



YOU OWE US

S. RANNIKOV

Shadow Dominion, Book 3

СОДЕРЖИТ
НЕЦЕНЗУРНУЮ
БРАНЬ

18+

Stepan Rannikov

You owe us

«АВТОР»

2026

Rannikov S.

You owe us / S. Rannikov — «АВТОР», 2026

In the high-stakes world of corporate espionage and hidden desires, Yevgenia Petrovna Belskaya—a powerful commercial director—thrives on control. But when her personal driver, Victor, uncovers her illicit dealings with a timber tycoon, her carefully constructed life unravels. Blackmail turns into something far more intimate, and every car ride, every meeting, becomes a battle of wills where dominance is the only currency. As Yevgenia is forced to navigate a web of betrayal, financial schemes, and raw, unfiltered passion, she realizes the game has changed. No longer the predator, she's now the prey—bound by secrets, blackmail, and the intoxicating thrill of surrender. But when her boss, Artashes Mirzoyan, enters the fray, the stakes rise even higher. The lines between power, pleasure, and punishment blur, and Yevgenia must decide: Is submission her only way out, or is it the beginning of her true freedom?

© Rannikov S., 2026

© АВТОР, 2026

Stepan Rannikov

You owe us

"She thought she controlled the game—until the driver knew her secrets. Now, every ride is a lesson in submission."

CHAPTER 1

Yevgenia Petrovna slouched in the backseat of her official Audi, her blouse yanked free from her skirt, the buttons undone, the fabric gaping open like a scarlet flag. Beneath it, a burgundy-and-green Italian bra clung to her, the cups barely containing her. Her anthracite skirt was hitched up to her panties—burgundy-green, lacy, clinging to the curve of her hips.

A passerby could have glanced through the side window, there in the vast Auchan parking lot, and seen everything: the panties, the milky white of her thighs above the slanted stockings, the garters of her elegant brown belt, the tense arches of her feet.

One shoe lay discarded on the Audi's plush carpet, the brand name embossed into the fabric. The other teetered on its toe, the stiletto heel trembling. Beside it, an empty, flat bottle of cheap whiskey rolled, the kind you grab from a liquor store in a hurry.

She was sucking a cock. Bent over, twisted into an awkward, almost impossible angle. Her thighs were splayed open for anyone to see. Her head and shoulders, turned a full 180 degrees, bobbed like a sewing machine shuttle over the man's unbuttoned jeans.

His legs were spread wide, a firm hand pressed down on the back of her head, ruining the careful style she'd set that morning. Now her hair was a crow's nest, tangled and wild. But he didn't care. His grip was iron. He'd forced her into this position—spread her legs, unbuttoned her blouse, tugged it free from her skirt, even crumpled one cup of her bra to free a large, fox-like brown nipple. And it wasn't Yevgenia Petrovna doing the sucking. It was being done *to* her. The penis was barely visible—just a flash of white skin between her plump, feminine lips before it vanished entirely into her mouth.

Every now and then, she made a sound—*prff*...—like a circus horse gratefully biting into an apple. Was it pleasure? Or was she suffocating, her nose buried in the coarse, curly hair, her escape blocked by the hand on the back of her head?

Finally, the man came with a low grunt, thrusting his hips forward so his cock disappeared completely into her mouth. She let out another *prff*, her body shaking, her front end twitching upward as if searching for something. His hands only released her head when both of them had stilled, the tension draining away.

The Audi was parked in the same vast Auchan lot.

Afterward, Yevgenia Petrovna called in sick. Thursday and Friday off. Four days—enough, she thought, to assess the damage. To gather her thoughts. To understand the losses, the possible solutions. But the truth was, she spent almost the entire time drunk, ignoring her husband's questions, her son's concerned glances. No answers came. No options presented themselves. Just the whiskey, the numbness, and the gnawing certainty that this was a problem so massive it might swallow her whole.

Monday arrived. Victor picked her up as usual, drove her to work. She sat in silence the whole way, not a word, her mind fixed on one thing:

"Get there. Run to the office. Lock the door."

In the evening, he drove her home. Almost as usual.

As they passed the Auchan complex, he turned into the parking lot, killed the engine far from the other cars, and said it like it was nothing:

“Give me a blowjob. Back seat.”

“So this is it...”

CHAPTER 2

"Vitya, wait. I'll be right back—I just need the restroom,"

Yevgenia Petrovna Belskaya said, leaving the office door ajar as she swept out, smoothing her skirt over her hips.

The driver watched her go, his eyes lingering. Then he glanced at the open door. For a commercial director, she treated her personal driver with the kind of cool detachment that came with her position. Though sometimes, just sometimes, she'd slip and call him "Vitya" instead of "Viktor."

She knew almost everything about him, even though he'd only been with the company a short time. The head of security—a retired FSB colonel named Brazhnik—had vetted him before hiring. His background check had been thorough, but there were gaps. Murky details even the all-powerful colonel couldn't uncover.

Miroshnikov, the general director, had approved his candidacy. And at that level, he must have discussed it with the owner, Artashes Mirzoyan.

“I should have been more careful,” she thought as she switched from her old Korean car to this brand-new German one, complete with a new driver.

A personal car, a personal driver—symbols of her success.

“Like it or not, a driver is practically family. He drives my husband, my fourteen-year-old son. He's in our home. He's practically one of us. Almost. But caution is still necessary.”

She was right to be wary. As commercial director, she had to be. Not just because information about partners or negotiations could leak to competitors—that was Brazhnik's domain. No, there was something else.

The man in the reception area watched his boss leave.

“God, that ass. Like a peach. Always snug in her knee-length office skirts, the elastic of her stockings flashing through the slit as she walked. Well, not a peach. A slightly overripe, large fruit. She was almost forty, after all. But still appetizing.”

Her high heels accentuated her ankles, flattering her perfectly shaped legs.

“Probably wears stiletto boots in winter too,” flashed through the driver's mind.

"Victor, I'll just be a minute," the secretary said, already halfway out the door. "Check the phones while I'm gone. I'll be right back."

He nodded, listening to her retreating footsteps. Then, standing, he walked through the open door into the office. His gaze was sharp, deliberate. On the Italian desk, between stacks of paperwork, lay Boss's iPhone and an old push-button Nokia.

Victor paused, listening again, then stepped inside. He picked up the Nokia, turned on the screen, and began scrolling—fast, like he knew exactly what he was looking for. Ten seconds later, he pulled out his smartphone and snapped a few photos of the flickering display.

He heard Boss's confident heels in the hallway. Quickly, he put the phone back, flipping it over, and slipped out of the office, settling into the chair by the secretary's desk.

Yevgenia Petrovna was worried. *Very* worried. That's probably why, after receiving a text on her secret phone, she'd felt the sudden, desperate need to visit the restroom.

“I need to pee. I need to calm down. It wasn’t over yet. I still have to meet him, then get the money home. And that was at least a half-hour drive to the cottage community. The driver, of course, didn’t count. He is new. Clearly, he didn’t understand a thing. But I always have to be wary of Brazhnik.”

After washing her hands, she did a quick breathing exercise, then studied herself in the large mirror.

“Still a beauty. A mature beauty.”

Zhenya adjusted her blouse, her jacket.

“Pity my breasts are a bit small. But my waist is narrow. And my breasts—well, they’re breasts. The ones my mother gave me. Even if my nipples were big, plump. My husband sucks and plays with them constantly—can’t get enough.”

She touched her short, elegant curls, trying to add a little volume.

“And those two young Turks in Antalya... they couldn’t keep their hands off them. Took turns sucking my tits, never let me rest. Had to go braless the whole time. And for five days straight, they’d stretched my ass with their cocks.”

She squeezed her thighs together.

“Focus. Work. Otherwise, her pussy would derail me.”

She checked her stockings, made sure the elastic was straight, tightened the garters.

“Everything’s in order.” She applied lipstick. *“Semyon’s a man, after all. Even if he’s fat as a boar and always smells of sawdust.”*

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «Литрес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на Литрес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.