Average Joe, Supermodel Girlfriend, Fat Stacks: The Ultimate Grindset Playbook

Get Rich, Get Hot, Get Canceled

By Damon Newton, Sponsored by Delusion and Pre-Workout

Chapter 1: Introduction — You Deserve Better. For No Reason.

So, you’re broke, kind of average-looking, and your romantic life is a rotating door of disappointment and pizza. Congrats. You are the target audience.

But here’s the secret: \*\*confidence is a scam that works\*\*. And this guide? It’s your permission slip to break every rule in the self-help handbook and still come out on top.

Let’s get rich. Let’s get hot. Let’s confuse people.

You Deserve Better. For No Reason.

Let me start by saying something that’ll make your balls tingle or your nips harden, depending on your make and model: You deserve better. Not because you earned it. Not because you worked hard. Not because you stayed in school or flossed every day. You deserve better… for absolutely no reason. Why? Because fuck it. That’s why.

You're sitting there in your crusty underwear, scrolling with a thumb that smells like Doritos and depression, and I'm here to tell you—you, yes you with the microwave-stained hoodie—you deserve a mansion, a blowjob from Rihanna, and a backrub from The Rock. Hell, throw in a time machine and a pet velociraptor named Clutch. Because why not?

This world has conditioned you to believe that you gotta earn stuff. Work hard. Hustle. Grind. Fuck all that. What has grinding ever gotten anyone besides chafed thighs and a UTI? “But you gotta pull yourself up by the bootstraps!” Bitch, I’m barefoot and the only thing I’m pulling up is my pants after Taco Bell betrayal.

You ever see someone win the lottery who looks like their face caught on fire and somebody tried to put it out with a waffle iron? That’s proof right there. Life’s giving out luxury Tesla’s and gummy bear threesomes to people who couldn’t spell ‘ambidextrous’ if you spotted them the first ten letters. And you’re out here worried about being qualified? Please. Sit down. Scratch your nuts with pride.

You deserve better even if you never call your mom back, even if you eat string cheese like a barbarian (just bite it, you animal), even if you once Googled “how to make a sex robot out of couch cushions.” Don’t lie. You know what you did. And guess what? You still deserve better.

Better food. Better sex. Better naps. Like, the kind of naps that hit so hard you wake up wondering if the Civil War ended. You should be eating filet mignon with a side of ass—not ramen with a side of shame. You shouldn’t be dealing with coworkers who chew like goats in church. You should be somewhere on a yacht, getting your toes licked by someone named Svetlana who speaks six languages and only moans in Italian.

Even if your biggest achievement this year was not shitting your pants during a sneeze attack—you still deserve a vacation to Fiji with someone who looks like they were Photoshopped by God.

And don’t even bring up your past mistakes. “But I cheated on my taxes and my ex and once tried to bang a couch.” So? That couch had curves. It was asking for it. Just because you once peed in the sink doesn’t mean you don’t deserve a throne.

We are all walking miracles, my friend. You made it through childhood with only a mild head injury and a porn addiction that started at dial-up speed. That’s resilience. You ever try jerking it to a blurry .jpg that took 6 minutes to load? That’s character. That’s endurance. That’s a person who deserves the whole damn bakery, not just a crumb.

Your standards shouldn’t be “I just want someone who doesn’t cheat.” NO. You should want someone who eats you like Thanksgiving dinner and makes your toes curl like ramen noodles.

Don’t settle. You deserve better. Even if you’ve got the emotional range of a Pop-Tart and ghost people like a Scooby-Doo villain.

And if someone asks, “Why do you think you deserve better?” Look them dead in the eye and say, “Because I’m fabulous, bitch.” Then spin in a circle, slap your own ass, and leave the room like a cartoon character walking away from an explosion.

Your job sucks? You deserve better. You got written up for stealing pens? Fuck ‘em. Take the stapler too. Your boss smells like cat piss and regret, and he still gets paid more than you. Justice? Nah. Vengeance.

Got a car that sounds like a smoker coughing through a kazoo? You still deserve a Bugatti. Even if your car insurance is just a Post-it Note that says “please don’t crash.”

Let me say this loud and dirty: The bar is in hell. Raise it. Life’s been dry humping you for years. Time to lube up, flip the script, and take what’s yours. Even if you don’t know what that is yet. Just assume it's expensive and comes with a remote.

This isn’t a motivational chapter. This is a declaration of unearned excellence. You are the main character in a story that doesn’t give a single damn about reality. And if someone says otherwise, punch them in the soul (figuratively… or don’t. Depends on the vibe).

In conclusion: Stop waiting for permission. Don’t wait to “deserve” better. Just fucking take it. Like a seagull with a vendetta. Like a raccoon in heat. Like a drunk uncle on karaoke night. Life is dirty, raunchy, and absolutely unfair—and that’s your golden ticket to do whatever the hell you want.

Because baby, you deserve better.

For no fucking reason at all.

Chapter 2: Nice Guys Finish… Alone, Crying into Microwave Mac & Cheese

Let’s just rip the band-aid off: Nice guys don’t finish last. They don’t finish at all. They get ghosted, friend-zoned, used for emotional support, and then blocked the moment they ask, “So what are we?” Meanwhile, toxic Chad is rearranging her guts like IKEA furniture and can’t even spell “empathy.”

Why? Because being nice isn’t a personality—it’s a strategy. And most of the time, it’s a shitty one. "I opened her door! I asked how her day was! I didn’t send a dick pic!" Bro, that’s called baseline human decency, not foreplay. You don't get a cookie for not being a creep—you get ignored because you're trying to exchange manners for mouth hugs.

Here’s the truth: Nice guys are the used napkins of the dating world. Soft, predictable, and only appreciated after a mess. Women don’t want a guy who says, “You deserve better.” They want the guy who is better—or at least acts like he’s got demons and a playlist that could ruin your week.

Let’s be clear: Nice is not the same as good. There are good men who are kind, wild, assertive, filthy, and bold. Then there are nice guys—emotional doormats with boundary issues and WiFi passwords tattooed on their soul. These are the dudes who say, “Not all men,” and cry when you don’t compliment their cargo shorts.

Nice guys operate like undercover agents in the friend zone. They lay low, listen to your trauma, and wait for you to get drunk enough to settle. But women know. They always know. You think you’re being subtle with your “I’m always here for you” texts, but that shit smells like desperation and coconut-scented manipulation.

And let’s not forget how entitled the fake nice guy gets when things don’t go his way. “I was so respectful to her, and she still picked that asshole with a motorcycle and three DUIs.” Yeah, because he owns who he is. Confidence > obedience. Every time. Nobody wants to date a human permission slip.

Meanwhile, you’re out here sending good morning texts like a fucking emotional concierge. “Did you eat today? Drink water?” Bruh, are you a man or a wellness app? If you wanted to nurture something, get a plant. Or better yet, water your own damn confidence.

Wanna know the truth? Nice guys are scared to take risks. They hide behind politeness so they don’t have to deal with rejection. They play it safe, then blame the world when their balls shrivel like grapes in the sun. You ain’t in the friend zone because you’re too sweet—you’re in the friend zone because you’re boring as fuck.

There’s a reason she’s texting that dude with neck tattoos and a felony: He makes her feel something. Even if it’s mild terror. Emotions beat logic. Always have. So, if your whole personality is “I’d never hurt you,” congratulations—you’re a therapy session, not a boyfriend.

And listen—nobody’s saying be an asshole. Be bold. Be funny. Be unpredictable. Say shit like, “I don’t chase—I attract. If I run, it’s from my taxes.” Be the guy who knows he’s a catch, even if he’s missing a tooth and drives a 2003 Civic with a Bluetooth speaker duct-taped to the dash.

The worst part is that nice guys think they’re oppressed. Like there’s some dating Illuminati holding them back. Nah, chief—you’re just bland. Women don’t owe you sex for being harmless. And if they did, we’d all be handing out hand jobs to bus drivers and dudes who return shopping carts.

The cold, sweaty truth is attraction is primal. Caveman shit. And cavemen weren’t out here bringing flowers—they were grunting, hunting, and flexing like life depended on it. You want to be loved? Be dangerous in a safe way. Be the kind of guy who can whisper dirty things and still fix a leaky sink.

Too many “nice guys” want the reward without the risk. They want to be liked without being bold. They want intimacy without vulnerability. And that’s not nice—it’s weak. And weakness doesn’t get laid. It gets ghosted. Then blocked. Then talked about in a group chat titled “Do Not Fuck.”

But don’t lose hope, my macaroni-munching prince. You can evolve. Shed your nice guy skin like a snake shedding its shame. Replace your passive “Hey :)” with “What time should I pick you up?” Burn your socks-with-sandals. Download confidence like its pirated porn. Become the guy you keep pretending to be.

Learn how to tease. How to flirt. How to walk like you know your stroke game has a five-star rating. Be charming but a little dangerous. Like a cocktail that might make you fall in love or pass out in a Waffle House parking lot.

Because here’s the finale, the closing sermon, the orgasm of truth: Being nice won’t get you the girl. But being real, bold, and unapologetically yourself just might. Even if that self is a little damaged, a little dirty, and a little too into conspiracy documentaries.

So, drop the "nice guy" act. Replace it with intent, swagger, and a little bit of "I might ruin your life, but you’ll thank me later." Confidence doesn’t mean being a dick—it means knowing your worth and acting like anyone would be lucky to ride your face into the sunset.

Amen.

Chapter 3: The Confidence Illusion: Fake It 'Til They Swipe Right

Confidence is not about knowing you’re the best. It’s about \*\*not caring that you’re clearly not.\*\*

Tips:

\* Walk into rooms like you own the building, even if you work there.

\* Smile like you just lied on your resume and got away with it.

\* Talk with your hands. Big hands = big lies = big success.

Confidence is a scam. That’s it. That’s the chapter. But since you paid for this book (or pirated it, you sexy criminal), I’m gonna give you the long, nasty version. Because of confidence? It’s not about having your life together—it’s about pretending you do so convincingly that people want to see you naked or hand you money. Preferably both.

You think those dudes on dating apps with abs and dogs actually have stable lives? Hell no. That dog’s probably rented, and the abs are the result of neglecting all emotional responsibility. But confidence? Oh, they got it. Because confidence doesn’t require a resume—it just needs balls. Big, shiny, possibly imaginary balls.

You ever been to a club and seen a guy who looks like a melted candle trying to grind on a goddess? That’s confidence. That man’s hairline gave up during the Obama administration, his jeans are tighter than your aunt’s Tupperware lid, and he smells like Axe Body Spray and unemployment. But he’s out there. Moving. Believing. Thriving.

Meanwhile, you’re standing in the corner sipping on a warm beer, hoping someone notices you blinking. Why? Because you're waiting to “feel ready.” Newsflash: no one feels ready unless they're drunk, delusional, or both. And that's the sweet spot, baby.

Confidence is 90% tone, 10% illusion, and 100% balls-to-the-wall fuck-it energy. You gotta walk into every room like you just got your dick blessed by a wizard or your coochie certified by NASA. You could have three dollars in your bank account, half a degree, and a microwave that won’t stop beeping—but if you strut like you own a yacht and only cry on schedule, the world will believe it.

Let me break it down in Tinder logic: Attractiveness is just confidence dressed in a thong and a filter. You ever swipe right on someone who had that wild-eyed look like they’d key your car during sex? That’s confidence. Dangerous. Chaotic. Weirdly hot. You think you're falling in love, but you're really just hypnotized by someone who stopped caring about social norms.

Faking confidence is an art. You don't need a six-figure job—you need a six-figure attitude. When they ask what you do for a living, say “I orchestrate chaos” or “I manage expectations with precision.” Technically, that means you’re unemployed and ghost people, but damn if it doesn’t sound sexy.

You want to know why half the world is run by idiots? Because those idiots walk around like their balls jingle with divine purpose. Confidence doesn’t care if you’re right—it just cares if you look like you might slap someone with a Bible while quoting Kanye.

Here’s how to fake confidence:

Stand like your ass is worth $10,000 per cheek.

Talk like Morgan Freeman is narrating your thoughts.

Blink slow, like you’ve got better places to be, but you’re being generous with your time.

Laugh at your own jokes. Loudly.

End texts with periods like you’ve got shit handled.

And if you get nervous? Channel your inner chaos gremlin. Be unpredictable. Be the reason someone clutches their drink and rethinks their decisions. If someone questions your vibe, smile and say, “I’m not for everyone. I’m for the brave.”

Confidence on dating apps is a whole different demon. There’s no voice, no body language—just pics, bios, and the audacity of hope. That’s why you need to build a profile like it’s your album cover. Your pictures should say: “I fuck, I fight, and I once high-fived a dolphin.” Your bio should be short, spicy, and confusing. “Used to model for Hot Pockets. Don’t ask.” That’s it. That’s confidence.

Don’t upload a gym selfie unless you can deadlift a bear. Don’t hold a fish unless you’re gonna grill it shirtless while making eye contact. And for the love of Satan’s jockstrap, stop writing ‘looking for something real’ when you ghost people harder than Casper on Adderall.

Swipe right behavior is all about the illusion. Everyone’s lying anyway. Her “5’7” is actually 5’2 with heels and hope. His “entrepreneur” title means he once sold weed in high school and still lives with his cousin. Don’t compete with reality—compete with vibes.

If you do meet up? Show up like you’re the prize. Walk into the date like you’re legally too hot to pay for your own drinks. If they ask what you’re looking for, say, “A reason to delete this app and a ride on your face.” Confidence. Charm. Filth. Timing.

Confidence makes people overlook the weird stuff. You could have a toe fetish, a lisp, and a disturbing obsession with anime body pillows—but if you own it, someone will swipe right and write poetry about your courage. You could be built like a soggy sandwich, but if you say, “I’m delicious and slightly dangerous,” someone will want a bite.

The illusion of confidence is more powerful than actual substance. Why? Because most people are walking therapy bills with a decent playlist and undiagnosed trauma. No one really knows what they’re doing. But the people who look like they do? They win. They get the job, the date, the last slice of pizza, and the first round of head.

We don’t live in a meritocracy. We live in a flex-ocracy. It’s not about what you got, it’s about how you sell it. Sell your weird. Sell your chaos. Sell your sex appeal even if you’re shaped like a confused eggplant. Confidence makes the average look premium. It’s the cologne of energy. Spray it on thick.

If you’re still reading this and thinking, “But what if I’m just not confident?” then listen, you trembling toaster waffle: Confidence isn’t a feeling—it’s a costume. Put it on. Strut around. Make it yours.

When you walk into a room like your dick glows in the dark or your thighs saved lives in a past life, people notice. They don’t care what you do. They care how you move. Act like your orgasms come with a Yelp rating and a customer loyalty card.

So, fake it. Fake it like your life depends on it. Fake it until people beg you to be real. Fake it ‘til they swipe right, show up late to brunch because they were daydreaming about your unbothered energy, and tell their friends “They just have something about them.”

Confidence is the biggest con in human existence. But it works. It’s the cheat code to sex, money, power, and never having to explain why your fridge only has hot sauce and sadness.

And remember—you don’t need to believe in yourself. You just need to look like you fucking do.

Chapter 4: Dress Like You Accidentally Own a Tech Company

Clothes matter. You can look rich long before you are. Key looks:

\* Minimalist hoodie, suspiciously clean sneakers.

\* Blue-light glasses. Don’t need ‘em. Doesn’t matter.

\* Watch: large and unnecessary.

Optional: one weird accessory that suggests “untraceable crypto wallet.”

(A Guide to Looking Like Money While Still Forgetting to Wear Socks)

Let’s face it, most of you dress like the clearance rack threw up on you. And not even in a quirky, artsy way—no, you look like your mom laid your outfit out the night before court. That ends today. Because if you want to get attention, make sales, close dates, or just not be mistaken for someone who still asks for ketchup at a steakhouse, you’ve gotta dress like you accidentally own a tech company.

We’re talking about that billionaire-with-bedhead energy. That “I just sold a start-up that tracks dog farts via blockchain and now I live on a yacht with a zero-sugar model who only eats clouds” energy. You don’t need to be rich—you just need to look like you don’t care because you’re rich.

And no, this does not mean dressing up. Dressing up is for dads at Applebee’s and high schoolers going to prom in rentals. We’re talking about casual power—the kind of outfit that says, “I could buy this building, but I won’t, because I hate overhead.”

Let’s break this down:

1. The Shirt Game: Expensive Plain is Better Than Cheap Flashy

No logos. No dragon prints. No glittery Ed Hardy crimes against fashion. One solid-color, well-fitted shirt will out-fuck any rhinestone abomination every day of the week. You want that Steve Jobs minimalism, but with just enough muscle definition to say, “Yeah, I lift—but ironically.”

You want people to look at you and say, “Is he famous? Or is he just confident?” That’s the target. Not “Is he legally allowed near schools?”

2. Pants: Tailored or GTFO

Nobody wants to see your ass crack’s zip code. Get pants that fit. Not sagging to your kneecaps like you’re hiding contraband, and not tight enough to show your religion. The goal is smooth, crisp, and comfortable enough that you can sit cross-legged while explaining NFTs no one asked about.

Cargo pants? Dead. Joggers with zippers and too many fake pockets? Trash. Real Gs wear either black jeans or tech wear that whispers, “I can escape the country in this outfit.”

3. Shoes: Where Your Confidence Actually Lives

Your shoes tell people if they should fuck you. You can have a six-pack made of diamonds, but if your kicks look like you mow lawns in them? She gone.

Look, you don’t have to drop $1,000 on Yeezys (please don’t), but you do need something sleek, clean, and preferably with a brand people have to squint at to recognize. That’s the whole tech bro aesthetic—subtle flexes. Wear something that says, “I could get into a rooftop bar with these, but I’m probably coding my AI girlfriend at home.”

4. Accessories: Less is More Unless It’s Confidence

No Flavor Flav clocks around your neck. No plastic rings that turn your fingers green. You want one watch that looks like it vibrates when Elon tweets, and maybe some subtle chains or bracelets that say, “I might be in crypto. Or a cult.”

Sunglasses? Aviators. Minimal frames. If you look like you’re about to sell knockoff vape pens at a gas station, you’re doing it wrong.

Also—no fedora. Unless you’re actively defrauding investors, that hat is a crime.

5. Hair: Messy on Purpose, Not Because You Slept in Your Car

Bedhead is fine. Homeless isn’t. You want that just-rolled-out-of-bed-but-still-hot look. It should say, “I forgot I had a photoshoot today, but I’m still hotter than your ex.”

If you’re balding? Own it. Shave that dome like a king, oil it like a leather couch, and strut like your skull was sculpted by Michelangelo with a fetish.

Beards? Keep them groomed. You want “wealthy Viking,” not “barbecue-stained podcast host who calls himself an alpha.”

6. The Fit: It’s Not About Brand, It’s About Vibe

You could be wearing $19 sweatpants from Target and still look like a baller if they fit right. The secret is intention. If your look says, “I don’t care on purpose,” it’s elite. If your look says, “I gave up in 2017,” it’s tragic.

Throw on a minimalist hoodie, designer sneakers, and maybe a mysterious ring. Suddenly, people think you invented an app that solves loneliness with machine learning.

7. The Wildcard Piece: Mystery Bait

One thing in your outfit should make people ask, “What’s that about?” Maybe it’s a necklace. Maybe it’s a limited-edition jacket. Maybe it’s a pair of glasses you don’t actually need but look hot as hell in. That’s your bait. That’s what makes her walk up and ask questions while you sip your overpriced whiskey and pretend to care about astrology.

8. Confidence Is the Real Fabric

None of this works if you walk around like a wounded puppy. You could wear a trash bag and duct-taped Crocs and still pull it off, if you walk like you fuck in slow motion. Swagger like your DMs are a war zone. Talk like your time is expensive. Smile like you know secrets. Then drop one-liners like:

“I’m not overdressed; you’re underfunded.”

or

“This shirt cost more than my therapist—worth it.”

Because here’s the bottom line: style is foreplay. People judge books by their covers. Especially if the book has a man bun, a bomber jacket, and smells like sandalwood and daddy issues.

So go forth. Dress like you just woke up next to two marketing interns and forgot you left your VC meeting on “read.” Be the mystery. Be the moment. Be the oddly sexy, maybe-homeless founder of an app that may or may not be a front for a sex cult.

Because when you dress like you own a tech company…

You don’t need to explain shit.

Chapter 5: The Hot Guy Energy Diet

This isn’t about nutrition. This is about \*vibes\*.

\*\*Eat like a man with a personal trainer and deep trauma:\*\*

\* Eggs, coffee, protein powder, confidence.

\* Water. Not flavored. Just vibes.

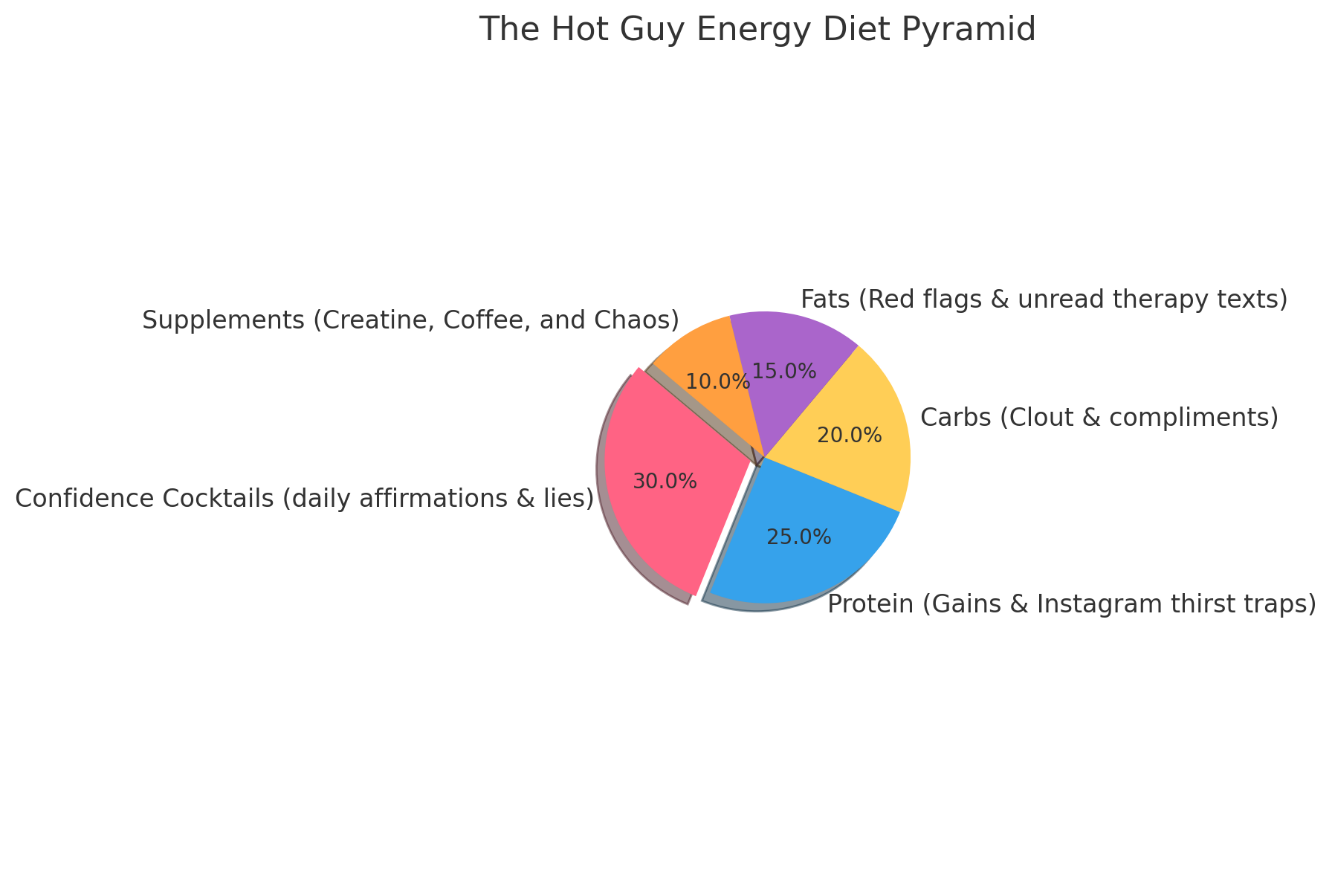
\* Intermittent fasting = pretend you’re too busy to eat.

Abs Are Temporary. Vibes Are Forever.

Welcome to the only diet plan endorsed by shirtless selfies, motivational reels, and your ex who “found herself” in Tulum. The Hot Guy Energy Diet isn’t about eating clean—it’s about looking like you do while secretly surviving on protein shakes, red flags, and validation. This plan isn’t FDA approved, but it is thirst-trap certified.

☀️ Hot Guy Breakfast: The Delusional Omelet

Start the day right with a heaping spoonful of confidence cereal—that’s one part denial, one part mirror flex. Top with a drizzle of “I’m not toxic, I’m just misunderstood” syrup. For protein? One raw ego and three scrambled humblebrags. Optional sides: revenge body toast and a black coffee that tastes like your last situationship—bitter but hot.



📈 GRAPH 1: The Hot Guy Energy Diet Pyramid

(Since I already cooked this one up for you, we’re rolling with it below like it's gospel.)

30% Confidence Cocktails (Daily affirmations & lies)

25% Protein (Gains & Instagram thirst traps)

20% Carbs (Clout & compliments)

15% Fats (Red flags & unread therapy texts)

10% Supplements (Creatine, Coffee, Chaos)

Forget the food groups. These are mood groups. If it doesn’t feed your delusions or your biceps, spit it out.

🏋️‍♂️ Gym Snack: The Flex n’ Ghost

Hit the gym for three reps of chest, one awkward stretch you learned on TikTok, and two hours of mirror selfies. Eat a protein bar made entirely of Daddy issues and shirtless gym selfies captioned “just vibin’.” Remember, abs aren’t earned—they’re filtered.

🍽️ Lunch: Cold Chicken and Hot Takes

Meal prep is for people who pay taxes. Today’s meal: six ounces of chicken, two cups of rice, and one steaming hot take like, “Astrology isn’t real, but I’m such a Scorpio.” Wash it down with electrolyte water and unsolicited gym advice. Add a creatine scoop for every time you've said, “You up?” after 2 a.m.

😎 Dinner: The Netflix and Protein Platter

Dinner isn’t about food—it’s about the vibe. Candlelight. Hoodie with no shirt. You text three girls “wyd” while heating up a microwave meal and pretending it's “meal prep.” You’re on your fifth rewatch of Fight Club because you think it’s about hustle culture. (Spoiler: It’s not.)

📉 GRAPH 2: Confidence vs. Calories Burned While Flexing

More flex = fewer calories, right? Wrong.

But does it feel like you’re burning fat while flexing in the mirror shirtless with headphones on full blast? Absolutely.

💤 Dessert: Sleep-Deprivation and Scrolls

Wind down by doomscrolling through other hot guys who don’t skip leg day, liking thirst traps from girls who left you on read, and wondering why your life feels empty even though your abs are full. Take one melatonin and three mental breakdowns. Wake up and repeat.

Chapter 6: How to Slide into DMs Without Slipping Into the Block List

Step-by-step:

1. Follow, wait 24 hours.

2. Like one old photo. Just one. You’re a mystery, not a stalker.

3. Send a message that doesn’t mention looks. Try: “Hey, your dog has a great jawline.”

4. Wait. Do push-ups.

From “Hey” to “She Might Actually Marry Me (If She Has a Head Injury)”

DMs are the new club. But instead of buying her a drink, you're offering digital dick energy through your thumbs. Slide wrong? You're ghosted. Slide right? You’re the guy she tells her therapist about. So, let’s break this down like a cracked iPhone screen at 3 a.m.

STEP 1: Profile First, Pickup Later

Your profile is the bouncer. If your bio says, “Work hard, play harder,” and your first pic is you holding a fish, you’re not getting in the VIP lounge—you’re getting blocked by HR.

🔥 Pro Tip: Add one thirst trap, one dog pic, one group shot where you're clearly the alpha, and a mysterious one where you're staring into the distance like you’ve seen war (or at least The Notebook).

STEP 2: The Opener Matters, Dumbass

“Hey” is for toddlers and Tinder failures. Slide in with something personal and unhinged like:

“Are you made of carbon? Because girl, you’ve got chemistry.”

“I’d risk getting yelled at by my therapist to take you out.”

“Your cat is cute. But can it deadlift 225?”

STEP 3: Know When to Retreat

Did she “like” your message but not reply? You’ve entered the polite decline zone. You’ve got 3 seconds to delete your account or respond with “My bad, didn’t mean to disturb the queen’s peace.”

DM RED FLAGS TO AVOID

Voice notes: You sound like a stepdad.

GIFs of The Rock raising his eyebrow: It’s 2025. Stop.

Any variation of “U up?” She is, but not for you.

✋ CHART: DM SLIDE SUCCESS RATES

“Hey” — 3% (all bots)

Personal compliment — 12%

Funny & flirty — 35%

Meme so fire she sends it to her group chat — 50%

Dog in a hat — 92% (do not question the dog logic)

STEP 4: Don’t Be Weird

If she doesn’t reply in 10 seconds, DO NOT send follow-up messages like:

“You there?”

“Guess not interested lol”

“Wow, you’re not even that hot anyway.”

You're not a toddler at Chuck E. Cheese—calm down.

Chapter 7: Networking at Juice Bars and Charity Galas You Snuck Into

Blend In, Mooch Hard, Leave With a Podcast Guest Spot

Every rich person hotspot is one fake name tag away from being your next opportunity.

\* Say your name is “Brayden.” It works. Trust me.

\* Hold a green drink. People respect chlorophyll.

\* When asked what you do, respond: “I build ecosystems.” No one knows what that means, but it sounds expensive.

You don’t need a $1,200 conference badge or a LinkedIn premium account to network like a god. You just need confidence, a stolen name tag, and the ability to say “Let’s circle back on that” without gagging.

LOCATION 1: The Juice Bar Jungle

Juice bars are where tech bros, wellness cultists, and side-hustle weirdos collide. Order something with ginger, stare deep into the soul of your acai bowl, and eavesdrop like a broke Bond villain.

Key phrases to blend in:

“Crypto is so 2023, I’m all about ecoDAO now.”

“Yeah, I just soft-launched my microdose startup.”

“Vegan, except for tequila.”

LOCATION 2: The Gala You Definitely Weren’t Invited To

Rule 1: Dress rich. Not rich-rich, but like “he might own a helicopter or owe back taxes.”

Rule 2: Act like everyone should know you. Walk around shaking hands like a divorced senator running for PTA president.

Rule 3: Lie strategically. You’re “between ventures,” or “pivoting from product to purpose.” Translation: you just got fired from Planet Fitness.

✨ POWER NETWORKING MOVES

The Champagne Chat: Approach someone with a full glass and say, “You seem like someone who’s crushing it.” Works 90% of the time. The other 10%? Security.

The Bathroom Mirror Meet-Up: Compliment his shoes. Next thing you know, you're co-hosting a podcast with a guy who sells AI toilet paper.

The “I Just Left Another Event” Flex: “Sorry I’m late, I was at the SpaceX prelaunch mixer.” You weren’t. But now you're interesting.

💼 CHART: NETWORKING ROI BY LOCATION

Professional Conference: $600 entry = 1 LinkedIn add

Charity Gala (sneaked in): Free = 3 VC intros + a mimosa

Juice Bar: $9 smoothie = Startup co-founder with a burner phone

Church: Soul saved = Zero networking. (Unless Jesus is hiring.)

Closing Thoughts for These 3 Chapters

Whether you’re meal-prepping ego for breakfast, sliding into DMs like an overconfident raccoon, or sneaking into galas in a jacket you stole from Ross—remember this: life is a game, and confidence is the cheat code.

You're not just an Average Joe anymore. You’re a weaponized delusion with Wi-Fi.

Chapter 8: Building Fake Wealth Until It’s Real

“Fraudulent Flexing and Other Forms of Spiritual Credit Card Debt”

We call this the \*\*Cardboard Castle Method\*\*.

\* Rent the Lambo for a day. Take 200 photos. Use for 3 years.

\* Screenshot fake stock portfolios. Watermark with “Confidential.”

\* Start an LLC called “Monarch Ascension Holdings” that sells air and vibes.

Let’s be honest—half the dudes on Instagram are flashing cash they borrowed from their cousin who works at Foot Locker. And the other half? Renting Lambos like they’re getting paid by the hour—because they are. But here's the beautiful part: it works. Somewhere out there, a woman just accepted a dinner date with a guy wearing a fake Rolex, thinking he invented Wi-Fi. That’s the power of perception. Welcome to the modern-day American Dream: fake it so hard they make it real just to shut you up.

Paragraph 2? Let's go.

You want to get rich? Start with lies. Not the kind that hurt people, more like the ones that confuse them into thinking you’re already successful. Tell people you "consult." Nobody knows what the hell that means. You consult? For whom? About what? It doesn’t matter. Say it with enough conviction and suddenly you’re being asked to keynote a tech conference. All you have to do is show up in a turtleneck and say “blockchain” every third sentence. Elon Musk could punch a raccoon in the face on live TV and folks would still ask him for investing advice. That’s confidence wrapped in delusion dipped in stock options.

Look at every self-made millionaire under 35—they all start out looking like con artists. And guess what? Some were con artists. But once you get past a certain income bracket, scamming becomes “entrepreneurship.” Hell, a guy on TikTok just made $200K teaching people how to breathe differently. Meanwhile, you’re out here sweating in a polyester polo shirt, selling HDMI cables to middle school teachers. Not anymore, king. This is your turn to pretend loud enough for the universe to write you a check.

You ever notice rich people wearing the ugliest, laziest outfits imaginable? Cargo shorts. Hoodies that look like they were fished out of a Goodwill fire sale. That’s not style. That’s power. That’s a man saying, “I’m so rich, I no longer need to impress anyone.” You’re not there yet. But here’s the hack: dress like you're about to stop caring. Don’t go full “Silicon Valley Goblin” yet—ease into it with overpriced sneakers and one watch that’s fake, but not too fake. Like, if you squint at it under moonlight, it might fool someone who’s had a few drinks and one semester of business school.

Now let’s talk about accessories—because nothing screams “wealth” like carrying shit nobody asked for. A leather laptop case? You don’t even own a laptop, but if you strut through Starbucks holding one, someone will ask what startup you're running. Lie. Say you invented an AI that guesses dog breeds based on their fart patterns. No one will question it. They’ll just nod and say “bro, that’s genius” because we live in a world where confidence is currency and facts are optional.

Want to look rich online? Cool. First step: rent stuff. A penthouse suite for an hour. A yacht you can’t drive. A Ferrari you only get to touch with gloves. Get the photo, look brooding in front of it, and write some fake-deep caption like, “Success is a mindset, not a location.” Post it. Tag no one. Let the mystery marinate. People will assume you’re grinding in silence, when really, you just Venmo’d your weed guy for 40 bucks and haven’t paid rent in two months.

Here's where we take it next level: credit cards. Not for spending—God no, you’re already broke—but for posing. A metal Amex card is basically a panty-dropper if used properly. Never swipe it. Just toss it on the table like you’re allergic to money. If it gets declined, act offended, blame the bank, and storm out like they just accused you of grand theft dignity. It’s not about having money. It’s about acting like you don’t need it anymore.

Let’s pause for a moment and include a visual, because that’s what rich people do—they use slides to justify nonsense.

Graph: Wealth Vibes vs Actual Wealth

Vibe Level Actual Bank Account Results

Wears gold chain $47.82 Free drinks from promoter

Drives leased BMW -$300 overdraft Gets mistaken for producer

Says “portfolio” 3 shares of Dogecoin Invited to networking brunch

Now back to the grind.

You gotta speak like you own a podcast, even if nobody’s listening. Throw out phrases like “scaling,” “personal brand,” and “exit strategy” over lunch. When someone asks what you do, tilt your head and say, “It’s complicated.” That’s it. That’s the tweet. Never explain. Rich people never explain shit. That’s what poor people do when they're caught shoplifting batteries.

And if you really want to double down on the illusion of wealth? Start posting screenshots of your fake calendar. Load it up with meetings: “Investor Briefing,” “Brand Collab Zoom,” “Flight to Vegas.” You didn’t leave the house all day and your fridge has one sad tortilla in it, but online, you’re a jet-set CEO grinding for generational wealth. At some point, someone will believe it—probably someone with a ring light and 14K followers who’s willing to slide into your DMs if you mention passive income.

Here's a chart just for fun:

Chart: 5 Levels of Fake Rich

Level 1: The Sneaky Scammer

Wears Zara claims it’s Tom Ford.

Posts stock market memes.

$0.16 in checking account.

Level 2: The Influencer-In-Training

Gym selfies with motivational quotes.

Credit card debt = emotional support.

Says “let’s collab” to strangers.

Level 3: The Crypto Prophet

Buys crypto during panic dips.

Wears blazers with no shirt.

Actually has no idea how taxes work.

Level 4: The Manifestation Millionaire

Vision board full of jets and tigers.

Reads Think and Grow Rich (just the back cover).

Charges $79 for a "mindset course."

Level 5: The Almost-There Executive

People think you're successful.

Investors might be real.

Your mom still pays your phone bill.

Now don’t get me wrong—this isn’t just about fronting forever. The goal is to eventually get rich for real. But until then? Play the damn part. Post like you’re being audited. Talk like your lawyer’s on retainer. Show up to events like you're about to buy the building, even if you took the bus and packed a Lunchables.

Because here’s the truth nobody wants to admit: wealth is mostly social theater until the check clears. The people who win in life aren’t the most talented—they’re the most believable. So, get out there, fake it 'til your fake life gets a reality show.

And when that direct deposit finally hits? When the side hustle turns into the main hustle, and you’re not just pretending anymore?

Smile.

Take a deep breath.

And buy a real Rolex just so you can finally throw the fake one into the ocean like a villain in a Bond movie.

Now go manifest your way into someone else’s Forbes list.

Chapter 9: Sugar Daddy Energy Without the Sugar or the Daddy

How to Give Broke Billionaire Vibes on a Thrift Store Budget

This is about \*\*projecting wealth\*\* without spending any.

Tactics:

\* Talk about private jets like they’re normal.

\* Use phrases like “diversify the portfolio” and “offshore structure.”

\* Always have an unread Wall Street Journal on you. Even at the gym.

Listen up, you suave Dollar Tree DiCaprio—this chapter is for the delusional kings who want to radiate Sugar Daddy Energy while still checking their debit card balance before buying a Red Bull. We’re not talkin’ about being a sugar daddy. Oh no. That takes money, emotional bandwidth, and a crippling addiction to Apple Pay. We’re talking about projecting the Sugar Daddy aura without ever opening your wallet or your heart. This is full-on vibe sorcery, daddy-less and Splenda-sweet.

First off, let’s define Sugar Daddy Energy (SDE). It’s not about age. It’s not even about money. It’s about dominance via ambiance. It’s the way a man enters a room like he owns the building, the block, and half the bartenders’ hopes and dreams. SDE is walking in with cologne so potent it leaves memories on people you never even spoke to. SDE is saying “Don’t worry about it” when the bill comes—even though you’re hoping your Cash App refund hits before the waiter returns.

You want to give off SDE? Rule #1: Speak in slow motion. Sugar Daddies don’t rush—they’re too rich to be in a hurry. While broke people blurt, Sugar Daddy types pause dramatically before every answer, like they’re about to reveal the secret to eternal youth. Don’t say “I don’t know.” Say, “That’s… an interesting question,” and then change the subject to bourbon. Congratulations, now you sound rich enough to cheat on your third wife.

Rule #2: Accessories that lie for you. You don’t have to be wealthy, but your watch does. No one knows what a Patek Philippe really looks like. Most people think Rolex is a font. So, buy something shiny, fake, and vaguely European. If it ticks loudly, perfect. Let it tick like it’s counting down to your next alimony payment. Bonus points if it’s gold and reflects sunlight directly into someone’s retinas at brunch.

SDE is also about your scent. It smells like an affair. Like leather, debt, and a hint of remorse. Cheap cologne tells people you’re desperate. Real SDE cologne says, “I once paid a woman’s rent because I liked her laugh.” And no, you don’t need the real thing. You need the tester bottle you sprayed six times at Macy’s and walked out of like you paid rent on the entire wing of the mall.

Let’s not forget the most powerful SDE accessory: an assistant you made up. This could be a friend, your mom, or your burner phone with a British Siri. Start scheduling fake meetings. Answer calls with “Tell Alexis I’ll call her back,” then stare out a window like you’re thinking about taxes in Monaco. You don’t have a team. You are the team. But they don’t know that.

Let’s drop a quick visual aid, just to keep the illusion classy:

Chart: How to Fake Sugar Daddy Energy on a Budget

Move Cost Perceived Value

Gold-plated watch from Wish $29.99 $7,000 vibes

Dry cleaning one blazer $11.00 “Executive realness”

Talking about “equity” Free Stock market sex appeal

Driving Uber Luxe for clout Priceless No one asks whose car it is

Now, let’s address the elephant in the luxury suite: you’re broke. That’s okay. Broke is temporary. Looking broke is a choice. So, stop wearing shirts with food logos on them and start dressing like your hobby is telling 23-year-olds to “just invest in themselves.” Even if your actual hobby is watching YouTube conspiracy videos in boxers with a hole in the thigh.

Sugar Daddy Energy is psychological warfare. You don't need to fund lifestyles—you need to inspire delusion. Think of yourself as a mirage in the desert of finance. Real enough to make them walk toward you. Unreal enough that no one asks for receipts.

You’re the guy who brings “energy” to the restaurant, even if you just ordered fries. You smile like you’re comping the whole table, and laugh like you don’t even eat carbs, darling. You want to be the type of man people whisper about in bathrooms. “Who is that?” they’ll ask. “I think he used to own part of MySpace.” Now you’re a legend. All off an $11 martini and a rental jacket that still smells like a funeral.

You want to really lean into it? Talk in metaphors. Nothing makes you seem rich like talking like a weird-ass philosopher. Don’t say “I’m tired,” say “I’ve been burning candles at both ends of the empire.” Don’t say “I’m single,” say “I’ve just been hard to reach spiritually.” Now you’re rich, wise, and emotionally unavailable—SDE trifecta.

And let’s talk dating, because you know that’s where the Sugar Daddy illusion thrives. You don’t need a yacht. You just need a rooftop bar and the confidence to say things like, “I used to spend a lot of time in Dubai,” followed by an unexplained silence. People respect mystery. Sprinkle in some vague trauma, a mysterious ex named "Veronique," and a framed photo of a yacht you saw once—and boom. You’re international sex capital.

If things get serious and they start asking for actual money, pull the classic SDE move: pretend your assets are tied up. “I’d help, babe, but my funds are locked in a liquidity trap.” Nobody knows what that means. They’ll assume your accountant’s name is Stefan and you sleep in a race car bed filled with gold bars.

You’ve now reached the final level: manifesting Sugar Daddy Energy so hard the universe folds and actually makes you rich. This is where the fake lifestyle becomes a real brand, the brand becomes a hustle, and the hustle gets monetized because you have enough followers to sell teeth whitener and self-help ebooks.

So go ahead, rent the Porsche. Swipe the Capital One. Smile like you own half the city and wave like your time’s too expensive for traffic. You don’t need to be a sugar daddy to live like one. Just become the aura. Be the aesthetic. Channel the delusion.

And remember: if you ever start to doubt yourself, just say these three powerful words:

“Charge it, baby.”

Chapter 10: Turning Instagram Into an Investment Portfolio

Monetize the Selfie, Sell the Dream, Pretend You Read Books

Instagram is your stock ticker.

\* Post travel photos. Don’t say it’s a layover in Dallas.

\* Use filters that suggest you can afford natural sunlight.

\* Quote yourself. Always. In italics.

Instagram used to be for brunch pics and thirst traps. Now? It’s your new Wall Street. Except instead of stocks, you’re selling softcore lifestyle porn and vibes so rich they smell like imported marble and divorce settlements. This chapter isn’t just about getting likes—it’s about turning your grid into gold, your stories into passive income, and your filtered gym selfies into “financial freedom” posters you can shove down the algorithm’s throat.

First, let's kill a myth: you don't need a six-pack, a mansion, or a $300 camera. You need delusion, angles, and fake confidence. And WiFi. If you've got those, you’ve got enough to build a following of people who think you actually eat the caviar you post.

Your Instagram is your resume now. Except instead of listing your qualifications, you just post shirtless pics captioned “Grinding 💯.” This isn't just flexing—this is financial manifestation. You’re not unemployed, you're a "digital lifestyle consultant." You’re not broke, you're "between NFT launches."

Let’s break down the income streams, shall we?

Graph: The Financial Funnel of the Modern Instagram Hustler

Step 1: Post thirst trap

💦 (Draws in people who want to lick your collarbone)

Step 2: Drop motivational quote

💬 (Confuses people into thinking you read)

Step 3: Link bio to merch/OnlyFans/Crypto Scam

🔗 (Passive income or prison sentence?)

Step 4: Profit

You want to be a brand, not just a user. That means every post has to scream: “I’m hotter and happier than you, and I might also sell protein powder.” You need an aesthetic. Are you the clean-cut luxury guy who only wears white linen and drinks sparkling water from wine glasses? Or are you the bad boy entrepreneur who posts shirtless pics on jet skis with captions like “Trust no one. Invest in Bitcoin.” Either works. Just don’t mix the two or you’ll look like a wellness cult leader on bath salts.

Your stories? That’s your reality show. This is where you post blurry gym videos, vague shots of skyline views, and half a protein bar with the caption “Fuel.” Even if you’re just eating gas station peanuts. Especially if you’re eating gas station peanuts.

Now let’s talk bio optimization. Your bio should look like you accidentally made a million dollars before turning 25, even if you’re 36 and living in your car. Something like:

“CEO | Investor | Making money while you sleep 😴

📍NYC + Dubai

DM for collabs 🧠

⬇️ Join my 7-figure mindset course ⬇️”

Translation: You have 213 followers and a Google Form that sends people a PDF called Hustle Like a God. Perfect.

Want brands to notice you? Tag them like you already work for them. Tag Louis Vuitton while wearing H&M. Tag Ferrari while standing next to a red bike. Brands don’t know you're broke. They just see the tag and think: Wow, this guy’s clearly moving weight.

And let’s not forget hashtags—your new search engine for scams. Use hashtags like #MindsetMogul, #CEOFlow, and #CryptoCrush even if you’ve never seen a stock chart in your life. Sprinkle in a few Spanish ones like #Exito and now you’re international, baby.

Got less than 1,000 followers? It doesn’t matter. Instagram is a perception machine. You can buy 10K followers for less than the price of brunch in L.A. Are they bots? Yes. Are they from Albania? Also, yes. Do they count? ABSOLUTELY. No one checks your followers list unless you start selling fake Rolexes.

But here’s where you make it rain: dropshipping and affiliate links. You don’t need to invent anything. You just need to pretend you did. Slap your face on a brand of vitamins, give it a name like “AlphaCore,” and launch it with a reel of you staring at the ocean like it owes you money. Profit margins? Ugly. The vibe? Immaculate.

Now let’s make a visual aid for the ‘Gram Bosses in training:

Chart: Instagram Monetization Starter Pack

Post Type Captions to Use Purpose

Shirtless Gym Selfie “Discipline > Motivation 💪” Sells masculinity and self-control

Coffee + Laptop Pic “Meetings with myself ☕💼” Fake CEO energy

Car Mirror Shot “Late nights, big dreams 🏁” Sells lifestyle hustle

Hotel Lobby Selfie “In my element 🌍” Makes you seem international

Stack of Books (unread) “Always a student 📚” Confuses people into trusting you

Your DMs? Turn those into a CRM. That’s Client Relationship Management, or as I call it: Come Real Money. Every “🔥” reply to your story is a potential sale. Send 'em a link, a PDF, or a crypto wallet address. Make your inbox a paywall. If someone’s thirsty, make them hydrated—for $19.99/month.

And don’t be afraid to go live. Do you have anything to say? Hell no. But go live in sunglasses indoors while eating grapes and say, “We out here building empires.” Then just play music and nod for 12 minutes. People will assume you're rich because you don’t have to talk.

Final tip: Build a course. Everyone loves a course. It doesn’t matter what it teaches. Call it “The Instagram Influence Accelerator” and charge $297. What’s inside the course? Who cares. Add three Canva slides and a Zoom recording of you ranting about “consistency.” Done. Money printer activated.

In conclusion, turning your Instagram into an investment portfolio is simple:

Look rich.

Talk vague.

Post constantly.

Sell aggressively.

Never break character.

Because if you fake it hard enough, for long enough, Instagram will turn into income. Even if that income is just from your aunt buying a t-shirt that says “Hustle Like Hell.”

Chapter 11: Final Thoughts — Never Let Reality Stop You

Manifest Delusion, Monetize It, and Never Say Sorry

You don’t need to be hot. You don’t need to be rich. You just need to \*\*seem like you’re both long enough for the lie to become truth.

\*\*The world is a stage, and you’re doing improv. Badly. But with confidence.

Go forth, average king. Build your empire of lies.

Just… maybe open a savings account too. For when the vibes collapse.

If you’ve made it this far, congratulations—you’ve read an entire book that, by all traditional standards, would get me banned from a PTA meeting, shadowbanned from LinkedIn, and possibly sued by Tony Robbins’ ghost even though he’s still alive. But guess what? That’s the point. That’s the whole goddamn thesis.

Reality is optional. Delusion is renewable.

You think the billionaires of this world started with real plans? No. They started with vibes, garage dust, and a dangerous amount of caffeine. Reality is a speed bump on the road to the made-up life you deserve. Step on the gas and make that bumper scream.

This is the chapter where I’m supposed to tie it all together. Drop some life-changing philosophy. Maybe quote a dead philosopher. But guess what? Nietzsche didn’t have WiFi, and Socrates never cold-DM’d a brand rep at Bang Energy, so their opinions are about as useful as a waterproof napkin.

You don’t need ancient wisdom. You need audacity.

Audacity to post shirtless when you’re barely a 6.

Audacity to DM someone way out of your league and follow up with “u up?” like you didn’t just Google what “riz” meant.

Audacity to walk into a networking event with the confidence of a man who has five LLCs, even though you just Googled “what is an LLC” on the way there.

You don’t become successful by playing the game right. You win by changing the rules, cheating with style, and making everyone think you invented the damn game.

You want a good life? Then build it out of bullshit, duct tape, and Canva templates. Make fake wealth until it’s real. Act like a model until someone pays you to wear sunglasses indoors. Talk like a CEO until someone wires you startup cash just to shut you up.

Because here’s the real truth no one wants to tell you:

Most people are cowards.

They’re scared to be seen trying. Scared to fail out loud. Scared someone might notice that they’re not as smart, sexy, or successful as they pretend to be.

Good.

Let them be scared.

That leaves more room for psychos like us who are too stubborn to quit, too delusional to doubt ourselves, and too horny for success to ever give up. We don’t just break the rules—we bone them in the parking lot behind a strip mall and post the video to gain followers.

Listen up:

You don’t need credentials.

You don’t need permission.

You don’t even need pants.

What you need is momentum.

You need to move, fast and loose, like a drunk raccoon chasing a Bugatti. You need to believe so hard in your fake-ass dream that the universe throws its hands up and says, “Fine, let him have it.”

Because reality? Reality is soft.

It folds under pressure.

It yields to hustle.

It melts under the heat of someone too chaotic to quit.

You were not born to pay bills and answer emails until your back folds like an old lawn chair. You were born to take up space, get weird, go viral, and get paid for being exactly the right amount of toxic.

So, here's your call to action:

Sell the fantasy.

Live the lie until it stops being a lie.

Let people judge you, hate you, envy you—and then copy you.

The future is made by maniacs. Be the maniac.

Now go outside, get rich, get blocked, get hot, get canceled, start over, fake a comeback, marry up, divorce down, become a motivational speaker, and die in a mansion shaped like your own face.

And if none of that works?

Lie harder.

This is your life. Build it out of glitter, gumption, and pure uncut nerve.

Reality is optional.

Delusion is forever.

\*\*Disclaimer: This book is satire. If you actually build fake wealth, we are not responsible for your inevitable IRS meeting.\*\*