
SHELTERED WITH
THE JERK

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Sheltered with the Jerk
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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

Chapter 1

I really shouldn't drink mojitos, but I'd give anything for a beer now.

HANGOVERS SUCK. Drinking until you black out is a terrible idea. College life is dangerous enough without losing consciousness and suffering gaps in memory, but partying was what I did best. You can judge me all you like. If you don't enjoy life while you're young, then you wind up with regrets. I'd seen it happen to my mother, and I would not allow it to happen to me. I planned to make the most of my youth and beauty, while I could. *Carpe fucking diem*. Right?

That said, I had plenty of regrets when the cold water splashed on my face, waking me out of a pleasant dream about swimming with dolphins.

"The fuck?" I shouted, rising from the couch, my eyes struggling to focus. My head ached like a sledge-hammer had played the chicken dance on repeat, on my skull. "Ow..." I whimpered. My mouth was sticky cotton for a moment, then it filled with bile and last night's mojitos as my

stomach woke up too. *Blech*. I threw up before I could stop it, right on the combat boots of the giant asshole who drowned me awake.

“Jesus Christ!” He hopped back, his deep voice booming in my ears like a cannon.

“Shh.” I waved my arms, begging him to quiet down, at least while I vomited. *Blech*. I threw up again on the worn rust carpet of—*where was I?* It looked like a small office. The gray tin trashcan my torturer placed between my legs looked like someone had stolen it from a local school. Was he the Principal? I looked up from the boots to the broad, firm, hairy calves and the cut-off fatigues, to an enormous chest wrapped tight under a khaki t-shirt, but then I had to throw up again.

“What time is it?” I asked, still staring at the trashcan, my voice little more than a croak.

“Two.”

“In the morning?”

“In the afternoon.”

“Why is it so dark?”

“Hurricane shutters are down.”

“What?”

“Hurricane. Shutters. Are Down.”

“Are you speaking English?” I asked. I couldn’t make any sense of what he was saying.

“Who *are* you?” He ignored my question.

“Jenny Banks,” I said, then I threw up again. My stomach was mostly empty, but I was retching my liver. This was the downside of the party life. Which party was this? I tried to recall. “And who are *you*?”

“Juan Ruiz.” Nope. I didn’t know him. Still, I went to lots of strangers’ parties. I tried to remember what had happened. It was Friday night, and I went to a club in South Beach, dancing with my girlfriends, then we all got invited to

a party somewhere far. I remember driving for a long time to get there. After that, though, things were blurry.

“Where am I?”

“In my fucking house!”

I put my hands over my ears. “Could you *not* do that, please? The shouting. I can’t take it. Do you have Alka Seltzer, or a Bloody Mary, or a beer?” I needed serious pain killers or some hair of the dog. “Maybe all three?”

Juan stomped out of the room, loud enough to shatter my eardrums. That’s how it felt anyway, despite the carpet. The man walked like a storm trooper.

The small office smelled of vomit—mostly my fault. Soon I was hugging the trashcan again. *Blech*. It was almost all saliva and bile this time, though. I needed fluids.

While my tormentor was gone, I tried to recall more of what had gone on. I was at the club, then the two guys—can’t remember their names—invited me to their party. Maggie said I shouldn’t drive, but I ignored that, which made me sick to think about. I was lucky not to have died on the road. Though maybe I had died and this was Hell. It sure felt hot enough here.

I did not remember this place at all. I’d followed the guys to a house in the jungle, or something like that. There were lots of trees around, and little else. Then I’d walked around the party for a while—fun crowd, a little rowdy, all college kids like me. Lots and lots of mojitos. Then I felt exhausted and lay down for a while here in the office. It looked different, but I was really drunk so my images of the night were fuzzy.

Stomping intensified as my tormentor returned, shoving a glass of fizzing water in my face.

“Here.” Then he threw an old shirt and boxer shorts at me. “Drink that and shower now. You won’t be able to shower soon. I need to fill the tub.” I just stared at him a

while, trying to put those words in some order that made sense. Nope. Fail. “Drink!”

“Please don’t shout.” I spoke softly, trying to encourage him to do the same.

“Drink.”

Okay, I got that part. I drank the glass full of salty, fizzy, head soothing goodness and passed it back to him. He put the glass on the desk and picked me up, along with the shirt and shorts he’d given me. Soon I hung over his shoulder, my head bobbing uncomfortably as we went out of the office, past a large dark den and a darker living room to a flamingo pink hall bathroom. I had protested along the way, but he ignored me and the trip didn’t take very long. Juan had long, angry strides.

“I’m going to puke,” I said, as soon as he put me down. I knelt at the toilet, but nothing came up immediately. That was fortunate because I needed that Alka Seltzer to do its job.

Juan picked me up off the floor and pulled off my dress. My heels were missing, and I hadn’t been wearing a bra, so it was just me and my thong standing there. I wrapped my arms around myself, covering my breasts. There was a lot to cover, but I managed to hide my hard nipples.

“Stop! What are you doing?”

Juan didn’t answer. He just lifted me up and placed me in the tub and turned on the freezing water in the shower to rain on my head. “You stink of alcohol,” he spat. “Wash up quick, or I’ll wash you. You’ve got five minutes, then I need to fill the tub. Put on the shirt and shorts. Got it?”

“Why do you have to fill the tub?”

“Hank!” His shout reverberated through the pretty pink tiles and pierced my brain like an ice pick.

“No yelling,” I said again, waving my hands. Not that he

would listen. He was a lunatic. What did that mean? *Hank*? Was that Spanish for something?

He was right, though. I stank. As soon as he left the bathroom, I pulled off my thong and dripped some generic brand shampoo on my head, which hurt just washing it. I rubbed the yellow bar of Dial soap all over myself, which smelled nice. I turned on the hot water because only a madman would wash with cold water. The showerhead rained on me for a while, and I enjoyed the soothing stream, though my scalp complained a bit. All the soap suds were long gone when Juan stormed in again.

“I said, five minutes!” He turned off the water.

“Please,” I said. “Do not shout. No yelling. *No es bueno*.” I had learned *some* Spanish over the three years I’d been living in Miami, and it seemed like the right time to use it.

He said something under his breath in Spanish I hadn’t learned yet, probably something vulgar.

Juan lifted me out of the bathtub—he was a hands-on kind of guy. He turned me against the sink and swatted my naked butt four times really hard. The wet popping sound of his hand striking my bare flesh filled the small bathroom, echoed between my ears, and reverberated through the roots of my teeth. Now my butt hurt as much as my head. Not good.

“Stop!” I shouted. “What are you doing?”

“Waking you up. We’ve got no time for games, little girl. Get dressed. Hank is coming.”

Then Juan knelt to rinse out the tub, put the stopper in, and let the water run to fill it.

“Who the *hell* is Hank?” I rubbed my sore butt and stared at the two logs of well-defined calves on his legs as he waited for the tub to fill.

How dare he spank me? Could I get him to do it again?

“The fucking category five hurricane you almost slept

through!" Juan rose, getting all in my face. Well, his chest, anyway. It was a veritable fortress of a chest, wide and strong, his muscles bulging through the thin khaki fabric of his t-shirt.

"The *what?*"

"Hur-ri-cane."

"As in hurricane?"

Juan shook his head. His shoulder-length wavy dark hair swung from side to side. His dark eyes cut through me and his full lips pressed together in an unforgiving grimace. He was more attractive than most lunatics I'd met, and also a thousand times more scary. Juan said something else in Spanish. I was pretty sure it was a curse word. He pointed at the shirt and boxer shorts laying on the fluffy pink cover of the toilet lid.

"I can't wear that!"

"Fine, be naked." He took the clothes back, but I stopped him before he left.

"No, okay, give me those." I rushed to put them on. "Do you have a spare toothbrush? My mouth tastes awful."

He reached around me to open the mirror vanity and pulled out an extra toothbrush, still in its original package, a tube of Colgate, and a bottle of Listerine. That hard chest was up in my face, right up against my nose. He smelled wonderful, too, like freshly mowed grass and thundershowers. "Hurry. I have to fill the sink. And if you only pee, don't flush the toilet."

"Why?"

"We'll need all the fresh water we can get."

"You're making a big deal out of nothing," I said, dabbing some toothpaste on the toothbrush. "I've been through hurricanes before, you know. NBD."

There had been a few hurricanes since I'd moved to Florida for college. While they meant a lot of rain, and some

swinging trees, it was hardly the end of the world. Juan was overreacting, I figured.

“You have not been through one of these,” he said. “Nobody in Miami has been through one of these since Andrew.”

I looked at him more closely.

“How would you know what Andrew was like?”

I’d heard talk about it, but that was back in 1992. He didn’t look that old.

“I was a child, but I will never forget it.”

“How old *are* you, then?”

“Old enough to know better. Do what I say, and we’ll get through this.”

“That’s okay, I’ll just go home.” I shrugged.

Juan shook his head again and sighed. “Too late. You should have left with the rest of the losers I kicked out this morning. All the shutters are up now, and we expect landfall in an hour.”

“An *hour*?”

“Yes, brush your teeth, clean the sink and stop it up, then fill it with fresh water. Can you handle that? I’ve got other preparations to make.”

He left before I could answer. “Okay.” *Wait.* Was I *stuck* here in *where, exactly?* With this *crazy person?* I needed my phone to call my friends. As soon as I brushed my teeth and gargled a few times with Listerine, I did as Juan asked, cleaning and filling the sink. Then I went back to the office to look for my purse. I found Juan in there, on his knees, washing my vomit off the carpet with some kind of cleaning powder and a scrub brush. He was cursing a blue streak in Spanish. He had a very nice, tight ass, a really strong back, and giant arms. I had no business noticing that, but it was hard to miss.

“Where’s my purse?” I asked, looking around.

“How would I know?” he barked.

“Please. The yelling. We talked about this. Remember?”

“It’s not my fault if you’re a drunk,” he said.

“I’m not a drunk.”

“Really? You sure act like one. What kind of woman drinks so much she passes out in a stranger’s house and gets sick all over the place? Don’t you have any self-respect?”

“Don’t judge me,” I said, straightening my back to look down on him. “You don’t know me.”

“I don’t *want* to know you,” he said. “But I’m stuck with you for now.”

“Tell me where my purse is. I need my phone to call my friends.”

“Why would I know where your purse is?” He really wasn’t even trying to lower his volume. I winced. “I didn’t even know you were *here*. All your friends left without you early this morning. I’d say they aren’t excellent friends.”

“Again, with the shouting and the judging.”

“Shut up.” Juan stood up. “Do me a favor—just sit in the living room and stay out of my way. I’ve got things to do. More things than I had planned because of you.”

“If you tell me what you need, I could help.” I wanted to prove him wrong. Not sure why that mattered, except I didn’t want him feeling all superior.

“Actually, you know how to boil water, right?”

“Duh.” I made a face. “I can cook too. What do you need?”

“I need you to go to the kitchen, fill every pot and boil water in it.”

“Seriously?”

“Yes.”

“I think you’re going overboard.”

“Just do it, or don’t.”

“Fine.” I raised my palms. “Where’s the kitchen?”

“You passed it on your way here. It’s to your left when you get out,” he said. “While you’re in there, drink as much water as you can handle. You’re going to need extra hydration to get through this in your state.”

“What I need is a beer,” I grumbled, mostly to myself, but he heard me.

“There’s no alcohol in the house,” he said. “I tossed out what hadn’t already been drunk.”

“What a waste.”

“Just go, Jenny Banks.” He slapped my butt again.

“Ouch! Do you spank all the women you meet?”

“Yes, especially the ones who deserve it.”

Okay, I was stuck going through hurricane Hank with a grump who loved spanking me.

This should be fun.