

COOK TO BANG





The Lay Cook's Guide to Getting Laid

SPENCER WALKER



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This book is dedicated to all the girls I loved before.



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COOK TO BANG



1

Why Cook to Bang?

You may ask yourself, “Why *Cook to Bang*?”
I ask, “Why do anything else?”

The answer is basic survival. Humans must eat and procreate in order to perpetuate. If we do not, we will become the New Coke of evolution: a mistake doomed to extinction. Human history has proven that we are not just some cruel experiment performed by your respective deity. The reason? We effectively Cook and Bang.

Food and sex have been linked since the dawn of civilization. Cavemen once roasted saber-toothed tiger kebabs for their cave babes. This set the mood for Cro-Magnon copulation. Neanderthals knew the importance of cooking for their lovers. This has been lost on the modern dating population. Most of these First World suckers are willing to blow half their paycheck on a fancy dinner only to end up with a doggy bag and blue balls. Why?

Cooking to Bang doesn't require harvesting a kidney to pay for the dinner bill. You can avoid the awkward invitation inside after a date. And going the extra mile yields decadent dividends. Culinary skills are as essential to the art of seduction as a brush and easel are for painting. Be the Picasso in the

pantry, Van Gogh up the grill, and shake your Monet maker. *Cook to Bang* offers simple, effective methods for enjoying the two greatest pleasures: food and sex.

Anyone can cook an amazing meal and bring out their date's inner slut. The only way for the human race to continue is to *eat* and *bang*. So do your part. Learn how to wine, dine, and sixty-nine your dream date with minimal harm to your credit card or self-esteem. *Cook to Bang* is based on three simple principles:

1. CHEAPER THAN A RESTAURANT
2. THEY'RE ALREADY IN YOUR HOME
3. YOU'RE DESSERT

CHEAPER THAN A RESTAURANT

This should be obvious to anyone who has taken a date to Chez Douchebag and part of their soul died when the check arrived. You put your financial stability on the line for a piece of strange. Perhaps you got laid six ways from Sunday. You may be walking bowlegged or threw your back out attempting some feat reserved for Cirque du Soleil. But I wager that you more likely ended up with a kiss on the cheek and, if you are lucky, the privilege to bankroll future platonic adventures. So just as an experiment, take a few steps back and imagine how the condition of your bank account and libido would fair cooking at home. Worst-case scenario: you would yield the same result for less cash. Do it right and you can skip the three-dates-before-banging rule. Regardless, it is the right move considering the current economy is more flaccid than a eunuch stuffing dollar bills in Rosie O'Donnell's G-string.

THEY'RE ALREADY IN YOUR HOME

The only thing more awkward than a first kiss is a prostate exam. (A doctor fingering a man's exit-only may feel odd, but at least there is a health benefit.) Your mental health will suffer should you be rejected or worse, not try at all. A word to the wise: it is better to regret something you have done than regret something you haven't. First kisses are nearly impossible to execute in the wrong setting: a restaurant, your date's parents' house, a purity ball. But your home is your private domain, your dungeon of decadence. The best part is there is no awkward invitation inside when you host a date in your pad. Asking them in after a regular date is a loaded question that puts your ego on the chopping block again. Why risk it? You can make your move in the privacy of your own comfort zone without Peeping Toms whacking it or prudish cops writing you a ticket for public indecency. You can be as indecent as your perverted mind can muster behind closed doors.



YOU'RE DESSERT

I imagine this should speak for itself. But for those who fail to grasp the concept of innuendo, pay attention. I'm using dessert to hint at sexual intercourse. That is when a man and woman, or two men, or two women (I'll get the popcorn), or any

combination thereof lay together and share a grown-up hug. This usually comes at the end of the meal. After your date and you have finished your impressive meal, you move on to something sweet . . . your hot body covered in something sweeter. More on this later in chapter 12, *Advanced CTB: Culinarylingus*.

Simple, right? Just be your charming self, cook like a champ, and you will be banging. Your task is to find that special someone you plan to seduce. This book isn't a guide how to pick up that girl or boy of your dreams. There are plenty of books on the art of pickup. If you were clever enough to buy this book, you are clever enough to set up a simple dinner date. Perhaps it's an art chick you met at a gallery opening, a club slut at a techno dance party, or a redneck at a NASCAR rally. There is a key to unlock, or more accurately, unzip any door. Some of these doors bust wide open with nothing more than a compliment. Others take some finessing and caressing. Get their phone number and plan like a general in the final battle of a war. It is vital to understand your chosen conquest and how you can exploit them for your own perverted gains. I believe in you.

Curious how *Cook to Bang* came to exist? *Cook to Bang's* genesis came out of anthropological observations of the modern dating population. The clear pattern observed was poor execution of a tried-and-true plan: wine and dine. Simple enough, right? Apparently not. There is a clear disconnect for chumps who assume legs will open wider than a porn star's if they spend X amount of dollars on a meal. I have fielded countless phone calls from sexually frustrated friends heading home before 10 P.M. from dates they thought were slam-dunk sex-

capades. They'll say, "I thought she was up for it. You'd think I'd at least get a hummer. That sushi dinner cost a hundred bucks!" Newsflash, suckers: there is no ratio for amount of money spent to sexual activity unless you hire a hooker. Chances are it would be cheaper and at least you would get your rocks off. The only problem is you risk incarceration, disease, and possibly ending up on next week's episode of *To Catch a Predator*.

So what's the solution? Cook to Bang, my friends. This is something I learned in college. I was a horny young man in my sexual prime without a cast-iron pot to piss in. What I needed was a hook to make me stand out from the frat-tastic douchebags with their steroid enhanced muscles sporting Celtic knot tattoos and wearing backward baseball caps. I was a scrawny hippie with a weed habit that made Cheech and Chong look like lightweights. I also had a knack for thinking outside the box, which had landed me in detention in high school, but I knew was one of my true assets. I needed a cure stat for the blue balls I sported my entire first semester in college. Yes, you read that right. I did not bang or even kiss a girl my entire first semester of college. Pathetic, right? I agree. Instead of crying into my keg cup, I did something about it. The hook I found that made me stand out from the Chads, Daves, and Mikes of Eta Pi was to cook for the ladies.

The infancy of the Cook to Bang philosophy began in my dorm kitchen next to the laundry machines. Privacy was not an option back then for my little culinary study-break dates. But something unexpected and grand came about from my public ceremonies: my reputation for being a culinary wizard exploded. There weren't enough nights in a week to accommodate the demand for my services. I graduated from zero to hero by the end of my decadent second semester.

The only proper way to follow it up was to take Cook to Bang campus wide in my sophomore year. Enter the Culinary Arts Club cofounded by yours truly. We talked the school into bank-rolling our events, and more important, our food. Our club hosted a multitude of events, including Rock and Sushi Roll parties and an epic pie bake-off with over two hundred pies entered. My partner in crime was a stunning girl with a knack for baking and a body that wouldn't quit. I would love to say that we banged like spider monkeys after every meeting, but I would be lying. I was the idea man, but she was organized and kept the club running smoothly. At the time I thought she was out of my league; forgive me, fellow cook-to-bangers. I was still a novice. But don't feel *too* bad for me—I bagged plenty of club members and event attendees. The ratio for our club was 10–1, girls to guys. I exploited the odds like Rain Man in Vegas.

This love for food evolved into me working as a chef at night and on weekends. I thought becoming a professional chef was an ideal career path. My dream, for a nanosecond, was to become the next Wolfgang Puck. That fantasy soon evaporated among the steam of the ten-thousandth dish I washed for six dollars an hour. The real rub was that I was always working during prime-time tail-chasing hours. So I preserved my love for cooking and quit. I am grateful for the knowledge I picked up working in a professional kitchen. Making tons of food for too many people without enough time prepares you for anything. Now cooking for dates is elementary, which frees up brainpower to focus on banging.

There was a time, dear reader, when I forgot about my own foolproof method. I escaped a toxic five-year relationship only to find that I had forgotten how to be single. Most of my twen-

ties had been squandered and I was determined to savor the breadcrumbs of my youth. But like a chump, I reverted to the old date-at-restaurant-I-can't-afford routine. The only thing I scored was the bill, while my date ran off to a booty text. Amateur dating hour was getting tired. So when I picked up a wannabe actress at a Halloween party dressed like a slutty mime, I returned to my roots and invited her over for dinner. She was impressed with the orangasmic catfish that I learned to cook while on a vacation in the Mexican Riviera. This dish sent this girl's hands down my pants before I could serve the dessert. We banged all weekend, only stopping to eat.

Lying in bed, my fluids drained, my self-esteem soaring, cash still intact in my wallet, I coined the phrase "cook to bang." This simple, effective gospel had to be spread. Einstein had the theory of relativity, Newton the laws of physics, and I have Cook to Bang.

I started cooktobang.com to help my fellow man get nookie with deceptively simple recipes and methods. What began as a fun creative outlet, became its own monster. CTB readers vouched that this shit works:

"The perfect breakthrough for the 'Let's just be friends' talk."

"My girlfriend was so impressed she told her parents about it!"

"Thanks so much for your savory suggestions. Cook to Bang works for girls, too."

"It was the easiest time I'd ever had visiting down under."

"Adaptable to any orientation it seems, CTB is a gay man's culinary paradise."

I tapped into something vital, and I owed it to myself—to the world—to share the lessons I learned. The book you hold in your hands is the product of my labor—I hope it brings you

as many laughs, gasps, and screaming orgasms as I have enjoyed.

During the course of the book, *Cook to Bang* will take you through the history of cooking and banging. You will learn how to determine and execute your culinary seduction goals. Planning a meal for maximum effect and minimal cost will become second nature. We will discuss various types in the dating pool and how to lure them into bed. You will know your shit when it comes to cooking with aphrodisiacs and what drinks pair best with them. *Cook to Bang* will arm you with tips for setting the mood, building chemistry, and transitioning from cooking to banging. Should your best-laid plans suffer from Murphy's Law, *Cook to Bang* has you covered. I hope you have an appetite, because *Cook to Bang* is about to satisfy all of your senses!