



My Doctor

S. Rannikov
Dark Desires. Book 8

18+

Stepan Rannikov

My doctor

«АВТОР»

2026

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My doctor / S. Rannikov — «АВТОР», 2026

Vikas world shatters when her husband's boss, the powerful and enigmatic Oleg Sergeevich, steps into their home. Under the guise of a medical checkup, he strips away her innocence, her dignity, and her will—leaving her husband to watch. Ivan must confront his own complicity in her transformation. Will she ever be his again, or has she become the doctor's property forever? Vika, once a timid and devoted wife, discovers a part of herself she never knew existed. Under Oleg's relentless training, she learns to crave the shame, the exposure, and the raw, animalistic pleasure of submission. She learns to open her mouth, to spread her legs, to offer herself without question. And as she surrenders to the doctor's demands, she finds herself caught in a web of conflicting emotions—shame and arousal, fear and longing, guilt and an intoxicating sense of freedom.

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"The doctor doesn't heal—he claims. A descent where trust is the trap, and ecstasy is born from ruin."

PROLOGUE

He forced two fingers into her mouth—index and middle—driving them deep beneath the root of her tongue. Cold. Patient. He pressed down, waiting for the inevitable rush of saliva, the hitch of a gag. His other hand anchored the back of her head, steadying her as if she were a specimen on a slide. He watched her with the detached precision of a surgeon, studying her face, cataloging every twitch, every tear as it spilled over.

Then, he took himself from her hand—where she'd been mechanically stroking him near her cheek—and shoved his cock deep into her sodden mouth. He began to use her, irrumating her, a brutal lesson in submission until she learned the rhythm, until her body betrayed her with a sob, a moan, a shuddering climax that left her swallowing around him even as she came.

That was Oleg's way. Oleg Sergeyevich. It was how he'd taken her yesterday. The day before. Every day since it began.

And her husband? Her Vanya? He just sat there in the corner, rooted to his usual spot on the floor, watching in total silence.

CHAPTER 1

Vikusya called him Vanechka. *Her Vanechka*. To her, he was the living shadow of actor Lanovoy hero from the old Soviet classic film *Officers*—a man carved from the same mythic stone. She considered herself blessed by some impossible stroke of luck. His name was Ivan, but in her mind, she was living out a lifelong cinematic romance, whispering that pet name like a prayer to her own personal leading man.

And then there was Vikusya herself. A simple soul, radiating a quiet, maternal warmth. Slender. Soft-spoken. She carried herself with the kind of timid devotion that bordered on fear. She was, heart and soul, the wife of her Vanechka.

He wasn't just any driver—he sat behind the wheel of a sleek, foreign luxury sedan, chauffeuring Oleg Sergeyevich, the titan behind a sprawling chain of private clinics.

But the “motherly” part of her was still a promise, not yet a reality. At four months pregnant, she stood on the edge of a world she didn't understand. Everything felt fragile. Unsettling. Her belly was barely a ripple beneath her clothes, a small, secret reminder of the care she craved. At twenty-six, the prospect of labor loomed over her like a storm cloud. She'd never done this before.

Vanya's salary kept her tucked away at home, a housewife in a quiet apartment. But the silence of the day tasted like loneliness. She drifted through the rooms, waiting. To Vikusya, having Vanya near wasn't just a preference—it was her only anchor.

“Oleg Sergeyevich, would it be alright if I swung by my place for five minutes?”

Ivan's eyes flicked nervously to the rearview mirror, searching for the man in the backseat.

Oleg Sergeyevich didn't answer. He remained buried in a medical digest, the silence in the car thickening with every passing second.

“It’s my wife,” Ivan stammered, the words rushing out to fill the void. “She’s four months along. Everything’s fine, medically, but she’s home alone. She gets these... spells. Panic. Anxiety.”

Doctor finally looked up. His gaze met Ivan’s in the mirror—cool, clinical, sharp enough to draw blood.

“And?” he asked. “What makes you think your domestic affairs take precedence over the workday?”

“Boss, please, I...”

The air in the car turned frigid. Ivan caught the flash of irritation in the mirror and felt a cold knot form in his stomach. He’d slipped. He knew Oleg Sergeyevich loathed that word.

Boss?

His boss was a man of rigid boundaries. On his clock, on his property, he demanded a strict, almost military subordination. He believed in the theater of respect—proper titles, professional distance, the quiet dignity of hierarchy. It was the right way to do things. Of course, in the breakrooms and the haze of the smoking lounges, everyone still called him the boss. But never to his face.

Ivan’s grip tightened on the steering wheel, his guilt mounting.

“I’ll be fast,” he pleaded. “We’re passing right by. Five minutes just to check in. Just to calm her down.”

Decades ago, fresh out of university, Oleg Sergeyevich had been a rising star in psychotherapy. Obsessed with the mechanics of fear—specifically, the anxiety of uncertainty. He’d built a career on it, stacked up a PhD and a Doctorate by forty-five. Then, slowly, the academic fire had died out.

He’d discovered a more lucrative talent: the ability to read people. To bend them to his will using a blend of clinical insight and raw instinct. By fifty, he’d parlayed those connections into a private medical empire—a sprawling network of clinics across the capital. He was a mogul now, but he still kept a toe in the water. Occasionally, he’d take a private patient, a throwback to his first love: the study of a mind unraveling under pressure.

“Oleg Sergeyevich. Please. Five minutes,” Ivan mumbled, his voice thick with shame—for himself, for his wife, for the way his hands trembled on the wheel.

“Fine.” Oleg folded the digest with a crisp, final snap and tossed it onto the leather seat. “I’m coming with you. I’ll see to her myself. I want this issue settled so it doesn’t happen again.”

CHAPTER 2

Vika drifted through the apartment in nothing but a nightgown. She’d brushed her teeth and run a comb through her hair when she first woke up, but that was the extent of it. A restless lethargy had taken hold. She felt undone. Unkempt. She simply didn’t have the will for anything else.

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