



The Wolf of Wall Street

Jordan Belfort

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Now a major motion picture directed by Martin Scorsese and starring Leonardo DiCaprio

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER

By day he made thousands of dollars a minute. By night he spent it as fast as he could, on drugs, sex, and international globe-trotting. From the binge that sank a 170-foot motor yacht and ran up a \$700,000 hotel tab, to the wife and kids waiting at home, and the fast-talking, hard-partying young stockbrokers who called him king and did his bidding, here, in his own inimitable words, is the story of the ill-fated genius they called . . .

THE WOLF OF WALL STREET

In the 1990s Jordan Belfort, former kingpin of the notorious investment firm Stratton Oakmont, became one of the most infamous names in American finance: a brilliant, conniving stock-chopper who led his merry mob on a wild ride out of the canyons of Wall Street and into a massive office on Long Island. Now, in this astounding and hilarious tell-all autobiography, Belfort narrates a story of greed, power, and excess that no one could invent.

Reputedly the prototype for the film *Boiler Room*, Stratton Oakmont turned microcap investing into a wickedly lucrative game as Belfort's hyped-up, coked-out brokers browbeat clients into stock buys that were guaranteed to earn obscene profits—for the house. But an insatiable appetite for debauchery, questionable tactics, and a fateful partnership with a breakout shoe designer named Steve Madden would land Belfort on both sides of the law and into a harrowing darkness all his own.

From the stormy relationship Belfort shared with his model-wife as they ran a madcap household that included two young children, a full-time staff of twenty-two, a pair of bodyguards, and hidden cameras everywhere—even as the SEC and FBI zeroed in on them—to the unbridled hedonism of his office life, here is the extraordinary story of an ordinary guy who went from hustling Italian ices at sixteen to making hundreds of millions. Until it all came crashing down . . .

Praise for *The Wolf of Wall Street*

“Raw and frequently hilarious.”—*The New York Times*

“A rollicking tale of [Jordan Belfort's] rise to riches as head of the infamous boiler room Stratton Oakmont . . . proof that there are indeed second acts in American lives.”—*Forbes*

“A cross between Tom Wolfe's *The Bonfire of the Vanities* and Scorsese's *GoodFellas* . . . Belfort has the Midas touch.”—*The Sunday Times (London)*

“Entertaining as pulp fiction, real as a federal indictment . . . a hell of a read.”—*Kirkus Reviews*

From the Hardcover edition.

The Wolf of Wall Street Details

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From Reader Review The Wolf of Wall Street for online ebook

Andrew Smith says

I'd heard about (but not seen) the Scorsese film, starring Leonardo DiCaprio, concerning this Wall Street guy who basically made a huge amount of money, took bucket loads of drugs and ripped off a group of wealthy investors. It looked like fun... but a bit over the top. Then the opportunity to grab an audio version of the book came up and I was about to dismiss it when I glanced at the blurb and realised it was claiming to be a non-fiction piece. Could this be true? Was this guy a real life Gordon Gekko? Well, I'd spent my working life as a small-time retail banker so I couldn't help but be drawn to a story purporting to be a true life account of a rogue banker gone wild. I was in!

In 1962 Jordan Belfort was born to a Jewish family in the Bronx borough of New York City. His parents were both accountants. After college he found work as an entry level assistant in a Wall Street brokerage firm and quickly realised that the place was more 'zoo' than office. The brokers treated their assistants badly, took drugs constantly and earned lots and lots of money. Belford was hooked. But he quickly realised – in fact he knew from the start – that he had the drive and personality to rapidly rise to the top in this business. In 1989 he opened his own brokerage firm, Stratton Oakmont, with his friend Danny Porush. He subsequently employed a whole series of old acquaintances and friends as his company grew to become the largest over-the-counter finance firm in the country, through the period of the early 1990's.

The book does describe how Belford manipulated the market to his own advantage but it (thankfully) doesn't delve into the micro-detail. The focus is more on the personalities involved and the capers they enjoyed. There is quite a lengthy piece describing how some of the money was laundered but this is interesting in itself and important in the overall context of the narrative.

The audiobook is read (or more accurately 'enacted') by American voice-over actor Eric Meyers, and I have to say he does a superb job. Accents, emotions, comic timing – he delivers it all - in spades. His ability to bring this story to life and to draw out the humour is one of the main reasons I warmed to this account. A truly brilliant performance.

It's a roller-coaster tale (you know it'll end badly) and most of the fun is tied up in the anecdotes about the wilder elements of Belfort's lifestyle. He was introduced to drugs in his early days on Wall Street and this was to become an escalating problem – not that he saw it as a problem at the time. His drug of choice was Methaqualone (marketed as Quaalude). It's a sedative and has muscle relaxant properties – but it's also a depressant. Consequently, the drug dependence intensified as extra substances were added to balance off its effects and increase the 'high'. At one point, whilst in London, he called his assistant to demand that an employee be dispatched on the next available Concorde to fly a supply of 'ludes to him at his luxury hotel. Such extravagances became routine.

It's a tale of excess and hedonism. Feminists will hate this book – women are treated pretty badly throughout – but most blokes I know will lap up the stories of debauchery in the office and at the parties. It's crude and it's lairy but it's all told in a semi-deprecating way that makes you think Belford didn't take himself too seriously. As a piece of modern history it's certainly a cautionary tale, and in many ways the actions described are totally despicable. But as a piece of entertainment it's something else: a story to make you gasp and cringe and smile and laugh out loud. I loved it.

Cameran says

I would have never read this book if it were not for a movie featuring Leonardo di Caprio being released soon based on this memoir. Truthfully, I have very little interest in anything having to deal with stocks or Wall Street. So maybe the best advertising this book could have had was that a movie was being made on it, and that I am stickler for reading the book before I see the movie. I gave this book a shot, and I am glad that I did.

The Wolf of Wall Street is compulsive reading. The people whose lives fall apart within the pages are the definition of a hot mess. I had never even heard of some of the drugs that are mentioned as being taken. And there is plenty of drug use. There is a level of debauchery in Jordan Belfort's life that I cannot even imagine. Jordan is called the Wolf of Wall Street because his young age and youthful appearance contrast with his cut throat business methods and erratic behavior. He launders money and plots ways to destroy other people through the stock market. He has a wife and children yet cannot keep away from hookers. His drug addiction is so out of control that when he lists off how many drugs he has taken in a day's time you are forced to wonder how the man is even alive. In some ways, this story was so sensational because how *could* it be true. How could people live like this? How could someone sink a 170-ft yacht in the middle of the Mediterranean Sea?

The Wolf of Wall Street and his band of enablers during his "glory days" were some of the most despicable people I have ever heard of. As a reader I held no sympathy for them, yet I could not stop myself from wanting to finish what was being told of their story. I think that others would feel quite the same if they were to give this book a try.

Lise says

Jordan Belfort has a very limited vocabulary. The story of his rise and fall on Wall Street. The bad stuff he does wasn't his fault. The good stuff is because he's a genius. Just ask him, he'll tell you. Repeatedly! I'll list the words and phrases, you can rearrange them and save yourself the time of reading or listening to this book. (The audio version is unintentionally hilarious as the narrator attempts English, French, Swiss and Chinese accents and they all sound exactly the same.

1. Loins -- either luscious or loamy
2. The Duchess -- either doleful or delectable (see 1)
3. Fuck (off, you, me, yourself) Fucks Fucking Fucked (see 1 or 2)
4. She smiled "her strippers smile"
5. Ludes
6. Strattonite (see 3)
7. Rutting (see 1, 2, 3, 4, 6)
8. Everyone sobs, cries or wails "uncontrollably" ... every single time.
9. Brain Stem. Every thought or idea "rises up my brain stem"
10. Lifestyles of the Rich and Dysfunctional. He said it so often I thought the audio was repeating itself.

Katy Vance says

Reading this book will make you feel like a a drug addict. I've never tried Quaaludes, but by the end of reading this book I wanted to cry and apologize to everyone I knew for my addiction to them... (which I should probably reiterate I've never had). He writes vividly about his drug addiction, although sometimes he leans a little too heavily on his back pain to excuse his addiction, even as he explains his back pain is no excuse.

This crazy memoir about Jordan Belfort's time working on Wall Street is an absolute roller-coaster through the late 80s early 90s of people making too much money by moving money around, screwing people over. Then they blew all of that money on drugs, hookers, expensive clothes and vacations. If this is all true, he is a complete asshat. Like most memoirs about drug use and abuse, this story reminds you that it is basically impossible to live out the seemingly awesome parts of his life without crashing down spectacularly, shattering those that you love, yourself and your business.

Fascinating. Scary. Compulsively readable.

Laura says

What did I think? I thought this book was terrible.

I read "The Wolf of Wall Street" after my husband finished (and assured me I would enjoy it), while on holiday far far away from a decent bookshop.

This whole book read like the wet dreams of an aspiring stock market king. There is no self reflection, no sense of remorse- Jordan seems unwilling or unable to take responsibility for his actions. Which I probably would have been able to deal with, had the story been interesting enough and well written enough to make up for it. But nope, its repetitive, boastful to the point of vulgarity and poorly written.

This could have been an excellent story. It could have been a gritty, honest and fascinating look into the life of a rich man whose world came crashing down around him.

Bentley ★ Bookbastion.net says

See this review, and more like it at www.bookbastion.net

Reading this was an exercise both in suspension of disbelief, and complete mastery of frustration for me.

This is definitely not a book I would normally choose for myself. Most of you know by now that fiction and

fantasy are my jam, my last class for University required us to read nonfiction book somewhat pertaining to ethics and business, and this one called to me.

I'd already seen the movie a few times before - it happens to be one of Mr. Bastion's favorites - and while I'm not the biggest fan myself, I figured the antics associated with Belfort's crazy lifestyle of excess would give this enough color to at least make it palatable. While that was true enough for me to read the entire thing, **my personal enjoyment of the narrative began to tank somewhere in the first third, when it became clear that Belfort is a complete narcissistic, unrepentant asshole, and one of the most vile human beings on this earth.**

*"My name is Jordan, and I'm an alcoholic, a Quaalude addict, and a cocaine addict. I'm also addicted to Xanax and Valium and Morphine and Klonopin and GHB and Marijuana and Percocet and mescaline and just about everything else, including high-priced hookers, medium-priced hookers and an occasional streetwalker, but only when I feel like punishing myself... I've been sober for 5 whole days now, and I'm walking around with a constant erection. I miss my wife terribly, and if you really want to resent me I'll show you a picture of her. Either way, I resent every last one of you or being total ***** and trying to take your life's frustrations out on me."*

^^ an actual quote from this book. ^^

He claims in the opening that this autobiographical glimpse into his years on Wall Street exists for his children, so that they might better understand his behavior in the years that led to the destruction of their family. I hoped that what followed might include Belfort actually taking some responsibility for the terrible things he did to his family, his clients, and the economy. Unfortunately, what actually happens is 500 pages of praise for himself, and contempt for the people who were stupid enough to fall for his lies. **The narrative is complete devoid of any true sense of remorse or reflection for the terrible things he did.** Even worse, the book became a vehicle for him to land one final jab on all of the people he perceived as wronging him over the course of his career.

Not to mention, he's also a racist, sexist, asshole with the ego to match. **Belfort has this weird penchant for giving every person he encounters in his life a nickname that he then refers to them as for the rest of the book in narrative voice.** Some of his least offensive included "The Blockhead" and "Master Forger," while his more offensive included the "Luscious Duchess," (referring to his now ex-wife) and the "Depraved Chinaman," (referring to a rival on Wall Street.)

If there's a chance to insult someone else, while propping himself up on that incredibly high pedestal that exists only inside his mind, you can bet he's going to take it. Mentions of his erection are peppered throughout the narrative, along with an awkward sequence where Belfort, ever the charlatan, asks us his captive audience to buy that a drug and alcohol rehab group celebrated his attempts to masturbate in public with raucous applause instead of rancor. Such is his narcissism.

It's clear that he's an unreliable narrator, as his view of events is colored with a heavy bias that I don't think he's even cognizant of. His culpability in securities fraud and money laundering is often played down in the narrative, suggesting that his guilt was actually other people's fault - and he was only following the modus operandi of other big bankers at the time. He also tries to justify his lawbreaking by painting himself as a sort of Robin Hood character, as though it's okay that he was fleecing the rich instead of the poor.

if you're looking for a comprehensive take on his crimes, trial and conviction, look elsewhere as you won't find it here. There's too many pages lost to self indulgence, and Belfort completely forgets to cover when, how and why his life came crashing down around him, instead trying to hook the reader at the end to tune in later for a sequel in which he'll finish the story this one had already promised.

Yeah. That'll happen.

While I was entertained enough to finish the book, watching Belfort sink to increasingly new lows becomes a bit too masochistic for me to want to continue the party into another book. Besides that, the prose is a bit too frenetic, oddly paced and poor in parts for my tastes. If I had to read the phrase "loamy loins," "Luscious Duchess" or "Lifestyles of the Rich and Dysfunctional" one more time I couldn't be held liable for any of my actions. My heart goes out to that editor that had to pare down the 1200 page manuscript. I think they probably did the best they could with what they were given.

Just watch the movie. Leonardo Dicaprio is great in it, and you might not have to scrub out your brain quite as hard as you would after spending 5 hours with Jordan Belfort's voice in your head.

??☆☆☆ = 2.5 out of 5 stars

Rebecca McNutt says

The Wolf of Wall Street offers an eye-opening and at times harrowing glimpse at the cutthroat world of big business, and how one man found himself wrapped up in the underlying corruption and greed of his day-to-day life.

Sarah says

I picked up this book after hearing that my main man Marty Scorsese was going to make it into a movie. I think it'll be one of those rare books that will be better as a movie, as the writing is subpar and the author (and main protagonist) is thoroughly unlikable. It's about the rise and fall of a luded and coked-out, hooker-obsessed stock trader. I know, sounds sweet, right? Eh, not so much.

Kasia says

Between Christmas preparations, presents shopping, and yelling at the kids that they are not gonna get all the shit they put on the Santa's List, I managed to read this book. It was good, better than good. It was mind bugging!!

Through Jordans Buford's simple, humorous, descriptive writing I could easily imagine the life and the struggles of the rich and dysfunctional...

So before all my charge cards bills start coming in mid-January, let me dream about a world where one million dollars a month, every month for years was what expected of good family provider.

Or I can just wrap that book and put it under the Christmas tree for my husband to read. That would teach him a lesson not to ask me how much I REALLY spent on those shoes I had to have !!!

Leah says

The title of Jordan Belfort's first autobiographical piece is misleading in that it compels would-be readers to think that they are picking up a memoir in which finance and market manipulation are central themes. Certainly the thickness of the paperback edition contributes to the assumption that there are some weighty ideas to be found therein and perhaps some useful insights into how Belfort became a self-made success.

Rather, this is a confessional, sensationalist tract that would have benefited from a more aggressive editor. This is not to say that I did not enjoy elements of Belfort's story and there are moments of pure comedy as he recalls his lifestyle in the early 1990s as a banker and power broker, making more than enough money to support an entitled spouse, a routine drug habit and a chorus line of working girls. Belfort however could be in any line of work and this reader grew tired of him repeating (word-for-word across dozens of chapters) his admiration of his wife's buttocks and his conspicuously desperate claims that he lived, worked and partied harder than anybody else. The book is less about Wall Street than it is about a man who, having wound up with everything, consumes to the point of valuing nothing.

This could have been a punchy read. Unfortunately, Belfort seems to be positioning his story as something greater than it is, as if it is worthy of the quantities of paper that someone like J.R.R. Tolkien would have gotten through.

Grace says

Because every book by millionaires is about their struggles to get there, I found this book refreshing because for once I don't get to read about someone's struggles but the debauchery that comes with the million dollars - a reality that a lot of millionaires try hard to keep under wraps. It's okay to be human, to be so consumed by money that you forget who you are because as humans we err, no one is perfect. I respect people that can own up to their bullshit than those who only talk about their struggles and act like they have never indulged in acts that society would frown upon because of their wealth. I will read this book again and again. This guy lived his life to the fullest, the only sad thing is that he hurt people in the process but again we all do that but pretend to act like we are so pure when in the public space. We forget the mean names we have called our business acquaintances, friends and family and portray pictures of perfection and honestly fuck that because I would rather get drunk with an enemy than a pretentious family member or friend.

David says

This is the type of book that you will either love or hate--there is no middle ground. It is a psuedo-autobiography of Jordan Belfort, the guy about whom the movie was made. I haven't seen the movie yet. The book is hilarious, very entertaining, if you can get past the profanity, and the totally debauched behavior. Jordan Belfort wrote this book as a sort of autobiography, or memoirs. As he writes in the book, this is the story of the "rich and dysfunctional."

Belfort was a drug addict and earned incredible amounts of money--like a million dollars every week--as the owner of the brokerage firm Stratton Oakmont. Very smart, very rich, very greedy, needy, craven, sex-driven and very obnoxious. He knew how to talk to people because at heart he was a salesman. He knew how to persuade people to do anything, anything at all. And his enormous wealth and generosity certainly didn't hurt.

The stories in the book are incredibly outlandish. I just read somewhere that the FBI agent who tracked him down for ten years agreed that everything in the book is true.

I didn't read this book--I listened to it as an audiobook. Eric Meyers does a fabulous narration

Char says

First off, Jordan Belfort is a douchebag to beat all douchebags. The level of douchebaggery that he attained has never before been reached. I listened to the audio book and I'm not sure how the narrator could bring himself to even talk about these things without being ashamed. (The narrator, Bobby Cannavale did an excellent job; I think he was the part of the book that I liked the best.)

All this book consists of is scene after scene of reckless living, snorting massive amounts of cocaine, (20 gram rocks), followed by the downing of quaaludes, Xanax, weed, and anything else he could get his hands on. Bring in a bunch of hookers, labeled as if they were stocks, the blue chips being the best. Toss in some opulence of the highest order, yachts, staffs of 25+ people kissing his ass, cars, airplanes and helicopters. All that together adds up to this book.

This man has no respect for women, has barely any respect for anyone, really. He treats his wife like shit, he calls her the luscious duchess for most of the book. He has pet names for everyone and they got on my nerves.

These scenes are intermixed with his horrible employees at his brokerage firm bullying people on the phone to buy, buy, buy. (I've read that the movie Boiler Room is loosely based on this douche.) Surprisingly, there was more of the douchebaggery that I mentioned above than there is of his illegal activities in the stock market.

All that being said, I do have a slight respect for this man because he started off selling Italian ices on the beach during the summer to earn money. He is a self made man. That's the only good thing I have to say about the guy.

Anyway, I was slightly fascinated with the level of debauchery achieved, and that was the only thing that kept me reading. In the end though, I was just not impressed. That sort of douchery doesn't make for much of a life and doesn't make for much of a book either. Maybe it makes for a good movie, I will have to see.

Recommend for fans of debauchery at the highest levels.

Heatherblakely says

The fact that Belfort thanks his literary agent in the acknowledgements, who apparently read three pages and told Belfort to "drop everything I was doing and become a full-time writer" is a complete joke. The writing was immature, informal, and unrealistic. There were too many exclamation points, and sometimes one person would talk for multiple pages. Belfort makes himself seem like a god and a victim, and the fact that he's a vile human being would almost be acceptable if he could write a damn sentence. The story itself is interesting and would have been much better written by someone else, with a focus on one of the more sympathetic people affected by Belfort. This will probably do really well as a movie, but I was annoyed the majority of the time I was reading the book.

Misstea says

What a fucking douchebag. Belfort is an unrepentant asshole and if I ever meet him, I'll kick him in the taint. This memoir smacks of "but it wasn't really my fault!" Lying douchebag liar.

It's people like him, stock-washing and junk-bond trading in the late 1980's onward that led to the crash in 2008. And I have a huge problem with that. He and his ilk nearly brought the planet's economy to its knees and we will be paying the price for years, while he collects royalties on this extremely poorly written book and the probably-revolting movie.

I am infuriated and contemptuous.

Also, not ever buying a pair of Steve Madden shoes. Just on principal.

Edited: Your daughter is not your most prized possession. She is a person, asshole.
