

BEDROOM BOSS

THE MIKKI MASE PLAYBOOK

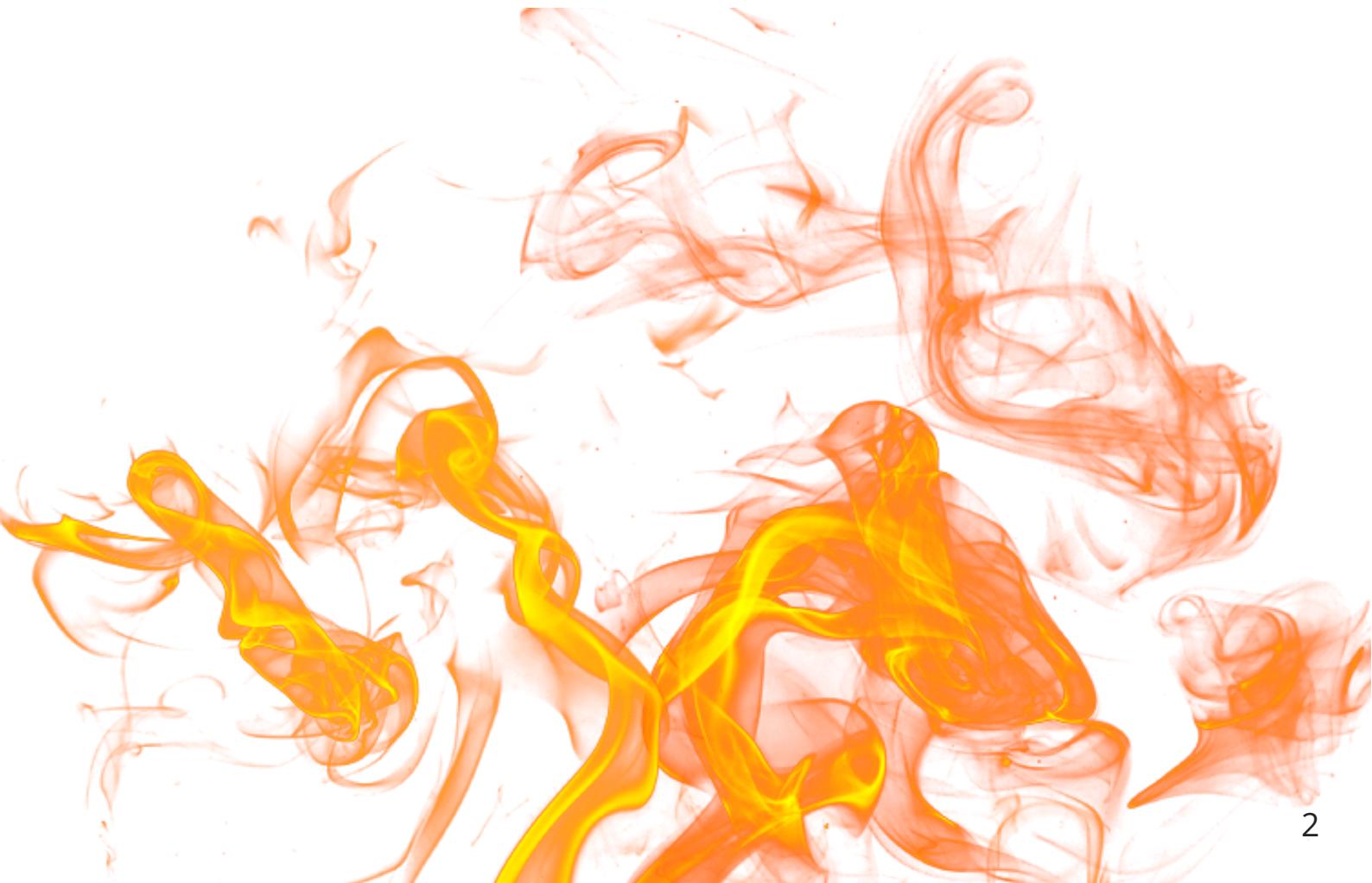
BUILT FROM A LIFE FEW MEN WILL EVER EXPERIENCE

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.