



SUMMER FUN

S. Rannikov

Shadow Dominion, Book 1

18+

Степан Ранников

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Аннотация

Kira and her daughter Ksenia are lured into a sun-drenched summer estate, only to find themselves entangled in a web spun by the enigmatic Denis—a master manipulator who turns seduction into a psychological battlefield. What begins as a flirtation with their charming neighbor, Gera (Heracles), spirals into a high-stakes heist where bodies and secrets are equally plundered.

As Kira and Ksenia are dominated, and filmed in a series of escalating erotic games, they become unwitting pawns in a plot to blackmail Kira's husband, Oleg Movil, a high-ranking official with a hidden drive containing explosive leverage. But the real twist? The women aren't just victims—they're complicit, their own dark desires fueling the fire.

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In the gilded cages of the Minsk elite, pleasure is a weapon—and behind every touch lies a knife. A game? A temptation. A prize? A secret that could destroy them all.

CHAPTER 1

Players.

"Ksyusha. Ksyusha, go have breakfast," Kira called, climbing the stairs to the second floor and pushing open the light door. "What are you looking at there? Are you going to have breakfast?"

She approached her daughter, who was standing by the small attic-type window facing the opposite side of the property. The large frame on the other wall afforded a magnificent view of her own well-kept garden, a quarter the size of a football field. This small window, however, looked across the street to the neighboring property.

"They're unloading firewood," Ksenia cautiously peered out from the side of the window, as if hiding.

"It's not firewood. Good timber and planed boards," said Kira, who had once worked at a construction site and knew her lumber. "Why would they need boards in mid-May? It seems too late for a greenhouse. Everything would flourish in the sun on our Minsk soil right now."

On the neighboring property across the road, equally huge and beautiful, two men in overalls were deftly unloading boards, beams, slats, bags of cement, and some boxes and packages from a Gazelle truck under a canopy.

"Why are you hiding, daughter?" Mom wiped her hands on her apron and looked at Ksenia.

"Oh, come on. He's already noticed me, I think."

"Who?" The mother looked through the window again.

A young man appeared on the threshold of the house. Wearing ripped denim shorts and a choker of strange stones around his neck, he looked like a Viking from the movie *The Thirteenth Warrior*. He had the same muscular, lean body, only with a blue sleeve of tattoos from wrist to shoulder on his left arm and a distinct tan. He had a charismatic face. His shoulder-length, tangled hair probably hadn't seen a comb since morning. He was tall. He confidently began showing the men where to put everything. His voice was inaudible. However, his precise hand gestures betrayed the demanding master within him. A bull of a man.

The boy suddenly raised his head and looked at their window. Kira instinctively leaned away from her daughter, also hiding from the man's gaze.

"Let's go eat. I've set the table in the dining room."

Father Oleg worked as a high-ranking official in the ministry. He simply didn't have time for a proper summer vacation. Furthermore, he was restricted from traveling abroad for reasons unknown and incomprehensible to the women.

"How can this be? I can't just go on holiday to the Maldives like everyone else," Kira thought indignantly. "I took her to Cuba once ten years ago. At least she saw the world. And now I have to spend all my time at these rented dachas."

Oleg loved his girls. He was already sixty. He had married late in life for the second time and was now infinitely happy. He adored his wife, who was twenty-two years younger, and his eighteen-year-old daughter Ksyusha, his only child. For Oleg Sergeyeovich, there was no greater joy than pleasing his girls and making them happy.

They rented a dacha every year on the Drozdy reservoir, from May until almost mid-October. It was quite a distance from Minsk, a two-hour drive. However, his wife had a car. And Oleg himself, in his company Mercedes, could always bring whatever was needed to the house on weekends.

This year, things got a bit complicated. The house they'd grown accustomed to for ten years was sold. They had to look for another. Kira had settled into Drozdy, grown accustomed to the layout, the greenery of the central part of the country, and the water. So she spent the entire month of April carefully choosing a new option, researching offers in various cottage communities. Price was Oleg's primary concern.

Strictly speaking, "dacha" was a colloquial term. The house was large, spacious, built in the Japanese style, but with an attic. It had a nice, well-kept plot with lawns, a small pond, a swing, a few fruit trees, and no cabbage or carrots. It was a ten-minute walk down a rocky path to the pond. Lighting, internet, security. Everything as it should be. All she needed to do was get to know the neighbors to find some company for the summer. She wanted hers. And her daughter wanted hers.

"An interesting guy," Ksenia looked at her mother, "he looks like your Bulveye."

She smiled slyly. Kira's favorite movie was *The Thirteenth Warrior*. And while her klutzy husband sometimes said, "How can you watch this for the hundredth time?" her daughter knew exactly why.

"Stop it. He's too young," the mother, embarrassed, stood up, clearing the dishes from the table. "I want to go to Minsk. I'm going to buy groceries. And go shopping, to unwind. How are you?"

"To hell with dragging myself around in the heat. I'll read upstairs. And then I'll check out the construction site," Ksyusha stood up, muttered a thank you, and left.

"He's not bad at all."

Kira pulled into the cottage around six in the evening, still

thinking about him. In fact, she thought about him the entire way there: while she was strolling through Minsk, while she was sitting in a café, and while she was buying juicy Azerbaijani fruits, fragrant herbs, and fresh meat at the market.

"Young veal would be perfect for a delicious shashlik. However, I don't have any hands, so I'll have to fry the tenderloin in a pan again."

Kira thought about this Viking as she suddenly stopped at a small Italian boutique, walked in, and spent a long, thoughtful moment choosing a swimsuit. The water at Drozdy was still cool. She and her daughter sometimes went out to the pool in the evenings just to wet their feet and admire the sunset. But it was already time for sunbathing.

"Even though the fence on the estate is high, I can't lie naked in a deck chair. And not in ordinary panties. I want to be beautiful. Besides, what if someone decides to peek from the second floor of the neighboring house?"

Kira, having tried on three swimsuits, finally chose a turquoise one with gold butterflies and a small pearl flower between the cups. It was, of course, too revealing for her thirty-eight years.

"Ksyukha will most likely bully me again with her innuendos. But who cares."

The woman fidgeted in the fitting room, critically examining her body, hardened by tanning salons, gyms, and spas. It was perfect. If you put her and her daughter naked next to each other, with bags on their heads, a man would hardly be able to tell which

was mother and which daughter. Even without the bags, he'd be hard-pressed to tell. Her chiseled figure and her facial features, remarkably reminiscent of Sophia Loren in her prime, before the time for plastic surgery had come, made her husband's colleagues stare at her longer than usual. Oleg was very proud of this. And Kira even more so.

"Well, what do you think?" the mother was spinning in front of the large mirror in her bedroom.

"I want one like that too," said the daughter, chewing a pear. "Why didn't you buy me one, Mom?"

"I offered you to come with me. So, how about it?"

The swimsuit fit perfectly, flattering both her buttocks and breasts. The cups hugged her breasts so tightly that her nipples protruded like buttons.

"He'll like it," Ksenia said sarcastically, looking at the reflection of her spinning mother.

"To whom? You're chatting again. Where did you get the pear?"

"He treated me. Hera."

The woman froze.

"I went to him while you were shopping for a swimsuit."

"What manners are you, daughter? You can't force yourself on men right away," Kira said, sitting down on the bed, distracted

from her swimsuit. She should have waited a moment and feigned indifference. However, her curiosity was stifling.

"So?.."

"He realized I was peeking through the window and waved at me. And I went. What else could I do?"

"Hera. What a strange name," Kira mused aloud, "why Hera? Hera, aka Gosha, aka Gora, aka Zhora?"

"Actually, he's George. His friends call him Hera. And sometimes Hercules. Because he's the boss."

"Hmm... majestic," the mother stood up, took off her swimsuit and put on a short robe on her naked body.

"He asked who I was here with. I said about you," Ksyusha continued chewing her pear.

"And what about him?.."

"Nothing. I said you're old, you knit, you drink tea with jam in a cap, and you go to bed at eight. He laughed and then suggested that I come over at nine. His friends are coming. We'll hang out, have a party to celebrate our acquaintance."

"What a bitch," Kira exhaled.

The daughter laughed loudly.

"And he needs firewood for the summer open-air gazebo. With a stove, a grill, and pretty garlands. The workers will arrive tomorrow, and it will be ready in three days. So I've found myself company. And you go find someone to drink tea and jam with and play lotto with."

CHAPTER 2

Bait.

The woman couldn't sleep. It was dark outside. Her bedroom windows overlooked the courtyard, and to see what was going on in the neighbor's room, she had to go up to her daughter's room. But Kira was afraid. And something was happening there.

She watched a section of some stupid TV series without interest. She drank an iced martini with a fresh peach. She tried to count the flock of sheep. But sleep wouldn't come. It wasn't the muffled boom-boom of "reggae in the night" drifting across the street that kept her awake. It wasn't the occasional explosive laughter and voices of men and women. Thoughts kept her awake. Curiosity. A slight covetousness and even a touch of jealousy.

Kira secretly hoped her daughter would invite her to the party. Although, what would she do there, a woman in her late thirties with twenty- or twenty-five-year-olds? She would, of course, hesitate and not go. But at least it would boost her self-esteem. Ksenia didn't offer. Her daughter didn't show up later either, with what Kira imagined would be a joyful cry: "Mom, let's go, they're asking you to meet them." And yet, the woman wanted it so much. All these thoughts, of course, haunted her.

"Mom," my daughter called from above after dinner, "look, which one is better? This one or this one?"

Ksenia stood in front of the mirror, wearing only her underwear, trying on two short sundresses. Her body was tanned,

like her mother's. The dark brown skin from an elite tanning salon and dazzling white teeth made them both look Creole.

"Better put on shorts and a T-shirt. You're going out with a stranger for the first time."

"Don't be such a bore. There will be guys there."

Ksenia finally pulled on a white, off-the-shoulder sundress with large purple polka dots. It was indecently short. You could almost dance a lambada in it. The dazzling white fabric contrasted sharply with the girl's dark legs and arms. Kira, biting her lip slightly with envy, said:

"And the bra?"

"Mom, come on, what's wrong? It's hot. Besides, my boobs aren't hanging yet."

As expected, she teased her mother, understanding her condition.

"So, and white thongs," the daughter pulled off her panties and threw them on the bed, "or not to wear, mom?" she turned around sarcastically.

"If they rape you, scream louder," Kira left the room, slamming the door in displeasure.

"Dan is a cocktail specialist."

Ksenia simply sank into the soft cushions of the sofa, making it impossible to comfortably position her bare legs under the gaze

of the three smiling men. She listened to Hera. He truly was the Hercules of the group. The leader and the soul.

"Dan worked at a bar while finishing his foreign language studies and got pretty good at it. Now, making lavender raf for him is a piece of cake."

Denis, a short, bearded man, occasionally tossed a shaker and glasses, smiling as he conjured bottles at the small bar right there in the living room. Although the vast room, with its wide opening onto the lawn, furnished with armchairs, a sofa, and a couch, with beanbags cluttered in the corners, could almost be called a veranda. Apparently, large groups were common here.

"But I have to come here to prepare my secret cocktails. After all, I always have an arsenal to suit every taste."

Gera lounged comfortably on the sofa next to Ksenia. He was now wearing light canvas shorts and an unbuttoned "Prairie Fire" Hawaiian shirt. He rested his arm loosely on the back of the sofa, occasionally brushing his fingers against the tips of Ksenia's chestnut hair.

"Henri, the controls are somewhere below you. Turn down the music," the Viking said, holding out his glass to Ksenia again and clinking it with hers, urging her not to forget the alcohol, "to drink and have fun. What else do you need?"

"Why Henri?" the girl sipped the rich evening cocktail through a straw.

She was interested in everything: the atmosphere, the drinks, the glow of the frosted lampshades, the large rotating ceiling

fan. And, of course, the young men, their eyes glued to her. They exuded strength, energy, and success. Ksenia was tired of the usual crowds at Minsk nightclubs, where everything was the same. The welcome change of scenery excited her and brought her genuine pleasure.

"Because my name is Henri. You can call me Andre. I'm French. Although I studied in St. Petersburg, I now live in Amsterdam. I came to stay with Hera for a while."

A tall, dark man, looking more like an Assyrian Jew than a Frenchman, with a pronounced accent, he looked at Ksenia with a smiling, unblinking gaze. He appraised her legs, her figure, and was not at all embarrassed.

"Still, you can't fall asleep without relaxation."

Kira picked up the tablet again and, turning over onto her stomach, turned on the screen. Her sheer lace nightgown lay crumpled on the floor in the dim light of the room. Her breasts were flattened against the sheets under the weight of her body, adding to the warmth and desire.

"I need Japanese. And harder. The very one I want."

Oleg hadn't fucked her in a long time. Well, fucked her, of course. Mostly with his tongue and fingers. Two or three times a month. Age and the stress of work had taken their toll on the man. His body was flabby, his skin pink and covered in numerous

moles.

Kira, though she was taking the initiative to drag him into bed, tried to quickly close her eyes and avoid looking at her naked husband, his nose buried between her legs. Relaxing under his mouth sucking her, she immediately imagined her Bulveye. Like the legendary king, all wounded, powerful and formidable, taking her after the battle with the Vendals, right in front of all twelve of his warriors. The woman came quickly and repeatedly from these fantasies. Oleg, thinking he deserved the credit, contentedly wiped his wet nose and mouth and kissed his wife on the forehead as she recovered, breathing heavily, from her orgasms.

Kira habitually typed "gynecological examination, Japanese porn" into the search bar and, tucking a second pillow under her stomach, stared at the screen.

This was different. While her Viking gave her an emotional release, like a dream man, certain types of porn caused the body to completely lose control and connection with the brain. The woman was aroused by situations of unexpected sex. Forbidden. Connected with the violation of ethics and morals. Not hardcore, no. And not violence. But the kind where a woman has nowhere to go.

Of course, these were staged stories. However, the brain believed everything.

"The Japanese woman came to the doctor's appointment herself. And everything is going as it should. A chair, curtains

over her bare stomach. A nurse stands nearby, holding her hand and stroking it. And the doctor is there between her legs. He's asking the poor thing something and simultaneously stimulating her there. So that the speculum goes in painlessly."

Kira slipped her hand under her belly, moving the huge pillow lower so it wouldn't get in the way, and then squeezed it with her thighs, leaving a small opening for her fingers.

"The doctor warned her about this right away. That stimulation is needed for painless insertion. That's why he doesn't paw. He prepares the vagina. There's no crossing of personal boundaries here. Moreover, the nurse at the head of the bed is asking something. She also smiles reassuringly, squeezing the woman's hand. There will be no violence here. This is a doctor's office. It's just very awkward, breathing heavily and flinching in front of the nurse, craning her neck and closing her eyes. After all, the doctor sometimes doesn't just part the slippery labia and touch the clitoris. He touches the ring of the buttocks, forcing it open, strokes the stomach above the vaginal fold, squeezes the thighs, spreading the woman wider."

Everything was swimming before my eyes.

"Dan really is a master of cocktails. I left after the second glass. It's a good thing the house is across the street. They'll walk me to the gate, and then I'll somehow climb up there myself."

They were playing Jenga. Near a table with a pyramid of hookah sticks, Denis had expertly lit two hookah stands, using champagne and coconut milk. The glasses rested on a shaggy rug. The guys, Hera and Andre, were kneeling on the floor in their shorts, stretching out in turns, blowing clouds of aromatic smoke toward the ceiling. Ksenia, no longer able to control her legs, continued to perch on the sofa, occasionally flashing a glimpse, allowing the guys to glance at her snow-white thong. Denis, wearing Hera's Hawaiian shirt and Hugo Boss boxers, danced lightly at the bar, sipping whiskey from a large faceted glass. Ksenia was supposed to pull the baton. The game, of course, was striptease.

The girl had never lost before. She was struggling as best she could. After all, she was wearing only two clothes: a sundress and a thong. Her sandals were standing by the entrance. The chain bracelet on her ankle didn't count. The guys had already knocked over four pyramids, and Ksyusha continued to demonstrate miracles of caution and dexterity, pulling out the sticks.

The girl loved to fuck. And what could be better when you're eighteen? She lost her virginity at fourteen.

Hm...

"Lost your virginity?" That's what an old skuf would say, wouldn't it, my reader?

"Did they break her cherry?" That would probably sound very fitting coming from the blacksmith Petr Gryzha from the village of Kompostnaya Yama in Tver Province.

Maybe "She's not a girl anymore?" would be appropriate. That's how the mother of a twenty-year-old pimply incel would likely reveal a secret about his fiancée to her friend.

How should I say it? I don't know. Choose for yourself.

Ksenia fucked. She did it with pleasure and at the first opportunity. That's why she'd go to the Minsk flower beds at night with her friends, taking her mother's BMW. There, she could give head and have sex, tipping the security guards a little. Intoxicated by the exhilarating atmosphere and other joys, without shame or obligation, remembering nothing the next morning. And if the restroom stalls were occupied, she could hop out with a guy in a car. Hers or someone else's. Better yet, someone else's. Her mother's car was a small, feminine coupe. And anyway, she was too lazy to take it to the car wash afterward.

Ksenia was still growing up and hadn't tried much yet. However, she was ready to expand her horizons.

Sorry, my reader. I forgot we're not on a women's forum. Well, "expanding your boundaries" refers to a signal a woman shyly gives a man by, say, writing it in a dating profile. In layman's terms, it means, "I want to fuck. Take me however you like. I'm ready. Who-oo-o?"

The loss of her virginity (forgive me again for this vulgarity) with shame and an inner tremor. This memory will stay with

her forever. Not only because the unusualness of the situation so excited her the first time. Everyone remembers that. However, we'll return to this later.

The pyramid collapsed, and the boys laughed loudly, slapping themselves on the sides:

"One thing! Take it off!"

"Panties," Ksyusha said decisively, diving her fingers under the hem, "Denis, pour me some whiskey, please..."

Kira's body was thrusting. It had a life of its own, separate from her brain, which was there in the gynecologist's office, along with the woman lying on the chair. Her spread knees no longer supported the pillow. They lifted her hips and twitching ass, so that from behind, her spread, leaking vagina and fingers, plunging into it with loud, squelching sounds, were visible. If Kira's outstretched arms and legs had been restrained with a belt, the sharp thrusts from her lower abdomen would have continued. Only the tensed muscles of her thighs would have stood out more. Fingers were unnecessary. Kira would have come without them.

She knew everything about her body. Her fingers were only needed to torment her constantly hungry vagina. To force herself to endure. Like that Japanese woman, spread apart on the chair, enduring with a double-ended vibrator already inserted inside her. A thin, Sochi churchkhela-like sting in her anus and a large,

transparent silicone shaft in her vagina.

Kira tormented her slurping vagina with her clenched fist, with her sliding fingers, just as the caring samurai did with the clitoris of the stretching and lifting Japanese woman's pelvis.

"Just not before her. Together with her. Be patient."

She let out her first moan, along with the plaintive sounds from the tablet screen. It was at that precise moment when the nurse, unbuttoning her blouse, lifting her bra, grabbed her nipples. They were in cahoots with the doctor. A medical rescue team. This wasn't the first time the woman had watched this porn. It was wildly arousing. Probably because she herself, at her mother's insistence, had first lain down on the chair at seventeen. That's when it all happened. When she was raped and had to confess everything to her mother. And the memories of that examination quietly slumbered in her subconscious.

Yes. Kira knew what would happen to the Japanese woman next. Down to the second. And she knew when the orgasm would overwhelm her. Because her body wouldn't be able to hold it. Because someone there, in her brain, was controlling everything.

Ksyusha was giving Hera a blowjob. She was naked on all fours, her backside turned toward the ruined Jenga pyramid and the hookah stands. The fair-haired Viking was giving her oral sex, stroking her head, lounging on the sofa with his muscular,

hairy thighs spread. The ancient Aztec choker, bobbing around his neck in time with his breathing and the rhythmic movements of her head, was only partially visible. Hera forbade her to look up. She also couldn't see the drunk Denis dancing naked at the bar behind her, holding the same glass of whiskey in his hand and her thong on his head. She also couldn't see Andre, sitting on the sofa to the side. The Frenchman was stroking his enormous, brown, circumcised cock, like a boa constrictor, while waiting his turn, filming the girl giving him a blowjob on his smartphone.

Ksenia hadn't been fucked yet. She was being prepared. She sucked as instructed. Specially formulated cocktails, whiskey, and, most likely, a special hookah had done their job. So when she was completely naked, and four men's hands, groping her breasts, thighs, and vagina, had driven her to utter exhaustion, she was ready. However, she was forced to endure.

Ksenia sucked. His cock was beautiful. She'd already explored it completely with her mouth. Powerful, as befits a thoroughbred male, its shaft never sagged for a second. She didn't even need to pick it up and stroke it to keep it from deflating while Ksyusha licked his balls, trying to slide her tongue down his crotch to his anus. And she really wanted to stroke this hard, hot organ with her palm. To hold that unbridled feeling, that power, feeling it not only with her mouth but also with her weak fingers. But this Viking immediately forbade her to touch it. Only to suck it. Like Pioneer Timur, having accepted Zhenya, the daughter of a Red Army commander, into his crew, he immediately began to boss

her around.

The girl couldn't do everything with her mouth. Lick his drool-wet balls, swallow his cock deep, wipe the snot from his nose and the tears from his eyes. And at least touch his clit a little with one hand.

"He needs another mouth," flashed through my head.

Denis came up behind the woman's swaying ass, pulled the mouthpiece off the hookah hose, licked it, and placed it against her anus:

"The locomotive will leave now."

The boys burst into laughter. Ksyusha moaned loudly, feeling how hard the ribbed body entered her ass, and she twitched in her first orgasm, pressed down by the Viking's hand onto his penis. Denis immediately took a drag and blew hookah smoke into the tip of the mouthpiece protruding from her anus. Her tender belly, contracting in contractions, exerted pressure, and a stream of bluish smoke rose to the ceiling, accompanied by more wild laughter.

"Go ahead, Andre," the leader said, finally calming down and continuing to watch his new pacifier. "She's ready. Fuck her so she remembers it for a long time."

The Frenchman stood up from the sofa and, resting his hands on the arched lower back of the moaning and writhing girl, began to push his oily-brown, ravaged monster into the open hole, glistening with juices.

It was only midnight.

Kira woke up this morning completely refreshed. She came yesterday just as she expected. It was at the exact moment when the Japanese patient had first climaxed in the doctor's skilled hands, squirting beneath herself onto the office floor. Howling in the nurse's hands, who shamelessly twisted her nipples, she came immediately when the skilled samurai sensed the moment and abruptly pulled the vibrator's forked tail from her vagina and anus.

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