

LOVE YA, MEAN IT BOOTYLICIOUS



Paulo Murillo

Paulo Murillo on backside blues, cooties and tickling the liver

those damn dissecting, discriminating eyes.

They were looking at my butt! I just KNEW it! They were making fun of it. They were saying, "look at the flat ass on that one. How does he keep his shorts up? She has a lot of nerve talking her shit, with a pathetic ass like that," and so forth—and NO, I was NOT being paranoid! Trust me, I know those looks. I GIVE those looks!

I leaned over to order my venti drip and manipulated my skirt...err, I mean, my shirt to ride up my backside with the attempt to show some skin and hopefully remove the focus away from my flat cheeks. I felt like eyes were riding up my flat ass like a fucking spaghetti thong.

Man, it sucks not having an ass. What I wouldn't give for a nice, globular, fine, and fuckable plump and juicy ass. I would love a big ass (hold up, not too big). It would have to be a tight ass that's positioned just right (I can't stand an ass that rides up too high, or hangs too low). I would want my ass to be soft, and cuddly, yet bouncy like a Snuggles Soft commercial, only much, much firmer. It must be a man's ass, cuz I can't stand a round womanly J-Lo (J-Ho) shaped henny.

For those of you blessed with a decent backside, you have nooo idea what the ass deprived have to suffer. Yeah, yeah, there's the sometimes-unbearable lower back pain, but for me there's nothing more painful than trying on a pair of cute low-rise jeans, and facing

a deflating air bubble instead of a protruding bubble butt. The pain girls, the PAIN!

What is a boy to DO about his short supply of jelly in the nether region? Exercising helps, but not much. I should know, for I've tried every squat, back kicking ass machine, and forward lunge known to man. I mean, sure you can build some defining lines around the cheeks, but unless you plan to walk around naked, that definition is NOT gonna show under them hip-huggers.

Pigging out with the hopes that fat might accumulate down south is not the way to go either. Let's face it, we'd all choose a flat ass over a fat ass any day. I'm too familiar with those roly-poly bitches with a fat gut, but no glutes. If I gained weight

(gulp), I would be one big walking fat fold, minus an ass to hold.

I guess you can always go for false advertising with padded Wonder Butt briefs, which is the only answer to ass implants.

Falsies are an embarrassing moment waiting to happen. Dare I write about how I spent most of my Junior high school days with folded toilet paper neatly layered around my asscheeks to give them a lift (I wore super tight kid's underwear to keep the cheeks in place...shameful, I know...)? Dare I write that some of my schoolmates became hip to my trip and made fun of my lumpy tissue-stuffed ass, without you bitches talking your shit?

As an adult, I recognize that a man's ass is like sooo underrated. For the most part faggots are dick obsessed. It's all about big dicks, tiny dicks, dicks that are straight up or with a twist. If you think about it, any time a guy passes you by, the final impression you're left with as he walks away, is his backside (I check for proportion, plumpness, and he has to carry that ass like a man. The hint of a swish can make or break a guy in my book).

This may come as a shock to some, but I'm an ass guy.

Whether I'm doing the fucking and bouncing on a pair of beefy cheeks, or clinging on to a clenching buttock for dear life, as man meat is being rammed into me.

And speaking of succulence...as much as I may enjoy a nice ass, I can't say that I enjoy eating ass; not even eating ass in the name of love. Some people have a taste for picking dingle berries off a poop shoot (these are the same guys who won't kiss you on the mouth cuz they don't want your "cooties"). I'm sorry, but tickling the liver with my Peter is strange act in itself, thank you very much.

I remember my first boyfriend. Since (he was my boyfriend until his boyfriend found out) ate me out for the first time in my life when I was a ripe and somewhat vir-

ginal eighteen-year-old. That shit felt sooo good that I practically bent over backwards with pleasure (then I REALLY bent over backwards with disgust when he tried to kiss me).

Vincent wanted me to return the favor when we were in a 69 position in his mother's living room one late night. I remember being pinned to the ground with his dark star staring down at me.

I couldn't do it. I sort of kissed around the big brown eye, but my tongue could not make contact with that bulls-eye.

I recall trying my hardest not to bust out laughing at the thought of his sleepy-headed mother walking in on two guys with their faces buried in each other's asses. "Aaayyy Dios mio santo NOOO!"

I did eventually eat ass about 8 years later. I tried it on my big-booted boyfriend Adam (he was my boyfriend until MY boyfriend found out). I did it because he was somewhat straight and somewhat virginal. I remember getting into it, not because it tasted good, but because I liked watching this manly man lose it, bend over backwards, and squeal like bitch in heat (burp).

To this day Adam is the only guy I've ever eaten out. Although I must confess that I was tempted to give Navy Joe, who was blessed with a big dick

and he was bootylicious to boot, that certain kind of kiss. I didn't even try it, because being a booty licker can make you or break you. It's not what I do. I settled for a traditional passionate kiss on the lips instead.

Anyway, enough about eating ass and back to my bony ass. Bitches can talk shit about my lack of one, but I like my ass.

It's actually kind of cute if you see it in its naked glory. It's a tight ass that's for sure (the last person to make a hit was Navy Joe 5 months ago...I challenge any fucker to say otherwise). The moral of this column is to like yourself for what you have, and if you don't like me for my ass...then like me for my tits.

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"What is a boy to DO about his short supply of jelly in the nether region? Exercising helps, but not much. I should know, for I've tried every squat, back kicking ass machine, and forward lunge known to man"



I told myself I was looking STOOPIID supa dupa fly and fuck-a-licious as I made my way into Starfucks with Gunter Grass' "The Tin Drum" wedged inside my armpit (oh Oskar, my evil, drumming little midget, how I love you so...).

I entered the Starfucks establishment and braced myself for stares, possible dirty looks, and the occasional sibilant "it's 'him'! It's that guy," whispers.

I stood in line and I KNEW bitches were snoping my shit up and down and talking mad smack. I was calm, cool, and collected, with one of them bored West Hollywood masks on my face (the trick is to look bored without looking jaded). Inwardly, I cringed and covered under the pressure of