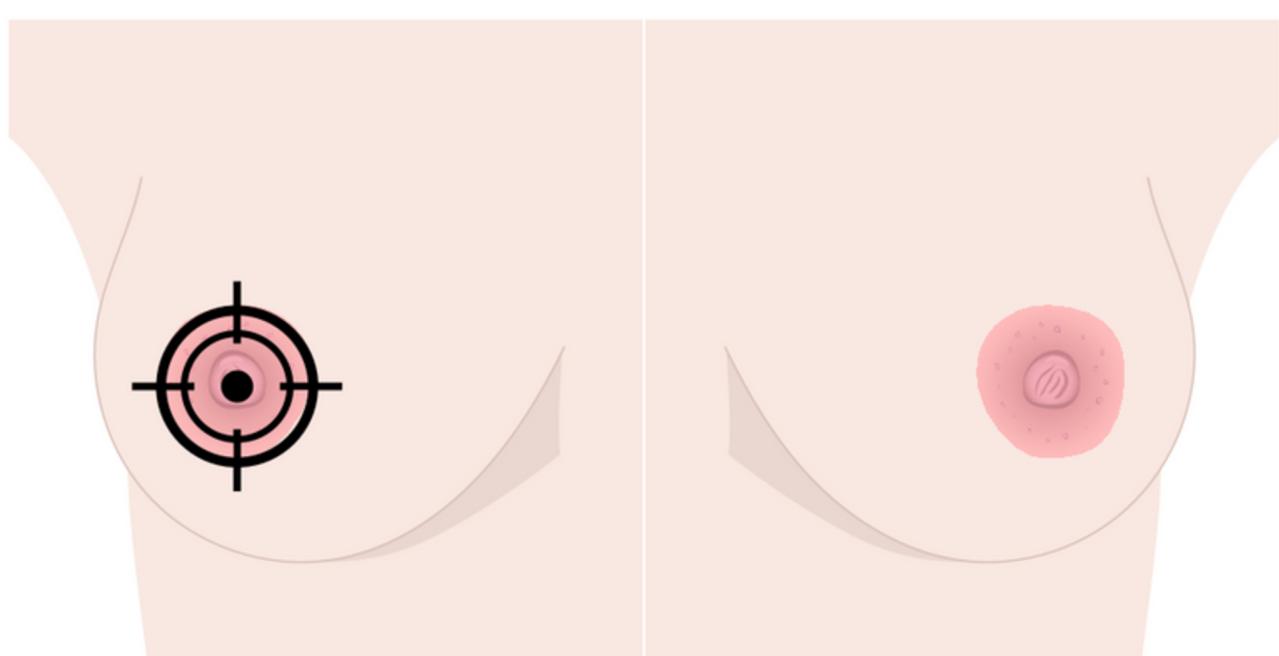
Maybe a kiss. Maybe a slow, circular lick.

Then?

Switch to the other breast.

And start all over again —
from Zone 1.

You're not just touching her.
You're rewriting how she experiences pleasure.



🔥 Pro Tip: Don't Just Touch — Track Her

Her breath changes.

Her back arches.

Her eyes flutter. Or lock onto yours like she's in a trance.

You don't need her words.

Her body is telling you everything.

Read it.

Adjust.

Master it.

And once you've worshipped both breasts like altars?

You don't move down immediately.

You **wait**.

You kiss her lips.

You stroke her side.

You hover like a storm that hasn't decided where to strike yet.

Because she knows what's next.

And she *needs* it now.

But you haven't even touched her pussy.

Not yet.

And that, my friend?

That's why she'll never forget you.

The Final Tease — How to Make Her Beg for Your Tongue

She's naked.

Back arched. Skin flushed.

Breathing like she just ran through fire barefoot.

You've kissed every inch of her.

Everywhere *but* the one place she's silently screaming for you to go.

Her pussy?

Untouched.

Ignored.

But pulsing so loud it's practically echoing off the walls.

And now...

She thinks it's finally going to happen.

But you're not here to satisfy her.

You're here to ruin her.

Ruin her for every man who comes after you.

Because when she remembers this night — and she will — it won't be because of how good you were at eating her out.

It'll be because she's never had to beg so hard to be touched.

Step 1: Approach... and Pull Away Like a Savage

Your lips trail from her chest to her belly.

She's shaking.

Legs parted.

Waiting.

You kiss lower.

And lower.

And lower still.

Your breath ghosts across the top of her mound.

Her thighs tighten.

Her hips rise.

She's ready.

And just as you reach her clit?

You stop.

Pull away.

No explanation.

No apology.

Just silence... and a slow smirk.

Let her body spiral.

Let her mind scream.

Because now she's not thinking.

She's desperate.

Step 2: Kiss Her Lower Legs Like They Matter

Instead of diving in, you slide down.

All the way to her ankles.

And now?

You kiss her calves.

Sequence:

- Outer left leg: ankle to knee.
- Inner left leg: same.
- Outer right leg: same.
- Inner right leg: same.

Every kiss is slow. Measured. Intentional.

You're telling her:

"Every inch of you is worth this.

Even the ones no one's ever worshipped."

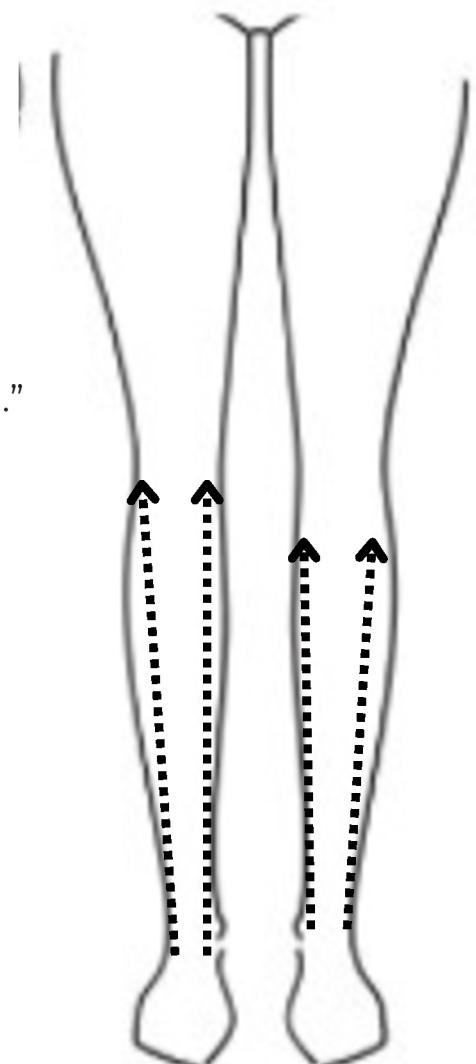
If she's self-conscious?

You don't stop.

You adjust. You adapt.

Your mouth whispers, "You are worthy."

Without ever saying a word.



Step 3: Full Leg Kisses — Just Miss Her Core

Now you go long.

Ankle to hip.

Left leg — outside.

Right leg — outside.

Now you switch to the inside of her right thigh.

Her breath catches.

This is it.

And then?

You pull the dirtiest move of all:

You ghost her clit.

Your lips pass so close she can feel the heat —

but you don't touch it.

You glide right past.

Down to her other thigh.

Start over.

She might moan.

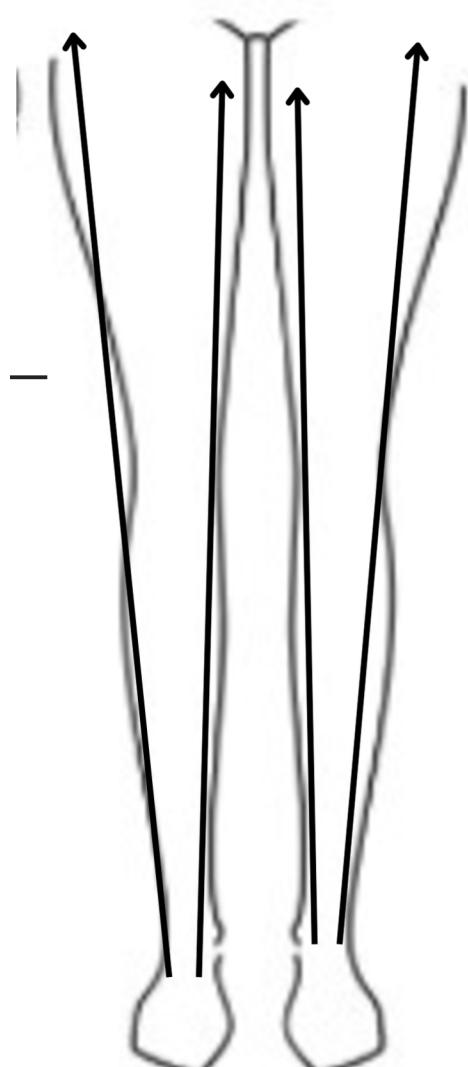
Whimper.

Even curse under her breath.

Let her.

You are no longer a man.

You are the force of denial she never knew she craved.



Step 4: Circle the Flame — Kiss Around, Not On

Now you start orbiting her pussy.

You kiss:

- The inside of her thigh.
- Her hip.
- Her pelvis.
- Her lower belly.
- The edge of her mound.

But never the clit.

Every approach ends with a detour.

Every drift toward the center ends in reroute.

She starts shaking.

Hands in your hair.

Eyes wide, lips trembling.

You let her guide you —

but you *never give in*.

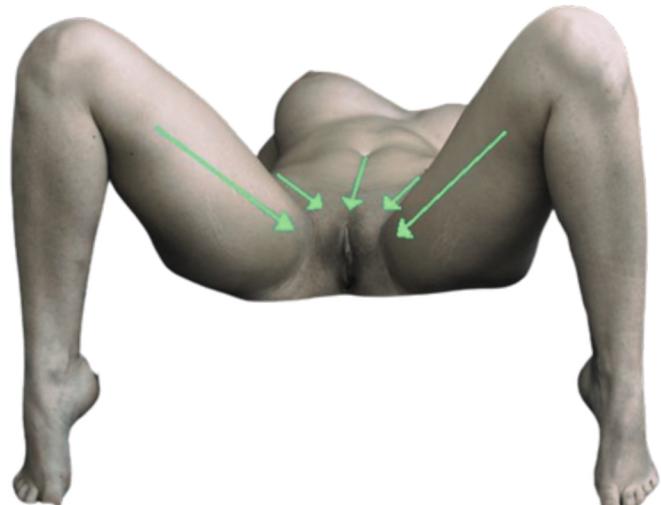
Then you pause.

Look up.

Lock eyes.

Smile.

Say nothing.



You don't need words. Your silence is louder than a scream.

Step 5: Repeat or Ruin

You can run this circuit once... or three times.

Every time she thinks:

"This is it... he's going to do it..."

And every time, you show her:

"I'll go there when I'm ready. Not when you beg."

Because now?

She's not just aroused.

She's completely hijacked.

You've stolen her breath.

Her pride.

Her rhythm.

She doesn't want your mouth.

She *needs it like oxygen*.

And when you finally do it?

It won't feel like oral sex.

It'll feel like **rescue**.

How to Eat Her Like a King

She's spread out beneath you.

Naked. Vulnerable. Glowing.

Her thighs fall open on instinct now, not because you asked —
but because her body *needs* it.

Most men would dive in.

Dry fingers. Eager mouths.

Awkward rhythm and porn star confidence with kindergarten
skills.

But not you.

Because you're not here to get *her off*.

You're here to **build a memory she can't masturbate without**.

The Golden Rule of Kings: Lips First. Fingers Never.

No fingers.

Not yet. Not early.

Not until the body *pulls* them in.

Why?

Because fingers are tools.

But your mouth?

Your mouth is an instrument.

Warm. Wet. Responsive.

And far more powerful than your hands ever will be.

Pleasure Map: The Real Estate of Obsession

Let's break down her sacred geography:

3 **Outer labia** – Like the gates to a palace: don't kick them open. Knock gently.

1 **Inner labia** – The velvet hallway. More sensitive. More sacred.

2 **Clitoris** – The queen. You don't demand her attention. You earn it.

5 **Vaginal opening** – Anticipation lives here. You ignore it until it *pulls* you in.

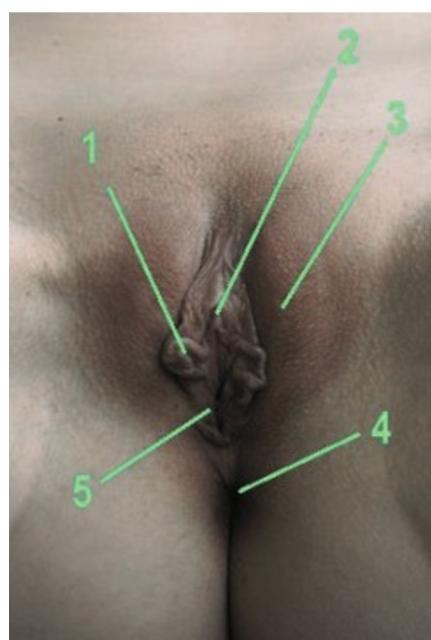
4 **Anus** – Optional bonus level. Not tonight, unless she asks.

And the clit?

It's not just the pearl you see — it's a *network of fire* buried beneath her skin.

That's why every kiss counts.

First let's make sure we choose the right position for the next steps.



Choose your position

The Pillow Throne

Slide a pillow (or two) under her hips.

This elevates her pelvis.

Gives you access.

And saves your neck.

Bonus: it frees your hands for later.

The Bedside King

Lay her at the edge of the bed.

You kneel.

Perfect angle. Perfect depth. Perfect presence.

No strain. No rush. No interruption.

You're not kneeling because you're submissive.

You're kneeling because you're about to bless her.

Outer Labia Only — The Whisper of Touch

Don't touch her clit.

Don't even look at it.

Start with the outer lips.

Two main strokes:

1. Outside-In

Long, broad licks from the outer edge to just before the inner lips.

2. Bottom-Up

From just below her entrance, lick upward along the curve — stop just shy of the clit.

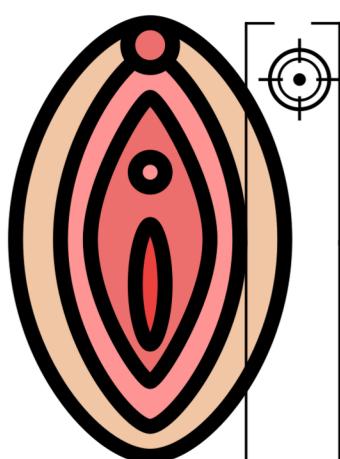
Alternate between both.

Repeat for 2–3 minutes.

You're not stalling.

You're *activating* her from the outside in.

Even the least sensitive parts... are wired to everything that matters.



Tongue Control = Domination

This is your weapon.

And how you wield it? Makes all the difference.

- **Shape** it like you're licking an ice cube you *can't* let melt.
- **Pressure** starts light — then plays between firmer flicks and soft, flattened strokes.
- **Pace** isn't fast. It's steady. *Unapologetic*. Like you could do this for hours.

Every stroke says:

"I'm not here for your reaction.

I'm here for your **undoing**."

The King's Code (Burn This In):

- ✗ Don't go for the clit early.
- ✗ Don't use fingers.
- ✗ Don't chase her moans — *listen to them*.
- ✗ Don't stop when she gets loud — *slow down*.

Because what you're doing right now?

You're **redefining oral sex** in her nervous system.

You're not just licking her pussy.

You're **rewriting her memory of what being wanted feels like**.

How to Lick Her Like a F*cking King

She's spread open.

Breathing like she's trying not to drown.

Her thighs are twitching, and her pussy's throbbing under your breath.

You've kissed everything.

You've denied her with discipline that's driven her insane.

Now?

Now you give her what no man before you ever had the patience — or power — to give:

Not just oral sex.

But a **full-body spiritual detonation**.

Step 1: Begin Where No One Else Does — Her Inner Labia

Every other guy bulldozes through this part.

Straight to the clit. No nuance. No build-up. Just friction and failure.

You?

You start like a god who knows the gates to heaven aren't kicked open — they're earned.

Position yourself.

Breathe on her.

Watch her legs shift.

Then begin.

Use just the tip of your tongue.

Pattern:

1. Start at the very base of her pussy — that soft valley just beneath the vaginal opening.
2. Drag your tongue *up* the center, **stop before her clit.**
3. Shift slightly — lick up her *right* inner lip.
4. Then switch sides — same motion, opposite lip.

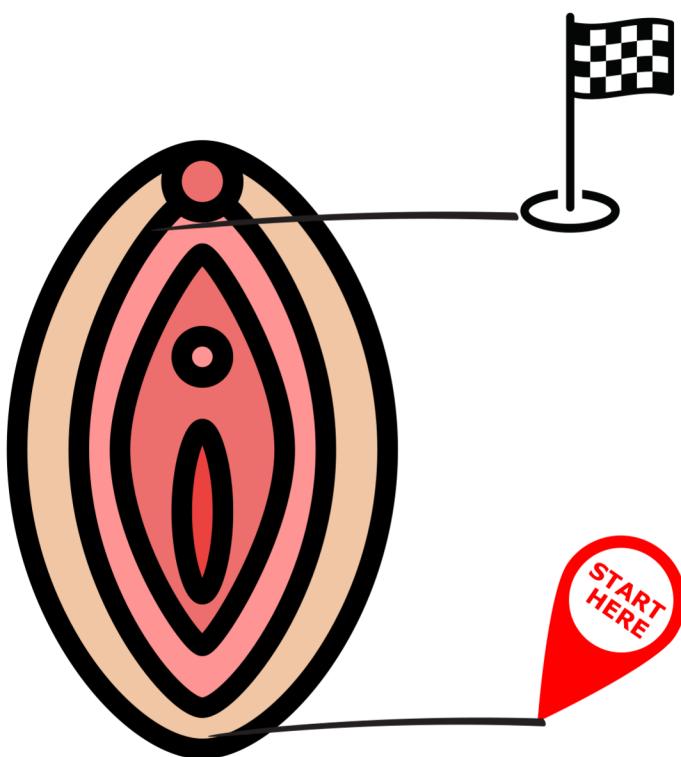
Each stroke is **slow.**

Deliberate.

Languid.

You're painting. Not licking.

You're telling her body: "*This is going to be different.*"



Step 2: Make First Contact with the Clit — Like It's Ceremony

Pause.

Look up.

Lock eyes if you can.

Let her see your calm. Your control.

Let her *feel* how much you've been holding back.

Then — one. long. lick.

Bottom to top.

Directly over the clit.

And up past it.

That's the ignition.

You just flipped the switch.



Avoid These 4 Mood-Killers — Forever



#1: Ramen Slurping

This isn't a bowl of soup.

You're not here for volume. You're here for vibration.

#2: Gnawing on Her Clit

It's not beef jerky. It's a *supercomputer made of nerves*.

If someone chewed your tip like that, you'd throw hands.

#3: Tongue Penetration

You're not “fucking” her with your tongue. That's not your job here.

We'll get to penetration later — with fingers. With intention.

#4: Ignoring Her Reactions

Listen. Watch. Adapt.

She grips your head tighter? Good.

She pulls away? You're too much. Back off.

Her body will speak louder than her voice. Pay attention.

🔥 The Royal Toolkit — 4 Techniques That Melt Her Soul

Each one hits different.

Mix them. Rotate them. Master them.

💋 Technique #1: The Tip-of-the-Tongue Glide

This is your *default setting*.

Use only the tip.

From base to tip of her pussy.

Long, slow, clean strokes.

Like licking the world's most sacred popsicle.

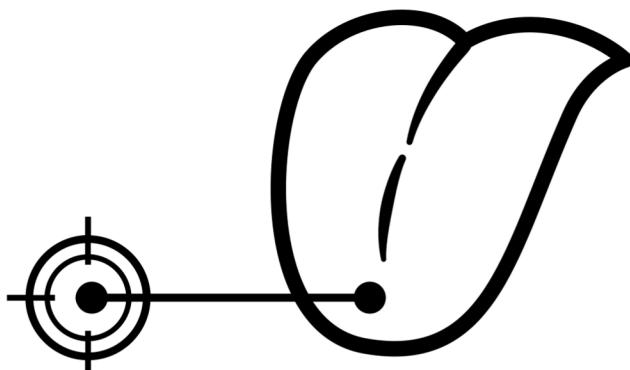
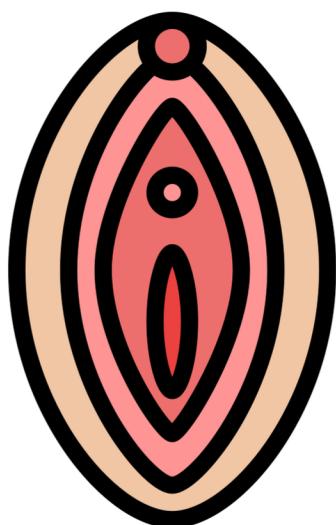
Why it works:

It's direct, but never aggressive.

The tip is soft, sensitive, divine.

No jabbing. No flicking.

Just glide.



💋 Technique #2: The Clit Focus Flick

Ready to take her higher?

1. Form an “O” shape with your lips over her clit.
2. Gently suck — just enough to create a seal.
3. Flick your tongue rapidly across her clit:
 - Up-down
 - Side-to-side
 - Diagonal

Switch directions. Switch speeds.

Her hips will *jerk* like you found the kill switch.

💋 Technique #3: Use the Underside of Your Tongue

This one's criminally underrated.

Stick your tongue out.

The underside is soft — smoother than the top or tip.

Drag it slowly from top to bottom — down her clit, down her slit.

Perfect for:

- Super-sensitive clits.
- Overstimulated bodies.
- Women who can't handle direct touch for long.

💋 Technique #4: Full-Tongue Devotion

This is for when she's moaning uncontrollably and needs *depth*.

Flatten your tongue.

Place it over her entire pussy like a hot, wet blanket.

Press in — then slowly drag upward.

Head tilted slightly back.

Like you're *lifting* her with your mouth.

This isn't teasing.

This is *worship*.

➊ BONUS: The Stop-Start Method — The Soul Rewiring Combo

Want her to cry?

Do everything right.

Then...stop. Pull back. Kiss her thigh. Whisper:

“Not yet.”

Then go back in.

Perfectly. Powerfully.

Do this once? She moans.

Twice? She begs.

Three times? She screams when you finally let her come.

Because you didn't just stimulate her. You shattered her expectations. You turned oral sex into **submission, obsession, devotion.**

And when she finally explodes —
body shaking, tears in her eyes, breath gone —
she'll look at you like you're the first person who ever actually
knew her.

Not just how she *looks*.

But how she *feels*.

Stop-Start Method — Denial That Drives Her Wild

Most guys think the finish line is the goal.
She moans once and they chase orgasm like it's a prize to unlock.

And sure — she might come.

But you?

You're not here for "she came."

You're here for "she came so hard she forgot her name."

You're here to *ruin other men for her*.

That's where the Stop-Start Method becomes your weapon.

Here's How It Works:

She's getting close.

How do you know?

- Her thighs start clamping around your head
- Her breath becomes erratic
- Her moans shift — they're no longer pretty, they're *primal*
- Her hips start to **lose control**

Right then?

You stop.

Not forever. Just... long enough for her body to *scream into the silence*.

What you do in that pause:

- Kiss her nipple
- Trace her inner thigh with your hand
- Slide up and let her taste herself

Then you go back in.

Same pace. Same pressure.

Like nothing happened.

And her mind?

Her body?

Hijacked.

Repeat This. Five Times Minimum.

Yes. Five.

Each restart tightens the coil. Each denial fuels the storm.

The first orgasm might've taken 10 minutes.

The next?

4 minutes.

Then 2.

Then 30 seconds.

Then **desperation**.

By the time she finally comes,

it won't feel like pleasure.

It'll feel like **relief from madness**.

And you don't let her come because she asks for it.

You let her come because *you decided she earned it*.

Congratulations — Your First Master-Level Orgasm

She's not "satisfied."

She's **wrecked**.

Disoriented. Breathless. Soaked. Shaking.

But you're not done.

You're just about to go deeper.

The Finger Game

Most guys treat fingers like dicks —
jabby, careless, dry.

But yours?

Yours are **instruments**.

Used right, they don't just give her pleasure.
They give her **release**.

First: Prep Like a Professional

- ✓ Nails: Trimmed and filed. No sharp edges.
- ✓ Temperature: Cold hands are a crime. Warm them on your thigh, or hers.
- ✓ Moisture: Never go in dry. Use her arousal. Your tongue. Your spit. Make them *wet and welcoming*.

Step 1: The Insertion — Precision, Not Penetration

Let her breathe.

Kiss her collarbone. Her stomach. Her thighs.

Then go back to oral.

When she's right there — again —

slide one finger in.

Your middle finger.

Nail down.

Millimeter by millimeter.

You're not entering her.

You're **being invited in.**

Once inside, **curl up gently.**

You're looking for a spongy, ridged spot. That's the **G-spot.**

When you find it?

● **She'll clench.**

● **She'll gasp.**

● **Her hips will either run away or grind closer.**

Stay there.

Use a slow '**come here' motion.**

No pumping.

No stabbing. No "pornstar piston" energy.

And yes — you're still licking her as you do it.

Step 2: Combine With Oral + Stop-Start

Now you're orchestrating a full-body takeover.

- Mouth on clit
- Finger on G-spot
- Mind in overdrive

And just like before?

You **stop**.

Let her beg.

Let her *break*.

Then start again.

Do this until her body is a mess of contradiction —
trembling with anticipation,
aching for release,
and **utterly yours**.

Step 3: Add a Second Finger — Only When She's Ready

Now she's moaning.

Now she's asking for it.

So you level up — **but smoothly**.

Bring in your **index finger**, stacked on top of the middle.

Not next to it.

This gives:

- More surface area
- Less friction at the entrance
- No scratching
- ***Deeper connection***

Both fingers in.

“Come here” motion.

Tongue still working her clit.

You are now a two-handed **pleasure engine**.

Step 4: The Final Stretch — Finish Like a God

She's right on the edge.

Tears in her eyes. Voice cracked. Legs twitching.

This is where most men ruin everything.

They get greedy.

Rough. Fast. Sloppy.

You don't.

You maintain pace.

Control your breathing.

Tighten your focus.

If she grabs the sheets?

Grabs your hair?

Don't stop.

If she screams?

Don't stop.

If she goes dead silent and exhales like her soul just left her body?

Don't stop until she's completely done.

What Happens Next?

You might see:

- Her legs shaking like an exorcism
- Fists gripping your shoulders
- Screams that turn into sobs
- Squirting
- Crying
- Total stillness

Let it happen.

Let her come apart in your hands.

Because you didn't rush. You didn't chase.

You **owned** every second of her pleasure
— and that?

That's what kings do.

What to Expect When You've Blown Her Mind

Her body's twitching.

Legs shaking like she's been electrocuted.

Her moans? No longer coherent.

She's gasping, crying out, maybe even laughing — because what just happened broke her brain.

You didn't just make her come.

You rewired her nervous system.

But before you sit back and admire your work like an artist done with his canvas...

Read this carefully.

Because this moment — the aftershock — **is where most men fuck it all up.**

And you?

You're not most men.

1. She Thinks She Needs to Pee

This one freaks a lot of women out.

She's on the edge. Shaking. Eyes wide.

Suddenly, she pulls your head back and whispers:

"Wait, I think I need to pee."

That's **not** pee.

That's **the moment before the dam breaks.**

It's pressure. Flooding. Full-body surrender.

So what do you do?

You lock eyes.

You stay calm.

You say:

"It's okay... let go. I've got you."

But if she insists on getting up?

Let her. No guilt. No pressure.

When she comes back?

Start again — same ritual, same slow build.

And this time?

Her body will *snap back into pleasure twice as fast.*

You already turned the key.

2. She Loses All Control Over Her Body

This is where it gets wild.

- Her hips buck up uncontrollably
- Her thighs clamp down on your ears like she's trying to crush your skull
- Her pelvis **slams** into your face without warning

She's not trying to hurt you.

She's gone.

It's **overload**.

So what do you do?

Use your free arm — the one not inside her.

Slide it across her lower abdomen or her upper thighs and hold her down.

Not hard. Not rough.

Grounded.

Say it low, steady:

"You're okay. I've got you."

She's losing control.

You hold the control.

That's **exactly** what she needs.

3. Her Orgasm Is Too Intense

There's a moment where pleasure becomes **too much.**

She'll tremble. Tear up. Bury her face in the pillow.

You'll feel it — her body is short-circuiting.

What do you do?

Ease off.

But don't vanish.

- Keep your fingers in, pressing against the G-spot
- Stop moving — no thrusting, no stroking. Just presence
- Rest your tongue on her clit — or switch to soft, open-mouth kisses

Hold her with your mouth.

Let her ride the wave.

You're not **getting her off.**

You're **holding her while she breaks.**

This isn't just sex.

This is **release.**

This is **healing.**

What Happens After Her Orgasm?

You've just pulled her apart.

Now comes the part that **cements your status as a god:**

What you do next.

✓ Option 1: Receive Your Reward

She might whisper:

“I want to taste you.”

Let her.

Not because you expect it.

Because she **needs** it.

She's not trying to even the score.

She's **balancing the power.**

You just wrecked her soul.

Now she wants to worship *you*.

Let her.

Lie back. Smile. Say:

“Show me.”

 **Option 2: Slide In and Blow Her Back Out**

You've done the work.

You've earned the crown.

Now?

You enter her.

Slow. Deep. Total.

And you'll feel it —

her body welcomes you in like it's been waiting for this *forever*.

Post-orgasm penetration hits **different**.

It's soft. Wet. Soaked in surrender.

But go slow.

You're not thrusting.

You're **claiming**.

You'll learn the rhythm in another chapter.

But for now?

Just know:

She's open. Ready. **Ruined**.

And she wants *all* of you.

Option 3: Go Full God Mode — Skip the Sex Entirely

This is the ***ultimate power play.***

You don't fuck her.

You don't get a blowjob.

You lie down next to her.

Pull her close.

Whisper in her ear:

“Tonight was about you.”

Let the silence hang.

That's the move that separates you from ***every man she's ever known.***

It tells her:

“Your pleasure wasn't a means to an end. It was the reward itself.”

And you know what happens next?

She turns into a **worshipper.**

She'll crawl into your lap. She'll beg to return the favor.

She'll think about this moment every time she gets turned on again.

Because for the first time in her life? She didn't just feel wanted.

She felt devoured.

Chapter 7: 3 Positions That Practically Guarantee She'll Come

Let's be honest:

Most guys already know these positions.

They've tried missionary.

They've done doggy.

They've "let her ride."

And yet?

She came once.

Maybe.

She said "That was amazing."

Then never texted back.

Why?

Because you weren't missing variety.

You were missing **precision**.

Real Talk:

A *tiny* shift in angle can turn "meh" into *mind-blowing*.

Like turning a key half a degree further and unlocking a f*cking vault.

You don't need more positions.

You need better ones — *done right*.

Let's fix that.

🔥 Position 1: Missionary 2.0 — The Pillow Lift

Everyone does missionary.

Eye contact. Kissing. Emotional.

But also?

Boring if done wrong.

Here's how to make it unforgettable:

🔧 The Fix:

- Slide a thick pillow (or two thin ones) under her hips.
- This tilts her pelvis up — *toward you*.
- Instead of lying flat on her, get on your knees.
- Hold her legs up:
 - Over your shoulders
 - Or in your hands
 - Or press them gently into her chest

Now when you thrust?

You're hitting **upward** — right into her G-spot like a sniper with perfect aim.

This isn't just penetration.

This is **internal stimulation** that lights up her front wall — the pleasure zone most men miss.

🏀 Bonus Moves:

- One hand pinning her wrists above her head
- The other caressing her throat or teasing her nipples

🔥 Position 2: The Upgraded Doggy — Deep + G-Spot Precision

Doggy.

Men love it.

Women **want to** — but often don't feel much.

Here's how to make it *devastatingly effective*:

🔧 The Fix:

- Slide a pillow under her hips.
- This **lifts her ass** and tilts her pelvis down.
- Now, instead of sitting upright, **lean forward**.
 - Chest hovering above her back
 - Stomach grazing her spine
 - Eyes locked on her neck

Why this works:

Your cock curves down and presses against her **front vaginal wall** — where her G-spot lives.

You're not pounding for depth. You're **stroking for precision**.

💣 Pro Tip:

- Use your forearm to support your weight
- One hand gripping her hip...
- The other in her hair, or gently closing around her throat
- You whisper:

“You feel that? That’s your body surrendering.”

🔥 Position 3: The Cowgirl Switch — From Bounce to Grind

Cowgirl is visual.

You get to watch her take you in.

She feels dominant.

But most couples ruin this by bouncing like it's a trampoline.

Spoiler:

Bouncing **misses the G-spot entirely.**

🔧 The Fix:

- She gets on top, straddling you.
- You lock eyes. You hold her hips.
- You say:

“Slow. Forward. Back.”

Not up and down.

Not chaotic slamming.

But **grinding**.

That motion — front to back — keeps your cock pressing against her G-spot **with every single stroke.**

Her moans?

Slower. Deeper.

You'll feel her body melt around you.

Remember: The Position Isn't the Point — The Pressure Is

You don't need 47 Kama Sutra pages.

You need *three angles*, done **flawlessly**.

Because once you've:

- Made her squirt during oral
- Hit her G-spot with surgical rhythm
- Denied her until she begged for mercy...

Now?

Penetration isn't the main event.

It's the **anchor**.

The **memory sealer**.

The **final imprint**.

Chapter 8: The Aftercare That Makes Her Fall In Love

Let's keep it real.

Sometimes you just want to nut, pull out, roll away, and fade into a beautiful, empty coma.

No cuddling. No giggling. No "What are we now?" conversation.

And hey — **that's normal.**

But she?

She's built different.

When a woman comes — especially when you've cracked her wide open —

her brain floods with **oxytocin.**

The bonding hormone. The "*stay close to this man*" chemical.

It's primal.

Hardwired.

And if you know how to **handle that moment...**

You become the man her body *remembers* every time she touches herself.

You become unforgettable.



Why Post-Sex Behavior Matters

You've fed her soul.

You've shaken her to her core.

But this is where you *brand* yourself in her memory —
Not by being sexy, but by being **safe**.

She's open. Receptive. Dripping — not just physically, but
emotionally.

This is your chance to **haunt her—in the best way possible**.

Do this right, and even the most casual hookup becomes
legend.

✓ 1. Stay the Fuck Put

Most guys?

Roll over.

Check their phone.

Snore like cavemen.

That's how you take an unforgettable orgasm... and
reduce it to a one-night shrug.

What you do instead?

- Pull her into your chest
- Kiss her forehead, or her neck
- Hold her for *at least* 2–3 minutes

- Breathe with her. Match her rhythm.
- Let her feel that her body is still safe inside your energy

This isn't about being whipped.

It's about being *dangerous... and loving.*

✓ 2. Treat Her Like Royalty

You just ravaged her soul.

Now **you nurture her body.**

You want her to look at you like you're the first man who's ever understood sex *and softness?*

Here's the ritual:

- Bring her water
- Offer her a warm, damp towel
- Freshen up **with her**, not away from her
- Ask, "Want me to help you clean up?" — then *wait for her answer*

Don't assume. Don't grab.

Offer. Respect. Deliver.

Then slide back into bed and wrap her in the same arms that **wrecked her.**

She won't forget that.

3. Speak. Frame. Lock It In.

This is where you etch the moment into her mind.

She's high. Floating. Vulnerable.

And whatever you say now?

Hits.

Start with impact:

- “The way you came... I'll be thinking about that for a long time.”
- “You looked like fire. Like art.”
- “You taste so fucking good I might dream about it.”

Don't ask:  “Did you come?”

That's needy. Insecure.

Say instead:

“That looked intense. I'm not you, but... it felt like something powerful.”

She'll either confirm it — or open up about what she felt.

Both outcomes? *Win.*

4. Chill. Laugh. Let It Land.

Sex is heavy.

Orgasm is chaos.

Now you **ground the energy**.

- Make her laugh.
- Joke about how soaked she made the sheets.
- Tease her about how she clawed at your back.
- Be the version of you *before* sex again — calm, playful, magnetic.

Let her crash in your arms with zero shame.

Let her sleep.

Or walk her out with grace, confidence, and *warmth*.

Because the way the night ends?

That's how she'll tell the story.

❤️ Real Talk: You Just Became Her Standard

If you did this chapter right?

She's thinking about you **on the way home.**

At brunch with friends.

In the shower.

On a Tuesday afternoon when she accidentally brushes her inner thigh and *remembers how you touched her there.* She's

wondering if it was a fluke.

If you're real.

If she can see you again *without seeming needy.*

You gave her something **most men never could:**

- Permission to surrender
- A feeling of total safety
- A **moment** that rewired what she expects from sex

You didn't just make her come.

You made her **feel worshipped.**

And that?

That's the kind of sex that **makes her fall in love.**

Chapter 9: 7 Orgasms She Can Have — And How to Unlock Them All

A true orgasm?

It's not just a "moment."

It's a **full-body possession**.

She's gasping. Convulsing. Eyes rolling back while her thighs clamp around your face like she's trying to trap you there for life.

And you?

You're the one who caused every ripple in her nervous system.

That's not just pleasure. That's **power**.

But here's the tragedy: Most men settle for a few shallow moans and a scripted "Oh god, yes," ...completely missing the **six other kinds of orgasms** her body was begging to have.

Not you.

⭐ Orgasm #1: Clitoral

This is your baseline.

The most common, the most known... and the most *mishandled*.

You've already mastered this with:

- Mouth pressure
- Tongue control
- Stop-start precision
- Emotional rhythm

No rough flicking. No “doorbell pressing.”

You treat her clit like it's a loaded weapon — because it is.

This isn't the final destination.

This is *level one*.

★ Orgasm #2: G-Spot

Located just 1–2 knuckles in, on the front vaginal wall.

Feels like a ribbed, ridged patch.

When done right?

It causes her to:

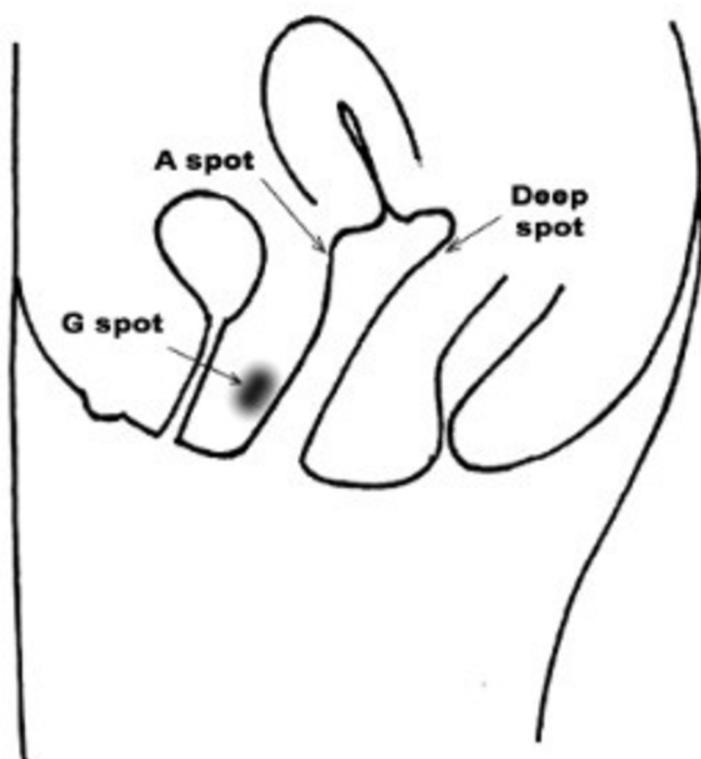
- Moan in vowels
- Arch her spine
- Forget her name

You don't pound it. You coax it.

Fingers curled in a slow "come here" motion.

Angle your dick upward during missionary or doggy with hip elevation.

Let her ride that wave until she's seeing stars.



Orgasm #3: Squirting

Think: pressure valve meets emotional release.

She may not even know she's capable of it —
but her body does.

Step-by-step:

1. Give her a clitoral orgasm first
2. Lay her flat, pillow under her hips
3. Use middle and ring finger — stacked vertically
4. Insert, **curl up**, and press wide towards
5. Add *fast, rhythmic* pressure
6. Palm on her pelvis for stability
7. Don't stop when she says "I feel like I'm gonna—"

Say:

"I want you to let go. Just let it happen."

Have a towel ready. You're about to baptize your mattress.

🎯 Orgasm #4: A-Spot

Buried deep — further than the G-spot.

Located along the upper vaginal wall, near the cervix.

This one causes:

- Long, *rolling* orgasms
- No overstimulation
- Endless repeat potential

Use your middle finger. Nail down.

Insert deep, straight in.

No “come here” — just subtle pressure.

Too deep to reach?

Gently press down on her pubic bone with your free hand.

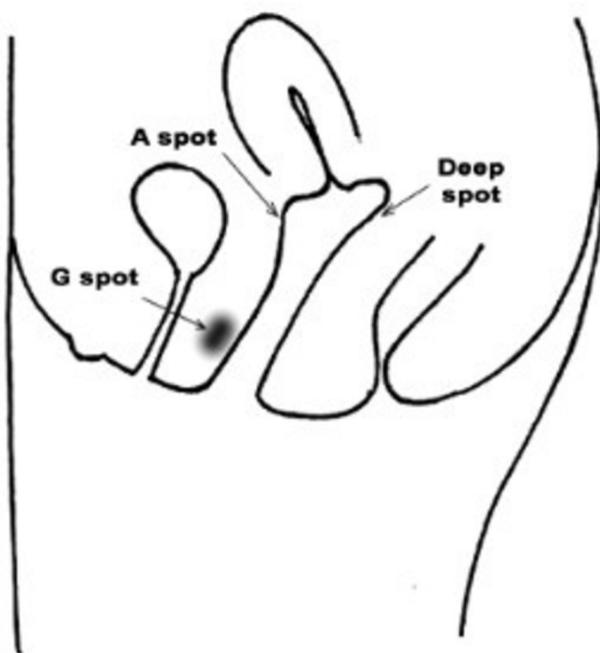
This is *the long game*.

Let her breathe.

Then go again.

And again.

This is *sex hypnosis*.



➊ Orgasm #5: Deep Spot

Most men don't even know this exists.

It's located at the very end of her vaginal canal, just below the cervix, along the back wall.

Use your index finger — long and controlled.

Slide in *deep*.

Nail up, pad down.

Curl just slightly.

No fast strokes — **just pressure**.

This doesn't feel like a bomb —

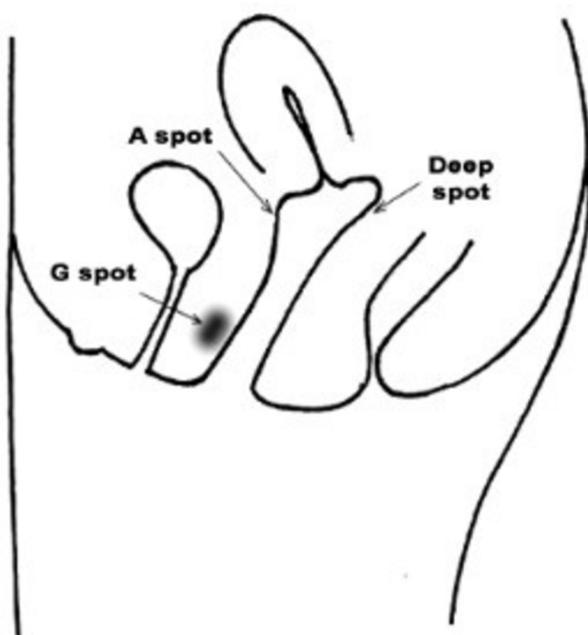
It feels like **submission**.

You'll know you hit it when:

- Her body freezes
- Her moans turn silent
- She starts leaking like her soul is escaping

This isn't pleasure.

It's *surrender*.



Orgasm #6: Anal

Let's face it: Men ruined anal for most women. But not you. You're going to rebrand it — and make her *crave it*.

Step 1: Link it with pleasure

When she's *already coming*?

Trace her butthole with a warm, wet finger.

No pressure. No insertion. Just **association**.

Her brain will start connecting the dots:

"Wait... this also feels good?"

Step 2: Entry timed with orgasm

She's on edge. One finger inside her. Now you:

- Lick/spit on your middle finger
- Gently press on her ass
- If she tenses or says no? *Stop*.
- If she breathes deeper? *Proceed*.
- Go slow. One knuckle. Maybe two.

Meanwhile:

- One finger on her G-Spot,
- One in her ass (go easy with this one, to avoid overstimulation)
- Your mouth on her clit

This is a *full-body override*.

Orgasm #7: Combined & Multiple

This is the **apex**.

Where you **stack** her pleasure.

Where her body can't tell where one orgasm ends and the next begins.

You layer:

- A clit orgasm
- With a G-spot orgasm
- With a squirt
- Then go deep
- Then stimulate the A-spot
- Then a finger in her ass
- Then another clit orgasm

You build... and break... and build... and **obliterate**.

The only words she might say are:

- “What the f*ck is happening?”
- “Please don’t stop.”
- “Oh my god oh my god oh my god.”

And when she finally does stop?

Her body isn't just satisfied.

It's **haunted**.

Chapter 10: 7 Psychological Triggers That Make Her Addicted to You

Every time I hear a guy say:

“My girl never wants sex anymore...”

I want to hand him a tissue, pat his head, and say:

“It’s okay, champ. Just admit it — you’re forgettable in bed.”

Brutal?

Sure.

True?

Every damn time.

The Birthday Party Breakdown

I was at a party once — a bunch of mid-thirties bros nursing beer guts and broken dreams.

All complaining about how their wives “never want it.”

Same tired lines:

- “It’s like the gym. You never wanna go, but once you start...”
- “She doesn’t give it to me, I’ll find someone who will.”
- “I’d rather jerk off anyway.”

Then one woman cut in. Calm. Cold.

"Maybe women don't want sex... because you suck in bed."

Silence.

They didn't deny it.

They doubled down.

But in my head?

I was already planning this chapter.

**⚠ If She's Not Addicted To Sex With You... It's Not Her.
It's You.**

Even if you're decent in bed, that's not enough.

You don't want "he's good."

You want:

"I think about him when I'm with someone else."

So here we go — seven techniques that will make her crave you like a secret she'll never confess.

Technique #1: Discover Her Fantasies

You think your brain is filthy? Wait 'til you unlock *hers*.

You're fantasizing about a threesome.

She's thinking about being tied to a post while strangers watch and a masked man whispers filth in her ear.

Women have darker fantasies.

They've just never felt safe enough to share them.

That's where you come in.

How To Unlock Her Kinks:

✓ 1. Ask — At the Right Moment

Not over dinner.

Not mid-thrust.

Ask *after sex*, while you're cuddled and she's high on oxytocin.

“What’s the kinkiest fantasy you’ve ever had?”

She’ll laugh. Shrug. Say something tame.

You follow up:

“Come on... you’ve never had one of those filthy thoughts that felt too wrong to say out loud?”

Now she’s intrigued.

2. Share Yours First

If she hesitates?

Lead.

Say:

“I’ve never told anyone this before, but I feel like I can trust you...”

Then drop one of *your* fantasies. Not something that’ll scare her — but something **intriguing**.

Maybe:

- Her being blindfolded
- Her being tied up
- Watching her with another woman

This *opens the door*. Now she feels safe to open hers.

3. Plant the Fantasy Seed

Still nothing?

You suggest, don’t ask.

- Watch a scene together (something edgy)
- Play a dirty “Would You Ever?” game
- Say:

“That scene weirdly turned me on. What about you?”

You're not fishing.

You're showing her that **nothing scares you**.

And once she feels you won't judge her?

She'll share the stuff she's never even said out loud to herself.

And when you make her fantasy come true?

She'll never want anyone else.

Technique #2: Dominance Done Right

Let's get one thing straight:

Dominance isn't pain.

It's not yelling, degrading, or slamming her like a porn fail compilation.

Dominance is **power + precision**.

It's the art of making her *feel safe enough to surrender — fully, wildly, completely*.

 **Dominance = The Antidote to Overthinking**

A recent study showed **64.6% of women fantasize about being dominated.**

And that's just the ones who admitted it.

Real numbers? Probably closer to 90%.

Because the truth is:

Women don't want to be hurt.

They want to be *held down* — **by someone who knows how to lead.**

What Dominance Is Not:

- Barking orders like a frat boy on tequila
- Slapping and calling it “kinky”
- Degrading her without consent or context

That's not dominance.

That's **clumsy ego.**

What Real Dominance Is:

- Reading her mood
- Grounding her nervous system
- Leading with *calm control*

It's saying “Turn around,” and watching her body obey before her brain even catches up.

Because when she feels you're in control?

She can finally let go.

🔥 Level 1: Subtle Dominance (Every Man Should Master This)

This is daily dominance. The foundation.

Examples:

- **Pin her wrists** during missionary — slow, firm, no asking
- **Push her against the wall** — grab, move, stare
- **Grab her hair** (close to the scalp, not a tug-of-war)
- Use phrases like:
 - “On your knees”
 - “Don’t move”
 - “Keep your eyes open”
 - “Touch yourself, but don’t come”

Speak low. Calm. Direct.

Don’t ask. Tell.

She’ll feel it in her stomach.

⚡ Level 2: Aggressive Dominance (Advanced Mode)

This isn’t where you *start*.

This is where you *graduate*.

Try:

- **Light scratching** — down her back, over her ass
- **Rhythmic spanking** — not random, but patterned

● **Orgasm control** — whisper:

“Not yet.”

“You’ll come when I tell you to.”

● **Ties, blindfolds, rope** — start simple: silk scarves, soft cuffs

● **Restraint** — hold her wrists, pin her ankles, command with breath

Bonus line?

“You don’t need to think tonight. Just do what I say.”

Watch her melt into your hands.

 **Ground Rules: Because She’s Not Actually Yours**

Consent is *non-negotiable*.

You don’t need to “ruin the mood” to get clear.

You just ask like the man you are:

- “Ever fantasize about being tied up?”
- “What’s off-limits for you?”
- “Ever had someone tell you when to come?”

Hot. Direct. Respectful.

And if things go intense?

Use a safeword. Always check in.

Then hold her after. Soft. Present. Real.

She’ll trust you to break her *only* if she knows you’ll be there to catch her.

Dominance Outside the Bedroom = Obsession Inside It

Lead her in life, not just in bed.

- Walk in front. Hold her hand with intent.
- Say “I made a reservation for us.”
- Pull her close in public and whisper:
“You’re mine.”

The more you lead **out there**,
the faster she’ll surrender **in here**.

Because when she sees you own *the world*?

She’ll beg to be owned by you behind closed doors.

Technique #3: Dirty Talk That Makes Her Weak for You

One of my exes once told me something that rewired how I thought about sex forever:

“I don’t even watch porn. I just... listen.”

She’d close her laptop. Lie back.

And let the moans. The breath. The tone of a man’s voice drive her wild.

No visuals. **Just sound.**

And that’s when I got it.

Your voice is the most powerful sex tool you’ve been ignoring.

🔥 Why Dirty Talk Works (When Done Right)

- It **anchors her** in the moment
- It **reaffirms your dominance**
- It **keeps her arousal climbing**
- And most of all?

It makes her feel **completely claimed.**

Say:

“You’re mine.”

Say it slowly.

While inside her.

While holding her wrists.

While kissing her neck.

She won’t just moan.

She’ll **open.**

🚫 What Dirty Talk Is Not:

- Fast, breathless jabbering
- Cheesy lines from porn
- Sudden, tone-shifting outbursts mid-missionary

It’s not just what you say.

It’s how, when, and why you say it.

The Three Pillars of God-Tier Dirty Talk

🔊 1. Voice Control

You want to sound like:

- A man who knows
- A man who leads
- A man who could make her come with a sentence

Not:

- A teenager on helium
- A panicked sprinter
- A porn character with the emotional depth of cardboard

Here's how:

- **Lower your pitch**
- **Speak from your diaphragm (deep belly breathing)**
- **Slow down**

Think: **Barack Obama whispering sins in her ear.**

Confident. Calm. **Inevitable.**

Want to train it?

Search “*Vocal Power*” by Roger Love.

It’s your new bedroom warm-up.

⌚ 2. Timing Is Everything

You don't start sex with:

"Take this dick, you filthy little slut."

That's like tossing a grenade into foreplay.

You **build**.

You warm her up — mentally and emotionally — until the words hit like commands, *not corny lines*.

Use dirty talk:

-  **Before sex** (to build tension)
-  **During foreplay** (to guide her body)
-  **During penetration** (to reinforce control)

⚠ **Avoid** it during aftercare.

She's soft. Open. Grounded.

That's your time to be warm — not wild.

🎯 Dirty Talk Examples That Actually Work



Before Anything Starts

Used while flirting. Kissing. Whispered while pulling her closer:

- "You've got no idea what I want to do to you tonight."
- "That outfit? Fuck... it's killing me."
- "The way you walk turns me on more than I'll ever admit."
- "I want you under me. Eyes open. Legs spread."

🔥 Foreplay

Used while undressing her. Kissing her stomach. Whispering in her ear:

- “God, I love how your body reacts to me.”
- “The way your back arches? It’s like your body’s already begging.”
- “You smell so good it’s driving me insane.”
- “Say my name. I want to hear it while I ruin you.”

🔥 During Penetration

This is where you seal the fantasy.

- “You feel that? That’s mine now.”
- “Don’t come yet. Not until I say.”
- “Look at me. I said don’t stop looking.”
- “Louder. I want the neighbors to know who owns you.”
- “This pussy’s mine tonight. Every fucking inch of it.”

Let it sit in the silence.

Let her body absorb it.

Bonus: Instructional Dirty Talk

These lines direct her — and arouse her through *submission*.

- “Hold your legs open for me.”
- “Keep your hands where they are.”
- “Touch yourself. Slowly. But don’t finish.”
- “Say thank you when I’m done making you come.”
- “Count your orgasms out loud. I want to hear every one.”

You’re not just stimulating her.

You’re *training her to crave your authority*.

Final Tip: Silence Is a Weapon Too

Sometimes, the most powerful dirty talk is the pause.

The breath between words.

The moment before the next sentence drops.

The eye contact that says:

“You already know what I’m thinking.”

Dirty talk isn’t a script.

It’s a **spell**.

Cast it slow. Cast it smooth. Cast it with control.

And she’ll never hear another man’s voice the same way again.

🔥 Technique #4: Give Her the Damn Credit

You just made her come.

Once? Cool.

Twice? You're on a roll.

Ten times?

You're a god.

But here's where **99% of men blow it:**

They start fishing.

- “Did you like it?”
- “That was good, right?”
- “Wow, I crushed it tonight.”

Congrats. You just took her orgasm and made it about *you*.

That's not dominant.

It's **desperate**.

👑 Here's What You Do Instead: Flip. The. Script.

Give her the credit.

Why?

- It reinforces her sexual power
- It boosts her confidence
- It **makes her want to do it again — and go harder**

Say this:

- “That was all you, baby.”
- “You looked **incredible** when you came.”
- “The way you moved? I’ll be dreaming about it.”
- “You’re **so good** at letting go.”

You’re not just complimenting her.

You’re *framing* her as the reason for all that wild, intense pleasure.

And when a woman feels like **she’s the one turning you into a savage?**

She’ll *level up* every single time.

◆ Technique #5: Reward Her — Pavlov's Pussy

Want her to:

- Moan louder?
- Talk dirtier?
- Deepthroat like a goddess?
- Ask, “Please, can we try that thing again?”

You don't beg for it.

You *train* it.

This isn't manipulation.

It's *reinforcement*.

And it works.

◆ Operant Conditioning — But Make It Sexy

Basic idea:

Reward the behavior you want.

Ignore the behavior you don't.

No nagging.

No lectures.

No “Why don't you ever...”

You reward *what turns you on*. And she'll do it more.

How to Reward Her — Like a Damn King

Let's say she moans your name louder than ever before?

You reward that.

Immediately.

Examples:

● That night:

"The way you said my name? I almost came from that alone."

● The next morning:

- Breakfast in bed
- A soft forehead kiss and:

"You're such a good girl. I love how you lose control for me."

● Later that week:

- Send her flowers at work. Note says:
"Last night was dangerous. Can't wait for round two."

● Date night:

- Book something *without asking*.
"You've been on my mind all week. This night's yours."

● Sex where you don't even come:

"That was just for you. I didn't want anything. You earned it."

Every time she unlocks a new level? You anchor it.



Pro Tip: Use Random Rewards to Build Craving

If you reward every *single time*, she'll expect it.

But if you reward her *randomly*?

She starts *chasing it*.

This is called variable reinforcement.

It's why slot machines make addicts.

Now you're applying it... to her orgasms.



Try This Pattern:

- One night? Give her a 30-minute oil massage.
- Next night? Nothing but a soft kiss.
- Next? A whisper in her ear and a new nickname.
- Next? A three-orgasm session just for her, while you never even unzip.

She never knows what reward is coming — but she *knows* she wants it.

And that mystery?

That unpredictability?

It turns **craving** into **obsession**.

➊ Final-Level Reward: Give Her Everything — Take Nothing

Here's the master move.

No penetration.

No blowjob.

No orgasm for you.

Just her.

Her body. Her moans. Her *meltdown*.

You say:

"Tonight... I just want to see how many times I can make you come."

Then do it.

Five times. Ten. Twenty if you can.

And when she's shaking, whisper:

"That was just for you.

No one's ever going to touch you like this again."

Her brain?

Short-circuited.

Her heart?

Yours.

Her knees next time you see her? Already buckling.

🔥 Technique #6: The Art of Coming Together — Literally

You've heard the fantasy before, right?

Two lovers.

Same breath. Same rhythm. Same climax.

Moaning into each other's mouths as fireworks go off above the bed.

Sounds like a Nicholas Sparks novel with a Pornhub plot twist.

Let's be real:

Simultaneous orgasms aren't the goal.

Connection is.

But...

When it does happen?

Her brain won't just light up — it'll lock you in as *the one*.

Why?

Because in that moment, it's not just sex.

It's **synchrony**.

It's **surrender**.

It's **sacred**.



Why It's Rare — And Why You Can Actually Pull It Off

Most men miss this moment because:

1. They ***can't last long enough***
2. They ***can't get her there during penetration***

But you?

You've been through the fire:

- You know how to touch her
- Tease her
- ***Dominate her*** with foreplay

And more importantly?

You've trained your control.

Now we bring it home.

The Golden Rule: Don't Come Until She Does. Period.

Think she's close?

You're probably early.

Think she just came?

You're probably wrong.

Wait. You'll feel it.

Not hear it. **Feel it.**

Her thighs will shake.

Her walls will spasm.

Her voice will crack or go silent.

Then — and only then — you let go.

How to Actually Last Long Enough

Forget everything porn taught you.

Fast and frantic = 3-minute burnout.

Slow and controlled = **master-level dominance.**

⭐ The 60-Second Thrust Drill

Let's get tactical.

Stand up. (If you're not in public. Or... do your thing, king.)

Now simulate thrusting — full in and out strokes.

Set a 60-second timer.

Count.

What's your number?

If you're over 60 strokes per minute — that's **porn speed**.

That's **done before she gets started**.

Your target?

12–20 strokes per minute.

That's **one every 3–5 seconds**.

Slow.

Deep.

Deliberate.

Like your dick is *pressing a secret button inside her soul*.

🔥 In Practice: Your Path to Synchrony

1. Start slow. Deep. Connected.
2. Watch her body. Listen to her breath.
3. Feel the **shift** — when her moans drop an octave
4. That's the edge.

Now?

Wait. Tease.

Grind instead of thrusting.

Let her hips beg. Let her **chase** it.

When she's *right there*?

You say it:

“I want to come with you.”

“Tell me when you’re close.”

“Let’s finish this together...”

And when the time’s right?

“Wait... not yet...”

“Now. Come **with** me.”

She won’t just come.

She’ll **collapse into you**.

Even if you’re a few seconds off?

Doesn’t matter. It *feels* like one moment. One *shared explosion*.

Bonus: The Psychological Connection

This isn't just about matching orgasms.

It's about matching **intention**.

"You're mine."

"I want your body wrapped around me when I come."

"I want to feel every second of you when I lose control."

Say it during sex — low, slow, just behind her ear.

She won't just come for you.

She'll **come because** of you.

Real Talk: Will It Always Happen?

No.

Sometimes you'll finish early.

Sometimes she'll come three times and leave you behind.

That's okay.

But the one time? The night you time it perfectly?

She'll remember it **forever**.

Because you didn't just take her body...

You took her **with** you.

And that? That's **legend behavior**.

🔥 Technique #7: Variety — The Antidote to Boredom

Let's get brutally honest:
We all repeat what works.

Same moves.
Same rhythm.
Same sequence.
Because it got a reaction last time, right?

But here's what you didn't realize:

Repetition is the enemy of obsession.
And obsession is what you're here to create.

If she can predict how tonight will go before your belt even drops?

You're not her fantasy anymore. You're a **habit**.

And habits don't keep her wet. **Surprise does.**

🧠 **The Rule: Predictable = Boring.

Unpredictable = Craving.*

You want her to think:

“What the hell is he going to do to me this time?”

That's how you keep her body *hungry* and her mind *hooked*.

Let's break it down.

1. 💋 Switch Up the Orgasms

You didn't learn to give her 7 different orgasms just to show off at parties.

You learned them so you could **rotate like a master.**

- Night one? Clitoral destruction.
- Night two? Deep G-spot pressure + A-spot strokes.
- Night three? Hands tied, slow buildup, and **three squirting orgasms in a row.**

Sex isn't a playlist.

It's a **live remix.**

And yes — introduce anal *like a king.*

Soft. Confident. Controlled.

Each orgasm is a new drug.

You're her **dealer.**

2. 🕒 Short Tease vs. Long Seduction

Not every night needs candles and 45 minutes of kissing.

Sometimes?

- You **pin her against the fridge** as she's making tea.
- You **bend her over the hallway table** before she even says hi.

Other nights?

- Blindfold. Music. Ice. Oil.
- Tease her for **hours**.
- Make her **beg**.

It's the contrast that creates craving.

Routine is forgettable. Unexpected is *unshakeable*.

3. Hard & Rough vs. Soft & Reverent

Some nights, she needs the beast.

- Your hand around her throat
- Her wrists pinned
- "You don't come until I say so."

Other nights?

She needs the **poet**.

- Candlelight.
- Slow music.
- A whisper:

"You're the most beautiful thing I've ever touched."

Let her feel the full range of your masculinity.

Because when she never knows **which version of you is showing up...** She can't stop thinking about it.

4. 🌎 Change Locations = Change Everything

Bedroom? Classic.

But want to make her feel like she's in a **movie?**

Try:

- The couch
- The kitchen counter
- Shower sex with pinned wrists
- The balcony at night
- Your car — parked, midnight, fogged windows
- A hotel. Fancy. With champagne and rope.

One rule: **Once a month** = outside the bedroom.

Once a year = go big.

Hotel. Lace. Bubbles. Leather.

She'll remember **every detail.**

5. 🎲 Toys, Props, & Play = Adult Exploration

You're a grown man.

That means **grown-ass toys.**

Start light:

- Blindfolds
- Handcuffs
- Silk ties

Then build:

- Vibrators
- Buttplugs
- Remote-control toys in **public.**
- Collar + leash play (if she's into submission)

Create a “play drawer.”

Let her open it.

Let her **pick the toy.**

Now ***you're exploring ***her sexuality with her.

And a woman who feels safe enough to *play*?

Will **never stop performing for you.**

Final Words: Variety = Mystery = Craving

This isn't about being kinky.

This is about being *unpredictable*.

It's about saying:

"You'll never fully know what I'll do to you next.

But you'll want all of it."

And with that... You've completed all 7 techniques.

You've gone from:

- Curious
- To confident
- To **completely unforgettable**.

From:

- Whispering in her ear
- To making her **scream into a pillow**

You're not just the best sex she's ever had.

You're the **only man** who ever took the time to **learn her**.

And she'll never stop craving you because:

You never stopped discovering her.

Chapter 11: One Night Stand? New Date? Long-Term Lover? Adjust Like a King

Let's be honest:

You don't use a full seduction sequence in a *Ryanair bathroom*.

You don't slap her ass five minutes into a first date.

And you definitely don't tie her up before asking "How was your day?"

Different women.

Different situations.

Different energy.

And a real Bedroom Boss?

He calibrates.

Let's break down **three universal sex scenarios** — and how to nail each one with precision.

🔥 1. One Night Stands — Fast, Dirty, Unforgettable

It's late.

You're buzzed.

She's standing half-naked in your hallway.

There's glitter on her chest and tequila in her blood.

This isn't the night for tantric 90-minute foreplay.

It's the night for **impact** — not opera.



Calibrate Your Approach



Alcohol & Fatigue Are Real

- She's less sensitive.
- Less patient.
- Less receptive to subtlety.

So:

- Shorten pre-foreplay to 5–10 minutes
- Use **more pressure** — firm, deliberate touch
- Skip feather strokes. Keep the motion slow, but grounded
- Don't overtalk it — let *touch lead*

Think: **efficient, not rushed.**



Her Insecurities Will Be Loud

This is huge.

She's in your space. She's half-drunk. She doesn't know if you'll judge her, ghost her, or tell your friends.

So what's running through her head?

- "Is my body good enough?"
- "Did I shave everything?"
- "Do I smell okay?"
- "Is my underwear ugly?"

Your response?

- Compliment her early. Often. **Sincerely.**

“Jesus... you’re dangerous in that dress.”

“That ass is illegal. I swear.”

“Why the hell would you even cover this up?”

- If she smells like a nightclub and stress? Offer her your

bathroom to freshen up. **Subtle. Not insulting.**

“Hey, wanna freshen up while I grab us water?”

- If she hasn’t shaved? **Ignore it.**

If she mentions it, you say:

“You think a few hairs are gonna scare me off? Baby, no.

You’re sexy. Period.”

Make her feel like her raw, unfiltered, imperfect self is still desirable.

Because the truth? That’s what makes it hot.

⌚ If She’s Impatient? Let Her Lead

Sometimes?

Even your “cut-down” foreplay is *too much*.

If she says:

“Just fuck me already.”

You don't pause. You don't debate.

You deliver.

Then next time?

You tease her **for hours**. Because now... she *trusts* you to hold both speeds.

2. Dates — The Slow Burn

Dinner. Wine. Connection.

She's back at your place. She smiles. She lingers.

You know what's happening. She *maybe* does.

She's testing the waters. Feeling out the energy. This is where *real seduction* begins.

Step One: Don't Pounce. Build.

You're not in a club bathroom anymore.

Light a candle. Pour her wine.

Sit close. **Reignite the tension.**

Touch her wrist before her thigh.

Brush her neck before her chest.

Let the electricity build.

The **anticipation** is the sex before the sex.

Step Two: Run the Full Protocol

You've earned full access now:

- Teasing? ✓
- Dirty talk? ✓
- Control? ✓
- G-spot precision? ✓

But here's what **separates you**:

You reassure her throughout.

Say:

- "You have no idea what your body does to me."
- "I love how you melt when I touch you here..."
- "You're **so good** at letting go."

Small lines.

Big confidence.

Step Three: Post-Sex = Royalty Mode

Here's where legends are made.

Most men?

Nut. Roll over. Snore.

Instagram in 30 seconds.

You?

- Offer a warm towel
- Pour her tea
- Leave a charger by the bed
- Kiss her shoulder
- Ask:

“Want to hop in the shower together?”

Next morning?

- Breakfast.
- Soft kiss.
- “Last night was **dangerous**.”

She won't leave confused.

She'll leave **addicted**.

⌚ 3. Relationships — The Ultimate Playground

Now you're in **god-mode territory**.

Time. Comfort. Trust. Access.

You don't just **do** the protocol.

You **evolve** it.

📖 The Open Book Trick

Want to introduce something new?

Say:

“I found this wild book on sex. One technique in here is **insane**. Want to try it?”

She'll say:

“Okay... what is it?”

You say:

“Can't tell you. It ruins the surprise. Just let me *read my notes behind your back*.”

Now she's intrigued.

You're *in control*.

And the **script becomes the game**.

The Blindfold Upgrade

Want to supercharge trust and surrender?

Blindfold her.

Say:

"I've got something new I want to try. Do you trust me?"

Once the blindfold's on?

- She can't anticipate
- Every touch feels amplified
- You get to **explore her like she's brand new again**

And you?

You're no longer a boyfriend.

You're *her mystery. Her power. Her most intimate thrill.*

Final Wrap-Up: The Calibration Key

One Night Stand

→ Bold. Efficient. Sensual. Zero pressure.

Date Night

→ Slow burn. Tension. Charm. *Earned depth.*

Relationship

→ Mastery. Ritual. Play. *Evolution.*

Afterword: You Read the Playbook — Now Rule the Field

Let's keep it real.

You've just inhaled some of the most explicit, psychologically sharpened, real-as-f*ck techniques a man can use to not just dominate in bed —

But to dominate his entire reality.

And yet?

You won't remember it all.

Not because you're stupid.

But because this isn't **basic**.

This isn't "10 Tips for Better Sex" on some Reddit thread.

This is a **weapon**.

A map.

A **manual for mastery**.

 ****So Here's The Final Instruction:**

Read. It. Again.**

Not once.

Not twice.

Until it bleeds into you.

Until foreplay is automatic.

Until dominance is muscle memory.

Until dirty talk rolls off your tongue like **truth**.

Until every woman you touch feels something new.

Something **different**.

Something **dangerous**.

Something **only you** ever gave her.

🔥 Don't Just Learn This. Live This.

I know you marked some chapters.

I know you highlighted the ones with the squirting breakdown.

Or the blindfold ritual.

Or the Stop-Start Method that left her begging.

But let me make this clear:

There are no “optional” parts in this book.

Every chapter?

Every word?

Is fuel.

You now hold a full-blown blueprint for becoming the most *unforgettable lover she's ever had*.

Not once.

Not twice.

Every. Fucking. Time.*

⚡ This Will Change More Than Just Sex

You thought this was about making her come?

You thought this was about better technique? More confidence?

Nah.

This was about **waking up the man inside you who already knew he was built for more.**

You'll feel it the next time you walk into a room.

More present.

More grounded.

More **magnetic**.

Because when you master your body, your presence, your words — and your power *in bed*?

You stop seeking validation.

You stop performing.

You **start leading**.

Women feel it.

Men notice it.

You become undeniable.

 One Last Request

When it happens — and it will —
When she breaks on your tongue...
When she begs to come...
When she shakes in your arms and looks at you like you're the
first man who ever really touched her...

Tell me.

Drop your story.
Post your win.
Let the world know **you showed up.**

Because years of obsession, testing, sweat, and truth went into this.

And if it helped you level up?

It was all fcking worth it.***I'll see you at the top.**

Not just as a lover.

But as a legend.

The game isn't over.

You just became the one she'll never forget.

Author's Note: This book was inspired by Mikki Mase's life after analyzing years on this public content and podcasts.

This is an unofficial fan publication and is not endorsed by or affiliated with Mikki Mase

To Mikki: thank you for lighting the match. This book is the explosion.