

# MY MUSCULAR ASS

I FIRST HEARD THE PHRASE "MY MUSCULAR ASS" IN PRISON (OF COURSE) WHILE AN INMATE WHOSE REAL NAME WAS FRODO (NATURALLY) WAS READING ME A HOT SEXY LETTER HE INTENDED TO SEND TO A FEMALE PEN PAL. AMID THE TYPICAL CONVICT-PORNO-LETTER PASSAGES WHERE HE HAS HER STRADDLING HIS (UNDOUBTEDLY) 13-INCH COCK, SHE GRABS LUSTILY ONTO HIS MUSCULAR ASS. I THOUGHT "MY MUSCULAR ASS" WAS THE SILLIEST THING I'D EVER HEARD, AND IT EPITOMIZED THE INESCAPABLY GOOFBALL TRAPPINGS OF NEARLY ALL CHEESY PORNO FICTION.

EXASPERATED TO THE POINT OF SPITTING BLOOD AT THE INANE "EROTIC FICTION" SPAT FORTH BY MY PREVIOUS EDITORS AT *EXOTIC*, I STARTED A COLUMN CALLED "MY MUSCULAR ASS" INTENDED TO LAMPOON SUCH WRITING. THE ONLY RULE WAS THAT EACH STORY HAD TO CONTAIN THE PHRASE "MY MUSCULAR ASS." WELL, THAT SCHEME ONLY LASTED FOR THREE INSTALLMENTS. THE FINAL TWO COLUMNS PARODIED A PAIR OF THE MAGAZINE'S FEMALE "WRITERS."

## 1. A SIMPLE COMPLAINT

I awoke this morning with a foul, filmy taste in my mouth. It was the taste of your ass from last night. And I looked over at you, asleep and smiling from the ace rimjob I'd given you before we dozed off, and I felt resentful.

You never eat my ass anymore, and I'm getting upset about it.

In the early days, your tongue was like a plumber's snake unclogging my colon. Back then, we savored each other's intestinal effluvia like two lovers feeding each other black olives on a picnic blanket. We shared each other's asses. We shared each other's dreams.

These days, you wouldn't go near my ass even if I stuffed a fried pork chop between my buttocks. When I ask you to eat my ass nowadays, you just shrug and say you'll "think about it." You avoid my mudflaps as if there were Yosemite Sam "BACK OFF!" insignia emblazoned on them. Truth be told, there is no "EXIT ONLY" sign affixed to my derriere. My ass'd welcome the gentle, probing presence of a caring, loving tongue. But all of a sudden, you have no appetite.

You're very selfish, that's what I think. If I had a nickel for every time I ate your ass and you didn't eat mine, I could pay off the national debt. Relationships should be about sharing, but right now you're only sharing your ass, and I'm only sharing my tongue. Love isn't a one-way street; ass-eating shouldn't be, either. There is no reciprocity in our ass-eating, no sense of fairness. Our relationship's anal inequities push me to the brink of tears. My neglected rectum cries out for some cuddlin'.

Where I come from, when someone does you a favor, it's a matter of courtesy to return it. You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours. You eat my ass, I'll eat yours. It's a matter of basic fairness and human dignity. But maybe I'm from the old school.

My parents didn't have this problem. They licked each other's asses like it was going out of style. Like ass-eating was on sale. Like they got a tax deduction for doing it.

People in the movies don't have these problems, either. You see a happy couple up on the big screen, and you assume they're licking each other's asses, no questions asked.

I've looked at my ass in the mirror. It's a nice ass. I've held a hand mirror right up to my bunghole, and frankly I don't see what's so horrifying that you'd avoid it like you do. What's so disgusting about my ass that you won't eat it out every once in a blue moon? I always use the scented lotions and male douches, so offensive tastes or odors shouldn't be a problem. Would it kill you to eat my ass every once in a while? I mean, would it put that much of a crimp in your evening?

From now on, you can lick your own ass, you asshole! Believe me, your ass isn't all that tasty sometimes. It ain't always a cinnamon roll, ya hear me, honey? Your ass isn't as great as you think it is, I'll tell you that. I've seen better. I've licked better. So don't go getting an attitude with me.

I'm just asking for a little consideration. Lick my ass every once in a while, all right? My ass doesn't have teeth. It won't bite your tongue off. The occasional anal 69 would really put the spark back in our love life.

Not everyone you meet out there's gonna be as happy to munch on your fat ass as I am. And that's what bugs me—your ass is flabby, and yet I graciously eat it, while my muscular ass is the very picture of a perfect posterior, yet it sits alone and uneaten.

You just watch—I'll go out there and fall in love with the first person willing to lick my tushie. One day I'll be rolling in clover, my new lover's tongue gleefully lapping at my *tuchis*, while your stinky butt sits home alone, as lonely as my ass is now. My sphincter will be wet and happy, while yours languishes in limbo, unlicked and forlorn.

"EROTIC" FICTION OF A DECIDEDLY UNAPPEALING NATURE

## 2. FOR THE GOOD TIMES



Thank you, Father Gallagher, for giving me my first orgasm. I'm glad that it was a man of God who popped my cherry. Somehow, it makes me feel cleaner.

Bless me, Father, for I have sinned—with you. Again and again and again. And I don't feel dirty about it. I want to shout it from the mountaintops. I have an evangelical thirst to spread the Good News of your holy, holy, lovin'. You turned me on. You turned me out. You turned this altar boy into an altar man. You made me the whore that I am. You showed me joy. You showed me pain—both physical and emotional—of a magnitude I thought impossible. You reached up under my frock and taught me the meaning of "tough love." As I stood eagerly perched on manhood's hairy cusp, you caressed my muscular ass as if my buttocks were twin golden goblets filled with Christ's blood.

You said that you had spoken with God, and that He approved of what we were doing. You told me we were just sharing the bodies that God had created. You said that God the Father and God the Son did this sort of stuff together all the time when the Holy Ghost wasn't around. You said that God the Father made the Holy Ghost have sex with the Virgin Mary because God was a homosexual who was physically repelled by women's bodies. You called physical intimacy between priests and boys "the eighth sacrament." You spoke of Bible passages that the church had suppressed, passages which told in graphic detail what God *actually* did on the seventh day when He "rested." You said the Bible was using sexual symbolism when it said Jesus "rode into town on a donkey." You mentioned other apocryphal passages which detailed wild parties featuring Jesus and his apostles. "Thirteen men living together, working together, praying together," you'd say with a sly wink. "Think about it. From time to time, they'd need some physical relief."

You were a good man, Father Gallagher—I don't care what they say. You listened to my problems. You bought me things. You left me cute little notes. You played miniature golf with me and took me to the zoo. You taught me Latin and I showed you how to play Nintendo. And we had hot, steamy, Old Testament-style monkey sex. You nailed me in the ass like Christ was nailed to the cross. You split open my buttocks like Moses parted the Red Sea. It was a gas, *mi padre*. Thanks for the good times, dude.

Remember the lazy afternoons by the riverside, sipping sacramental wine and munching on a bag of Eucharists? Remember the time we got kinky with a crucifix? Remember the time we did it right on the altar? Remember the party where we snorted poppers with the Cardinal? Remember the embarrassing trip to the Emergency Room to pry loose the rosary beads from where they were lodged? Remember how turned-on you'd get when I wore the Roman soldier costume? We didn't just have sex. What we did was a form of prayer.

I doubt that rabbis do such things with young Jewish boys. I can't see Buddhist monks doing anal with little Buddhist boys. Muslim clerics, well, I'm not so sure about them. But this I know—you did it with me, Father Gallagher.

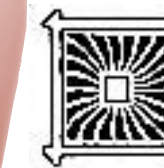
When I read about you in the paper the other day, I felt like crying. It's really unfortunate about those sex charges. I'm saddened to see that boys who once claimed to be your friend have grown into men who seek to put you behind bars. I can't see how they can so easily banish so many tender memories from their minds. I remember how it was back then, and they were just as into the sex as you and I were. I hope you beat the rap and continue ministering to the flock. And I hope that one day we can get together, if only for one magical night, and relive old times.

That is, if I'm not too old for you now.

Just kidding, ya big lug.

Call me on my cell phone some time, ya hear?

## 3. WE ARE SEX-POSITIVE—OF THIS WE ARE POSITIVE



I knew when I saw your eyes across the room that we would share a bed this evening. We both came from out of town, attending a boring business convention in a hotel conference room. And then our eyes met as if by accident, unleashing 10,000 years of hidden animal secrets.

I always love it when I know I'm gonna score.

Smoky bar. Demon jazz. Hot whiskey splashed over cool rocks. Fresh cocktails and stale peanuts. Soft laughter, seductively arched eyebrows. Dirty suggestions, foul innuendos. *Yeah, I'm married, too, but who cares? What they don't*

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)



*know won't hurt 'em! Carpe diem!* We finish our drinks, swallow a couple of pain pills, buy some paper towels, and retire to your hotel room to order a few porno movies on the TV.

You tell me all about your childhood and then remove your clothes. You look approvingly at my tattoos and piercings, and I at yours. My wolflike eyes appraise the sensuous garlic-bulb shape of your hips. Your shaven pubis resembles the finest Cornish hen ready for its “stuffing.” Your mammoth breasts are a twin pair of football-stadium domes, the fullest nipples flower of your womanhood. Your shrublike hair bears the exotic tropical scents of a really good shampoo and conditioner. The aroma that billows from 'tween your legs is not so bad that I can't handle it.

Our tongues lock together like warring octopus arms. Your frail, understanding hands massage muscles I didn't know I had. My toes curl with erotic tension. We push and grunt and throw each other around the room. Like a sleeping warrior, my maleness awakes and shakes off its slumber. You run your hungry tongue over the most sensitive areas of my penis such as the corona and the frenulum. You nibble on my manhood with the finesse of a professional fellatio-giver, being careful not to bite it. When you stimulate my testicles, I feel tempted to scream with pleasure.

I gently lick the run in your stocking. Your anus puckers as if winking at me. Your well-lubricated vulva beckons me to enter it. You dig your long, catlike fingernails into my muscular ass and mount me like you're the tire and I'm the axle. My cock is a veiny slab of dumb, probing instinct. Your vagina is a whirlpool of tangled emotions, churning, straining, yearning to be set free as I plop my massive rod within you.

My cock is now at full size, all 17-1/2 inches of it. To say my cock is diamond-hard would be unfair, because diamonds are far softer than this. You gasp as I first enter you, but enter you I must. I knock down your door like a DEA battering ram.

Your vagina gobbles up my cock like a hairy, toothless mouth giving me a blowjob. I'm in you, in your heart, between your legs. Daddy's little girl and mommy's little boy are doing something nasty, and the priests and nuns better not find out, or we're both gonna get a spanking. I drill your viscous hole like Jed Clampett seeking to strike some Black Gold, some Texas Tea. You ride me with the aplomb of the most seasoned bronco-buster as I lovingly rub whipped cream and strawberry marmalade on your smiling nipples. Our desperate bodies smack together with the sound of someone slapping a dead trout against a wooden board.

The sweat rolls from your body like hot Jamaican rain off a tin shack. You suddenly jerk back your neck with whiplash ferocity and howl with pleasure, disappearing into a milky white ocean of my cum. You have a million orgasms which, like invisible angels, would all fit on the head of a pin.

When I cum, I shoot my soul into you. My sperm and my spirit now inhabit you. We become one and melt into that strange night. Futuristic lovers teetering over an erotic horizon. Yin and yang, entwined. Plus and minus, reconciled. Plug and socket, feeding electricity to one another. We are sex-positive, of this we are positive.

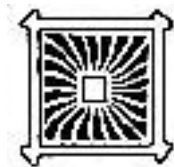
Maybe there's a difference between making love and fucking, but for now we can't tell.

## 4. STORIES OF THE SHADOW WOMAN

*Dear Shadow Woman:*

*I'm a faithful reader of your Shadow Woman column.*

—A fan of Shadow Woman



I am the Shadow Woman. I lurk in graveyards and delicatessens. I rub the underbelly of the pro-sex literary hinterlands. I dance naked as a jaybird with Ganesha to that crazy swing beat. Sometimes, as a woman, I can sense the toes of a billion pixies doing the Harlem Shuffle on my clit.

I am an outspoken member of the poly, multi, poly-multi, and tutti-frutti communities. I dabble in rimjob academia. I'm schooled in BDSM, water sports, bloodletting, and Nintendo. I dream that one day, Portland [a.k.a. The Town Which Shadow Woman Built] will be filled with sex-positive activists actively having positive sex.

As an American Sexual Being, I have opinions, and I don't care if you don't want to hear them—I'm going to corner you at a party and shout my opinions into your ear. I'm going to tell you things about myself that you really might not want to hear. Even if you act distracted or ask me politely not to go into further detail, I'll blab about my sexuality to anyone within earshot. I'll leave naked pictures of myself on your computer and then ask you what you thought of them.

I am frank, candid, honest, smart, resourceful, and modest. I am so filled with a sense of myself, I don't look where I'm going and often bump into things. It takes so much time for me to take personal inventory, I think I might have to hire an accountant. I am constantly redefining, redesigning, and resculpting myself. On Friday, I'm going to give my soul a high colonic.

I tattooed myself in defiance of the Reagan administration. I pierced my nostril to protest homophobia in bowling alleys. Such *rites de passage* are *de rigueur* in *le monde* of the Shadow Woman.

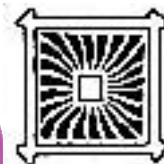
I want to smell other people's armpits, to bask in their ball sweat and vaginal cheese, to pick lint from their belly buttons and gently lick wax from their ears. I find myself ambling pell-mell down new spiritual paths. I feel vibrant. I feel naughty. I feel hungry, so I think I'm gonna drive to the 24-hour Taco Bell.

I suffered worse than anyone else did in high school. Catholicism damaged me more than it did anyone else. A lot of people don't like me. And it has nothing to do with my personality.

My Cherished Custodian Polopony recently shelled out more than ten grand to a sex-positive alternative dentist in order to give me a shiny new pair of surgical fangs. He also bought me a hot red vinyl corset from Lane Bryant. I wish I had a string of Poloponies.

I suppose I should switch gears and talk about myself. My personal sexuality lifestyle column, “Stories of the Shadow Woman,” is read weekly by over 815,000,000 visitors to ShadowWoman.com. My other websites—MoreAboutShadowWoman.com and the amazing floating webcam of Shadow Woman's bathroom, which I've called TheAmazingFloatingWebcamofShadowWomansBathroom.com—have received Golden Vulva awards from the Positive 'Bout Sex Foundation. Don't forget that I'll be speaking at foot-fetishists' convention “Toe Jam 2002” in Des Moines this summer. And in August, me and Brent Williams of *T-Cell Times* will be hosting a seminar on genital plaster-casting and erotic foot rubs at the Castro Street YMCA. And soon on ShadowWoman.com, I'll post pictures of my recent trip with Polopony to the mall to get photos developed of prior pictures I've posted to ShadowWoman.com.

## 5. MY DUNGEON IS BETTER THAN YOUR DUNGEON



My dungeon is better-equipped than most dungeons out there. It's a high-tech, state-of-the-art, *classy* dungeon with a beautiful doggy cage and a wonderful set of vintage stirrups. A lot of care and thought went into my dungeon. And although I might charge more for sessions in *my* dungeon than other doms in *other* dungeons do, no one else delivers more bang for your buck in terms of torture, pain, and ritual humiliation. You want a shoddy dungeon, go ahead and pay shoddy dungeon prices and get a half-assed domination session which doesn't even come *close* to destroying your self-esteem—just go ahead and see if I care.

I'm a Pro Dom Top Double-Down Contortionist Butch Femme, and I have been so for over 14 years now. In my platform stiletto heels, I'm nearly eight feet tall and don't look nearly as chubby. I am bold, sexy, and, um, intellectual. The painful fact is that I'm superior, and I'll keep telling you that until we both believe it.

My most recent client was a Gothic bottom-feeding femboy with a shaved chest and a scrotum wonderfully patterned with steel rivets. A disgusting, dirty little boy. A bad little piggly-wiggly. He had seen my website and knew about my extensive background in Asian spanking techniques. He kept up-to-date on my weblog with its frequent reports about my latest dental work.

It was our first meeting. He was a bit disappointed to see me in the flesh, not knowing that I photograph really well.

I was dressed as a Greek Orthodox bishop. He was clad in a diaper and was hovering motionless in my elaborate Suspension Device™.

I had read his application form where he listed his kinks, which mainly involved fresh produce and former Israeli Prime Minister Golda Meir. We agreed on a safety word, which was “nougat.”

I removed the acupuncture needles from my autoclaving device and jammed them into his armpits while forcing him to recite Mother Goose rhymes.

He shrieked loudly as I proceeded to clip the battery cables onto his weak little rosebud nips. His screams only drove me toward loftier sadistic delights. His face was red with shame as I applied the cock ring and butt plug, tightening them to maximum tension. The butt plug was in his ass so deep, I was certain its shit-encrusted tip would pop out of his mouth.

I fetched him a bowl of fresh water and a can of Alpo. He barked appreciatively and lapped it up. I then spanked him, called him a bad pony, and refused to give him his candy cane.

I had severely bruised his body with a plethora of pretty little lumps, bruises, and scratch marks. I felt pleased and oh-so-full of myself.

Werner Klemperer-style, I took a long tug from my cigarette holder and proceeded to interrogate him.

“Would you eat my farts?” I asked him.

“Oh, yes, I'd gobble 'em up, Goddess,” he slobbered.

“Would you eat my fragrant farts right as they billow from my muscular ass?”

“Yes, I would, Goddess—you already asked me that.”

“Don't get snippy with ME!” I yelled at him. “Get me a sandwich,” I commanded.

“What kind of sandwich, Goddess?” came his meek inquiry.

“Turkey on rye,” I snapped.

The pathetic slug, that groveling human worm-boy, fetched me a surprisingly tasty turkey-on-rye sandwich with a frosty beverage on the side.

I grinned. He cowered. My grin grew wider.

“I will sever your wiener,” I told him sternly.

“Oh, do it, Goddess! Sever my wiener!”

“Call me Goddess Sever Your Wiener.”

“You are in command, oh lovely Goddess Sever Your Wiener.”

When he had reached his credit-card limit, I informed him that our session was over, and my lovely Slavic boyfriend escorted him out.

I went upstairs, popped some food in the microwave, checked my e-mail, and prepared myself a warm bath.

I am so glad to have this sort of danger in my life.