

The Original, BIGGER version of "Pinkie." Twice the Size!

Small Minded

by Jennifer D. Munro

Holy 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 forwards 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. Here he carried himself like he hefted Gulliver's package in the land of Lilliputians--but his cock rose up like a tender shoot in springtime. Not that he'd tried to trick me with a zucchini stuffed down his jeans, but his attitude publicized a penis bigger than 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 gluteus a mountain 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 Corinthian column 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-leafed 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.

“Don't worry,” he said, noticing my concerned stare once he'd slung his 501s aside. “I know what to do with it.”

He rummaged in his dresser drawer, I imagined for a condom. Did they make them that small? I worried the sheath might slip off, like a kid's foot in a grownup's shoe.

Maybe the sprout would magically blossom once aroused. Penises can surprise you that way, a nifty trick compared to the inner mysteries of a vagina. So when he stepped next to

where I lay on the bed, I swizzled it around on my tongue like my piña colada straw. Alas, the wee widget was hard already.

He got into bed with me. Pinkie was a nice kisser, with a shaved face and brushed teeth. I could tell by his moans and his arching against me that he was turned on. But not much else gave me a clue, though we were tight linked. I suppose this is what straight men feel, having to guess their lover's inside temperature with no barometer hung outside the house.

“Is it in?” I asked. I wasn't usually this passive in the sack, but his little stump stumped me. His tool rendered the girth-length question irrelevant, because his lusty laddie had neither. Forget the G-spot debate—if I had one, he'd never reach it.

“Oh, um, I haven't started.” He tucked my hair behind my ear. “Don't you like foreplay?”

A further predicament between his legs distracted me--the boy had full bull ballocks, perhaps the reason for his deceptive, Percheron-straddling stance. The swollen twin soldiers dwarfed their commander, like Titan and Goliath flanking a shrunken Napoleon. They strained at the injustice of a midget firing off their potent ammunition. I feared sudden movement might snap the fragile twig wedged between two cannon balls. Talk about a turnoff.

Pinkie cuddled up with me. “You know the Greeks considered small dicks beautiful. Like us today and big boobs. Check out their painted urns. Hercules had a teeny weeny.”

The Greeks also killed Socrates. But you had to admire a guy who said “weeny” with a straight face.

“They thought it meant better fertility,” Pinkie continued. “Like today guys with low counts in their baby batter have to wear boxers--less heat to kill off the little tadpoles.”

“So the Greek race might've died off in tighty-whities, huh? Togas saved democracy.”

Pinkie's eyebrow shot up, a gesture that slays me for my inability to master it. "I pegged you for having more imagination than this, Giselle."

"You did?" Nail in the guilt coffin--he remembered my name. I'd wanted to get in his pants fast, so introductions had been hasty. I'd anticipated stanchion, not chopstick, not guessing that small talk would be more satisfying than floundering around with a small wick for a big candle.

"Sure. Your outfit's funky. I could tell you didn't just buy it like that. You did stuff to it. Made it you."

The universe was so unfair. The only straight guy on the planet who appreciated a strategically-placed appliqué had an insufficient needle for my basting.

"I'm sorry Pinkie. I mean, this is nice and all, you're sweet, but I didn't exactly go on a pub crawl tonight looking for sensitive husband material. If you know what I mean."

"No. Tell me. Now come on. Don't clam up on me."

Poor choice of words, considering my faltering libido.

"You girls always complain that guys won't talk, but getting you to tell me what you want's like pulling teeth."

I could see the dilemma of his previous lovers, disinclined to engage in an honest heart-to-heart. *Well, Pink, I want a Big Dick, massive fireworks in my mailbox, dynamite and bottle rockets, and you've got a sparkler, honey. Gimme Boom. Not tthhpphhtt. Glad we talked.*

"Come on, Giselle. Your wish is my command."

Right. His magic wand didn't look capable of miracles. A piccolo player couldn't orchestrate rough and tumble hockey sex, no matter how clearly I enunciated the choreography of my desires.

“Okay, maybe you’ll do better with multiple choice.” He pulled out the dresser drawer he’d been fishing in and dumped its contents on the bed.

Never having defended his country, Pinkie 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 and rendered me speechless. “You pick,” I managed.

“You I can’t peg. You’re fun.” He held up a psychedelic bunny, whose nose twitched at the touch of a button. He twitched his own, and I laughed. “But also down to earth.” He held up a flesh-colored, veined penis so realistic as to be disturbing, as if it had 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 just have to try them all,” I said sadly.

“That’s why I couldn’t guess! See, I knew you were different. Lots of girls won’t use stuff like this. Think they’re dirty or something. They get embarrassed. But not you.”

He displayed various harnesses: thigh, pelvic, unflattering briefs with strategic holes. “But other girls tell me their boyfriends won’t use toys even when they ask. The dudes feel threatened or something. Like their cocks have to do the whole job or they’re failures.”

“And you don’t mind?”

“I’m sleeping with other guys’ hard-up girlfriends, aren’t I? What’s to mind about that?”

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. Don’t start now.”

“How do you manage to have such a positive attitude about, you know. Seems like other guys with, you know, might grow up to be angry women-haters, for getting laughed at or rejected. Or at least they’d be embarrassed about it. Not so open.”

“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.” Suddenly I was happy to be listening instead of lusting. Pinkie’s voice filled me up the way his mini macaroni might not.

“Mostly I read fashion magazines at the checkout stand. I couldn’t believe what they sneak in after the makeup columns. Guys should beat off to *Cosmo*, not skin mags. Plus I learned that stuff like trimmed toenails matters to girls.”

“The things they should teach boys in sex ed.”

“It’s the guys who laughed at me. I took heat in the locker room. That’s the only reason I knew something about me wasn’t right. So I lifted weights. Beat crying over it. Then I beat the crap out of the bastards if they gave me a hard time.” He laughed. “Assholes. I can’t believe the way I see dudes treat girls. So maybe my, you know, is the best thing that ever happened to me, so I don’t turn into a jerk. And as far as I can tell, I’m getting way more action than they are.” 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 more fulfilling than I expected. It wasn’t the motion of the ocean that mattered, but the moving of Pinkie’s heart. After I married him, turned out the Greeks were right. His baby batter worked just fine. It’s too early to tell whether our son inherited Pinkie’s signature centerpiece, but with a father like his, either way he’ll do just fine.

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