



COW

DARK DESIRES

BOOK 3

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БРАНЬ

18+

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Cow

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Аннотация

Katya never expected to find herself kneeling at Kirills feet, much less watching as he draws her mother, Olga, into their twisted dynamic. But Kirill isnt just any man—hes a master of control, a predator who thrives on breaking women down and reshaping them into his perfect toys. And Olga, with her quiet desperation and untapped submissive nature, is his newest project.

At forty-eight, Olga has spent her life playing by the rules—until Kirill shatters them. Under his relentless training, she learns to crave the very things that once shamed her: exposure, degradation, and the raw, animalistic pleasure of serving. But as the lessons grow more intense, Olga must confront the darkest parts of herself. Can she surrender completely to Kirills demands, or will the remnants of her old life pull her back?

As Kirill pushes Olga further into submission, Katya begins to question her own role in this game. Is she his loyal pupil, his eager accomplice, or just another toy waiting to be discarded?

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"Mother and daughter. One man's game. A story where blood ties unravel, and lust becomes the only law."

CHAPTER 1

"We were sitting together in the kitchen that afternoon, chatting about this and that, both of us still wearing our housecoats. Then suddenly the doorbell rang. I said, *"Mom, go open it, maybe there's a man there, and I'm braless."* She looked at me and replied, *"I won't, I'm braless too."* So we just sat there like two idiots, frozen in place. Then came another ring. And that was it. Whoever had rung the bell had already left."

Katya's whole body was pressed tightly against Kirill as he lay on his back. Her head rested on his chest. Her thighs were wrapped around his hairy leg. She buried her nose in his skin, sniffing him, and twirled a curl of her hair with her finger. Kirill smoked thoughtfully, staring at the ceiling.

They had been dating for a month. Kirill had picked her up at a café. He realized right away how completely submissive she was. He saw it the moment he noticed her sitting alone at a table, reading a book. It was in her posture, the way she held her legs, those shy, half-frightened glances from behind her glasses.

She rented an apartment downtown and lived alone. Her parents lived separately. There were no men in her life. That same evening he brought her home and tried her out immediately.

Kirill was twenty-five, three years younger than Katya. He was curious to explore her.

She had a beautiful figure. A high, large, perfectly shaped backside that tapered into an arched lower back. Not overly heavy, but attractive and comfortable enough to be used for anal sex.

Her legs were slender, with well-developed thighs that formed four perfect openings when placed together. She always walked as if on tiptoe. This tensed her calves and curved her ankles beautifully. And the illusion of not having a firm footing on the ground while moving like this made it so easy and tempting to spread her legs effortlessly, without any resistance on her part, so he could slip his hand under her skirt all the way to her entrance.

Her upper body was much lighter. Narrow, asthenic shoulders, slender beautiful arms, a long graceful neck that was comfortable to grasp with his palm while feeling the shaft penetrate deep into her throat.

Katya was destined for sex. Her face was attractive. And the fact that she constantly slipped into a state of mild inhibition in the presence of a man, losing control of her bodily reactions and facial expressions, was an additional arousal. This wasn't full submission yet. She still needed training.

She resembled a frightened deer walking toward the hunter under his gaze.

The woman was constantly wet. The guy deliberately reached between her legs at every opportunity and groped her. She quickly got used to it and stood still. At first he thought she was wet from overstimulation and her own fantasies. However, he quickly realized she was frequently peeing in her panties. He could tell by the smell. From fear, embarrassment, shame, or simply from men's gazes. She was a pussy. And he immediately made her admit it.

Now, every time he called her over in the evening, the first thing he did was send her to the bathroom to clean her pussy. He immediately began walking in with her, watching her do it, straddling the bathtub, and filming her with his smartphone.

To further pressure her psychologically into submission, he casually called her "*piss*," "*sugar*," and other derogatory nicknames. He did this in everyday situations, without any intention of belittling her outwardly. It was as if she was weaning herself off her own name by getting used to the nicknames.

Katya loved sucking cock. And there was something peculiar about that, Kirill noticed. When she shoved the entire shaft into her mouth, lying with her head on his stomach, it was as if she were hiding from reality, using the very act of sucking his cock to shield herself from her shame and any perverse thoughts.

However, these were just Kirill's assumptions. He began to fuck her mouth constantly, using various methods. He would

thrust his cock completely into her mouth, making Katya moan and gag. She was a slobbering sucker, her lips often wet, and her mouth would open slightly before Kirill let her smell his cock. He would hold her hair tightly and demandingly command, "Be patient. You can do it. You're doing it." He would simply jerk off into her open mouth or onto her face while she was on her knees. And then he would cum on her face, rubbing it all over her hair, forcing her to swallow his cum and suck on his cock. Lick his balls, his anus, holding her head, burying her face between his legs, accustoming her to this place.

Katya's hair was beautiful. Long, thick, with a chestnut tint. It could easily be twirled around a fist, pulled into a bun, or simply raked into a hand and used to manipulate her head.

She did everything. And she always flowed like a cat, leaving sticky, viscous, transparent traces of heat on her thighs and pussy. Her pussy swelled, her lips parted and turned inside out. And Kirill found it convenient to insert his fingers into them, forcing her to cum with his dick in her mouth.

Kirill often made Katya masturbate for him. Under his questioning, she admitted on the very first day that she loved to jerk off, doing it daily, sometimes several times a day, and cumming quickly.

When first asked about it, she blushed deeply and said that she was used to caressing herself. But Kirill, without any ceremony, firmly forced her to repeat the word "masturbate" and say out loud, *"I'm a masturbator."* Which is why she almost didn't cum

until he groped her, looking into her eyes.

And of course, after that, he immediately forced her to masturbate in front of him in various positions. Standing, on all fours, bent over, and sitting on the floor with her legs spread wide. He also filmed everything. She complied, consumed with shame.

But shame was exactly what she needed. Shame and fear. So Katya got used to it all right away. She performed everything quickly and precisely.

Kirill, observing this experiment and secretly delighted at the specimen he'd gotten, engaged in provocations. He would crawl between her legs in public places, in fitting rooms, on public transport, in deserted park alleys. He shoved one hand down her panties and the finger of his other hand into her mouth, forcing her to cum almost immediately, standing in the most uncomfortable positions.

At twenty-eight, the young woman had her first experience with a man who behaved so unceremoniously. He dominated her however he wanted, wherever he wanted. He asked her shameless questions without any embarrassment, which immediately soaked her panties, and demanded answers.

At home, he simply dominated her and her holes. Mostly silently, simply doing what he wanted. She held his cock, kneeling in front of the toilet while he pissed. Then she licked the entire shaft, swallowing what he pissed into her mouth. He forced her to watch porn, sitting naked at the table with her

hands on the countertop, not allowing her to jerk off while watching, and watching her fidget on the chair. Katya sucked his cock, kneeling on all fours under the table while he ate dinner. And if he ordered, she'd suck his toes, pressing her face to the floor. She often read Onegin aloud to him from a volume of Pushkin, standing with her knees spread, while he slowly moved his fingers inside her pussy, watching her cum flow down her thighs. However, she was only allowed to cum after reading a certain line.

He made her tell him in detail when she started masturbating, how often she did it at school and at home, how and by whom, the first time she gave oral sex, when and how her hymen was broken, and all her sexual experiences. This drove the young woman even more into complete dependence and submission.

Kirill didn't like anal sex. However, Katya needed to stretch her ass. He needed to teach her to cum from anal sex. He understood this. And he knew he had to do it right away. He should have started with the plug. But he was lazy. For now, there was plenty of room for creativity. The plan was to train her to be used in a group setting and to service women.

Now they were simply lying in bed at his place. He'd fucked her in the pussy after giving her oral sex. And now, with her front pressed against his hairy thigh, she was squirming slightly, telling him something of her own. Kirill was distracted and only focused when Katya told him how she and her mother had shared who would open the front door, and the reason for it.

"What size are her tits?" he interrupted Katya's quiet muttering.

"Whose?" she didn't understand at first.

"Your mom's."

"Probably the third..." the woman became embarrassed, and her voice grew quieter.

"Are her nipples large? Milky?"

Katya's breathing quickened, pressing her pussy more firmly against the man's leg, and she fell silent.

"Like yours?"

"Yes," she whispered very quietly.

"Okay." Kirill thought for a second and said, "Tomorrow, tell her I asked about her breasts and nipples. And you can tell me her reaction. Understood?"

"Yes."

Kirill stroked her head, pressing a little harder against her stomach, and stuck his right thumb into her parted mouth.

"Good girl, sweetheart. Suck my thumb. You can jerk off on my leg."

Katya immediately began to moan, drooling and smacking her lips. Her pelvis began to automatically thrust forward, pressing against his leg. Her thighs contracted around his muscular thigh, and soon she began to moan louder, twitching her lower body and sucking on his thumb.

CHAPTER 2

She called a day later. He knew she would do everything he asked. That's why he didn't ask questions first. Of course, she called to ask permission to come. That was all that mattered to her.

"Can I come over?" Katya asked.

"What did she say when you told her I asked you about her breasts?"

There was a snuffle on the line.

"How did you tell her that, you dummy?"

The woman fell silent again for a couple of seconds. Her breathing quickened.

"I... she... well..."

"Answer me," Kirill said calmly into the phone.

"I told her," Katya paused for a moment, "that my boyfriend asked me about your breasts. Your size and your nipples. We were alone in the kitchen, and I said..."

"Go on. Tell me everything. How she acted during the conversation."

"She was standing at the stove with her back to me. I didn't want to see her face. I couldn't have. It's embarrassing to say that to my mother." She froze, but didn't turn around. Then she continued cooking. Silence.

"Continue."

"Then they were silent. She cooked chicken with mushrooms. I was sitting at the table. I put everything on plates. We sat down.

We started eating, and she said, *"Why did he ask? About my breasts?"*

"I automatically corrected: *"About your breasts. And nipples."* She cut off a piece, chewed it, put it in her mouth, and said again, *"Why did he ask about my breasts and nipples?"*

"I replied: *"I don't know."*

Katya snored. She fell silent on the phone.

"Anything else?" Kirill didn't give the woman time to overcome her shame.

"No..."

"Okay. Call her now. Tell her you'll be over for a bit with your man at 6 pm. I want to see your mother. Have her cook dinner. Tell her we won't be long. I'll pick you up from work at 5:30."

Kirill hung up.

Katya opened the door with her key and walked in, letting him in first. It was a typical three-room apartment with a spacious, square entryway. The kitchen door was open, and the man, turning his head to the left, immediately saw the woman standing at the table. She froze, apparently at the sound of the door opening, and stood there, looking into the entryway, holding a grater over a cutting board.

Katya, entering without looking at her mother, immediately began taking off her shoes, crouching slightly. Kirill, meanwhile,

studied the woman attentively, silently, until she first said quietly, "Hello."

The man didn't answer, continuing to stare at her. Katya kicked off her boots, immediately crouched down further, unfastened the zipper on the men's shoes, and carefully pulled them off Kirill's feet, one by one. He noticed how his mother, motionless, lowered her gaze, watching her daughter's hands as she pulled off the men's shoes.

After that, he unbuttoned his jacket and slipped out of it, knowing Katya would catch it. He walked confidently into the kitchen, stopped next to his mother, at a distance so he could examine her easily, and said,

"My name is Kirill."

The woman, slightly averting her gaze, said,

"I'm Olga." Then she added, "Olya. I'm Mom."

Olga was dressed in a simple, knee-length, buttoned robe with an open collar. Her hair was slicked back and pulled back into a bun, her face pleasantly fresh, her lips not thin and beautifully shaped. She wore no makeup. Her figure was already plump, like a mature mare's, but still pleasant to look at. Her ass was wide, her thighs firm, and her beautiful, powerful calves peeked out from under the hem of her robe. Her figure didn't feel heavy, as her hourglass shape gave it a natural, harmonious balance. Her waist, no longer narrow, and her protruding but not drooping belly indicated that the woman's rig, whether used doggy style or on all fours, was very stable and efficient.

Kirill examined her calmly, noticing how her neck flushed and how she slightly pressed her knees together. The final point of his examination was her breasts. Olga was braless. The man had known this would happen even when he'd called Katya. He knew she wouldn't be wearing a bra, so he unceremoniously assessed her breasts through her robe.

The breasts were large, probably a D, heavy and pendulous. These are excellent for milking, if the cow is placed on all fours or secured in a special device. These breasts typically have large, undefined areolas, and rather light-colored, not very erect nipples.

Nipples need to be pulled for a long time during milking so that they eventually acquire the desired shape and size. Furthermore, this activity increases their sensitivity, and over time, the cow begins to leak constantly from the friction of her nipples against her bra.

The mother's nipples were clearly visible through the fabric of her robe. From excitement, shame, and apparently uncertainty about what awaited her. And of course, she was already dripping.

Katya came into the kitchen from behind. She had just taken off her coat and didn't know what to do.

Kirill, half-turning to face her, said:

"Go change after work. I'll grab a quick bite, and then we'll go downtown for a walk. And get yourself cleaned up."

"Yes..." the young woman replied and left the kitchen.

Running into her room, Katya sat on the edge of the sofa and

froze. Her heart was pounding. Her breathing was ragged.

"I need to change. Change into something nice. A dress. Not jeans, so he can comfortably touch me between my legs..." Her thoughts were racing. Katya couldn't concentrate. *"I can't go into the kitchen now. He might be upset. He told me to get myself cleaned up and then come back..."*

She went to the closet and opened the door, starting to sort through her panties and bras without even looking at them.

"He's probably meeting Mom right now. He's confident, knows how to make interesting conversation and talk about himself... I need to take a bath so I can put on fresh panties. At least my armpits and between my legs. And pee. I've been at work all day."

Katya quickly began to pull off her tights, panties, blouse, and bra. Her nipples were very hard, and she noticed this when her breasts spilled out of the cups and she pulled them with her palms out of habit, wiping sweat from her breasts. Her lower abdomen throbbed hotly.

"What's wrong with me? You shouldn't have told Mom about my boobs. You should have lied to Kirill. She's probably feeling really awkward down there right now. So run to the bathroom to pee and wash up."

Leaving the room, Katya tiptoed to the bathroom door, automatically craning her neck and listening to the sounds in the kitchen. However, it was quiet. Only a slight creak was heard, like a chair being pushed back.

The woman closed the bathroom door behind her and began

doing everything automatically.

"I just need to do it quickly. Turn on the water, adjust the pressure, the temperature, switch to the shower head..." All her thoughts were on what was happening in the kitchen.

"Why was it so quiet there? Okay, now the water's on my legs and stomach. Oh, why is there so much sticky mucus running down my thigh? It's from my panties, when I took them off. Everything's burning down there, and I'm leaking. Okay, I'm peeing. And I'm washing her. Carefully. She's very open and aroused. Better not with my hand. Just a warm stream between her lips and all the way to her butt..."

Katya washed herself, wiped her armpits with her damp palms, and, grabbing a towel without even covering herself with it, slipped out of the bathroom and into her room.

She didn't realize how much time had passed. Time was all jumbled up in her head, as were her thoughts.

"Now, quickly, bra, panties, tights, dress. Brush my hair, put on lipstick, calm my breathing. I keep walking to the kitchen, as if I'm in no hurry. I did everything as he told me. Now I can."

Entering the kitchen, Katya froze in the doorway, staring straight ahead in shock. Kirill was sitting on a kitchen stool, his back to the table, leaning his elbows on its edge. His jeans were unzipped, his legs spread. His mother was kneeling in front of him on all fours, her head between his legs. The robe was unbuttoned, pulled down from her arms, and rolled up to her stomach. Her breasts dangled like enormous watermelons,

swaying in time with the movement of her mother's head. The robe was also pulled up at the back and rolled up to her waist, forming a single skein on her naked body. Her panties lay nearby on the floor like a large rag. Her mother's knees were spread wide, her bare buttocks were raised, and her lower back was arched.

Her feet rested only on the tips of her big toes and trembled slightly with tension.

Kirill's left hand rested on the back of his mother's head. His right hand, tucked under her collarbone from the front, held her mother's nipple, kneading it between his fingers, stretching it, and gently rocking the udder like a sack. She sucked Kirill's cock and moaned softly.

When Katya entered, she only heard the young man's quiet, calm voice finish his sentence.

"Take your time. Suck it properly. I'm not taking your cock away..."

She stood paralyzed by what she saw, unable to utter a word or make any movement. She only watched as the man's cock disappeared into her mother's mouth and heard sucking sounds and soft moans.

Kirill turned his head and looked at the frozen young woman. The pause lasted several seconds. Then he released the nipple from his fingers, pulled his hand out from under the body of his new cow, grasped his penis by the base, and pulled it out of the woman's mouth, trailing drool. With his left hand, he turned her

head toward Katya and, wiping her mother's face with his wet shaft, said loudly:

"Who are you? Tell your daughter so she knows. Who are you now?"

Looking at her daughter with a detached, unseeing gaze, she said:

"I'm a cow. Olya the cow."

Kirill turned back to her mother, who was alone with him in the kitchen. He calmly, possessively raised his hand and ran his palm over her heavy breast through her robe. He squeezed his hand, squeezing her breast, and looked into Olga's eyes. She sniffed loudly, looked away, turned her head slightly to the side, and remained motionless.

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