

Love Under the Violet Crown
The Passion Quest, Book Two

by

Sterling Scott and Sahalie Blue

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Table of Contents:

Chapter One	5
Chapter Two.....	13
Chapter Three.....	20
Chapter Four	24
Chapter Five	34
Chapter Six.....	40
Chapter Seven	45
Chapter Eight	55
Chapter Nine	60
Chapter Ten.....	66
Chapter Eleven.....	73
Chapter Twelve	82
Chapter Thirteen	90
Chapter Fourteen.....	97
Chapter Fifteen.....	102
Sterling Scott.....	108
Sahalie Blue	109
EBook Offer.....	110
Blushing Books Newsletter.....	111
Blushing Books	112

Chapter One

Stardate 3537.3.19 – Meeting Dr. Toller

Julie Patterson floated along the access tunnel to the Star Cruiser *Wilhelm*. While both the space station and the starship were equipped with artificial gravity, the passageway between them was a weightless environment. She pulled herself hand-over-hand along the tunnel with half a dozen other new personnel for the ship. An observer might imagine that her fluttering blond ponytail was a fishtail propelling her. Fortunately, this was not Julie's first weightless experience and she exhibited none of the nausea that afflicted first-timers.

When she and her companions reached the end of the tunnel, the ship's access port opened. The gaping hole welcomed them inside the airlock and then the hatch closed. There was no air pressure difference between the ship and the tunnel, but the airlock was a necessary precaution, and it served as a platform to adjust the gravity.

Julie grasped a handhold as the artificial gravity field increased and her feet rotated toward the floor. In less than a minute, she and the others were standing normally on the deck. The entry door opened. The ship's interior smelled of a combination of antiseptic cleaner and oil; it lacked the perpetual body odor of older ships.

"Ah-tend-hut," a lieutenant on the deck sang out and snapped erect.

Being a civilian, Julie hung back while the Space Service personnel stepped up to the Officer of the Deck. He wore the red jumpsuit of a marine. Julie's previous assignment had been on a military starship and its crew were protected by the marines. However, she had not been expecting to see them aboard this purely scientific mission. His jumpsuit was standard issue, and he wore a navy-blue sash from his left shoulder to his right hip. His personal information was affixed to the material. Julie recognized the single gold bar of a first lieutenant. He had only a few campaign ribbons identifying the battles that he had survived.

One by one the new Space Service personnel saluted and stated their business. While she waited for her turn, she took the opportunity to examine the marine's physique. He was not very tall, only half a foot greater than her own five-foot, two-inches. However, he was stocky with thick thigh and arm muscles bulging under the skintight jumpsuit. She tried to keep her eyes averted from looking at, what she imagined to be, an impressive bulge below his waist.

So easy on the eyes, she mused to herself.

His hair was black and cropped very short. His face was smooth and she surmised that he, like so many men, had permanently removed his facial hair. She wondered if he had removed the rest of his body hair as well. She hoped not. She liked hairy men.

On his right hip, he wore the standard issue black blaster. A ceremonial sword—or at least she presumed it was merely ceremonial—hung from his left hip. When her curiosity got the better of her, her eyes drifted to the bulge of his codpiece and she imagined the *weapon* he had concealed there.

"Julie Patterson, requesting permission to board. I have an appointment to see Dr. Amy Toller," she said, when her turn to address the young officer arrived.

The marine examined her ID badge, scanned her retina, and inspected her jump-bag. He examined the information on his handheld device. His eyes slowly traced over the curves of her hips, and breasts that stretched the fabric of her sky-blue jumpsuit, the color of civilian scientific

personnel. As his gaze traversed the length of her body, Julie blushed as she felt her breasts swell and her nipples peak in response.

There were times that she resented her golden hair and short, curvy figure. These features made it difficult for men to accept her as a scientist. But right now, it didn't bother her.

"You are to billet on D deck, suite twenty-four. Do you know where that is?" His voice reflected a tenderness not found in his crisp words. Julie sensed a twinge of personal interest and she made a mental note of his name: Hunter. She hoped that he had committed her room assignment and her name to memory, as well.

"Ah, yes indeed, Lieutenant." Julie did not know the location of her stateroom, but she assumed that this spaceship's configuration resembled that of her last post. The assignment on D deck implied that she would be working the D shift. The ship's operating crew was divided among three shifts: A, B, & C, while all of the scientific personnel were on the D, or day shift.

Lt. Hunter presented his handheld device toward her. From her bag, she retrieved hers and touched the corners of the two electronic instruments together. Whatever information he wanted her to have was instantly transferred.

"Thank you," Julie said.

I wonder what it would be like if he and I touched.

She shook off the thought and examined the holographic image projected by her tablet. She memorized the three dimensional picture providing directions to Professor Toller's office. She smiled and stepped away from Lt. Hunter, deliberately adding a little wiggle to her walk. After three paces, she turned to see if he was watching her butt. She was pleased to see that he *was* watching, and smiling to boot. She had fifteen minutes until her appointment; nonetheless, she scurried along the corridors with a spring in her step. Dr. Amy Toller had a reputation as a stern taskmaster and Julie had been warned not to be late.

"And how long have you been with the Science Service?" Dr. Toller said after they introduced each other and shook hands. Julie considered the question to be ridiculous. The woman had all of the pertinent facts at her fingertips.

"Eighteen months, ma'am." Julie decided to ward off the next logical, but irrelevant question and added, "I signed up immediately after completing my doctoral work." Julie had entered the Alien Anthropology program at the university precisely because of the work that Dr. Amy Toller had undertaken. Then, she had volunteered for space duty to work with the legendary woman. Her requested assignment had been denied, and she had spent the prior year exploring planets aboard another starship. Suddenly last month, she received notice of the transfer to the Star Cruiser *Wilhelm* under Dr. Toller's supervision.

Amy Toller lifted her eyes and studied the younger woman as though she were a bug pinned to the wall. The silence gave Julie time to collect her thoughts. She had known about Amy's plain appearance with dull brown hair and dark eyes. Her figure was thin and somewhat like that of a boy's, with the exception of conical breasts and extra poundage around her hips. However, she had not realized that Dr. Toller was only ten years older than her own twenty-six years of age. Julie felt rather girlish with her full figure and wavy blond hair.

"Did you find your contribution to the war effort to be satisfactory?" Dr. Toller asked.

"Actually, I believe the war was essentially over by the time I signed up. However, I was proud to be a part of the victory." Julie's assignment had been to determine which populations of alien worlds were intelligent. The Interplanetary Council forbade the mining of lanthanum on worlds populated by intelligent beings, no matter how primitive they might be. Lanthanum was

the primary metal used in the construction of their faster-than-the-speed-of-light star drives, and thus an essential element for the war effort.

Julie was a bit embarrassed with her answer; while serving a similar function aboard the Starship *Scott Carpenter*, Dr. Toller had been pressed into combat action. She was credited with securing the largest lanthanum deposit ever found, essentially stealing it from the hands of the Barbas. This action, ten years earlier, was considered the most significant battle of the war, and it ensured their victory over the Barbas. The people of Eden had been at peace for centuries before they were attacked by the Barbas. It had taken a considerable effort to generate a war machine to defeat them.

Surprisingly, Dr. Toller smiled at Julie's response.

"Indeed, the war is over and now we have an opportunity to carry on exploring alien populations for the pure science of it all." Amy paused for effect. "It was upon my request that this ship was constructed." She patted the bulkhead as she might pat her own baby's bottom. "During the war, we anthropologists were only able to examine the aliens to a minimal degree. Once they were deemed to be intelligent, we were pulled out to avoid any undue interference. However, certain aspects were cataloged. When we stepped back and examined our information as a whole." She paused to smile. "We found certain undeniable patterns. The Interplanetary Council has seen *my* wisdom and granted that further research be done on some planets."

Julie shuffled from one foot to the other. She knew what would come next.

"I have created a new field: Anthropology Engineering. We are now going to *intentionally* intervene with intelligent populations with the purpose of accelerating their social and technological progression."

Julie smiled. The rumor of this project had been what stimulated her interest in Alien Anthropology. The rumors indicated that Dr. Toller had already tested the techniques on Corvus-3, the planet where she found the huge lanthanum deposit. During the extended battle, she had been marooned on the planet and lived with the natives. The concept had been completely against the Interplanetary Council directive, but it proved to be an unimaginable success—at least that was the rumor. Although, this past effort had not been publicized, an official effort had been initiated to carry it forward.

"Yes, ma'am," Julie responded, mustering as much of a deadpan manner as she could.

Dr. Toller examined her computer display. "I understand that you surveyed the planet Maia-3." Julie nodded. "It is for this reason that I have chosen you to lead this expedition."

While honored, this statement deflated Julie's ego. She had imagined that Dr. Toller had requested her due to some exemplary work. Rather, it seemed that her coincidental one-day visit to a random planet had initiated her selection.

"I have read your report several times." Dr. Toller tapped a fingernail on her display. "A most informative expression of your discoveries. I approve of concise reporting," she added, seeming to know that Julie needed a consolatory remark. "Can you tell me more of what you observed—how you *felt* about this population?"

"Yes, ma'am. The natives were clearly very intelligent based our first observation. Nonetheless, the Ground Control Officer ordered a brief examination. The planet is covered with water over about two-thirds of its surface and there are some primate species populating most all of the land surface. However, there is one continent where a particularly high level of intelligence has developed. These primates were remarkably humanoid. They have developed agriculture and used bronze by smelting copper and alloying it with tin or other similar metals. Thus, we have determined that they are living in the Bronze Age of human development.

“Unfortunately, they are very warlike. The males are quite aggressive and protective of the females; it was not possible to directly examine any females. On an interesting note, the number of females noticeably outnumbers that of males. It's safe to assume their wars have killed many of the men.” Julie paused, searching her memory for some detail that had not been in her report. “The population is segregated into several cities—for lack of a better word. These individual cities appear to be at constant war with each other, though I could discern no motive for the conflict. In contrast to their warlike behavior, they have a well-ordered society and appear to practice democracy.”

Dr. Toller expressed a knowing smile of one who held a secret, and nodded.

Stardate 3537.3.19 – Dr. Toller’s Secret

“Did you tell her?” asked Captain Mario Alvarez. “That is, did you tell Dr. Patterson the truth of our mission?”

“Of course not,” Amy answered. “I’ll bring her around in due time. She will not be any trouble.” Amy waved her hand in a dismissive gesture.

Mario poured two glasses of wine. Rank had its privileges; junior officers were not permitted to have alcohol in their staterooms. He tested the flavor of the blush-colored fluid. This was real fermented wine. He had brought only a few bottles with him, and he saved those for special occasions. When this supply was exhausted, he would be drinking the artificial concoction created by the kitchen staff.

“Mm, this is very tasty. I approve.” He handed the second glass to Amy and they clinked their glasses together before taking a sip. “You know, my dear, I believe that your deception is rather naughty behavior.” He raised an eyebrow. “I would have thought that I had taught you better.”

While he was the commander of the starship, he directed the crew to perform the functions necessary to complete the mission as specified by Dr. Toller. Thus, he was technically subordinate to her while in public. However, once they were behind closed doors, the tables were turned. He took charge.

As junior members of the starship *Carpenter*, the two had been young lovers. Amy preferred Mario to her other boyfriends and had been smitten with him. Mario had been marooned on Corvus-3 as well. However, it had taken him months to locate Amy. During the battle with the Barbas, their relationship had bonded ever tighter. Unfortunately, after their rescue, the continuing war had separated them.

Their feelings for each other transcended space and time. Each carrying a torch for the other, they had remained faithful. Only six times in the intervening ten years had they been together during shore leaves. Amy held dear every second she spent with Mario. With her influence, Amy had secured him as the captain of her new ship, and now they would be together for the indeterminate future.

Amy sat on the couch and snuggled up next to Mario as she took a long sip of her wine.

“Yes, Sir.” She emphasized the word sir. “And what do you propose to do about it?”

Mario’s cock twitched within its confines under his codpiece upon hearing her submissive expression. He knew exactly what he intended to do, and he expected that Amy knew as well.

“I think twelve licks of the paddle on your bare fanny, for starters, should do it.”

“*Twelve*,” Amy whined. “For starters?”

“Indeed, then we will see just how good a girl you can be.”

“Aren't I always a *good girl!*?” She asked the question coyly, emphasizing her use of their code word for oral sex.

Mario smiled and retrieved his paddle, crafted from genuine cherry wood and polished to a smooth finish.

“Mm, yes you are. And I love you for it,” he replied.

Amy gulped down more wine and asked, “You want me now?”

“Oh yes, baby, now.” Mario nodded.

Amy finished her beverage. As Mario stood, he gripped her arm and directed her to the foot of the bed. He bent her over the edge. The fabric of her jumpsuit had been skintight, but now it stretched extra taut across her rounded apple bottom. Mario delayed her punishment for a moment while he admired her butt. He had always enjoyed the extra curves that she had surrounding her hips. While not really all that prominent, the extra pounds on her otherwise lean figure gave this posture a distinctly feminine allure.

After giving her a loving tap, he applied a stinging swat to her right butt cheek and watched her flesh dance under the blue jumpsuit.

“Ouch!”

He smacked her left cheek with an equal stinger and his cock twitched with her moans. With slow repetitions, he pelted her entire derriere with stinging swats. He, however, avoided her tender sit-spots. He saved those for last.

“Ouch-ouch! I thought you said twelve!”

Mario stopped. He had passed twelve many swats earlier. “Indeed, I did. However, I also said on the bare. You evidently weren't listening. Too bad for you. You're not bare so these don't count.”

“Oh, crikey! You didn't give me time to get undressed,” she complained. Amy reached her finger under her collar and touched the small metal stud hidden there. Instantly, the taut fabric of her jumpsuit relaxed and seams appeared. Reaching behind her back, she opened the back panel to expose her bare bottom.

Mario admired the effects of his handiwork. He caressed her pink skin as he pushed the seams open wider. He folded the panel down to expose her sit-spots. Not without its own charm, her womanhood and its moist, pink, puffy folds were also presented for his viewing pleasure.

“Mm, very nice.” He began the application of the paddle again. “Count them,” he commanded.

“One. Thank you, Sir, may I have another?”

With deliberate slowness, he paddled her and watched her bottom turn a rosy hue. With the application of the eleventh stroke, he targeted her left sit-spot.

“Ouch!” Amy squealed and jumped.

Mario pressed his free hand down on her back to hold her in position. “No-no, hold your position or we will start over.” Without waiting for her to announce the eleventh stroke, he applied the twelfth on her right sit-spot.

“Crikey, Mario—Sir, that hurt! Twelve.”

He did not restrain her as she pushed up from the bed. He sat and patiently watched as she jumped about like a naughty child rubbing her stinging backside. As her motions slowed, he brought her close for a warm embrace. He eased her down onto his lap and kissed away her tears. Whimpering, she pressed her face into his shoulder.

“There-there, that didn't hurt all that badly, did it?”

“Yes-yes it did. Sir.”

He held her quivering body close to his. As her sobs diminished, he ran his finger along the front seam of her jumpsuit. Opening the fabric, he traced his finger from her neck down to her breastbone. He did not touch her breasts; he would enjoy these delicacies later. He caressed her body down to her navel. Undaunted, he peeled her jumpsuit back to explore lower. Amy parted her thighs when his fingers reached her pubis. She moaned as his hand glided over her warm folds. His fingers parted them and stroked her moist interior.

“Are you prepared to show me just how good a girl you can be?”

“Yes, Sir.”

His cock throbbed to be free of his own tight jumpsuit. He touched the button under his collar to relax the fabric. His cock swelled with relief.

“I think you should be nude for this demonstration.”

Amy nodded and stood. With the seam of her jumpsuit already open from stem to stern, she merely shrugged her shoulders. The fabric slithered down her body and pooled around her ankles. One after the other, she toed her feet free from the attached slippers. She relaxed her arms along her sides. Not covering or hiding any of her features from his sight, she stood nude for his examination.

“Very good. Please, continue.”

She dropped to her knees between his thighs.

Mario held her face between his palms and bent down to kiss her forehead. His desire for her reflected in his eyes.

Amy reached up. She hooked her index finger inside his jumpsuit’s seam, under his chin. Drawing her finger down, she opened the fabric all the way to his awaiting erection. He pulled his shoulders free and lifted his backside as she tugged the jumpsuit down. She lifted each of his feet, and freed them from the slippers. Once he was nude, she laid her head on his thigh and examined his twitching member. She watched it reach for the ceiling as a tiny droplet of pearly precum oozed out.

“Go on,” he encouraged, “show me what a good girl you can be and I just might reward you later.”

Maia-3 – Iva’s Good News

Iva awoke with a start.

The tapestries swayed in the gentle breeze that brought the fresh, sweet aroma of morning flowers into the room. A light pink glow framed the drapes, heralding the sunrise that was still an hour away.

Wondering what had awakened her, she surveyed the room. Both slaves were asleep on their pallets, lying across the threshold of the doorway. She saw her sisters sleeping on their couches. Her mother’s couch was empty.

Mama is still in Papa’s room, Iva mused to herself.

Glancing around the bedroom, Iva saw nothing that could be the cause of her sudden awakening. Then, she shifted position and felt the sticky ooze between her thighs and a dull ache deep in her belly. Confused, she searched for the source of her discomfort. Upon lifting her nightdress, she saw the dark red bloom soaking into her gown.

As understanding dawned upon her, Iva smiled. At last she was a woman—a real woman.

Now I can marry Archmed!

Iva had been betrothed to Archmed at the age of five, as was the custom of her people. However, ten years later she could scarcely remember the event. Now that she was fully a woman,

their marriage could occur quickly. Within a month, she would be the head of her own household and could possibly be carrying her own child.

What a blessing this would be.

There were no interior doors in her father's house. Only the twists and turns of the hallways provided privacy. Only the sleeping slaves barricading the doorways afforded security. The sprawling house had been built in four stages as her ancestors grew in prosperity. While each of the four sections contained its own enclosed courtyard, they were connected by walkways and surrounded the large garden. To the left were the common rooms and to the right were the kitchen and storerooms.

The women had their rooms in one of the four sections, while her father and brothers occupied the rooms diagonally across the main courtyard. The men and women generally slept in rooms segregated by gender. However, her father routinely summoned her mother to his bed.

From a fruit bowl on her nightstand, Iva selected a plum. With a twist of her wrist, she flung it at one of the sleeping female slaves. As the fruit bounced off Liz's head, the woman sat up and looked around.

Iva held a finger to her lips, signaling silence from the slave twice her age. And then she beckoned Liz to approach.

"I need the washbasin," Iva whispered and pointed to her stained clothing. She had wanted to share this thrilling event with her mother, but she did not wish to lie in the sticky ooze until dawn.

Liz nodded and returned moments later with the washbasin and fresh clothing. After bathing Iva, Liz wrapped an absorbent cloth around her loins and then dressed her in a clean white toga. The garment consisted of a short-sleeved robe, open to her waist, with a layered, flounced skirt.

"Thank you," Iva whispered as Liz scurried away to wash the stained gown and the covering that had been over Iva's couch.

In the room with her were Iva's two sisters, five-year-old Ali and ten-year-old Florence, and her two-year-old brother Ben. Additionally, there were her two half-sisters, twelve-year-old Vera and eighteen-year-old Nan. These two girls shared the same father with Iva, but their mothers were her father's past courtesans. His current courtesan had yet to bear him a child. Iva, Ali, Florence, and Ben were legitimate and thus citizens. Nan and Vera were illegitimate and thus metics.

Metics were those people who did not have the legal rights afforded to the citizens of Athens. In addition to illegitimate children, metic status applied mostly to immigrants and former slaves. Metics who attempted to pass their children off as the offspring of two Athenian citizens were subject to severe punishment.

While Iva was a citizen of Athens, she was a woman and thus could not be involved in politics. However, she would marry another citizen while her metic half-sisters and half-brothers could not. Iva's husband and male children would be able to vote and hold political positions.

Iva tiptoed to the archway leading to the balcony. Easing back a corner of the drape, she slipped outside. She inhaled deeply, the air fragrant with the scent of olive blossoms. Smiling, she greeted the rising sun. She said her prayers with an extra thank you to the goddess of women, marriage and family, Hera, for bringing her into womanhood.

As the sky brightened, Iva dreamily watched the city come to life. She saw the merchants wheel their carts into the market square. She watched the women carry clay jugs to the well. While

proud of her station in life as a wealthy citizen, she often yearned to be one of the poor women because they were free to walk about the city unescorted.

Iva watched as Liz and another slave carried their jugs to collect water. They laughed and sang a song as they walked.

Most of the women gathering water were slaves, but some of them were metics. A very few of them were citizens like herself, but were too poor to afford even a single slave. Later in the day, these same women would shop among the merchants. Iva would watch them laugh and talk with each other and chat briefly with the men. All the while, Iva was a veritable prisoner in her father's house. The need to guard her reputation—and protect her virginity—required that she remain in the rooms with her mother and sisters. Her father and brothers were the only men that she had ever conversed with, and she didn't see them often.

Women rarely mingled freely with unrelated men. When their husbands entertained guests at dinner, the wives remained in their own quarters, spending their time anointing their bodies and their hair with fragrant essences and sweet-scented oils. Occasionally, Iva's family would travel together to religious events or social festivals. At weddings, betrothals, and funerals she could converse with the women of other households. Most of these were her relatives. She could see other men, but could not talk with them. Even her own husband-to-be, Archmed, would not speak with her.

Iva yearned to be a married woman.

Once her marriage was consummated, then she could walk the streets. Granted, she would always remain within the protection of her slaves and relatives, but she would be free to go where she pleased.

“My darling, why are you up so early?” Iva turned. She embraced her mother gently by pressing their left cheeks together.

“Oh, Mama, it has finally happened.” Iva opened the folds of her toga to reveal the cloth binding wrapped between her legs. It was already displaying a small red stain. “Today, I am a woman.”

Lysia tightly embraced her eldest daughter. Holding their left cheeks together, she kissed the air beside Iva's ear. Then, still holding Iva tightly, Lysia whispered a prayer to Hera.

“To glorious Hera, the patroness of those who pledge their hearts, may your jeweled crown always shine brightly. I praise and honor you. I thank you for your blessings.”

Lysia finally released her embrace. “Oh, my darling daughter, this is such a happy day. Come, we must tell everyone.”

Taking Iva by the hand, Lysia led the way back into the women's room where a joyous celebration ensued.