

бу

Gary Jordan

# **Contents**

Unplugged	<u>3</u>
About The Author	4
About This Title.	6
Copyright	

Fumbling with the plug, Sammy couldn't help but remember Vince's fumbling attempts at foreplay. Everything was preparation for inserting "Tab A" into "Slot B." She could feel the mixture of emotions, the conflict, threatening to overwhelm her as they had a year ago on the first anniversary of his funeral. She shuddered, wanting to throw the toaster's plug across the room. Instead, she thrust the two flat prongs and large round grounding plug into the wall socket. Her duty; the children and Nicky would have no toast for breakfast if she let symbolism stop her from even the most mundane task

Duty. Sex had been her wifely duty while Vince lived, like some cheap Victorian novel. Something to be endured. Guilt and relief were two of the emotions that battled to ruin this day. She had tried to explain to Vince that she enjoyed the holding and caressing more, but couldn't bring herself to deny him the other. For Vince, hours of snuggling and touching \*inevitably\* led to penetration.

Had a jeep accident not interceded, Sammy knew that she would have gradually become more neurotic. Perhaps alcoholic, or suicidal. Each act of "love" was a submission, a wearing away of the self. Like it said over and over in his precious Uniform Code of Military Justice, "Penetration, however slight, is sufficient to complete the offense."

Nicola required no such submission. Sammy cherished her for that, and for the way Nicky cherished her. Friends, then more-than-friends, then lovers this past year, and Nicky had never demanded any invasive touch. Sammy had asked, "Are we lesbians?" and Nicky responded, "Can't we just be two people who love one another?"

Sammy paused with two slices of bread above the slots of the toaster. She began to tremble again. Then she felt arms encircling her waist. "It's just bread; it's just a toaster. There's no symbolism. Let it go." She did. She depressed the slide and turned within the arms to kiss Nicky's cheek. Perhaps this year it wouldn't be so bad after all.

## **About The Author**

Gary Jordan started sharing his adult writing in 2001 with *First Impressions*, an adult science fiction story. He says that writing helps him deal with the loneliness of being a widower by incorporating the best aspects of a 25-year marriage into fiction. A confirmed chocoholic, he has a tendency to incorporate that taste into his stories as well. It generally results in a lighter, sweeter story -- or so he claims.

## Stories by Gary Jordan

#### **Longer Stories**

First Impressions Going Down Pirates of the Carob Bean Set Here a Spell

#### **Short Stories**

Chocolate Sauce
Chocolate RULES!
Chocolate Kisses
Chocolate Sighs
Chocolate Sunday
Chocolate Knights and Chocolate Daze
NOT a Knight in Shining Armor
L is for Lethargy
Smokin' Hot Sex, Too
Smokin' Hot Sex, Redux

Flash Fiction (Under 1,000 words)

Blown

Gary Jordan

Afterblow Eyes for an Eye Do-Over

"Gravitation Is Not Responsible For People Falling In Love." ~Albert Einstein

> I Just Wanna Be Naked in School Literacy

Master PC: A Short Edition Naked in School - A Palindrome The Old In-Out Sex Education

Tiny Bubbles Unplugged Wedded Lust

## **About This Title**

Unplugged was written in response to, er, fellow author Oosh's comments (during a discussion of squicks) that, unlike heterosexuals, she was squicked by penetrative acts. There may have been comments about male lack of sensitivity to write true lesbian fiction, given that so much of it involves shared fake phalluses. At the same time, the story is a response to Malinov's 220 Challenge - to write a story using no more than a 220 word vocabulary. It's probably cheating to do it with less than 350 words total.

*Unplugged* was reviewed by <u>Crimson Reviews</u>. She said:

Unplugged -- Gary Jordan (FF rom Flash [220 words])

http://www.asstr.org/~gary/Unplugged/

Wow. At first, I thought that I would have to leave this one, give Gary my thoughts privately. It didn't seem fair to score a piece of this nature, inevitably the tiny vocabulary and length impeding any meaning or character. I certainly couldn't write within these limits.

Gary does. I'm amazed. Yes, the structure of the story is obviously limited by the rules of the contest, and the vocabulary limits expression. Gary deftly ignores all of these encumbrances and writes a story that is meaningful, and character rich. The erotic content is a different kind of Eros, but it is there. Pumping hydraulics, despite what most think, is certainly not the only flavour of Eros that everyone looks for.

I suppose I should give you a short synopsis. Sammy is reflecting on a past life. Since the death of her husband, her life has changed, and we get pulled along, seeing her pain, her reaction to it, and how it all turns out in the end. This story is full of symbolism, emotion, and life,

but you'll have to read it to fully understand what I'm talking about. If you're surprised that this much can fit into a flash story, you aren't alone.

So short, and yet so long.

I'm amazed. Enjoy it.

Technical: 10

Eros : 10

Character/Plot: 10

Crimson: 10

# Copyright

#### **Electronic Publication**

This is a work of fiction. All the characters and events portrayed in this book are fictional, and any resemblance to real people or incidents is purely coincidental.

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