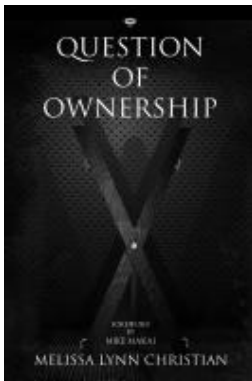




QUESTION
OF
OWNERSHIP

FOREWORD
BY
MIKE MAKAI

MELISSA LYNN CHRISTIAN



Torrid scenes-Emotions high! Sexually awakened by her Dominant, Daniel, Stephanie drips with sexual submissiveness. Men flock to her as flies to honey, never to catch her for more than a split second. Zachary has never accepted being the average male. His power and rugged good looks have brought many women to their knees. His investigation of Stephanie showed that she was a formidable opponent. Little did He know how much of a challenge Stephanie would prove to be. Surely, a few well planned days in His dungeon and bedroom would lead her to be His. Follow them through a myriad of torrid scenes as Zachary plays her emotions in the tune of His choice...

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Melissa Lynn Christian

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First Edition

Chapter 1

GAZING THROUGH THE SEATTLE MIST lingering outside the window, she watched as the planes shuttled their passengers across the wet tarmac. She had planned to finish some work; that was not going to happen today. She couldn't focus, so many things had changed in her life and her mind could not stop long enough to collect a thought. Just when she thought she had it all figured out, life would throw her a curveball.

She was ready to have a normal life--one that followed a predictable pattern. The roller coaster ride had not followed the track that lead her where she wanted to go or even where she thought she should be. She was ready to move forward with her destiny.

Engrossed in her thoughts, she did not notice the man that sat down next to her.

He leaned in and whispered in her ear, "Is it really that bad?"

Startled from her reverie she jumped in her seat. Her tablet fell to the floor, landing on his black, well-polished, wingtip. They both dove to pick it up. He placed his palm on her shoulder, as if to say, "I'll get this." He lifted the tablet from his shoe, checked it for damage, handed it to her, and smiled at her.

He was attractive. Tall. More than ten years older. There were many other open seats, but he had chosen to sit next to her.

"Here you are, Miss," he began. "I didn't mean to startle you, a woman as beautiful as you should never look distressed."

"Ah...um...Thank you!" She cocked her head to the right and asked, "Do I really look distressed?"

"Hmmm..." a thoughtful look came over his face. "Maybe distressed was a little harsh, but I can see there is something worrying you. Is it business or personal?"

"The trip or the issue?" she asked with a little grin.

"Both," he said with a smile.

“The issue is personal, the trip is business. *All Business.*” She emphasized the last two words.

“You are an interesting woman. I can see that you are very focused, but, tell me, what do you do for fun?”

He could see her begin to relax.

“Nothing,” she chuckled. “There’s no time for fun. You said it, I am very focused right now. Maybe I can get away for fun in a few months. It *has* been a long time.”

Thoughts of the fun he could have with her filled his mind. She was voluptuous, curvy in the way that makes a man think of a Ferrari and Italian mountain roads. Shoulder length strawberry blonde hair framed her pale oval face. Brightening hazel eyes looked out at him over sharp, high cheek bones. He would love to get that body out of those clothes and into some...

“Excuse me,” she said. “Looks like you are the one in your own um...little world now. Judging by that crooked smile it was a great place. Care to share?”

He started to speak and was drowned out by the call for first class boarding. He looked vexed at the interruption.

“Maybe later,” he said as he stood. “That’s my call.”

He lifted her hand and kissed it gently before turning for the door. She watched his sharply tailored back stride away. He was halfway down the ramp before she realized that she had not even gotten his name. “Well,” she thought, “we’re on the same plane so he won’t be able to get away.”

She put her tablet and files away and waited for her turn to board. She would have time to think on the flight to LA. Five minutes later, as she stepped onto the plane, she took a deep breath. She knew her life was about to change.

As she made her way down the narrow aisle she saw him relaxing, stretched out in his comfortable first class seat. A smile spread across her soft lips when he smiled up at her. She did not stop to get his name, now was not the time.

When she passed he turned his head, taking a long look. Her ass swayed provocatively, effortlessly. “So fuckable.” he thought as he turned forward in his seat and prepared for takeoff.

Question of Ownership

Looking up she found 32A and slid her bag in the overhead compartment. She was grateful to have the window seat; she would be able to stare out into the blue sky, at the marshmallow clouds, and not talk to anyone. She was usually a social person, but now, for this moment, she needed to think. There were so many things going on in her life that needed to be sorted, decided, faced. This was not going to be easy.

She settled into her seat, buckled the belt without a thought, and prepared for takeoff. She liked being one of the last to board. The buckle had barely closed before the plane pulled away from the terminal and taxied towards the runway.

She stared out the window, watching as the ground sped quickly away and then vanished from her view. As the ground disappeared she wished for a moment that she could leave her troubles behind as easily, but they flew coach, just like she did, and sat in her head, looking out the window, just like she did. Looking up she saw the clouds zipping by the window. She felt dizzy for a moment watching the shapeless grey mass fall away behind them. It was similar to the how she felt about her life right now, it was speeding uncontrollably past her. Safety and security had become a faint memory. There was no time to think and, for the first time in her life, she had not planned out every minute detail. Now she worried if she had made the right decisions.

When they reached cruising altitude, the attendants came by with the beverage cart and she asked for a coffee, black. She cradled the cup tightly in her hands, clinging to its familiar heat and scent. Sipping the strong, hot liquid carefully, it was as though she was drinking in life, fortifying her. The things that had once fueled her passions were now on the verge of escaping, possibly forever.

The changes she had lived through in the past year began to parade through her mind. A year ago, she had decided to focus on building her small business, an accounting firm. The divorce had taken away her income, changing her lifestyle drastically. She had already come to terms with her part in the collapse of the marriage and wasn't bitter. Once she accepted responsibility for what she had done, she found that, for the first time since...well since forever, she was happy.

She had determined that she would regain her income, improve her lifestyle, but this time she would do it on her own; never again would she hear anyone say that she got where she was or had what she had because of anyone else, let alone a man.

She had been truly focused on her mission when she met him. They had talked a few times at various business functions, chamber of commerce events, and the like. She found him very charming, but her thoughts had been far away from romance. She did not have time for that-she needed to focus on her business. Men were an unnecessary distraction.

His name was Daniel. He owned a title company with offices serving half of the state of Washington. She can still see the look on her friend Tara's face the moment she had told her that she was attracted to him. Tara had been almost as surprised as Stephanie was when she realized that she was interested in him. He had a serious reputation for arrogance and cockiness. This was not typically the type of man that caught her eye. But the last time they had talked things had been very different. He had let his guard down; he had shown her a completely different side of himself.

Weeks went by and he had not crossed her mind. One evening while out with friends, she happened to look across the room and there he was. He was leaning against the bar talking to another man. Before she could look away, their eyes met, a wide grin grew on his face and her cheeks turned a deep red as she quickly turned back to the conversation at the table. One by one her friends said good-bye and left. He saw her stand to hug goodbye to the last couple, and he made his way purposefully toward her through the busy restaurant.

"Excuse me. Stephanie, do you have a few minutes?" He asked.

Her friends smirked and waved as they left the restaurant. She turned to him and said, "As a matter of fact I do...have a few minutes. Sit down?" she gestured to the now vacant table.

They talked for more than an hour. They had a few drinks. Then, he kissed her. A very unexpected, yet welcomed kiss that buckled her knees. She felt the heat rise between her legs and all thought vanished from her normally busy mind. She slowly opened her eyes and leaned back from his soft lips. He suggested that they leave, go somewhere

private. He took her by the hand and guided her between the tables, leading her out into the parking lot. He took her in his arms and kissed her again... hard. He took her breath away. She felt an almost forgotten wetness between her legs as her body reacted on its own. She leaned close to him, pushing her pelvis against his hips, and a sigh slipped past her lips as she felt the hard cock waiting for her. She wanted him.

His office was just a short drive away and he suggested that be their destination. She nodded without a thought and climbed into her car. Second thoughts danced through her mind as she navigated the narrow streets he led them through. "What am I thinking? I don't know this man from Adam! Yet here I am following him to his office! Have I lost my mind? I should just tell him thank you and that I need to go home."

She pulled up beside him and parked her car. She told herself that she was a big girl; she could handle whatever he could dish out. If it became uncomfortable she would leave, but no matter what she was *not* having sex. She was not *that* kind of girl.

He took her hand again and led her through the lobby and into his office. They walked through the vestibule designed to look like someone's living room, down the hall and into a conference room. He switched on the overhead can lights and dimmed them to a romantic glow. A beautiful oak table surrounded by 12 black leather chairs filled the room; matching credenzas lined the walls.

He grabbed her shoulders, pulled her close, and rolled his tongue in her mouth with an intensity that made her knees weak. His fingers touched her breast lightly, tracing fire through the fabric, before finding the nipple and giving it a twist... hard. She squirmed at the suddenness of the pain. It hurt, a lot, and yet it was erotic, she was getting wet, very wet. His other hand slid up inside her sweater and expertly unhooked her bra.

"Crap, here we go," she thought. "I can't go down this road...I do want to but I can't." his lips found hers, his teeth nibbled her tongue, "Oh, fuck! Please...I don't want this to stop."

This was not her style. She was always the “relationship” type. The fear of having a *reputation* scared her to death. Now what was she to do? This was not how the scenario in her head had played out.

He had placed his hand under her bra and was stroking and pinching the bare skin of her breast. Without a word he forcefully spun her around, turned her to face the table and pulled her to him from behind. One hand gripped her jaw, while the other slid into her shirt and down, across her stomach. The gasp of pleasure that exploded from her lips told him all he needed to know. He pushed his hand further, into her pants. As his fingers parted her labia, finding the wetness that he’d caused, she spread her legs, opening up for him, granting him access, all he wanted. It was over, he had her.

His strong, expert fingers pinched, rubbed, and probed her as she moaned her approving response. He knew she had more secrets for him to discover and this was barely the beginning. Pulling his hand out of her crotch, he turned her around again, stepped back, surveying her desire and, in a deep, hunger filled voice said: “Show me. All of you. Show me.” She did exactly as she was told. She slipped out of her shoes, pushed her pants and panties down, off of her full hips, and stepped out of them, leaving them all in a heap. She lifted the sweater over her head, dropped the bra to the floor, and stood before him. Standing there, in front of him completely naked, she felt as if she were giving something away.

He methodically but quickly opened his pants, letting them fall to the floor around his ankles, stepped out of them and his shoes in one fluid motion. He pulled her close and pushed her to her knees with one hand. He held his hard cock in his free hand like a spear ready to impale her face. He held her there. Her gaze was torn between the gorgeous cock and his hungry eyes, not sure where to look. A small smile crept across his face before pushing his cock into her mouth. One slow, full stroke her mouth filling with cock until he hit the back of her throat. She almost choked, but he pulled back a little. She eagerly began sucking him, bobbing her head up and down rolling her tongue around the mushroom head. His large rod filled her mouth and gave her much to enjoy. He placed his hands on her head, fingers twined in her hair, and guided her strokes. He became a little too

aggressive, pushing his dick too far into her mouth. She grabbed his hips and pushed back, forcing his cock out of her mouth. Drool dripped from the corner of her mouth as she looked up at him.

He took her by the arms and lifted her to her feet. He kissed her again and let his hand wander between her legs, probing her wetness. He pushed two long fingers into her cunt and began rolling them around. She began moaning, this part of her had been denied for too long.

He needed to know how well she could perform. He began ramming his fingers in and out of her hole smacking his palm against her clit with each stroke.

“Come on baby, you can do it for me,” he whispered in her ear. “I know you can do it, squirt for me.”

What was he talking about? All she could think about was how amazing his fingers felt inside her. She was cumming again and again. “I’m cumming! Please don’t stop, I’m cumming!” she cried out. Then it happened. She screamed and a flood of liquid exploded from her pussy, drenching everything in its path. Oh my god! Had she just peed?

“That’s it baby, I knew you could do it,” he purred in her ear with a satisfied tone.

He continued fucking her with his fabulous fingers and began biting her nipples, hard then soft and rolling them between his teeth. Her orgasms were almost non-stop now. She could barely catch her breath. Her head was spinning, floating in a place that was completely unfamiliar to her. He did not let up. He turned her around and pushed her forward over the conference table. She responded like a ragdoll, her arms flopped onto the table, her sore nipples brushed the cold, smooth wood. She rested her upper body on her forearms as he moved in behind her, took aim with that beautiful cock of his and, with one swift motion, he drove his cock hard into her.

She screamed as he slammed into her. He was larger than she was used to and it was a bit uncomfortable, but it felt oh, so good. He paused for a moment before grabbing her hips and slowly began stroking in and out. He felt her relax, and he slowly increased his speed. His cock was pounding into her, filling her cunt, over and over.

She was moaning with delight as her orgasms resumed. With a final driving thrust he groaned loudly exploding inside of her.

He rubbed his palms across the globes of her beautiful round ass before pulling out. He moved across the room, reached through a door and returned with some towels.

“The bathroom is behind this door, where I got the towels” he said in a low voice as he helped her across the room. She could barely walk straight. He led her into the bathroom and placed her clothes on the counter. “I’ll give you a few minutes.” he said as he walked out of the room. He was wearing nothing but his dress shirt and she liked how comfortable he was in that state.

Standing in front of the bathroom mirror, she looked at herself and thought, “What the fuck just happened to me?” She felt like a limp rag, completely worn out, sapped of energy. She washed up and dressed before heading back to the conference room.

He had dressed and stood waiting for her when she returned, a small grin on his face. He gave her a hug and walked her to the door. He gave her one last deep kiss before saying good night.

During the ride home a herd of thoughts was running through her head. She had not expected such behavior from him, and she wasn’t exactly sure if she liked it, but she played along. In the days that followed they texted constantly, sexted a little, and exchanged nude pictures. This was a road she had not traveled before and was not sure if she really wanted to continue. Then it happened--he called her his sex slave. She called him Master, to her it felt like it was only a game, some harmless roleplay.

One day she realized it wasn’t a game. He *had* taken her as his slave. She was serving his every whim and she was doing so willingly! She barraged him with questions. “How the fuck could this happen? How does a strong, independent woman become a slave? What are you thinking? My brain can’t wrap itself around this. It just doesn’t make sense.”

“It makes perfect sense,” he said as he folded her into his arms. “You are in control of so many things that you need a place to let go. You need a place where you are safe and taken care of; where you do not have to be in charge.”

She remembers the tears spilling from her eyes when she heard those words. The truth of his words struck her deeply. She was responsible for everything, everyone, always. There was never time for her to let her guard down and be free of worry. He had given her that time. This was something she had been searching for. Now, it was hers and she had not even realized she had fallen into it..

Their time together had been normal, ups and downs, easy and difficult moments. She had thought she was a healed, whole adult when they met. That statement now seemed laughable. She had *begun* to heal, but now realized that she had been nowhere close to the end result. He had managed to push her into those places of her mind that she'd never dared look at before him. Every time there were tears and rages and hurt and every time she healed a little more. Every time she felt a little more whole; a little more at peace.

In their short time together, Daniel had clarified her path. She would always be grateful to him for that. He had broken her down so she could pick up the pieces and reassemble the puzzle--her way. And he broke her down again, letting her sift through the pieces and build herself anew again. She would not be on this plane if he had not taken her as his slave.

During one of her broken moments she discovered a nascent talent for writing. She had always written letters, beautiful, moving, poignant letters. It had been much easier to put her thoughts on paper than speak them aloud. She realized that if she blended this with her erotic desires and wild imagination, the end result may well be a very fulfilling and lucrative career change. This trip to LA was to land a sponsor for her newly launched website--a high end adult toy manufacturer, the leader in its industry.

And now, here she was, sitting in seat 32A, drinking cold black coffee, staring into the gorgeous blue sky as she flew into her future. She was trying to deal with her newfound passion; it was also the thing that was likely to end her relationship with her Master. How ironic it was that the person to release her passions was the one who couldn't seem to embrace it? No one could ever know that he was the one she wrote about. His vanilla world meant too much to him.

She choked back tears as the attendant offered her another cup of coffee. She could only nod her head yes. She feared that if she spoke the tears would roll down her cheeks. She took the cup, offering a weak smile in thanks, and turned back to stare out the window again. She knew that this was a journey she was walking alone. She was prepared, determined. Nothing would get in her way.

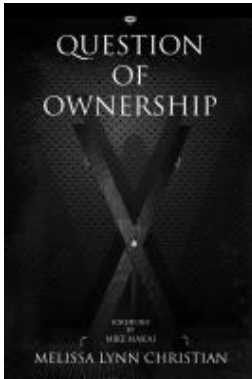
The “Fasten Seat Belts” sign dinged and lit up. She quickly swallowed the last of her coffee and dropped the empty cup in the bag the attendant held out to her. She glanced out the window to see LA growing in the window. She smiled softly and got comfortable in her seat as the plane began its approach.

The plane touched down lightly; clearly an Air Force trained pilot was behind the controls today. Daniel had told her how to tell them apart, Air Force pilots from Navy and Marine Corps pilots. Having gotten used to landing on carriers the Navy pilots usually dropped the last few feet on the runway. Air Force pilots, used to long runways, generally touched down softly. The memory brought a sad smile to her face.

She remained seated as other passengers grabbed their bags and filed out of the plane. No sense trying to stand hunched over, waiting for the crush and rush of unleashed people pressing to leave the plane. She had booked a flight that gave her more than enough time to get to the hotel and change into her alter ego.

The stream of faces had stopped and the last straggler made his weary way past before she stood and grabbed her bag from the overhead compartment. She said goodbye to the attendants and pilot as she left the plane, offering them a determined smile.

She had an air of boldness about her as she strode through the terminal to the baggage carousel; the sound of her heels clicked sharply on the tile floor. The bags had arrived before she did. She pulled hers off of the carousel and marched out the door. She just needed to find a cab and get to her hotel.



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