



# A. TRIVIAL STORY

DARK DESIRES  
BOOK 2

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18+

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**A trivial story**

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A train ride. Two strangers. One irreversible choice. Yana and her husband, Vladik, board a train to Adler, hoping for a simple escape from their monotonous lives. But when they're forced to share a compartment with two confident, dominant men—Sergey and Nikolai—their trip takes a dark and unexpected turn. From the first sip of vodka, Yana feels the pull of something forbidden. The men's relentless attention awakens a hunger in her she's never dared to acknowledge. What begins as flirtation quickly spirals into a night of raw, uninhibited passion—one that leaves her husband a helpless spectator and Yana forever changed. As the train hurtles toward its destination, Yana is torn between shame and exhilaration. The men's commands strip away her inhibitions, revealing a side of herself she never knew existed. But when the journey ends, will she return to her old life—or embrace the dark desires that have taken hold of her?

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# Stepan Rannikov

## A trivial story

*"She thought she knew her limits. He proved they were only the beginning. A tale of submission where pleasure and pain entwine."*

### PROLOGUE

"Quietly, quietly," the man whispered.

His face almost touching her sweat-dripping forehead, gently stroking her tangled, damp hair.

"You're so smart. You're doing everything right. Everything *is* right. Just be quiet."

Yana knelt on all fours across the two lower bunks of the compartment, completely naked. The position was comfortable—almost natural. Between her half-bent, spread legs, like a pommel horse in a school gym, the thighs of the man behind her were wedged in place. Muscular. Hot. They served two purposes: they kept her tense thighs from squeezing shut, and they gave her two points of support. The third was his cock. She was impaled on it, stretched wide, yet she didn't feel overwhelmed. Geometry, after all, dictates that three points of support are the most stable for a plane.

Even as he fucked her—thrusting deep, one hand gripping the firm ridge between her buttock and thigh, the other tucked under her stomach, tormenting her clitoris—she felt secure.

But the woman, impaled and wiggling her ass against him like a rider in a saddle, couldn't contain her moans.

So the second man, sitting opposite her, his erect cock pressed against her lips, whispered softly, "Quiet. Don't make a sound. Good girl."

His heavy, rough palm cradled the back of her head, pressing her down until the pungent scent of fresh sperm filled her nostrils. Finally, Yana, moaning softly, opened her mouth wider. His thick, muscular shaft slid inside. She snorted, automatically beginning to suck, the sounds now escaping through her nose.

"Good job," the man said, without removing his hand from her head.

He slipped his other arm under her and scooped up her small breast, squeezing her nipple between his fingers.

With her mouth full of him, Yana pressed her palms harder against his hairy thighs, gaining three additional points of support. Then she raced toward paradise, accompanied by the rhythmic clatter of the wheels. Below, through the narrow gap of the window, the occasional flash of traffic lights flickered in the dark compartment.

### CHAPTER 1

**Vladik, Yana.**

**Samara, 3:15 PM.**

"Vladik, my God, hurry up!" The train's been stopped for five minutes," Yana said, pushing a heavy suitcase on wheels along the platform while her husband trudged behind, a huge bag slung over his shoulder and more bags in his hands. "We'll be late heading south. Our car is at the front. How long will it take?"

"I don't know, Yanusia. I didn't check the schedule."

The same signs flashed on the cars: "*Krasnoyarsk-Adler*," but the right one still hadn't appeared.

For the young family, a trip to the seaside was a special occasion. The previous three summers of their married life had been spent at Vladik's mother's dacha for a simple reason: lack of money.

This eternal lack of money. Yana was fed up with her mother-in-law's dacha, the Samara mosquitoes and flies, the disorganization. She'd nagged her husband all year, and finally, this wimp—her wimp—had persuaded his mother to give them money for the seaside trip. To prevent the breakup of their strong young family.

"Welcome aboard the Krasnoyarsk-Adler train," the plump conductor stood alone at the steps of the car, smiling as she looked at the out-of-breath Vladik and Yana.

All the passengers had long since boarded. They were the last ones to leave.

"Tell me, how long will the train be parked?" Yana asked, handing over their tickets and passports.

"We'll be standing there for another hour," the conductor replied cheerfully, glancing briefly at the tickets and documents.

"Fuck..." Yana breathed softly, leaving her suitcase on the platform and climbing the steps into the vestibule.

Compartment number four. Yana slid the door open and entered first. She wasn't the head of the family. Vladik was fairly confident in making decisions—what to buy at the store, where to go on the weekend. But in the outer circle of communication, especially with his mother, he was at a loss. He immediately became a follower. Sometimes, her husband would lash out in a pent-up neurasthenic breakdown, screaming on the bus or in line. He'd calm down quickly, though. These attempts weren't even funny—they were somehow shameful for Yana. But at twenty-six, she had no choice. Vladya had courted her for almost two years, giving her flowers and perfume on holidays, until she finally made her decision and married him.

The lower bunks were unmade. Sports jackets lay scattered on the crumpled sheets, and maps were strewn on both sides. Towels were tucked into the wall racks. Empty beer and vodka bottles were under the table. The compartment smelled strongly of socks and sweat. *Men.*

"Vladik, what kind of berths do we have?"

"Upper berths, Yanusia. Maybe you should change while the other passengers are gone?"

"Let's wait. Don't hide your suitcases yet."

"Two days of traveling with strangers," the woman said, feeling a little uneasy. "Judging by this crumpled mess on the mattresses, they're not old men. I need to ask the conductor to change compartments."

The couple settled down on the strangers' sheets at the very edge, facing each other, clutching their suitcase and bag to their feet, and began to wait.

## CHAPTER 2

**Sergey, Nikolay.**

**Samara, 4:00 PM.**

"Did you really expect to buy booze at the station, bro?" Sergey chuckled. "Dude, you're forty years old. Why are you so naive?"

Nikolay, scratching his chest through his vest, briskly kept up with his friend in his flip-flops.

"Good job."

Grocery store "*Magnit*" was right by the station square. And it was a good thing the cops hadn't picked on them at the station for their appearance—or their lack of tickets and passports.

"Yes, Sergei. Four bottles of vodka and a small beer should be enough for us to get to Adler in two days. The fuel we bought when boarding in Chelyabinsk ran out quickly."

"That's because, bro, we're traveling alone," Sergey said, speeding up as they crossed the road at a flashing traffic light. "There's nothing to do. Just drinking and playing cards. Hurry up. The train leaves in five minutes."

"Oh, Kolya, we have travel companions," Sergey said cheerfully over his shoulder, squeezing between the legs and bags of a man and a woman sitting on the edge of the berths.

Even at the beginning of the corridor, he noticed that the door to the compartment was open. So someone had joined them. It was more fun than traveling alone, anyway.

"Well, let's get acquainted," the man wiped his damp palm on his T-shirt and extended his hand to the boy. "Sergey."

"Vladik," the young man replied, shaking it automatically.

Sergey immediately glanced at the wedding ring. Despite the cheerful, slacker appearance of a sort of Oslabi strongman, he was very attentive, intelligent, and calculating. More than twenty years ago, the military commissar had immediately noticed this and assigned him, partly because of his strong musculature, to a recruiter who had come from the Pskov Airborne Division.

"And what's the name of your beautiful girlfriend, Vladik?"

"Yanusya. Yana. She's my wife." The boy clearly hadn't expected such force.

The man was open. Charming. He spoke easily. He extended his open palm to Yana just as casually, bending slightly so his eyes were level with hers, and she had no choice but to introduce herself and shake his hand.

"Kolyukha, why are you standing there? Give me the bags."

"Nikolai," the good-natured oaf extended his hand to Vladik.

They had been friends since childhood. They'd joined the army together and ended up in the airborne troops. Sergei had insisted to the military commissar:

*"Otherwise, we'll run away at the assembly point."*

Nikolai was only clumsy in appearance. Strong as a bear, possessing the same swiftness, in his first days in the army he'd proved to his grandfathers and the others his right to a place in the barracks. Just like Sergei. They were inseparable. And then, having become construction workers, they always stuck together.

"So, to the south?" Sergey asked, laying out the groceries he'd bought at *"Magnit"* on the table and setting the beer and vodka on the floor.

"Don't be shy, guys. Come closer. You won't stain our sheets. We can't even look at each other here all day. Right, Kolya?"

As he talked to his fellow passengers, Sergey discreetly glanced at the young woman. Although he could have examined her quite calmly. Vladik didn't look the men in the eyes.

*"He's probably not being coy. He's just shy. We need to keep up the pressure. Just don't overdo it, so they don't get scared."*

And the chick was gorgeous. She was wearing a short southern dress. You couldn't pull that up over her exposed thighs while sitting down. And when she climbed up to the top bunk, she'd be seen. Unless she wore shorts, of course. And her tits—like apples.

"We're going to Adler, to the sea," Vladik said. "We decided to go at the end of May, before it gets too hot."

"Ha. It's already hot there. And my partner and I are off to the construction site of the century. Krasnaya Polyana. Like the Baikal-Amur Mainline these days. Two years until the Winter Olympics," the man deftly chopped up the food and laid out the snack trays. "All the best builders in Russia are going there. And this means that Nikolai and I do too. Now, get settled in and let's have a drink and a snack to celebrate our acquaintance."

### CHAPTER 3

**Vladik.**

**Road, 4:30 PM.**

"Can I speak to you for a minute?" His wife stood up and walked out into the corridor, her back to the compartment. "Listen, I'm feeling a bit uneasy."

## **Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.**

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