



# NEIGHBOUR

S. Rannikov

Dark Desires Book 6

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НЕЦЕНЗУРНУЮ  
БРАНЬ

18+

# Stepan Rannikov

## Neighbour

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### **Аннотация**

A new town. A dangerous neighbor. A woman's descent into the darkest corners of her own desire.

Valya flees her abusive ex-husband, only to find herself trapped in the clutches of Romka—a young, ruthless neighbor who sees her as his to claim. As he strips away her resistance, Valya discovers a hunger she never knew existed. But when Romka shares her with his friends, she must confront the terrifying cost of her surrender. Can she ever escape, or has she become his forever?

A fresh start. A deadly attraction. A woman's transformation into the ultimate object of desire.

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## Neighbour

*“The Neighbor Doesn’t Knock. He Takes. A story where home becomes a cage, and the only key is your own undoing.”*

### PROLOGUE

Romka had to hold her just right. His hand slipped between her parted thighs, pressing his palm firmly against her crotch through the thin fabric of her panties. Valya would push back against him, trapping his hand with her hips, grinding slowly, rhythmically. She worked herself against his skin, clamping down with her thighs, then releasing, growing slicker and heavier with every movement. Her knees turned to water. All the while, Romka never took his eyes off her face. He watched her closely, studying the hooded, hazy look in her eyes as his fingers teased that damp heat, urging her to thrust harder, to lose herself completely.

Finally, with a broken moan, her control shattered. She grabbed his wrist, crushing his hand against her leaking pussy, grinding desperately as the world blurred and dissolved around her.

### CHAPTER 1

The fantasy always ended the same way. There was no other option — she had to leave. And it wasn't just moving to another apartment. It was a full exodus to a different city.

Since the divorce, her ex-husband had turned into a ghost that refused to disappear. He stalked her online, flooded her with messages, and made drunken late-night calls. Most days he was simply there — lurking outside her building like a shadow. Every encounter dripped with venom and threats. He didn't give a damn about their thirteen-year-old son, Igor. He only wanted to possess Valya. She needed a clean break. She needed to breathe again.

Knowing she'd never see a single ruble of alimony, Valya made the decision. She sold the apartment in Chelyabinsk and bought one in Kyshtym.

It was a hell of a leap for a thirty-five-year-old woman and her teenage son. Even though Kyshtym was her hometown, the nineteen years since she'd left for teachers' college had turned it into something almost foreign — provincial, stagnant, and more than a little frightening.

But she was out of choices.

A realtor had pushed through an exchange with some cash on top. That small surplus was the only thing that would keep a single mother and a teenager afloat for the first few months. The ink on the papers had barely dried before they packed up and left.

Back in Chelyabinsk, Valya had worked as a kindergarten teacher. Even before the move, she had sent her resume to

every preschool in Kyshtym. She got a job almost immediately — people weren't exactly fighting for positions in the regional backwaters. Over the phone, the director had painted a beautiful picture: "*mountains of gold*," a friendly team, and excellent conditions. The usual lie.

Now Valya stood in the entrance of a crumbling four-story Stalin-era brick building, plaster peeling off the walls like dead skin. She held Igor's hand tightly with one arm and struggled to drag a heavy bundle of essentials with the other.

The realtor, happy with his commission, had convinced the previous tenants to leave behind some furniture. It belonged in a dumpster: a prehistoric spring sofa, a rickety cot, two sagging armchairs, a battered coffee table, and grease-stained kitchen cabinets. That was it. Her own furniture from Chelyabinsk was still somewhere on the road, not expected for at least another month.

Three young guys were sitting on a bench in the foyer, loud and full of raw energy — cursing, laughing, taking up space. Valya slowed down as she entered, clutching her bundle and her son's hand. They weren't boys anymore. One of them, around eighteen, caught her eye. His gaze was sharp, almost hard, but his grin was dangerously charming.

"Afternoon. You're going to number twelve, right? We just moved out of there."

Valya nodded, tightening her grip on Igor.

"Let me take that. Fourth floor's no joke."

The young man stood up, eyes still locked on hers, and casually took the heavy bundle from her hand like it was his right. “Name’s Romka. Everyone around here knows me. You’ll figure that out soon enough. Let’s go.”

“I’m Valentina,” she managed to say, her hand suddenly empty.

On the stairs they passed a middle-aged couple. The pair greeted the boy almost deferentially.

“Hello, Roma.”

“Hey,” Romka muttered without even looking at them.

Valya felt a slight chill.

“What’s your name, kid?” Romka asked, looking down at Igor.

“Igor.”

“Igor?” Romka smirked. “That’s a name for a broken wooden horse. From now on you’re Iggy. I’ll tell the neighborhood you’re with me. Don’t worry about anything. No one will touch you. No one will mess with you. They’ll roll out the red carpet.”

“Thank you... for the help,” Valya said when they reached her door, slightly out of breath.

“Don’t mention it, Valya,” Romka replied. The casual way he used her name felt too familiar, too intimate. It made her cheeks burn.

He told her no one would bother her — no thugs, no gossip. Then he left.

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Romka showed up the very next day after they moved in. When the doorbell rang, Valya nearly jumped.

*"Maybe the neighbors are coming to welcome us,"* she thought, quickly smoothing her hair.

She hurried to the door, Igor trailing behind her. It was Romka.

"Hey, neighbors! Why are you sitting inside like hermits?" he boomed cheerfully, stepping straight into the apartment as if he owned it.

He looked past Valya at her son.

"Go on, get outside. The guys are already waiting for you on the stoop. They want to meet the new kid, show you around the yard. Go ahead. I'll stay and help your mom unpack."

Igor glanced at his mother, eyes bright with sudden hope. Sensing a chance to escape the endless boxes and cleaning, he didn't wait for permission. He shoved his feet into his sneakers and bolted out the door before Valya could say a word.

Valya stood there, caught between irritation at his sheer nerve and a reluctant gratitude for the manly help he was offering. There was something about the way he carried himself — heavy, unshakable confidence — that made her feel strangely safe in this new, unfamiliar place.

That same morning she had run into two old women near the entrance. They had smiled at her kindly, but she caught a snippet

of their conversation as she passed:

“...had to send my husband over to Romka’s to sort it out...”

Later she went to the store, bought groceries, and on impulse picked up a bottle of wine — to toast their new beginning, she told herself.

*“Give me something to drink, Val. It’s hot as hell out there.”*

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