

# UNFORGETTABLE FIRST DATE



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The **HIDDEN FRENCH MODELS SECRETS** Of Making  
A Guy Go Crazy Over You On A First Date And  
Leave Him Wanting More Of Your Awesomeness.

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# **Unforgettable French Date**

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**By Tonye Abraham**



## **Moment 1: Slow Seduction**

### **A Date at Maison Kayser, Victoria Island**

I wore black silk. No bra.

The dress clung to me like a whisper—tight enough to tease, loose enough to suggest.

Perfume? Sprayed behind my ears, between my breasts, and on the backs of my knees.

Tom Ford. Lost Cherry. Warm. Wicked. Feminine.

I didn't come to impress him.

I came to haunt him.

He was already seated, scrolling his phone.

I let him see me from across the room, my hips didn't move too much... just enough to ruin his concentration.

As I reached the table, I placed my clutch down slowly and looked at him like I was deciding whether to devour him or not.

His eyes scanned me. His mouth opened. Closed.

I sat.

He said, "Wow. You look—"

I raised a finger. Smiled.

"Let's order wine first," I said.

Not because I needed it.

But because seduction is timing.

French women know this. Never rush. Never reveal too much.

Never let a man feel like he already has you.

The rest of the evening? Simple.

I let my eyes linger where they shouldn't. I touched his wrist when I laughed.

I told a story that made his jaw clench. And when dessert came, I dipped my finger in the whipped cream and sucked it... slowly.

His eyes burned, I could tell.

He walked me to my car. And I knew he wanted to kiss me.

He leaned in, but I stepped back.

I touched his collar, fixed it gently, and whispered:

"You're not ready for that yet."

Then I got in and drove off.

The text came before I reached the second toll gate:

"I can't stop thinking about you. When can I see you again?"

And just like that, the man who came to taste left starving.

Because here's the secret:

On a first date, don't try to make him like you. Make him wonder about you.

Slow seduction is stronger than fast chemistry. Let him feel your presence... and your distance.

Let your mystery walk ahead of you like perfume in the wind.

The woman who seduces slowly will always be remembered longer.

Next...



## Moment 2: Emotional Control

### 📍 A Night at The Sky Restaurant, Eko Tower

I couldn't see the stars, but the view from the top was enough to make any man feel like he had reached the edge of the world.

He looked at the skyline with a mix of awe and admiration.

It didn't take much to see that he thought I was out of his league.

I didn't dress to impress.

I wore a white dress, simple but expensive, and let my hair fall in soft waves, like a queen who didn't need a crown.

The thing is, you never want to be too flashy on the first date. You want to be memorable *and approachable*.

There's a subtle art to not overplaying your hand.

We spoke about life, the future, and everything in between.

But as we exchanged pleasantries, I noticed something:

He was *waiting* for me to reach out.

Waiting for me to show that I was *just like any other woman*, eager, needy.

But I wasn't.

I let the silence sit between us.

His eyes drifted to my lips, then back to my eyes.

And there it was... a slight tremble. The longing.

But I didn't act on it.

No matter how much he tried to pull me in, I stayed *present*... and *in control*.

His voice softened as he leaned in:

"I don't usually feel this way about someone I just met."

I didn't smile. I didn't react. I *let him wonder*.

"Is that so?" I asked, with a nonchalant calmness that made him lean even closer.

Then, I pulled back slightly, maintaining my space.

"I think you're rushing things," I said, and in that moment, I knew that he wasn't the one who had the power. I did.

The night went on, but I kept the tension high, giving him just enough to stay interested, but never letting him feel like he could own me. Not tonight.

When he finally tried to kiss me at the car door, I gently placed my hand on his chest.

"You're not quite there yet," I whispered.

He groaned in frustration but the night had already done its job.

And by the time I got home, there was a message waiting for me.

"I'm already thinking about our next date. I can't shake you off."

Here's the lesson I learned that night and one I'm giving to you:

**Emotional control** is the *real sex appeal*.

When he feels like he's the one chasing, when you make him *work* for it, you become something he can't get out of his mind.

Don't be too easy. Don't always react.

Let him feel the weight of his desire.

The key to unforgettable dates is learning how to control your emotions and let his anticipation build, while you remain poised and collected.

The power is in the pause. It's in *letting him want you more* than you want him.



## **Moment 3: Let Him Lead, But Guide the Mood**

### **A Rainy Walk at Lekki Conservation Centre**

It was one of those unpredictable Lagos afternoons, the kind where the sky suddenly turns dark, and before you know it, the heavens open.

We had planned to take a walk around the Lekki Conservation Centre, but just as we arrived, a light drizzle turned into a full-on downpour.

We could have turned back, but instead, we found ourselves laughing, huddled under the shelter of a large tree.

The coolness of the rain against my skin, the scent of fresh earth, there was something undeniably sensual about the moment.

He was standing just close enough that I could feel the heat from his body, but I didn't let myself lean into him too soon.

I let him take charge, suggesting we wait out the rain for a bit, as if he were in control of the situation.

Men love to feel like they're in charge.

They need it.

So, I let him feel the satisfaction of making decisions, of "leading" the way.

It's not about controlling him. It's about *allowing* him to feel like the man while you remain poised and confident.

I stood there, watching him, and I could see the slight tension in his jaw.

He wanted to make sure I was comfortable, but I didn't rush him.

Instead, I let the silence linger between us, a comfortable silence, filled only with the sound of rain and distant birds.

See, there's something about quiet moments that let the energy between two people build. It's when you can *feel* the attraction, even without saying a word.

And then, in that same quiet, I reached out to adjust the collar of his jacket.

It was an innocent, but subtle touch. I let my fingers linger on the fabric just a moment longer than necessary, my eyes lingering on his. I didn't say anything. I just *felt*. The energy between us shifted.

And I knew he was feeling it too.

### **The Lesson?**

Here's where it gets powerful: let him lead, but guide the mood.

Men love to feel in control, but they also love to feel that they're giving you an experience. You don't need to dominate or take over.

All you need to do is guide the *energy* of the date. With every laugh, with every touch, you set the tone. You keep him on his toes, but you also keep him hooked.

Your presence, how you hold yourself, how you move, how you subtly influence the atmosphere, is all part of the magnetism that draws him in.

A little silence, a gentle touch, and a look that says you know exactly what you want without uttering a word: that's what leaves a lasting impression.

And that's the kind of date he'll never forget.

## **Moment 4: The Art of Mystery, Silence, and Being "Just Out of Reach**

### **A Night at Terra Kulture**

It was a quiet evening at Terra Kulture, the ambiance perfect for a dinner date.

The soft lighting, the distant hum of Nigerian jazz in the background, and the clinking of glasses were all just noise in the periphery.

The real magic was happening between us or more accurately, the tension that *wasn't* happening.

He was sitting across from me, leaning in, but still trying to *figure me out*.

I could tell he was used to women who filled every silence with words.

But not me.

I wasn't rushing to impress him, to fill the awkward pauses with laughter or chatter.

I wasn't begging for his attention.

In fact, I made him *work* for it.

I kept my answers brief but thoughtful.

I leaned back in my chair, making sure my posture was effortless, yet still exuding that *allure* of a woman who knows her worth.

I smiled when he spoke, but only just enough to let him know I was listening, not *hung up* on everything he said.

I wasn't hanging on his every word.

And that was the key.

He tried again, leaning forward a little more this time, clearly intrigued by my cool composure.

"You know, I like women who are *genuine*," he said, his voice now a little softer.

But I didn't give him the response he expected.  
Instead, I just sipped my wine, waiting for the right moment to speak.  
He was left dangling.  
That pause, that subtle silence, spoke louder than any words I could have said.

Finally, I stared at him for just a fraction longer than usual.  
His body stiffened. He was *caught* but not in the way he expected.

It was an interesting thing.  
The more I stayed just *out of reach*, the more he leaned in.  
And not just physically. He wanted to know *more*.  
He was intrigued by the silence, by the mystery I created.

The night ended on a high note, but as I stepped out into the cool evening air, I  
couldn't help but smile.  
Not at him. Not on the date.  
But at the power I had over the situation.

The kiss we shared wasn't the wild, passionate kiss he probably expected.  
It was slow, deliberate, and left him wanting more.  
The kind of kiss you can't forget.

Lesson here is to master the art of silence and mystery.  
Because when you don't rush to fill the silence, you give him the space to wonder.

The pause is powerful. The way you hold back, not giving everything too quickly,  
makes him *hunger* for more.

The key here is to stay just *out of reach*.

Not emotionally distant, but *emotionally unavailable*.

You don't need to be constantly giving him attention. The mystery you create will draw him in more than any conversation or joke.

A man doesn't want to feel like he's always got you on a leash. Let him feel *what it's like to miss you*.

Make him *wonder*.

And when he does get close? Give him a taste of the woman he can't resist.

## **Moment 5: Leave him on a cliff**

### **That Kiss at The Elevator — Eko Hotel**

I wore red that night.  
Not the loud, desperate red.

No.

A deep, wine red. The kind that whispers seduction instead of shouting it.  
We had drinks at Sky Restaurant.  
He had a whiskey. I had a glass of Zinfandel.  
We talked. We laughed. We flirted.

But I never leaned in too far.

When he reached for my hand, I let him.  
But I didn't grip back too tight.

When he complimented me, I smiled, but didn't blush.  
I played with my glass. Crossed and uncrossed my legs slowly.  
And then... I stood up.

"I think it's time," I said.

He paid the bill, eager, almost too eager.

We got into the elevator, alone.  
And it was quiet.

His body language had shifted.

He was standing close now.

I could feel the tension.

I could feel him staring.

He wanted to kiss me.

Desperately.

I didn't move.

Just kept my eyes ahead, like I hadn't noticed.

The elevator stopped at the lobby.

He said, "Wait... aren't you going to—?"

I turned to him, leaned in, and whispered:

"You've been such a gentleman tonight...

You'll earn that kiss. But not yet."

And I walked away, hips swaying, heels clicking, perfume trailing behind like a final tease.

The lesson here is: Always leave him on a cliff.

Never give him the full story. Never let the night wrap up in a neat little bow.

Let him go home thinking, "*Damn... what just happened?*"

That's the key.

It's not about seducing him with your body.

It's about seducing his *mind*.

The most unforgettable first dates are the ones that end with an ache... a longing... a hunger.

Not for sex.

But for you.

Because the woman who can turn down a kiss,  
And still make him crave one for weeks...

Is the woman he never forgets.

## Moment 6: Outlaw

### 📍 A Moment at his place in Ikeja

We were supposed to just “stop by” his place.

Quick glass of wine.

Nothing serious.

That’s what I told myself.

But when he opened the door... and I saw how he looked at me like he’d been starving for days...

I knew the rules didn’t matter that night.

I sat on the edge of his velvet couch, crossed my legs slowly, and asked if he had red wine.

He fumbled.

Said “yes” too quickly.

Spilled a bit while pouring.

I didn’t flirt.

I didn’t touch him.

I didn’t lean in.

And yes, I let it happen.

I let him undress me slowly.

I let my eyes tell stories while my lips did the rest.

I whispered in French.

I let silence do what words could not.

I kissed like I was tasting secrets.

That night, I didn’t perform.

I allowed.

I didn’t beg for his validation.

I owned the moment.

The next morning, he brought me breakfast on a tray like a butler.

Later that day, he sent a driver with a gift bag from Montaigne Place.

That weekend, he sent money. Not because I asked... but because he felt.

He thought he slept with me...

But in my mind, no, that's not how I think. Instead, I fucked him because I wanted to.

There's a difference.

Anyways... French women aren't scared to break the rules.

But they understand the power of timing.

Sex isn't the hook — it's the spice.

If you must give him a taste on the first date, let it be a memory he can't recover from.

Let it feel like he just touched a universe... and now, nothing else compares.

That's how you make a man come back. Not for sex... but for you.

So yes, seduce him. Yes, drive him crazy.

But never forget the real secret:

**It's not about what you do.**

**It's about what he *feels* when you leave.**

That's how you make a man want you, miss you, and never forget that first date.

The scent of your presence should haunt him.

And if you want help turning these soft skills into a seductive superpower, you know what to do next...

Would you like me to now add the discreet coaching offer here?

Email me: **tonyeabraham489@gmail.com**