

The  
Erotica  
Writer's  
Husband

& Other Stories

by Jennifer D. Munro

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Second Edition

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# *Small Minded*

**H**oly moly, what a penny whistle. I'm talking cherubic. I'm no size fanatic, but peckers like that should be attached to five-year-olds, not college graduates.

Tiny timber wasn't at all what I expected. This guy had a heavy-booted, open-kneed stride that warned of a boulder in the center lane. He walked through the bar like the fire hydrant anchoring his cul-de-sac might throw his hip sockets out of whack, an orthopedic nightmare. His pelvis thrust forward as he approached me, shoulders tipped back, as if to keep from toppling over from the staggering weight of the anvil crammed in his crotch. I was a drifting dock in want of a well-cast hawser, and he hooked his heel on my barstool. He offered me a Long Neck and a grin, and I needed no convincing to unleash the mastiff barking behind his fly.

Back at his tidy condo, he undressed without shame. He carried himself like he hefted Gulliver's package in the land of Lilliputians—but his sprout was more like an asparagus tip. I'd

dated tons of guys who'd measured their manhood, but this guy would have to go metric, using that centimeter side of the ruler I never bothered with. He had enormous hands and feet, too. Another urban myth shot to hell.

I should have known better when he introduced himself as Pinkie, but I figured he was nicknamed from his past as a sunburned Marine slinging a bazooka in the field. I learned he was never in the Service, that he had worked his way through school at a pencil factory. "Doing what?" I wanted to ask. "Posing for new models?"

The rest of him wasn't half bad. His abs rippled like they hoisted old-growth lumber, not a sapling. His gluts were mountains of muscle to counter-balance a nether load. His biceps bulged as if he'd curled the orca in his pants since puberty. And his face radiated sincerity. Nice. Chiseled in the way his alabaster pilaster wasn't. He reminded me of those magnificent castrated statues. I always stare at the part I'm supposed to ignore. Except Pinkie could stand un-fig-leaved in the Vatican, and no one would notice.

I was aware of my hypocrisy even as I dried up in the face of this letdown. I was no better than a zit-faced teenage boy sniggering at small tits, worse than Joe Mechanic slobbering on his Muff-ler wall calendar while he scratched his sagging butt. I was measuring Pinkie by external standards he couldn't help. A diet or exercise regimen couldn't fix his little shortcoming. But *still*. A girl can't help but want a sausage with the works when she's hungry, not just a baby dill. They say it's the motion of the ocean that matters, not the size of the boat—but I required a seaworthy vessel, not a toy submarine.

*Continued...*

# *The Erotica Writer's Husband*

**T**he erotica writer's husband bangs open the front door and stomps outside. Barefoot, with his fly half open, he'd interrupted his current activity when he heard barks and feline screeches.

His wife's cat, puffed up to dramatic size, hisses from the safety of the yellow window box. Marigolds splash against bristling black fur. Fastening the buttons of his 501s, the sex author's spouse scans the yard for the offending dog, but the husband's eyes meet the neighbor's, instead.

"Sorry!" The neighbor snaps a leash onto the collar of his now slash-nosed and cowering mutt. He notes the open-flied jeans of the erotica writer's husband. "Oh *hoh*, your wife must be home. I bet you spend a lot of time with your pants down, being married to a porn writer and all. Doing *research*."

"Uh huh. Well. Gotta get back. She's waiting."

"Don't let me keep you!"

The sex author's spouse waves and carries the angry cat inside. The cat rakes his wrist in one final protest and leaps free. But instead of returning to the slick and sprawled wife his neighbor imagines, pen tucked behind her ear to take notes as she commands him to enact tawdry scenarios, he returns to the john to finish his interrupted piss.

His buddies and neighbors, jealous of a man married to a scribbler of lewd tales, imagine his rampant and orgiastic sex life. His wife is obsessed with sex manuals and adult websites, they think, not home décor catalogs like theirs.

In fact, as husband to a smutty authoress, he suspects that he's getting less than they are. He doesn't know whether to dissuade them from their faulty beliefs in order to gain their sympathy or to continue to bask in the glow of their misplaced admiration. After all, they think he'd been stud muffin enough to capture a lusty wench in matrimony, whereas they had landed frumpy *fraus* more interested in dozing than dildos. There were worse things a guy's friends could assume. They'd given him unsolicited and unearned respect, rarely seen by a monogamous, suburban man with no aptitude for sports. How empty would their lives be if they no longer had his prowess to worship? Who was he to disappoint them by correcting their misapprehension?

As he contemplates the remote control or a nap, the erotica writer herself cracks open her study door. Her laser printer huffs in the background, expending more energy over sex than husband and wife have in the past month. "Everything okay?" she asks.

“Just Dufus Rufus chasing Frizbeehead again. She scratched me.” He holds out his clawed arm.

“Better sterilize that. Antiseptic’s in the bathroom cabinet. Oh, mind doing the dishes? I’ve got this deadline.”

“Sure, hon. Listen, can we talk, I—”

“Damn, now I’ve forgotten that perfect word. Shit, I spent the last half hour with a Thesaurus and now...stupid dog. Somebody needs to put him out of our misery.” She scoops the cat up and closes the door.

He wishes she would spend a half hour with her finger in something other than a book.



That evening he suggests that they might spend some time together, since it’s the weekend, but she encourages him to go watch the game with his pals. “Go out and have some fun. Becky’s giving me her feedback on that story I’ve been working on.”

“The slaves in the ice castle one? In Greenland?”

“Not Greenland. A hidden fjord in Svalbard. No, I couldn’t figure out how the characters could stay warm enough to be turned on. I got cold just thinking about it. Now they’re on a boat. Only the Master goes ashore, but that gives the favorite slave time to secretly practice his violin. But of course someone hears him playing the *Paganini Caprice No. 24* and finds him, and then he has to decide whether he wants to stay willingly.”

“Still working the gay market? I thought you’d had it with all that spunk.” He knows better than anyone that both the dentist and



doctor have documented her strong gag reflex, which precludes certain bedroom activities.

“Pays better, and you said yourself the truck transmission’s about to go. Anyway, the slave’s going to have a *guiche*, so I need to do some research before Becky gets here.”

“I know how to make quiche.”

“A *guiche*. Not quiche. A piercing *down there*.”

“Ouch.”

“Then I’m hitting the hay early so I can get up to do my edits. Mind sleeping on the couch when you get home so you don’t wake me up?”

“How about we roll in the hay instead of hitting it?”

“Funny man. I married you for your sense of humor.”



He receives an ovation when he arrives at the bar. His friends clear a stool for him.

“Have a beer!” Dean cries. “You must be exhausted!”

“Drink up!” Doug says. “Replenish those fluids!”

“Do a shot, man,” Dave advises. “You can’t spare the time for a pint! Gotta get back to the little wife!”

They check their watches. “How long you need to regenerate, man? We’ll let you know when time’s up.”

His cell phone rings. “It’s my wife. I better pick up.”

“Time for dessert!” They all jeer. “Second helpings!”

“Mind picking up some buttermilk on your way home?” his wife asks. “I’m making bread tomorrow.”

“Sure, hon.” He wishes she would knead something other than flour. The only thing rising in his house is dough. They could milk his meat, instead. Beat his eggs. Eat her jelly roll. Toss his nuts. Warm her bread basket. Hot cross his buns. Make baby batter.

“So, what’d she want? Come on, you can tell us.”

“Lovin’ in her oven.”

They whoop and slap him on the back. His Hefeweizen splashes his shirt.

“Come on, spill the beans, man. You never tell us anything.”

He swipes at his soggy shirt, imagining:

*He bangs the front door open and stomps inside, adjusting his wide load. His wife pauses with her lipstick-stained teacup halfway to her lips. “You’re home early, honey,” she says tremulously from her jasmine steam cloud.*

*“Jig’s up,” he growls. “Be my whore, or I’ll divulge your pen name to the neighbors.”*

*Her hand goes up to the red-rimmed “O” of her lips. She sets down the cup in its saucer with a small clink and drops to her knees. “Of course, whatever you want, honey.” She lifts her Save the Manatees sweatshirt to reveal a red lace teddy with nipple cutouts.*

*Continued...*

# *LAUGHTER & THE LIBIDO*

The love child of Anais Nin and David Sedaris might have penned these lusty tales.

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