



# WOMAN VS WOMANISER

POWERFUL INSIGHTS TO HIS WORDS  
ACTIONS, AND THEIR MEANINGS

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*Disclaimer: The following is a true story and events described herein actually happened. For legal reasons and anonymity, certain characters and other descriptive details have been changed.*

**To all the women I have hurt in my past, please forgive me. I was on a journey and genuinely didn't understand myself and the consequences of my actions.**

**To the one woman of my future, I have been through much in my life and it is through this that I am who I am today. It is because of this journey that I will cherish you so much more than I ever could have in my past.**

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Wishing you all the very best.

To my three little angels, I love you more than the whole world.

To Mum, I will always love you, no matter what.

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## AUTHOR'S SPECIAL NOTE TO WOMEN

*Over the years, as a womaniser I have learnt that love is the most powerful force on earth. My personal definition of being in love is this: the other person puts you before themselves. Don't forget this and you will never be tricked by a person like me.*

*However, love does not discriminate and will strike where it will. The only protection you can give yourself from falling in love with the wrong person is to control your emotions from the start. If you don't learn to control them, you will be riddled with 'blind spots'. What I mean by that is that our brains have two very real sides: the emotional and the rational. You have to use both sides of your brain if you are to see things accurately, as they really are, and if you are to make good decisions in life.*

*Whether it's a love situation or more general day-to-day stuff, your life will turn out so much better if you can manage not to get overcome by your emotional side and retain good judgement (no matter what you're feeling).*

*When you meet a new man, you must first and foremost make him do your brain (the rational side - not the emotional side) first! Always pay attention to behaviour patterns; they are the biggest clues you'll ever get to the person he really is. When you see patterns emerging that are not to your taste, cut your losses and move on. If you don't do that early and you get entangled in the love process, it will probably be too late and you'll be in for the worst rollercoaster ride of them all - the Misery Ride!*

*Here's my rule of thumb: you should never be in love with someone you don't know. Unfortunately, there is no shortcut for getting to know someone: it just takes time. Jumping in at the deep end is nothing more than letting your emotions run away with you.*

*Instinct: I cannot put enough emphasis on how important it is. We all have it; it's just a matter of learning to listen to it and developing it. My experiences have taught me that most, if not all, the women I went with as a womaniser had a bad gut feeling about me at some point. What is the point of God - or*

*the universe, or whatever you choose to call it - giving you this amazing inner protection system if you don't use it?!*

*I've noticed that the more you follow your instinct, your gut reaction, the more accurate it becomes. Once you start using your instinct, you'll wonder how you ever lived without it. Here are a few examples of what your instinct will tell you about guys like me: this doesn't feel right; I really don't feel comfortable; he's a womaniser or player; he's using me; this is not what I really want; I don't like what I'm agreeing to or part of me doesn't; he has no respect for women; this feels the same as the last time; I'm making excuses for him; it just doesn't sound right; something's missing; my friends just don't understand; why am I always the one giving?*

*Ignore these instinctive responses to a man at your peril!*

# INTRODUCTION

My intention is to take you through the journey of my life and into the world and mind of a womaniser. I will reveal to you the abrasive manoeuvres and thoughts of a womaniser, giving a true account of his deceitfulness and the total pleasure he takes in using a woman to meet his own selfish needs.

It is almost impossible to cover every womanising experience, as each womaniser's encounters are legion, and each womaniser will have his own style. But it *is* possible for me to reveal the thought processes behind them, because they are broadly the same.

I'm sure that some women will be filled with disgust at the escapades I write about in this book; or they might find them hilarious! Or maybe both, even at the same time...? I'm also sure that the insights contained within these pages will make any woman who reads them impregnable to such characters. I hope that the benefits will by far outweigh the initial repulsion.

Some women make the same mistake over and over again: they fall for the same type of guy because they don't understand the psychology at play. Without knowing the mechanics, it leaves them with vulnerabilities, what I call 'blind spots'. It is by manipulating these blind spots to his advantage that the womaniser succeeds in turning so many women's worlds upside down!

The main aim of this book is *to show you these very same blind spots and in that same process reveal to you 101 manipulative ways of a womaniser*, to help you protect yourself and, at the same time, distinguish the womaniser from the genuine honest love partner who, at the end of the day, we all want to be with.

Enjoy the ride...

Part I

A WOMANISER IS  
BORN

CHAPTER **1**

EARLY START

“I always knew you’d be a ladies’ man!” I was only four years old when my true colours came to light. When my mother told me about it later, her smile exploded into uncontrolled laughter.

At the time we lived in a four-bedroom house in London with seven other family members – my grandparents and five aunts. I had no brothers or sisters at that time. I was the baby, the only one they could spoil. My memories of that particular period are hazy, but I do remember that I wanted to play with women, not toys.

According to Mum, on one occasion when I was four she returned home exhausted after a long day’s work as a hospital nurse to find me asleep... or so she thought. She went straight to bed. Shortly after, she heard me creeping about and wondered where I was headed. Pretending to be asleep, she watched me tiptoe to my favourite auntie’s bedroom across the hallway, open the door, and go in. She quietly followed and watched as I shook my auntie awake.

“Auntie, can I play with your titties?”

I still remember the beating.

Around my fifth birthday my mother and father decided they would take the big step and move in together. My father, who I hardly knew, bought us a three-bedroom house in North London and we took up residence. If it had been up to me, it never would have happened. I was happy living in my grandparents’ house. Everyone adored me and spoiled me rotten. But what could I do? Nothing. I didn’t take to my father – he was not like other members of my family, nor like my Godmother Aggie, who made me feel really special. I pleaded with my mother not to move us, but she reassured me things would turn out great.

*How wrong could she be?*

Not long after, my mum found a new nursing job at the local hospital. She worked tremendously long hours. My father had an easier time of it as a technician in a local university. I started school.

Everything seemed to be going fine until one day when I was waiting for my mum to collect me but she didn’t show. Eventually, my father turned up, half an hour late. I knew something was wrong. Mum had never failed to pick me up, and my father was supposed to be at work. When I asked him where Mum was, he told me she wasn’t feeling well. It wasn’t until I got home that I found out why.

*Liar!* I knew he’d lied to me. I was intuitive even at that age, although I wasn’t aware of what that meant. She wasn’t feeling well, all right. *The bastard!* He had punched her in the

eye! When I saw it, every colour of the rainbow, I cried and cried. I wanted him to disappear off the face of the earth. I wanted him to die. I never wanted to see his stupid, horrible face again. How could he do that to my mother, the person I loved so much? I guess my maternal grandfather felt the same way because that night he came over with my uncle, concealing a machete – he intended to take off the Monster’s head. Unfortunately, my uncle intervened before he could slay him. *I cried again!*

From that day onwards, I always held a secret hatred for my father, and as the months and years went by, my hatred grew. The funny thing is, I believe he hated me too. When I was older, I asked my mother if she had cheated on him around the time I was born: maybe he thought I wasn’t his son. It’s not that I really thought my mother was that kind of a woman, but all the same I had to ask her because of his intense hostility towards me – I couldn’t get my head around it. He was a naturally aggressive man, but over the years his aggression seemed to heighten when he was dealing with me. My mother told me later that she thought it started from the moment I saw her eye. She said that from that day onwards I couldn’t stand the sight of him, and it showed big time.

But my mother forgave him soon enough. I never understood why, when he treated her the way he did: like a slave. He would do horrible things, like pulling the phone-wire out of the socket when she was talking to her friends and saying, “You chat too much rubbish, woman!” Or he would put the phone down when people phoned for her. Or he would turn off the heating and hot water just to spite her. Or he would lock her out of the bedroom... It took years for me to work out why she stayed. On many occasions I tried to tell her to leave his sorry arse and that she would be better off without him, but would she listen? *Of course not! She had blind spots!*

When I was seven years old, my mother gave birth to a little boy. We were all so happy – all except for the Monster, who showed no emotion. He was the typical cave-man type: he always let tradition rule his life. I don’t think he ever realised that the world keeps evolving, and that what may have seemed correct back in his day was not necessarily correct today. Over the years I have wanted to shout at him, “We don’t ride horses anymore! They’ve bloody invented the automobile!” But he had been brought up with a rod of iron, and he expected everybody else to be brought up the same way. He ran the house like some kind of army camp:

“A woman’s place is in the kitchen!”

“I’m the man of the house!”

“Everybody must obey my rules!”

“I don’t speak to idiots!”

“Are you a donkey?”

You know the type: a Know-it-all-Charlie. He thought, because he was intellectually savvy, that he was above everyone else. And as a result he never reached his full potential, given his

brains and talents. Why was he blind? Well, it's simple really: he only ever saw things from *his* point of view – no one else's. It didn't even appear on his radar that he could ever be wrong!

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*Here's an early tip: whatever happens to you in your life don't be a Know-it-all-Charlie; it will hinder you from reaching your full potential. It is a big character flaw, and will leave you with huge blind spots. Only through hindsight can I understand this now.*

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My mum named my little brother Paul. She was off work on maternity leave for a few months, which meant she was at home. I was glad she was there, because the Monster had picked up a bad habit of leaving me alone at home as soon as Mum left for the night shift. Not only God knew where he was going at such late hours of the night: it didn't take much brainpower for *me*, aged seven, to work it out. Even at that age, I seemed to have the ability to tap into anything that surrounded the opposite sex. I was a fast learner, as you picked up earlier! I decided to play it safe and not mention it to my mother. Why? Because I loved her, and I didn't want to cause her any unnecessary pain.

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*If I knew what I knew now I would have told her immediately. With hindsight, I'm sure my mother must have known something was up. Funnily enough, this a typical mistake that many women make: avoiding the situation and not realising that, in the long run, it delays an inevitable confrontation of the truth. The truth will come out.*

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He stopped slipping out when my mum was at home with Paul. *I didn't need it any clearer than that!*

Later that year, the Monster started to become stricter with me. *Imagine!* I was the only boy I knew who had his own maths book that hadn't been issued by the schoolteacher. My father bought me the book, and every day after school he would make me work from it until bedtime. If I got one answer wrong, his booming voice would holler "You fucking jackass" or "You're as thick as a two planks of wood" or any other insult he could think of. Then I would have to pick up a hundred stones in the back yard as a punishment. I remember I would be scared stiff whenever he yelled out for me, because I knew he was going to beat me down about something. When did I get time to play? Never; well, definitely not when he was around anyway. On a few occasions the local kids knocked on the door, wanting me to come out and play. But they soon got the message when Captain Cave-man answered the door, and they never came back.

I remember that the only happy moments I had around that period were when I got to see Simone, my babysitter, and when I got to play with my dog. Simone was my mum's best friend's daughter who looked after me occasionally. My dog Rasta was a black German Shepherd. Although Rasta wasn't allowed in the house, every chance I had, I would go out to the kennel and play with him. At night I would creep down into the kitchen and check he was okay. I could see his eyes shining through the glass door. I was unaware that the two things that brought me any peace in that house were about to be taken away from me at one fell swoop!

On my ninth birthday, I experienced both total ecstasy and extreme pain. The ecstasy far outweighed the pain: it was one of those things you never forget. *How could I? It was my starting point!*

I woke up early because I knew my mum would have a present for me. So I ran down to the kitchen where she was making breakfast.

"Happy birthday, son!" she said, handing me a birthday card. I wasn't interested in the card and she knew it. She said, "Your present is in the gar—"

Before she could finish her sentence, I was out the door and in there, admiring my new bike. It was a green striker with pedal back. Don't start thinking, *What the hell is a strikerrrrrrrrrr!?* That was the totally *in* bike to have back then.

You guessed it already: my father was a Monster, but my mother counteracted his abuse to me with gifts. I guess that was her conscience messing around with her because she knew the Monster was a git to me.

I ran back in. "Mum, can I take my bike and Rasta out into the alley?"

"Yes, after you've eaten your breakfast."

"Can Simone come around as well?"

"Well, I don't..."

"Go on, *please, please...* you *know* I don't have any life when he's around!"

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*Look at that - the first signs of me learning how to play on other people's emotions.*

*Here's the thing with my mother: she was beautiful, and not academically bright but full of wisdom in many ways that I wasn't able to appreciate at the time. She was also very soft-hearted and cared about people in general. But on the flip side, in my view she was weak-willed. Damn blind spots everywhere when it came to him!*

*Over the years she always claimed that she stayed with the Monster because of us kids - and, like a fool, I believed it. But I see it clearer now: she stayed*

*with him out of fear - although she may not have admitted it to herself - fear of stepping out of her comfort zone into the unknown. She traded security for misery, not really understanding that she could have had security and happiness if she had not settled for less than what she wanted. Life only gives you what you are prepared to accept. The reason my mother settled for less than she deserved was because she convinced herself there was nothing she could do to change her situation. So many women who are being abused mentally or physically accept the apology, which usually ends with, "I love you." Blind spot! The rational side of the brain has left the crime scene, and all that's left is the emotional side, which justifies it all with something dumb like, but I know he loves me. Fantasy land!!! To be abused by someone and then be told "I love you" is an insult and nothing but nonsense - he is in love with himself. I'll repeat this again just in case you didn't grasp it the first time: if someone is in love with you, they will put you before themselves. Love is SELFLESS - I know!*

*Now here's another thing: I know when my mother met the Monster that he must have had the same characteristics that he always had, because that's just the way he was. I do not doubt that he had some charisma when he was younger. But the point is this: if my mother had looked at him rationally rather than emotionally from the very beginning, she might have seen the patterns of a monster and got the hell out. As it was, it was ten times more difficult for her to leave him later.*

*But I need to be careful - if she had been rational, I would never have been born!*

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Back to my ninth birthday.

"Oh, all right. I'll go and collect Simone later," my mother said.

Simone was three years older than me and, just like some of my aunties, she always made me feel special. She would always squeeze my cheek and give me love and affection and tell me how cute I was. Simone was the typical nine-year-old's imaginary girlfriend, although I must admit I hadn't built up enough courage to ask her if she would be my real-life one. I always got excited when she was coming over; I adored her. She was beautiful, with light brown eyes. Whenever the Monster did one of his turns on me I would retreat into my own little world where the only consistent beings were Simone and my dog Rasta. Thinking or being around them both made me happy.

I skipped with joy all the way to my bedroom, passing the Monster on the stairs. For a brief moment I wondered whether he might have got me a present. I decided against it, as he had never even bought me a bar of chocolate in the past.

I went down for breakfast, but when I sat down at the table I knew I wasn't hungry so I threw it all in the bin and covered it up with the newspaper. Just as I was taking the bike into the alley behind the house, the Monster sprang on me.

"Where are you going, boy?"

*Boy!* That used to really piss me off. He never called me Jay like everyone else. At times, I would swear under my breath, *Why don't you call me by my bloody name?* I never said it loud enough for him to hear though: I wasn't *that* brave. Not yet.

I said, "I'm going to ride my bike out in the alley."

"That's what you think! Have you finished those fucking sums I set you?"

"No, Dad."

"Then get your backside upstairs and finish them."

My mum appeared. "Let him go outside," she said. "It's his birthday, if you hadn't noticed?"

The Monster turned red with rage. "Shut your fucking mouth, woman! You can't see further than the end of your nose!"

*I hated him!*

I went to my room where I was out of earshot of the ensuing argument. As I sat there, deep in thought, wondering why my mum put up with all this, she came into my room.

"Don't worry, Jay. He's going to cricket soon. When he's gone, I'll go and get Simone and the both of you can go out and play."

I sighed with relief, knowing maybe my birthday was going to turn out all right after all. Getting stuck into my sums, my mind began drifting to Simone. Then the Monster interrupted my thoughts.

"I'm going to cricket now, boy. You make sure those sums are finished by the time I come back, you hear me?!"

"Yes, Dad."

*Playtime!* I waited restlessly for Mum to collect Simone, but I didn't have to wait too long. The first thing Simone said when she arrived was that she was staying over. I asked her nicely to do my sums because I didn't want to be picking up a hundred stones later on. When the sums were finished, we made our way out to the alley, with Rasta in tow.

We played most of the day, riding on bikes and talking about whatever came to mind. At the time I was intent on turning Simone from my imaginary girlfriend into my real girlfriend. All the same, we had a lot of fun, but it had to come to an end. *Or so I thought!*

Mum left for work shortly after the Monster got home. He was more concerned with checking my sums than anything else; with everything in order, he sent us to bed – Simone

in the spare room. Some time afterwards, I heard the Monster sneak out of the house – off on one of his missions, I guessed.

*I was about to go on one of my own!*

I thought about Simone, all alone in the room across the hallway. I yearned to go and lie down beside her and... God knows why I was so horny at such a young age. It must have been in my genes! I made a split-second decision and committed myself. I made my way to the spare room; the door was ajar so I walked in.

“Simone, are you sleeping?” I whispered.

“No, I’m still awake. Where’s your dad?”

“He left.”

“Where’s he gone?”

“I don’t know. Can I get in the bed with you?”

“Of course you can,” she replied innocently, oblivious of my intentions.

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*Now that I think about it, I’m not so sure she was so innocent after all; the older I get, the more I’m convinced women want it more than men do.*

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I slipped in beside her. And then it came out all wrong. I said, “Simone, can you play with my willy?”

“What?!” she replied.

“Nothing...”

“Did you say to play with your willy?”

“Yeah, but I didn’t mean...”

“I’ll do it, if you want me to.”

*Boing, boing, boingggggg!* It may have been small at the time, but it was still hard as a rock.

“All right then,” I said, half-shocked. I couldn’t believe my luck.

Without a word, Simone did her thing. It was the first time I was aware I had a beauty spot down there. When she was finished, she suggested we go all the way. Well, I wasn’t about to object!

I remember that sweet fruity feeling I felt as the Monster burst through the door with diabolical timing! He took off his belt and beat me there and then, until Simone begged him

to stop. But I remember thinking at the time, *The beating was totally worth the experience!*

When my mum got home the next morning, she didn't appear to be shocked in the slightest, although I know she must have been. She gave me a stiff talking to and that was that. As for the Monster, he made my life hell. He banned any kind of contact with Simone, and coincidentally, that same week Rasta ran away! I was devastated.

With hindsight, it was clear I was getting these behaviour patterns from him. I'm pretty sure the Monster had come in from getting his own little groove on. My mum told me later that she had known he was a womaniser when she met him. What had he expected me to be doing in there with Simone? Playing footsie? If anyone should have understood, it was him.

Thinking back, I can recall times when he used to drag me along to watch him play cricket. Hundreds of times, en route to the game in his green Capri, I'd watch him wind down his window and deliver his favourite chat-up line to random women: "Hey, woman! Do you want to come stretch your legs?" Although it wasn't the most delicate of approaches, even with his cave-man technique he did surprisingly well! He would leave me outside for what seemed hours on end, just sitting in the car watching people walk by, while he did his business. I hated him for leaving me there so long.

But I must admit, there was a part of me that admired him, the way he eventually got them eating out of his hand. I could notice the subtle changes in their body language. Sometimes I would sit there and repeat his words: "Hey, woman! Do you want to come stretch your legs?" The funny thing is, looking back I wasn't mimicking him; *I was practising!* When he came back to the car, he would always have a grin on his face, as if he had just caught the biggest fish in the sea. I remember, I used to think, don't they have a daughter or something for me?! I often wanted to talk to him about girls and women, but he just wasn't that kind of person. All in all, as much as I hated him, that womanising side had me intrigued.

Around this time I was developing a reputation as a bully. Just as the Monster made it clear to me who ruled in his home, my school was *my* home and I ruled there. Everyone went out of their way to ensure that I was happy, not because they wanted to, but because they knew I would protect them if any problems came their way.

You would think with all the bullying I got from the Monster at home that a bully would be the last thing I would be. But I don't think it works that way. The abused always kick downwards; I had to vent my anger somewhere, and boy was I angry. Although I couldn't see it at the time, my hating my father was really an underlying wish for us to have a normal father and son relationship – not a son and Monster one. The only place I could vent was at school, so I took my feelings out on the other pupils.

How did I do it? After a few fights, amazingly I noticed I had a lot of friends and I got a reputation for being someone who was not to be messed with. From that point on it was easy: just keep the fear instilled. I guess I'd had a good teacher! A few times the school summoned my parents; I'd be wobbling at the knees thinking about what the Monster would

do to me. It always ended the same way – ten lashes to each hand with the belt followed by serious book-work and no TV or play.

When I turned eleven, the Monster really turned up the torture and began doing crazy stuff. He would be sitting downstairs watching TV late at night, and I would be fast asleep in my bed so I would be fresh for school the next morning. He would start banging on the ceiling with a broomstick handle, shouting, “Hey, boy, come and get the remote!” When I came down, I’d find the remote right in front of him. Then he would say, “Now, go back to your bed, boy.” Then, when he would leave for work at five-thirty a.m., he would make sure I was out of bed and say something dumb like, “Get up, boy! Do you plan on spending your whole life asleep?” And woe betide me if he caught me watching TV when he came home – he would even feel the back of the TV to see whether it was warm.

*I hated him even more!*

It was time for me to start secondary school. My mum wanted me to go where all the brainboxes went – Lehman Guild. I passed the entrance exam but they refused to accept me because of my bad reports that detailed my bullying. Although I was accepted by my second choice, St Raymond Mixed, I had no idea how short my school career would be.

Amazingly, I managed to maintain good grades in most subjects, even though my first year consisted of playing football, establishing a bad-boy reputation, and girls telling me that other girls fancied me. At the time I thought their attraction was because I had power and I was the top sports boy – and to be honest, I’m sure it did play some part. The thing is, when I looked in the mirror, I didn’t see a good-looking boy: I just saw average. It wasn’t until later that I became aware that I’d been fairly blessed in the looks department.

By the time I was halfway through the second year, I was hanging around with pupils a few years older than me. One in particular turned out to be a lifelong friend: his name was Wayne Whiter, nicknamed *Stretch* because of his incredible height.

It was around this period the Monster found another torture method. If I happened to come home late, the door would be locked from the inside. On countless occasions I would have to sleep in the porch, to be woken up by the sound of the milkman placing the milk bottles. The first few times it happened, my mother had tried to open the door, but the Monster had done his nut. Now my hate for him turned up even more. (I still did not realise that my anger was more to do with the fact that I wanted him to be my dad and guide me.) But for the first time my attention also turned to my mother, and I felt negative. Many of those nights when I was squeezed into this box and freezing cold, I would lie there thinking about the two of them hugged up in bed. I felt abandoned, and that she was putting the Monster before me.

During my third year I was picked to play for Tottenham Hotspur Juniors’ team by my PE teacher, who happened to be a Tottenham scout. There was a lot of talk about how talented I was. Later on, I was also scouted by Arsenal, but I turned them down to stay with Tottenham. They would pick me up from my house every Thursday for the training sessions,

and weekends for the matches. But soon I started refusing to go to the training sessions: I believed I didn't have to train as I could see I was a cut above the rest of the players, and I only wanted to play in the matches. And sometimes the Monster wouldn't let me go either, preferring to take me to cricket with him. After some time, they sacked me, and the reason they gave me was – my attitude. I cursed the manager to his face and the Monster under my breath.

It was later on that same year that I got expelled from school for beating up a pupil. For two weeks I pretended to go to school, until the last day of term when I returned home to see the Monster waiting for me, cricket bat in hand.

“Where you coming from, boy?”

Straight away, I knew he had found out, but I lied all the same: “I'm coming from school.”

“So what's that letter I found under your bed?” He didn't wait for my answer. The cricket bat came swinging through the air and struck my shoulder over and over again. “Pack your things, and get the fuck out!” he blasted.

I wondered whether he knew what he was saying. *Didn't he realise I wanted out anyway? He was doing me a favour!* Him saying that to me was like a prison warden telling an inmate to go and pack his stuff and get out of jail! It was a no-brainer, as far as I was concerned.

When I was in my room packing my things, dreaming of the days of freedom ahead, my mum came in. “Where are you going? Have you got somewhere to go?”

“No, I...”

“Exactly! Your father's angry at the moment. He'll calm down by the morning. Just stay in your room until tomorrow.”

The next morning, the Monster woke me up with a bucket of water. “If you want to carry on living under my roof, you had better find a job.”

“Yes, Dad,” I replied. *Are you sick? I thought. Find a job! I'm only fourteen, for fuck's sake.*

Two weeks later, I sneaked an older girl into my bedroom for the night. The Monster burst into my room at around four a.m., catching us stark naked and completely in full swing. I stopped immediately and turned around; our eyes met. There was a long pause. He was resting his hand on top of the door, looking at me and then at her and then back to me. The look in his eyes said, *You piece of shit*. Suddenly, he dropped his arm. I braced myself; I thought he was about to attack me. But he didn't. To my surprise, he turned around and walked out. I heard him go back into his own bedroom and heard muffled cursing. I was in total shock; I thought he would have done his nut.

*He did - the next morning!* The minute the girl was gone, he flipped and threw me and all my stuff out. He was shouting at the top of his voice, "You think this is a *bloodclart* hotel? You good-for-nothing piece of shit..."

Mum was begging me not to go, and I started begging her to come with me. Well, you can guess what decision she made! I was really hurt, but I made my decision and stuck to it. There was no way I was staying. I was outta there.

## CHAPTER **2**

### FIRST NIGHT OUT WITH STRETCH AND THE CREW

The Monster had stomped his brutal foot on ten years of my young life, but now I was out, I planned to make up for it. I was nearly 15, but as everyone kept reminding me, I looked closer to 18. Perhaps it was the company I was keeping.

My mother made half-hearted attempts to get me to come home, but when she finally realised my mind was set, she said, "You don't even know what life is about. I feel sorry for you; you'll just have to learn the hard way."

*Feel sorry, indeed! It was me who felt sorry for her!* It wasn't me living with the Monster, and having to put up with his cave-man ways. Out of everyone, though, I felt most sorry for my younger brother Paul; I guess he was going to be next in line for the Monster's brutality.

*What a day!* I was excited and worried all at the same time. I picked my bags up off the driveway and made for the bus stop. I didn't even know where I was going. As I got to the bus stop, I threw down the two bin liners stuffed with my teenage belongings – some clothes, trainers, a cassette recorder and my music tapes. I decided I would go to my grandfather's, who had recently split from my grandmother and was living in South London in a two-bedroom flat. I knew he would be happy to have me stay. I had always been his favourite.

Then I checked my pocket and found I only had one measly fifty pence piece. *Shit, fifty p won't even get me halfway,* I thought. For a moment, I wondered whether I should go back home and apologise. *Yeah right!* I found a phone box, took out my phone book and dialled the number.

I said, "Hello, is Wayne there, please?"

"Yeah, it's me. Who's that?"

"Stretch, it's me, Jay..."

"What's happening?" he said.

"Guess what: my dad has just kicked me out, and I haven't got any money to get to my grandfather's."

"Listen, you can stay here if you want. I've got a spare room."

I weighed it up – Granddad's or Stretch's – and swiftly deciding I wanted fun! "What about your dad?"

"Ah, don't worry about him," he chuckled. "I run things in this house!"

"Well, if it's not too much bother..."

"Nah, it's cool! I'll get my dad to pick you up. Where are you?"

“The phone box on Pembury Road.”

“All right, we’ll be there soon.” And he hung up.

That was it. As I waited, I wondered whether I was doing the right thing. I just wasn’t sure.

Stretch turned up ten minutes later with his dad, Duncan. We did the introductions, and then Stretch helped me put my stuff in the boot of the car. When we set off, Duncan quizzed me on what had happened. I explained everything, only from my point of view, of course. While Stretch agreed with me, Duncan didn’t. He said, “I think you’re making a big mistake, leaving home...”

Stretch butted in. “Shut up! You don’t know what you’re talking about!” Stretch had no respect for his dad. I remember thinking, *You wouldn’t get away with that with my dad – he’d take your damn head off!*

Duncan muttered weakly, “Well, just make sure you call your mother as soon as you get to the house, and let her know where you are.”

“Yeah, I will,” I murmured quietly.

When we arrived, I called home. The Monster answered, and hung up. I dialled back, and this time my mother answered.

“Where are you?”

“I’m all right, Mum. I’m at Stretch’s house.”

“Jay, come back home, please! Your father’s sorry!”

She was lying – I could hear him in the background: “Sorry, my arse! He’s going to be a thief and a robber... He’s not living under my roof!”

“Mum, I can’t stand him and you know that. I’m going to Granddad’s tomorrow morning, okay?”

“Phone me when you get there... I love you.”

“I love you too, Mum,” I replied, and hung up, and thinking, *Love didn’t make you stick by me, your son.*

I wasn’t to know that by the next morning I would be fast asleep in some sprat’s bed.

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*As much as I don’t like to say this, my mother put the Monster before me, and it hurt like hell. I couldn’t really understand why. I loved her to bits, and rather than leave him she preferred to let me, her fourteen-year-old son, go. It didn’t make any sense at the time; it was very confusing, to say the least.*

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Back then, we called girls and women *sprats*. A sprat is a type of fish, and I guess we saw women as so many fishes – plenty of fish in the sea – ready for fishing!

Stretch showed me to the spare room and helped me to unpack a few things before taking me to his own room to catch up on some small talk. He told me that later on he and some of his crew were going to see some sprats, to have some fun and a laugh. *Sprats and a laugh!* That sounded great to me! Obviously, I talked him into taking me. I wasn't going to stay in and get lectured by his dad!

Stretch was older than me and in many ways I admired him: the way he controlled his father, the way he could go anywhere he wanted when he wanted, even the brands of clothes he wore.

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*It wasn't until years later that I worked out that it was the other way around - he admired me. I became aware he would always try to be like me. He had a blind spot. Trying to be like someone else never works! He never realised that my manner was a part of me, a part of my DNA, and no matter how much he tried to copy me it never rang true because he just wasn't me.*

*I was the type of person who could say something downright rude to a woman and get away with it. I said things in such an ambiguous, jokey way that women couldn't really tell whether I was serious or not. Whenever he tried, Stretch would end up in a full-blown argument. And he just wasn't as good-looking as me. We could say exactly the same thing to a woman, and she would see him as having an attitude problem and see me as just cute and cheeky: it really was that simple.*

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Later that night, Stretch introduced me to the Crew: Wesley, Sweeny, Karl, and David – all of them at least three years my senior. We all squeezed into Wesley's car and drove to an all-girls hostel in a part of town called Holloway. When we arrived I was led into a room packed with sprats smoking weed and drinking alcohol. This was all new to me, but it was a scene I knew I was very quickly going to grow to like.

As Stretch was introducing me to the sprats, I noticed a few of them were giving me *that look...* you know the one: that 'Damn, he's nice!' kind of look. I might have been young, but I was not stupid. In fact, I would even go as far as saying from a young age I had quite a high awareness. I spotted a lot of stuff that went over most people's heads. I had an ability to perceive and feel things a cut above the people around me. I became aware that I could pick up subtleties in women's body language, and detect patterns that enabled me to read them fairly well – no matter what they were communicating verbally. It was clear to me even then that bodies were a 24-hour broadcasting station. No matter what, I could 'hear' and 'see' what people were feeling. A body could be saying to me "You bore me" or "You intrigue me"

or “You’re not my type” or “I’m totally besotted by you!”. Although both men and women were emitting these signals, I only cared about the women, so that was all I tuned in to. This receptiveness enabled me to tweak how I handled women to get the outcomes I required. Of course I could make mistakes, but I was aware of them to some degree and could steer myself out of bad situations.

Now here’s the thing with the Crew: they didn’t appear to have anything *like* this awareness or intuition, apart from Stretch, who had some awareness. Some of the stupid things they would say and do would make me think, *Wow! How could he not have seen that?!*

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*I don’t know why I had this intuition so young – it just came naturally to me. However, through the years I have noticed it in many people, young and old. I found that they are usually kinesthetic people, and therefore hyper-aware of bodily motion. I do know this: awareness has a lot to do with paying attention! Do I believe it can be nurtured? Yes, I do. Do you have the discipline? Well, that’s entirely up to you!*

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At the time, I had no idea what awareness was, but I had it.

As far as I was concerned, my only close competition in the Crew was David. He had that caramel-baby-face-dimples thing going on. He was what many people would call a ‘sweet boy’. I thought he was weak, and he laughed (a laugh like a cartoon dog called Muttley, a strange wheeze of a laugh) too often – it used to annoy the hell out of me. I had the baby face and the dimples too, but I had a rough edge to me. Sprats would feel protected if any sticky situations arose. They knew I could hold my own. David was the wimpy type. So I guess I had the edge on him.

Back to the hostel. The Crew wasted no time pouring the drinks and wrapping some spliffs. One of the girls, Karen, offered me a strong drink and a spliff. I accepted the drink and rejected the spliff politely. As she poured me the drink, she asked, “Jay, how old are you?”

I didn’t want them to know my real age. “How old do you think I am?” I responded.

“Seventeen, eighteen?”

“Bang on – I’m eighteen,” I lied.

“Arrr... I think you’re so cute.”

I heard a few agree with her, particularly Louise, who said, “I think he’s more than cute!”

As time passed, the more the drink was blowing my head, the more I wanted action. I did my best to hold it together. If this was what Stretch called fun, just sitting around smoking and chatting rubbish, he must have come from a different planet to mine. As young as I was, even I could tell the sprats wanted a little more than conversation. I found it incredible that the

Crew had known these girls for some time and couldn't see that they wanted more than talk. The drink was starting to take over, so I weighed up which sprat would be the easiest target for me. I decided it was Louise: I guessed the comment she had made earlier was an invitation for me to chat her up.

"Louise, where's your room?" I said, slurring my words a little.

They all laughed.

"Why's that, cutie?" she replied.

"I want to talk to you in private."

"What about?"

"About the weather, what else?" I said with a grin on my face. Now she probably took that as a joke, but I was really being sarcastic and thinking, *Sh\*t! Why do sprats always play dumb?*

"Okay, big boy. I just hope your sun shines where it counts," she joked. This time, it was the girls who laughed.

"It definitely does..." I answered cockily.

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*My ego was getting ahead of itself already here. Later I was to learn that too much vanity and an unhealthily large ego are both major character flaws. They are traits that womanisers often show. Take heed, ladies - they should be a red light to warn you to keep away!*

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"Damn, he's in the fast lane!" I heard Sweeny mutter as Louise and I left the drug den.

I remember thinking, *It's you who's in the slow lane!* I was much younger than the other guys, but even I could see these sprats were hot and horny, and the type that always will!

Sweeny was one of those characters who complain about everything. The world was always against him, and he was constantly fighting thin air. He had a frame that looked as if it were chiselled out. I suspected that women just used him for sex, hoping he'd give it to them without talking. He only went for black girls; he believed that people should stay with their own kind. So I'm not sure what his exact purpose for being there that night was: all the sprats in the room were white. *More fool him!* I never really could get my head around why people have that racist thing going on. As far as I was concerned, I was colour-blind. *And I had no intention of reducing my market share!*

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*The way I looked at it even back then, anybody on earth who is racist is nothing short of ignorant. Why? I'll tell you why: it's obvious that as time goes by everybody is going to be mixed race eventually. It's a losing battle, whether the racists like it or not. They have lost even before they start. Why can't they see that?*

*I now draw the conclusion that many people don't question stuff. They follow the crowd like sheep rather than allowing themselves to be who they really are. I don't see anything wrong if someone's sexual preference is a certain colour or race, but to be racist is just plain old stupid.*

*And personally... anything goes!*

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Back to Louise. She led me to her room at the top of the building, a bottle of brandy in her hand. It was me who started the conversation, using formulas to make her think she knew me better than she really did. During the conversation, I started a play fight – just a little one. *Deliberately, of course!* Sometimes it worked, sometimes it didn't. This time it did.

I threw the pillow at her. Louise threw it back. I threw it back again. She threw it back at me again. I rushed her. She rushed me. I deliberately fell on top of her and put the pillow in her face. I let her spin me over and put the pillow in my face. I removed the pillow and kissed her. She kissed me back. Then POW! Before she realised what was going on, it was in there and I was giving it to the sprat.

Quite simple, really. Play-fighting with a sprat usually breaks the ice and gets things rolling, especially if you've both been drinking. That's not to say that she wasn't going to give it to me anyway – I just made it a lot easier for her to justify to herself why she was giving in so easily!

As soon as I had finished, my mind drifted back to my current situation. I thought about my parents and for a moment I felt all alone. I shook it off. *I'll fucking survive*, I concluded. Next I began to worry about how I was actually going to survive, it was niggling away at the back of mind and it really troubled me. I was fourteen years old, I couldn't work and even if I was old enough to I had no inkling about what I wanted to do. My thoughts jumped back and forth from thinking about work to the Monster's words ringing in my ears telling me how stupid I was; that I was a donkey; that I had two peanuts for brains; that I was good for nothing and I would be a robber and a thief. Every time I thought about something positive, his words always seem to overpower it and haunt me. Finally, there was the deep pain I felt at my mother not fighting or standing in my corner like I had done so many times for her.

I fell asleep begging for a solution. I was unaware that my solution to survival was around the corner, but not exactly how I would have necessarily planned it!

# CHAPTER **3**

## A WOMANISER IS BORN

Things were looking up. It gave me a great feeling to be able to do whatever I wanted whenever I wanted to do it.

But this new-found freedom didn't come without a fight. Fourteen-year-old boys don't usually drop out of school and disappear. Oh no. The authorities tracked me down and sent me to a unit where all the bad boys who have been kicked out of mainstream school go. I lasted two weeks before I got into a fight and was expelled. Then they tried to put me into a children's home, but I wasn't having any of it. And in those days I don't think laws existed that got parents of delinquent children into hot water for their kids not attending school, because I don't recall hearing about my parents ever being held to account. So the episodes of my life involving school and the Monster came to a premature close, and I stood on the brink of a sparkling new beginning.

And life just kept rolling out one excitement after another. First Stretch got me in with the Crew, then I got my own flat. Can you believe it? Fourteen years old and I had my own place. It came about like this: when my mother told my uncle the whole sorry tale, he offered me his empty flat, since he had moved in with his girlfriend. My mother initially thought the idea was ridiculous, but what could she do? Let me live on the streets? So arrangements were finalised and I moved in.

A few times my mum talked about me going back to school; when she did, I ignored her. The truth was, no other school was going to accept me. Even if they did, I had no intention of going back anyway – I mean, why on earth would I want to go back to school when I had just been freed from hell and everything was going so great?

I was raving every night with the Crew, and sleeping with more girls than I could possibly imagine. I boned three more of Louise's friends back at that hostel in Holloway. I had been right that night – they were the kind of sprats that always will! Now here's a prime example of what I mean with the Crew. They were still pondering whether or not to make their advances known or not. Now, looking through my eyes, I found that absurd!

I also met a sprat who was so besotted with me that she gave me anything I wanted. I remember the first time she gave me three gold bracelets and a chain. Although I cheekily orchestrated it, I knew it was above her awareness to see how I was taking advantage of her. I was still blown away by how easy it was. I could see the excitement on her face: she was as ecstatic about giving as I was receiving. It made sense for me to get as much from her as possible – if it made her happy too, I was doing her a favour, right?! When it happened, my worries for survival evaporated there and then.

It wasn't long after I got in with the Crew that I started to get this insane urge: I felt that I had to bone as many sprats as I possibly could. I know this doesn't sound cool, but it did at the time: I started writing down the sprats' names in a little black book, numbering them in order. I boned a few sprats so quick I didn't even catch their names. When I was referring to them in my book I wrote *Slapper from -, Number -!*

The more sprats I boned, the more their friends wanted to sleep with me: it was unbelievable. First of all, I started with the ones I was attracted to, but soon I was doing every sprat I met. Somehow I couldn't find it in myself to refuse them. The range was diverse: black, white, blonde, brunette, skinny, meaty, beautiful, big tits, fried eggs, long legs, short legs. I didn't see a reason why I should refuse any of them. At the time I would justify to myself, what idiot said faithfulness was good anyway? Maybe God was sitting up there on his throne thinking, *I never told anyone to be faithful... Why the hell do you think I made women so sexy in the first place?!* Regardless of right or wrong, I really did love pu\*sy, and I loved new pu\*sy even more. *Nothing like new P-U-\*-S-YYYY!* I was like a vacuum cleaner, picking up anything I could find, even the trash. I noticed that most sprats picked one man in the club and marked him: *'If I don't get him tonight, I don't want anyone'*. Unfortunately for those sprats, they kept choosing me!

And now I had this sprat giving me anything I wanted. How could a fourteen-year-old boy like me turn womaniser overnight and manage to find this magic sprat? I'll tell you.

It all began one wonderful night at a club in Essex we used to call the Pum-pum Market. It wasn't until the Crew took me there that my womanising really began in earnest. You can guess how the place got its nickname? If you don't know, pum-pum is a slang word for pu\*sy. The club was like a dream come true for someone like me. The very first time I went there I could feel the excitement flooding through my body as I walked in past the bouncers, who all looked like carbon copies of each other – Robocop! As I walked up the stairs, I instantly sensed that this place was going to bring me some good times. I could feel the sprats' eyes all over me as they passed me on the steps – I was new fish and I was good fish! When I walked through the double doors at the top, I paused briefly, taking in as much as I could. The atmosphere was buzzing. My attention was drawn towards the stage. It was packed with sprats dancing to Whitney Houston.

As I followed the Crew, I noticed there were sprats everywhere, at the bar, in corners, on the dance floor. The further I walked, the more I realised how big the club was, with big sweeping staircases that took you upstairs to the lounge and another bar. The dance floor was huge and heaving; it felt as if this were the only club in town. We went to the bar, ordered drinks and settled in a corner where I began to focus on a few females. I caught a whiff of cologne followed by a strong scent of weed, but lingering beneath these aromas, I could smell the real good stuff – *Pu\*sy!*

Within the first fifteen minutes there were two pretty sprats hovering around, and every two minutes they would pass our corner, smiling. Amongst the Crew a disagreement arose as to who it was they were actually smiling at, and who should approach them. Not surprisingly, everyone suspected that the smiles were directed at him, apart from Wesley who, I must be honest, looked like the back end of a bus (his nickname was Wugly, although no one had the balls to say it to his face).

Wugly was the oldest member of the Crew. He was dark-skinned and had a big head with a receding hairline, and his stomach was distended like an alcoholic's. I sussed him out early

on; he was the type of guy who knew he wasn't that good looking so he always attempted the 'back-door route' to get women. He would play the cry-on-my-shoulder card. You know the type: when women are feeling low, he says, "Come on, cry on Uncle Wesley's shoulder!" He waits until they are at their weakest point, and then he strikes. The next morning, the woman wakes up and has a heart attack when she sees him with a big fat grin on his face! He was definitely not a threat to me. I was a super-confident person who never ever saw anyone as a threat. I guess my confidence stemmed from my belief – which was rapidly building momentum – that I was untouchable, and as far as sprats were concerned, I was realising I was more fortunate than many. The more time passed and the more attention I received, the more my confidence was rising.

Eventually, Stretch and David swaggered over to the two pretty girls; their swift return made everyone laugh. I knew who they were really smiling at.

"Jay, they both said that you're *críss* [which means you're really good-looking] and that they were smiling with you," Stretch said when the laughter had died down. They couldn't believe they had chosen a young boy like me over themselves.

"He's a little face, man," said David, as if knowing what the others were thinking.

That's pretty much how it went all night... the sprats were all over me. I was almost as shocked as they were, although I never let it show.

Eventually, the club wound down. Back in the car, I emptied out all the phone numbers I had collected. I felt good! *Wouldn't you? Be honest?* It was dawning on me how many sprats thought I was handsome. Even the Crew started calling me *galíst*, which means womaniser. Pum-pum Market had become my second home – it felt so comfortable... so right!

The Crew talked about me all the way home. "Shiiiiiiiiit, you weren't playing with those sprats tonight, *gal-íst!*" Stretch said, and everyone agreed with him. By the time I got home, I felt like some kind of idol.

That night, just before I closed my eyes, I thought back to Pum-pum Market and all those sprats who were all over me. It wasn't as if I had sweet-talked them into going for me; they had gone for me strictly because of my looks, which I hadn't even known were so striking until then. *I'm going to bone all of them*, I thought as I drifted off to sleep.

I woke up early the next morning. The sun was bright. I decided I would give my flat a thorough clean before I planned what I would do for the day. I hated untidiness. So, picking up a rag, I started to dust the place down. *Shít*, I thought, *there's nothing here to dust!* My uncle had decorated the flat well, but there was no furniture. I had one armchair, a couple of stools and a cheap table. The bedroom had only a double bed, with no cupboards or wardrobes. All my clothes were piled neatly in the corner of the bedroom. The kitchen was great – it had everything I needed: neatly arranged cupboards all around, a washing machine and a dishwasher, all colour-coordinated in a creamy white. But the rest of the flat

definitely needed some additions. The only question was – where would I get furniture? I didn't work, so I had no money.

It wasn't until later that evening that the solution hit me straight in the face. After a long lie in the bath, I decided to go and check Stretch and Wugly, and suggest we invite some sprats down from the club. As I was leaving my flat I bumped into the old lady next door, Ms Carlton. She was a really nice lady but she always stopped me and kept me chatting for longer than I really wanted. She would tell me about her son over and over again. He used to do everything for her but he had committed suicide. I always waited until she ran out of breath, as the old lady was sweet in a funny sort of way. When she had finished I said my goodbyes and headed to Wugly's.

When I arrived, they were talking about going to the local park to play football. *Football indeed!* In my mind I just wanted to be with the sprats, and they were talking about playing football. I mean, I was an ace footballer, but when it came to sprats, football didn't stand a chance.

In the end, I convinced the boys that sprats were the best thing on the day's menu. Using Wugly's mobile, I phoned one of the club sprats.

"Hello, is Jennifer there, please?"

"Yes, it's Jennifer speaking. Who is this?"

"It's Jay."

"Hiya! I didn't think you'd call."

"Why's that?" I asked.

"I don't know; just didn't think you would."

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*Interpret this - what she really meant was, "I think you're out of my league so I didn't think you'd call me." I made a mental note that she had already put me on some kind of pedestal. I was learning my value, and fast. I was also learning to tap into sprats' vulnerabilities.*

*Ladies, here is the number one mistake many women make: putting the person on a pedestal as if the person has more value in life than themselves. Here is a tip: when you meet someone new and you really like them, act in the same way as you would if the person was someone you're not very fond of. Here's why: women and men value what they have to work for!*

*The reason most people never seem to be able to hold on to the one they really want and the one they don't want is always hanging on is simple. It has very little to do with the other person, but has everything to do with your behaviour towards that person! The first thing to do is stop putting him on a*

*pedestal and chasing him around, dropping everything for him, and always making yourself available. Do it back to front, ladies!*

*When you instantly show you like a womaniser, you have given him an early Christmas present: a good angle to manipulate your arse! (Sorry to be so blunt, but it's deliberate as my main focus is to make my words sink in.) But the minute you pull back (this is only for the early stages of dating), you make the womaniser less sure of himself and your feelings for him. And womanisers hate uncertainty.*

*What's funny, though, is that this can also bring womanisers to their knees if they are not aware of this human behaviour pattern. He may find himself falling in love and not know why. The reason is that every woman has always been predictable to him, but now she isn't (he has to work for it!!!). He's intrigued and eventually falls for her but doesn't know why!*

*Here is the golden rule: resist telling him he is your world and giving the impression it would be difficult to be without him. Men are great, but not the be all and end all. The key is to leave an element of doubt!*

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Back to the phone call.

“So what are you doing today?”

“I'm not doing anything today: it's my day off.”

“How about coming down to see me?”

“I don't mind, okay then!” She jumped at the invitation.

“My friends are asking, have you got any friends you can bring down with you?”

“I don't know. I don't know what they're doing. I tell you what – I'll call you back in ten minutes. Is this your number?”

I gave her the number and hung up.

She phoned back quickly, confirming she would be down with five of her friends. Well, of course that was fine with us! I phoned the rest of the Crew and told them to be at Wugly's for six. With everything for the evening settled, they persuaded me into a game of football.

Wugly, Stretch, David, Sweeny, and I were ready and waiting at six. I told them Jennifer was mine: the rest they could sort out between them. I wasn't to know there would be a stunner amongst Jennifer's friends.

Eventually, they arrived, an hour late. I answered the door and ushered them into Wugly's cramped front room. Jennifer introduced her friends: Tiffany, Lisa, Doreen, and Tasha. Once everyone was introduced, Wugly offered them a drink and a smoke, and they all

accepted, except for the stunner, Tiffany, who declined the smoke. *We have something in common*, I thought. Secretly, I hadn't been able to take my eyes off her since she arrived.

Soon the sprats were all settled and normal conversations started to flow until I started turning it into slack talk. I wasn't really one for beating around the bush; my confidence was growing by the day, by the hour.

I watched Tiffany intently. There was something different about her, the way she lifted her glass, the way she tilted her head at just the right angle, something sexier. She was just stunning: short brown hair and perfect features and striking eyes. She almost looked better than money. *I said almost!* Damn, why did I have to chat up Jennifer? Tiffany and I suited each other; somehow I knew I had to have her.

Stretch started firing questions at them, such as how many men they'd slept with. I listened intently to their answers, trying to detect who were the ones that always will. Tiffany was the only one who refused to answer. I tried to work out why she wouldn't answer. *Maybe she's slept with too many men and she's ashamed of it*, I thought. No, that couldn't be it, I decided. She looked too sweet and innocent.

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*I later learnt never to take someone on face value, whether they are pretty, or sweet, or innocent-looking: it's a character flaw to do that. It is quite difficult not to, as apparently we perceive people fifty-five per cent visually, but judging someone from the outside can be very deceiving.*

*I have also judged people negatively by their appearance and later found out they were absolute angels. It works both ways to trip you up.*

*The best thing to do is look for behaviour patterns before you make your call - they will eventually reveal to you who that person really is.*

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My attention was on Tiffany, but when I heard Jennifer say that she worked in a jewellery shop and that all the gold she was wearing she had stolen, my subconscious zoomed in and connected: gold + stolen + jewellery = furniture! But what about Tiffany? *I can't have them both*, I told myself. *Or can I?* Jennifer and all her gold would have to wait – Tiffany was the one I wanted now!

*As the years passed I learnt (incorrectly of course) that the one with the loot always gets first priority!*

By ten o'clock everyone was smashed either from the drink or the weed (or both) that Wugly was ensuring was circulating – another part of his back-door technique! I felt horny as hell. I was starting to notice that drink always made me feel that way. I wanted to get the ball rolling. By the looks of things, the Crew would have been happy to play tiddly-winks all night. So I suggested we play a game of truths. They were all up for a laugh. I only wanted

the answer to the one question on my mind. I waited for my turn to come around, listening patiently to all the sprats' answers. It was Tiffany's answer to David's question that nearly made me fall off my chair.

"Tiffany, how many men have you slept with?"

For the second time she refused to answer, but the Crew put pressure on her.

"I haven't," she said quietly, as if she were ashamed of it. At first I didn't believe it, but the rest of the sprats swore that she was telling the truth. *Jesus!* This just made me want her ten times more.

Eventually, it was my turn. I stalled and thought about the question I would ask. I was going to ask them who they fancied in the room. I decided they might lie and say they didn't fancy anyone in the room. So I reworded the question. I said, "If you had to go out with someone in this room, who would you choose?" I popped it to Tiffany first.

All the crew leaned forward: they were on full alert awaiting her response.

"None of you," she replied.

"You have to say one!" we all cried in unison.

Looking around, she locked eyes with me for a hundredth of a second too long. "If I had to, I suppose it would be Jay."

I smiled. From that moment, I knew I would have to have her.

I guessed that she had made her confession reluctantly, because everyone knew I was meant to be hooking up with Jennifer. Jennifer was next. She also picked me. But I was really surprised when all the other sprats picked me too. I was happy about it – don't get me wrong – but it also made me feel uncomfortable: I didn't want the Crew getting jealous. I had already picked up some jealousy vibes. Sweeny had made a comment to me once: "Mr Galist, the man who can do no wrong," followed by an insincere smile. Now, I can't speak for anybody else, but what I *heard* him really say was, "You think you're God's bloody gift to women!" I had to be careful.

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*Personally, I have never been jealous of anyone or anything (hard to believe, I know, but true nonetheless), but over the years I have had many people jealous of me. I have observed that the jealousy was always because I outshined them. But in a more detailed observation, I realised that people's jealousy stemmed from their lack of belief in themselves. The number one reason I have noticed that men fail to get their fair amount of chicks (which can also apply to women getting their fair amount of men) is first and foremost their inner dialogue with themselves, which leads secondly to their expectations.*

*Let me explain... All my life when I have approached or chatted up women my inner dialogue has been "I have her"; in other words, I don't doubt it. I really believe that I'm already spreading the bed sheets on the bed, so to speak!! So when I approach a woman, it's already a done deal. That kind of belief radiates out in my body language and the way I say and do things. So just because a man can't consciously see his doubt, he may be radiating it outwards and the subconscious mind of the other person may be picking it up. I talk as if I expect it. Even if I get rejected, my inner dialogue says, "You can't get every woman you meet. It's her loss. Silly woman." It's not a problem with me; it's a problem with them.*

*Everything you do and believe comes across: people pick it up subconsciously.*

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The girls fired the same question back at us, and all the Crew picked Tiffany except Stretch and me. He picked Tasha, and I remember thinking, smart move! I didn't pick anybody: I wasn't going to shoot myself in the foot. The sprats made a big fuss about me not answering but I held out, so that was the end of that. Now that I knew the script, it was time to read it out. "Listen everyone." All eyes turned to me. "Let's stop playing footsies. There's five men and five women, and I know we all want things to happen."

Stretch jumped up and, rubbing his hands together, announced, "For real, enough of this. Tasha, come out onto the balcony. I want to talk to you."

Now personally, Tasha wasn't to my taste – empty-headed, big-breasted, and easy. Stretch had a weakness for big breasts. Sometimes I thought he was slow, but he definitely wasn't stupid: if I had wanted a guaranteed bone, I would have gone for her because she was plastered and looked like she was up for anything.

At that point Lisa, Tiffany, Jennifer, and Doreen decided they wanted to go. I could see Tiffany's mind was made up but Jennifer was easier prey so I persuaded her to stay. When the three girls were leaving, I pulled Tiffany into the toilet.

"Tiffany, I really like you..."

"What are you talking about? I thought you liked Jennifer."

"I did, until I saw you. Can't you see? I haven't been able to take my eyes off you all night. Can I have your number?"

"I can't because... Jennifer."

"Listen, I want you, not Jennifer. Trust me..."

She gave me her number, and I tried to kiss her full on the lips but she didn't respond. She simply walked out.

Now, there was no point in the rest of the Crew sticking around, so Stretch and I hinted that they were getting in the way. They all left except for Wugly, who retired to his room, maybe to have a five-finger shuffle.

Stretch and Tasha took the sofa while Jennifer and I took the floor. I almost burst out laughing when I touched her breasts. *What the hell am I supposed to do with these?* I thought. They were like two fried eggs! But it wasn't until later that we got it on. In the middle of the night, when I guessed everybody else was sleeping, I woke her up. We crept into the kitchen and closed the door quietly. Stripping her naked, I laid her down on the floor, undid my zip and sprung on her. If I'm honest, I was no expert at this stage of my life, but she was like a corpse; it was ridiculous – no movement. As soon as I let my load out, I got up and went to the bathroom. I turned on the light, and as I was just about to wash my baton... *Blood!* I flipped and marched back to the kitchen. I saw Stretch wake up but I didn't stop.

"You was on your fucking period, wasn't you?" I shouted, turning on the light.

"I'm not on my period," she whispered.

I paced the kitchen. As I did so, I noticed blood on the floor. "What the fuck is that then?" I said, pointing to it and thinking, *You lying little piece...*

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*Yes, I know what you're thinking - here's the pot calling the kettle black! Another common trait I've observed in womanisers is double standards, so it's fine for me to lie, but the woman mustn't ever! And some men are just like that because of tradition.*

*How do you distinguish between the two? Look for other womanising patterns that help build the true personality picture.*

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"It's not my blood, Jay. It must be yours."

Stretch opened the door. "What's up, mate?"

I didn't answer; I was too vexed. I marched back to the bathroom.

After a closer examination I realised she was right; it was my blood. She had messed up my foreskin. Well, if she thought I was going to apologise, she had another thing coming. As far as I was concerned, it was her barbed-wire! If she had put some bloody movement into it, it would never have happened.

The next morning, before the sprats caught a cab home, Jennifer asked me to come to her house later. I wasn't thinking about the blood by now, I was thinking about the gold, so of course I said yes. I told her I would come, but I really planned to get back to her later than that. I had other plans for the little stunner Tiffany.

When they left, Stretch confessed to me that he had heard everything. He also told me he had boned Tasha and that he had got a bloody good polish in return. *Lucky him!*

From that day onwards I realised that the Pum-pum Market was the place to be, so I made it my duty to go there every day it opened, come rain or shine.

Jennifer fell for me so hard that I could get anything I wanted from her. She started stealing around five hundred pounds' worth of gold for me every week – sometimes it would be substantially more – and because I knew it made her happy, I continued taking it. At first she was giving me stuff to make me happy, and then it turned into her giving me stuff to hang on to me!

I comforted myself with the fact that she hadn't started to steal because of me: she had been stealing before she knew me; I had just upped the frequency. I have no idea why she had started stealing in the first place, and it was frankly of no concern to me at the time. How, why, or where from made no difference to me – I was only interested in the cash. *I couldn't see what a bad thing this was at the time, because I never questioned it!! With hindsight, the reality was that I was just after the cash.* If I was to guess why she had begun, I reckoned it had just been an easy opportunity for her that she grabbed, and that's probably how she always looked at it.

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*Now here's the thing with Jennifer. She was naïve – I'd classify her as a type of sprat I called Naïve Nadine, and there are a lot of them about. I would describe Naïve Nadines as inexperienced and lacking good judgement. (They are taken in by the loveable side that every womaniser has; it's a huge part of what blinds them!) They generally take everything you say as the gospel truth: "Mummy never lies, and Daddy never lies, so nobody lies."*

*Naïve Nadines come in all shapes and sizes, but they have one thing in common: when they have had enough experiences with womanisers, more often than not they metamorphose overnight into Cynical Sues, who hardly believe anything a man says. But even as Cynical Sues, there are still abrasive manoeuvres that get past their fortress!!! So keep reading.*

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As it happens, Jennifer wasn't bad looking; she just didn't do it for me personally. She had long blonde hair, and she was very slim – which for me means no arse and two fried eggs. Don't get me wrong, many men love women that way. One thing I did like about her was her stunning green eyes. *(And with hindsight, she was actually a beautiful person.)*

By now I was sleeping with her friend Tiffany, and many people she knew. Tiffany, to her credit, had been the hardest nut to crack. But it still wasn't a tremendous effort. It had been

clear that she liked me physically from the first time I met her, so I knew it was just about winning her over.

How did I do that? I deployed what I call the 'Me Too' technique. Whatever she liked, I made out I absolutely loved it too. Tiffany loved her dog, so guess what I did? "Me too." She loved her music. "Me too!" Then I tapped into aspects of her personality, things that she really liked about herself, and I used the Me Too in reverse. So I would say, "Do you know what I love about you the most, Tiffany?" and then I would tell her. I knew this would leave her with a (Me Too effect) proud feeling. In her case, she generally cared about people: people she knew and people she barely knew. She just cared about people's feelings, full stop. For me it was all about making her feel that I thought she was special and more comfortable with me and closer to me than she actually was. Slowly, I broke her down, and once I had her virginity it was all over.

Now, that wasn't what I did with every sprat; most of them didn't need that kind of effort. But eventually, my technique paid off and she was hooked. But unlike the rest of them, she had me coming back for more, over and over again. Don't ask me why – I couldn't quite work it out myself – (*maybe because I had to work for it?!*) I was just aware she had something special.

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*Even though Tiffany had something special that kept me coming back, she had some major blind spots. If she had used the rational side of her brain it would have said, "This guy can't be any good if he's trying it on with me as well as Jennifer!" Still, she went with me even though she knew I'd boned Jennifer the same night I'd asked for her number. The fact that Jennifer had stayed that night should have sent alarm bells ringing.*

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Everything was going so well. I had sprats chasing me around and I loved it. But then something happened with one of the Crew and I was out in the cold. As a result, they all stopped talking to me, apart from Stretch. My days with the Crew were over.

Suddenly, I was on the move again.

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