

## PINKIE

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**H**e strolled through the bar as if the fire hydrant anchoring his cul-de-sac might throw his hip sockets out of whack, an orthopedic nightmare. He thrust his pelvis toward me as he neared. He tipped his shoulders back, lest he topple forward from the staggering weight of that anvil crammed in his crotch.

I was a drifting dock in want of a well-cast hawser, and he hooked his feet on my barstool.

He offered me a Long Neck and a grin, and I needed no further convincing to agree to a change of venue. I was more than ready to unleash the mastiff barking behind his fly.

Back at his tidy condo, in due course, he undressed without shame. And so did I.

His cock rose up like a tender shoot in springtime. Not that I ever thought he had a zucchini down his jeans, but I was expecting more than an asparagus tip.

I should have suspected foul play when he introduced himself as “Pinkie.”

The rest of him wasn’t bad. His abs rippled, his biceps bulged, and his face radiated sincerity. Nice.

He reminded me of one of those Roman statues.

I was aware of my inexcusable chauvinism. I was no better than a zit-faced teen sniggering at small tits. I was worse than Joe Mechanic slobbering over his MUFF-ler

wall calendar. I was measuring Pinkie by external standards. But *still*. When a girl's starved, she wants a sausage-with-the-works, not a baby dill.

"Don't worry," he said, noting my concern. "It's the motion of the ocean, not the size of the boat."

He rummaged in his dresser drawer, for a condom, I assumed. Do they make them that small?

He got into bed beside me.

Pinkie was a nice kisser, with a shaved face and brushed teeth. I could tell by his moans that he was turned on. But nothing else gave me a clue.

"Is it in?" I asked. I wasn't usually this oblivious, but his stumplet stumped me.

"Um, I haven't started." He tucked my hair behind my ear. "Don't you like foreplay?"

He cuddled closer. "For the Greeks, the ideal penis was the small penis. Check their urns. Hercules had a teeny weeny."

The Greeks also killed Socrates, but you had to admire a guy who calls it a "weeny" with a straight face.

"They thought it meant better fertility," Pinkie continued. "Like, today, guys with low counts have to wear boxers--"

"So togas saved democracy?"

Pinkie's right eyebrow shot up. "Oh, Giselle!"

He remembered my name. I had wanted to get in his pants so fast, the introductions had been rather hasty. But. He. Had. Paid. Attention.

“I’m sorry, Pinkie. I mean, this is nice and you’re sweet, but I didn’t go pub-crawling for sensitive husband material. If you know what I mean.”

“Tell me what you want, Giselle. Whatever it is--”

As if his miniwand could conjure magic to order.

He pulled out the dresser drawer he’d been fishing in and dumped its contents on the bed.

He had quite the arsenal. He displayed Santa’s Little Helpers one by one. “You prefer matte or glossy? Neon or *au naturale*? Animal shaped or lifelike? Motorized or manual?”

Pinkie did the impossible: he rendered me speechless. “You pick,” I managed.

He held up a psychedelic bunny whose nose twitched at the touch of a button. He twitched his own. I laughed.

He held up a flesh-colored, veined penis so realistic it could have been lopped off a buckskin horse. It seemed lost without a body, reaching for contact like a blind man’s hand.

“I guess we’ll have to try them all,” I said sadly.

Next offered a variety of harnesses—thigh, pelvic—and some unflattering briefs with strategic holes. “Some girls tell me their boyfriends feel threatened by--”

“But you don’t mind?”

“I’m sleeping with their hard-up girlfriends, aren’t I? What’s to mind?”

I touched his wrist. “I don’t know how to ask this without hurting your feelings.”

“You hardly mince words, Giselle, and I like that. Go for it.”

“How do you manage such a positive attitude about, you know. Other guys with, you know, might grow up to be angry women-haters. Or at least embarrassed.”

“That’s the thing. Women never made fun of me. They felt sorry for me, which was worse. So I set out to prove them wrong. That I didn’t need their pity. That *they* needed *me*. I did my homework. Mama taught me you could learn anything from a book, and she was right.”

“A librarian’s wet dream.” Pinkie’s voice filled me up the way his spaghetti might not.

“I studied fashion magazines. I learned stuff like trimmed toenails matter to girls.”

“They should teach boys that in sex ed.”

“It was the guys who laughed at me. In the locker room. So I lifted weights. Then I beat the crap out of the bastards if they gave me a hard time.” He laughed. He held up a Hello Kitty vibrator and winked. “Time to tame the wildcat.”

“*Mmrrooww.*”

Having the genuine article inside me after a parade of stimulating impostors ended up being plenty fulfilling. It wasn’t exactly the motion of the ocean that mattered, but the depth and rhythm and warmth of Pinkie’s heart.

Reader, I married him. His penny whistle played my tune just fine.