
Sleazy Stories

Books by Aaron Sleazy

Sleazy Stories

Debunking the Seduction Community

Minimal Game

In German:

Schmierige Geschichten

Sleazy Stories
**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. Out 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.

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.

She was already sitting on my bed

Among the benefits of living in university accommodation was that you could walk into the kitchen on your floor and bump into an Asian girl that was not there the day before. She was from Taiwan and I shall call her Hazel. She was hotter than pretty much every girl I had met at my nerdy university so far.

Hazel was preparing a bowl of soup. Asking her whether she was a tourist prompted her to tell me her story. She was in London for a short spring course at Saint Martin's College. We bantered for a while and got along great. After about fifteen minutes I decided to pull out some sexual material, which made her talk about her last relationship.

One of the guys on my floor walked into the kitchen. He did not say a word, but the next day he asked me whether Hazel was a friend of mine. Apparently our conversation did not seem like one of strangers. Indeed, this girl was completely hooked throughout the interaction. I only had to play it cool by leaning against the wall while she was stirring her soup. The problem at hand, though, was how to get her to have sex with me. By keeping her talking about sex I was at least moving the interaction in the right direction. She suggested to sit down.

Hazel said she liked to dominate men in relationships and that her ex-boyfriend was a "pussy." I actually made her use this word. She kept using it after I had introduced it with, "In all honesty, to me he doesn't sound like much of a man but more like a pussy." The topic changed to dominance in the bedroom. I got the impression that her claiming to want to dominate men was nonsense and wanted to test my hypothesis. When she was fiddling with the cutlery I took the fork out of her hand with the words, "Would you please stop it!" She abruptly did, averted her gaze and giggled. Unfortunately I had to leave soon afterwards.

I had promised to go out with some acquaintances from Belgium. Blowing them off would have been the better course of action, but I prefer keeping my word. However, I wanted to continue with Hazel and took her number. We agreed to hang out some other time. By the way, we sat there for well over an hour and not once did she touch her food.

The next day, after a fairly uneventful night out, I thought of Hazel. I walked down the hallway and knocked on her door. She was still in her pyjamas and sleepy. With bigger balls I would have invited myself in, but they had yet to grow to an appropriate size. She said she would knock on my door later. After four to five hours she indeed did.

Girls can't just knock on your door when they want to fuck. There has to be a pretence. Hers was that she had "just made some tea and thought I'd drop by." It was a ridiculous excuse because the kitchen was halfway between our rooms on the corridor. As I opened the door she seemed slightly nervous. I was getting a hard-on while I let her in.

There was only one chair in my room, so she had to sit down on my bed. We briefly talked about plans for tonight and I invited her to go to a club with me. She replied that in general she rather enjoyed spending her time alone. I was going out up to five times a week and this girl told me she goes out two to four times per year! It did not bother me because I was working towards fucking her in my room anyway. With some less than subtle steering the conversation drifted towards sex.

I dropped that the walls in this building were rather thin and that you could therefore hear

practically everything your neighbours were doing. Of course I did not mention that the London School of Economics was full of nerds who probably would not know what to do with a woman if one accidentally knocked at their door and literally begged for it. "But how do you guys have sex in here if you hear everything your neighbours are doing?", she asked. "People on this floor don't exactly have a lot of sex," I replied.

She talked about her time living in dorms in Japan or Hong Kong and how people there arrange to have sex. This was interesting because it showed what was on her mind. "Usually two people share a room, and if you want to have sex you have to do it when your roommate is away," she revealed. She explained that in this case you just put both beds together. After the act your roommate might not be too pleased when discovering suspicious stains on the sheets, though.

"But gays and lesbians have a clear advantage. They just have to say that they want to share a room and if this works out they are free to do whatever they want to do. You know, it's like this: if you and me wanted to share a room, we would just have to say so, and we could." This was clear nonsense because, as she had said before, the floors in those dorms were strictly single sex.

We had spent about twenty minutes talking to each other. There had not been much touching yet, but I felt that I was on the right track because we were vividly talking about sex. I told her about my idea of the magic of the moment and that one should always act on impulses. She excitedly agreed. In my mind I was already ravaging her.

However, by telling her about Cocoa and the bouncer that interrupted us in the toilet I completely wrecked the situation. For some reason I thought it would be a fitting story to tell, but apparently it wasn't. After I had finished, Hazel made a frantic excuse and hurriedly left: "I better go back to my room. ... You've got my email address. Just add me on Facebook and we will keep in touch." Damn.

This taught me that picking up girls is a bit like playing chess. If you make a blunder it does not matter that you have had a winning position.

“Do you want to fuck me?”

Due to a lack of options on Mondays I went to The End. The night started slowly and it took me quite a while to get used to the atmosphere. Then I ran into a couple of guys I vaguely knew. One of them, Dr. Yen, walked up to me to tell me I was a monster. My reputation apparently exceeded my actual level of skill. At around 1.30 a.m. most of those guys had formed a circle, presumably discussing pick-up instead of approaching girls.

I saw Sunshine walking by. She looked luscious, so I grabbed her hand and said, “I don't think we have met before.” We spent some happy moments chatting, caressing and hugging each other. Because I had stopped her on the way to the ladies' room, she had to leave me for a moment but promised to be back. In the meantime I talked to the other guys. Sunshine joined our circle and asked me whether those were friends of mine. I was rather disinclined to introduce her to five guys who were out to pick up women. Therefore I dragged her off to another area of the club before she could finish her sentence. We sat down on the stage.

Earlier that day I had thought about a few amusing stories from my life to tell girls to avoid stalling in conversations. At an appropriate moment I mentioned how much I loved playing with my grandmother's cats when I was a kid. It did the trick, and Sunshine was listening with great interest.

“I have to tell you that I am here with a friend,” she warned me all of a sudden.

“Oh, I did not know this.”

“You have nothing to worry about. Just keep it in mind.”

She walked off to find her friend. One of my acquaintances saw an opportunity and tried his luck. I consider such behaviour bad etiquette. It did not matter because he fell flat on his face. He apologised later on.

Since Sunshine was gone for a while I had to entertain myself. I was dancing and poking the tummies of random girls for giggles. Among them was Kisses. She had already walked away from her friends and was leaning against a pillar. Her face was very pretty but to say the same about her body would have been a bit of a stretch. Because I was bored I walked up to her. This was enough to put her into a trance. Our lips were close, but I was only teasing her. She was enthralled and deeply gazed into my eyes. “Just kiss me,” she begged me.

She literally stood there with her mouth gaping wide open. Because I had nothing better to do we made out for a while. I did not want to push things too far, though, because of Sunshine. After all, it is within reason to chase after a prettier bird in the bush when you've got only a plump one in your hand. Kisses was keen on getting me but I preferred to walk off. She kept staring at me and demonstratively blew off a couple of guys in plain sight of me. Hopefully she met someone else that night. I had more important things to take care off, like scoring with a particularly sexy Swedish girl named Sunshine.

After dancing for a while to get my mind off Kisses, I looked around for Sunshine. She was talking to the friend she previously mentioned. I pulled her in and danced with her. I spun her around. Then I dipped and dry-humped her until she broke a sweat. I was dominant as fuck. She got completely into it and added a cool variation on her own: she put her legs around my

waist and quickly bent over backwards so that I had to carry all her weight. Luckily I am in a pretty decent shape. She loved it. But she had other needs as well. "I need some drugs. Do you have some coke?", she suddenly asked. (I don't do drugs, even though many believe the opposite to be the case.) Because I had none, she wandered off, looking for a supplier.

Two random guys sensed an easy prey and cornered her. One tried the infamous back attack and pressed his groin against this unsuspecting female's butt. She pushed him away immediately. I joined her and we picked things up right where we had left off. "I like this a lot!", she said, and after a short pause she asked me where I lived. Earlier that week a girl had asked me the same question with the obvious intention of going to my place to get her brains fucked out. I have learnt my lesson and instead of giving Sunshine a lengthy description I told her I was living "just around the corner." "That was easy," she replied. Everything was fine. But two seconds later I almost lost my composure. "Do you want to fuck me?", she asked me.

With arguably too much excitement I said, "Yes!" Such enthusiasm can kill your chances, so I steered back. Some girls are content with simply knowing that they could get the guy. Once he lets out that he wants to have sex with her, it is game over for him. I quickly added, "Maybe I want to." She smiled gleefully.

We kept dancing. Sunshine turned around and ground her ass against my dick. A little bit later she rubbed and squeezed it. When I guided her other hand up to my head she pulled my hair like crazy, which got me to the brink of screaming. In order to keep the tension I gently pushed her away.

"I want some coke!", she protested.

"You'll do fine without drugs tonight, baby."

This was a cheesy line but she did not bring up the topic again. Later on she even said that she wouldn't need anything tonight. However, I have reason to suspect that she snorted a line somewhere in between.

Eventually she wanted to go back to her place. But when I told her that we could just leave she brought up her friend again. She walked off to fill him in. Since she kept me waiting for longer than I expected I went looking for her. I found her in a deep discussion with her friend. When I showed up the guy immediately walked off. I sat down next to her. Her friend, a gay guy, was annoyed because she wanted to hook up. It did not seem bother her at all. "I am ready to leave. You can come with me if you want," she said.

So far this might seem like an excessively easy pick-up. At the bus stop, however, the ride became bumpy. "So, why exactly do you want to come home with me? You don't even know me," she said. Obviously I would have shot myself in the foot had I told her it was because of her looks, so I said I liked her energy and how we danced together. Those were valid reasons, nonetheless.

On the bus she threw me another nasty curveball and asked me whether I loved someone. "I love no one. ... I love life," I answered. Looking sceptically at me she hissed that I should not give her "any of this bullshit." I replied that it was true. Sunshine then fessed up that she was still in love with someone she had broken up years ago. (Probably she got dumped.) This hinted at some troubles ahead. I did not dwell on the topic and she dropped it soon. Letting her

talk about how much she was still in love with her ex-boyfriend would hardly have helped me.

After we got off the bus she wanted to buy some chocolate at a nearby gas station. This was when I realised that I only had one condom with me. I wanted to stack up and get a couple of extra large ones but they did not have any. Instead I bought some regular ones, but those usually lead to a rather bad experience. Sunshine got curious.

“What did you buy? I thought you said you had some condoms. Were you lying?”

“I only have one left so I bought some more. But they did not have large ones.”

“Oh, wait.... How big are you then?”

“Bigger than average.”

She kept needling me about the size of my cock for quite some time but I did not tell her. She would soon see it in all its glory anyway.

At her house she made me some tea, showed me random pictures of herself and even brought me a plate full of delicious food. This girl treated me like a king. Something was wrong here, I thought. Because why be so nice to someone you only want to have a one-night stand with?

I liked this girl. I used to think that women who treat you nicely only do so because they don't want to feel like sluts. However, I have later learnt that they have no scruples about using you only for your penis if this is all they desire. I was too concerned about “being in control” and thus acted aloof. This meant that I blew a chance to get to know someone as a person.

We ended up playing around in her bed. Our clothes went off progressively. Eventually we were in our underwear. I paused to take a look at her body and completely undressed her. She was really beautiful. The mood was still playful, so she blurted out, “Come on, I wanna see your big cock!” I told her to get it out of my pants, which she instantly pulled down. Sunshine took it into her hands and eagerly watched it getting bigger. I still played it cool. Instead I should have pinned her down and railed her right there. We took a break to eat some more. Because I felt stuffed I lied down and we cuddled for a bit.

Suddenly Sunshine said she did not want to fuck anymore. This was probably because she started to like me, which made her worry I would think she was a slut if she “gave it up” too quickly. Fucking girls ASAP takes care of that problem but I had missed that boat. It got even more bizarre when she announced that she did not want to kiss me anymore. This was really odd. I had no explanation, but her reasons became clear in an instant. She had a minor nervous breakdown and started to cry. Shit.

While crying she told me much more than I would have wanted to know about her problems of finding a decent guy. I did not dwell on any of the topics she brought up but only said that everything would be all right. After what felt like an eternity she calmed down and said she only wanted to chill. I had not gotten any action so far and I honestly did not care anymore. I even contemplated going home, but public transport in London in the early morning hours was such a mess that I decided to stick it out.

“How come you feel so comfortable lying next to a naked girl?”, she suddenly asked me, insinuating that I was picking up girls left, right and centre. “Come on, it's not such a big deal,” I

replied. We were lying right next to each other without saying a word and caressing each other's faces.

"I just want to get some sleep," she said. "That's fine with me. I could use some rest as well." I wish I had counted the seconds. Almost immediately after I had rolled away, her body was rubbing up against mine. "Do you want to fuck?", she cooed. In a completely calm tone of voice I said, "Sure, why not?" I got on top of her and tried to kiss her. "Don't kiss me. You can fuck me if you want but don't kiss me."

She was hugely turned on, scratched my back and pulled my hair like crazy. I put my middle finger in and realised she was dripping wet. She could not have gotten that horny in such a short amount of time. Then it struck me that she probably found my utter lack of care so arousing. Sunshine grabbed my cock and whacked it while I was shoving my tongue down her throat. I stopped and told her to suck it. She refused. In her hands my cock got bigger and bigger. "Just fuck me!", she begged.

Sunshine kept staring at my cock and said she would start to scream when I put it in her. I really do love fellatio, though, so I put my cock close to her lips. Reflexively she kissed it all over. I let her do that for a while but eventually I shoved it into her mouth. She sucked it enthusiastically. After a while I took over, grabbed her hair and fucked her head with a few good thrusts. She got immensely turned on by this, moaned louder and louder and arched her back. I reached for her pussy with my other hand.

I kept a firm grip on her blonde mane and yanked her head back and forth while I was administering forceful thrusts with my pelvis. In irregular intervals I shoved my cock completely down her throat. With my other hand I was playing with her clit. This certainly was not a bad position to be in. I wanted to amp her up even more, so I leaned back a bit and slowly slid two fingers in. Instead of letting out a loud moan she completely freaked out and tried to push me off.

"Honey, you are so beautiful, but I can't!", she mumbled. She rolled over and cried. I told her no matter what the problem was, it was all right because I would not judge her in any way. "You don't have to do anything you don't want to do," I added. Again she brought up her ex-boyfriend. She also revealed the number of guys she had slept with. Her count was fifty. It did not bother me at all. After fifteen minutes or so she finally calmed down. It was about 6 a.m. and I was getting really tired. We were once again lying right next to each other.

Suddenly there was a calmness in the air and everything seemed to be perfectly fine. She rolled over to me and put her head on my chest. Her hand wandered down to my groin and she said I had "the most beautiful cock" while touching it with her fingertips. I put her hand on it and she happily jerked me off. I blew a decent load after a few minutes and she cleaned up the mess. After all that drama I did not really give a damn about fucking her properly so I left things at that.

Sunshine cuddled up to me again. She put my hand on her pussy, indicating that I should rub her clit. It did not take her long to get into it. Moments later I felt a certain urge. Because she freaked out earlier, I whispered in her ear that I would love to finger her. She moaned lightly and told me to just do it. Her reward was a thorough A-spot massage, while I was working her clit with the middle finger of my other hand. After a few minutes her pussy began to clamp down on my fingers rhythmically. She was moaning loudly while twisting her body. When it got too much

for her she pulled my hair and scratched my back. It was almost violent and I got a huge kick out of it. She was moaning louder and louder. Yet, it seemed as if she had problems climaxing. Despite all my efforts she just did not come. Eventually she said she could not completely relax but that it felt awesome nonetheless. I kept going — and a little bit later she experienced what looked like a decent orgasm. It came in multiple waves. She may even have squirted a little bit. I am quite sure that a small load splashed against the palm of my hand but I could not verify it because she had only lit some candles.

Afterwards she cuddled up to me again. We were lying there in post-coital bliss for a while. Then she asked me whether I like “going to clubs and picking up fit girls.” I said maybe. She laughed. After a pause she playfully slapped my chest and asked, “How can there be a maybe?”

Because I'm so different

Terry had given me a complete fashion makeover the week before, which took great inspiration from bands such as The Horrors. In his words, the declared goal was to “shamelessly rip off the most fashionable people in London and somehow come up with something unique.” He succeeded and I was now walking around in skinny jeans and a generally flamboyant outfit. This was not much of a problem at the flat party I had been to earlier that night, because I was mostly sitting around. But when I went to Bar Music Hall later on, I realised I could not yet dance in this outfit.

Since it was past 1 a.m. already I could not afford to waste any time. I was not sure whether the girl I was talking to was genuinely interested or only looking for validation. To get some clarity on this question I squeezed her ass. She acted slightly embarrassed. After I smirkingly told her that there was no reason to be shy, she hastily returned to her friends. The next few interactions were similarly successful.

I was running out of time and women to approach, but there were two more girls on the dance floor. One of them, Tomboy, seemed somewhat inhibited, but she certainly had nice boobs. I took her hand and pulled her in. Within seconds I could feel the sexual tension between us. I quickly capitalised on it. Luckily there were some comfortable leather chairs nearby. I sat down and pulled her into my lap. She seemed to find me very attractive and asked the usual questions: “What's your name?”, “Where are you from?”, and, “What do you do for a living?”

I told her about some of my experiences in Berlin, which always got a good reaction. It was also a great opportunity to steer the conversation toward sex. When she asked me about the Love Parade I threw in that there wouldn't be one this year because it had been such a mess in recent years with all those people fucking in the streets. This made her giggle.

After some mutual caressing we continued with light kissing. I did not want her to think it was a done deal so I teased her a bit to keep her on her toes. “Psycho Killer” by The Talking Heads came on and she excitedly said that she loved the eighties. I told her I liked that song as well, but also that it was actually from the seventies. This was a good excuse for playfully slapping her ass. She liked it.

Tomboy got up and gestured me to follow her. She wanted to introduce me to her friend. We exchanged some niceties but I could not really be bothered and sat down again. They had “the conversation” and were discussing whether I was worthy of getting Tomboy. Apparently I was, because her friend left soon afterwards. Amidst some rather pointless conversation it emerged that her flat was within walking distance.

At Bar Music Hall the lights go on about ten minutes before the music stops. This was now, and Tomboy seemed somewhat shocked when she saw me in bright light.

“Oh my God, you're really young. ... How old are you?”, she blurted out.

“What do you think?”

“Um.... Maybe twenty-five?”

I moved my lips very close to her ear and whispered, “Tonight, I'll be as old as you want me to be.”

I could not believe I had said those words. Anyway, I told Tomboy to get her stuff. She got up and put on her jacket. Then Madonna's "Like a Prayer" came on and she suggested a dance. Halfway through the song I told her once again that it was time to get out of here. Because she did not react at all I took her hand and led her to the exit. Outside Bar Music Hall I pushed her against the wall and made out with her. Afterwards we held eye contact but I deliberately did not kiss her.

As we came close to a bus station she stopped and took both of my hands. I have been in such situations before. They were painful. Before I had figured out how to get women I nonetheless had a couple of dates that went fairly well. I could sense that the girl wanted me, but because I had no idea how to make things happen I have heard sentences like, "Thanks for a lovely evening!", far too often, only to never see any of those girls again. It seemed that Tomboy was about to pull a similar move, but I preempted it by lifting her up. In this position we made out for a bit before I put her down again and led her somewhere. I did not know where her flat was and thus had no idea where I was going. Luckily, she guided me when necessary. I almost had to laugh.

At her place she put up some resistance. She seemed to like me and was all over me. Yet, she was reluctant to take things to the bedroom. We probably spent an hour on the sofa in her living room. Eventually she embraced me and looked me deep in my eyes.

"Who were you with tonight?", she asked in a sincere voice.

"I was out on my own."

"Do you often go out on your own?"

The implication was obvious.

"I was at a flat party before. It was all right but not great, so I wanted to go somewhere else afterwards."

"Is that so?"

"Yeah. I mean, just think of it: because of this you got lucky to meet me tonight."

"I got lucky?", she said and laughed.

We made out some more. Finally she seemed ready. I asked her where the bedroom was. She pointed into the direction. I took her there, threw her on the bed and told her to get me out of my clothes.

Taking a walk with a new friend

In the morning a lively Korean girl I had met some weeks ago contacted me via Facebook. She was in London again for a few days and suggested to meet up. I told her I would take her to one of my favourite venues. Later she texted me that she would bring a friend with her. Her friend surprisingly turned out to be a guy. He was a complete douche.

I wanted to take Lively to Ghetto. But because it was almost empty, we took a bus to the East End. Every bar or club there was either closed or dead, which taught me not to stray too far from Soho on a Wednesday night. While looking for a place there was some light hand holding between me and her. I could not do a lot because of her friend, even though he was almost a complete non-issue. Lively teased him by calling him “such a nice guy” and made openly fun of him by saying, “Aww, he's so sad now. There was this couple on the bus and this was too much for him because he doesn't have a girlfriend right now. ... We should find one for him tonight.” “Sure, why not?”, I replied indifferently.

After forty-five minutes of checking out dead bars and clubs we went back to Ghetto, where the atmosphere had changed considerably. It was reasonably crowded and some hot girls were among the patrons as well. Lively took off her jacket and looked around helplessly. I told her the cloakroom was around the corner and off she was with her friend. I exploited this opportunity by positioning myself in the middle of the dance floor. Matryoshka looked at me, so I walked over to her. As I was about to get close, the guy next to her turned his head and started talking to her. I found this confusing and thus went to the bar first to get some tap water. I don't give up that quickly, though. A few minutes later I went back and told her I knew her from somewhere.

“No, this can't be,” she protested.

“But I do know you!”

“No, you don't. ... I'm not a local.”

“Then I have probably met your type before.”

It turned out she was a tourist who came to London regularly. She was touching me a lot. When Lively returned, my fingertips had been on Matryoshka's ass and breasts already. To keep up with the competition Lively paid an awful lot of attention to me. It was amusing to watch Lively trying to bond with Matryoshka. Matryoshka almost completely ignored her but she kept going for quite a while nonetheless. I decided to let those two girls get to know each other better and kept dancing with both. I was only waiting for a chance to leverage the circumstances.

I spotted Bumblebee and Luscious, made eye contact with Luscious and held my hand up. After a high-five I pulled her in. Bumblebee walked off, which was almost too easy. Luscious quickly got really into me. She turned around to rub her ass against my crotch. In the middle of a short token conversation I softly kissed her on the lips and led her off the dance floor to sit down. At first she seemed reluctant, and her English was almost incomprehensible. On the plus side, though, her legs looked good resting on mine. After a few more minutes she announced that she had to go back to her friends, which was fine with me.

We rejoined her group. Luscious introduced me to Bumblebee and then we danced some more. She really loved to arouse me. It was awfully hot in the club so I told her we should catch

some fresh air, but she was not up for it. I wanted to drag her outside regardless, but someone else intervened. It was Skinny. She was a real stunner and ticked all my boxes. Her face was beautiful and her proportions just perfect. Despite her skinny frame she had spectacularly full and well-shaped breasts.

Skinny was the sister of Luscious, and she didn't like the creep (me) who was hitting on her at all. "That's my sister, let her go!", she demanded, while slapping my chest and upper arms with her palms. Her English was atrociously bad and what she really said was more like, "Sister mine, let go!" I had to laugh.

My original intention was to get rid of Skinny because I wanted to continue with her sister. But then I saw that her eyes began to sparkle and her pupils were dilating. I immediately let go of any thoughts about Luscious and focused my attention on her even more attractive sister. We kissed almost immediately. "It's really hot in here. Let's go outside," I told her. Rather than waiting for an answer I simply dragged her out of the club. She willingly came with me. This time nobody interfered.

Outside I gave her a hug before leading her around the corner. More kissing, hugging and chatting ensued. "I really like you," she said. This was my cue to put her hand on my crotch. She rubbed it and moaned quietly. Skinny was ready to go. I led her hands over my belt. She hastily unbuckled it and moments later her tiny hands were inside my pants, playing with my cock. Less than ten minutes of meeting her she was giving me a handjob. It was almost too good to be true.

She suddenly wanted to get back inside. Maybe it was a bit too much for her. I decided to get her number, because you never know. On the short walk back to Ghetto I thought, "This can't be it! She was moaning and literally begging for it moments ago." Given those circumstances I was unwilling to settle for just a number. I gave her another hug and we kissed again. "I live ten minutes from here. Why don't we go for a walk?", I asked rhetorically. She came with me.

Skinny was one of the hottest girls I ever had interacted with and within fifteen minutes we were walking back to my place. It was fairly exciting. Things went smoothly only for a while, though. After a few minutes she abruptly stopped. "I have to go back to my friends!", she protested. "That's fine. My place is very close, we'll be right back."

Her high heels ensured that the way back to my place took us much longer than expected. I told her some of my prepared stories, episodes from my life: childhood, cats, parks, how I enjoy lying in green grass and letting the wind blow all over my face and all that stuff. We talked, laughed, cuddled, kissed. I also made sure to give her a pretence for going back to my place, which was to "watch a short video."

Skinny was extremely attracted to me, yet she seemingly did not want to have sex that quickly. Unfortunately she got second thoughts. A mere five hundred metres from my place she said, "I can't do this. I have to go back and find my friends." I hugged and kissed her while telling her that it would be fine. This got her a few metres further. About twenty metres from my place she stopped again. Time for more hugs and kisses. She asked me where we were. I partly ignored her question and told her, "It's right over there." But the closer we came to my flat, the more resistance she put up. Eventually she turned around and walked back to the club.

This could not have been it. I lifted her up. "OK!", she said. We kissed again. "God, this feels so

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