

ASSWAS: Sex Bracelets 1

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Bracelets lead to oral in a pickup truck

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The following is true and written to the best of my recollection: My addiction to "Anonymous and Spontaneous Sex With Any Stranger(s) (ASSWAS)" began with a successful hookup through Craigslist. After a few emails, I met the guy in a parking lot and gave him head in my car. It was exhilarating, but I was hoping for something more spontaneous as well as even more anonymous. The next experience was in an adult video store at the glory hole. It wasn't as satisfying as I expected having to wait for a booth next to me to become occupied. I not only had to keep feeding in tokens, but there was also a cover charge. Then, I remembered a story about sex bracelets. It's a game called "Snap," classified as a myth or urban legend on most websites. They're just jelly bracelets that can be purchased in any Walmart. Each different color represents a sex act the wearer is willing to perform. When someone, the snapper, breaks the bracelet off of the wearer's wrist, the wearer must perform that act. Rumored to have been played by middle-schoolers, there is some evidence that it was also played by college students. I bought several in various colors. Being bisexual, but semi-closeted, I kept them in my car and wore them only when running errands a few towns away from my residence. It certainly made mundane trips more interesting. Wearing 10 bracelets, 2 of each color (black--missionary, blue--blowjob, green--cunnilingus, purple--anal, and clear--anything), I went about my business noting everyone that noticed them. I figured even if nobody played "Snap", someone would know about the myth and may inquire as to my wearing them. I had scripted answers already prepared for any comment someone could possibly make about the bracelets. Weeks went by and I caught many people eyeing the bracelets, both men and women. Some even struck up conversations with me, mostly men, but never any mention of the bracelets even though they would leer at my wrist. Although, I did wonder if people just thought I looked like a freak being in my early 30's with long hair wearing jelly bracelets that are a preteen/female fashion. But that didn't matter. I just needed someone to bring up the topic. My fantasies abounded! Two college girls could bring up the topic to ridicule me then, dare each other to pick a bracelet color. A guy could ask about the bracelets and end up bending me over a car. Finally, I decided to make my intention more prevalent. I added 7 more blue bracelets to my wrist--all the blue I had. Now, there were 17 bracelets on my wrist, 9 of them being blue. I was advertising that I was out to suck a stranger's cock. A few more weeks went by wearing my new arrangement. There was always a heightened sense of excitement when I wore

them, never knowing what sort of interaction they may bring. My patience finally paid a dividend one weekday afternoon. I was standing in line at a Walgreens in Connecticut when the guy in front of me commented, "Nice bracelets." He was about 5'8 and white with a beard wearing jeans and a flannel shirt. I had noticed him looked back at me and the bracelets a few times, but hadn't expected a comment while in line. I kind of nodded and mumbled, "thanks." I was in a fog and barely coherent as the clerk waited on me. Someone had finally made a comment about the bracelets and I couldn't go through my script with the clerk there and others behind me in line. He would have been perfect since I noticed the ring on his finger. Married guys were the best for quick and anonymous sex and they usually packed a large wad of cum. Exiting the store, the fog lifted when a voice from an older, beatup, Ford F-150 yelled, "Hey bracelets, come here a minute will ya?" I couldn't believe it. This was a chance I wasn't going to squander. When I got to the drivers side he said, "Is there some reason for all those bracelets, I'm just curious?" I quickly explained that I was playing a game called "Snap" and what all the colors meant. I finished with, "But I tell people when they ask that they don't have to break the bracelet, just tell me what color and I'll do it no questions asked." He repeated the part about no questions asked and stated, "I see you're wearing more blue than anything else." "Yes, I am," I stated. "I hope you pick blue because I'd love to suck your cock in your truck." He said, "Hop in, I'll drive to the far end of the parking lot." Before I got to the passenger door, I was already hard--my cock was throbbing! Aroused isn't a strong enough word. Once in, I leaned over and put my hand on his crotch. Slowly I began rubbing as he drove. I had his jeans unbuttoned and unzipped before he could put the truck in park. My suspicions were confirmed. He had an average size cock 5 1/2 to 6 inches and average girth with unshaven pubic hair, some gray. No matter, it was the anonymity and spontaneity that was the real arousal. I began deep-throating his whole appendage, slowly at first, but then with increasing speed. His breath was quickening and I could hear myself breathing through my nostrils. It was impossible to get to his balls while sitting. He put his hand on the back of my head as his waist began to thrust his cock even further down my throat. When I first gagged and his hand tightened on my head, he said, "Suck it bitch, go on, suck me you fucking whore!" This was too much. I loved the verbal abuse and it was manifesting itself physically. As I sucked faster and faster, I began to get a pain in my right quad. This was a quirk that would happen right before I came whenever I jerked off or a woman blew me. His cock reached maximum hardness and he was seconds from blowing his load when I came in my own pants. Then, he shot a load in my mouth so enormous, it was as if he had been storing it up for weeks. It was a struggle to swallow it all, but every drop of the salty-sweet liquid found it's way down my throat. "Now get out and remember, no questions," he said as he zipped up. I got out and made my way to my car. I got a strange look from an old lady who noticed the stain on my crotch--my own cum. That was one of the best encounters I've had. There's something about it being anonymous and spontaneous that turns me on so much. That guy had no idea his trip to Walgreens would culminate in his being blown. Although I was wearing the bracelets, I had no idea that today would be the day. Even though it's getting cold here in Connecticut now and people will be wearing jackets, I can still be seen with the bracelets in malls and even dining out alone. I haven't attempted wearing them to a bar yet, but that's coming soon. The bracelets serve

their purpose if to only give a stranger a reason to strike up a conversation. They also make it easy to bring up the topic of sex quickly. More stories to come as the happen! I encourage everyone to try anonymous and spontaneous sex with any stranger(s) sometime. It's exhilarating!