What do you do after you write a number-one best-selling book about your drunken, sexual misadventures that makes you rich and famous? Celebrate by getting more drunk and having insane amounts of sex, obviously. And pretty soon you’ve got another f-ing book on your hands. Stuffed full of ridiculous stories of bad decisions, debauchery, and sexual recklessness, Assholes Finish First starts where I Hope They Serve Beer In Hell left off, then proceeds to "some next-level shit." You already know how women react to confidence, game, and vodka, but what happens when you add money and fame to the mix? You get answers to the hard questions you’ve never thought of asking: What’s it like to have sex with a midget? What about two midgets? How does it feel to get multiple requests to “fuck for charity”? What does it do to a man to watch a 19-year-old do wind sprints to sober up, so that she can have sex with you before her twin sister does? At what number of virgins does deflowering them stop being fun and start feeling like a job? When a girl you met three hours ago decides to tattoo your name next to her pussy, what is the appropriate reaction? Can you X-ray a blowjob? The answers are inside, they are absurd and hilarious, and they are the product of one man’s experiences: His name is Tucker Max, and he is still an asshole.

**Synopsis**

What do you do after you write a number-one best-selling book about your drunken, sexual misadventures that makes you rich and famous? Celebrate by getting more drunk and having insane amounts of sex, obviously. And pretty soon you’ve got another f-ing book on your hands. Stuffed full of ridiculous stories of bad decisions, debauchery, and sexual recklessness, Assholes Finish First starts where I Hope They Serve Beer In Hell left off, then proceeds to "some next-level shit." You already know how women react to confidence, game, and vodka, but what happens when you add money and fame to the mix? You get answers to the hard questions you’ve never thought of asking: What’s it like to have sex with a midget? What about two midgets? How does it feel to get multiple requests to “fuck for charity”? What does it do to a man to watch a 19-year-old do wind sprints to sober up, so that she can have sex with you before her twin sister does? At what number of virgins does deflowering them stop being fun and start feeling like a job? When a girl you met three hours ago decides to tattoo your name next to her pussy, what is the appropriate reaction? Can you X-ray a blowjob? The answers are inside, they are absurd and hilarious, and they are the product of one man’s experiences: His name is Tucker Max, and he is still an asshole.

**Book Information**

Audible Audio Edition
Listening Length: 8 hours and 23 minutes
Program Type: Audiobook
Version: Abridged
Publisher: Simon & Schuster Audio
Audible.com Release Date: September 28, 2010
Language: English
ASIN: B0044X4Q86
Best Sellers Rank: #58 in Books > Audible Audiobooks > Humor > Essays  #98 in Books > Humor & Entertainment > Humor > Love, Sex & Marriage  #197 in Books > Humor & Entertainment > Humor > Essays

**Customer Reviews**

This is the absolute worst book I’ve ever read in my entire life. You know, I wrote a really, really, really long review detailing everything I hated about this book. Not enough. If I had room for 1,000 pages, it would still not be enough to convey how much I hate this damn novel. Tucker Max is a terrible, terrible, terrible writer. ... most offensive man alive ... Now, you might be thinking: “oh, this is
a woman - of course she would hate this book. I'll buy it anyway because other people here have said that it's funny."NO. Sure, I might not be the target demographic for this novel - a nineteen year old girl who likes eating Thin Mints and watching Titanic - but that doesn't mean I automatically hate all sexist, offensive comedians. I enjoy watching Archer, reading stuff by Louis C.K. (or listening to him), and browsing Reddit. My problem with this novel was that:It's not funny. I have no idea how on Earth this guy sold so many books in the first place (though according to the reviews, his first one was a lot better). I actually started knocking my head against my Kindle - *what* *am* *I* *reading* *why* *am* *I* *reading* *this* *make* *it* *stop* - and finally deleted it from my history forever so I wouldn't be tempted to read more stories (well Paige, maybe it'll get better at THIS part).He's offensive, but it's ... how do I put this? Reading this book was like being in a crowded bar, listening to bad music and having an old, fat, balding man repeatedly grind against you, shouting obscenities in your ear. Yeah. I think that's an apt description. Uncomfortable, awkward, boring, queasy, mildly disgusting ... you feel like you need a shower afterwards.Also, Tucker Max cannot spell or write.

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