

Sleazy Stories II

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Minimal Game: The No-Nonsense Guide to Getting Girls

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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

Aaron Sleazy

Black Swallowtail Publishing

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To all you horny men

Preface

Nine years.

Nine fucking years.

The events chronicled in *Sleazy Stories* took place in London and Berlin from spring 2008 until New Year's Eve 2008. I had many more stories to share, but ending that book with what I had, at that point, considered my prime achievement as a seducer seemed like a good choice. *Sleazy Stories* was released in 2009. In that year, I did little more than having a ball of a time, fucking women, and writing about it. In the course of that year, I recorded many dozens of my encounters with women.

My original plan was to release *Sleazy Stories II* in late 2009 or early 2010. However, the problem was that I kept pulling girls and writing those events down. There was just too much happening. My choice was between recording my encounters with women as they unfolded

or preparing the material I had collected for release. As you can easily guess, I chose the former.

As much fun as it was to get laid, I eventually had to move on with my life. Still, taking close to two years off, which consisted mainly of picking up girls, isn't what a lot of people can do. I am happy I squeezed that period of debauchery in because that is certainly not something I could do in retirement. As I was working to get my life back on track afterwards — my situation was somewhat comparable to a former drug addict or a felon trying to reintegrate into society — writing took a backseat, and so did picking up women. Furthermore, I viewed it as more important to work on two other books during that time, and I am very happy that I was able to release both *Minimal Game* and *Club Game*. These two books record my distilled knowledge of picking up women. Still, there was so much more material I wanted to share.

In late 2017, I finally managed to revisit my project folder for a sequel to *Sleazy Stories*. I was absolutely overwhelmed by the material I had gathered. *Sleazy Stories II* picks up more or less right after *Sleazy Stories*, in the early morning hours of January 2, 2009. The last encounter described in this book happened on May 15, 2009, and what a crazy story that was! In 2018, you finally get to read about it and many more of my encounters with women in intimate details. I hope you enjoy

reading about my exploits. I certainly had a lot of fun researching female sexuality in practice and I proudly, or maybe not so proudly, present to you the highlights of about four months of seducing women in morally loose Berlin, Germany.

AARON SLEAZY

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House Party

I have had a pretty rough week. On Wednesday, my kind-of girlfriend stayed over. I told her I don't want to be exclusive, but for some reason she does not mind me fucking other women. Well, it's not my problem. On Thursday, one of my old fuck buddies from London, FRECKLES, visited me as she was traveling through Europe. We did not even manage to leave the apartment. She left on Friday in the early afternoon. Afterwards, I headed to my girlfriend's place. She wanted to hang out as she was about to go away for two weeks. I stayed over. Now it is Saturday evening. I just arrived back home and only want to sleep. There is only so much sex you want to have and I have had more than my fill for this week. Alas, the people I shared the apartment with had planned a party, so I have to stay up.

You may be forgiven for thinking that if you share a big place with three girls and one guy, you would end up with a party full of women. Then again, my female

flatmates aren't all that hot, so expecting a torrent of attractive young women was not my expectation to begin with. So far there are only guys in the apartment. A few of my male friends were happy to accept my invitation. Among them is **BYTE**, who has been tearing it up this week, yet again. He was very amused when I told him a few juicy highlights of my encounter with **DOTS** last Thursday.

I also have a bunch of female friends, but I suspect that they only keep in touch in case they get tired of their current boyfriend. One of those girls is **DRESS**. She's not even that hot. I just keep bumping into her. Whenever I see her out and about, she is either on drugs or drunk, or both. She brought two friends along, one loser guy, and one of her girlfriends. For obvious reasons, I'll call her **DOUBLEDS**, because she had massive, massive tits. They brought a bottle of wine but wanted to empty it themselves. **DRESS** asks me for a corkscrew. I get sidetracked, talking to some random girl, and when I find them again in my flat mate's room, **BYTE** is already making out with her. I sit down next to them.

BYTE is a pretty aggressive guy. He just takes whatever he wants. He looks like a bear, which presumably works in his favor. **DRESS** is quite a slut, so bringing **BYTE** into the mix could only lead to great stories to share. **DRESS** is buzzed already. For some reason she

starts talking about dicks, remarking that she has yet to see mine.

“No problem. Pull your dress down and expose your tits. I’ll show you my dick in return,” I tease her.

“I’m not like all the other sluts you pick up in clubs, you know,” she protests.

“Of course. No girl ever is.”

“Besides, you are such a manwhore anyway. Getting involved with you would be bad for my reputation.”

BYTE and I laugh heartily. Of course, none of that makes any sense.

“How did you meet BYTE anyway?” she asks me.

I tell her how it went down. Basically, we were both out on our own to pick up girls, at a place called Watergate. As a master of that art, you recognize a fellow master. BYTE laughs and takes over the conversation.

“No, Aaron, that’s not at all what happened. I recall that as we were taking a piss at Watergate, we glanced at each other’s dicks and were so impressed by their size that we simultaneously complemented each other.”

That’s of course a made up story. BYTE is a bit crude, but his approach is valid because it’s quite helpful to get sluts thinking of dicks. He is not done yet, though. In order to further up the ante, he’s pulling down her top, exposing her bra. She is wearing some rather elaborate

lingerie. Motivated by the sight of it, BYTE slides two fingers into her bra, pulling it down to expose more of her right breast. He is moving really fast, but he is so incredibly good with women that he knows what he can get away with.

“She has very sexy nipples. Maybe you want to have a look?”, I suggest.

“You don’t know that!”, DRESS shrieks, feigning embarrassment.

“Of course I don’t, but I’m right, am I not?”

She smiles and neither agrees nor disagrees. If you’re really horny, you could mistake her for a 7. (I’ve fucked way hotter girls, but she is totally doable.) She believes she is a 9 all the time, so of course she thinks she has sexy nipples. Because more people come into the room, BYTE helps DRESS cover up her largely exposed breast. That was nice of him. BYTE really is on a roll, and says, “How about we have a threesome: Aaron, me, and you?”

DRESS gives us a horny look.

BYTE continues, “Aaron and I would have to share you, but you could play with two big dicks. The only question is whether you could handle it.”

I think we are now past the point of just playing around. BYTE has one hand on her back, presumably in her panties, if not on or in her pussy. I have one hand on