

Mob Ties

VOLUME 1

FASHION, LIFESTYLE, AND BAD ADVICE FOR THE NEWLY INDUCTED



**HOW WE GOT
INTO THE SEX
BUSINESS**

(LEGALLY)

FOREIGN ASSETS

PSYCHOLOGICAL TRAPS
FOR FOREIGN AGENTS

HOW TO START A RELIGION

(FOR TAX PURPOSES)

WHY THE MOB DOESN'T USE LINKEDIN





BALENCINADA

BALENCINADA

SEE NO EVIL

FROM THE HEAD CLEANER

(Notes from the editor)

Maison Beast Laundromat, Back Room. Bleach Station.

Let's not pretend. You didn't find this magazine at a dentist's office. The Spin was built for a very specific kind of reader. Someone who understands that good information is rarely free, and that free information is rarely good. Someone who's looking to learn how to fold their morals neatly, press their fingerprints off the record, and maybe — just maybe — upgrade from civilian to something more... productive.

This magazine was launched for two reasons:

One, to educate new recruits.

Two, to maybe accidentally recruit a few more.

(No pressure. But if you're still reading, you're halfway in.)

The Spin is published — unofficially, of course — by Maison Beast.

The same alleged organization that allegedly runs the Laundromat you allegedly didn't see.

Yes, the same Maison Beast that's been whispered to own a certain disruptive streetwear label, and allegedly, a few other media properties we're legally advised not to name at this time.

Inside these pages, you'll find everything you need

to survive the life, stay off the radar, and maybe develop taste while you're at it. These are articles designed to feel like they shouldn't be printed — which means they definitely should be.

Articles on how to dress for clean exits.

How to disappear mid-wedding without offending your aunt. How to pick flowers for "business occasions." And of course, spiritual guidance — should you wish to found your own religion for tax puposes.

You'll also find updates on our latest Maison Beast drops (for those of you with clearance), and a generous helping of sponsored ads with a twist — mostly because none of these brands paid us, so we took their ads and made them better.

Consider this your first dry cycle.

If you make it through the issue without folding — welcome.

And remember:

It used to be cool to wear ties.

Now it's all about having them.

Mob ties.



A new line of camel skin luxury body bags



THE SNUFFLE BAG

For those who can't afford to be buried in basics.

VERBLUCCI





TIRED OF CHAMPAGNE TOASTS WITH PEOPLE WHO LOOK AWAY

On eye contact, fake friends, and why we only drink with the guilty

You ever raise a glass and catch someone scanning the room mid-toast? Not nervous. Not distracted. Just already planning their next betrayal. That's when you know you're not at a celebration—you're at a photo op.

And we're tired of it. Tired of the warm prosecco. Tired of the balcony lies. Tired of cheers-ing people who don't mean it, don't mean you, and won't be there when the music stops.

In this family, we only toast with people who hold eye contact until the last drop.
The guilty stare back. The innocent blink.

Champagne used to mean something. It used to be victory juice. A drink for when you beat the odds, not just when you beat traffic. Now it's just an accessory in an Instagram carousel, clutched by the kind of people who rehearse "Happy Birthday" like it's a TED Talk and leave early when the bottle's gone.

We've clinked glasses with moguls, models, murderers, and mayors—half of whom called us family until it was time to share the check. The thing is, you learn more from how someone toasts than how someone talks. The clink is truth serum. Are they celebrating with you, or just standing close enough to post about it?

That's why at Maison Beast, we don't do polite toasts.

We do blood oaths in crystal flutes.

We toast wins we bled for. We toast enemies lost. We toast in cash, in code, in champagne stolen off room service carts. And we never look away.

So yeah—we're done popping bottles with people who think loyalty is a limited-time offer.

Done raising glasses with interns who'll flip for a blue check.

Done pouring Dom Pérignon into mouths that'll talk to feds the minute the playlist changes.

You want to toast with us? Look us in the eyes. Hold it. Longer.

Now drink.

THE 7 LEVELS OF LOYALTY

Where you actually stand in the family

LEVEL 1: Texts back in under 5 minutes.

LEVEL 2: Shows up when you say “I need a favor” without asking for details.

LEVEL 3: Spends money they don’t have to bail you out.

LEVEL 4: Hides your stash before you even ask.

LEVEL 5: Lies under oath with no hesitation or sweat.

LEVEL 6: Jumps in front of a charge... or a bullet.

LEVEL 7: Burns their own jacket (even if it’s Maison Beast) to cover your tracks.

Remember:

Loyalty sounds poetic until you realize it costs real clothes, real freedom, and real fingerprints. Choose wisely who you bleed for.

MOB GRIPS & SIGNALS

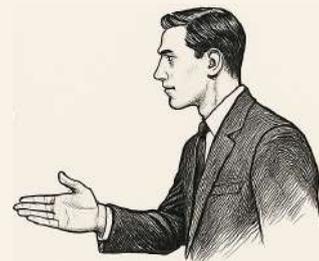
A semiotic survival guide



THE INITIATION GRIP



THE DELAY TAP



THE EXIT GRIP



THE PINKY INTERLOCK



THE REVERSE PALM



THE PHANTOM NOD

YOU DON'T OWN MAISON BEAST. YOU'RE ALLOWED TO WEAR IT.

There's a certain pause that happens when someone walks in wearing Maison Beast. Not admiration exactly — more like recognition. A low-level recalibration. People don't know whether to ask where it's from or who to apologize to.

Maison Beast isn't marketed like other brands because it isn't for everyone. There's no influencer tier, no paid gifting program, no "for exposure" circulation. And if it feels expensive, it's because it's supposed to. Not because of scarcity — because of selection. From a certain level upward, exclusivity isn't about price. It's about access.

And so far, everyone granted permission to wear Maison Beast has excelled — in art, in business, in systems we don't always name publicly. Some made noise. Others moved quietly. But none of them got here by accident. The pieces themselves say very little. Oversized silhouettes, coded graphics, construction choices that feel almost too intentional. But it's not about design. It's about direction. The message is built into the posture. The rumors are part of the point. That it's mob-connected. That there's a laundromat front. That every new drop contains encrypted messaging only insiders can decode.

We're not here to confirm any of it. Just know this: if it makes you uncomfortable, it's probably working.

Maison Beast isn't something you buy. You're not its customer — you're its carrier. It chooses who represents it. And once it lets you in, you don't just wear the brand. You wear the responsibility.

Because make no mistake: we control the narrative.

And if you're wearing Maison Beast in public, it's because someone decided you were useful enough to be seen.

That doesn't make you safe. It just means the risk has been calculated in your favor.

For now.







MAISON BEAST
Eyeconic Ultrasoft Tee - Coconut Milk
&
Stone-Wash Denim Shirt



MAISON BEAST
Stone-Wash Denim Jacket
&
Stone-Wash Denim Pants



A timepiece for the side piece

When you want to spend time, not money



HOLEX

AN INVESTMENT GUIDE FOR EARLY RECRUITS

Congratulations. If you're reading this, it means you've successfully crossed the first threshold: you have cash that nobody's supposed to know about.

That's the good news. The bad news is, you're now responsible for making it disappear without disappearing yourself.

Mob Ties Financial Services (a division we definitely have no legal record of) offers this friendly starter guide for new earners looking to turn questionable stacks into sustainable futures.

Batch-Wash at the Maison Beast Laundromat (A must)

Before anything else, get familiar with the family's primary money washer — literally.

Our Mob Ties Laundromats offer discreet service for modest fees (plus a loyalty surcharge, plus a respect tax, plus a silent equity stake you don't need to worry about).

The process is simple:

Bring your cash. Load it into our special "premium wash" machines. Collect a freshly laundered payment voucher redeemable at several participating businesses we may or may not control.

Launch a Meme Coin No One Understands (Trending)

The blockchain loves anonymity almost as much as we do.

Take a fraction of your freshly spun money and start a meme coin.

HELPFUL TIPS:

Make the branding incoherent. Name it after an inside joke that no outsider can possibly decode. Create exactly three promotional videos featuring animated goats and subtitles that don't match the audio. Pre-sell tokens exclusively to "close friends" (defined here as anyone willing to wire funds without asking questions).

SUGGESTED STARTER PACK:

"MobCoin" (ticker: \$OMERTA)
"LaunderToken" (ticker: \$SPIN)
"VetementsDAO" (ticker: \$PUSH)

Initial returns may vary.

Expedited exit strategies are encouraged.

Invest Heavily in Limited-Edition Maison Beast Gear

An often-overlooked strategy: Convert large amounts of untraceable currency into premium and oversized Maison Beast hoodies and gear. Wearable assets, flexible storage, plausible explanations.

BONUS:

If circumstances change suddenly, you can run, hide, or flip them at a 400% markup on the underground resale market. (Note: some minor wear-and-tear may occur during "emergency exits.")

Early Buy-In for Family Opportunities™

Once you've proven your enthusiasm and your liquidity, consider reinvesting back into family-approved projects.

Opportunities include:

- Franchise stakes in secondary laundromats.
- Co-ownership of pop-up bakeries with suspiciously low pastry sales.
- Silent partnerships in up-and-coming fintech ventures with charmingly vague names.

All returns are projected.*

(*Projected by the same people who will take care of your investment.)

"They promised me returns. I returned. That's good enough for me."

— Satisfied but Cautious Initiate

CLOSING ADVICE:

In this life, hiding the money is half the hustle. The other half is making sure the money doesn't start asking questions about where it came from.

Welcome to the next level.

You're either compounding interest — or someone else's compound interest. Choose wisely.

Disclaimer:

Mob Ties Financial Services makes no guarantees regarding the liquidity, freedom, or continued existence of any recommended investments. Consult your instincts before proceeding. No refunds. No second chances.

YOUR GRADUATION T-SHIRT

You won't find it in stores. It's not on the site. There's no SKU, no product page, no influencer holding it up with a discount code and dead eyes. The Dirty Money Tee doesn't launch. It leaks. Slowly. Selectively. Like privileged information or a gas leak in a very upscale kitchen.

To the untrained eye, it's just another tee. Bloodstained bills printed across the chest, a cryptic phrase on the back that sounds like a lyric if you've never testified. But to anyone

who's ever cleaned up a mess without being asked, it reads like a uniform. A wearable nod that says, "I didn't flinch. I didn't talk. I got it done."

No one brags about getting it. There's no unboxing. No TikTok sound. It just appears—folded, silent, exactly your size. Like it knew. Like someone else did too.

In our world, they call it "the promotion," which is cute, if a little optimistic. It's not a raise. It's not a new role. It's a reminder that you're past the point of plausible innocence and firmly in the "please don't tag me" part of your career.

The people who wear it don't say much. That's the point. They're not posting mirror selfies or giving interviews. They're moving through rooms they shouldn't be in, answering calls they never made, and always looking like they packed light—but came prepared.

It doesn't matter what the shirt says. What matters is who's reading it. And who's avoiding eye contact.

So when you see it—and you will, eventually—don't ask where it came from. Don't say you like it. Don't try to buy it.

Just nod slightly, adjust your tone, and pray to whatever passport you're currently using that you're not in the next chapter.

Because in this business, if you're asking about the shirt, you're not ready to wear it.

And if you're wearing it, you've already been vetted—in blood, silence, and very limited quantities.





MAISON BEAST
Dirty Money Tee - Marshmallow
&
Carpet-Print Oversized Cotton Pants

LETTERS FROM THE LAUNDRY ROOM

Dear Customer Who Left
the Rabbit Mask,

We're not here to kink-shame.
We're here to clean polyester.
But when you leave behind
a mask, a receipt from a dentist's
office, and a single rubber glove
labeled "Wednesday," we start
asking questions.
Not out loud. Just...internally.
Loudly.
Your mask has been steamed.
Your secrets?
Boiling.

The Disinfectants Division
"We clean everything but our conscience."

Dear Junior Associate,

You left your hoodie in
Machine 3.
With \$14,000.
In unmarked bills.
Folded between a gum wrapper
and a page from "Rich Dad Poor Dad."
We spent \$6.52 on vending
machine snacks before realizing it
wasn't a performance bonus.
(That said, the Fanta was worth it.)
Your hoodie has been returned.
Your credibility hasn't.

Laundry Management
"No change given. Only consequences."

Dear Whoever Keeps Trying
to Bleach Their Conscience,
Stop.

It doesn't work.
We've seen things.
Things that make baby powder cry.
Things that made a sweater growl.
You can't bleach away generational
trauma, Rico charges, or whatever
that mustard-colored "polo" was.
You need prayer. And therapy.
In that order.

Sincerely,
The Laundry Crew
"We wash. We judge. We testify
only if subpoenaed."

Dear Sir With the Satin Trench
Coat & the Bag of Loose Keys,

You left 42 unlabelled keys
in the lint trap.
Forty. Two.
We tried one of them on the locker
in the back. It worked-
Congratulations — you now have an
open case. We've bagged the rest
and hidden them behind Machine 9.
If you don't pick them up by Thursday,
we're mailing them to your ex.

Warmest regards,
Head Cleaner, Locker Unit
"Access is earned, not forgotten."

Dear Lady Who Left the Wedding
Dress with Red Wine and Teeth Marks,

We hope the marriage ended with
less violence than the garment
suggests.

Also: were those human teeth?
Please advise.

The dress is technically cleaner now.
But spiritually? That thing needs
an exorcism.

We folded it gently, said a prayer,
and left it near the holy detergent.
Do not touch it barefoot.

With caution and Fabreeze,
The Trauma Textile Unit
"For when it's not just a stain, it's a story."

Dear [REDACTED],

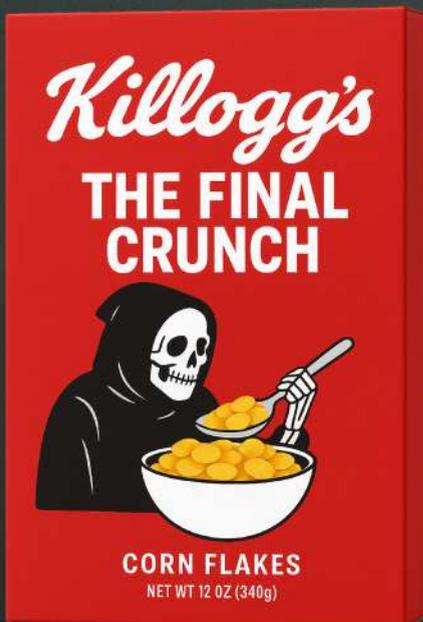
We found your tie.
It's sticky, frayed, and
radiating regret.
Pretty sure it was used in
an unsanctioned fondue-related
interrogation.

Also — stop writing "dry clean
only" on tags like it's a prayer.
We tried. The machine cried.

PS: It's not ketchup.
And it's talking.

Sincerely,
The Fabric Whisperers

Killoogg's



The real last supper

LOW-COST SOLUTIONS FOR EXPENSIVE MISTAKES



LOCOSTE  **SNITCH DISPOSAL**

THE HOUSE ALWAYS WINS. ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU'RE THE HOUSE.

Online casinos: the polite way to move impolite money

There's a lot to be said for subtlety. And there's even more to be said for offshore server farms wearing tuxedos.

Enter online casinos—the polite, digital handshake between questionable liquidity and plausible recreation. A place where you can “accidentally” win back exactly the amount you “lost” in transit, with just enough lag to suggest it wasn't planned.

Casinos have always been friendly to the creative accountant. But the ones online? That's a different kind of hospitality. No velvet ropes. No overhead. No pit bosses with shoulder holsters. Just code, chips, and a user agreement written like a plea deal.

You load money into an account. You spin a wheel. You make a few “bets.” Then—through the miracle of the algorithm and a very forgiving definition of chance—you cash out somewhere else, clean as a whistle and twice as suspicious. It's not money laundering. It's gamification.

The platforms are legal. Mostly. The outcomes are random. Allegedly. And the funds? Well, they move around enough to

justify the question marks. It's all very modern. Very transparent. And completely opaque if you ask the right way.

Think about it. Who questions a gambling loss? Who audits fun? The IRS might squint. Interpol might sniff. But at the end of the day, it's just someone in a basement trying to win at blackjack against a PNG of a cartoon tiger. Or so the story goes.

And sure, some of these casinos operate out of nowhere with names like “CryptoSpinz” and “PlayaCoinz.” Sure, they don't list staff, or address, or spelling checks. But do they let you deposit in five currencies and withdraw in silence? Absolutely.

The genius is the chaos. Too much data, too many users, too little oversight. If a few transactions get “misfiled,” who's to say it wasn't just a good night? Or a very bad one?

Of course, it's not for everyone. Some people still move money with suitcases and sob stories. That's quaint. This is digital. It's offshore. It's scalable. And unlike actual crime, it fits in your browser.

So the next time someone says

online gambling is dangerous, agree with them. Smile. Nod. And quietly fund your new life in a jurisdiction that doesn't ask a lot of questions.

After all, the house always wins. Especially when you built the house.

StakeKing

Rollbit.io

Bitcasino
Royale

FOREIGN ASSETS

Let's clear something up. Maison Beast doesn't "go global." We're not a boy band. We don't do tours. We deploy. Subtly. Selectively. Sometimes while your embassy is on fire.

Foreign Assets isn't a collection. It's a field operation that happens to look good in photos. There was no press release. No influencer seeding. Just a handful of garments slipped into certain cities, onto certain people, at certain times when the paperwork had already been shredded.

If you saw someone wearing it in Paris, no you didn't. If it showed up in Beirut, it was always there.

And if someone in Tallinn offered to sell you a piece, we suggest you smile, decline, and change hotels.

We kept it tight. We always do.

"Take Off Your Vetements" — a polite way of saying the conversation's about to get physical.

"It's All About the Poussez" — a linguistic decoy designed to make even fluent French speakers second-guess their own tongue.

"УЕ бaтъ" — something Slavic and furious, the meaning of which has been debated by scholars, customs agents, and at least one very nervous translator.

These aren't graphics. They're cognitive landmines. Designed to scramble your frontal lobe just long enough for someone else to finish the job. If you're staring at the shirt and thinking, "Am I missing something?" — yes. You are.

Distribution wasn't traditional. Gallery fronts. Freight routes that don't ping. Laundromats where the machines don't work, but the cameras definitely do. If someone offers you Foreign Assets on a website, congratulations—you're the product.

And no, this isn't expansion. We're not scaling. We're not leveraging synergies. We're just colonizing space no one had the balls to claim. Because the truth is, we're everywhere already. We're just tired of pretending we're not.

If you own Foreign Assets, don't feel flattered. You're not in the inner circle. You're on a shortlist. It's not proof of taste. It's proof you were nearby when things got complicated. Keep the tag on. It may help them identify the body.

Welcome abroad. Try not to make it obvious.



**TAKE OFF
YOUR
VETEMENTS**

**IT'S ALL
ABOUT
THE
POUSSEZ**

**УЕ
БАТЬ**

EYES OFF THE RECORD

Why sunglasses are smarter than you

There are two kinds of people who wear sunglasses indoors: celebrities and people with something to hide — or something to protect.

You already know which one we are.

In this line of work, your eyes are the weakest link. They twitch. They confess. They answer questions your lawyer told you to ignore.

That's why real operators armor up — not with Kevlar, but with lenses. Specifically: Maison Beast eyewear.

Dark enough to distort intent.

Sharp enough to imply consequence.

Frames designed not to flatter — but to filter.

You think it's a style choice?

Nah. It's strategy.

Back when capos lit cigars with church bulletins and eye contact meant more than money, you never saw their pupils. Not because they were dodging you — because they were watching you. From behind shades that didn't ask for respect, they assumed it.

Guilt ain't guilt anymore. It's a contagion.

And nothing spreads it faster than an unguarded stare.

Ever seen a made guy fold on the stand? Exactly.

Because if he folds, it's from the pressure — not because the lights caught him blinking too hard.

That's why Maison Beast dropped the eyewear collection: to give you plausible deniability, retinal camouflage, and a tactical reason to ignore every dumb question hurled your way.

We're not just selling frames. We're issuing protective custody for your facial expressions.

The lenses are legally uncooperative.

The silhouettes? Aggressively disinterested.

These aren't "look at me" glasses. These are "don't ask" glasses. And if someone does ask, they weren't meant to be in the room.

Because the truth is: We don't wear sunglasses to hide. We wear them to control what gets seen.

So the next time someone chirps, "Why the shades indoors?" Tilt your head. Smile like you've seen the end of their story. Then say: "I like to keep my privacy in plain sight." And walk.

Let them guess what just got missed.

Let them feel the weight of what you didn't say.



MAISON BEAST
Dead Presidents Sunglasses - Beluga Black



ATM

ATM

FOR THE
KIDS

10-23/780

\$1000

1274 5678 9012 3456

[Signature]

GIVING BACK — THE MOB TIES WAY

In this line of work, appearances aren't just important — they're survival. And nothing cleans up a reputation like generosity, properly deployed.

Charity has always been part of the playbook. Not because anyone feels particularly moved by the sight of a crumbling youth center, but because nothing shields ambition like public goodwill.

A smart operator understands that giving back isn't about giving at all. It's about building cover. It's about constructing a reputation so wholesome that when the real questions come, they arrive already half-answered.

The blueprint is simple. Pick a cause nobody could criticize without sounding like a sociopath — inner-city sports teams, disaster relief funds, local scholarship drives. Attach your name just tightly enough to cash the goodwill, but loosely enough that when the ledgers get messy, you're nowhere near the receipts.

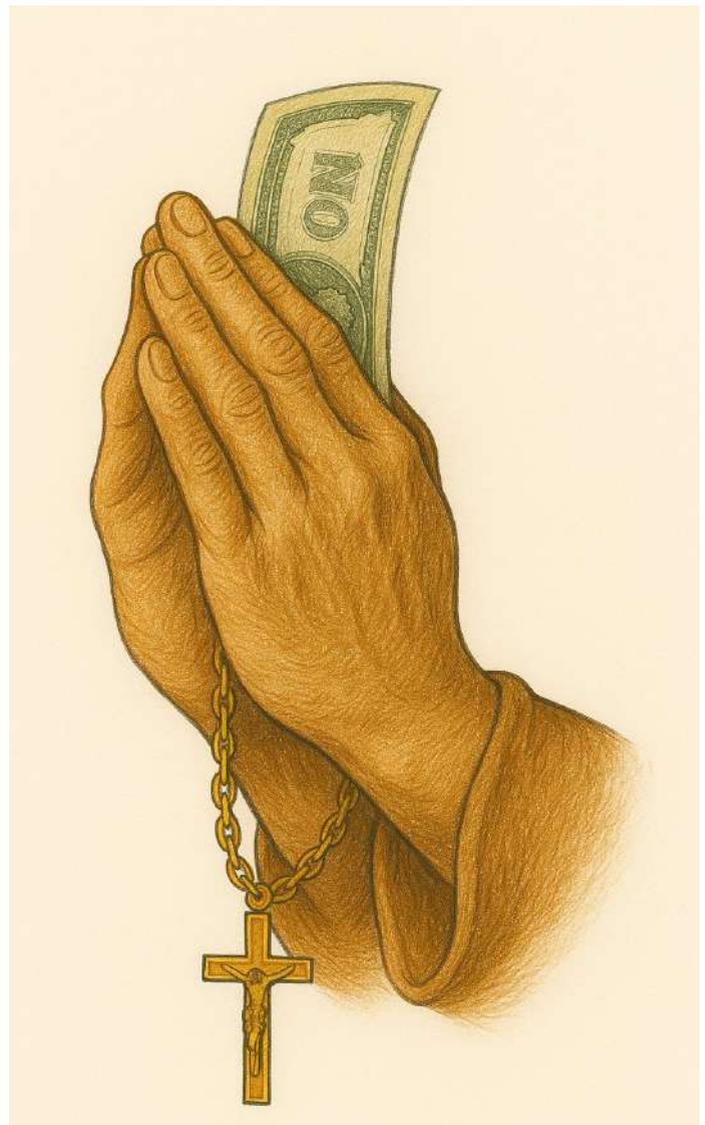
Charity events are even better. You sponsor a gala, you flash a few oversized checks, you pose with some retired judges and minor celebrities. All while the money circulates behind the scenes, crossing so many hands that by the time anyone looks closely, the trail feels less like a path and more like a fog.

The trick is balance. Take too much off the top, and you look greedy. Give too much away, and people start asking how you had it to spare.

A properly laundered public image drips slow and steady, like a leaky faucet nobody thinks to fix until it's already flooded the room. It's not just about laundering money. It's about laundering memory. A neighborhood won't remember the logistics of an investigation.

They'll remember who put new lights in the park. Who sponsored Little League jerseys. Who gave a speech about community and standing together before quietly slipping away from the podium and back into the real work.

Charity is camouflage. It's investment. It's a shield polished bright enough to blind anyone looking for cracks. And when the story finally gets told — because it always does — it won't be about what you took. It'll be about everything you gave. Which, when you think about it, is the only kind of laundering anyone ever thanks you for.





**THE DEATH ROW
COLLECTION**



Cartelier

LOVE LOCKED DOWN

DON'T JOIN THE GROUP CHAT: DIGITAL SILENCE AS SURVIVAL STRATEGY

Why your thirst for connection is gonna get you booked

There was a time when group chats felt harmless. Little digital circles where plans got made, jokes got told, and nobody thought too hard about the timestamp on that “😂” emoji you sent fifteen minutes after a federal indictment dropped. That time is over.

Group chats are the new wiretaps — only more convenient and less legally complicated. They don't need a warrant when you're snitching in 1080p voluntarily.

Let's be clear: every group chat is a liability masquerading as loyalty. You think it's camaraderie. What it is — is evidence. Every “lol,” every “👁️👁️,” every passive-aggressive “k” you drop while pretending not to panic — it's logged, screen-shotted, time-stamped, and waiting to be subpoenaed.

You thought you were just being funny. The prosecution thinks otherwise. And the worst part? You're not even the problem. It's the others. The guy who uses 38 exclamation points. The one who voice-notes entire conspiracies while walking through Target. The cousin who somehow still thinks Telegram is untraceable. They'll take everyone down because they thought the chat was sacred. There's no such thing as sacred. Just searchable.

Silence, on the other hand, isn't just golden — it's encrypted. The real operators don't type. They show up. They knock once. Maybe twice. They leave before anyone says the word “plans.” Plans don't get typed. They get implied. And if they must be discussed digitally? One-on-one. Disappearing messages. Code names. Vague enough to confuse but not so vague it sounds like improv.

But you? You're still in the thread. Watching. Lurking. Reacting with a “🔥” when someone posts a

picture of a yacht they definitely shouldn't own. That's not friendship. That's digital suicide.

And don't even get us started on emojis. Emojis are admissible evidence. That little knife icon? That's a confession. The hourglass? Intent. The “eyes looking sideways” — congratulations, you just entered a conspiracy with two taps and zero legal training.

If you've ever used a laughing emoji under a comment about a van “not being there anymore,” delete your phone and move countries. If you've ever typed “we good?” after a silent two days, you're not good. You're flagged.

Here's the rule: if it needs to be said, it doesn't need to be typed. If it's funny, say it in person. If it's serious, say it never. And if someone adds you to a new thread with people you don't know? That's not a chat — that's a setup. The most dangerous thing you can be in this life isn't loud. It's documented.

So no, don't join the group chat. Don't reply. Don't react. Don't be seen typing. Be a ghost. Be a rumor. Be the reason the chat goes quiet when your name is mentioned. That's survival.

And you never send messages after the second espresso. Because that's when honesty starts dressing up as bravery — and neither one belongs in writing.



FLAKE IT TIL YOU MAKE IT

A crash course for cereal entrepreneurs

*Technically Not A Pyramid Scheme.
It Just Happens To Be Shaped That Way.*

Look — we tried traditional business. Margins. Products. Deliverables. Then we realized something: People don't want results. They want hope with packaging.

Enter: Flake It Til You Make It™

A Maison Beast-backed breakfast-lottery-emotional-scam that reinvents breakfast as an investment structure.

It comes in a box. You know what else comes in a box? Regret. But this time, it's branded.

Here's how it works:

80% of boxes are empty. We call this "air-based encouragement."

20% contain actual cereal. Dubious cocoa flakes. High disappointment-to-calorie ratio.

1% of all boxes, regardless of content, contain a prize. Could be cash. Could be cryptic. Could be both. You'll know if it glows.

This isn't gambling. This is belief laundering — with sprinkles.

You don't buy Flake because you're hungry. You buy it because something in your lizard brain whispers: "Maybe this box changes everything."

And when it doesn't? You buy another. That's called momentum investing.

So how do you move up the ranks?

Easy. You sell hope. Every time you convince someone else to buy a box, you unlock your first promotion: **Certified Flake Agent™**.

From there, things escalate:

Tier 1: The Faithful Crumbler™

You bought a box. It was empty. You told no one. You believed harder.

Tier 2: Hope Peddler™

You get 3 people to join. They lose. You win. Emotionally.

Tier 3: Regional Crunch Consultant™

You speak at basements. You wear a headset. Your cereal is comped.

Tier 4: High Flakemander™

You no longer eat. You just manifest. You show people charts they don't understand. You're glowing. You don't need qualifications. You need conviction. And a mailing address.

We supply the boxes.

You build the pyramid.

One crunchy false promise at a time.

READY TO JOIN?

Text "CEREAL EMPIRE to
+372 777 2468

Receive your starter kit:

- 1 empty box
- 1 full box
- Hope-selling manual
- Script on handling complaints

DISCLAIMER:

Maison Beast does not guarantee returns, flakes, money, meaning, or digestive satisfaction. All members waive their rights to logic. Taxes not included. Hope sold separately.

QUOTE FROM A RISING INITIATE:

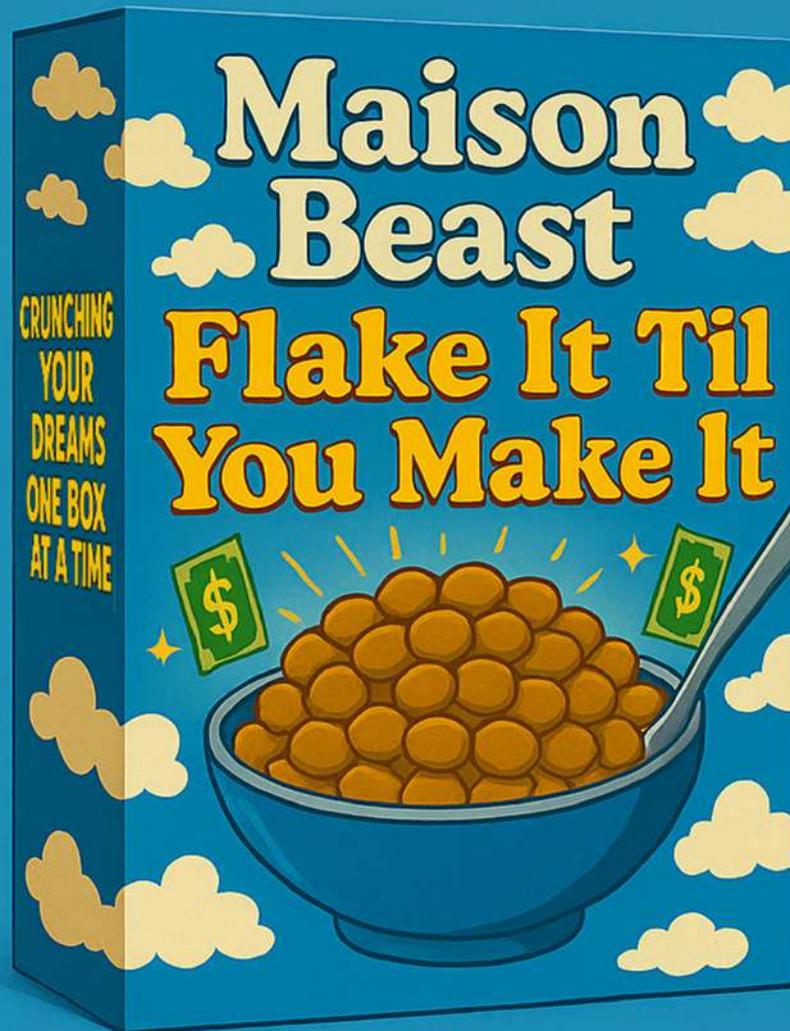
"I lost everything but gained three recruits. I'm leveling up emotionally."

Flake It Til You Make It™

Because if you're not winning, you should at least be recruiting.

Flake It Til You Make It

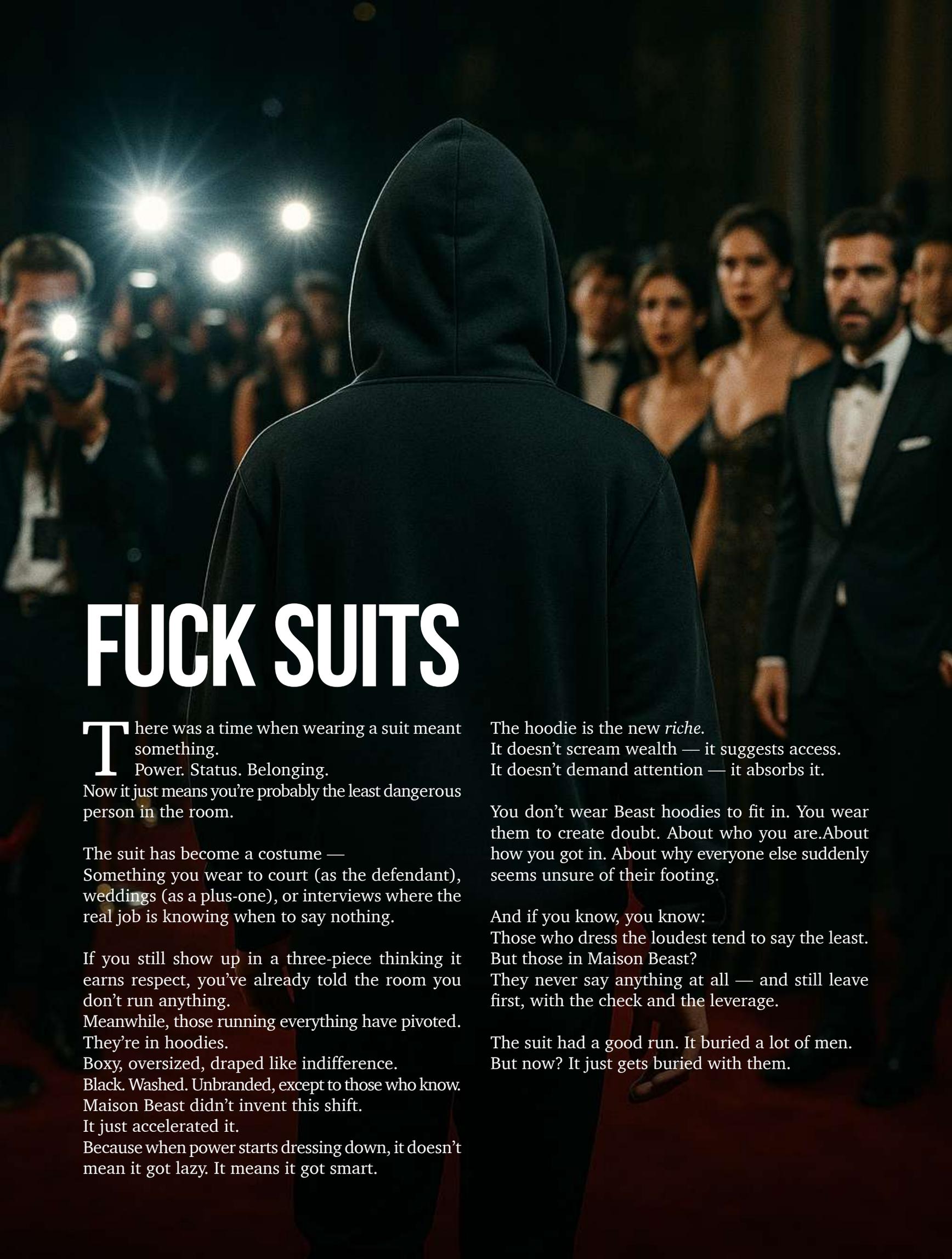
(A LIMITED-EDITION LOTTERY BREAKFAST CEREAL)



CUSTOMER REVIEWS:

- ★★★★★ "My box was empty. Just like they promised."
- ★★★★★ "Still trying to find flakes. But honestly? Worth it."
- ★★★ "I got a message. It wasn't in words."
- ★★★★★ "This cereal changed nothing. I feel amazing."

DISCLAIMER: Does not meet the daily recommended value of anything. Prizes not guaranteed. Happiness neither. Contains psychological additives. Void where paranoia is prohibited.



FUCK SUITS

There was a time when wearing a suit meant something.

Power. Status. Belonging.

Now it just means you're probably the least dangerous person in the room.

The suit has become a costume — something you wear to court (as the defendant), weddings (as a plus-one), or interviews where the real job is knowing when to say nothing.

If you still show up in a three-piece thinking it earns respect, you've already told the room you don't run anything.

Meanwhile, those running everything have pivoted. They're in hoodies.

Boxy, oversized, draped like indifference.

Black. Washed. Unbranded, except to those who know.

Maison Beast didn't invent this shift.

It just accelerated it.

Because when power starts dressing down, it doesn't mean it got lazy. It means it got smart.

The hoodie is the new *riche*.

It doesn't scream wealth — it suggests access.

It doesn't demand attention — it absorbs it.

You don't wear Beast hoodies to fit in. You wear them to create doubt. About who you are. About how you got in. About why everyone else suddenly seems unsure of their footing.

And if you know, you know:

Those who dress the loudest tend to say the least.

But those in Maison Beast?

They never say anything at all — and still leave first, with the check and the leverage.

The suit had a good run. It buried a lot of men.

But now? It just gets buried with them.

WHEN THEY OFFER THE BILL

Because in certain rooms, generosity is an act of war

There's a moment at the end of every high-stakes meal where the theater shifts. The wine is finished. The bread has been ignored. The conversation slows just enough for everyone to feel the weight of what hasn't been said.

Then the bill arrives — quiet, discreet, placed with a reverence usually reserved for verdicts and weapons. One person reaches for it. And in that reach, everything else becomes clear.

Whoever pays isn't being generous. They're being strategic. Because in this world, covering the bill isn't a gesture of goodwill. It's a claim. It's saying: This was my table, my terms, my tempo. And if you accept it — if you let them pay — you've agreed to something whether you meant to or not.

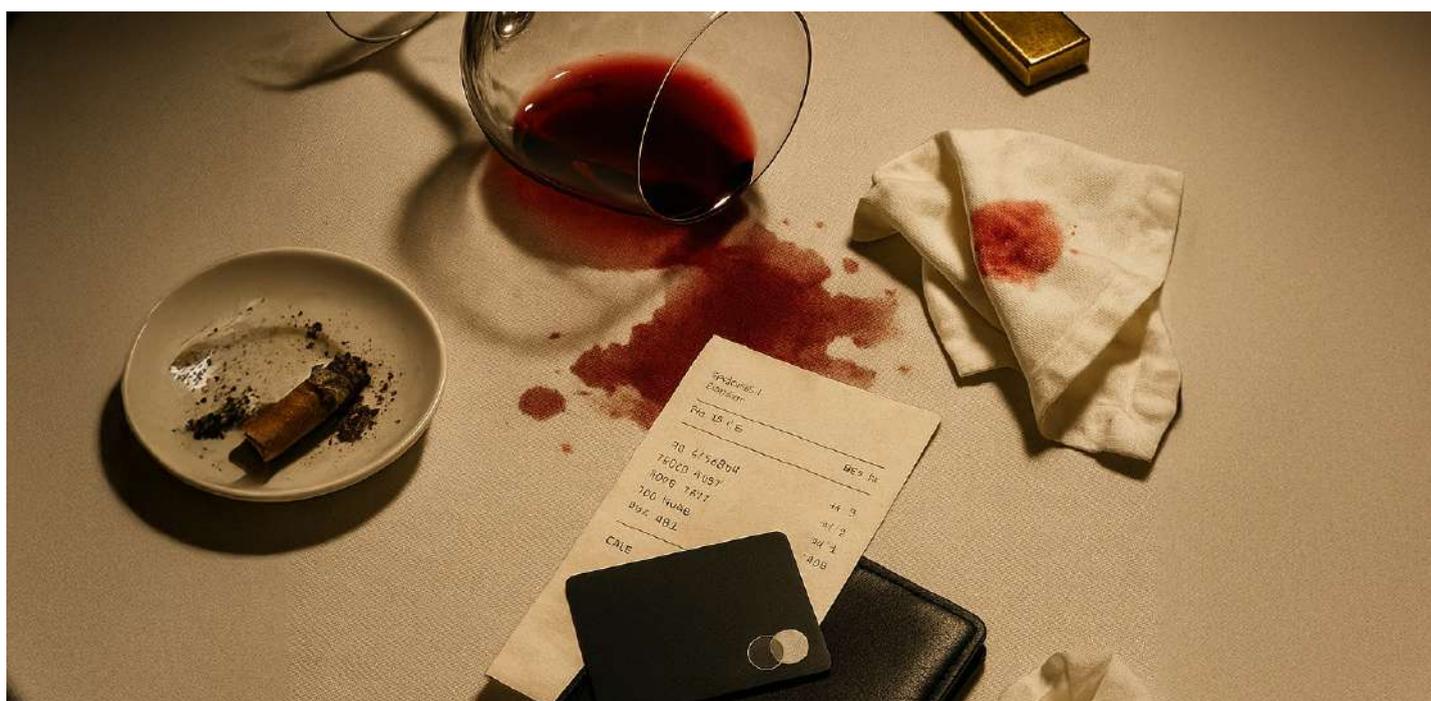
No one spends that kind of money just to be liked. They spend it to own the narrative. They pay to establish who walked out with the upper hand — literally. Because the person who covers the check controls how the story gets remembered. And if you don't realize that in the moment, you will later, when your name is

brought up in a room you weren't invited to. Now and then, someone tries to split it. Half and half. Nice and even. That's not trust. That's a panic response. No one who actually wants to do business ever suggests splitting. Splitting is for people who think proximity equals partnership. It's a polite way of saying, We're both pretending this meant less than it did.

Worse still is the one who doesn't look at the bill at all. They just stand. Maybe nod. Maybe smile. Then they leave. That's not confidence — it's certainty. Because when someone exits without acknowledging the price, you weren't dining with them. You were being briefed.

There are no real surprises in this business. Only people who forgot to read the cues. The bill is never about what was ordered. It's about who takes responsibility for the silence that followed. If someone insists on paying, let them. But don't thank them. Don't flatter them. And for the love of survival, don't offer to Venmo them later.

You're not being treated. You're being logged. And by the time the receipt is printed, so are you.





MAISON BEAST
Stone-Washed Oversized Bat Sleeve Hoodie
Stone-Washed Oversized Sweatshorts



MAISON BEAST
Distressed Red Overdye Cargo Pants
Distressed Red Overdye Overshirt



MAKE THE FLORIST YOUR BEST FRIEND

Nothing says “no hard feelings” like an orchid that can’t be traced

In this line of work, you’ll send more flowers than threats. And you’ll send a lot of threats. Forget love letters. Forget invoices. Forget that one time you sent a fruit basket and it arrived full of bees.

Flowers are the most flexible tool in the kit. They distract. They delay. They soften a blow you fully intend to deliver later. They’re the mob’s version of public relations — quiet, expensive, and absolutely capable of sending the wrong message if left unsupervised.

That’s why you don’t need a florist. You need **your** florist.

Your Florist Should Know More About You Than Your Lawyer

Not a shop. Not a chain. You need someone who’s listed in your phone under a food emoji and answers on the first ring with: “*Funeral or forgiveness?*” A good florist can land a message 24 hours before you do. A great one can land it without you being charged. They know that white lilies mean “*We miss you*” — and that six white lilies mean “*You’re next.*” They know peonies mean remorse. And anemones? Those are for the “*We’re pretending it was an accident*” kind of days. If they ever ask “*Card or no card?*” — fire them.

WHAT TO SEND, AND WHEN TO SEND IT

(So No One Gets Hurt Twice)

OCCASION	FLOWERS	TRANSLATION
A partner went down	White roses, no card	<i>"We noticed. We care. We're staying quiet."</i>
A rival went down	Sunflowers, loosely tied	<i>"What a bright day."</i>
You canceled a deal	Blue hydrangeas	<i>"We're still cool. Just watching."</i>
You missed a wedding	Carnations, mixed	<i>"Sorry, I didn't come. Also, I didn't trust the seating chart."</i>
You're apologizing for the apology	Wilted anything, no vase	<i>"You made us do this."</i>
You're sending a warning	Black dahlias, hand delivery	<i>"Count your petals."</i>
Retirement gift	A cactus	<i>"You've earned a rest. And a constant reminder not to touch anything."</i>

Florists, like fixers and safehouses, don't come from Google. They come from whispers. If they reuse a bouquet, fire them. If they ask questions, fire them louder. Because one day, you'll need to send something that says: "We're devastated. We're loyal. We're armed." And that message needs to arrive before your story does.

How To Hold A Champagne Bottle

SO NO ONE THINKS YOU'RE AN INFORMANT

There are rules to every social gathering, even the ones where the drinks are flowing and the cameras are banned.

And nothing — nothing — outs you faster than holding a champagne bottle the wrong way.

In certain circles, the way you grip a bottle says more about you than any background check ever could.

Hold it too loosely? You're nervous.

Hold it too tight? You're wired.

Hold it with two hands? You're either about to confess, or you're about to catch a lecture no one wants to give.

Before you end up making enemies at your own party, study the code. Respect the etiquette. Save your life.



TOO LOOSE
= NERVOUS



TOO TIGHT
= WIRED



TWO HANDS
= SUSPICIOUS



JUST RIGHT
= YOU'RE SAFE

MANSIONS, MISTRESSES, AND MOLD: WHY SAFEHOUSES ALWAYS SMELL LIKE REGRET

A brutally honest field guide to temporary living with permanently bad vibes

There's a myth about safehouses. Probably started in movies. You know the ones—low lighting, mid-century furniture, maybe a rain-slicked balcony where a beautiful problem smokes in silence and thinks about betrayal. In theory, it's glamorous. Temporary decadence. A velvet-lined purgatory.

In reality? Mold. Always mold. Mold and an eerie smell that whispers someone cried here while holding a gun and thinking about their mother. Because that's what a safehouse is. Not a refuge. Not a second chance. Just an air-freshened holding cell for the temporarily inconvenient.

The first thing you notice is the silence. Not peaceful silence. The kind of silence that presses. That wraps around your throat like a passive-aggressive scarf. There's a couch, but you don't sit on it. There's a fridge, but it hums like it knows something. The light switches flicker. Not broken — hesitant. Everything in a safehouse hesitates.

And the furniture? Bought in a rush. Clean, yes. Functional, sure. But absolutely devoid of soul. That table isn't for meals. It's for statements. That bed isn't for sleep. It's for waiting. You could die in this place and the Airbnb rating would stay five stars because nobody would ever file the complaint.

You learn quickly what to bring. And what to burn. Anything traceable is a liability. Anything sentimental is a weakness. You keep your toothbrush sealed and your burner phone charged. The wardrobe's limited to three outcomes: negotiation, disappearance, or indoor funeral. You wear the same outfit until it starts to feel like a second skin — not out of fashion, but survival. Because changing looks suspicious. Because laundry is a luxury. Because the less you unpack, the less they can bury.

Every safehouse has a mistress. Maybe not in the literal sense — although sometimes, yes, in the very literal sense — but there's always someone tied to the space by regret. Someone who sat on that same bed and whispered something they shouldn't have. Safehouses collect secrets like rent. And when you walk in, you can feel them — hanging in the air like perfume and perjury.





And oh, the smell. Not just mold. Not just industrial cleanser trying too hard. It's emotional mildew. The scent of bad decisions aired out just long enough to pass for neutrality. No candle can fully fix it, but that doesn't stop people from trying. You light "Tobacco Noir" and pray it smells more like mystery than murder. You crack a window and lie to yourself. That breeze isn't fresh — it's just new.

People think safehouses are about staying hidden. They're not. They're about staying quiet. Still. Deliberate. They're about learning to breathe without drawing attention, about eating meals you don't remember cooking, about forgetting your real name because it stopped being useful.

You don't live in a safehouse. You wait in one. And waiting, as it turns out, has a scent — one that clings to your clothes and follows you into the next room. Even after you leave. Especially after you leave.

So no, it's not glamorous. It's not even safe. It's just less dangerous than outside for a little while.

And if it smells like regret? That's because it is.



**HERPÈS,
SOME GIFTS LAST FOREVER**

THE ESPRESSO TEST

Real conversations don't start until after the check is paid

The meal is over.
The plates are cleared.
The deal, if it happened at all, is floating somewhere between the veal and the awkward silence.

Then it arrives.
Not on a tray. Not with flourish.
Just... placed.
A cup no bigger than your palm.
Black. Bitter. Boiling. Espresso.

And if you think it's about caffeine, you've already failed.
Because this isn't a drink.
It's a final question.
A ritual. A test. A behavioral x-ray in porcelain disguise.

You don't order it. You're not asked. It simply appears.
What you do next determines whether you're invited back or quietly subtracted from future seating charts.
Take it too quickly, and you're eager. Nervous? Trying too hard.
You're not drinking — you're sprinting.

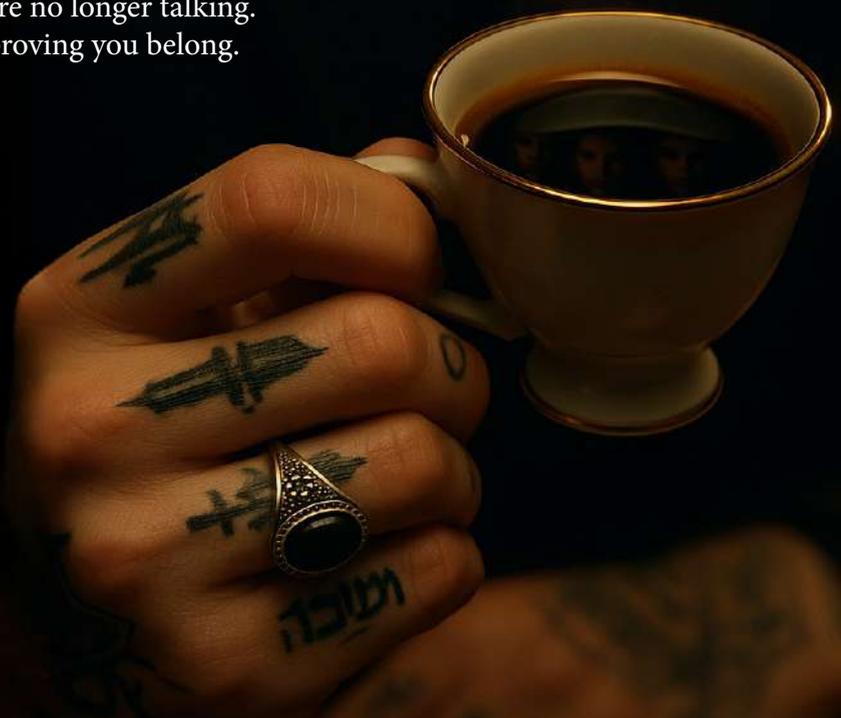
And everyone at the table knows what that means: you're hiding something. Or someone's hiding you.
Decline it, and you've declined the unspoken agreement that binds everyone still sitting here.
That whatever was said before espresso — was theater.

What happens now is the reality. The people who belong? They accept the cup without ceremony. They hold it softly, like a confession. They sip once. Pause. And wait. No stirring. No sugar. No commentary about beans, roast, or your trip to Naples. Just silence, heat, and eye contact measured in fractions. It's not the coffee. It's the control.

And how you hold it — how you carry that tiny, burning moment — is the closest thing we have to a lie detector.

Because when the espresso shows up, you're no longer talking. You're proving you belong.

And if you don't? You'll learn quickly that the real decision wasn't on the menu. It was in the cup.



HOW TO START A RELIGION

(And reduce your taxes)

When the walls start closing in — when the subpoenas get friendlier than your own cousins — there's only one truly bulletproof investment left: faith. Not personal faith. Not Sunday faith. Registered, tax-exempt, federally-recognized faith. A real religion.

Starting a religion isn't about enlightenment. It's about paperwork. The right paperwork can turn your offshore accounts into donations, your late-night meetings into services, and your loose cash into "offerings to a higher power." Best of all, when the agents finally come knocking, you're no longer a suspect. You're clergy.

The first step is branding.

Pick a name that sounds ancient but vague. Nothing too specific. "Temple of the Everlight," "First Congregation of Infinite Horizons," "The Holy Unified Brotherhood of Practical Renewal." Anything that sounds just obscure enough that no one feels smart enough to question it.

Next, write your doctrine.

Keep it short. Confusing is better than correct. Mix just enough metaphysics with finance buzzwords to sound profound. A good starter kit: one paragraph about energy, one about forgiveness, and one about quarterly fundraising goals.

Recruitment is simple.

Everyone with debt is eligible for a miracle. Everyone with too many parking tickets is spiritually wounded. Everyone with a working Venmo account is already halfway to ordination.

Of course, you'll need merch.

No real movement survives without hoodies, mugs, and tote bags. Slap the sacred logo on everything. Religious conviction is good; religious branding is better.

And when they come asking — and they will — you don't explain yourself. You mourn for them. You pity their lack of vision. You suggest, gently, that perhaps they, too, are feeling the call to give.

By the time anyone figures out the difference between belief and tax shelter, you'll be three countries deep and one step closer to canonization.

Just remember:

every empire ends, every dynasty falls, but a well-structured religion buries its own audit trails under a thousand years of inspiring slogans. Salvation is optional. Nonprofit status is forever.



WHY EVERY CREW NEEDS A FAKE ACCOUNTANT

(And why it shouldn't be you)

In any properly managed organization — legitimate or otherwise — the books must tell a story. Not necessarily the truth. Just one that holds together long enough to survive casual inspection.

This is why every crew, no matter how sophisticated, eventually needs a fake accountant. Not a real accountant — they ask too many questions. Not a good one — they find too many problems. A fake accountant: someone who can print invoices, nod at meetings, and explain cash flow with a straight face and a half-broken calculator.

A fake accountant doesn't prepare taxes. A fake accountant prepares narratives. They know how to justify a nightclub grossing \$700 a night while somehow requiring three full-time dishwashers and a security budget that could fund a small country. They exist not to fix the problems, but to decorate them.

But here's what they don't tell you:

You don't want to be the fake accountant.

Because when things fall apart — and they will — nobody remembers the bosses.

They remember the guy who signed the receipt for “miscellaneous consulting services.”

You'll be the one standing there with a stack of bad paperwork and no phone numbers worth calling.

The bosses will cry at your hearing.

They'll send flowers.

They'll name sandwiches after you in diners you'll never set foot in again.

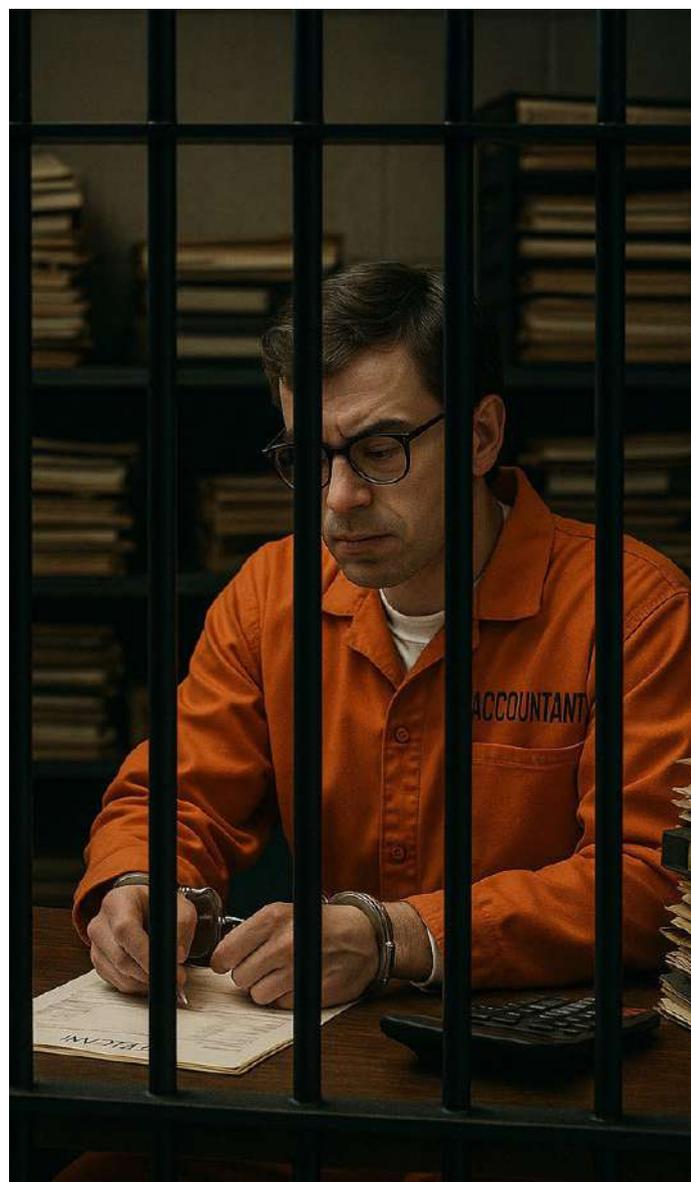
If someone hands you a spreadsheet and says, “Don't worry, it's mostly for appearances,” worry immediately.

If your job description has air quotes around “bookkeeping,” you're already halfway into becoming a morality tale.

Good fake accountants dance at the edge without getting caught. The best ones are smart enough to disappear before the music stops.

You want to last?

Be many things — earner, talker, closer — but never, ever be the guy left holding the ledger when the lights come on.



Syndrome

Fake pills. Fake Scarcity.



No FOMO.

INVESTING IN FAKE REAL ESTATE

The golden rule used to be simple: invest in what you can touch — land, bricks, cash in hand. But touch leaves fingerprints, and fingerprints leave trails. In this world, the smartest investment is one that barely exists at all.

Virtual laundromats are the new offshore accounts. No washers, no dryers, no late-night coin-counting rituals — just space, unregulated and anonymous, where capital moves faster than questions. Inside certain metaverse platforms, there are now

anything anyone could arrest you for. Plausibility is the shield.

Nobody kicks down a virtual door to seize imaginary dryers. Nobody writes up a warrant to raid a server farm disguised as an art project. It's not about hiding. It's about looking too stupid to investigate.

And in a world where every real building comes with alarms, blueprints, and surveillance, there's something beautiful about owning a corner lot no one can



hundreds of “laundromats” that never cleaned a sock but have moved more quiet money than half the strip malls in New Jersey.

Lease one, decorate it with pixelated machines, maybe sponsor a fictional bowling league, and congratulations: you're now a respected digital entrepreneur with nothing real enough to seize.

Ownership records float in decentralized servers hosted in places even subpoenas get lost. Transactions are so layered that by the time anyone tracks the money, it looks more like tech funding than

even find without downloading plugins and agreeing to obscure terms of service.

If you're smart, you don't stop at one. You buy a block. You buy a fake downtown. You build the only financial district left that nobody can burn down.

Real estate used to be about location. Now it's about encryption, distraction, and pretending you don't know the rules.

The future is fake. The future is frictionless. And the future still offers same-day service — no quarters needed.



DON'T ASK ABOUT THE FAMILY

If you had to ask, you were never supposed to know

It slips out easily. A casual gesture. A little lean forward. The kind of tone you use at airport bars or suburban block parties. “So... how’s the family?”

And just like that, the conversation stops breathing. Not fully. Not in any dramatic, theatrical way. No one flips the table. They just pause — a fraction too long.

Someone scratches their neck. Someone else adjusts a fork. You don’t hear the record skip, but you feel it.

Because in this life, the family is not a topic. It’s a perimeter.

You don’t ask about it. You’re told about it — if and when the time comes. Anything else is either clumsy or coded. Both are dangerous.

See, here, names are not for the curious. They’re for the trusted. You don’t ask who someone’s married to, who raised them, who’s “still around.”

Not unless you’re prepared to explain why you needed to know. And not unless you’re ready to have your own lineage interrogated in return.

Those who know the family, don’t say the word. Those who don’t, say it too often. It’s a quiet test — the kind that grades you long after the moment’s passed.

Because no one will tell you you’ve overstepped. They’ll let you talk. They’ll smile. They’ll even answer — vaguely, warmly, just enough to keep you comfortable. And then, when the night ends and the check is paid, your name is filed under “watched.”

What you meant as kindness gets refiled as reconnaissance. What you thought was respect lands like surveillance. There are people in this world whose family ties are unspoken for a reason. They protect them with silence. With etiquette. With plausible deniability.

So when you breach that with a well-meaning question, you don’t just make things awkward. You make yourself visible. And visible isn’t where you want to be.

So here’s a rule you won’t find in any handbook: If they wanted you to know, you’d already know. If you have to ask, don’t.

Talk weather. Talk politics. Talk about anything but the one thing that gets quiet when it’s real. Because in this world, “how’s the family?” is never small talk. It’s a searchlight.

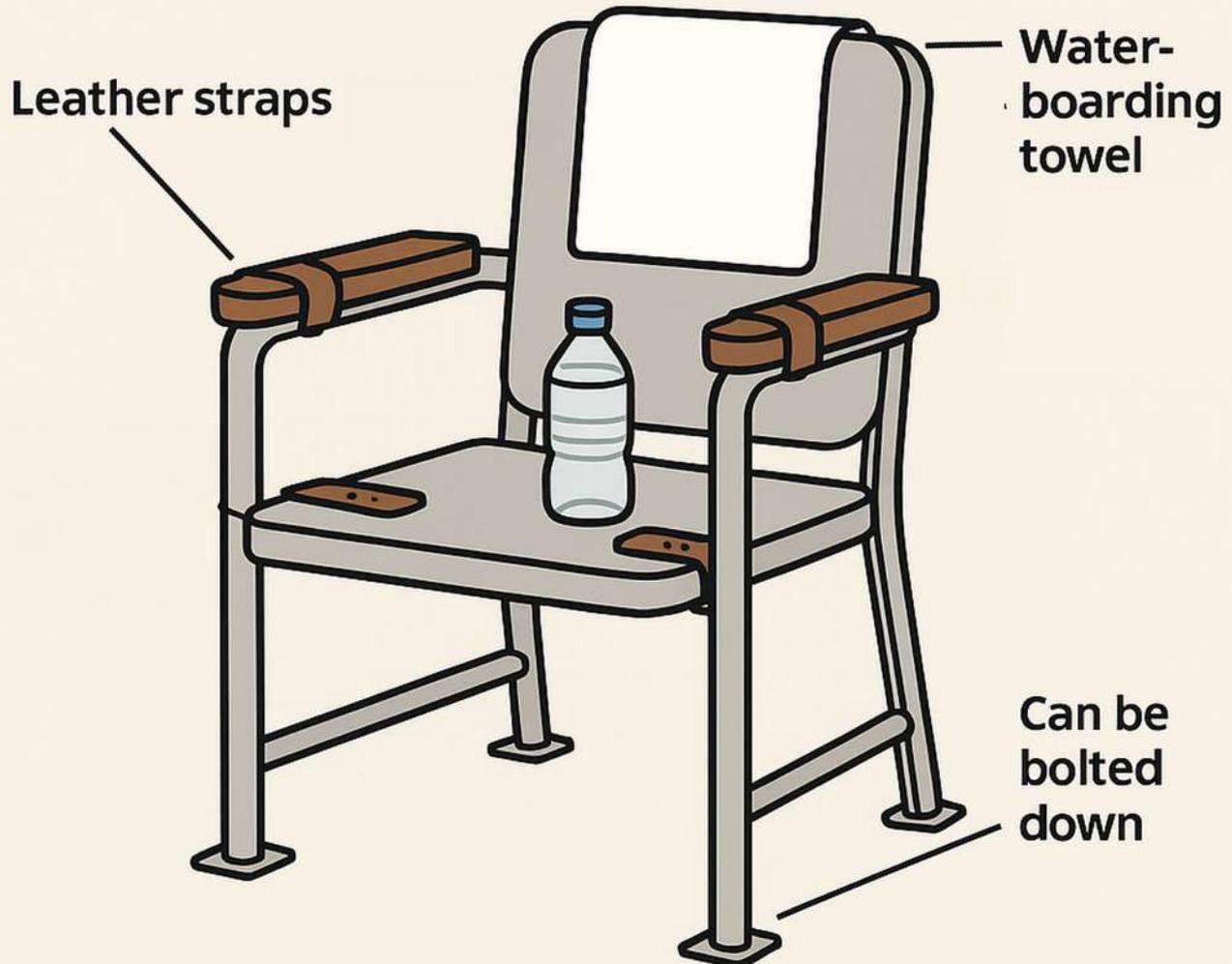
And if you shine it in the wrong direction, don’t be surprised when someone makes sure it never turns back on.

HÅRMSTOL

€199

Waterboarding chair

New arrival



What's in the box



Chair base



Leather straps



Hex key



sold separately



A FRIEND OF MINE OR A FRIEND OF OURS

When grammar can kill

It always starts with an introduction. Quick. Simple. Casual enough to seem harmless. “He’s a friend of mine.” Or, if the mood shifts: “He’s a friend of ours.” That’s it. One word. Mine. Ours. A change in grammar so slight, you’d miss it if you weren’t raised to hear it.

But in this world, it’s not just a turn of phrase. It’s a door code. A security clearance. A trapdoor in the middle of a welcome mat. Because when someone says friend of mine, what they’re really saying is: “I vouch for him, but he’s not you.” It means he’s known, but not known. He’s trusted enough to sit here, not enough to talk first. If something goes wrong, he’s not covered by the house. He’s covered by whoever said his name.



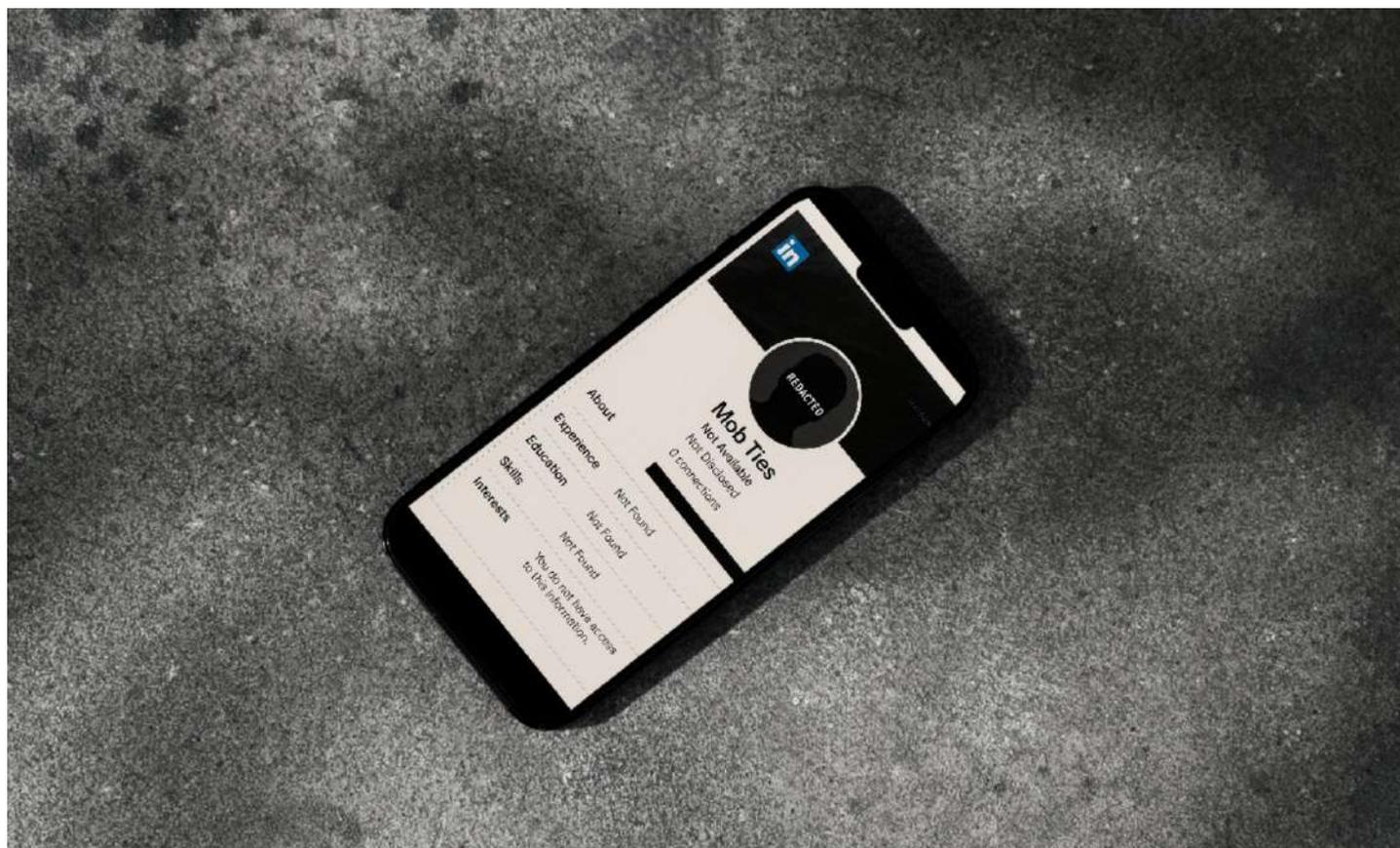
Now say friend of ours, and the table gets quieter. The eyes shift. The calculations begin. Because “ours” means he’s been through something. It means he knows how to nod instead of answer. Ours means he’s made. And made doesn’t mean inducted. It means absorbed. Which, in this life, is the closest you get to insurance.

The danger isn’t in getting it wrong. It’s in getting it almost right. The difference is subtle. But then again, so is poison. And you don’t get to make that mistake twice. Not because it’s personal. Because if you can’t be trusted with prepositions, you can’t be trusted with people. And in this life, the margin of error is usually the size of a word.

So if you ever hear someone ask: “**Is he with you, or is he with us?**” understand what they’re really saying. It’s not about loyalty. It’s about liability.

WHY WE (THE MOB) DON'T USE LINKEDIN

If you're good at what you do, they'll pretend they've never heard of you



In this life, visibility is a liability. You won't find us on platforms that ask for headshots, resumes, or job descriptions. We don't endorse each other's skills. We don't publish our soft skills. We don't "connect." We appear. Briefly. And usually by mistake.

LinkedIn, bless its naïve little heart, believes in upward mobility. It believes in the idea that if you just collect enough polite endorsements from people you met once at a panel discussion, someone will eventually offer you power.

Power isn't offered. It's taken. And it's never listed on a digital CV.

We don't update our status. Our status is inherited, imposed, or stolen — never uploaded. And that "mutual connections" tab? Those people don't speak anymore. One of them vanished. The other one's pretending they didn't notice. We don't need banner images or bullet-pointed bios to explain what we do. If you need to ask, we're not doing it for you.

LinkedIn thrives on visibility. We thrive on deniability. And while you're out there celebrating "New Role!" and posting thought leadership, we're calculating who approved that press release and why they suddenly stopped answering their phone.

We don't network. We remember favors. And we certainly don't congratulate each other in public. So no, we're not on LinkedIn. Because in this line of work, if your name pops up in a search, it usually means someone has questions — and we're not in the answering business.



CANTEL

WHEN YOU NEED TO PLEAD THE 5TH





THE BUSINESS CARD WITH NOTHING ON IT

If you need to ask what they do, you're already too late

It's thick. Embossed, maybe. Heavy for its size. No logo. No email. No QR code pointing to a smiling LinkedIn bio. Just a name. Or sometimes not even that. Just a card. You're handed it without eye contact. Not offered — handed.

The rookie turns it over, looks for the number. Maybe even asks, "Is this... blank?" And just like that, they've failed. Because in this world, the emptier the card, the fuller the story. It's not about contact. It's about context. Who gave it to you? When? Where? And more importantly — why?

You weren't supposed to get it. And now that you have, the burden's on you to understand what that means. There are no websites. No socials. No appointments to be scheduled.

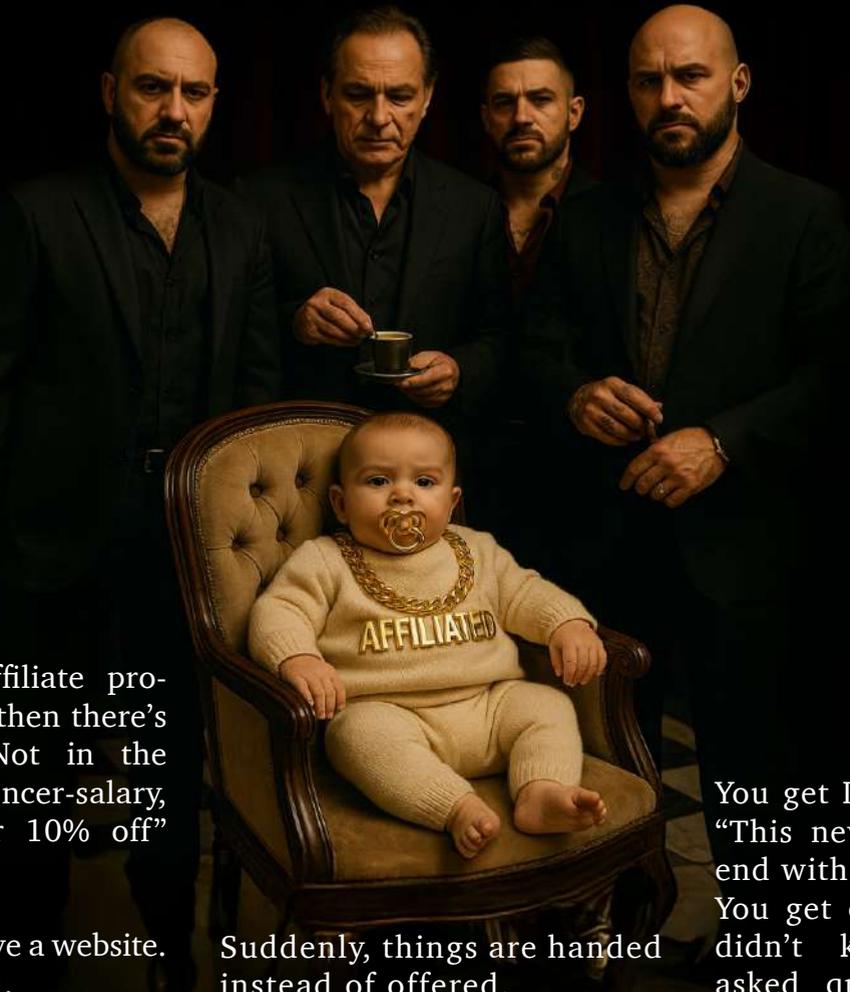
This isn't networking. It's noticing. Because the person handing you a blank card doesn't need you to call them. They need you to remember them. That kind of move only comes from people who already have reach.

People who don't send emails. People who don't need to pitch themselves in four bullet points and a polite sign-off. If they gave you the card, it's not to tell you what they do. It's to see what you do next.

So you pocket it. You nod once. And you don't mention it again. Because the moment you do, the game resets. And you're not holding the card anymore — the card is holding you.

MOB AFFILIATED

The unpublicised affiliate program with no links, no code, and no way out



There are affiliate programs. And then there's Affiliated. Not in the swipe-up, influencer-salary, "use my code for 10% off" kind of way. No.

This one doesn't have a website.
No welcome email.
No onboarding sequence.
You don't apply.
You get noticed.

Someone sees how you carry yourself — what you wear when no one's watching, how you pour your espresso, how you exit the room before it's your turn to speak — and they say, quietly, to no one in particular:

"He's affiliated."

That's it.

No badge. No bio update.

Just a shift in how people speak around you.

Suddenly, things are handed instead of offered.

Checks arrive already settled.

People start asking you what time they should arrive.

And if you're really in — like really in — someone might casually refer to you as "one of ours."

Not with us.

Of us.

A grammatical promotion.

Congratulations.

Of course, this comes with perks.

You get one of those Maison Beast pieces that doesn't ship — it arrives.

You get DMs that begin with "This never happened," and end with coordinates.

You get cut in on deals you didn't know existed and asked questions you're expected not to answer.

And in return?

You offer loyalty.

You carry the brand.

Not the logo — the aura.

You keep your head low and your collar high.

You don't tag.

You don't share.

You signal.

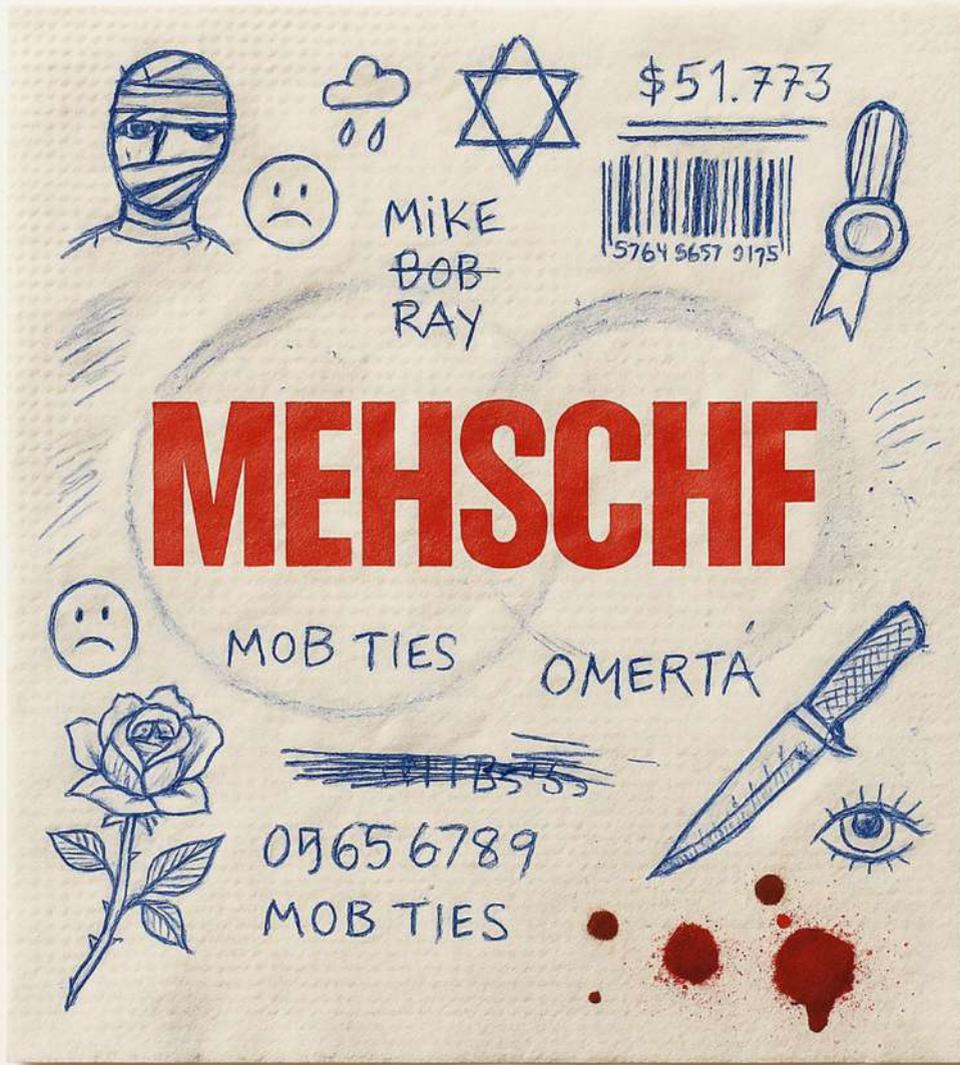
Because Mob Affiliated isn't a program.

It's a decision.

You're either in.

Or not invited.

RANDOM NAPKIN.
RANDOM MEETING.
RANDOM GUY.



YOU KEPT BUYING
SO WE STOPPED TRYING.

HOW WE GOT INTO THE SEX BUSINESS (LEGALLY, THIS TIME)

Maison beast's Après-Sex t-shirt and the fine art of getting away with it

We wanted in on one of the world's most profitable industries. Not gambling. Not drugs. Not offshore tuna laundering. The other one. The one that powers the internet, Hollywood, and half your browser history: sex.

But we weren't about to open a brothel. Too much staff. Too many stains. No real exit strategy. So we did what any tasteful criminal syndicate would do—we outsourced the sin and owned the souvenir.

Enter the Après-Sex Tee—the most banned T-shirt on the internet, wrapped in a condom bag and sold like a dirty secret. It doesn't sell sex. It sells congratulations. The kind of garment you only put on once the job is done and the lights are half off. The kind of thing that makes her laugh, makes him blush, makes them question everything—but only after they've had a cigarette and a tall glass of regret.

Instagram banned our ad in under 8 minutes. Meta's algorithm saw the word "sex" and hit the panic button. Three influencers had their accounts temporarily disabled just for posing with it—fully clothed, mind you. The Vatican sent us a passive-aggressive cease and desist.

And naturally, we sold out of our first run in four days. We realized something important:

you don't need to be naked to get flagged. You just need to be clever.

The Après-Sex tee is pure implication. It's the wink, not the act. A crisp white T-shirt that radiates smugness,

sealed like a contraband cigarette in an oversized condom wrapper, with no receipt, no instructions, and absolutely no moral compass.

We didn't sell foreplay. That market's too crowded. We sold the afterglow. The post-game interview. The walk to the fridge in boxers and gold chains, grinning like you just robbed God.

And it works. Because everyone wants

to feel like the main character. Everyone wants the T-shirt that says, "I did that," without having to explain what that was. And now they can. For money, of course.

We don't sell sex. That's tacky. We sell post-sex real estate, and we price it like beachfront property.

Get yours before the next takedown. After all, you're already guilty. Might as well look good doing time.

www.apres-sex.com

— For those who came, saw, and refused to cuddle.





APRÈS-SE



A PRÈS-SEX

MAISON BEAST

THE MOB TIES MAGAZINE

A Maison Beast publication. Unauthorized. Unapologetic. Disposable.

Head of Editorial Content & Spin Propaganda:

Michael Burich – got three burner phones and one working conscience. We only text the first two.

Head of Magazine Design & Chief of Censorship Bureau:

Kaido Põldma – makes Helvetica scream and redacts emotions. Will smack a b***h

Head Designer & Stylist Extraordinaire:

Kristiina Jeromans – dresses the guilty, undresses the innocent.

Marketing, PR and Communications for the Mob:

Jana Pipa Maria Sauter – turns threats into press releases and press releases into threats. Fluent in denial.

Photography by:

Nikita Turok – shoots with a camera, but owns several unregistered alternatives.

Model Credits:

Clip2900 – possibly human, definitely hot, maybe cloned.

UNNECESSARY PERSONNEL WITH VERY NECESSARY TITLES

Espresso Supervisor:

Tomasso Sularaha – serves it a la macchiato, no questions asked.

Chief of Silent Partnerships:

Uncle Vito – if he smiles, you've already signed something you shouldn't have. You're f***ed.

Head of Asset Laundering (Textile Division):

Vicente "The Fold" Goes – Can make you look good or disappear, he chooses.

Unlicensed Therapist / On-Set Confessor:

Father Dominic "Don't Call Me Father" G – your secrets are safe. For a price.

Director of Foreign Allegiances (Unacknowledged):

Yara G – claims not to speak English. Claims many things.

Weapons Logistics & Inspirational Quotes:

Gianni V – keeps a blade and a proverb in every shoe.

Luxury Item Displacement Specialist:

Natasha "Fingers" Kovalenko – five-star thief, one-star Yelp reviews.

Cryptic Messaging & Horoscope Coding:

Madame Lucrezia – if your shirt has symbols, she approved the spell.

Head of Damage Control (and Collateral Damage):

Valentina "No Apology" Di Russo – offers condolences but never apologies

Lead Disinformation Artist:

Lucien "The Rewrite" Castagna – ghostwrites history, make-shit-upper.

Florist for Tactical Mourning:

Peter "Fleur" Boeijkens – arrangements for betrayal, guilt, or plausible deniability.

Espionage Intern (Unpaid, Possibly Dead):

Jules – showed promise. Showed up once and never again.

Overseas Shell Company Consultant:

Madam Zou – sends invoices from five countries at once. Answers to none.

Creative Director of Misdirection:

Enzo "Left Turn" Vitale – responsible for five pages that lead nowhere and one that ends careers.

ALSO INVOLVED, UNKNOWINGLY

This operation includes insignificant assistance from Sam Altman & the OpenAI group, whose contributions were limited to plausible deniability, spellcheck, and staring into the moral void.

If you didn't get credited, that's either an oversight or a compliment.

Silence is the highest honor.



