

a slater brothers companion

YOU'RE WELCOME,  
ASSHOLES

THE  
**MAN BIBLE**

A SURVIVAL GUIDE

NICO SLATER

NEW YORK TIMES USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

~~L.A. CASEY~~

# THE MAN BIBLE: A SURVIVAL GUIDE

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L.A. CASEY

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# THE MAN BIBLE: A SURVIVAL GUIDE

A SLATER BROTHERS COMPANION

*New York Times* bestselling author

L.A. Casey

## ALSO BY L.A. CASEY

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Alec

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Kane

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### **Standalone novels**

Frozen

Until Harry



*The Man Bible: A Survival Guide*  
*a Slater Brothers companion*  
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*To fellow men everywhere, you're not alone in your struggle to understand women. We need to rise up and stand together against the female gender. Together we're strong, apart ... they can smell our fear.*

## The Dawn Of ... The Man ... Bible

Do you know what you've got in your hands? A little piece of fucking treasure, that's what. I've taken initiative here and have turned my trusty Man Bible into an *actual* fucking survival guide, because the loot between these pages will lead to each of you having happy, stress free lives with your women. Also, I'm sick and tired of repeating shit to you assholes, so whenever you have a Man Bible question, pick this gem up, put your big boy pants on, and start reading.

This guide is small now, but we all know this could be one guide that has about fifty or so editions, because every time I learn something new about the mysterious beings that are women, I'm updating this shit for research purposes. Maybe one day I'll share this information with the rest of the men in the world, that's a lot of bros for me to help out, but for right now, you four bitches get the inside scoop about the opposite sex.

The only rule about The Man Bible, and it's the most important rule you'll ever hear so note this shit. Alec, I'm looking at you. No matter what situation you find yourself in, no matter if your woman tells you she'll suck your cock or let you fuck her ass, **you don't fucking talk about The Man Bible**. I can't stress this enough. It will end in an argument about how you need a survival guide to be with your woman in the first place. She will take **major** offence to its existence, to it being in your possession, and somehow it will result in her coming to the conclusion that you think she is fat and ugly. Your ass will be parked on the couch for an unknown amount of time if this occurs. Blowjobs and sex of any kind are non-existent during this period so do yourself a favor, and keep your trap **shut**. Alec, I'm again looking at you.

This is an official rule, it's in bold and also underlined, so you *have* to adhere to it. I've many other guidelines and suggestions for you to consider as well, but we'll get to that. Keep this book in a safe place, treat it like you're fourteen years old again, and it's your very first *Playboy* magazine. Treasure it, protect it, love it. Read, re-read then re-re-read this shit as often as you need to. Trust me, you won't regret it. Kick back, have your highlighter ready, and prepare to learn



some shit.

I present to you, The Man Bible: A Survival Guide ... you're fucking welcome.

## CHAPTER ONE

### IT'S NOT WHAT SHE SAYS ... IT'S HOW SHE SAYS IT

We've all found ourselves sitting alone after an argument from hell feeling utterly confused because you did exactly what your woman said you could do when you asked her permission for something ... only to find out that she is a little liar, and didn't mean a word of what she said. First things first, no matter what, the blame lies with the man. That's you. Trust me when I say you will *not* convince your woman otherwise and deep down you know this. If she told you that you could do something, but she didn't really mean it, then she has already decided that you're guilty for not seeing through her Oscar worthy lie. Nothing you say, or do, will change this fact. Accept that shit, and living with her will become a whole lot fucking easier.

Now. To save yourself from sitting alone for hours wondering what the fuck you did wrong when your woman gave you permission for something, only to go back on her word and become the spawn of Satan, I'm gonna break this shit down for you. This information will rid you of migraines, an empty belly (because she's not cooking for you when she's mad, not a chance in Hell) and sleeping on the couch. Like the title of this chapter says, it's not *what* she says, it's *how* she says it.

It's all about her tone, her body language, and abso-fucking-lutely nothing to

do with the words that leave her mouth.

Let's say she says that you can go out to the bar with your buddies, okay? Does she keep non-blinking eye contact with you when she speaks? Does she smile like she's just won the lottery? Does she tilt her head to the side at any point in the conversation? Does she encourage you to stay out later than you originally suggested? Does she seem obscenely happy when you mention that other females will be in breathing distance of you? Does she clap her hands together every time she says a word for no apparent reason? Does she tell you to 'go out, have fun'? If the answer to **any** of these questions is yes, then you need to sit your ass down, and re-evaluate your life and future choices because she doesn't mean a single fucking word of what she is saying to you. Not. One. Word.

**—She is daring you, not giving permission—**

If, at any point, you're reading this information and thinking 'bullshit, my girl is chill and wouldn't do this' then let me tell you something, my friend. You're fucking deluded. **Every** woman on planet Earth does this, and if you meet a woman that says she doesn't, then she is either flat out lying to you, or she hasn't fallen in love with her future husband, or wife, yet, thus isn't aware of the level of crazy that she is capable of reaching. That level isn't measurable, either. There is **no limit** to a woman's crazy.

Remember that, and you just might survive spending your life with one.

## CHAPTER TWO

### TRICK QUESTIONS ... THESE ARE ***LIFE OR DEATH*** SITUATIONS

Has your woman ever asked you what you *thought* was an innocent question, only for you to rapidly find out that it had fifty underlining meanings that you were absolutely ***not*** aware of? Yeah, those are trick questions, my friend. In the military, they are called the mine fields: undetectable, and life ending upon detonation. It's fucking scary, I'm not going to water it down for you. You will fear for your life. Answering a trick question is life threatening, but answering a trick question ***wrong***? Christ, your woman will give Lucifer a run for his money and happily take a fucking seat on Hell's throne. There is only one way around this.

**—Under *no* circumstances do you answer the fucking question—**

I don't care if it starts a whole other argument about you not listening to her, or refusing to engage in conversation, do ***not*** answer a trick question. It will always end badly for you. Always. Trick questions only have one purpose, to hurt men. That's it. Women ***think*** it's to get information out of you by being deceitful, but their genetics know how much pain trick questions cause our gender, so they do that shit for ***fun***. I don't even think they are fully aware of it, but they do it, and they do that shit ***well***.

When you get the curve ball that is a trick question, you need to be quick and

alert. Train your mind for this: practice fire round questioning when you have down time to prepare yourself. It will save you a headache in the future. Trust me. Once you practice, you can divert a possible life ending question with e.g. the weather, world events, the Kardashians, Cathy down the street who is *definitely* fucking her brother-in-law. You're to use anything and everything in your arsenal to avoid answering the question.

Changing the subject is ***always*** the safest bet.

Now. If there is ***no*** way for you to avert the conversation away from the question, or a way for you quite literally to run away without answering the fucking question, you will have to resort to risky business ... answering the question with another question. I do not, under any fucking circumstances advise this unless you have ***absolutely no choice***. The walls have to be closing in around you for you to even consider this because it ***won't*** be good. This is a red alert, man down, nine-fucking-one-one kind of situation. If there is ***one*** thing that women hate, it's men not answering their questions. If there is another thing women hate ***more*** than ***that***? It's men answering a question with another fucking question. Look, I honestly don't have any advice other than to change your name and leave the country if this occurs because you're finished at this point.

A woman with no answer to her question will become a hell hound, she will make up her own answers to the question, and come to her own final conclusions. You'll never have a single moments peace ***ever*** again. She will use this against you five years later when you forget to put the toilet seat down. Do yourself a favor and fucking ***think*** before you speak, you'll add years onto your life by doing so.

## CHAPTER THREE

### IF SHE LAUGHS DURING AN ARGUMENT ... ***RUN***

Man, I learned this the hard way on *multiple* occasions.

Laughter during an argument isn't your woman realizing that she's a silly Billy and everything you're arguing about is her fault. No, my friend, it's her not being able to believe that you had the audacity to challenge her when she has conjured up concrete proof in her mind that you are in the wrong. This is the moment a woman's crazy reaches its full peak. She contemplates a ***lot*** of dangerous things during this fleeting period of laughter. She wonders where she went wrong in training you to behave so animal like, and she asks God what did she do wrong in life to only attract assholes -- she means you.

**—Shut your fucking mouth and walk, or *run*, away from your impending death—**

Engaging in further conversation when your woman has laughed mid-argument is stupid. It's ***so*** fucking stupid that your genetics should detect the danger and be giving you warning signals to ***back the fuck off*** because it's never a good idea to poke an already infuriated bear. Have you ever known anyone to poke a damn bear and survive to tell the tale? ***Exactly***. You will fucking die, and you will die painfully ... or at the very least, you'll ***wish*** you were dead.

Apologizing is out of the window at this point, too. Once she has reached

that mid-argument laughter, it is the point of **no return**. Anything, and everything, you say will be held against you in the court of females. By the end of the evening, her mother will know what you've done, so will her sister, her friends ... her friend's fucking sister will be up to date on your fuck ups, too. You will be on multiple **shit**lists, and no man in his right mind will attempt to speak on your behalf because **he** isn't fucking stupid.

The only thing you can do is get out of her sight, and allow her time to cool down. Depending on the level of crazy she has reached, this could take three to five business days, but to expedite things along I advise you do **all** of the following:

- Clean the fucking house.
- Be more hands on with the kids, and pets.
- Do the laundry (and do it fucking correctly, she'll gut you alive if you mix colors).
- Cook the dinner (and clean up after yourself).
- Buy lots of chocolate, or other candy she likes, and leave it within sniffing distance of her.
- Have romance movies constantly on the TV, she might watch one of them and realize she still actually loves you.

And if all of this fails, the **only** thing I can think of is breaking down and crying like a newborn baby. I have witnessed this work before my very eyes thanks to Alec breaking down like a bitch in front of Keela (I told you I was putting that shit in here, bro). She was instantly confused and forgot that she was angry with him, and her instinct to comfort him took over. Use this chink in a woman's armor to its **full** potential.

I'm not saying this will work in your case, but fuck it, you were probably reaching the stage were you wanted to cry anyway, so in the words of that Disney princess whose hair reminds me of Damien, let it fucking **go**.



## CHAPTER FOUR

### THE SILENT ... BUT ***DEADLY*** ... TREATMENT

I know what you're thinking, because I've found myself thinking of it ***plenty*** of times. What the ***fuck*** did I do wrong in my past life to warrant the dreaded silent treatment? I've come to many conclusions, my friend, and none of them bode very well for us. I've either said something wrong, did something wrong, thought something wrong, was about to do something wrong, or I was breathing too loudly ... or most likely ***all*** of the above. Now, most men would think receiving the silent treatment from their woman is an awesome, peaceful, holy experience ... but I know better than most men.

This is a painful, mind numbing, heart wrenching, stomach churning time, because I ***know*** when the silent treatment ends, a raging storm will take its place, and I will likely be left fighting for my life. The silent treatment is where the term 'the calm before the storm' came from. I have no proof other than male intuition. Women use this time of silence to plot a man's downfall, they get creative about how they're going to get you back for whatever it was you did to piss them off in the first place. Everything is done in stealth mode during the period of silent treatment, and ***nothing*** is what it seems.

Did your lady smile at you for no apparent reason? She was probably imagining pushing you down the stairs. Did she laugh at something you said

when you weren't even ***trying*** to be funny? She was most likely visualizing you swinging from the ceiling fan by your legs. Did she give you a little shove with a combination of a laugh and a smile? She is ***definitely*** practicing for the moment she pushes you into oncoming traffic.

**—*Don't* engage in conversation ... now is *not* the time to be a chatty Cathy—**

The best thing you can do to weather the storm before it hits, is to man the fuck up and ***prepare***. Have a plan, memorize the plan and ***stick*** to that goddamn plan. Have lotion and tissues on standby because you're getting ***zero*** pussy until your woman decides otherwise. I'd advise you to take up yoga to improve your flexibility so you can spend a few nights on the couch without breaking your damn back. Have microwave meals stocked up in the freezer because your dinner is about to be burned to within an ***inch*** of its life every night for the foreseeable future. Pre-record ***all*** your favorite shows because unless your woman watches them with you, you aren't allowed to watch them.

The storm will be rough no matter how well you prepare for it, so my last piece of advice to service the silent treatment with your balls still attached to your body is this: Keep ***out*** of your woman's way whenever possible, and do not draw an unwanted attention. I've found that it is ***always*** good to constantly have one of your kids attached to your hip. Use that child as a ***human shield*** if you have to. Women are less likely to end you if you have their precious baby in your arms. It sounds harsh, but war always is.

We must sacrifice a few for the survival of many.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### IF SHE SAYS SHE'S NOT HUNGRY ... SHE'S **LYING**

This applies to **all** females, no matter what their age is. My daughter learned this skill before she could even talk. If you're snacking on something, your woman will be snacking on it too. Even if she says she's not hungry. In all honesty, if she actually says the words 'I'm not hungry' then the chance of her wanting some of your food **triples**. That is a cold blooded **fact**.

Don't get upset about it, don't even question it, just share your precious food and then regroup and prepare yourself for the next time ... because there will **always** be a next time. Women have **no** boundaries when it comes to their man's food, they don't have the respect to back the fuck off, but it's not their fault. It's in their genetics to want what we have.

**—Expect the unexpected ... because your woman expects you to share your food no matter what—**

After many, **many**, fuck ups over the years I've come to the conclusion that even if you get your lady a plate of her own, even if it's the **exact** same fucking food that's on your plate, she will still pick grub that is specifically yours simply because she can. I believe this comes from the mentality women have that 'what's ours is theirs, and what' theirs is their own'. In other words, they are greedy, hell dwelling bitches ... and they fucking **know** it.

Don't worry though because I've only gone and found us a motherfucking ***loophole***.

What's the secret you say? Easy, buy yourselves some big ass plates, stack it with food and share. Yup, it's as simple as ***that***. All your woman wants is to have something that's yours and for you to freely give it to her ***without*** complaint ... kind of like our souls when you think about it. They just want to feel like you love them enough to part with a chicken wing or ten. That is the God's honest truth of it. All you have to do is invest in new dishes and your life will become easier ***overnight***.

The trick to the big ass plate is to have your regular portion sizes times two so technically you're not losing out on consuming any grub. It's ***very*** likely that your woman won't be able to eat as much as you can, but just in case she surprises you and can tuck away as much as you can, have a pre-meal in ***secret*** so your stomach is ready just in case you don't get as much food as you expect to. It's all about preparation, my friend. Once you know how your enemy's mind works, you can predict their moves and counter ***before*** they even make them.

***However***, if you want to risk death and have your food, and snacks entirely to yourselves, eat ***before*** you go home. That is the ***only*** way around this whole fucking nightmare. I ***don't*** suggest having a hiding spot for food of your own within your house, women sniff that shit out and when that happens, you'll find yourself in a dangerous situation that even this guide can't get you out of.

## CHAPTER SIX

### THE ARRIVAL OF ... AUNT FLOW

This is a sticky subject—no pun intended.

The arrival of Aunt Flow is ***dreaded*** by some men, and ***feared*** by most. Women have it in their minds that ***they*** are the ones who go through hell because it's ***their*** bodies that are bleeding from the inside out, and guys, I'm here to tell you that is ***bullshit***. There is one thing that is worse than a woman having her period, and that is ***living*** with a woman who has her period. From a very young age, Ryder has taught us all to ***never*** speak to strangers, and each month I have to turn my back on that golden rule because I'm ***never*** sure which personality my wife will take on during the duration of Aunt Flow's visit.

**—Be *alert*, be *cautious* and for the love of God, *don't* be a dickhead—**

The Aunt Flow personalities are never ending, and ones that I know well are as follows:

***Lucifer with a stick up his ass***—this is a common personality, and even though it is the one that appears the most frequent, I ***still*** don't like it. It makes me feel bad about myself for not putting the toilet seat down.

***Eeyore being Eeyore***—this personality is a rough storm to weather. Tears are fucking ***constant***, and when you try to do something sweet to get rid of them,

**more** fucking appear. You just have to accept that anything and **everything** is depressing to your woman during this time, and the week will be **so** much easier.

***Is that my wife, or a hungry hippo?***—this personality is hard on my wallet, during this time my woman really enjoys getting take-out. Sometimes **twice** a day. **Never** question how much she eats during this time, it **will** be held against you at a later date otherwise.

***A vicious sex fiend***—Look, I'm **hardly** going to be the man that complains about my wife constantly wanting to ride me like a cowgirl, **but** I know how much she **hates** sex when she has her period. She feels extra gross, but when the vicious sex fiend makes an appearance, she seems to forget that and is only short of humping my leg on **sight**. This is where I have to make an executive decision to prevent an argument when this personality goes away. My choice? I suddenly come down with an illness that makes me feel like death. You have **no** idea how many Oscars I should have won by now.

These four are the most common personalities, and I've yet to make friends with **any** of them. I don't trust them, and I don't like them, I never have and I **never** will. Aunt Flow is no joke, and she is **not** to be fucked with. The bitch is unpredictable, even **if** it's a personality I've dealt with before. With each menstrual cycle, the personalities level up and become **more** powerful. Recently they have achieved boss status. The only thing I've found that helps in anyway is food, and wine. Have both stockpiled and ready for war because war is **certainly** what you're about to engage in.

Good luck, because you'll fucking need it.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### WHEN SHE'S MAD ... BUT NOT ***MAD*** MAD

Trust me when I say that there is a difference between a woman being mad, and her being ***mad*** mad.

When she is simply mad, she is sitting pretty in a realm of annoyance and frustration, but when she is ***mad*** mad, that realm switches up to her thinking murderous thoughts and forming plans to act on them. Your ***sole*** job during this period of time is to keep your lady from reaching the terrifying territory of ***mad*** mad. I don't give a flying fuck what you have to do to keep her from levelling up and Hulk smashing you into next year, you do it, and you do it with a ***big ass*** smile on your face--especially ***you***, Alec. You have to try harder than the rest of us because you're harder to live with. No shade, bro, just facts.

This is all easier said than done. Trust me, I ***know***, but God wouldn't have put us on this Earth if he didn't think we were up to the challenge ... unless he just wanted to see us suffer unnecessarily, that is. For my sanity's sake, I'm choosing to believe the former.

**—This is *not* the time for any fuck ups, be calm, collected and you just *might* survive—**

I've learned from past traumatic experiences that you ***don't*** want to ask what is wrong with your woman once you have confirmed she is mad, this will push



her to the ***mad*** mad stage instantly. We do not, under ***any*** circumstances, want that to happen. We want to ***defuse*** unwanted tension, and allow a veil of calm to fall upon the house. In order for this to happen, you ***have*** to be on your toes with plays, and back-up plays, secured within your arsenal. Plays that can be called upon at a moment's notice. If she says jump, you say how high? If she says up is down, then ***bitch***, up is now fucking down. Don't question anything she does, no matter how stupid and ridiculous you think it is.

One thing I've found that ***always*** transfers your woman's anger from you to someone else is to bring up a person you ***know*** that they hate. Just casually slide that shit into conversation as ***innocently*** as you possibly can. I like to focus on Keela's cousin Micah because I ***know*** Bronagh and her hate one another. I'll be cooking dinner or helping fold the laundry and randomly mention that I saw Micah in the street on my way home from work arguing with an elderly lady over a parking spot (a complete and utter white lie) and ***boom***, the topic of discussion is now about how much of a raging bitch Micah is, while ***I'm*** now chilling in the land of the free.

***You*** know your lady better than anyone so use what you know to distract her and use that shit ***against*** her. You're probably breaking a wedding vow somewhere along the line, but ***look***, she'll feel better after a good bitching session, and ***you*** won't be yelled at. All will be right in the world, and ***that*** is all that matters.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### SHE WANTS FOOD ... BUT CAN'T PICK WHAT FOOD

Jesus. Christ.

This chapter could be a whole book in itself because ***fuck***. I'll admit that the level of fury I reach because of this fucking ***bullshit*** about nowhere being good enough to eat because my woman 'isn't in the mood for it' is ***astounding***. More than a few times I've disregarded my ***own*** damn advice from previous chapters in this guide and engaged in pointless arguments with my wife because I simply couldn't keep my big mouth shut. I've suffered because of that, but it can never be helped. This topic is one that gets me heated ***instantly***. I'm here today to help you four learn from ***my*** mistakes.

—From the jump, ***don't*** give her the power to make this decision

---

I don't know about you guys, but my woman isn't the best at deciding on what food to eat when it's ***not*** coming from our freezer. She weighs out everything in her mind and mentally goes through them one by one, each option being swiped away like a bad *Tinder* match because she 'isn't in the mood for it'. It reaches a point where ***nothing*** sounds good, and she ***still*** doesn't know what the fuck she wants to eat. First of all, what you ***don't*** do is go ahead and get food ***you*** want because it will start a whole other argument about how you don't

care if she gets fed or not. This was the ***only*** time in my twenty-year relationship that I contemplated pushing my wife ***out*** of the car ***while*** I was driving.

It was a low point, and all because she is an indecisive ***demon***.

Have no fear, because I have come out the other side with knowledge for you four to cash in on. It's simple. It's actually ***so*** simple that I'm mad at myself for not realizing it sooner. ***Instead*** of asking your woman where she wants to eat, thus giving her the power to drive you fucking crazy, ***reword*** your question. Don't ask 'what do you want to eat for dinner? Instead, say, 'guess where I'm ***taking*** you for dinner? Whatever food joint she says first, pick ***that*** fucking place.

If she's in a mood and doesn't give a direct answer, give not-so-subtle hints by saying shit like 'it's your absolute ***favorite*** place to eat'. If she ***still*** doesn't get in then act sad and disappointed that she doesn't care enough that you're going out of your way for her.

The pity party works nine times out of ten, and you ***won't*** catch me judging you for it. You use ***whatever*** you possibly can to avoid an argument because as the saying goes ... happy wife, happy ***life***.

## CHAPTER NINE

### SAVE THE DATES ... LITERALLY

This seems like such a simple thing to be in the guide, I know, but it's here to help you. Everything has a time, a date, and a location, right? You know this, but what you really need to know is the date, time and location of every little special thing that has ever happened between you and your woman or you will be the worse person in history. This goes from your first kiss, first hook up to the first moment you held back her hair while she puked into a toilet. I know what you're thinking, what the *fuck* would I store that information away for? I'm here to tell you why: you'll get laid more often.

**—Know your relationship history ... don't let her get the jump on you—**

You'd be surprised how often random points in history can be suddenly brought to light, and how quickly you can find yourself faced with overwhelming odds that you're about to be in for the headache of a lifetime. Knowing certain dates for special moments will show your woman that you care enough to remember those points in your life. That awful headache? It can be prevented if only you remember shit. Women are attracted to shit like this, it's not rocket science. They will throw out random questions about these points in history to test you, to test your relationship, and if you're prepared, you'll

surprise her and **maybe** she will return the favor, and pleasantly surprise you with a blow job, or better yet, pussy.

If you want to take shit a step further, **you** can be the one to throw out the questions about your past. Test your woman on how well she knows you, and the relationship you both share. Trust me when I say she will **not** expect being interrogated since **she** is usually the one demanding answers to tricky questions. One of two things will happen in this situation, you'll either get a cute response and be reminded of how much you love your wife, or your lady will draw a complete blank to your question, and in order to save face with you, she'll initiate a sexual act to distract you. You will be **happily** distracted, and **she** will be none the wiser that you used her evil genius against her.

Everyone wins, **especially** you.

You're welcome.

## CHAPTER TEN

### DOUBLE MEANINGS ... THEY ARE **EVERYWHERE**

There are words, sentences, and even breathing patterns that women use that have a completely different meaning than what we as men are led to believe. It's a mind fuck, and I'm sure the four of you have been stumped more than once by these switch ups, but relax, I'm here to guide you with a glossary of words that I've decoded for your you to view at your leisure.

**Fine**—When a woman says this during an argument, she knows she is right and that you are very wrong. She is **not** fine, you are **not** fine, **nothing** is fine. Do *not* talk back when she says something is fine; wait until she is calm to mention that she might be wrong. Seven business days is a safe bet, double that if her eye twitched at any point when she spoke the word.

**Nothing**—By the might of God, when a woman says nothing is wrong, **something** is definitely fucking wrong. Prepare for battle, because she is suiting up for a war, and **you** will be her target.

**Whatever**—This is another way for ladies to say fuck you. Approach the conversation, and your woman, with **extreme** caution if she uses this word. You have a five to ten second window to respond with something that will stop the impending argument in its track. I advise offering to give her a massage, or to cook her food. Better yet, offer **both**.

**It's okay, don't worry about it**—You **do** worry about it. You worry a **lot** because she is thinking of a way to make you pay for whatever you did wrong. I think it's some sort of mind trick. They use this sentence as an illusion that things between you are okay, but when you least expect it, they strike like a viper and wound your soul.

**Go ahead**—you do **not** under **any** circumstances go ahead. What you need to do is retreat to a safe distance and observe the situation **very** carefully. She is daring you to do something, **not** giving you permission. If you're going to remember *any* of what I just said remember this--it might just save your life.

**I'll only be five minutes**—no, she will fucking **not**! Women measure time differently to men, it's a known fact. If she is getting ready to leave the house, five minutes is **never** five minutes. Five minutes **only** means five minutes when she warns you that's the amount of time you have left to play your Xbox. **Fact**. When your woman throws this sentence your way, times it by ten, and go about your business until she announces she's ready. It'll save you heartache in the long run, trust me.

**I just find it funny how**—you're fucked. If she says these words, you are **most definitely fucked**. This is not a spur of the moment sentence. No, this is a well thought out argument that she has most likely been preparing for some time, and was just biding her time **waiting** for you to fuck up before she hit you with an avalanche of pain. **Don't** look her in the eye when she says this, keep your head **low**, raise your arm and show her your palm as you submit to her. She's your alpha now, **accept it**.

**Seriously**—Backtrack, and **pause**. She is **not** asking for clarification on what you just said, she is **not** asking for you to repeat it, she is giving you a chance to take a step back, **rethink** what you just said, so you can respond with something that **isn't** fucking stupid.

**Maybe**—the answer is **no**. I don't care what you just asked, when she says this, the answer is no.

**Do you think she is pretty?**—If alarm bells aren't going off like a fucking **siren** in your head the moment these words leave her lips, then you're a **dumbass**. This is not a fucking drill, this is the real deal. Your woman wants



confirmation that you think she still looks good. What you ***need*** to do is tell her that ***she*** is pretty, beautiful and everything in between and you're ***not*** to even look at whoever it is that she is talking about. Not even a fucking glance. You'll get brownie points for this, ***trust me***.

**We need to talk**—no, ***she*** needs to talk, and ***you*** need to stop whatever shit you're doing and ***listen***. That's what she's not saying.

**Loud sigh**—This is not actually a word, but is a non-verbal 'fuck you' statement often misunderstood by men. Only a ***moron*** would push a woman after she's already released a loud sigh. I'd advise keeping your mouth ***shut*** at this point.

**Soft sigh**—she is content. ***Don't*** fuck that up.

**It's up to you**—wrong. ***So*** fucking wrong. ***Nothing*** is up to you, you do ***not*** make the decisions, ***she*** does. If she asks you this, she's testing you. Do ***not*** take the bait. Pretend to be asleep.

**Give me some space**—this can mean a few different things. If it's in bed, back up and let the woman breathe a little. If it's in an argument, you better get on your knees and start apologizing before shit gets ***real***.

**I forgive you**—she can live with whatever it was you did to piss her off in the first place, ***but*** it's likely that it will be held against you for the next decade or so.

**Do whatever you want**—it's time to make peace with Jesus because you'll likely be meeting him soon. If you do ***anything*** other than remain ***completely*** still and play dead when she tells you to do what you want, you're as good as dead for real.

**When you have a second**—get up off of your ass, and do whatever she wants you to do ***ASAP***. This is a sweet little sentence with a much harsher demand behind it. Don't argue, just smile and do as ordered. There is a one in ten chance that acting straight away ***may*** lead to a blow job. That's the word on the street, anyway.

**What did you just say?**—This is a warning shot. You have ***one*** chance to rephrase whatever it was that you just said, use this emergency life with ***extreme*** caution. In other words, ***don't*** fuck it up.

**Are you going to wear that?**—She hates whatever it is that you're wearing and wants you to change *immediately*.

**I'd love to see you try**—This is *not* a statement, it is a *genuine* offer. Your woman is giving you the *chance* to come up with an excuse for whatever dumb thing it was that you said you were going to do. Do *not* engage. Play it off as a harmless joke then stuff your mouth with food, and *pray*.

**I have a headache**—you're getting *no* pussy tonight.

**K**—Shit is about to go *down* if you don't apologize. One letter responses are a universal 'fuck you'.

**I didn't mean it, I was tired**—This is an apology wrapped in the form of an *excuse* for her crazy behavior. Accept it and move on.

**I love you**—I'm happy to report that this sentence means *exactly* what you think it does. Women don't throw around the L word lightly, if she tells you she loves you, then you're a lucky bastard because it's *true*.

Read the glossary, memorize the words, and stay safe out there, my brothers.

## THE RISE OF ... THE MAN ... BIBLE

If you've reached this point in the guide, then I applaud you ... unless you skim read. If you skim read like a little pussy on a measly guide no more than a few thousand words, then you deserve **whatever** pain comes your way when you disregard the advice given to you. As I mentioned in the introduction, I expect this guide to grow over the years as I learn new information about the wonderful beings that are women. There is no limit to this pool of knowledge, and I mean that. Things will only go from strength to strength from this point on. What I have in this guide right now **should** keep you alive and in a happy marriage, but **only** if you pay attention to what I'm saying.

Alec, I'm serious right now, **pay attention**.

It is **more** than possible to read this guide daily, but if you're too lazy to do that, then at least flick back to chapters you **know** will help you, or at the very least, memorize the glossary. The things in the glossary are hurdles we face **every damn day**. If you don't heed my warnings, then it's your funeral. I've done all I can at this point. If you **do** listen to the shit I have to say, then I'm happy to report that you will do well in life, and by that I mean you will **actually** live long enough to enjoy it **instead** of having your wife's foot lodged up your ass.

When I have new information for a new chapter, or a new term for the glossary, I will inform **each** of you in person, **then** I will update this eBook. As I stated at the beginning of this guide, this little gem is a secret between the **five** of us. **Nothing** will save me if Bronagh manages to get her hands on this. If she kills me because of *The Man Bible*, then I'm taking each of you assholes down

with me, and I fucking **mean** that.

Peace!

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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And just in case I ever decide to make this book public, I want to thank our readers. To every single one of you who have stuck with our series over the years, you're awesome. This is the ***last*** official addition to the Slater Brothers series and then it's a motherfucking ***wrap***. It took Creator four years and eight months to reach this point, and we never would have made it without you guys. I mean that literally because if no one bought our books, Creator would be stocking shelves somewhere right about now instead of writing every day.

Keep an eye out for our buddies series starting in 2019, the *Collins Brothers* series will have ***nothing*** on us, but they'll be decent enough books to read. If

attractive Irishmen are what you're into, that is. Personally, I'm ***more*** excited for the *Slater Legacy* series to start because you'll be reading my babies stories, as well as my horde of nephews. Me and the others will even pop up every now and again. Doesn't that just make life grand?

Again, thank you, and good night!

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

L.A. Casey is a *New York Times* and *USA Today* best-selling author who juggles her time between her mini-me and writing. She was born, raised and currently resides in Dublin, Ireland. She enjoys chatting with her readers, who love her humour and Irish accent as much as her books.

Casey's first book, *DOMINIC*, was independently published in 2014 and became an instant success on Amazon. She is both traditionally and independently published and is represented by Mark Gottlieb from Trident Media Group.

To read more about this author, visit her website at [www.lacaseyauthor.com](http://www.lacaseyauthor.com)

