The Hurricane

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A woman seeking to escape her life finds passion in the arms of a stranger.

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Melissa cracked her knuckles, rolled her head from side to side, and twisted around in her chair to pop her back. She was starting to get a little tired after hours of sitting in the same position, but the breeze from the nearby ocean and the sound of the waves made working almost bearable. Melissa's sanity had nearly reached the breaking point and she was desperate for this change of scenery.

Not that it was her fault. The issues in Melissa's life would be enough to crack a diamond. Her father had just lost his job and his insurance, her mother was very ill and they could no longer afford the care she needed, her 16 year old son was arrested for drunk driving, and her 18 year old daughter had just informed the family she's pregnant. On top of all that, she had a deadline with her publisher to finish a novel she had barely even started, and her husband was still trying to beg forgiveness for his recent affair with the bisexual bartender he met in Las Vegas. Too much. It was just too much.

Melissa had collapsed under the pressure, and her doctor put her back on Prozac, but it was still too much. So her husband rented out this condo for a month and sent Melissa down, by herself, for some much needed "me time." Of course, Melissa knew John's ulterior motive was to get her out of the house so he could have more time with the new mistress he thought was a secret, but her mind was too fragile to go there.

Standing up to stretch, Melissa caught a glimpse of movement on the otherwise deserted beach. She strained her eyes to see…this area of beach was unpopulated this time of year, and Melissa hadn't seen another human being for several days. She was busy working, writing her new novel, and she was beginning to lose her motivation. She felt her sanity slipping again, and realized she desperately needed adult conversation.

Melissa darted inside the condo and dressed quickly in a sexy sarong with some strappy sandals, then set out for a walk on the beach. She thrilled to the feel of the sand against her toes, the slightly sticky feel of the ocean breeze, the glow of the setting sun as she made her way down the beach. Still she saw no one. No one fishing. No one swimming. No one surfing. This area was mostly inhabited by international residents during the winter months only. Most of the homes were boarded up during

the spring, prime hurricane season. A slight wave of uneasiness passed over Melissa as the wind picked up and she realized she didn't know the weather forecast. There could be a storm brewing. She looked suspiciously at the sky, and the gathering gray clouds led her to turn around and quicken her pace to get back to her condo.

When she reached the door, the wind was so strong she had trouble opening it. She managed to fight her way inside, and she went quickly to the TV to check the weather. Sure enough, Hurricane Calvin had the entire west coast of Florida on warning. Melissa poured herself a glass of wine in an effort to relax and contain her sense of panic. She had never lived through a hurricane before. Now what? She didn't know what to do other than hunker down, so she grabbed a bunch of blankets and her wine, curling up on the couch to watch the storm coverage and pray.

Melissa's thoughts were interrupted by a loud knocking on the door. Bewildered, she looked through the keyhole to see a very attractive man dressed in a polo and khaki pants. She opened the door slightly, the chain still holding it mostly closed.

"May I help you?" she asked through the crack in the door.

"Hi, Melissa. My name is Dave. I own a few condos here, and I wanted to check on you. You're my only tenant right now. Do you know how to secure the storm shutters?"

"No. I didn't know there were storm shutters." She opened the chain and let him in, fervently hoping that he was trustworthy and she wasn't letting in a serial killer.

Dave moved swiftly to the downstairs windows, pulling down the heavy hurricane shutters that blocked the view of the ocean but gave the condo a strong sense of security. Then he went upstairs and pulled down the shutters in the bedroom as well.

Melissa stayed on the couch with the blankets pulled up to her chin as the sound of the wind increased outside. The television showed a huge mass of red storm cells moving towards the area where Melissa knew she was staying. Fearfully, she stared at the screen while Dave finished his preparations.

"I'm finished. The place is all buttoned up," Dave said. He looked at Melissa, taking in her white-knuckled grasp on the blankets she huddled under. "Are you ok?"

"No," Melissa whispered, her voice shaking. She cleared her throat and tried to smile. She knew she sounded pitiful, but she had never experienced anything like this before and she was terrified.

Dave perched on the edge of the couch, grinning slightly at this poor woman from up North. Hurricanes were not an uncommon occurrence. He had stopped panicking from them years ago.

“Hurricanes come from a low pressure system forming over the warm water of the ocean. The warmer the water, the greater the potential for a strong hurricane. It’s still early in the season, so this hurricane is not a strong one. It’s a Category 2. Relatively tame. We’ll probably see some waves, some thunderstorms, maybe an isolated tornado or two. Tornadoes are the most dangerous part, but the odds of one actually hitting you are pretty low.”

“What about a tsunami? Could a giant wave wipe out the condo? Do you have procedures for giant waves?”

Dave fought to keep a straight face as he answered her. “Tsunamis don’t occur when beautiful women are renting oceanfront condos.”

“Now you’re mocking me.” Melissa knew Dave was trying to lighten her up, but she was so tense it only made her feel worse. Tears welled up in her eyes, unbidden, and she quickly dashed them away with the back of her hand. Dave immediately felt bad for teasing her.

“I’m sorry, Melissa. Really. I just wanted to cheer you up a little bit. Please don’t cry.”

His sympathy had the opposite effect on Melissa. Rather than calming her and easing her tears, she found she was unable to stop crying. The tears came harder, turned into sobs. Dave was clearly uncomfortable. Shifting from one foot to the next and rubbing his hands together he seemed to debate what he should do. He started to leave the room, then switched directions and settled himself on the couch next to her.

“I understand you’re nervous. You’re not from around here. You don’t get that this happens all the time. I can’t even count how many hurricanes I’ve lived through. LIVED through. And this one is minor. It will be ok, I promise.”

Melissa nodded through her tears but continued to sob.

“Do you want me to stay? Would that make you feel better?” Dave asked.

Melissa lifted a tear-stained face to look at him. He was very handsome, with bright eyes that seemed very kind and crinkles on his cheeks that suggested he laughed a lot. He smiled at her again, and her gaze was drawn to his lips, firm and full. She could imagine kissing those lips, and the thought spread warmth through her cold body. Yes, she suddenly very much wanted him to stay.

Dave slid over closer to Melissa. “Do you mind?” She shook her head, and he slid an arm around her shoulders, comforting. She leaned against him and together they watched the storm coverage on the news. Dave showed her where they were in relation to the markings on the map, explained the difference between watches and warnings. Little by little he steered the conversation away from the weather and on to more personal topics.

They discovered they both had a love of books, and enjoyed the same historical fiction authors. They both liked Indian and Thai food. Both of them had a penchant for travel, particularly to exotic places far from the tourist traps. They both enjoyed music, especially indie artists and undiscovered local bands.

Melissa was surprised to find that her fears had subsided and she was genuinely enjoying this time getting to know Dave. Then suddenly, the power went out. Plunged in pitch blackness, Dave pulled Melissa a little closer as she began shaking again. In the eerie silence of the condo they became aware of a new sound, like a freight train.

“Oh, my God…what is that?” Melissa gasped.

Dave’s voice was tight in the darkness. “Tornado,” he answered. Before Melissa could answer, Dave’s lips were crushing against hers, trapping her fearful comments, stifling her sobs. With no illumination in the condo, each sensation was intensified, and Melissa felt heat swiftly spreading throughout her body, and she became aware of a hunger that she hadn’t felt in a long time.

Hands fumbling in the darkness, Melissa and Dave began to undress each other, a feat made more complicated by their unwillingness to break from their kisses. Every parting of their lips brought a gasp for air and a frantic search for reconnection. Dave’s tongue slipped inside Melissa’s mouth, stroking hers, comforting, inviting her to explore him as well. Fatigued from her fears, Melissa surrendered herself to the sensations. Dave could feel the change, sensed the tension leaving her body, realized she was giving him permission to go a little further. He gently pressed forward, leaning her back onto the couch, positioning himself above her body. Bending his head to her, he kissed her jaw and down her neck, onto her chest, in the valley between her breasts. Reaching his hands under her back, he unclasped her bra and removed it, then ran his palms across her breasts, fingering her nipples, pinching them and rolling them before his lips found one and began to suckle it. Melissa squirmed as her need grew, her desire increasing the wetness between her legs.

Dave’s palms pressed into the flat of Melissa’s stomach, and his hands traveled the curve of her hips as he continued to run his tongue down her body. By the time he reached her pussy, Melissa was writhing with anticipation. He touched her clit with his tongue and she gasped with pleasure. John

never went down on her any more. It had been years since she had felt a man's tongue down there. Dave stretched out on the couch below her and wrapped his arms around her legs and under her ass, lifting it as he buried his face in her pussy. His tongue ran down the length of her slit, pushing inside periodically, then maddeningly pulling it back out. He began fucking her with his tongue, slipping it in and out with a rhythmic pulsing, then darting up to circle and flick her clit. He expertly brought Melissa to the edge again and again. She was literally aching for relief when he pressed his fingers into her, tapping her G-spot while his tongue continued its work. Competing with the roar of the tornado as it passed overhead, Melissa screamed Dave's name and climaxed in a massive orgasm that shook her from head to toe.

Dave kissed Melissa again as her orgasm subsided. Then he gently climbed on top of her, supporting himself with his arms. Melissa spread her legs wide on either side of him with her knees bent.

"Is this ok?" Dave asked, needing affirmation since he couldn't see Melissa's eyes in the darkness of the storm.

"Yes. I want you to. I need this," Melissa whispered. Dave didn't hesitate before he pushed his long, hard cock into her. He fucked her slowly, like he was savoring every second, then his pace increased as his breathing quickened. The windows began to rattle as the storm picked up strength, igniting another adrenaline rush that pushed the new lovers to higher levels of intensity.

Dave began slamming into her harder and harder, pulling his cock out before pounding it back in to its fullest depth. He grunted with each thrust as his tempo increased, then his breathing changed to panting as he drilled her furiously, not holding anything back. Melissa found herself moving towards a second orgasm, and she gasped out, "I'm cumming, Dave…oh God…don't stop!" He held out for a few more hard thrusts before her moans and cries were too much for him. Erupting with a loud yell, he shot load after load of cum inside her. His lips crashed down on hers and they kissed through the last tremors of their orgasms, holding each other tightly as the storm raged outside.

Dave flipped onto his back, pulling Melissa on top of him, resting her head against his chest. As she listened to the strong beat of his heart, she found herself able to tune out the storm that still raged and threatened in the dark night. Inside, she was safe and warm, in the arms of a near-stranger who made her feel better than her own husband had in many years. She smiled at the promise of something special blossoming in the eye of the storm.