Hemo2Homo Connection: The Butt For You Review

November 14, 2009 By Shawn Decker

No, the Hemo2Homo Connection movie review team has not ventured into the realm of adult entertainment. Some months back, both Steve Schalchlin- my erstwhile movie review partner- and I were approached by a padded underwear company to give their Butt For You product a review.

Steve, of course, wrote his promptly back in May.

I slacked.

When the last month's issue of Poz magazine came, and I was feverishly flipping to my column to read my handiwork (I still get excited every time a column is published), I came across a review of... padded underwear. "Oh, shit," I thought. I'd not yet reviewed the sample pair of underwear that was sitting in my drawer.... the very pair of underwear that I shared some great memories with: a Depeche Mode concert, a couple of long writing sessions on a hard chair in the coffee shop and a car trip that lasted about 6 hours. Of course, they were washed in between uses. But I really put these things to the test!

Maybe I procrastinated with this blog because, while I may be very public with my HIV status, I am far less vocal about a more obvious problem in my life: I don't have an ass. And I'm not sure what happened to it. I've posted Missing signs all over town, and haven't heard a peep. I couldn't put a picture on them because I have no recorded evidence that I ever had an ass to begin.

This issue may be hereditary; my brother doesn't have an ass either. In my case, it is said that HIV can affect fat distribution in the body. So at least I have an excuse. What sucks isn't the vanity expect, it's that it gets uncomfortable sitting for an extended period of time due to the lack of an ass. This is why I was psyched about the padded underwear sample.

As soon as I put them on I became a different person: I flaunted my ass. "Check it out!" I told Gwenn, prancing around the bedroom, refusing her sexual advances* because taking off the underwear would have had a Sampson-losing-his-hair effect on my mojo. At the coffee shop, I made a female friend touch my bum against her will. "I don't understand what's happening," she said as we stood in the parking lot and I yelled. "Just touch my ass dammit!"

To see me modeling the underwear, click here.

The vanity of it all had turned me into a monster. But that was just the aesthetics. After sitting for a while, I didn't notice my ass hurting, which was good. During longer stints, however, I found myself

wishing I didn't notice my sore butt... maybe after the initial rush, I was hoping that more of the discomfort would be alleviated. It was better, but I wanted full-on relief. *More* padding. *More* ass.

If Badunkadunk For You is coming down the pipeline, sign me up, man.

Till then? I would recommend Butt For You for my fellow assless wonders of the world. Steve really enjoyed his pair, and with the terrible seats in my local movie theaters I anticipate Butt For You joining me for the next Hemo2Homo Connection review.

You can check out Butt For You here. They range in price from $37-$60, and the cushion pads fit neatly in two little cheek slots in the back of the underwear. Once you get the hang of sliding them in, it only adds a couple of minutes to your morning routine: worth it if you have a desk job that requires a lot of sitting.

Just make sure you avoid the temptation to ask a co-worker to rub your ass.

Positively Yours,
Shawn

* *there may or not have been sexual advances made by Gwenn Barringer as the sole result of Shawn's wearing of the Butt For You padded underwear product.*

** *that may or may not be Shawn modeling the product.*

Shawn on:  Shawn's book Decker's Daily Coffee



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