

# Sleazy Stories

CONFESSIONS OF AN  
INFAMOUS MODERN  
SEDUCER OF WOMEN



**Aaron Sleazy**

**BLACK SWALLOWTAIL PUBLISHING**

“Sleazy is a guy who really gets exactly what women in clubs are looking for, and gives it to them to whatever point they are willing to go. He is indeed the tall, dark, handsome stranger who sweeps women off their feet and leaves them smiling — the guy every woman fantasizes about.”

—PureEvil

“Sleazy makes two approaches a night and somehow ends up making out with four girls. He gets hand jobs from girls on the dance floor like I get them from girls in my bedroom. He fingers girls just because he can.”

—NashvillePlayboy

**Aaron Sleazy** is among the most infamous modern seducers of women. His unusually direct style gained him followers all around the globe. Due to his incredible boldness and complete disregard of social norms he has eventually reached a level of success that can only be described as surreal. Some people may consider him a despicable character, but men usually envy his abilities with women, while women wish more men were like him.

This book chronicles Aaron Sleazy's development from a guy that got some female attention into a raunchy modern Don Juan. It contains his most memorable, his most entertaining, his craziest, and his most bizarre adventures on his quest of picking up women. **Sleazy Stories** is a collection of not even one year's worth of experiences. Nonetheless, it contains more variety and absurdities than a lifetime's sexual history of probably 99.9 % of guys out there.

[AaronSleazy.com](http://AaronSleazy.com)

[BlackSwallowtailPublishing.com](http://BlackSwallowtailPublishing.com)



# **Sleazy Stories**

**Books by Aaron Sleazy**

*Sleazy Stories*

*Debunking the Seduction Community*

*Minimal Game*

**In German:**

*Schmierige Geschichten*

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Confessions of an infamous modern  
Seducer of Women

Aaron Sleazy

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*To Dewayne and Terry*





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# Preface

A character like Don Juan takes what he wants. He won't wine and dine a woman for weeks. He won't seek the approval of her friends. He won't lavish her with gifts. Instead, he will rely on his knowledge of women and his magnetic personality. Once he interacts with a woman that is receptive to him, she will be enthralled because she will instinctively know that he can give her an experience virtually no other man can. Don Juan may be fiction, but seduction is not.

I have become such a man, even though it was partly by accident. Once I believed I was destined to become a great academic. Coming from a modest background, I thought I had made it when I received a scholarship for studying toward a Master's degree at the London School of Economics. My life began to change drastically in September 2007 — but not as imagined. It was stimulating to study under some of the leading figures in my field. However, in order to keep up with the competition I had to make some sacrifices. First I split up with my girlfriend, a wonderful woman. Then I dropped my hobbies one after the other. My grades were good, but I did not really enjoy life much anymore. Putting in the extra amount of work to be among the best didn't seem to be worth it. Something had

to change.

I decided to apply the 80-20 rule to my studies. With much less effort I was able to still do reasonably well. Suddenly I had much more time to spare, not to mention energy. I picked up sports again, booked yoga classes and hit the gym regularly. I also got back in the habit of going to clubs regularly, which used to be one of my favourite pastimes. I felt better than ever before.

Since I tremendously enjoyed London's vibrant nightlife it occurred to me that this was the ideal opportunity to work on something I had only fantasised about before: learning to seduce women as quickly as possible. My foundations were excellent and I was a fast learner.

I had success beyond my wildest expectations. Within months I had acquired a cult following on underground seduction forums, where I chronicled my exploits. Men from all over the world sent me emails, telling me how inspiring my posts were and how much they helped them to understand women better. People were eagerly listening to my words. I became an influential voice and gained a reputation as one of the most infamous modern seducers. I became a raunchy modern Don Juan.

*Sleazy Stories* is a collection of my personal highlights from 2008. The beginnings were modest, but my development was rapid. It was a hell of a ride. With this book I invite you to live vicariously through me. I hope you will enjoy it.

AARON SLEAZY

# Acknowledgments

This book is devoted to DEWAYNE and TERRY, two very special men.

I have met DEWAYNE on an Internet forum dedicated to seduction. Not only was he the first to take an active interest in my posts, he also quickly became a mentor. He helped me to figure out a number of very important aspects about women and about life. Without him my development would have taken much longer or not happened at all. I attribute all my early breakthroughs to his help.

TERRY is a good friend of mine. I met him at the London School of Economics. Besides being an amazingly cool guy and a real joy to be around, he broadened my horizon by introducing me to fashion, various clubs and literally dozens of amazing bands. Besides, it is a blast to hang out and pull women with him.

Furthermore, I want to thank my friends TERRY and KAREA for commenting on a draft of this book. I really appreciate their efforts.

I also want to thank everyone who has commented on my forum posts or sent me an email. No matter whether you offered advice, asked for clarification or expressed your admiration, I

have learnt something from every one of you.

Gaining a following on the Internet was an interesting experience, but ironically it was when some people began to express their disapproval if not downright hatred that I realised that my experiences were truly unique. It is not easy to provoke envy in others. Therefore I love my enemies.

A particularly heartwarming experience was receiving emails from people who told me how inspirational they found my progress. It feels good to know that I was not only in it for myself but that I have made a difference to other people's lives.

Lastly, I would like to thank those who have suggested I write a book about my adventures. Without you this might not have happened.



# Notes

In front of you is a chronological account of some of my interactions with women in 2008. It is my personal year in seduction in review. The chapters usually describe single nights out. However, there are infrequent connections between chapters, mostly because some women make more than one appearance.

Names of people I have met are set in SMALL CAPITALS. This convention was inspired by texts of plays. Given the often surreal nature of my adventures it is probably fitting.

Everything in this book is true and really happened. There are no exaggerations or embellishments. I even mention the names of the night clubs and places where those events took place. In order to protect the privacy of the people involved, I have used pseudonyms like BIG HAIR or FRECKLES. Names might have been nicer, but I forgot some of them and I did not want to risk accidentally using someone's real first name.

Lastly, I want to point out that I do not intend to inspire anyone to express his or her sexuality beyond the norms of the socially acceptable. Don't complain to me if you get arrested for public indecency. I won't care.



# Four make outs in a gay club

Because I had grown bored of indie rock venues I wanted to explore some new places. Having taken a liking to London's scruffy East End, I picked a night with the promising name *Trailer Trash*, which was hosted at On The Rocks. Around midnight I got in and was slightly taken aback when I realised I had paid cover charge for what was nothing more than a grimy bar with a small stage. It could hold at most three hundred people. The air was almost unbreathable, and it was packed to the brim. Then it struck me that I accidentally went to a gay and lesbian night. After less than fifteen minutes I was already thinking of leaving.

A band came up. They weren't any good, but they had two virtually naked high-heeled females singing. All they wore were hot pants and a patch of ribbon that barely covered their nipples. I did not see any harm in watching some wiggling breasts before heading to another club. The gay crowd got wild and the gig turned out to be not that bad, to be honest. After the band was done playing, the DJ took over and put on some amazing electro tracks. I vowed to forget about chasing skirts for one

night and just enjoy myself. But as I took another look around I noticed some pretty girls.

NUBILE was dancing in a very tempting way near one of the boxes. The urge to go after her was irresistible. Some elegant moves of mine later her butt was against my groin and she really got into it. I let her continue with it for a while before I turned her around. She looked at me expectantly, so I just kissed her. My own smoothness startled me as I was not yet used to making out with girls of the highest calibre, and especially not that quickly. NUBILE noticed that I was not comfortable with the situation anymore and left.

I saw a voluptuous black woman in a red dress dancing on the stage. The contrast of the colour of her skin and her dress was intriguing and an excuse to approach her. (The true reason was that merely watching RED gave me a huge boner.) After bits of rudimentary conversation I grabbed her ass. She rubbed my crotch to retaliate. I removed her hand because I did not want her to get too excited. Instead I took her outside to avoid the distractions of the club environment. After some amusing banter and more kissing I already imagined myself sharing a bed with her.

RED brought up that she was here with a gay friend. I said she should tell him that we were going to have something to eat. With surprise she retorted, "We are?" Since girls rarely, if ever, verbally agree to fuck even when they are dying to get some cock, I had to resort to this pretence. She happily agreed to grab a bite with me. We found her friend but unfortunately he was completely strung out and needed someone to take care of him. So much for fucking RED that night. Interestingly enough she tried to argue her way out of the situation, but her gay friend refused to be left alone. She really wanted to hook up with me,

though, and offered me her phone number.

I was dancing by myself for a while but could not keep my eyes off NUBILE. This time she was dancing on a box, thrusting her breasts out to the beat of the music. I calmly walked over to her, made eye contact and put my hand on her inner thigh. It moved closer and closer to her crotch, which she actively encouraged by playing with my hair. She teased me twice by pretending to go for the kiss, only to retreat shortly before our lips touched. It was quite possible that she saw me making out with RED, so her reaction was no surprise at all. There was no point in continuing with her.

Right next to me there were about a dozen of heavily grinding gay guys. Amidst them two girls were dancing together, visibly enjoying being in the centre of so much testosterone. I went after them, and another guy had a similar idea. Seconds later those girls had formed a ring with us two guys. I put my arm around BIG HAIR's waist. Her hand quickly wandered down to my lower back. I pulled her in. The other guy was also quick on his feet. As I dragged BIG HAIR off I saw him making out with his girl.

The music at On The Rocks was too loud to have a conversation and the outdoor area was too crowded. I decided to have some fun with BIG HAIR inside instead. We were heavily making out while she was humping my leg. At the same time I was playing with her heavy breasts. Furthermore, her skirt made it easy to check the level of her arousal. According to her labia it was substantial. I considered fingering her but decided to try something else. Unfortunately a friend of hers appeared out of nowhere and dragged her off before I could continue. BIG HAIR promised to be back in a minute.

I looked around for a new girl. PILLS was quite a cutie. She seemed to like me and asked me who I was. I told her I was Prince Charming and walked off. Because I expected BIG HAIR to be back soon it would have been unwise to work on another girl. I made a mental note to get back to her later, though.

BIG HAIR returned and was as horny as before. I immediately ushered her into a corner where she was pressing her body against mine. Kissing, grinding and feeling her up were all good fun, but there was more to be had. I guided her hand down toward my crotch. She took the hint and massaged my cock through my pants. BIG HAIR loved the feeling of it getting hard. After some moments of this it was time to shift gears again, so I put her hand back on my chest and steered it down into my pants. Her nails were gently scratching their way down to my cock, which was in eager anticipation.

Then the most unlikely thing happened. Some random asshole tapped me on the shoulder and asked for a cigarette. BIG HAIR was slightly shocked by it and immediately removed her hand from my pants. I shouted at him, "What?" He pissed me off beyond belief and I stared him down. The muscles in my right arm were tensing up. He walked off. The bubble me and this girl were in had burst. Intuitively I embraced her, but not for long because her friend showed up again to drag her off. BIG HAIR gestured that she would be right back.

Through picking up women I have learnt a lot about myself. Some of the discoveries were not always pleasant. I was annoyed that someone had messed with my chances of getting a handjob. Then this guy walked up to me and again asked for a cigarette. I could not believe this was happening so I did not say anything. His non-sequitur was to ask for a lighter. What an idiot! To be fair, he probably was just really wasted. Yet, in

the heat of the moment I came to the brink of socking him. I had to get away from him immediately or else I would have lost my temper.

After I had calmed down I looked for BIG HAIR. She was outside in the smoking area with a gay guy who turned out to be her best friend. I commented that he and BIG HAIR had the same haircut, and he told me he had copied it from Nikki Sixx from Mötley Crüe. I was not yet sure how to spell any of those names, but I was pretty sure that I would not have to take him seriously. With such people it is really easy to banter, though. Both ate up my suggestion that they should form their own band. BIG HAIR loved the idea and went off on a tangent to talk about The White Stripes who consist of a guy and a girl. I did not have time to think much about where to take this conversation because FRANTIC interrupted. She wanted BIG HAIR and NIKKI to immediately leave the club with her. I was unaware that FRANTIC was even part of BIG HAIR's group, which was partly because the club was so crowded. She was very hectic and literally ushered the two to come with her. BIG HAIR got up, hugged me and said I could be her biggest fan.

I found BIG HAIR to be fairly cool and wanted to stay in touch with her. Her phone was broken so she suggested I write down my number on her arm with a pen. But I did not have a pen with me. FRANTIC cut in again and shouted that they *really* had to go now. She might have been on drugs. I told her to calm down because we would only need a moment. This shut her up and pissed her off. She left, but not without a "screw you!" NIKKI offered to take my number for BIG HAIR.

It was late already but I wanted to check up on PILLS again. She had not forgotten about me either. I took her hand, spun her around and made out with her. I probably could have made

out with her instantly. The odd thing about her, though, was that her kisses tasted sweet like sugar. Our of curiosity I sucked on her neck, which had the same taste. (This is a symptom of diabetes, in case you are wondering.) I did not have much time to enjoy this interaction because one of her female friends tried to push me away and told me to leave PILLS alone. I confronted her about her unacceptable behaviour and she said that she wasn't being hostile but only concerned because this was the first time her friend had taken pills. Ethics were never my strong suit, so I shrugged it off and went after PILLS regardless. But as we were about to kiss again she stopped and pressed both hands against her ears. Her upper body cringed. Apparently she was experiencing some kind of pain. This was very unfortunate — but it was time to go home anyway.

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This night was my first of many in this particular scene. On the other hand, BIG HAIR was a regular. In the subsequent months I frequently bumped into her and her entourage. I also met RED again. We went on a date several days later and she was pretty much into me, buying me drinks and trying hard to please. Somehow I wasn't turned on enough, though.



# **A bouncer stormed into the bathroom**

London's grey and cloudy skies could not keep me from going out, but Monday nights were often difficult. I knew of a student night at Eclipse. There was no queue and there were barely any people inside. As I wanted to check out the few girls in the club, a bouncer stepped up to me and tried to order me to leave my coat at the cloakroom. After a quick look around I decided that it was better to leave than to waste more money. Outside I bumped into a merry group of three, two gays and one lesbian. After some bantering they invited me to join them. They said they could get me into a club for free. The club turned out to be the Astoria, the biggest gay club in London if not Europe.

In the lobby I was offered £100 for a two-minute striptease. The money surely was tempting but I found the presence of a cameraman with full equipment suspicious. Inhibitions were not my main concern because I was doing live modelling for fine arts students. But as I stepped into the main room I saw three huge screens showing a reel of past striptease performances. This was a bit too much for me.

The girl in my group seemed to know everybody in this place,

or maybe she was just very talkative. She introduced me to a number of people, but I was not overly interested in any of them. Besides, I can make friends myself. There was not much on offer except for COCOA, a gorgeous black woman who was dancing on the stage. I joined her for a bit.

The Astoria just did not fill up. Since it is hard to have a great time in a desolate club I considered either going home or looking for another place. I could only think of two more, The End and Ghetto. The former was a fairly preposterous venue. Once they turned me down at the door because of my bland outfit. That I had intended to dance half-naked did not interest them at all. Thus I decided to try Ghetto, which turned out to be yet another predominantly gay venue. Those places have lesbians in them as well. Alas, grinding your hard cock against their asses is great fun and I love doing it.

After chatting to and dancing with a couple of girls at Ghetto but not really getting anywhere I bumped into PETITE. We bantered for a bit. To my great surprise we were then interrupted by COCOA who walked up to me and hugged me enthusiastically. Apparently those two girls were friends. After a while I left them because I wanted to check out the rest of the club. As I turned back to the dance floor I spotted COCOA again. She was making out with an eerily androgynous creature. I really could not tell whether it was a guy or a girl. PETITE slid up to me and commented that it crept her out. We both watched in a mixture of amusement and bewilderment. It slowly dawned on me that PETITE was into me because she just didn't leave me. She invited me to go outside "for a smoke" but I was not thinking quickly enough and said I didn't smoke. It had not yet occurred to me that you could do all kinds of kinky stuff in dark alleys.

COCOA rejoined us. She was dancing seductively in front of me.

The process was simple and straightforward: kissing, dancing, grinding. We made out heavily and she was a very good kisser. I put her hand on my crotch and moments later I slipped my hand inside her underpants to work her buttocks with the intention of indirectly stimulating her labia. Then I put a finger in her ass crack. We had barely spoken to each other but maybe you don't really need to talk to women to get them? I put her hands on my belly and her fingers quickly wandered into my pants. She only played with my pubic hair to tease me, though.

To leave COCOA wanting more I danced with some other girls in a completely nonchalant fashion. When I was looking for her again she was taking pictures with her friend PETITE. They both took turns striking provocative poses. I did not feel like waiting any longer and I tongued COCOA down while she was pouting at the camera. We were all over each other in an instant. After maybe one or two minutes she announced that she had to go to the toilet. Because one of her hands was resting on my left thigh, dangerously close to my dick, I offered to join her.

Inside the ladies' toilet I pushed her against the wall. We made out passionately. Playfully she asked me whether I was supposed to be in here. I ignored this comment and reinitiated kissing. She giggled, visibly enjoying the moment. Two other girls came in and stared at us in disbelief. COCOA's hand came closer and closer to my dick. Now I only had to get her into one of the stalls. I took her hand and wanted to lead her off. Suddenly I felt a strong hand resting on my shoulder. As I turned around and saw a huge black bouncer. He nonchalantly told me that the men's toilet was somewhere else. I can't say that I particularly liked his kind of humour. With a quick movement of his head he gestured me to walk outside. I felt destroyed. After wallflowering in a depressed mood for a couple of minutes

I decided to leave.

Next to the staircase to the exit COCOA was excitedly talking to her friend. As she saw me walking by she threw an arm around me and asked me where I was going. She had a huge smile on her face. When I said I was on my way home she gave me a disappointed look. We hugged and kissed, and on my way home I mentally slapped myself for not pushing the interaction further. The aftertaste of the confrontation with the bouncer had clouded my judgement. I could have tried to take COCOA home, or at the very least gotten her number. It was a great night nonetheless and it hinted at what was in store for me in terms of seduction.