

Sleazy Stories III

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Sleazy Stories: Confessions of an Infamous Modern Seducer of Women (also available in German as *Schmierige Geschichten: Bekenntnisse eines modernen Verführers*)

Sleazy Stories II: A Seducer's Sex-Laden Spring in Berlin

Sleazy Stories III: A Seducer's Stream of Thots

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A Seducer's Stream of Thots

Aaron Sleazy

Black Swallowtail Publishing

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To all you horny men, again

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Preface

It is quite surprising how good you can get at something if you fully devote yourself to it. Not bothering with holding down a real job, I spent most of my time in 2009 chasing after women. While the average Joe may be able to go out once every other week I was out and about several times a week. Looking back I still find it staggering how much of an infrastructure for people not spending eight hours a day in an office building Berlin provides. If you wanted to, you could go out and get laid basically every single day of the week. Monday would have provided a veritable challenge but on any other night you were spoiled for choice.

Going out and getting laid is one thing; the nine-to-five grind is already incompatible with partying until 4:00 a.m., taking some girl home and, after plenty of fun and a few hours of sleep, finally getting up sometime in the afternoon. There is also the fact that there

are a lot of women who need a lover with a flexible schedule to get their sexual needs met. That was me back in the days, putting my libido above everything else.

Sleazy Stories III continues a few days after the end of *Sleazy Stories II* and covers most of my hook-ups from just one month, mid-May to mid-June 2009. You may think that there is not so much that can happen in one month but I can assure you there is: nymphomaniacs, sluts who cheat on their boyfriend or husband, empowered women who believe they can tell me what to do and how to act, an insecure woman who thinks that all she can offer is sex, masterful cocksuckers, incompetent cocksuckers, a lingerie model with borderline personality disorder, a good Christian girl, a submissive Asian cutie, and more await you in these pages. This book is a wild romp and I hope you will enjoy it even more than the previous ones.

AARON SLEAZY

Orgasm Girl

I am not quite sure why I keep picking up girls with the goal of banging them in bathroom stalls, on parking lots or behind dumpsters. I am no longer after just sex. Don't get me wrong: I like sex. In fact, I am probably a sex addict. However, calling one of my fuck buddies and telling her to come over is just so different from going out, meeting some woman, and fucking her before the break of dawn.

After my encounter with a girl I referred to as one of the biggest sluts of Berlin — you can read about her in the last chapter of *Sleazy Stories II* — I got some self-doubts. I certainly do not mind the attention I get from all those sluts, but reflecting on the morals of those women readily cheating on their boyfriend or husband fills me with disgust. It is quite sobering to look into the abyss modern Western women open up for you. (You can take that literally if you want.) It is another to know that you are one of the beneficiaries

of them having loose morals. Well, I keep telling myself that if I do not fuck them then somebody else will. That is not necessarily true, but that is how I like to view it.

After taking it easy for a few days I told my two fuck buddies to come over on Wednesday. No, not at the same time. One at 7 p.m., the other at 11 p.m. The first one I had to kick out after two hours. She was starting to feel a bit too comfortable. I do not mind her company. I rather much enjoy it, in fact, but I had the other chick come over soon. Here is a pro tip: Of course we guys cannot fuck all the time. We need some time off to recharge. However, fucking two different women soon after another is a lot easier than fucking the same old chick one more time. I am getting carried away again. Anyway, on Wednesday I banged my two chicks. On Thursday I wanted some variety again.

Thursday started great. I get up at 8 a.m., tell my chick to give me a morning blow job, and send her off. Then I called in sick at work and went back to bed. At noon I get up for real, treating myself to a proper breakfast before relaxing in the living room, reading romantic poetry. No, seriously! When I wanted to fix myself something to eat for dinner my flatmate NUMBERS came home. We cooked and ate together.

NUMBERS is in a strangely confident mood, almost an exuberant one, so he challenges me to a game of chess.

The cheek! I am not a particularly good player, but if you have never seriously studied the game I will wipe the floor with you. That was also the fate he was about to face yet again. Somehow he thinks that it is due to bad luck when he loses. Instead, I am still cashing in dividends from a book on pawn structures in chess I worked through years ago. It is written by a guy called Kmoch, if I recall correctly. I should teach my flatmate a thing or two about that topic. Then again, when I offered to lend him my copy of Tarrasch's *The Game of Chess* he was not interested. After my victory on the chess board I take a well-deserved nap.

I wake up at around 11:30 p.m. with some kind of late-evening boner. That is motivation enough for me to go out and get laid. So here we go again. I make it to the station just in time to hop on the last tram departing from my corner in Prenzlauer Berg for the day. This allows me to travel conveniently to Sage Club in Kreuzberg. You know that place. We have been there together already. I am glad that I manage to get there. Otherwise, I would have been forced to drop by one of the smaller clubs closer to my place, such as Magnet Club. It is not a bad venue, but there is just not the same quantity of women. Quality-wise they are pretty comparable, so that is not an issue. But quantity is, as the crowd at Sage Club is many times bigger. I arrive at Sage Club at around 1:00 a.m. The queue is enormous as it is often the case if you show up around that time.

After half an hour I am finally inside.

Sage Club is massive. On Thursdays they host a few bands but of course no big acts. This normally draws quite a crowd. Also, they let you in for free if you show up before 10:00 p.m., or is it 9:00 p.m.? I don't know. That is way too early anyway. There are three dance floors, which they gradually open, but it is not a fun venue if it is not packed. You can get unlucky even if you show up at a saner time, like me. Tonight they are playing indie rock on the main floor, hard rock on the second one, and on the small one downstairs some DJ with a predilection for the relative cutting edge in popular music has been trying his luck. At least that is what I think. I do not follow the scene that much anymore, compared to my time in London.

I am having a great time downstairs. The music is fun. The moment I start to dance some girl turns around and mirrors my movements. Her boyfriend does not like that and drags her off while she keeps staring at me. Compared to her boyfriend I think I am the better choice in every conceivable way, minus the money part maybe. Heck, in Berlin about a quarter of the working-age population is living off welfare and I do not even qualify for that. Thus, I am competitive on that front as well, even though I am a fucking loser.

I head upstairs and walk past a row of sofas. A cute girl gives me a warm smile, so I sit down next to her

right away and throw an arm around her. She laughs and cuddles up to me before putting a bit of distance between us. You know, they cannot make it too easy for you! I do not really remember what we were talking about but she has a really bubbly personality and I like her. She has a pendant between her perky breasts that is shaped like a cat. I take it into my grubby hand to have a closer look at it but as I lean forward I somehow end up pressing the back of my hand against one of her breasts and rub it. We make deep eye contact.

“Why does your cat have a leg shaped like a cock?”, I ask her.

“Like a what?”, she retorts incredulously, before laughing hysterically.

“If you just squint a little bit the paw totally looks like the tip of a cock.”

She keeps laughing.

“That’s not all! The whiskers look like pubic hair so your cat basically has a dick growing out of her face.”

She is in stitches and then she playfully slaps my chest.

“Did you make this?”, I ask her.

“Who, me? I couldn’t do that. I got it at Oxfam a couple of years ago.”

“I guess it’s good you’re not designing jewelry. It would be cocks around the clock otherwise.”

(I was really proud of that pun as jewelry makers may try their hand at designing clocks or pocket watches, but I am afraid that my sophisticated humor flew right past her.)

“You didn’t just say that, did you?”, she says and keeps laughing as she is caressing my chest.

“Sure did,” I say with a serious look on my face.

“You’re great! But let me get some fresh air. I’ll be right back. Please wait for me here.”

I do not feel like jeopardizing this interaction. She is pretty horny and who knows whom else she might run into.

“Now that you mention it I could use some fresh air, too.”

I take her hand and lead her to the outdoor area. She is squeezing my hand. I would say she is pretty into me. I do not like the outdoor area much, though. It is cold, and some people are smoking. We chit-chat for a bit. Now a male friend of hers joins us, presumably some orbiter. This kills the mood. He overheard that we were talking about music, which is his excuse to drone on and on about some band none of us has ever heard of.

My phone vibrates. It is my Norwegian buddy and seducer extraordinaire TEEVSTER! His family is well-off and gives him free rein, so I am not sure whether he

is still in Berlin or whether he just flew in for a long weekend. He dropped me a vague text message earlier this week about going out together, but neither of us is great at making precise plans days in advance. I am happy to hear from him, so I take his call. It is too loud. I cannot understand a single word he says. I tell that woman that I have to take this call and that I will be right back. I am looking for a quiet corner, which is no easy feat but I manage. Now I am in the hallway leading to the main dance floor. I chat with TEEVSTER, telling him where I am and that I would be very happy if he came by. Otherwise I will see him tomorrow or so, or whenever he is back in Berlin.

I put my phone down. As I look up I notice a really cute girl with long black hair smiling at me. I smile back. I do not get to say anything because she blurts out, “Do you want one of my glow sticks?” Before I can say anything she takes one glow stick off her arm and puts it on my wrist. We banter for a bit. Then the girl standing next to her whom I had paid no attention to at all walks off abruptly.

“That’s my girlfriend. I think she is jealous.”

“She didn’t happen to lose some kind of bet, did she?”

She laughs and adds, “I thought guys don’t know about such things!”

“So the answer is yes?”

She laughs.

“How about we dance?” I suggest. Before she can say anything I am already leading her downstairs to the dark little dance floor. We are getting quite close, at least physically. While she seems to really enjoy rubbing her pussy against my leg, she turns her head when I try to kiss her. I am surprised by her alleged shyness but just keep at it. I think I could get her number, meet her for coffee, and take it from there, but that is too time-consuming. Thus, I have to see how far I can get right here, right now. I sense that she is getting a bit too uncomfortable. Moments later she excuses herself.

“I really have to get back to my friend!”

She does not seem to dislike me for my boldness. In fact, she hugs me and covers my cheeks with kisses.

“No worries. We can dance some more later,” she says.

“Yeah, we should!”

She kisses me again on the cheek, close to my mouth, but my lips are apparently off-limits for her. Anyway, I do not have any intention of continuing with her later but she is fun and I am happy to have made her night.

I turn around and see a really hot chick dancing in a very seductive way. If she wants attention, she can get it. I pull her in and she uses me as some kind of prop for her dance routine. Her hands are all over my body. I am likewise exploring her tight body. Her skin feels

great. But now the song is over. She scuttles off to some guy standing at the periphery of the dance floor.

Not all my interactions go great. Plenty do because I have a great eye for spotting girls who are into me. Sometimes, though, I take a risk. It also happens that male and female friends of theirs intervene, or romantic partners. This is what happened later: I am just having fun, spinning a few random girls around, playfully poking two or three in the side, just to provoke a hopefully positive reaction. That is not smooth, but it sometimes does the trick. A girl with huge knockers smiles at me. I take this as the invitation it is and walk up to her. Sadly, she is pretty average overall. Her tits are massive, but her face is plain and her thighs are a bit too thick. That being said, we are talking about a woman with a genuinely voluptuous body, not some chick who is just fat and believes that to be the same as being curvy. It does not take long until her friends start panicking and shield her from me. Young girls and their constant chaperoning each other!

Let me do some very crude foreshadowing and introduce a girl with the telling name **ORGASMS**. I spot her in the crowd and feel drawn to her. I playfully poke her tummy to check whether she really is in shape. This makes her protest playfully. I shrug and walk off. A little while later I return and take her hand as I walk past, followed by a spin. I keep holding her hand and

try walking off with her. She is not having any of it and pulls her hand back. This does not happen in any kind of hostile way, mind you. I make a mental note to maybe continue with her later. After all, I am after a stronger initial reaction.

I am still looking for a girl who is into me right off the bat. There is a group of five girls dancing in a circle. I walk right into it. One of them makes piercing eye contact with me, so that is the one I am focussing on. She is young, cute, and skinny just like all her friends, which means that it does not really matter which one I pick. I take her hand and pull her in. She plunges forward and softens the impact of jumping into me with her breasts. She is really light. I easily lift her up with one arm. She wraps her legs around me.

“Actually, I really don’t like any of this,” she claimed.

“Yeah, I can tell.”

She giggles.

We just stare into each other’s eyes. Her friends seem to not matter to her for a moment or two. Then she returns to the real world.

“Okay, that was fun. Now please let me down.”

“It’s not as if I’m forcing you.”

I only have a hand on her ass to support her, of course. She giggles, “Of course not.”

Now she is standing right next to me.

“Um, I’m actually not allowed to do any of this since I have a boyfriend.”

I ignore that and drag her off the dance floor. My intention is to get her to a sofa and take this interaction further. She is cute, very slender and in shape. I bet her naked body looks amazing.

“Where are you taking me?”

I keep mum. She keeps walking with me. We are in front of a sofa.

“Sit down!”, I say as I put my arm around her and gently guide her.

“I really shouldn’t be doing this. I don’t think I should sit down with you.”

“Come on, it’s just for a bit.”

I have an arm around her waist. I feel her hand on my neck.

“I’d rather dance some more.”

We do not sit down and instead head back to the dance floor. I would not say that we are dancing. She does little more than press her body tightly against mine, and I get to smell her lovely skin. Her hair smells great, too. I have no idea where her friends are and neither does she, but she does not seem to care. She is quite something looks-wise, so I decide to keep working on her.

My new goal is to wear her down gradually. I almost would have said, “tear her down.” Yup, I am certainly imagining myself ravaging her already.

I grab her ass and squeeze it. She calmly clenches my wrist and indicates that I should move my hand further up. She is indeed a bit tense, so I transition from her firm ass to her lower back, which she is much more appreciative of. Grabbing her ass like a caveman is a no-no, but she is having no issue at all rubbing her pussy against my thigh. She is also fine with my fingertips tracing her body, including her small and firm breasts. She is getting really into it.

“You’re quite a charmer,” she says.

“I take this as a compliment.”

“I have no idea how you manage to make me do this with you.”

(Practice.)

I do not say anything. Instead, we caress each other.

“I think you’re way too forward,” she says gently and softly.

“Just enjoy it. I know you’re not getting much of this.”

She looks at me, unsure of what to say.

“You know that I’m right,” I add.

She nods and looks down to the floor.

I hear her whisper, “How do you ...?”

“Shh!”

I take her hand and lead her into another room. We sit down on a sofa. She first sits down next to me, but then I lift her up and put her into my lap.

“I really have a boyfriend. I’m not making this up.”

I nod.

She gently traces my chest with her index and middle finger.

“I ... , I’m not allowed to do any of this. I’m really not.”

She is a tough nut to crack. I lean forward to kiss her neck. She puts her hand on my cheek and pushes me away, but not at all convincingly.

“No!”, she whispers.

“Just relax and enjoy it.”

She does not say anything but instead closes her eyes. I kiss her neck gently and work my way up to her earlobe. She is melting. I suck on her earlobe, then I lick her ear. I feel her hands on the skin of my back. Then I suck her neck. This prompts her to bury her nails in my back. We look into each other’s eyes. Then she comes back to her senses and gets up.

“I really, really No, don’t get me wrong. I think you’re great. You’re amazing. I’d love to I mean, if

I didn't have a boyfriend, I ..., I'm not making this up. I really do have a boyfriend."

She seems a bit confused. I get up as well and embrace her. She wraps her arms around me.

"If I don't leave now, I don't know what will happen," she philosophizes.

I gently kiss her lips. She initially reciprocates, but then forces herself to stop.

"I shouldn't. I ..., I really need to go. Please let me go."

She is turning cold now. I can sense her body stiffening. Consequently, I stop embracing her.

"Not tonight, I mean I have to get back to my friends. "

She looks at me expectantly. I think this is my cue to ask her for her contact details but I do not want to bother with dates if there is not a very high probability that I will get laid with little effort.

"Okay. Have fun," I say.

"You too. You were great!"

"You too!"

She turns around and hurries back to her girlfriends.

I sit down on the sofa for a little bit and just relax. After a while I get up and wander around the venue. The shitty indie bands have long stopped playing and now

people are dancing on the stage. That is normally not allowed. Yet, too many people — read: cute women — are doing it to make security stop them. One security guy stands right next to the stage, making sure that nobody accidentally falls off.

That girl I had run into earlier, ORGASMS, is also dancing on the stage. Some guy is trying to get her attention by awkwardly dancing about three feet away from her, and not directly facing her either. What a loser! I walk straight up to her and pull her in. Her hands are instantly all over me. She has been waiting for someone to hit on her. Probably more or less anyone would have sufficed, given how horny she is. ORGASMS is pressing her tits against my body. From the corner of my eye I see the other dude walking off with his tail between his legs.

I am teasing her a bit by leaning in for a kiss. Because she immediately goes for it I pull my head back and grin mischievously. She gives me a really horny look in return. She is not wearing a bra, so her tube top is doing a poor job of trying to hide her stiff nipples. I tickle one of them and laugh. That is enough playing around for now, though. To reward her for how she has been looking at me, I grab her by the neck, pull her in, and tongue her down hard. We are about one to two minutes in, for your information.

We are making out. Her hands are under my T-shirt,

squeezing and scratching my back. I roll her tube top up a little bit and lift my T-shirt up, before pressing our exposed sweaty midriffs together. (Some horny slut in London taught me that move. Moments later she had one hand in my pants and was stroking my cock.) We are still making out. I pull back so that I do not give her too much of a sexual release. She grabs my hair with one hand and tries pulling my head down to her. I am a tall guy. She is about ten inches shorter than me and that is in her heels, so that is not going to work out. She instinctively gets on her toes, which looks comical as she is not gaining much, given the kind of shoes she is wearing.

She still has one hand on the back of my head and she is excessively eager to kiss me. I lean in and pull back right afterward — only to grab her mane and pull her head back. I lick her neck. She moans. I go for the kiss. As soon as she opens her mouth I shove my tongue down her throat. Then I playfully push her away while making strong eye contact. Of course, she is coming right back to me. We stare into each other's eyes. She is so horny that I could just bend her over and fuck her if we were not on the stage, exposing ourselves to a few hundred people dancing around us. Then I notice a curtain in the corner of the stage. I have no idea what is behind it. It is time to find out.

I take her hand, quickly walk toward the curtain with

her, and peek behind it. It is a storage room, which is a great place to continue my interaction with that little slut. There are some big crates piled up. I notice several monitors, an amp, and a few instruments. All of this stuff must belong to tonight's bands. There is an adjacent room, too. I see people walking back and forth, carrying stuff. Those might be roadies or maybe they are band members doing the job of roadies. Well, they can do their thing. I will do mine. I lead her over to a wall. The view is partly blocked by two crates that are stacked on top of each other. My head is sticking out behind those crates but she will be invisible once she squats down.

I presume she is thinking what I am thinking. I lean against the wall. She grabs my head with both hands and tongues me down hard. Meanwhile, I grab her by the pussy and rub her crotch passionately. Putting one and one together, I realize that I may as well just pull my cock out. We are making out passionately. She has both hands in my hair. I have one hand on her crotch. With the other I unbutton and then unzip my pants. I take one of her hands and put it onto my cock, which is pretty hard already. She is whacking me while we are making out. This is not really doing it for me for long, so I pull my boxers and pants down a little bit, put one hand on the top of her head and push her down. She gets the hint right away and is downright plunging down on my cock with her mouth open. Her first

move is a deep throat!

She has just been waiting for me to let her suck my dick. Now we are about five minutes in. I am setting new personal bests here. I shove one of my hands into her tube top and briefly wonder if I will end up wrecking it. I squeeze one of her marvelous breasts with my left hand, with the other I have a tight hold of her mane and yank her head back and forth, frequently shoving it all the way down so that she can impress me with her deep-throating skills. She makes gargling sounds. When I yank her back she gasps for air, only to get my massive stiff cock down her throat once again. All I have heard from her thus far are moans and “Mmmm.” I do not enjoy talking with women as I tend to find them to be shallow conversationalist, but what this girl has been uttering is the kind of communication with women I do not seem to ever get tired of.

I let her feast on my massive boner some more. I am hitting the back of her throat with the tip of my cock and feel her tongue working on my shaft at the same time. She is making deep eye contact. Cute chicks with my dick in their mouth looking at me lustfully is something I thoroughly appreciate. Bitch all you want about women’s liberation, but the fact of the matter is that I am getting sex for free with ease. My father’s generation, maybe my grandfather’s generation, had to pay for hookers. Today sluts fuck you for validation, which

is pretty crazy if you think about it, considering that after blowing a load you could not care less about such a chick.

It is cramped in that storage room and leaning against the wall is not particularly comfortable, but I let her continue. I have a hunch that she is good enough at sucking dick to make me come with her mouth alone. I should probably find a more comfortable position. Sitting down somewhere would be good. Right now there is not much space. We are pretty squeezed in. Well, time to rearrange ourselves. As I am still grabbing her by the hair on the back of her head, I just yank her head back. She looks at my erect penis. For good measure I take my dick and slap her in the face with it. The second time I want to do it she tries to evade it and in turn takes it into her mouth again. That is enough of an intermission. I stretch her out, a bit like an accordion, by pulling her head upward. We make deep eye contact. I move her sideways, where there is a bit more space. Before I can say anything she grabs my balls with one hand and my neck with the other and shoves her tongue down my throat. Now she has one hand on my dick. With the other she is playing with my balls.

I gesture her to squat down again by putting one hand on her head and pushing her down. She is now squatting and presumably readying herself for the grand finale. Then a roadie walks by and shouts, "Hey, you're