

A photograph of a woman's legs from the knees down, wearing red lace underwear. Her hands are visible, one near the top of the lace and another near the bottom. The scene is set on a bed with white sheets, and several white and pink plumeria flowers are scattered around. A black rectangular box is overlaid in the center, containing the title and author's name in white serif font.

LIFE OF A
SUGARDADDY

BY LARS REX MUNDI

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Acknowledgement

The Author wishes to recognize and thank the following friends:

Martin Krogh-Poulsen, Thomas Ulrich, Kåre Fog, Anders Hav
Kidmose, Allan Windekilde, Henrik Gad, Torben Knudsen
from

Dark Rose, Karina Hansen from Valby, Lars Munk Sørensen,
Flemming R.P. Rasch, Joachim Rundgren, Andreas J. Søre,
Lennart

Kiil, Joan Løfgren, Christan Kaad, Tina Stage and Jens from
Books on Demand and Ida Månson.

None of these people have anything to do with the
sugardating scene.

Prologue: I got an offer I could not refuse!

If you had asked me some years ago if I would have done these things that have been a part of my life, I would have jumped at the chance. Life is not something you can limit; you can't predict how things will evolve, in what direction it will go or what will happen. When we take some chances, often some things happen that we just have not predicted, and that is what is so beautiful about life.

I know there is nothing that is easy in life and that is often the reason for limiting ourselves. Often, the main destructive force that holds us back is our own thoughts (which are the worst opponent you can meet.) For, once it holds you back, it might then kill your hopes. As I said, I have done many different things in my life. I have worked as a stripper, a bartender at a cocktail bar, I have even written columns, despite being dyslexic, I have often found ways to move forward and always try to see which option would be in proportion to the challenges I have faced. When others talk about the things they have done, it always sounds so incredibly easy, but reality is very often harder. Actually, you must be willing to make sacrifices to reach the goals you have set.

As I often remind myself, remember to take the opportunity that lies ahead of you. You may not know where you are going, but remember that life is a journey. You are the main part of the adventure in your own life. We often limit ourselves through the thoughts and perceptions we have of the world. And from this I've had so many experiences. I will just mention some of them here and hope to inspire you to change your life. To go out and live life to

the maximum and enrich it with whatever experiences it might hold. You owe it to yourself to take the opportunity. Remember, you must live with yourself for the rest of your life. You have to live your dreams. You owe yourself this.

When I started my journey in this universe that sugar dating was part of, it was an offer I could not refuse. Welcome to this part of my journey in this universe.

My life as a sugardaddy!

Chapter 1: My life before sugardating!

In the early summer of 2004, I had just become single again and I had to start a new life. I had been in a relationship for 8 years and 6 months. There had been events that changed everything in my life.

I had experienced a girlfriend being unfaithful: she claimed I had done the same with one of my friends over a longer period of time. The state of mind I now stood in would prove to be an advantage, even though I could not see it at the time. I had been hurt and tried to move forward in my life, even though it was difficult.

I found that the friends I'd had, turned their backs on me and I stood alone in the world. My former girlfriend had spread a lot of rumors, and they chose to believe them. I think it was hard because I did not get the opportunity to give my side of the story. I'd had enough. That hit me the hardest. It was perhaps more because people chose to believe what my former girlfriend said, and did not ask themselves any questions. They could have asked me their questions so they could have gotten the whole story, viewed from both sides.

It is probably this part of my life that caused me to want to explore things, instead of just believing what I was told. This was probably what got me to be a part of this universe around sugardating and tackling the myths surrounding this universe. I had to find me a completely new circle of people I could hang out with and make a new start. It was here I had an advantage, because it has never been difficult for me to adapt myself and take in new opportunities.

I was invited into a club. A gentleman's club, where we met in private every Wednesday, and sat enjoying ourselves. We talked about everything between heaven and earth and the problems that might have been associated with everyone's walk of life.

They also tried to mix a water pipe (Hookah) during our conversation. It was quite common, but I said no to the drugs as I do not use them. I just had beer. Just plain beer and nothing special about it, but it tasted extremely well when it was just above ice-cold. There were a lot of good moments in these people's company, and I'm pretty grateful that I have this memory and that they treated me so well. My point of view revolved around my complete break with my old network and with my former girlfriend.

We were facing a lot of different ideas and thoughts, and some of them began to slowly take form inside my mind. I thought about what I wanted in life, having just turned 30 years old, and now the world was open to me once again. It was the thought that life was an adventure and I was the creator of my own life and what it should contain.

It was incredibly rewarding to turn various ideas over in my mind, since this group talked about many different topics. We often talked about doing things we wondered about but couldn't do because, whatever it may be, there was always an obstruction. It was enough to raise the question that came to my mind: "What if you wanted something else? What would be the excuse not to do it? If there were obstacle, how would you be able to get over it and reach the finish?"

Too often, people were left stuck in their own view of how to deal with the size of their problem. I was stuck in my life at that point, but slowly new ideas were brewing in my mind. I had a hidden fantasy that I wanted to live out but I was afraid to do it, for what would be happening led to a lot of scary scenarios in my mind. I wanted to explore clubs for swingers, but I really lacked the courage to do so. I could

not see how I would get there, but I knew my desire to go there was strong.

The thought still grew and I could not leave it; I had to try to see what I could do to make it a reality. Some time passed before an opportunity beckoned, and I took that possibility. There was one person in the group who was single, and we often talked about doing something about meeting women.

It was a great stroke of luck for me that my friend, the painter, soon had his birthday and I used the fact that it was my turn to follow up on our ideas. I asked him whether he could imagine trying to visit a swinger club, but he began to back away from going because he said he had no money.

Then I mentioned that I would give it as a birthday gift, and then he was ready to get the experience of a lifetime. We were pretty nervous about mentioning it to the others in the group, so we asked the team to keep it a secret, and 14 days later we were headed for a swingers club in Skive in Northern Jutland. I had called a few days in advance to sign us up for this event and to learn more about it. Yes, we were both nervous and didn't entirely know what it was we had thrown ourselves into, and all that it would involve. There were many wild fantasies about this event, what it would entail and what kind of people we would meet in such a place.

We were nervous at first but we were still in good spirits, curious to find out if it would be a good or bad experience. After a few hours, we arrived at the place feeling so excited. A disused old farm was the site for this swinger club. My friend, the painter, and I were ready to see what this was. It was an experience I will not forget: it was like coming into a lust-filled cave.

I remember there were many different people sitting around, probably mostly men, but there were also some foxy women, who sat and talked with each other. The couple who led this club came and welcomed us. We talked a little

and then we were ready to explore. I mentioned to the owners about my friend's birthday and that it was actually his birthday gift. The owner smiled at me and said:

“I believe that my wife can take him here...” and, with that, she took his hand and entered into the cave of lust. I stood there and looked at it, while she made love with my friend. He enjoyed the gift she gave him and he came to a sensual heaven. Soon after, women came over to me and asked if I should not be a part of this universe. Yes. I was spoiled and responded the same way to a young woman who was about 25 years old.

As all partners had finished making love, we came back to the table and talked about everything under the sun. When we had talked a little, the man's wife came over to me and asked if I wanted to experience the same things as my friend and I accepted. It had been a wild night in every way. On the way home, we talked about our experience and were laughing at the whole experience.

Over the next days, we did not talk so much about the experiences we had gained for ourselves, but we could not help to smile over all these scenes we had been part of. At a festive occasion, word got out emerged that the gift I had given to Mr. Paint was a trip to a swinger club. After that, I got the name of Mr. Swing King. Since a Danish band, Gangs, had recorded a song called “Mr. Swing King”, there was some teasing, but it was all done in a loving spirit.

Mr. Painter loved the big birthday party. With all the guests and a great atmosphere, there was nothing missing at this party. I was at the party and got to enjoy myself with a lot of nice people until 3 am, and then I went home. I started to talk with Mr. Painter and we started talking more about the experience.

One of my other friends contacted me and wanted to know if I would like to take a summer vacation on an island called Skarø. It was on that occasion that my long hair was cut off, and I got short hair again. It was a vacation of pure

fun and many good experiences. I still have the CD with pictures that I took on this trip and, even if I lost contact with the people, it was still something I look back on with many good memories.

When I came back, the people I hung out with could not help but mention they had talked about it and they would have given me a lot of money to experience the same things. It did not take long before I got a new idea and, this time, I wanted to try out something new that would show me some new sides of human nature. I was considering a new career as a stripper; I had not had much experience at this point, but I contacted the best-known stripping company, Scandinavian Show Center, and wanted to know if they could use me.

To my great surprise, their response was very short; that I just had to send some pictures. It was a wild experience and I could hardly believe my ears when they said it. I took some pictures, ordinary, nothing special and actually, they were so normal that they could get used as profile pictures on Facebook. After the pictures were taken, I put them on a CD and sent them to the strip company.

Then came the answer that they could use me as a stripper, but it had not been without a few problems before I had come so far. First, I forgot to put my phone number in the letter so they could get hold of me. What the company had done was to send me a post card. I grew up in a religious home, and my mother is a devoted believer, so it made for some funny moments when I got an offer I could not refuse!

The post card arrived and I got it when I got home from the gentlemen's club. My mother was standing in the doorway, waiting for me with a righteous fury. She stood with the post card in her hand, demanding what this was and what it was for. Why would something like this be sent to our lovely home?

I totally blushed and did not really know what to say, but told her I was about to hold a birthday party for someone and that we should use a stripper. Somehow I could understand my mother did not completely believe me: on the front, there were four naked women and the owner of the company, a man named Preben. I had to strip for his company, and on the back of his card it said, "call me".

Shortly after the conversation with Preben, he had given the green light for me to start. He told that there was a big erotic fair in Germany, where he would want me to join and show them what I was capable of doing. I had only 14 days to prepare for my first public strip appearance in Flensburg.

I had been told that I should mention to the guards that I was going to meet Preben. We met shortly after I had arrived at the place; we chatted for a little while, and he told me that I should act on the big main stage.

It was a little crazy to be thrown into deep water and I was going to find out if I was able to put on a show worth watching. Some hours later, I was on the stage doing my first strip show.

The DJ was really nice and I told him just before I went on, that it was my first time performing my very first strip show. The people behind the stage all gave positive feedback for my show.

It was a wild experience and I was high in a different way than I ever had been before in my life. I walked around the erotic fair most of the day before my first strip show and got to meet with the people who were part of it. I got some contacts with different people in this environment, including an older lady, Sofia, who mentioned that I could always come and stay with her if I was around Copenhagen.

Later that night, I got into conversation with a female stripper, who was so kind and let me stay with her at the hotel where she was to spend the night. The agreement was we should not do anything, just sleep and that was the way it happened. I think the whole thing was crazy and felt so

alive, with this whole new world. I was sold and could not help but go all the way.

I had just come home and begun life again, when I got a message from Preben that soon Denmark's strip championship would take place. It was to be held at the end of November 2004. In preparation, I went to a sunbed lounge and shaved myself, so I would be smooth all over. I worked out more than I had done previously and prepared a show, starting with a Kung Fu strip show.

In the days leading up to this pretty wild championship, I could not think of any other time where I had been so far away from my comfort zone. I came to Copenhagen and there was so much excitement going on in my entire body.

I arrived at the place, which was a heavy metal bar called The Rock. That name actually became my stripper name. Since it was my artist name, it was funny to perform at a heavy metal bar. When I arrived, I told the guards who I was and they showed me my dressing room.

There were already some other strippers there and we got on well when I mentioned that I was new to this. I was lucky enough to meet Mr. Pink, who was an incredibly good stripper, and he mentioned that he had his own business so, if I wanted to, I could work with him if I moved to Copenhagen.

A new idea was born. I had the opportunity to get more experience and now a new possibility opened up. It was time to get ready to go on stage and there was a buzz in the air.

Finally, it was my turn to get on stage and do my Kung Fu strip show. There were some women who loved the show and perhaps, in the end, I had some women on a string. I had chosen to give roses to lucky women: there was a fight about the roses, and I got some bonus points because of that.

There was the wildest party afterwards and it felt like being a hero, the way I was welcomed by the many women

there. There was an 18-year-old woman who wanted my number because she would like to invite me to a birthday celebration, and many others who wanted me to contact them. It was overwhelming and I stayed there, now even higher on this experience.

There was a woman that I met in the bar, who thought it was very important that I saw her breasts, so she threw off her blouse. By the time I returned home from the Danish championships, I had so many good experiences, but a new question also arose: how could I move to Copenhagen, when I knew some people over there who could help me? At that time, I started to take lessons in psychology through an adult education center, VUC in Aabenraa. One of the other students was a woman that I talked a lot with and we often drank coffee together, while we talked about everything under the sun.

We spoke about my desire to make the move to Copenhagen. She helped me by using her contacts and, soon, I was contacted by a building society around Amager, close to Copenhagen. The next week, I got a message from the housing association. I was looking for accommodation, which was to become my new home and on the 5th of February 2005, I moved to Copenhagen.

One month before I moved, I had to rent a van for all my stuff on the way to my new home. Something happened while I was driving on the highway, and I lost control of the van. It began to wobble from side to side. I tried everything to get control of it and I eventually succeeded, though my heart was in my throat. I regained control and we drove in and changed the tire. We continued again, but this time more slowly for fear of what could happen.

Chapter 2: Why not move to Copenhagen?

February 5, 2005 was the day I moved into my new apartment. This was to become the start of a new life, which would hold so many different adventures that have enriched my life in many new ways, both good and evil. I rejoiced in the freedom of having to start something new in my life again with a new chapter. The first month I stayed there, I ran into a woman I began to hang out with, and she ended up becoming my girlfriend.

Shortly after I started dating this young woman, I chose to stop as a stripper. I felt a small victory after the defeat of losing my ex and the way it had all happened. It was a happy 14 days, after which the trouble began and I often wondered what problems needed to be addressed, but in her case, they really were needed. It turned out later that she had some pain in her life, which was to affect our whole relationship and the things I came to experience with her. She had never worked psychologically with her pain. The experiences which she had from her previous relationship came to influence her actions and her grip on her sanity. She did not see the relevance to me and the way she managed the conflicts that I had with her.

I know that in any relationship, there are ups and downs but these were malevolent on a mental level and often there was no reason to endure the conflict that she decided to start. All I did was wrong in her world. To her way of thinking, I was inadequate in everything I did. Nothing was good enough, and the whole time she could only see errors in the things I did. Everything she said was negative. My cleaning was not good enough and she would like to point

out that she meant that I had not done it well enough. It did not matter if I washed the dishes. Washed, dried and folded the laundry. Actually, everything in our home was a huge problem for her. Even my cooking was some of the worst that she said she had ever tasted in her life.

At one point, we were taken down to meet my mother and there we met my brother. It was important for her to tell me that it was probably more him she was going to be together with than me. Slowly, she began to change her attack on me and after we had met my brother, she began to stoop to sexual antics with him in front of me. And I would hear how bad I was in bed and that she had, indeed, tried guys who were greater than me. That she also would be able to be unfaithful to me without me ever finding out about it.

All the time, there were these problems with this person and, yes, it was hard on me. I wonder, when I look back, why there were these problems - because it was not the way to build a strong relationship to each other. Slowly, I started to get tired and began to rebel against her way of being. Things changed over the last two months we were together. I had the good fortune to meet some people who gave me opportunities to rebel against all the things she was doing to me. I could finally go out and not come home until the next day. The last month, I was doing the same to her. I had a good friend, who was a thorn in her side. I started to publicly hang out more with my new friend. It was more enriching and rewarding than it had been the last seven months we had been together, when I had always been aware of how big a problem I was.

Towards the end of our time together, I had found a new job which also was enriching in every way. I started as a garbage removal worker. Yes, I earned good money and worked hard. I also spent a lot of hours on the web and was also less and less at home.

Slowly, I started to become indifferent to her. I was slowly beginning to free my mind from this whole relationship with

her. I was inviting out my new friend and she knew some casual places in town. It was here that I fell into conversation with a woman who found me sweet, and it ended up that I followed her into a park and was intimate with her there. I could feel the need to end the old relationship and a few days later I did so. It had been eight hard months.

I was glad at this point that it had ended between us. However, she was really hurt that I had cut her off, so she sought a form of revenge on me. She thought that I owed her money and blackmailed me for 8000 Danish kroners.

When I felt so bad about myself that I gave in, I felt that I owed her a lot and paid her, and was fortunate that she soon decided to move. I was pretty much beside myself during this period. I was also lonely. I had to move to a new part of the country where I did not know anyone and had become a magnet for many people who had no problem with exploiting this situation. They often saw no reason to give back. I was very open and hoping that I would meet someone who would just take me as I am. There was no limit to the things I got to experience in the time with her.

You may wonder how short-sighted many people are to exploit others, and that they often hide behind their own moral view of life. I wanted to know if my new female friend was thinking that we should become a couple or not. It had always been an afterthought, with the idea of a good friendship coming first. I was not in a place in my life where I wanted a relationship with her; I wanted only friendship. This did not happen and slowly it drove us further apart.

I would and will always be grateful for the she gave me in my life. She had given me the strength to get rid of a bad relationship.

One time, I went into town just to get out and have a beer. I came into this bar where there was an African working as a door attendant. I was at this bar for a short time and when I left, I did something which proved a positive experience for

me. When I walked up to the doorman, I gave the African guy my hand and said, "Thank you for tonight. It has been a good experience". So, I left the bar.

It took me some time before I was back upstairs but it was a relief that I was no longer drunk, although I still had some traces in me. I went into a gym where people were studying martial arts. That was where I ran into "The Terminator" - someone who was a bad motherfucker. There were a lot of stories of him kicking the hell out of people; a real fighter, who had experience fighting on the street, where there were no rules. Some of those he had taken matches with were people who were known to have fought and assaulted innocent people.

One particular story about him was that he that he had seen a pregnant woman assaulted by two men. Afterwards, he had given the two men an experience that showed them this was a pretty bad idea. He had once seen a woman who was mugged, so he slapped the attacker in the face. There were so many of these stories in the same style; this was one of the reasons he was named the Terminator. However, I ran into him at the gym I went to. We talked, as always, when he was there to work out and this time he had an offer for me that I could work in his bar.

It was a non-alcoholic bar for young people aged 15 to 18. I went for an interview with an African guy. He was quite the charming, friendly and above all, a responsible person. He studied me very intensely and asked me if I had ever been to a particular bar. I could not help but answer yes, although I thought it was a rather strange question at the time. Then, he looked at me again and said, "You once shook my hand and I really liked your style. Had I known from the start that it was you, you'd already be employed," and I got a job with a handshake.

Shortly after starting there, I became a bartender and it was a wild experience that, on the one hand, I earned money and, on the other hand, as the bartender, I was the

center of the party. Shortly after becoming associated with the bar, I started as a stripper again. I did not get many jobs in the start and it gave me the opportunity to throw myself into a different kind of adventure: to become a bartender.

I was in this bar 6 months, after which I applied for a job in another bar. I actually tried two bars where they served alcohol and got to work for both of them. At one place, I became a bartender and the other place I was a busboy. I learned a lot about the bar environment and got some good experiences. One of the things that I really wanted, was to learn how to make cocktails. This desire became bigger and bigger in my mind when I was at "The Happy Pig," as the bar was called, where I was a bartender.

I was under contract to be his bartender at a cocktail bar and, yes, I took the chance to switch over to an alcoholic bar. It was pretty funny that I had fulfilled my dream: to live as a bartender and to keep practicing the art of making the best cocktails.

I had also been working in a strip bar I had been introduced to through The Terminator; I will go through the story of my time at the strip bar in a different chapter.

I worked full time in this cocktail bar, where I was allowed to study cocktails and their history and this became a full-time hobby. I took several cocktail books home and surfed the web properly to know the different stories that were associated with various drinks and cocktails. One day, a lodge brother came into the bar together with one of his friends. They entered the cocktail bar and stayed there a long time. They were nice people and I was on duty. He said he would like to borrow me in return for a large amount of money.

I was very honored by this and mentioned that he needed to talk to my boss about this and ask if it was ok with him. When they met with my superior, they mentioned that they wanted to hire me to show them around the city. My boss dismissed him, but not before they mentioned the sum,

which came to 10,000 Danish kroner. He rejected the amount and briefly explained that he could not do without me in the bar. I did not see the lodge brother again, but it was still a little wild that they had been willing to pay so much for my company and to show them around town. Maybe one of the things I am good at is talking and getting trust from other people. This is both an advantage and a disadvantage in different situations.

I could feel, after 6 months, that I wanted to try a different kind of bar and began to look elsewhere. I worked at two different places before my time as a bartender was over. I had met a nice woman who, for a short time, was a part of my life. I still remember her magical smile and her long dark hair that went to the middle of her back. She was a painter and had a cute dog named Trine. When I finished my last bartender job, I opted to take her up and spend some time with her.

She had all the qualities that one can appreciate and more than that. I was somewhere else than where I should be as a man and searched the entire time for a new adventure and new challenges. I think she grew apart sometime because of what had happened to her. I hope she is doing well where she is in life. I hope that she is happily married today and has some cute children. She deserves to really get the warmth and joy that love can give you when you first encounter it in your life. Although you, Kristine, were not meant to be a part of my life, you still mean something very special to me.

Shortly after we had made it past the start, I really stirred up on my life as a stripper and had many experiences, as I will describe in the chapter about my life as a stripper. It was also during this period, that I ran into a variety of people who became some of the best friends I ever had in my life, and helped to influence me in some directions I had not yet thought possible. It is always good to have friends who pull in a positive direction and accept me as I am. I