

A satellite image of a large hurricane, likely Hurricane Wilma, over the Gulf of Mexico. The hurricane's eye is clearly visible in the center, surrounded by dense, swirling cloud bands. The surrounding ocean is dark blue, and the landmasses of North and Central America are visible in shades of green and brown. The word "BLOWN" is superimposed in large, bold, cyan letters across the upper portion of the storm.

BLOWN

Gary Jordan

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"There went the carport," he shouted over the hurricane's howl and the sounds of splintering wood, rending metal. He looked down into his bride's fearful eyes and trembling lips.

They should have evacuated; would have, if the storm had struck *after* payday, or the credit cards were less close to maxed out. As it was, they'd pretty much emptied their account just buying the rolls of duct tape that criss-crossed the jalousied windows of their rented one-bedroom capehart duplex. Maybe they could have begged shelter from their neighbors before they left to whatever haven they'd gone to.

So he stood at the small bathroom window and watched their neighborhood get blown away. The bathroom window, because the bathroom walls contained the most pipes, shared with a kitchen wall, and because if the roof fell, the washer and dryer afforded some protection from being crushed.

But the roof wouldn't fall, they realized, listening to the sound of shingles and plywood being ripped from nails. The sound of shattering glass nearby let them know that duct tape was not true hurricane-proofing.

And then his bride was tugging at his belt buckle, sliding his zipper down. "What are you doing?" he yelled above the shriek of the wind.

"Taking my mind off the storm," she'd hollered back, fishing his cock out of his pants and into her mouth.

Incredible, he thought. My first hurricane. And my first time being... the aptness made him laugh, and when he shared his thoughts, she laughed with him, before she returned to his cock. That laughter warmed them both through the long day and night ahead.

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

Smokin' Hot Sex, Too

Smokin' Hot Sex, Redux

Flash Fiction (Under 1,000 words)

Blown

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

Blown is one of my three entries in [Jack's 2004 Hurricane Challenge](#). The challenge? To write a flash fiction story (under 1,000 words) about sex and Hurricanes. Inspired by Jack C. Lipton, who resides in the path of hurrican Charlie.

It's his first... hurricane.

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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