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# SIGNS OF LOVE

Love Signs - Book One

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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.

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## Chapter 1

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If someone would have told her six weeks ago that she would be standing with her nose pressed in a corner, jeans and panties around her ankles, waiting for what she knew was going to be an epic spanking—she would not have believed any of it. She had considered herself an independent woman, didn't even have a boyfriend, and even if she did, he was not going to be the boss of her! But here she was—waiting. Lydia didn't know how long she had been there but it seemed like an hour.

In truth, she knew this spanking was coming, but there had been so much drama in the last few days, she had been ignoring its inevitability. Ever since Lydia had completely ignored Cade's warning and put herself in real danger, she knew she would end up over his knee.

It had been a close call. Lydia had been frightened out of her wits as had Cade. But Cade had also been furious that she put herself in that position. Due to circumstances, he could not, nor did he want to, spank her immediately. It took twenty-four hours for the situation to calm enough to address her punishment.

For a while, Lydia thought she might escape a spanking. Cade had been frightened for her safety and declared his love for her in a touching speech. But then he announced his intention to make sure she never did anything so reckless again, and she would be paying the price.

He had sent her to put her nose in the corner of the bedroom, to wait with her bottom bare. She was to be thinking about the reason for this spanking. And she was. The way she was forced to stand caused her bottom to stick out as if just asking to be punished. As she felt the cool air of the bedroom caress her backside, she thought about how it would soon be set on fire by Cade's paddle-like hands. It was going to be so painful! And the fact that if she had followed his directions, none of this would have happened, made her feel even worse. Tears were already silently coursing down her cheeks.

Finally, she heard him come into the bedroom. He stopped and she knew he was looking at her. Cade was struck with her beauty every time he saw her and now the sight of her with her bare bottom waiting for him expectantly and sporting a large red handprint that he had applied as he sent her to the bedroom, almost gave him second thoughts. But then he remembered the situation she had put herself in and could have avoided if she had listened to him. He never wanted to be that frightened again. He wanted this spanking to be one she would remember so that she was always more careful.

Lydia wanted to beg forgiveness and make promises—anything to avoid what she knew was coming. But Lydia knew that when Cade had decided to spank her, there was no going back. So, she waited quietly as he sat on the corner of the bed and called her over.

"Come here, Lydia," he said in that deep, rumbling voice she would find so sexy at any other time.

She turned around and looked at him then. He crooked his finger at her and she hobbled the short distance to where

he sat. He placed her in between his muscular legs, held her wrists and looked into her eyes.

"You know why you are here so we are not going to talk about it. However, I am not sure you understand how disappointed I am that you went behind my back and did something you knew was dangerous. I don't want it ever to happen again so I am hoping this paddling will cause you to think at least twice before you do something so foolish again.

Lydia gulped through her tears, "You're going to... paddle me?"

"That's right. I'm going to spank you first until your naughty bottom is bright red, and then I'm going to paddle you with your hairbrush." He picked up the brush she had not seen on the bed next to him and wagged it in her face. She whimpered as he turned her and pushed her over his muscled right leg. She knew that being paddled with a brush would be double the pain. He positioned her so that her butt was high up in what must be perfect spanking range, and then he secured her legs with his left one. He wasted no time and began. There was no warmup. Even the first smack was strong and hard, and Lydia cried out. Cade kept up a rhythm on all parts of her bottom, sometimes smacking the same spot three or four times. She was crying hard then, but when he began to swat her upper thighs, she screamed. She had never felt anything like that before. Her butt and thighs were on fire. He stopped for a moment to scold her about willfully defying him and how this was what she could expect every time she pulled something like this. Lydia was downright bawling then, but that did not stop Cade from picking up her hairbrush to begin paddling her on top of her already blazing bottom. He smacked her with that instrument of torture over and over, and the pain had her screaming at the top of her lungs. She was pretty sure he had raised some welts with that thing.

Cade finally stopped and threw the brush across the room.

She wriggled to try to sit up but Cade still held her there, gently rubbing her back while her sobs turned to moans and hiccups.

"I'm so sorry, Cade," she blubbered. "Please don't be angry with me anymore."

"I'm not angry anymore, but we're not done here, either," he said.

"Oh, Cade, please no. My bottom is so sore!"

"That was the plan. But as I said, I want you to think seriously about this for a long time."

She felt him lean away, open a bedside drawer to take something out, and then lay a hand over her bottom. Lydia hissed at the touch but then yelped as he slid a finger along her crack and pushed in when he got to her anus.

"Cade! What are you doing?" He had never done anything like this before.

"Be still, Lydia. I can see that your bottom is red and sore on the outside but I want you to think about this for a long time. So, I am going to make you uncomfortable on the inside too."

"I don't understand," she wailed.

He smacked her very sore bottom and she stilled. He held something in front of her face that she had never seen before. It looked sort of like a baby's pacifier.

"I'm going to put this naughty girl plug into your bottom. It won't really hurt too much if you cooperate, but it will give you something to think about. You are to keep it in until I decide to take it out."

"Oh, please, Cade, no! It will hurt."

"Do as I say and the hurt will be minimal. I believe you will be more embarrassed than hurt. Now relax your bottom."

She tried, but as he moved a finger into her butt, she could not help clenching. He told her again to relax and when she

didn't, he put the plug down, repositioned her and applied about ten more smacks to her swollen bottom.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" she cried.

Cade decided to go ahead and insert the plug quickly. It was not a large one and it wouldn't really hurt. He lubricated it and pressed up against her opening. She cried out, but when he said her name in a warning tone, she went still. When he had it fully seated, he said, "Is it hurting?"

"Um... not exactly. But I hate it. When will you take it out?" she asked through her tears.

"It will come out when I say so and not before. Mind me on this, Lydia."

He moved her to sit on his lap so he could hold her, but when she reached back to try to soothe her ravaged bottom, he said, "No. No rubbing. I want that sting to do its job of discouraging this behavior. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," she said as he reached for tissues to mop up her face.

Cade held her then and even though she fought it, she felt safe and protected as she pressed her face into his neck and let him rock her. And though she really didn't want to, she could feel herself becoming aroused. This had happened to her after other spankings but now the plug enhanced the jolts of desire she could feel beginning. In the last few weeks, she had just begun to deal with the fact that though she hated getting spanked, she was often aroused when it was over. She was completely dismayed to find that the added punishment of the plug seemed to also add to her need to find completion.

After holding her a little while, he reached down and pulled her panties off her ankles—the jeans had long been kicked off. Then he stood up, with her in his arms, pulled the blankets down, and laid her down on his bed.

"I'm going to get you a glass of water. I want you to drink it and take a nap."

"But it's not... I'm not—" she began to argue.

Cade interrupted her, "No buts. I need to see you have learned a lesson today, so you will stay here in bed nursing a sore and plugged bottom until I come and get you."

"Yes, Cade," she replied compliantly.

"And one more thing. Don't you even think about pleasuring yourself. You are being punished. I will be able to tell and I'll spank you every day for a week. Got it?"

"I got it," Lydia said tearfully.

He came back with a bottle of water, watched her drink some, and then tucked her in. She rolled over to sleep on her tummy and though her bottom throbbed, she surprised herself with how tired she felt. Cade checked on her after about ten minutes and found her sound asleep.