



CAUGHT

S. RANNIKOV

Dark Desires | Book 1

18+

Stepan Rannikov

Caught

«Автор»

2026

Rannikov S.

Caught / S. Rannikov — «АВТОР», 2026

What if the man you fear is the only one who truly sees you?"Galya is the perfect suburban wife—beautiful, poised, and utterly hollow. Her marriage is a ghost of what it once was, her desires buried beneath years of routine and neglect. But when a stranger's piercing gaze locks onto hers, something inside her snaps. His voice is a command. His touch is a claim. And her body betrays her with a single, shameful word: "Yes." Dragged into a shadowy world of dominance and submission, Galya is forced to confront the darkest parts of herself—the parts she's spent years hiding. The stranger doesn't just want her body; he wants her obedience, her shame, her complete surrender. And as the lines between captor and lover blur, Galya must decide: Is this her destruction or her rebirth?"Caught" is a dark, intoxicating tale of obsession, power, and the terrifying freedom of surrender. Perfect for fans of raw, unfiltered desires that lurk beneath the surface of even the most ordinary lives.

© Rannikov S., 2026

© АВТОР, 2026

Stepan Rannikov

Caught

"A single touch ignites the fire—where desire burns brighter than shame, and surrender is the only escape."

CHAPTER 1

The day began like any other.

Galya was thirty-six—a beautiful woman with a slender figure, a husband, two grown children. She'd married young, fallen out of love just as quickly, and never quite tasted the dreams she'd once craved. Routine had settled over her like a second skin, suffocating. She longed for novelty, for mystery, for danger. For love. The ache was sharpest in spring, when the world woke up, buzzing with life, and she felt trapped in the stillness of her own.

Masturbation became her escape. Not the casual, occasional indulgence most women allowed themselves, but an addiction—deep, consuming, inescapable. And why escape? The bathtub was her sanctuary. There, she'd lie with her legs spread wide, heels hooked on the edge, the curved faucet pressing against her back. She'd imagine a stranger's hands—strong, possessive—trailing over her body, claiming every inch. The fantasy alone sent her over the edge. The jet of water, aimed just right, finished the job in seconds.

Sometimes, on public transport, she'd catch a man's bold gaze and feel her body betray her—numbness creeping in, her panties dampening. She'd press her legs together, as if that could hide the truth. But her fingers would twitch, inching toward the hem of her dress, tugging it higher, almost against her will.

Galya had beautiful legs. Shapely hips, smooth ankles, a firm, high ass. She knew it. And she flaunted it—short dresses, loose cuts, anything to tease a glimpse of what lay beneath. She'd fantasize about men stealing looks between her thighs when she sat down, or the wind lifting her skirt just enough to reveal her panties. The thought shamed her. And yet, the arousal was intoxicating, her body arching, thighs clenching, her own wetness impossible to ignore. She leaked. A lot. By the time she got home, her panties were ruined, her skin sticky. She'd toss them straight into the wash, scrub herself clean, and start fresh.

Over time, the fantasies grew bolder. She bought lingerie online—garters, stockings, things she'd never dare wear in public. Alone in her room, she'd stand before the mirror, striking poses, lips parted, fingers tracing the damp fabric between her legs. She'd sniff her own scent, taste the salt on her tongue, and imagine a stranger watching her, judging her, owning her. Then she'd rush to the bathroom, barely making it to her usual spot, legs splayed, the water jet hitting her clit just right. The orgasms were violent, unapologetic. She'd moan, arch her back, thrust into the stream, her pussy pulsing, blooming open. She wanted to show it to him. Wanted him to touch it. To say something filthy.

CHAPTER 2

That morning was no different. May had arrived, warm as summer, but the air still carried the restless energy of spring.

Galya was on her way to work, dressed in a light, translucent knit dress—one of her favorites. A quick twirl or a careless sit, and the hem would flare up, flashing her legs to the world. Open-toed shoes. High-waisted lace panties with a delicate butterfly detail on the waistband, barely covering her ass. A bra with thin straps, the mesh cups revealing half her nipples.

Her breasts were small, easy to cup in a man's palm. But her brown nipples—thick as nickels—swelled when she was turned on, hardening like they'd been sucked for hours. Sometimes they'd peek out from under her bra, forcing her to adjust her shoulders, tucking them back in.

She hadn't had time to masturbate that morning. The kids had been loud, chaotic, getting ready for school. She'd been distracted, irritable. But the commute was long, and the minibus was nearly empty by the final stop. She found a seat, slipped on her sunglasses, and placed her purse on her lap. The bus jolted gently, the motion pressing her bottom against the seat. She straightened her back, knees pressed together, fingers clutching her purse, and closed her eyes behind her dark lenses.

And just like that, she was lost in fantasy.

A man stood before her—faceless, blurred, but undeniably there. Strong. Confident. She imagined herself half-naked in front of him, his gaze raking over her. The familiar warmth pooled between her legs. She squeezed her thighs, subtly, stretching, squirming in her seat. Her panties grew damp.

Then—thump. The bus hit a bump, and her bare knee collided with something hard. She jolted, blinking out of her reverie. A man sat across from her. His legs, clad in rough jeans, were spread just a centimeter from her pressed-together knees. That's what she'd bumped into.

He wore a plaid cowboy shirt, unbuttoned to reveal a tanned chest, sleeves rolled to his elbows over muscular arms. His hair was coarse, just long enough to brush his ears.

"And his eyes—God, his eyes!"

They locked onto hers, studying her like he was trying to peel her open.

A flush crept up her neck, her face. Goosebumps prickled along her legs, her stomach, her nipples. They raced up her throat, down her spine, and settled in her head like a fever.

She tried to hide, closing her eyes, gripping her purse tighter. But she could feel his gaze—burning, paralyzing. Then, another jolt. Her knee touched his leg again. She opened her eyes. His leg had invaded her space, blocking her path to the aisle. The rough denim brushed her bare skin.

And worse—her dress had ridden up. The hem, pulled taut, revealed the sides of her thighs almost to her hips. Her purse, meant to be a shield, had betrayed her. She was exposed.

Blushing, she glanced up and caught him staring at her legs. His gaze traveled slowly—from her tense toes peeking out of her sandals, up her ankles, her knees, lingering under her hem.

She was dripping. Not just wet—dripping. The realization hit her like a punch. She was defenseless, half-naked in front of a stranger, and she couldn't even move.

A strange numbness settled over her. She couldn't lift her hands to adjust her dress. Couldn't stand, couldn't shift away. Her mouth hung slightly open, saliva pooling under her lower lip. She tried to lick it away, smacking her lips, swallowing. The man watched every detail, nodding subtly, as if approving.

Humiliation burned through her. She dropped her purse, fumbled with her hem, trying to pull it down. But he shook his head—just slightly—eyes flicking from her face to her legs. No. She understood. And froze, leaving the fabric where it was, her face flaming.

He nodded again. Approving.

Then his foot nudged her knees apart. A command, not a request. His gaze bored into hers—firm, demanding. And like a puppet, she obeyed. Her thighs parted, the hem riding higher. She imagined him seeing her panties—white lace, a dark wet spot in the center. He did see them. And her legs moved on their own, just as they should, giving him a clear view.

"Come with me," he said suddenly, his voice low, rough. A command, not an invitation.

Her body moved before her mind could protest. His hand closed around her wrist, a light squeeze, and she followed. Her panties clung to her dress. She clutched her bag tighter, as if that could hide the truth, and let him lead her.

"Anywhere!"

The May sun was blinding. Her head spun. Everything blurred. She stumbled after him, her legs weak, her panties sticky and hot. She tried not to spread her legs too wide, but her gaze stayed fixed on his broad back.

He led her into a building's entrance, the metal door slamming shut behind them. The sudden darkness, the alien smell of the stairwell—it all hit her at once, paralyzing her completely.

Cold concrete steps. A metal handrail. A dim nook between the elevator and the garbage chute. He stopped her, turned her to face him.

"Lower your arms. Stand up straight."

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.