

Taken by Surprise

Taken Trilogy - Book One

By

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Published by Blushing Books®,

a subsidiary of

ABCD Graphics and Design

977 Seminole Trail #233

Charlottesville, VA 22901

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Handel, Shanna

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Cover Design by ABCD Graphics

EBook ISBN: 978-1-68259-896-2

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Chapter 1

Lila stretched out on her white sofa, red wine in hand. It had been a long day running the marketing department for the trendy clothing line that she worked for, and she was ready to wind down. She loved her job but it was fast paced, and the four-inch strappy high heels and fitted, sleeveless white dress she had somehow zipped herself into this morning, did nothing but add to the fatigue she was feeling. Too tired to even change clothes, she had come home, kicked off the sexy, killer heels and poured herself a glass of her favorite Shiraz.

She took a sip of wine, admiring her white, modern, gorgeous living room. She couldn't help thinking how perfect her life was. The perfect job, perfect house, perfect man. She and her husband, Luke, were total opposites and their personalities complimented each other perfectly. She still couldn't believe that the tall, handsome, soft spoken man was all hers. He had seemed a little distant lately, but she was so busy with work that she didn't dwell on it.

As if reading her thoughts, the front door opened and Luke walked in, quiet and steady as always. Her breath still caught in her chest sometimes when she saw him. He must have felt her staring at him as he was taking off his jacket, and he gave her that slow spreading smile she had been anticipating.

"Hi handsome! How was your day?" Lila moved over on the couch and patted the space beside her. Luke arranged his long body gracefully next to her, turned toward her and tucked a wave of her hair behind her ear.

"Good, beautiful. I just got word on a Chevy in the city that I'm going to check out tomorrow." Luke restored classic cars for a living. He was one of those lucky men that was able to turn a lifelong hobby into a career that he loved.

Lila refilled her wine glass, not bothering to offer any to Luke since he didn't drink. He said he didn't like feeling out of control, but she loved the warm relaxing feeling that she got from a few glasses of wine.

"More wine?" Luke raised his eyebrows and looked at her with that bossy stare he sometimes got. Lila laughed. She loved Luke to death but she did what she wanted. She knew he loved her just how she was, even if it meant he had to deal with her strong will.

“It was a long day, besides, this wine is delish!” She stretched her legs out, over his, her tight white dress rising up as she did. She saw Luke’s eyes look down, taking in the view, and figured all was forgiven with a dress that was this short.

Lila was giving Luke the play by play of her busy day. He nodded and smiled as she told him a funny story about a mishap her and Cecelia had that day, rubbing her feet softly. Lila wasn’t a touchy feely person, except with her husband. He was like a magnet for her and she was always happiest when she was curled up around him. She loved that she could feel Luke’s body heat radiating through her bare legs.

Actually, she was feeling warm all over, after two glasses of wine and forgetting to eat today. A little tipsy, and in a giggly mood, she poured herself a third glass of wine. Luke gave her that look again, but this time, in a very stern tone, he said, “Lila, don’t.” He continued to stare at her in an “I mean business way,” taking the wine bottle from her hand, but that just made her giggle turn into a full laugh.

“Don’t? You can’t be serious. I am a grown woman and I can do what I want. Besides, since I’m the boss at work now, I should probably be the one bossing you around.” She pictured Luke as one of her employees, running prints around the office and it made her laugh out loud. She stopped when she saw the look that was on Luke’s face. It transformed her sweet husband into someone totally different, someone commanding.

“That was an incredibly disrespectful thing to say to your husband,” Luke said in a quiet, low voice that she had never heard him use before. Lila found herself surprisingly intimidated. He paused, as if debating something in his head, then reached out his hand toward her and said, “Hand me your wine glass, Lila.”

“Why? I’ve finally driven you to drinking?” She laughed nervously, as she handed him the glass, trying to lighten the mood in the room.

“No,” Luke replied, as he carefully placed the glass on the coffee table next to the wine bottle. “I just don’t want you to spill red wine on the carpet when I turn you over my knee and spank you.”

Lila was shocked. Luke had threatened to “turn her over his knee” before, to deal with her strong will, but they both knew it was a joke and that she would always get her way. Didn’t they?

When she looked at his face now, she could tell that he was dead serious. “Luke, I...” she stuttered and for the first time in her life was speechless. Before she could think of what to say, Luke half stood up, grabbed her around the waist, and literally flipped her over his knees. She had to put her hands on the floor to steady herself, and her bottom was propped up over Luke’s left knee.

Her dress was tight over her rear and had ridden up, so that it was barely covering her. She didn’t have time to think before she felt Luke’s hand slapping her bottom over and over again. Tears sprung to her eyes, and she tried to hold herself up with one hand, while using the other one to swat uselessly at Luke.

He took ahold of her wrist with his right hand and firmly pinned her arm behind her back, leaving her completely helpless. He then continued to spank her bottom, over her dress, what seemed like every inch of it, until she felt like her bottom was on fire. “LUKE STOP!” she yelled. A few more hard spanks, then he turned her right back over, and sat her on the couch.

He looked into her eyes as she tried to compose herself, and said, “Lila, the next time you disrespect me, I will take you over my knee and spank you again, but I promise it will be on your bare bottom.” He stood up, leaned down and kissed her on the top of her head, then walked out the front door, leaving her totally alone to deal with the jumble of emotions that washed over her.

Luke had never asserted himself like that. In the past he had asked her a few times not do something, but she had always just done what she wanted. Lila was angry and embarrassed about Luke spanking her, but also somehow incredibly turned on after seeing this new, domineering side of her husband.

Lila sat in her office the next morning, contemplating last night. As she placed her coffee cup on her desk, the emblem on her mug from her college years seemed to be staring at her, mockingly. She had come a long way since graduating from the university years ago. She was now the head of the hottest marketing firm in the city, after being hired as an entry level worker straight out of college. She had gone from doing coffee runs and making copies, to being a respected co-worker, to being promoted to her current job. A successful business woman who had been spanked by her husband. Who did Luke think he was to do that to her? Yes, her joke was a little out of line, but a spanking?

And on top of that, he hadn't come in from his shop last night when she went to bed. She waited around pacing the bedroom, hoping he would come in the house so that she could give him a piece of her mind. She certainly wasn't going to be the one going out there to start the conversation, but by midnight she could still see the glow from his shop lights and went to bed, frustrated.

The new day didn't start any better than last night ended. When she woke up this morning, Luke's side of the bed was rumpled and it was obvious he had slept there, but he had already left the house. It wasn't uncommon for him to leave during the early hours; he often drove many miles to check out prospective cars. Disappointed, she headed into the kitchen to get a cup of coffee.

Luke always made a fresh pot of coffee in the morning, but this morning, the pot was cold. She didn't know what hurt her feelings more, him leaving without saying goodbye, or leaving without making coffee. Determined not to get upset, Lila threw a few tablespoons of ground coffee and some water into the machine, not bothering to measure or use a filter. After a few minutes of the machine sputtering, she poured a cup and took a sip. She immediately spat the coffee out, grinds and all, grabbed her favorite mug from the counter, and resigned to having her intern make coffee when she got to work.

Lila's intern popped her head into the office to alert Lila of the time, bringing Lila back to reality. Looking at her watch, she couldn't believe the day was over already. She had been so distracted by what happened last night and her awful morning, that she hadn't gotten much work done today. She had to get going though. There was an important charity event the company was throwing and she couldn't be late. She hoped Luke would still be meeting her there as they had planned earlier in the week, but didn't have time to worry about it, grabbing her mug and heading out the door.

Lila couldn't help but to keep looking up at the entrance of the hall. She had arrived at the upscale hotel twenty minutes earlier and Luke still wasn't there. She casually smoothed down her dress, then patted at her hair even though she knew every piece was in place. Cecelia, her best friend and right hand woman at the office, chatted away about their latest spread, but Lila was too distracted to listen. She hadn't seen Luke since the night before and was starting to feel nervous about talking to him.

This was a new feeling for her as she had always been so self-assured around him. Finally, as a late arriving crowd came in, she spotted Luke as he glided through the entryway. He looked freshly showered and shaved, and dressed casually, wearing her favorite blue button down with jeans.

He took her breath away, and apparently Cecelia's, too, because she muttered in a low voice, "Well would you look at that...meow," then kissed Lila on the cheek and walked away. Lila loved this about Cecelia, she knew when to scam. Luke waved as Cecelia passed by, then finally saw Lila. She could tell he was taken by the sight of her in the gorgeous, fitted little number.

Lila smiled shyly as he made her way over to her. "Hello, beautiful." He kissed her on the lips and wrapped an arm around her waist.

"Hello yourself," she said. She wanted to ask him about his day, and somehow broach the subject of what had taken place last night, but they were suddenly surrounded by curious co-workers. They all loved working with Lila, and wanted to get to know her mysterious man who they rarely got to see.

The evening seemed to drag on. Lila knew this wasn't a great place to talk about the spanking, but she just couldn't take it anymore. It had been on her mind all day and she had to say her piece. As soon as there was a break in the crowd, she turned to Luke and whispered, "About last night..."

Luke placed a finger under her chin and tilted her face towards him. A smile crossed his kissable lips as he said, "Oh, Lila, we aren't going to talk about that here." He placed a hand on her bottom and gave it a hard squeeze, releasing it just as the next group of people came up to chat. Lila gave a small gasp, then felt herself blush to high heavens.

After what seemed like many hours of idle chatter, they headed home in separate cars, Luke stopping to give her a chaste kiss before closing her car door. When they got home, Luke told her not to wait up as he made his way into the shop. Too tired to argue, Lila changed her clothes and crashed into the bed, waking only at the sound of her alarm the next morning.

Lila rolled over as her alarm screamed for a second time. She felt the other side of the bed before she had the heart to look at it. Empty, but ruffled. Just as she suspected. She made her way into the kitchen expecting another empty pot this morning. She was pleasantly surprised

by the smell of freshly brewed coffee. Her college mug was sitting on the cleaned counter, next to a note on beautiful creamy cardstock.

Lila,

Sorry I've been quieter than usual these past few days. Let me take you to your favorite restaurant tonight. Pick you up at seven.

You are always on my mind,

Luke

Lila took a sip of the delicious brew. The coffee and sweet note made her feel better, as she thought about what she would wear to Bella Amore that night. Definitely her new black silk, curve hugging number. Luke hadn't seen it yet, and no man could resist a little black dress. She couldn't wait to finally talk to Luke, and even better over candlelight and wine at her favorite, romantic spot.