

A CAPTAIN'S DISCIPLINE



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BLUSHING BOOKS

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CHAPTER 1



“*A*re you sure about this, ma’am?”

I nodded my head with confidence, despite the fearful adrenaline racing through my body. A new planet and a new life—a strange world that promised to be my future. The pilot didn’t notice my nod, his eyes traversing my body as his ship had just traversed the galaxy.

“Yes,” I commanded, “take us into orbit and contact the Welcoming Patrol.” His wandering gaze irked me, not because he was transfixed by my trained muscles as an ex-peacekeeper captain, but because I had yet to make eye contact. You can’t trust a man before you’ve looked him in the eye.

Settling back into the cockpit, the pilot sighed. “Ain’t hearda no flights to Minos for over fifty years.” He glanced back at my legs, the hope that I would abort the mission resonating in his voice. “Full refund if’n you wanna change your mind.”

I didn’t respond to the pilot’s offer; it wasn’t my job to comfort him, to make him feel good. For that, he could have stayed on Earth, the feel-good capital of the universe. Everyone was eternally happy and appeased; always pursuing pleasure like a lion pursues

its prey. They were so drugged that they never realized whether they achieved that state or not.

Glancing up at the pilot, I wondered if he thought my scowl was directed towards him. “If you’re so worried, why’d you accept my offer?”

The pilot turned to stare at my breasts again, considering. “Well,” he mumbled, “my wife ...” His face turned red and I understood. It had been easy to bribe his wife. She now had enough credits to keep her family ecstatic for the rest of their lives. She was either confident in her man’s piloting skills or she was unconcerned with his safety. I didn’t want to know which it was—I might feel guilty.

The pilot’s fantasies, however, were unconcerned with his wife. I could sense the waves of his desire rolling off him and see the fantasy of me painted in his mind as clearly as if it had been sketched in mine. Some called me a mind reader, but the truth was that I never read and never looked. My Grandmom had laughed and laughed when I told her to stop placing thoughts and pictures in my mind, but nevertheless, that’s how it felt.

I was too tired to block his fantasies, even though they were laced with fear of Minos. He was right to be nervous. So many contradicting stories were told about the place: it had become a mystical place for children’s stories, a mythical world to play on their GameTechs, a reputed planet of grave danger and barbaric lifestyle.

But Grandmom’s dying request—command, really—sent me here and I would trust her with my life before I would trust anyone. If only I could get to Minos safely, then I was sure that she wouldn’t let me down. I felt a little nervous considering it had been fifty-five years since she settled on Earth—fifty-six years since Earth’s last officially recorded flight to or from Minos.

“You must go,” my Grandmom had said before she passed to the

next life. "You must make your life there, you must meet your destiny."

Did I have a destiny? Did I even believe in destinies? Life on Earth seemed an endless schedule with no meaning and no purpose. I had often dreamed of having a greater purpose—having a positive impact on the world. There had to be more to life than finding solace in distraction and entertainment. But what was my role? I prayed Grandmom's dying wish would help me find those answers.

As the globe of Minos came into view, the pilot opened communication with a resigned punch to the panel. "A visitor from Earth," he said, "requesting permission to tour and hand deliver a letter to a Richard Mason."

Several voices started speaking rapidly and incoherently, until one voice called a halt to it. "Standby for landing coordinates." The voice had the lilting quality of my Grandmom, the Minoisian dialect that sounded more like song than speech—great for bedtime stories and comforting crooning.

As the land grew larger and clearer in the viewer, my nausea vanished and time froze into a startling array of colors and shapes. The blue of the ocean and the green of the land gave way to rich, red beaches of sand, pastures of purple flowers, and forests of orange and yellow and white. Sparkling waterfalls, frightening cliffs, powerful mountains and crystal streams ... never before had I seen such a dazzling variety of sensational beauty. I wondered how my Grandmom ever could have left this world for Earth.

No wonder she longed for it with her dying breath.

The com rudely interrupted my dazed awe of the land. "Please remain in your spacecraft until the Welcoming Patrol has inspected your ship." I had expected this. Like I said, relations between Minos and Earth had disintegrated back in 2176.

The pilot's eyes went wide and I saw his hand hover towards the emergency re-orbit control. I didn't blame him, not at all, but I wasn't about to turn back after everything it had taken to get me

there. I pulled out the small hand phaser I had hidden in my pocket for just this purpose. Although tiny enough to fit inside a fist, it could knock out a person for over six hours. Aimed correctly, close enough, it could knock out a person for good.

“I wouldn’t do that, if I were you.” I was behind him now, and he could see the phaser aimed at his head in the mirror of the shiny control board. “I can bring this thing in for a landing if I have to, but I can’t promise it’ll be pretty, or that you’ll ever be able to take off again.”

The pilot stared at the phaser, a sure sign of an idiot. A person fires, not a phaser. Unfortunately, interplanetary pilots were in short supply on Earth, and those that could be bribed were even scarcer. When selecting a pilot for my secretive jaunt to Minos, I had to choose between stupid and criminal—stupid was easier to control. He slowly moved his hand back to the landing control and brought us down to the assigned coordinates. When men surrounded us on all sides, phasers in hand, the pilot trembled with fear.

I felt alive with adventure.

Within seconds, they were crawling all over the ship, and within minutes, five men had opened the latch and entered the cockpit. I disregarded the red-uniformed four that came in first, and surveyed the tall one who came in last. By his navy blue velvet tunic and bright orange cape, I suspected he was the captain. I dropped my phaser and held open my hands in a gesture of trust and friendliness.

That’s when I heard the pilot blubbering. “We ain’t mean ... no harm ... just flying ...” No one, evidently, had ever told him that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself. “We no harm ... no harm ... We NO HARM!”

Both the captain and I looked at him incredulously, but neither of us responded, and we returned to surveying each other when he collapsed in a dead faint. The captain’s eyes were a deep navy blue that matched his tunic. Penetrating, but guarded at the same time. I

respected a man who looked me in the eye. Not once did his clear, assessing gaze waver.

His voice was both curt and lyrical—the sound of a paradox. “You hardly look old enough to know Richard Mason.”

“It’s from my Grandmom.” I held his gaze. “That I deliver it was her dying request.”

Not bothering with words, he held out his hand in a clear command. For some foggy reason—maybe those entrancing eyes, or maybe the long flight—I obeyed immediately. Unzipping the pocket in my form-fitting silver jumpsuit, I pulled out the handwritten old-fashioned paper letter. I placed the letter in his hands and responded to his silence in kind.

He gave it a cursory glance before placing it in his pocket, and then turned to one of his men. “Rouse the pilot and send him home.” Jerking his head towards me, he commanded, “Take her to Section 2. She wants to be here, she’ll be of use.”

And then he was gone.

I didn’t fight, didn’t cry, didn’t even make a sound when they tied my hands behind my back and dragged me through the deserted landing port; I was too proud.

That would change.



THEY LEFT my hands bound when I was locked in the stark white room. It didn’t take me more than a second to realize there was no escaping. I closed my eyes, whispering, “Grandmom? Whatever did you get me into?” But I didn’t try to guess what was going to happen next. Evaluate, stay in the present moment—I fell back on my peacekeeper training, senses fully alert.

I was not a spineless Earth woman who buckled when there were no pleasure pills or when the distraction of entertainment was gone. Grandmom, despite my parents’ objections, had seen to it I

was raised without those crutches. Not that it was legal, but Grandmom was smart, and every bit as sly as the spies in the old-fashioned action movies. With a chuckle, I realized that she would have loved this adventure. She created her life, every single moment of it, with only one regret.

When the door opened, I jumped to my feet and raised my chin at the entrance of the navy blue-eyed captain.

“I am Captain Gregory Mason, grandson of Richard Mason. You must be the Kyliya Caine that Empress Livia referred to in her letter.” His eyes clouded with disgust, and I felt both my ire and curiosity rising. “Livia Daniels was convicted of high treason. This story—” he crumpled the letter and stuffed it in his cloak as if it nauseated him “—is not enough to clear her name.” He shook his head in anger, his eyes traveling up my body to challenge my eyes. “And as far as your claim to the Challenge ...” He trailed off, scoffing as he took off his cloak and hung it on a hook.

Empress Livia? Grandmom? I stared at him in shock, curious, but disbelieving. Treason? Grandmom loved this place with all her heart, but ... an empress? Until her dying day, she mourned that she was stuck on Earth. My confusion dissolved into fear as his bare and muscled arm pulled out a knife from his pocket.

I pride myself on my physical dexterity and strength. Once, with my bare hands, I broke the arms of a man who mistakenly believed my breasts belonged to him. In fact, I like to consider myself the equal, or even better, of any man on Earth. But I’m not stupid, nor do I bother with self-serving delusions. The captain was not only a foot taller than my 5’8”, but he was physically built to a disconcerting perfection. Realistically speaking, I stood no chance in a physical battle with him.

The captain stepped towards me and I closed my eyes, waiting with dignity for the inevitable. I felt his presence inches from my face, then his hands on my arms, turning me around. Relief flooded through me when the knife freed the rope from my hands, but terror

raced anew when the cold, chilling knife made a slow descent down my back, ripping my jumpsuit open.

As one of the proud few trained in the Peacekeeper Police, I knew some men were tantalized by fear and struggle. Were the rumors of Minos true? Could the planet of my Grandmom's heart be inhabited by barbarians? Calling on every stubborn bone in my body—of which there were thankfully many—I stood still and refused to succumb to my fear. My body barely trembled when the knife slowly split my left pant leg open.

It was only then that I noticed that the Captain was talking.

“... but the Council has decided that you will be trained, and your Grandmom's claims reviewed.” The dull side of the knife caressed down the back of my right leg, leaving my jumpsuit hanging by only the sleeves. His hands came to rest on my shoulders, and he spoke softly into my ear, causing every hair of mine to prickle with heightened awareness. “With the Empress's death, the successor will be determined by the Challenge, and the Council has seen fit to appoint me as your trainer and champion.” He laughed then, unkindly, and in a few frightening motions with the knife, he had me standing before him naked.

The vulnerability of standing before this strange man on a strange planet overwhelmed me and a tear started to form in my eye. A sudden, brash anger erupted from my fears, and in a quick movement from years of training, I managed to kick the knife from his hand and give him a bloody nose with my fist. When he didn't move, didn't retaliate, I stared at him, my chest rocking up and down from the sudden exertion. “Why would I care about succeeding the Empress, or accepting any challenge on this barbaric planet?”

He held my eyes for a moment, then turned and retrieved a glove from his cloak. Without speaking, he dabbed the blood from his nose, and put away the glove before coming back to me to respond. “I see you are anxious for your first taste of my strap.”

I was speechless.

A child's punishment? True, Grandmom wielded the strap a few times—again, despite the laws to the contrary—and although her discipline was always loving and meant to teach, she had scorched the skin off my bottom, to be sure. Did this captain expect me to cower at such a threat? I felt a strange urge to giggle, or perhaps to collapse into sobs.

“Do you expect me to be afraid of you?” I glared at him, craving a good fighting match with him. I didn't care any longer that he was stronger and would inevitably win—I just wanted to hurt him, to fight him. I wanted to hear him cry out in pain of my doing.

He stared at me for a long time, not responding. My glare was losing energy, and I fought to keep my eyes angry, but I was naked, cold and tired. To my embarrassment, my eyes lowered for an instant, and he immediately started lecturing.

“Kylia.” Captain Mason let the word roll off his tongue, as if testing the letters. “You will obey me, you will learn from me, you will enter the Challenge, and you will be punished if you behave improperly.” His eyes never left mine, and he started pulling off the leather belt on his tunic. Folding it in his hand, he emphasized his lecture with smacks to his leg that made me blush. “You will do all this, and do it better than any other Crown Competitor, because I will become Prime Minister and serve the good of this planet until the day I die.”

The passion in his eyes startled me, and with each passing word, I grew younger and shorter. All my training, all my promotions, all my pride seemed to fade away into a mist of childhood, where I stood humbled before my Grandmom, ashamed of my actions and ashamed of disappointing her.

“... and fighting me, disrespecting me, will earn you a good strapping. A Crown Competitor always controls her power and acts out of intellect, not out of rash anger.” He came to me then, putting a hand on my shoulder, turning me around, and claiming my obedi-

ence in a completeness that shocked me. “Bend over and touch your toes.”

Never, in my life, had I ever submitted to the authority of a man. It's not that I had anything against men—the truth is, I respected a strong man who commanded obedience. But only my Grandmom had bothered with me growing up, and once accepted into Peacekeeper Training, my officers had been women until I had been promoted to captain. To raise my bottom up to this man—this stranger—and let him punish me, knowing that I was vulnerable ...

In the end, I submitted, both because I preferred to maintain an appearance of dignity, of control, and because I was guilty of losing control. I slowly bent over to touch my toes, feeling my bottom rise up to him with an unwilling invitation. Tears surprised me as they rushed into my eyes, and the shame that filled my heart with regret froze my breath.

But he didn't hit me right away. Instead, a rough, callused hand rubbed over my bottom, exploring its shape, experimenting with a gentle pinch here and there. He kneeled down to look between my calves, right into my eyes. “You do have a beautiful body,” he said as if surprised.

I opened my mouth, but only a little squeak came out as he took hold of my legs, and firmly rubbed up the inner thighs, then spread my cheeks apart.

He held them apart for a while, while I could feel his eyes boring into my bottom hole, studying my shy sex. My training was no help, and the strong commander within that had been awarded promotion after promotion was nowhere to be found. I couldn't even get my lips to form a “no.” I felt a new person inside me, a strange side of me I had barely known, even in childhood.

After surrendering to more probing, I experimented with pulling away, and was rewarded with a firm smack to my leg. Without a word, he pulled my bottom cheeks apart again, sometimes lifting

one, sometimes lowering, and even used his thumbs to reach in and feel the wet arousal that turned my face red with embarrassment.

It got worse when he reached his thumbs up to spread the folds of skin that hid my clitoris. Now, I'm no virgin, but no one had ever spread me open and just stared at me. I pulled away again, but this time he just pinched the folds of skin and held me in place.

That the captain spanked me with his bare hand surprised me. It was too personal, too caring, for this man who seemed to hate me. What did he care whether I learned control? Why did he demand my respect? Why was his hand taking a personal interest in my bottom, smacking it like a little girl's? It was so big, so caring, so protective—so possessive.

It brought tears to my eyes, though not from pain. I was humbled by the jolts of force pushing me forward, and humbled more by the will within me to stay in place, to accept a spanking from this man. The question "who am I" took on a whole new meaning. The firm slaps took my breath away, and his complete control of the situation left me slightly in awe of both his dominance and my surprising submission.

When the strap whistled down, though, it was my Grandmom's voice I heard, telling me that I should never lose control, always stand proudly, to be strong. I cried for disappointing her, for both fighting the captain and for submitting to the captain. I cried for the times she had not been there to spank me in the last two years. Then I sobbed when the strap began licking at my legs, biting into my inner thighs, into my outer thighs.

"I am the best at what I do," he said, the strap relentlessly scraping into my skin. "You will learn from me, and you will obey me." He then draped me over his arm, lifting me up from the ground as if I weighed nothing. When his grip was secure, his other arm let loose with the strap in the harshest spanking I had ever received.

I cried out in the throes of pain and defiance. "I will not be your competitor to train in some ridiculous contest for the throne."

He continued as if I hadn't spoken. "You'll thank me for this, one day," he said. The belt whipped so fast, I didn't have time to feel each stroke individually. Just time to howl and thrash about while my legs and bottom screamed in agony. "The stricter I am now, the sooner you'll learn to obey me, and the less you'll feel the lick of this strap."

My pain finally found its voice, completely ignoring the objections of my pride. "I'll obey you; I promise!" My sobs mixed with a pleading that was frantically searching for escape. "Please, I've learned! You can stop, please!" But he didn't stop, didn't even slow down. The belt cut into every cell on my bottom, telling me to obey this man, telling me that he was stronger than I. I could have admired him, from the sidelines, but I was screeching and crying, desperately trying to avoid the relentless belt wailing away at my bottom.

And when it was over, and he let me up, I spit in Captain Mason's face. Not because he punished me, not because he corrected me. Not even because he could see the tears rolling down my face, and hear the heart-breaking sobs that were wracking my body in uncontrollable release. I spit in Captain Mason's face because when I stood up, my Grandmom was not holding the strap, and she was not holding her arms open for me. I spit in his face because he stood there, firm and strong, but not loving me, not holding me tight to whisper loving teachings in my ear, and not tenderly putting me to bed. I spit in his face because he didn't have silver hair, he wasn't curvy, and he didn't have lively green eyes that emanated love.