



Forced to Become His Huc*w

Author: *LoveBite Shorts*

Category: Erotic, Romance

Description: Mariya's escape from an arranged marriage is just the beginning. After a passionate night with the charismatic Rurik Abrosimov, she's left with more than just a memory...she's pregnant and on the run!

When destiny brings Rurik back into her life, he uncovers a shocking truth: she's given birth to their twins. But instead of a loving reunion, Rurik's anger spirals out of control. He takes her to his secluded home, where she becomes his captive in a bizarre world he creates—a milking room designed for his whims.

Can Mariya reclaim her freedom, or will she surrender to her fate as Rurik's personal huc*w?

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Part I

Chapter 1

Mariya

I stood outside my father's study in shock. The way my family has been kissing the Chartwells' asses lately, I should have seen this coming. The hints my mother made, my older brother being nice to me for a change and my simpleton father who thought I would agree to this madness. Owen Chartwell was a well-known dickhead, and there was no way on this earth that I would marry him. I wouldn't want his diseased dick anywhere near me.

Unfortunately for my family, I had been planning my escape for quite some time, since my mid-teens. My brother was the heir to a crumbling estate and a nonexistent empire, while I had been making money by betting options on the markets and stashing away my profits in Bitcoin. It was the only way to hide my funds from them.

Most people had some semblance of a normal family, but mine was an entirely dysfunctional one. I almost felt normal some days, but those were the no-contact days. It was challenging to have a no-contact policy when I lived with them. I made a break for my room because it was time to accelerate my plans.

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I sat at the dinner table to watch the clown show—the show of wealth, gluttony and vulgar words about their mutual associates. Owen's hand moved under the table to

rest on my thigh. My eye twitched, and I looked at the silver knife on the table, wondering if it was sharp enough to slice through his diseased dick.

“Do you like your ring?”

I lifted my hand to see the tiny rock surrounded by gold and even smaller diamonds around it. If I were to estimate the ring's price, it wouldn't be any more than £200.

“It's beautiful,” I said with a smile.

His hand tightened on my leg, and he leaned close.

“Why don't we go upstairs and have a—private chat?”

“I'm sorry, Owen, that wouldn't be appropriate,” I said demurely.

When his hand moved further up my leg, inching between my thighs, I abruptly stood up.

“Please excuse me for a moment.”

I walked through the kitchen, picking up a knife, and went around the house to the back door until I reached the garden. The warm evening air and complete silence were what I needed.

Once I had taken a few long breaths, I snuck around the house and stabbed the knife into Owen's tyre before deciding to fuck up some of the paintwork at the rear bumper. Somewhere, he wouldn't notice for a few days. His Mazda sports car was as cheap as his ring. I took my time, enjoying each knife scrape against the paintwork.

Feeling somewhat better after my spur-of-the-moment destructive artwork, I returned

to the house, dumping the knife in the kitchen sink and returning to the room full of laughing hyenas. I sat beside my lecherous fiancé to enjoy our engagement party.

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“Owen was furious someone drew a phallus into the paintwork of his car,” my mother said to my father. “What is this world coming to?”

“People are simply jealous when others do well,” he said, sniffing his nose before reaching for the teapot.

I kept my eyes down since I was tempted to roll my eyes. All they had done last night was bitch about people who were doing better than them. I could have left in the previous year but decided there was no harm in living in their house while I built more wealth for the real world. My educational and freeloading days were over.

“You’re quiet,” my brother said to me, which would have been sweet, but for the fact that he didn’t care.

I shrugged my shoulders. If I was lucky, I could go for a full day without speaking to any of them. From the age of fifteen, I realised fighting with them didn’t resolve anything because they would never acknowledge how toxic they were. The only way I avoided getting sucked into how they chose to exist was to separate myself from them emotionally and physically.

Little did any of them know the sheer excitement bubbling away inside of me, desperate to spill out into the open. I wanted to laugh at their insipid conversation. There would be no marriage to Owen, and my parents remain broke.

The incubator, the sperm donor, and their precious dickhead of a son could beg, borrow, or steal. I was not going to be sold off like a fucking Victorian-era package

deal bride because of my father's gambling, my mother's shopping and my precious brother's needs being fulfilled. They had a useless aristocratic title but not a single pot to piss in.

“We have a wedding to plan,” the incubator said.

“Make it small,” the sperm donor said.

I glanced at Julian, who side-eyed me with a smirk.

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I was under no delusion. My family was my greatest enemy. Fate must fucking love me.

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“May I sit here?”

“As long as you don't expect me to talk to you,” I said, not looking away from my phone but tapping my tablet's screen, which lay on the table to check for the additional information I needed. I barely noticed the scrape of the chair or the shadow that fell over the table.

A low chuckle rumbled in response. “Such strict terms,” the man said, his voice carrying a faint Russian accent. “But what if I came here just to talk to you?”

“Did I not clarify my terms before you sat down?” I snapped before finally looking up at the irritant.

He was leaning back in his chair, his broad shoulders stretching the fabric of his dark shirt. His hair was a tousled mess of dark brown, catching the light in a way that made it look almost liquid.

But it was his eyes that held me captive—pale blue, icy and piercing, like the heart of a glacier. His jawline was sharp, his features carved with the precision of a sculptor, and a faint smirk played on his lips as if he knew precisely the effect he had on me.

Cocky.

I gave him another once over before deciding to give myself a victory gift. He looked nothing like Owen, the very opposite of my former fiancé. It worked in his favour.

“Technical or fundamental analysis?” he asked, but when I stared blankly at him, he nodded to my tablet.

“Both.”

“You don’t like to take a risk with technical analysis alone?”

“I like to be sure about everything before I place a bet,” I said with my eyes flicking to his lips.

This was a man who knew how to fuck. Everything about him screamed sexual domination. I calculated when it was the last time I had sex. Two years, three months and six days. The last person I fucked was in University.

“I’ve not fucked for over two years. Show me some proof that you’re disease-free and have some condoms, then we can forgo this part of the ritual and go upstairs to your room,” I said, lowering my phone.

His smirk vanished, and his mouth dropped open, but those cold blue eyes searched my face for the truth. This is why I didn’t speak. People talk about truth, honesty and transparency, yet most can’t handle the raw truth.

“You don’t even know my name,” he murmured, but his eyes rested on the open buttons of my shirt.

“Is that relevant to your performance?” I asked curiously.

As I had suspected, my family and Owen had put out a missing person’s report.

Before I left the country, I needed to deal with the police. My problem was that Owen was a stalking, obsessive bastard and had been since I was sixteen years old. A delusional bastard who seemed to think I was in love with him.

The man's eyes narrowed on me. He was used to control, and I was done being controlled, rotting in my parent's estate.

"It is not relevant at all," he said before pulling his phone out.

While he tapped away on his phone, I came to the conclusion the man was extremely wealthy. The suit was exclusively tailored to a muscular body, the Rolex on his wrist wasn't fake, and his nails were professionally managed.

I waved the waiter over.

"I'd like a Screaming Orgasm in a tall glass, please," I said as the waiter grinned at me.

"Coming right up. Will there be anything for you, sir?" he asked my fuck buddy for the night.

When I looked at him, he was staring at me.

"Can you get me a pint of fresh beetroot juice?" he asked without taking his eyes off me.

My brain whirled at the information, and for the first time that night, I almost smiled. He knew the mission and had accepted my challenge. Beets and vodka were a given for Russians, but beetroot juice before exertion meant longevity for the imminent exercise. I hoped his dick was as good as he thought it was.

With any luck, I would be having several screaming orgasms tonight.

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Chapter 2

Rurik

My short stopover in London wasn't as bad as I expected, but when I saw the blonde-haired woman, I decided against going to Club X. This was no small feat for me since I loved their milking room. The woman intrigued me the more I observed her. She sat in the bar of a five-star hotel while working on a trading strategy. The clothes she wore were worn for comfort, not pulling men. She was oblivious to the people around her, and her low-cut top beneath her shirt assured me of a bountiful bosom.

After a few words exchanged with this woman, I knew where the night ahead lay. There were no coy ploys, no games, and her deep blue eyes stared into mine directly as she spoke. Her outer appearance was young, but it was false because she was far more intelligent than she appeared. She would make an excellent employee.

When was the last time I was so captivated by a woman? I couldn't say, but the siren before me was in for a rough night.

I handed her my phone, watching her lips twitch until a faint smile appeared, curling the edges of her lips. It seemed I was disease-free for her.

“And what do I call you tonight?” I asked, taking my phone from her.

The waiter brought her the milky cocktail and my juice.

“Whatever you want,” she said, sipping her drink.

I decided I needed to buy more condoms because the two emergency ones I carried wouldn't cut it for tonight's activities. Once I downed my juice, I excused myself to pay for our drinks and get some provisions. The hotel receptionist gave me another room key, which I left with her, and told her to be there in my room in an hour.

"One hour and not a second late," I said, repeating my room number before leaving.

I had no clue why she hadn't fucked anyone for over two years, and nor did I care because I was the one who would have the privilege of fucking her tight little cunt tonight. Maksim was waiting for me in the car. This was why I never travelled without my entourage.

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Precisely an hour later, there was a knock on the door. It wasn't hesitant or timid, and I smiled as I opened the door. I was left staring at her ass as she sashayed past me. She had changed her clothes to a practical, short black dress. It was modest, but the silky material of the skirt swayed with her movements. There was no flirting, no foreplay. She walked through the penthouse to hunt for the master bedroom.

My nostrils flared at her audacity, and my rampant desire became uncontrollable, slamming the door shut to chase after her. I found her in the bedroom twirling the handcuffs around her finger.

"Are these for me or you?" she asked with amusement twinkling in her blue eyes.

Her blonde hair was shoulder-length, but the strands were cut to showcase her features. The delicate nose, pouting pink lips and deep blue eyes, darker than mine. Her legs were spread apart, and my eyes travelled down her body until they reached the long-heeled ankle boots.

“Oh, they are definitely for you,” I drawled, closing the bedroom door before unbuttoning my shirt.

“I like your ambition,” she said, placing the handcuffs beside the industrial-sized bottle of lube and 100 pack of condoms. “But I’m afraid the statistics work against your fantasy.”

My shirt fell to the floor, and I began to work on my leather belt. The belt that would whip some of her sass out tonight while I reshaped her pussy. She unzipped her dress before she pulled it off and tossed it onto the floor. Her pearly skin looked almost translucent against her sexy black underwear that had splashes of red embroidered into it. I dropped my boxers down my thighs to hear her gasp, but seeing her shock was fucking priceless.

“You were saying?” I asked, walking towards her.

Her eyes reflected my hunger, and I thanked fate for my stopover in London. Her hands vanished behind her back before her bra slipped off, and my body froze when I saw the most perfect pink nipples. They were larger than most in comparison to the size of her ample breasts.

“How many screaming orgasms can you provide me with in one single night?” she said in a sultry siren voice.

I glanced away from her nipples, not realising I had moved closer to her.

“Let’s find out,” I said, pushing her back on the bed.

Her hair fell away from her face, her breasts shook as she landed, and it took mere seconds to rip the remaining scrap of lace from her.

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The room was silent, but the scent of our long night of sex lingered in the air. There was never a sweeter scent than this woman's pussy. I traced a finger over one of the belt marks left on her ass. If I could only have one night with her I would make the most of it this morning.

She could handle a bruised cervix as well as I could, my dick being rubbed raw from the latex condoms. I closed my eyes, remembering how I ripped the damn thing off to cum all over those slapped pink tits. What I didn't expect was for her to swirl her finger in it and lick it all off.

I slid off the bed to check the time. It was nearly 4 am. There was time. She didn't bring her phone. I should have asked my hacker to infiltrate it when I had the chance in the bar. Her room key was useless as it had no number on it. With a sigh, I picked up a condom. I would need to make this last fuck count on the off chance that I didn't get her details in the morning.

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My dick was a sucker for punishment since I was rock hard again. I rolled the thin latex down my length before climbing back onto the bed. She was lying on her side with her back and ass hanging out of the bedsheets, sleeping peacefully. I eased her onto her back, watching her hand fall onto the bed. The dark circle from the handcuffs was a contrast to her porcelain skin.

Oh, she screamed alright. She screamed on my dick in pain and pleasure, begging me to stop before begging me to fuck her harder—a contradiction like no other.

I spread her legs open as wide as they would go, smiling when I saw my fingerprints on her thighs. My smile vanished when I saw her pussy. The puffed-up lips were as pink as her nipples from how hard I fucked her. I licked my lips at the memory of burying my face into her pussy. Her soft, downy blonde hair tickled my lip and nose.

My dick leaked inside the condom, and I felt like ripping it off, cursing her stipulation. My mood dipped from a burning desire to sullen resentment. She was lucky that I would be using lube. I pried her pussy open, looking at the various shades of pink before easing my cock inside of her. It took a couple of tries before she began to take me with ease.

I leaned over her breasts to lick her nipples, the abused flesh I sucked on until she was close to tears. Her relaxed state allowed me to slip deeper inside of her, and my dick throbbed at the feel of her muscles enclosing around me. It didn't matter that I had a condom on. All that mattered was being inside this unique sexy woman to ensure whenever she moved, she thought about me and my dick.

Her nipple began to harden, and her limbs moved, but her eyes remained closed. I

gently tweaked her other peaked nipple, which seemed hypocritical since I was so rough with them last night. Everyone had their preferences, but I was a breast man through and through. It was an affliction, and I had to consciously avert my gaze, especially in business situations. These specific tits were worth missing out on my milking time in Club X.

I glanced down to see that I was only at the halfway mark, moving her hair out of the way. I kissed her neck, gripping the bed before screwing myself into her until she stirred. My heart began to pound when I felt her tighten around me, and I swung my hips downward, driving into her the way I needed. The tip of my cock, grazing her insides as she gasped awake.

I wrapped my arms around her, pinning her in place before driving my hips back and forth until my pelvis hit hers. She couldn't speak, but her face was scrunched up in pain. Her short hisses of breath spluttered out of her each time I fucked into her, ensuring to slam into her harder than the thrust before.

"You're going to scream again for me while you milk my cock," I whispered through the steady thrusts.

She wrapped her arms and legs around me, clinging to me, but still didn't speak.

"Good girl. I hope you're sore and feel me each time you move. When you see every mark I left on your body, that you remember me and this dick."

With that said, I ground my body against her, gripping her as she started to slide up the bed with how hard my body pushed against hers. I felt the lube and her pussy around the base of my cock, running down my balls. Her nails raked down my back and dug into my sides; knowing she was leaving her mark on me, I growled.

My mind was gone, and my body took over. I fucked her on her knees, on her side,

smacking her lily-white ass to leave more marks on her until I had her on her back again with her legs on my shoulders. Her eyes were on me, sweat-drenched hair on the sides of her face. It wasn't enough, so I held her by the throat until her face turned pink and her cunt choked me, but I didn't stop plunging inside of her.

When she began to choke and gasp for air, she clawed my arm, but I felt her scream beneath my hand as she came. I released her throat only to pin her legs back to the bed in order to drive as deep as I could inside of her. Her pussy was clenching down on me, and just as I was thrusting inside of her, I felt the condom stretch and burst.

My eyes flew open, and I tried to slow down, but the feel of her hot wet cunt around me without the latex was incredible. My balls tightened, and I shot my load inside her while doing what I set out to do, beat her cervix with my dick. Nothing worked in my mind because each time I spurt more cum inside of her pussy, my hips drove forward, shoving my jizz in deeper. There was no way I could have done anything differently because even in a billion alternate realities, I would not have been able to pull out of her contracting pussy hole.

When I was able to move again, her legs were down, and her eyes were closed. We could address the matter regarding the condom in the morning. With any luck, she was on the pill, but a sinister part of me wished she wasn't so I could get her contact details.

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When I woke up again, it was with a broad smile on my face until I remembered the burst condom. I jerked upright, but the bed was empty. That day, I spent all my time searching for her. My hacker accessed the hotel reservation system, but there was no sign of her. A name was essential, or if the hotel kept copies of passports, I could have recognised her. Unfortunately, England had no such policy to keep a record of photographic ID on file.

It left a bitter taste in my mouth that for all the wealth and resources I had, I may never see the sassy blonde woman again. There was a slight chance that she could be pregnant, but that would mean she wasn't on any contraception, and it was her ovulation time.

Little did I know at that time that I would spend years thinking about that one nut inside the best pussy I'd ever had.

Chapter 3

Mariya

I snuck around getting my bra, dress, boots, and room key before looking at the Russian, who gave me more than several screaming orgasms. My plan had no room for men, but this one was tempting. He was right; I was aching, and every movement brought a devastating memory of beautiful pleasure and dull throbbing pain. The pain when he whipped me or when I came so hard that I almost dislocated my hands from being restrained with the cuffs. The most delicious of all pain came from when he was knocking my insides with his stellar cock.

Was I fuck going to settle down with Owen's diseased worm.

The man had earned his rest, but I couldn't resist touching his hair and brushing the long strands back from his eyes. He wasn't diseased, but he'd been around the block a few times with skills like his. My eyes moved to look at his large hand resting on the pillow.

I swallowed hard, feeling the bruising around my throat. His grip had been like an iron vice, turning and twisting me around, fucking me in positions that I didn't think to be possible. My pussy was rubbed raw from the damn condoms, but I wasn't on any contraceptive. The last thing on my mind had been sex. I worked every spare

second of the day to reach where I was.

I shook my head, clearing it.

It was a mutual exchange that had a time limit on it. I pulled back and left the bedroom to get dressed in the living room without disturbing him. My flight left soon. This was the only way to escape my parents and Owen's obsession. I had six years of experience dealing with his obsessive nature, and he would find me on this tiny Island.

My family wouldn't mourn me, only the loss of their deal with the Chartwells'. If they got a hint that I had money, they would join the manhunt. My long-awaited plan was coming to fruition, and I couldn't let a good fucking distract me.

I slipped out of the Russian's room before I made the stupid decision to wake him up.

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My life was a dream come true. With 66 countries offering digital nomad visas, I was able to travel with ease to many European countries. I planned to start close to my home base and span out into the rest of the world. My one great joy was watching video bloggers who went to many countries that weren't bombarded with tourists. Those countries were my ultimate goal. Only three months into my great escape plan, I hit a snag. I was pregnant with the Russian's baby.

I stared at the pregnancy test, holding it with both hands to try and stop the trembling, but the two pink lines glared back at me like a cruel twist of fate. The one time I chose to be reckless, to escape from my suffocating family member's countless expectations and enjoy a taste of freedom, I was hit with consequences. Now, in a quiet Budapest apartment, the weight of my freedom collided with the reality growing inside me.

I sat on the toilet, processing my new circumstances. I fled England to avoid a life dictated by others, but this—this was different. The thought of a child, a tiny life I could nurture and protect, stirred something deep within me.

For the first time, the idea of sharing my life with someone didn't feel like a cage. It felt like hope, but more than hope, my baby would be my family. With a deep breath, I placed a hand on my tiny bulge and made my decision. My baby would be showered with love. It would never feel unloved.

I would keep the baby. This was my choice, my future, and no one—not my family, not society—would take it from me. This child was mine. And I had the next six

months to plan its arrival. My mind flitted to its father, but I had no clue who he was or how to contact him.

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“Twins?” I asked the Irish nurse because it must have been her accent, and I didn’t understand her. I decided to speak slowly to her so she could understand me. “No, I’m having one baby.”

I even stuck my finger up so she knew that I was having one baby. She narrowed her eyes at my finger and violently stuck two fingers up at me before wiggling them around in my face.

Rude.

“Two. Yer havin’ two bairns. I mean babies. Two,” she said before her eyes softened, and she stopped sticking her fingers at me. “Ah, know it’s a shock, but yer going to be a Mam. The more, the merrier. They will grow up together, fight together, play together and if yer lucky, love one another rather than trying to do one another in.”

“Two? Two babies?” I asked, giving her both sets of my fingers.

“Yer pushing yer luck, get thay fingers doon,” she cackled as her accent thickened. “Let me show you. Do you want me to see if I can find a wee willie or no?”

“Oh, my god. If it is anything like its father’s, it will look like a third leg,” I said, focusing on the screen. “If you find a penis, can you point it out to me?”

She chuckled. “Ah, surely will.”

I ended up in Northern Ireland to remain hidden but be in Britain long enough to have

the baby—babies. Now that I knew it was twins, I might settle down here or move further south. Moving south meant I would be out of the British system in case Owen was still looking for me.

I left the hospital in shock. A boy and a girl. A son and a daughter. My son and daughter. My life had irrevocably changed. I was terrified and excited, but a strange sense of calm came over me. I would be the best mother I could be to both of my children and when they were old enough, they would see the world with me.

I thought of the Russian and his large specimen that beat the odds against the condoms. Another statistic I learned was that 1 in 5 women get pregnant when using condoms as the only method of contraception. His two fastest swimmers managed to infiltrate not one but two of my eggs. He would never know he had children, but perhaps this was how it was always meant to be.

In four months, I would give birth to my babies and start a new life as a mother. I rubbed my large belly, gently caressing my son and daughter with an overwhelming love blossoming for both of my children. The nurse was right. The twins would always have one another. My family life would be full of love and laughter. My early years of securing my future finances would allow me to be a full-time mother only working when needed.

The fear slipped away as if it was never there, and the bubbling excitement took over as I thought of a new plan.

Fuck fate, I made my own.

Part II

Chapter 4

Rurik

Ireland would be a nice change of pace for me. I loved travelling worldwide for work and met some tremendous people. Our latest expansion was in the fast-growing economy of the African continent. The mutual benefit was set under strict anti-corruption policies, which would see certain countries' infrastructure strengthen. This was the part of my job that I loved.

It helped that my younger brother was far more involved in the business, and I could share the burden, which is why I was able to attend Dublin's Tech Summit. My hacker associate recommended to me there was a piece of kit that I would pay a lot of money to get my hands on. It hadn't been announced yet, but my hacker came through for me, providing me with all the information that I required.

"Straight to the hotel," I said to Maksim. Before tomorrow's event, I needed a massage and a good night's sleep.

The street was alive with noise—cars honking, people laughing, the hum of a city. I barely noticed any of it. My focus narrowed to the woman across the road, her blond hair, longer now, catching the pale sunlight like silk. She turned, and my heart stopped.

It was her.

My body moved before my mind could catch up, my long strides carting me towards her with a desperation I hadn't felt in years. Then I saw them. Two small figures in a double stroller, their dark hair a mirror of mine. The girl had her mother's darker shade of blue eyes, but the boy had mine. Their eyes were wide and curious as they took in the world. My steps faltered as I processed what I was seeing. My chest tightened, and I felt sick.

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Twins. A boy and a girl. My children.

The realisation hit me like a sledgehammer to my chest, knocking the air from my lungs and weakening my legs—that night. The night I thought of, dreamt of—the burst condom. Me spilling myself inside of her, but she was gone. Without a word, she snuck out like a thief carrying my seed inside of her. Now, she was here, in Dublin. She was with them.

My children, my blood.

I clenched my hands to stop them from shaking. I wanted to scream at her. To demand answers but I couldn't take my eyes off my children. They weren't babies anymore. I traced every detail of their faces, bodies and eyes. They were a perfect blend of both of us. They were mine.

Love surged through me, fierce and overwhelming, mingling with the anger. I wanted to hold them, to whisper sweet promises that I didn't know how I could keep. I was a stranger to them. The thought tore at my insides like a raw, open wound.

“You—” I hissed at her but forced myself to stop.

I raised my hand, but she flinched and placed her body before the stroller, shielding the children as if I were a threat. The action gutted me, but I also felt as if someone had thrown a bucket of ice-cold water over me.

“Please,” she whispered. “Not in front of them.” Her eyes darted to the children, their tiny hands clutching their toys, oblivious to the brewing storm around them.

A woman stepped forward, her expression cautious as she gently took the stroller from the blonde. The blonde hesitated, her gaze flickering between me and the woman taking the stroller. My jaw tightened, and my alpha instincts roared to the surface. I would not let her walk away again. Not now. Not ever.

“Take them home,” she whispered before she bent down to whisper to my babies, kissing them.

I grasped her wrist to ensure she didn’t take off, but I watched as the older woman began to walk away with my children briskly.

“No.”

Yet even as I said the word, I knew I needed to speak to her.

“You left,” I said, my voice low and rough. Each word was laced with accusation and pain as I thought about the twins. “You left before I could tell you that the condom burst.”

Her eyes widened until I saw that obstinance in her. The same one from that night. She yanked her wrist from me to cross her arms over her chest.

“We agreed,” she said, her voice steadier now, though her eyes betrayed her unease. “No names. No strings. That was the deal.”

“The deal didn't include this,” I said, pointing in the direction in which the children went. “You kept them from me. You kept my children from me.”

“I didn't know you,” she said, her voice rising. “I didn't know who you were, what kind of a man you were.”

“Did you even try?” I demanded, stepping closer and towering over her.

She opened her mouth to respond, but no sound came from her. All I saw was guilt. Maksim stood by the hotel door with Artyom now beside him. They knew something was wrong and waited for my instructions.

“What is your name?” I said through clenched teeth before I took hold of her wrist again.

“Mariya,” she said, trying to twist her wrist out of my hand.

“Mariya, what?” I asked, checking the road before dragging her behind me.

“Look, I’m on the run trying to avoid my—well, my ex-fiancé and my family,” she said, almost making me stop in the middle of the road.

“Book me in, bring me the key,” I told my men.

Maksim went inside, but Artyom didn’t move. He had my back, and it helped calm me as I soaked in the infuriating woman before me.

“You were saying about your fiancé?” I said sarcastically.

She gave up trying to pull her wrist out of my hold.

“When I met you, I was due to fly to Romania the next day. I was forcibly engaged to an absolute creep who was in my life since I was sixteen—”

“Oh, god. What age are you?” I said, looking her up and down in horror.

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“I just turned twenty-six,” she said, rolling her eyes.

I calculated her age and our children’s. They were a year and a half old.

“What did you name them?” I asked as the crushing sorrow filled me when I thought of their tiny faces.

“Alexei and Tatiana,” she murmured.

I released her wrist to stare at her.

Alexei and Tatiana.

“I wanted them to have something of their father,” she said, looking down the busy street. “I didn’t think that I would see you again.”

“Surname?”

“Harlestone,” she replied.

Never, it should have been Alexei and Tatiana Abrosimov.

Maksim came out with the key and confirmed the room number.

“We need to talk,” I said before pulling her into the hotel.

The shock was wearing off, and my mind jumped into action. Mariya was the mother

of my babies, and I would do whatever it took to negotiate terms with her. She was strong, independent, and intelligent, but I wasn't beyond playing dirty to get her to concede to my wishes.

This was no business deal. This was my flesh and blood. My children. Morals were out the fucking window.

Chapter 5

Mariya

The bloody Russian didn't release my wrist, and his two goons followed us into the lift. The initial shock of seeing him again threw me off, and the thought of him trying to take my children from me terrified me. I tried to pull away from him again, but he leaned down.

"If you don't behave, I can take off my belt," he whispered.

I stopped struggling and looked at his men, but they stood facing the door. The hot memories flooded back to me as if it were yesterday. It had been two years and three months since I last had sex—the story of my life.

The doors pinged and slid open. The men stepped out but waited for us to exit before they followed us down the hall.

"I will send you instructions," the Russian said as he opened a set of double doors.

He moved me into the room, but I saw the two men standing in front of the door, guarding it.

"Are you a criminal?" I blurted out.

“No. Why would you think that?” he asked with his accent deepening, sounding offended.

While he had been looking at our children, I had been looking at him. He hadn't changed at all. His hairstyle, suit and facial features. He released my wrist, and I rubbed the flesh. The feel of his fingers lingered around the flesh, reminding me of the handcuffs. He waved his hand forward for me to step into the room.

“Please take a seat,” he said when we reached the living room.

He certainly loved his spacious hotel accommodation. I sat on the single armchair and fixed the split on my dress. The Russian was busy on his phone and didn't notice, but I realised it was a little late in the day to attempt modesty. I didn't have any concerns about Orla. She would take the children home. She had been with me from the beginning and was the only person I trusted with the children.

“My name is Rurik Abrosimov. I have a global steel manufacturing company, and I can confirm that I am not a criminal. The company is run by me and my younger brother. The men outside usually travel with me. I travel to various countries, and security can be essential at times. I am thirty-eight years old, and I have no children,” he said, shooting out facts as he paced before he paused mid-step. “Who is the woman the children went with?”

For the first time, I looked at him as Alexei and Tatiana's father because he turned pale at the thought of some woman absconding with the twins. I winced, thinking about my father. There wasn't a chance in hell that I would allow my family anywhere near my children.

“That was Orla. She is their nanny and has been with us ever since I gave birth to them,” I said softly, watching as the relief cleared the frown away, and he sat down with a sigh.

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“I looked everywhere for you,” he said, shaking his head before he looked at me.

“I didn’t know about the split condom. If I did, I wouldn’t have left the way I did,” I said, but when his eyes dipped to my neckline, more memories flooded back.

I guess I knew why the twins loved their breast milk so much.

“I want to see them,” he said, raising his eyes.

Fear struck my heart again, but they were his children. I considered how the children would react to him. He spoke again while I was mulling over the dilemma.

“That is non-negotiable,” he said. His icy voice made me shiver. “I missed everything.”

This was not in my plan. Fucking fate was here to uproot me again.

“Where do you live?”

“I have homes all over, but our company is based in Russia,” he said before he stood up again.

He stuffed his hands into his trouser pockets and walked toward the balcony windows until I could no longer see his face.

“I am willing to do whatever it takes to spend time with my children. I missed your pregnancy, their birth and the most vital formative part of their young lives. They are

as much mine as they are yours, Mariya,” he said, and I closed my eyes.

They were all facts that I couldn’t deny.

“Rurik, a sudden change will unsettle them. I keep them in a tight routine and ensure they have a secure and stable environment.”

“I have no intention of waiting, Mariya. If you deny me access—”

His words trailed off, leaving the threat dangling in the air between us.

“What do you want?” I said flatly.

“At this point, all I want is to see them again. Now,” he said, turning to face me while the sun shone into the room. It made him look larger than life.

I swallowed down my fear. There was no part in my past that I felt genuine fear, but the thought of losing my children terrified me.

“Will you—I mean can—have you—”

My mind was divided as I tried to verbalise a series of questions. He was a one-night stand with consequences. I didn't know him.

“I will follow your lead,” he said, cutting into my rambling. “Do you reside in Dublin?”

“For now. I was waiting until Tatiana and Alexei were a little older to move,” I said with a sigh.

He remained silent before he returned and sat down.

“Tell me everything about them,” he said earnestly, and I pulled my phone out before joining him on his couch.

I went back to the beginning, the weekly pictures of my bump that I was obsessed with. The images of their scans. Their birth and he looked at every single photo of them since then. I added a few comments for some of the pictures to give context or additional information. He laughed at some of their antics and commented on the outfits I chose for the holidays.

“I can send you all their videos. I record everything,” I said when he got to the end, but he didn't look away from the picture.

I couldn't blame him. It was one where Tatiana was hugging Alexei, and he had a huge grin on his face while she was smiling and looking up at him.

“I missed all this,” he choked out. “Look at them. My—our children.”

I wiped my eyes because I often wondered if I ever saw him again and how he would react. The men in my life were always selfish, and had I not had the twins, my heart may have hardened from the weight of my past.

“They truly are special,” I said when I could talk again.

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“They are,” he said, but this time, there was a steely resolve in his voice that put me on edge again.

“Their home is their sanctuary, and I do not raise my voice or scare them in any way,” I said with an equally hard voice.

There were some memories that never left you. As a child, I had many that I chose to ignore, but now I would be introducing a new person in their young, impressionable lives, I needed to be careful.

“Understood,” he said as he eyed me speculatively before he stared at my breasts again.

My dress wasn't low cut, and his gaze almost made me look down in case I had a boob hanging out like in the early of feeding the twins. I gasped when I realised the cotton pads were wet.

“Uh, I have to go,” I said, standing up.

“No,” he said, shooting up.

I stomped my foot down angrily, losing my patience with him.

“No, I really have to go. I don't have my express machine with me, and the kids will want their milk.”

His jaw slackened, his lips parted, and his eyes dropped to my breasts.

“You're still breastfeeding them?” he choked out.

I narrowed my eyes at him and scowled at him.

“A two-year period is recommended—” I began to say, ready to spit out all my research data, until I saw him lick his lips.

“If you need some assistance with your breasts, then I am more than happy to help you,” he said, his eyes lighting up with an unholy glow as taking a step closer.

I glanced at his crotch, and sure enough, there was a prominent bulge in his trousers.

“We need to go,” I said, crossing my arms over the breasts that were hypnotising him.

Yet it took every last bit of my resolve not to look down at his dick again.

Chapter 6

Rurik

My deviant appetite was rearing its ugly head at the most inconvenient timing, but her breasts were much larger than before. When she said that she was still breastfeeding our children, I died and went to mammary gland heaven. In one day, I became a father, and my long-lost one-night stand was lactating.

I didn't care about Fate or God at this point because I would be keeping it all.

Every plan I considered went out of the window because I was not leaving Dublin without them. While I was in the car, I messaged my hacker and told her what I needed, giving her a 24-hour deadline in exchange for a handsome fee. In the beginning, I wasn't sure if it was a man or a woman, but after dealing with her for

years, I knew the White Rabbit was a young woman.

I glanced at the wet patches on her breasts. They seemed to have grown larger since I last looked, or it could have been my crazy brain. The light khaki material was saturated from her milk. She was on the phone with the nanny while I lamented the fact that all that precious milk was being wasted.

“Drive faster,” I said to Maksim, who met my eyes in the rearview mirror.

The fucker was smiling. They all knew about her running away, and after my text message updates, they were aware that the twins were mine. Artyom would be staying behind to watch over them all.

Mariya sent me pictures and videos, which I would send to Akim when I returned to the hotel. He was an uncle. My parents were grandparents. I couldn't wait to share my news and pictures with them. My heart was pounding with excitement, and I glanced at Mariya, she was perfect for what I needed.

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Her house was very elegant, with light-coloured decor, a modern kitchen, and a comfortable living room that had an array of toys. She had a quick word with Orla, the live-in nanny before she vanished with the twins. I gave her a few moments until I followed her, checking the rooms, pausing at the twins' bedroom before I cracked her door open to see her lying on the bed with her back propped up by the headboard.

Both of my children were attached to her breasts while they each rested a hand on her breast. She had her arms around each of them, gently talking to them. Her dress lay open, and I couldn't look away even if I tried. I held my breath when I remembered the point of no return when I came inside of her—the moment of conception.

I was their father and unable to join them in this intimate moment, but no matter how much it hurt, I couldn't look away. When the twins had their fill, they moved away and began to play on the bed, having an unintelligible conversation with one another. The one word they used was mama. I moved away as Mariya got up to change her clothes.

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When the trio returned, Mariya was behind them as they ran into the living room. They stopped to stare at me, those blueeyes bright with both curiosity and wariness. I smiled warmly at them.

“Hello,” I said, giving them a little wave. My heart was melting when Tatiana shyly turned into her mother’s leg.

Alexei continued to stare at me. He wasn’t as shy as my princess. My chest puffed out, and I thought of my brother. I could see both of us in Alexei.

“Alexei, Tatiana, this is your daddy,” Mariya said, and I looked up at her in shock.

I wanted this, but I was shocked because I thought she would want to go slow.

“Daddy got lost, but he found you again,” she said as she knelt.

I didn’t miss that she left herself out of the equation. Tatiana looked at me before looking at her brother.

“Hello, Alexei, Tatiana, I’m sorry I was late,” I said, trying not to wince.

“They are young, their mind is about to hit an explosive learning rate, and it was best to tell them the truth,” Mariya said as Tatiana sat on her knee. “They aren’t used to having any men in the house.”

I nodded before sliding off the couch and sitting on the floor to be on their level. I held my hand up for a high five with Alexei and he giggled before he slapped my

hand as hard as he could. With that, he was off playing with a train on a set of train tracks. Tatiana remained with Mariya, but it didn't matter because they were before my eyes.

Mariya sent me a copy of their routine from morning to bedtime. It didn't surprise me in the least that she had this on her phone. I stayed until they were fed, bathed and tucked in. I hovered around, taking in everything Mariya and Orla did. I could see how much a regular routine benefitted the twins. The twins were in sync with the adults for their bedtime ritual. As much as I admired Mariya for what she had achieved, it didn't stop me from planning what I would do next.

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I remained awake well into the early morning, reading everything there was on Mariya Harlestone. Her mother, Bethany, her father, Alan, her brother, Julian and the ex-prick Owen Chartwell. The Rabbit had pulled emails, documents, text messages and relevant social media content. There were government and medical data. I needed to add my name on the twins birth certificate, and the documentation was helpful.

She did well for herself financially and making key choices early on helped her build her wealth. We couldn't access her Bitcoin wallet yet, but I suspected that this was where she had kept most of her savings. To me, trading was similar to gambling, taking a risk in the markets, but she only took calculated risks. Dublin properties were expensive, yet she bought her home outright. She supported herself and our children with ease.

My family were more than excited to meet the twins. I was on the phone with my brother when I broke the news to him and sent the pictures. It took him a long time to respond. We didn't need words between us. My parents were a little trickier with their instant demand to meet Alexei and Tatiana.

Each time I said their names or thought of them, my wicked brain dredged up images of Mariya from our night together or the current version with her milky goodness dripping out of her. The image of her feeding my children was seared into my brain.

I was a greedy man because I wanted them all.

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The two-day Tech Summit was forgotten while I focused my every waking minute on endearing myself to Tatiana and Alexei. My formidable suits were gone, and I wore my civilian clothing so as not to intimidate them. Once Alexei accepted me as a playmate, Tatiana followed suit, showing me how to paint. With the ice broken, they welcomed me into their world, small, trusting and terrifying.

I woke up in cold sweats, knowing they weren't with me. Spooked that something would happen to them or Mariya would run away again. Artyom never left them during the night, and I was with them all day. As the days passed, my love grew stronger for my children, but my thoughts grew darker for their mother. My obsession was eating me alive.

It took me almost two weeks until all three of them were comfortable with me.

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My children had a healthy appetite for breast milk. I stood in my usual spot, peering into the room. It burned my insides up, knowing what I missed. Mariya was precise enough to document her pregnancy like a scientific researcher, but it wasn't enough for me. I wanted to breed her. To see her pregnant with my seed and be beside her as her body changed. I wanted to feel our baby inside her belly, but most of all, I wanted to see those nipples, dripping with milk, feed our baby.

I needed everything that I missed with Alexei and Tatiana.

She owed me.

And I would take her.

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I stood over Mariya as she slept. My aeroplane was ready, and a note was left for Orla, along with a first-class ticket to join us. Mariya's home would be packed up, and everything would be transported to our new home to ensure the twins were not disturbed by the sudden change of home.

Maksim and Artyom had the twins. I placed the cloth over her face to watch her panicked eyes under the dimly moonlit room. She recognised me before she fell unconscious. The darkness in me revelled because soon, she would be exactly what I wanted her to become.

The new form of chloroform was a gift from my friend Stefanos, who assured me that it carried no risks. I couldn't contaminate my children's milk, so his drug was perfect. I peeled her covers back to take Mariya to the car, locking the door behind me.

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It was time to bring my family home.

Chapter 7

Mariya

My head felt heavy, and I was trying to force my eyes open, but it took too much effort. It was a battle until my mouth and nose was covered. The sweet scent made me inhale until I remembered. Rurik. He did something, but before I could fully grasp the thought, I slipped back into unconsciousness.

I jerked awake, gasping and clutching my throat, feeling a tightness there, but my fingers traced around a strap of material around my neck. I blinked as I looked around. The room was bizarre. There were various pieces of furniture, and—I slowly looked up to see a section of the wall with wooden slats, straw on the floor, and metal bars around a padded bench with metal canisters.

What was this?

When I moved, there was movement. That was the moment fear shot through me. The material around my neck was a collar. My head was too woozy as I tried to comprehend what was happening. The bed was a futon-styled one on the floor. The night dress I wore was gone.

The twins.

Rurik. Did he do this to me?

I glanced up at the stable set up on the far side of the room. It resembled a barn. There was a distinct scent of disinfectant in the air. Observing the rest of the clinical white room made me shiver.

When I wrapped the sheets around me, a bell jingled. I glanced down to see a brass oblong bell hanging off the collar. The bell didn't shock me as much as the chain that dangled down did. My eyes followed the length to see it was attached to a metal loop secured to the wall.

The door opened, and Rurik walked in. He closed the door, but not before I noticed the electronic lock on it.

"Good morning," Rurik's voice cut through the silence, calm and smooth.

He stepped closer, his movements deliberate, causing my breath to hitch and remind me of the collar around my neck. His shadow loomed over me as he stood at the edge of the futon.

"Where—where are the twins?" I managed to ask, but my voice trembled.

"Safe," he replied, his lips curling into a faint smile. "They're sleeping. But you...you're awake now. And we have so much to discuss."

He crouched down and touched my cheek, but I flinched away from the madman's touch. This wasn't the person I thought I knew. His icy blue eyes were cold and calculating, nothing like the warm father I'd seen him become.

"You took them from me, Mariya," he whispered with a manic look appearing in his eyes before it dimmed down. "But I've brought you home. This room...it's for us. For our future."

My eyes darted around the room but returned to the canisters to notice the tubes. I had no idea what he intended to do to me, but the panic began to claw at my chest.

“Rurik, please... this isn’t right. Let me go. Let us go,” I said, desperately trying to appeal to the man who had spent two weeks with us. But his calm demeanour didn’t waver, and I knew my pleas were futile.

“You’re perfect, Mariya. Your body, your milk...it’s all for me. For us. I’ve designed this room specifically for you. Every detail, every piece of equipment—it’s all to help you fulfil your purpose.”

His tone was almost reverent, as if he was describing something beautiful rather than horrifying.

“Our children...they’re perfect, just like you. But I missed so much, Mariya. Their first steps, their first words...you took that from me. I’ve already planned their education and their future. They’ll never want for anything. And you...you’ll be there for them, just as you’ll be here for me.”

“Are you hearing yourself?” I cried, my mind battling with his twisted words. “This—this is madness.”

“No, this is fate. We’ll have another, Mariya—a sibling for the twins. I’ve already planned it. This time, I’ll be there for everything—your pregnancy, the birth, every moment. I won’t miss a thing.”

I gasped at his words, and my hand flew to my belly as if to protect my womb from him. This was far worse than anything I experienced with Owen. This was fucking fate tossing another obsessed freak in my path. One that I procreated life with.

“Don’t look at me like that. This is what we’re meant to do. You’ll give me another

child, and I'll make sure you're cherished for it."

"Oh, God. Stop talking," I said, covering my ears, not caring that the blanket fell onto my lap.

His eyes dropped to my breasts, and I recognised the burning desire from our night together, only now the intensity was burning wildly like a raging inferno.

"I've thought of you every day, Mariya—every single day. You're mine. You've always been mine. And now...you'll learn to be my huco."

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“W-What?” I whispered in horror as my skin crawled at his suffocating words.

A faint smile appeared, and he traced a finger around my nipple.

“My human cow,” he said before he pushed me back on the bed.

He moved so fast, and I was still trying to process his words when his hand held my throat, and his lips closed over my nipple. He began to suck hard and fast, drawing my milk from me. His moan was loud but muffled, and he sucked harder until I hissed in pain. I blindly gripped the soft cotton T-shirt he wore, but it didn't help.

“Rurik—”

He pulled back, and a droplet of white milk was on his lip, licking it off before he stared at me with hungry eyes.

“In this room, you will call me Owner and moo for me. You can fight me all you want, but it won't change anything. This is your life now—our life. You'll learn to accept it because this is our second chance, and I won't let you run away again,” he said before he bent down to suck on my other nipple.

I heard him gulp and swallow as he hungrily drank from me. The true horror of this nightmare sank in when I realised that some of his proclamations made my heart race faster and made me ache for release.

“The children—” I said, trying one last time, and felt him release my nipple.

“They’re being looked after. They drank from you while you slept. They’re my children too. I would never harm them,” he said, cupping my breasts. “If you’re a good girl, you can see them today.”

I glared at him, ready to blast him to hell and back, only to see a teasing smile on his lips, daring me to act out against him. With narrowed and pursed lips, I flung my head back, muttering under my breath.

“Wise choice. I doubt you will like your punishment if you’re a bad cow,” he said before his tongue lapped up a stray drop of milk running down from my nipple.

I lay staring at the ceiling, ashamed of myself for enjoying his touch—ashamed of the desire I felt but, at the same time, relieved to be something more than a mother. I couldn’t recall the last time I thought of myself as a woman. I was sure the guilt and revulsion would come later, but for now, I closed my eyes, trying to switch off from the rollercoaster of emotions.

Fucking fate.

Chapter 8

Rurik

She was perfect. Her body was made for this. For me.

I released her nipple to study her breasts. They were fully embodied with the nutritional milk she carried. These nipples were a fucking work of art. The breasts that I’d been spying on for weeks. The taste of her milk lingered on my lips, sweet and rich.

A slow, satisfied smile spread across my face when I noticed that she was lying

down. Mariya's silence was all the confirmation I required. There was no screaming or crying. Some part of her acknowledged that I would never harm our children.

I never once mentioned my pet play fantasies to her, and now she was plunged into the deep end. She would slowly learn the rules in the milking room while I corrupted her polite English sensibilities.

An image of her kneeling before me, obedient and submissive, her body responding to my touch. The thought filled me with a twisted sense of pride. When the breeding season came, she would be strapped to the milking station, helpless to stop me from breeding her again. Forced to enjoy my dark appetite—all while being milked by the machine. Our playroom would be our retreat.

She'll be my masterpiece. My perfect hucow. She'll be completely mine.

My mouth watered as a big fat drop of milk formed on her nipple; knowing the twins were fed and down for their nap, I indulged in my debauched desire by latching onto her breast, sucking and tugging on her rosy pink nipple while massaging her other fat globe of flesh.

She made a hissing sound before she moaned. In response, I slid my hand between her thighs to burrow a path there. After a slight resistance, she relaxed her muscles while I touched her pussy. Her wet pussy.

“Moya gryaznaya korova mokraya,” I muttered.

“What did you say?”

“I said my dirty little cow is wet,” I said against her breast before I switched sides again. “I might let you cum if you moo for me.”

“Rurik,” she said my name with frustration and warning clear in her tone.

“Do you know how many times I dreamt about this pussy?Mypussy,” I said, feeling the unreasonable anger rise within me.

The pussy that she took away from me. The one I bred.The one I intended to flood with my seed in the next three days.

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It didn't stop me from sliding two fingers inside her. I knew everything she did after we parted ways, and there was never any evidence of another man. My hypocrisy knew no bounds when it came to Mariya because I knew how passionate our night was. Part of me was grateful she had twins, and there was no time for any bastard to make a move on her. I didn't want to share her with anyone else. I wanted to own her.

Her pussy clung to my fingers, she was tight. I slid my fingers back before looking at her protruding nipple. The outer shape was in a perfect circle, a target. I couldn't wait to see the suction cups on her. My cock was flooding my pants, but I didn't care.

I thrust my fingers back inside her hot pussy, with a satisfied grunt when it coated my fingers with more of her arousal. I covered her entire nipple and gently sucked on it, licking the tasty peak until she began to pant. I traced my thumb from her clit to my fingers until she moaned. Her little bell jangled as she moved, and I wanted my pretty cow to moo for me.

“Are you going to moo for me, Mariya? Do you want to cum?”

When she didn't reply, I pulled away from her.

“No,” she gasped.

“Go on then,” I said, toying with her clit, but I let my fingers rest over her wet cunt.

“Oh—fuck. What is wrong with you?”

“Many things, but that won't help you right now,” I said, rubbing my fingers over her

labia. “Moo for me, moya korova,” My cow.

Her eyes were shut tight, but through gritted teeth, she mooed for me. It was strained, but it was a good start.

“Again,” I demanded.

“Moo. Moooo!” she said, and I pushed my fingers back inside her.

“Khoroshaya korova. Do you want my cock inside you, Mariya,” I said, crooning her name. Good cow. “Bare, no condom.”

“No—yes, maybe. I don't—yes,” she mumbled but agreed when I began to plunge my fingers in and out of her.

I was off her in a shot and shoved my pants and underwear down my legs, not bothering to remove my T-shirt. I remembered every inch of her milky white skin. Her belly had warrior marks on it from carrying our children.

My jaw tightened at what I missed out on, but not this time—this time, I would watch her skin stretch. For the last two weeks, I have not remained idle. I studied everything about breeding, pregnancy and breastfeeding.

“Get on your hands and knees, little cow,” I said, fisting my cock while I looked at her white and black cow collar with the cowbell on it.

She was staring at my dick with ravenous eyes before she rolled over and pushed her ass in the air, showcasing her pretty cunt as she got into position. The chain dangled from her collar, and I moved to kneel behind her.

I brushed her golden hair until it lay on her back. It was halfway down her back, and

similar to before, it was feathered in different lengths. She parted her legs for me, spreading them open.

“My dirty cow. Do you want your Owner to fuck your wet hole,” I said, leaning over to play with her dangling milky tits.

“Mooooooo,” she said, making me groan at her obedience.

“It’s going to be a tight stretch again,” I warned, releasing her breasts to rub my cock along her wet slit, giving my dick a good sniff of her.

She pushed herself back, trying to force me to mount her. I grabbed her chain and rested my cock between the crack of her ass.

“Bad cow,” I said, chuckling at her desperate movement. “Moo for me again, Mariya. Do it, and I will give you what you want.”

The series of moo sounds she made were gentle and cajoling. Five—six.

I pushed my cock down the crack of her ass, grazing her asshole with the top before easing it into her gushing pussy. She never hesitated but pushed herself back onto me with her pussy swallowing half of my length. I wrapped the chain around my hand to yank her head up.

“I do the fucking in this room,” I growled at her before I slammed myself into her, feeling her hole stretch for me.

The combination of her pussy soaking my bare cock, along with the sound of her cowbell and cry, made me grip her hip. I held her steady, reminiscing about our night together.

“Mine. My cunt, my tits. You are my little hucow now,” I said before using the chain and my grip on her hip to fuck her on and off my dick.

“Ugh...oh. Oh,” she began to moan as I moved my hand on her ass to grip the soft flesh, moving her as I slammed my hips forward.

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“No more fucking condoms for you,” I snarled as I saw how wet my dick was. There was no need for lube. “Cows don't need condoms. They are made for breeding and milking.”

I let go of the chain and watched her head drop before I pushed her head into the bed, using both hands to hold her as I swung my hips back and forth. Her little asshole was on display, but it was her tight pussy that I focused on as I sawed in and out of her, watching her pussy around my dick stretch. It moved in tandem with my thrusts. I plunged into her as deep as I could until I felt my balls smack off her pussy.

“Yeah, rightthere. Nice and deep. Do you remember?”

She was too busy holding onto the bed and rubbing her face in it. Her little cowbell was jingling away beneath her. I moved closer and lifted one leg to drive my thrusts harder. She would feel my girth in her abused little hole hours from now. The sound of my balls slapping against her cunt joined her moans and cries.

“That’s it. Take yourOwner’scock, little cow,” I said, leaning over to move her arm out of my way, reaching beneath her to find those wet nipples. I tugged and tweaked her nipple until I felt her milk soak my fingers. “Yes, you will make a fine milking cow,” I growled, feeling my balls tighten up and my dick grew rigid.

She began to grunt and tried to push back on me as I drove into her. I pinched her milky nipple, and that was all it took for her to scream into the bed. A memory from that night made me pant and fuck her harder. Those sweet screams.

I pummelled her harder, using her cum to drive deep, feeling her clench around me

until I roared and began to shoot my seed inside her. That feeling of draining my balls into her was like no other. No condom, just her sweet tight wet cunt clutching at me, milking me dry.

When the cold reality dawned on me, I almost had tears in my eyes at the thought of sharing her with the twins, but when I thought of my babies innocent, sweet faces, I relaxed.

Then I could share her with.

Chapter 9

Mariya

I slumped on the bed with sweat dripping down me. The desperate ache was gone for now but damn. I'd forgotten how good our night was. As time passed, I thought I was embellishing it in my head that it was due to the lack of sex.

"My God," Rurik said before he collapsed beside me, gripping my ass and taking me with him. "I missed this pussy," he sighed, nudging his hard cock inside me.

"Moo," I said flatly but smiled when he chuckled. "I want to see the twins."

"Fine, but you're sleeping down here until you are trained and bred," he said, pulling me back onto his chest.

"This is some weird fetish you have," I said lightly.

"You will enjoy being my pet cow," he said, sliding his hand over my hip before he kissed my neck. "I'm surprised you haven't asked where we are."

“Probably in Russia somewhere,” I said, smiling when his hand stopped.

“What makes you think that?” he said casually.

“I analyse, remember? You would want us on your turf, and your family has been going crazy over the twins.”

“At least our children will be intelligent,” he muttered.

“You probably killed some of my brain cells when you drugged me,” I said with a frown.

“No, my friend uses it on his wife. He said it is entirely safe.”

“What?!” I said, turning to face him, but he was serious. “Why would anyone drug their wife?”

He shrugged. “Everyone has their fetishes.”

“I guess I must be vanilla,” I said, still frowning before sighing. “Feed me or suffer the consequences.”

“Yeah? What consequences?”

“No milk production.”

“Fuck,” he said, jerking up, pulling out of me and stomping off the bed.

I watched him put his pants on, leaving his tidy white boxers on the floor before striding towards the door. When the door closed behind him, I pulled the covers over me and wondered why I wasn't freaking out. It wasn't the sex. When he was cumming

inside of me, I thought of Alexei and Tatiana.

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Every day, they grew more independent, making me broody or want to baby them. They needed patience and a mother who allowed them to become independent. Their next six to twelve months were a very important part of their development.

Rurik was everything that my father wasn't. I watched him, especially with Tatiana, but he adored her. He doted over both of them. I would spy on them, seeing the love and pride shine so brightly from him. The gentle whispering, supportive cajoling and the laughter they all shared. This time, I wouldn't be alone in my pregnancy.

Childbirth was the scariest part, not because I couldn't face it but because I'd been terrified that if anything happened to me, my babies would end up in the system or, worse, at my parent's house. For this reason, I made an airtight will. Then Orla came into my life, and I adjusted the will after the twin's first birthday, naming Orla as the twin's guardian.

Damn. I needed to contact her, or she would call the Gardaí to lodge a missing persons report.

The story of my life.

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When Rurik returned with a mountain of food, while I was swinging the chain that bound me to the wall.

“Is this really necessary?” I said sarcastically.

“Probably. I have a feeling you could hack the electronic door lock,” he said with a grin. “The chain is long enough to get you to the bathroom.”

I’d inspected the room while he was gone. The milking machine wasn’t as ominous as it looked. It was a giant milk pump. The bathroom looked newly fitted, which made me suspect he had set this room up recently. There were some wardrobes with more cow kink in them.

“I need to call Orla, or she will call the Gardaí—I mean the police,” I said, looking at the ribs, vegetables, rice and fruit. Not a beetroot in sight.

“She is coming today,” I left her a note telling her about your sudden decision to move in with me.

“She knows me better than that,” I said, rolling my eyes before digging into the food. “I’m going to need more,” I moaned as I tried the rice with the sweet and spicy ribs. “Mmmnh...this is so good.”

“I cooked this for lunch. It was ready, which is why I didn’t make you breakfast. “Maksim and Artyom are feeding the twins.”

I smiled at the thought of the twins running circles around them.

“I don’t believe you cooked this,” I said, foregoing the fork and lifting a rib.

When he didn’t answer, I glanced up to see his eyes fixated on my breasts since my sheet had slipped down. He was beyond obsessed. I studied him as I ripped a piece of the succulent meat off the bone. He had such a dominant personality. The last time we fucked, it had been a tug of war.

I considered my new situation and decided it would be a new experience for me if I

pushed his limits and resisted his plans. We could both get off on it because I wasn't naturally submissive.

"Do I get a safe word?" I asked, testing the water.

"No," he said immediately, tearing his eyes away from my breasts.

"And if I resist your plans for me?" I said softly.

"All the better for me to whip your ass until you simply take what I give you," he said with a predatory smile.

I glanced at my plate to hide my smile. All my life, I had to be responsible, watching my back against my family, studying and working. I never got the chance to act out or be a brat. Perhaps it was my time to shine. I loved the belting he gave me last time.

"Terms?" I asked before picking up the fork to have some more rice.

"Non-negotiable," he said, making me frown.

"And if I try to run away?"

A dark shadow passed over his face, and any amusement there was gone.

"You don't want to know the answer to that, Mariya. If you ever tried to take my children and leave—" he said but abruptly stopped to stare at me. His eyes were as cold as ice. "Then you'll stay here. In this room. Away from them. You'll watch as they grow up without you. As they learn to live without their mother. Is that what you want, Mariya? To be a stranger to your own children?"

I swallowed the rice before I ended up choking on it and took a sip of the cold water.

Any thoughts of fun and games were gone as things took a dark turn.

“They wouldn't forget me,” I said bravely after I put the glass back on the tray.

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Even as I said the words I knew with enough time he could wipe my memory from their young minds. The chilling fear in my heart stabbed at it like shards of ice, but my fight to survive in this world wouldn't allow me to accept his words.

“Like you said, they are young enough to adapt,” he said with an unreadable expression. “I won't miss another day without my children.”

“Then I best make damn sure you don't find us because if you mistreat us in any way, I would willingly sacrifice my life to ensure my children's well-being,” I said softly.

“Ourchildren,” he said just as softly. “And there wouldn't be a single country you could hide in. Especially since I have all your passports.”

“Thanks for the heads up,” I said, silently fuming.

I was close to telling him to pick up his boxers and fuck off, but I needed to see Tatiana and Alexei. What I did do was give him the death stare while I ate. I couldn't trust him.

Chapter 10

Rurik

Our eyes were daring the other to look away, but from the moment I met the twenty-three-year-old, she had been challenging me. I was using our children as leverage to back her into a corner, but by the look of things, I did the right thing by locking away their passports.

Grains of rice fell out of her mouth, and she was blindly stabbing at the plate with her fork, making a mess, but she didn't look away. She looked so feral that I almost smiled. The fire in this woman made me want to fuck her and simultaneously whip her ass raw. If she tried to take my children and leave, she would promptly see a very different side to me.

“You will be on a strict diet to help you produce more milk,” I said with a smirk. “Only the best for me and my babies.”

When her right eye began to twitch, she finally looked away. I couldn't wait for her to wear her full Hucow outfit. That would knock the sass right out of her.

“You know, I would have thought you learnt your lesson,” I said casually, but her head snapped up, and she scrunched her eyes up suspiciously at me. “Still not on any birth control. It's as if you're begging to be bred.”

“Why the fuck should I pollute my body with chemicals and hormones?” she snapped at me, tossing the fork down like an errant child. “Why don't men take the responsibility?”

“I did. Look what happened.” I said, raising my hands before shrugging my shoulders.

“That condom burst because you were hammering away at me like a rabbit on crack,” she said before pointing to my dick. “That thing needs to come with some kind of international health warning.”

She began to mutter about internationally diseased dicks.

“The more you misbehave, the longer you stay down here. I suggest you speak to me with respect. You do want to see the children, don't you?”

“This could have gone down very differently, Rurik,” she said with anger blazing in her eyes.

“Let me lay the rules for the milking room. When you are in this room, you refer to me as Owner or Sir. If you are fully dressed as a cow, you will only moo unless I give you permission to speak. You obey every instruction I give you. If you can't adhere to the training process or consistently disobey, then I will punish you according to your crime.”

“I need to be with the twins,” she said tightly.

“And you will...once you complete all your training to my satisfaction. I will give you some time to mull it over. Orla will be here tonight. If you try and get her to help you in any way, she will be on the next flight home, and I will hire a new nanny,” I said, watching her eyes widen at that piece of information. “I know everything, Mariya.”

“B-but she will suspect something is wrong.”

“Then it’s up to you to convince her.”

I gathered everything up, leaving her with a bottle of water and left her in the room. She needed to stew a little before I let her see the twins.

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The routine was working out great, but as the evening grew close, I could tell from the way they kept looking at the doorway and how they huddled together that they missed their mother.

“Do you want to see mama?” I asked them, and both little heads turned towards me

before nodding.

I kept them busy all day. They were tired from the travelling and their activities. They explored the house and had fun swimming and playing. All three of us. The initial part of my plan was always doomed to be tough, but my long-term vision for the future was a prize for all of us.

“Come here and give Daddy a big cuddle,” I said as I knelt on the floor and watched my children run toward me.

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I scooped up their little bodies and twirled them around, listening to their sounds of delighted laughter, taking in the fresh scent of the outdoors and their baby shampoo from them.

We would be one big happy family once Mariya adjusted to her new role.

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When I pressed my thumb on the keypad, I heard the door unlock, and I pushed it open to see Mariya sitting on the bed with her head on her knees. She looked up slowly, but there was no anger in her eyes or body language—only defeat.

“It’s time to feed them,” I said, walking toward the bed to toss her the dress.

I chose a one-piece wrap-around dress that would have easy access to her breasts. She caught the dress in the air before she quickly stood up to put it on while I pulled out the key for her collar. When the silence stretched between us, I moved closer to unlock her collar.

“You can’t do this. Tatiana and Alexei need me. I’m their mother,” she whispered as I unlocked her collar.

“They have you for now. I explained my terms to you, but I am aware of why you escaped your arranged marriage and your family. I am aware of how long you have been fighting alone. Submission does not mean that you lose your strength,” I said smoothly while pushing her golden strands of hair back. “I won’t deny that my reasoning is also for selfish purposes. To spend time with the twins alone. I want to

make up for the lost time. For them to see me as their father.”

Her shoulders were tense, and the arms she had crossed over her chest in a protective manner were tight, with her nails digging into her arms.

“Think about it,” I said, dropping my voice to a low, almost soothing tone. “If you submit to this. If you let me train you, you’ll have more time with them. More than just a few minutes here and there. You’ll have the freedom to move through the house—to be with Alexei and Tatiana whenever you want. Isn’t that what you’ve been fighting for?”

Her eyes flicked to his, and I saw the conflict there—the suspicion, the fear, but also the desperate longing. She wanted to believe me, but she didn’t trust me. Not yet. Her breath hitched, and she looked away again, but I could see the tears welling in her eyes. I stepped closer, close enough to feel the heat of her body, to see the way her chest rose and fell with each shaky breath.

“This isn’t about control,” I said softly, though we both knew it was a lie. “It’s about taking care of you. About giving you what you need, even if you don’t realise it yet. Let me help you, Mariya. Let me take the weight off your shoulders.”

For a long moment, she was silent, her gaze fixed on the floor. Then, slowly, she nodded, her shoulders slumping in defeat. “Fine,” she whispered. “I’ll do it. But I want more time with them. Promise me.”

I reached out, my fingers brushing against her chin as I tilted her face up to meet my gaze. “You’ll have it,” I said, keeping my voice firm. “But only if you prove yourself. Only if you give yourself fully to this.”

She swallowed hard, her eyes searching mine for any sign of deception. But I was careful, my expression unreadable. I had her now, and we both knew it.

“Good,” he said, stepping back. “Then we begin tomorrow.”

Chapter 11

Mariya

The room was quiet as I sat on the edge of the bed, my hands trembling slightly as I waited. Rurik’s words weighed heavily on me. My heart thudded in my chest, a mix of anticipation and dread swirling within me. I hadn’t seen them in what felt like an eternity—my babies, my twins. The door creaked open, and there they were.

Alexei and Tatiana toddled in, their little faces lighting up the moment they saw me. Their dark brown hair, so much like their father’s, framed their cherubic faces. Tatiana’s eyes, a deep, soulful blue like my own, widened with recognition, while Alexei’s pale, icy blue eyes—Rurik’s eyes—sparkled with excitement. They seemed so much bigger, 18 months old and full of life, but to me, they would always be my babies.

“Mama!” Tatiana squealed, her tiny voice piercing the silence as she rushed forward, arms outstretched. Alexei was close behind, babbling incoherently but with equal enthusiasm. My breath caught in her throat as I reached for them, pulling them into my arms. Their warmth, their scent, the way their little hands clung to me—it was overwhelming. Tears pricked at the corners of my eyes, but I blinked them away, unwilling to let Rurik see my vulnerability.

They chattered excitedly, their words tumbling over one another in a jumble of half-formed sentences and giggles. Tatiana pointed to the window, babbling about the birds she’d seen, while Alexei tugged at my sleeve, trying to show me a toy he’d been clutching. I laughed softly, my heart swelling with love even as a pang of guilt twisted in my chest. I needed to be here for them. Nothing else mattered.

As they settled onto the bed, their energy began to wane, and their babbling turned to soft murmurs. Tatiana nestled against my side while Alexei climbed into my lap, his head resting against my chest. My hands moved instinctively, stroking their soft hair as they nuzzled closer.

I parted the dress, and as they began to nurse, a strange conflict stirred within me. I hated Rurik for what he was doing, for the way he had bound me to him through these children. And yet, as I looked down at their peaceful faces, their tiny hands clutching at me, I couldn't deny the fierce love I felt for them. The nagging questions that plagued me returned.

Would it be so terrible to have another child? A sibling for the twins?

My gaze flickered to Rurik, who sat in a chair beside the bed, his eyes fixed on the scene before him. His expression was unreadable, but there was a softness in his gaze as he watched the twins—a tenderness that surprised me. For a moment, I almost believed he was capable of love. But then his eyes met mine, and the softness vanished, replaced by something darker, more primal. His desire for me was unmistakable, a hunger that went beyond the physical. It was possessive and all-consuming, sending a shiver down my spine.

I looked away, focusing instead on the twins. I stroked their heads, my fingers trembling slightly as I tried to push aside the conflicting emotions raging within me. They were my children, my precious babies, and no matter what I felt for Rurik, I would do anything to protect them, even if it meant enduring his presence, his touch, his control.

As the twins drifted off to sleep, their little bodies warm and heavy against mine, I felt a strange sense of peace settle over me. For now, at this moment, they were safe. And for now, that was enough.

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Orla came late last night, and Maksim picked her up from the airport. Knowing the children had her while I was stuck down here was a relief. Rurik was taking no chances. There were two locked doors before we reached a third to get upstairs. I wasn't surprised to see his lavish house. The man was excessively wealthy.

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He brought me a book along with my breakfast but that wasn't what I was looking at. It was the HuCow outfit he left on the futon. I lifted the thin mesh cow costume and stood up to put it on, sliding my feet through the material. It reminded me of a catsuit, only this had holes in the chest and crotch area.

It was a full-body cow suit that left me with no modesty. The horn and ear headband was next. I glanced down at my bare breasts. They ached since the twins didn't breastfeed this morning.

It wasn't long until I heard the lock mechanism. Taking a deep breath before I moved onto my hands and knees. There was a pause at the door before I listened to his footsteps on the floor. The closer they got, the harder my heart began to pound, and I almost jumped when I felt him touch my hair.

“Good cow,” he murmured as his fingers reached below my chin to tilt my head up. “I bet you're ready to be milked.”

“Moo,” I said obediently and immediately saw his pleased smile before he crouched down before me.

His hand moved under me to feel my breasts and protruding nipples.

“Such pretty pink udders my cow has,” he said, using both hands to massage my full breasts.

I closed my eyes, but he moved his hands away. When I opened them again, he had the key in his hand. He removed my chain before he stood up, and my eyes widened

when he pulled a long black and white tail with a fluffy white end to it. I almost spoke but caught myself.

“Mooo...?” I said uncertainly when I saw the metal end of the tail.

“Don't worry, I have lube,” he said with a chuckle as he pulled a tube from his pocket.

I glanced at his pockets and wondered what other horrid items he had stashed in there.

“Turn around, little cow. You're not a proper cow until you have a tail swinging between your legs,” he said, swinging the tail to demonstrate the action.

The twins think of the twins, Mariya.

Red-faced, I shuffled around until my backside was facing him, and I faced my bed. My body was tense at the thought of him pushing that thing inside of me. He moved behind me, and I focused on the pillows on my bed. The cap was flicked open, and I closed my eyes but held my breath when I felt his wet fingers trace my asshole. A breath burst past my lips when I felt him push against my hole.

“Have you not had anything inside your ass?” he asked when I clamped my muscles down to refuse the intrusion.

“Moo,” I said as I shook my head.

“It's a very small plug. Try and relax your muscles,” he said coolly before continuing to push his finger against my hole.

I took a few deep breaths before I consciously relaxed my muscles, and as soon as I

did, his finger slipped past my natural defences. The ass should only be a one-way system, yet here I was dressed as a cow with a billionaire steel manufacturer sticking his finger in my asshole. I almost laughed as the hysteria built up inside of me.

“There we are. This is what I need, Mariya,” Rurik said in a low and husky voice as he drew closer to cup my tender breast. “You’re learning quickly. No words, no thoughts—just the sound I allow you to make. Moo for me, my sweet Hucow. Let me hear how well you obey.”

I closed my eyes, feeling his finger easing in and out of me, pushing deeper each time. His fingers were wrapped around my nipple, teasing it, tugging on it until my milk dripped out.

“Moo,” I said, whispering softly through a shuddering breath.

“More,” he whispered beside my ear. “Embrace it.”

“Moo, moo, moo, moo, mu—Moooooooo!” I said, ending on a high-pitched scream as he thrust his finger deep inside of me, wriggling it around.

His throaty chuckle joined my panting.

“You were made for this—me. Let’s get this tight little hole plugged up,” he said, releasing my nipple and pulling away from me.

The tail was the least of my worries as I considered how much I enjoyed his method of domination.

Chapter 12

Rurik

Her sweet mooing echoed in my head, revelling in her surrender. The cow-patterned ensemble was sublime on her. The way her milk-laden udders hung down had me almost blowing my load in my pants, something I hadn't done since I was a kid. Our babies were upstairs in the loving care of Orla and the watchful eyes of my men while I could have some playtime with their mother.

Their Daddy had his work cut out in the coming days to ensure I planted my seed in their mother. This was my deepest, darkest fantasy ever since I saw Mariya nurse our children for the first time. I carefully applied the lube on the small metal plus before placing it against her star-shaped hole.

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“Relax,” I said in a firm voice, and I instantly felt her relax as the plug moved forward. “Good little cow. You’ll take everything I give you.”

I whipped the tail over her back to look at her pussy to see her inner lips squeezed together, protecting her hole while her plump outer ones looked swollen. When I rubbed them, I growled at the feel of her wet pussy and pushed the plug’s widest part into her ass, watching it being sucked into place. I reluctantly removed my fingers from her pussy to stand up.

“Go to the stable and step into the metal stand to be milked,” I said, stepping back to watch her.

The little horns and furry cow headband were perfect, but my eyes dipped down to her hanging udders as she turned away from me. She crawled to the milking station while I watched her plugged ass sway from side to side. The tail dangled between her legs, giving me a peek at her cunt as the tail moved with her.

I moved forward to help place her position on the padded bench, ensuring her breasts were in place before placing her wrists in the metal cuff and closing it over to trap her in place. Her cheeks were bright red by the time I was finished. I took the sterilised suction cups to place them over her swollen nipples. She hissed as I activated the suction mechanism to lock them into place.

Once she was in place, I stood up to look at her. My barn design was similar to the one in Club X, where my HuCow journey began. I first saw the lactation fetishisation on the main stage and was fascinated by the performance. Now I had my personal HuCow. The mother of my children locked into a milking station. I reached for my

zip and dug my hand in to take my leaking cock out of its uncomfortable confined space. I stepped onto the straw to move behind her, kneeling down while gripping the silver metal bar at the side.

“If you want to be milked and receive my cock, then moo prettily for me. Show me how much you need it,” I said, lifting her tail up to put it over her lower back.

As the sweet sound left her lips, I began to rub her pussy with the fat head of my cock, feeling our combined secretions mix together, becoming slippery. I let her moo until the sound became desperate, and I leaned over her to switch the machine on. She moaned in pain, and as she did, I pushed the head of my cock inside of her hole, watching her pussy lips encase it.

“Did I tell you to stop mooing?” I asked harshly while teasing her wet pussy with my cock, ignoring her groan. The machine hummed in the background, so I raised my voice. “You belong to me now—every part of you—your body, your voice, your will. And I decide what you do with them. So when I tell you to moo, you moo. When I tell you to kneel, you kneel. This is your purpose.”

She started to moo, and I rewarded her by feeding her more of my cock. Her pussy was dripping wet, and the action was smooth. I gripped the metal bar above her head, preparing to how she put it hammer her like a rabbit on crack. After pulling back until only my head was inside her, I slammed my hips forward, driving myself into her until my trousers smacked off her cow-suited-clad ass.

Her scream joined the constant hum of the machine while I savoured the feel of being embedded inside her. Her asshole was stuffed with metal, her breasts were being drained, and my fat cock was stuffed inside of her. A slow smile spread across my face when I felt her muscles clenching around my length.

I pulled back slightly to free my balls. They would be drained daily, just like my

Hucow's udders. I started to move my hips back and forth, gliding in and out of her like a dream, listening as her moos became stuttered. My darkness took over, and I paused to grind my hips against her ass, rotating them so she felt every inch of my hard cock until I felt the tip of my dick hit something.

Memories of that night flooded my brain of that perfect nut inside her that gave us our children. I tested it, bumping into it again until she moaned in pain.

"M-Moo, Mu—Ugh," she cried in pain.

Yeah, that was the spot. I wasn't sure if I could give her twins again, but in a couple of days' time, I knew exactly where to hammer into her when I offloaded myself into her.

"Shh, little cow. You'll take it," I said lowering my hand to stroke her silky hair, running my fingers through the silky strands. "You'll take it all."

I grabbed the metal bar again, and this time, I didn't wait or take it slow, wanting her to feel me until I touched her soul. My cock speared into her until my hips slammed into her ass. The bench beneath us shook, but it was bolted to the floor.

Another scream left her, and this time, there was no mercy. I used the metal bar fucking into her so hard that my sperm probably got concussion as my balls were slapped, squashed and swinging between us. The feel of her soft silken hot wet pussy gushing all around me was all I could focus on.

"This is how good breeding stock is used. We have to keep your milk supply nice and strong," I said, crushing the bar beneath my grip. "Ahhh, fucking yes!"

Her mewling, whimpering and moaning only goaded me on. She would scream for me again. I would make sure of it. My dick was drenched with her juices, only aiding

me in womb-fucking her. I continued to hammer into her, driving down, pausing, then driving up until I was mindlessly stabbing into her, watching her pussy drip and stretch around me.

When she came, she shrieked, and her head jerked back before her pussy began to milk my cock just as the machine was milking her breasts. The thought of tasting her freshly pumped milk made my balls tighten, and I slowed my pace, sliding in and out of her until the first spurt of cum spewed out of me.

I shoved my cock deeper until I hit the bump inside and waited to offload my cum inside of her, practising for what was to come. My hands fell off the metal, as did the sweat off my body. I held her shoulders, needing to feel her beneath me. My breathing was as erratic as my mind, but as my climax began to wear off, seeing her restrained, being milked, and her cunt full of my cum made me breathe easier.

There was no escaping me now. My children would never leave me, and neither would Mariya.

I took a leaf out of Stefanos's book. All this time, I thought he was a crazy fuck. Asking me to hack Amari and her family's personal data. To arrange for a GPS tracker sent to him so that he could implant it in her. Yet here I was doing the same. I owed the man an apology and he didn't even realise it.

"Moo," my little cow whispered, and I leaned down to her ear, gently massaging her shoulders.

"Good little breeding cow you earned a reward," I said before slipping my hands down to her udders.

Chapter 13

Mariya

My reward was more time with the twins and confirming Rurik's cover story with Orla. When she began to ask too many questions, I dragged her outside with the twins. To my surprise, there were two men close to the gates. The house was high up, but we could see the water below on one side, and it was the mountainside down the other. His security was tight.

"I will tell you everything when I can," I stressed to her but didn't say anything further.

“Hmm, fine. But yer alright?”

I was walking like the toddlers because Rurik destroyed my vagina but other than that, I was fine.

“Yes, I know this was sudden, but look at this place,” I said, waving my arms around at the natural scenery that I was seeing for the first time.

I’d expected Russia to be cold, but apparently, Sochi was in the south and generally much warmer.

Maksim walked out and strode towards us. Alexei went running to him with his hands in the air. Maksim’s stern face softened and he bent down to scoop him up to place him onto his shoulders. Orla was frowning at Maksim before she turned her back to him. My eyes batted back and forth between them.

“Is there anything going on with you two,” I asked with a smirk.

“Unlike that brute, I am a lady,” she said with a sniff, but when Maksim scoffed, her head snapped around to face him, but he walked off with Alexei.

Maksim looked around six or seven years older than Rurik, and Orla was thirty-nine. They made a good match. Orla was bright, funny, and great with everyone—it seemed to be everyone except Maksim. Luckily, she changed the subject as we relaxed with Tatiana.

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What a reward it was. I was able to stay with the twins until their bath and bedtime. Rurik was never far, either joining in or keeping a watchful eye on us all. After the twins were in bed, Rurik escorted me back downstairs, but I didn't mind this time because of my time with Alexei and Tatiana.

For the next two days, I was a well-behaved cow in the morning, and Rurik let me spend time with the children as a reward. I knew it was part of 'training' me with the one thing I desired the most but I was too grateful to be out of the basement.

Little did I know that it was the calm before the breeding storm.

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I looked at the hoof-heeled thigh-length cow-patterned boots. There was no bodysuit today, only boots. Rurik stood leaning on the wall watching me, but his eyes were lit up like a Christmas tree, and they never left me. The silent energy in the room was as intense as his eyes. His relaxed pose was a lie, and I swallowed as I unzipped the boots. He waited until I was in my ensemble and on my knees before he pushed himself away from the wall.

"Do you know what I did when you were unconscious the night I brought you here?" he asked casually, walking to stand before me.

"Moo," I said, shaking my head.

"I gave you a fertility shot to supercharge your natural ovulation," he said with a wicked smile. "For the next five days, it's breeding season for your womb. Orla and my men have the twins."

I stared at him with wide eyes, and my lips parted when I realised he had planned everything out in advance. The twins, my monthly cycle, Orla and ensuring that I was

cowed enough for him to do whatever he wanted with me in the basement. The fingers on my face pulled me away from his master planning and back to my current predicament. He pushed his thumbs past my open lips, parting them further apart.

“It's time to be bred,” he said, rubbing his thumbs in my mouth and peering into my mouth before he moved his hand to unzip his trousers, pulling his semi-hard cock out. “But first, you'll get a taste of your Owner.”

I looked away from his crazy eyes to his cock. It was unlikely to fit in my mouth.

“Open up, little cow,” he said, pulling his heavy balls out and rubbing his dick.

The hairs went up on my neck as I stared blankly at his cock, but I slowly opened my mouth. His lips curled on one side before I felt his cock touch my lips.

“Wider,” he snapped.

His command snapped me out of my daze, and I opened my jaw as wide as I could.

“Lick me nice and slowly,” he said, gripping a handful of my hair and pulling me up.

I got on my knees and rested my cow-patterned glove on his thigh. After licking my dry lips, I did as he asked. I took my time and began to lick his length. There was a lot of ground to cover, so it took time. His cock bobbed and jerked as he hardened. The bulging veins seemed to throb as the dick took on a life of its own. When I reached the head, I saw the clear liquid oozing out of the slit. I licked it up before suckling the head into my mouth, tasting the salty fluid. My pussy throbbed at the thought of him being inside of me.

“Yes, suck it all out,” he hissed at me through clenched teeth. “Get me nice and hard for your tight little hole.”

Despite my many emotions, desire took over, and I eased my lips down his cock before pulling back, sucking on the broad smooth tip. My saliva surrounded the head, and I started to move faster, rubbing my silky glove over the thick root of his cock before cupping his balls. His long groan was my reward as I continued to work my lips up and down until more precum dripped into my mouth. The feel of his veins and the scent of his body made me pull away to suck his balls into my mouth, licking them all over before sucking them one by one. He pulled my head away.

“I think we are both ready,” he said with a smirk. “Get into position at the milking station.”

“Moo,” I said before dropping onto my hands and knees to crawl to the barn. Although I did make a show of swinging my ass from side to side. The tail hung between my legs, teasing my pussy and brushing off my thighs. I reached my bench, stepping into place, laying my hands on the metal cuffs, waiting to be restrained, milked and fucked until it hurt.

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I was just as crazy as him for enjoying what he did to me and what he was about to do.

Chapter 14

Mariya

There was nothing but silence until my ears pricked up at the sound of him taking his clothes off. A shiver ran down my back, working its way down my limbs, when I heard him unbuckle his belt and pull it off.

“Such a good cow, waiting and ready to be bred by her Owner,” he drawled. “But then you owe me, don't you? You owe me everything I lost with my children.”

I closed my eyes as his voice got closer.

“Do you know what it did to me when I saw them, Mariya?” he said calmly, but I heard the underlying restrained anger.

He leaned over me and closed the metal cuffs around me, locking me into place. I felt his hot cock rest on my back as he bent down to squeeze my nipples until my milk dripped onto his fingers.

“Nine months of watching you blossom with my children in your belly. Eighteen goddamn months of seeing these tits being milked,” he snarled as he rubbed me harder until the milk was spurting out. “You're going to give me everything.”

He stood up, and that was when I felt his belt strike my bare ass. The tail was flicked out of the way, and he started to whip my ass like he did that night. The only difference was that he'd done it while he was fucking me.

“You’ll be screaming for the next five days, and I won’t stop until my seed has been planted in your womb,” he said, striking me one last time.

It was the hardest one, and I cried out as the stinging sensation began to burn, causing my eyes to water. I blinked and realised it wasn’t that bad. If only I could laugh in his face, but that would push him over the edge, so I kept that shit to myself and moped with contrition.

“Do you know what I’ve been doing for the past few days?” he asked with a chuckle while he traced his fingers over my whipped ass cheeks.

I shook my head because who knew what he got up to?

“I’ve been perfecting my aim. To make sure my seed takes root.”

I frowned but then mulled it over. Whoever won the race to the egg would have a leg up from their Daddy before they were conceived. I didn’t want to admit it to myself, but his planning was on the next level in comparison to mine.

He moved again, and I saw the suction cups in his hands. I bit my lip at the thought of them—the pain and the pleasure of having them on and the machine pulling my milk from my breasts. I closed my eyes when he attached them to my nipples, applying the suction tool to keep them attached.

“Getting milked and fucked by me is your life now,” he said, standing up before walking away.

“We will be on this journey together this time,” he murmured as he began to rub his cock up and down the length of my pussy, teasing me with the head of his cock.

“Moo, moo, moo,” I said softly.

“Good little breeding cow,” he said while I held my breath. “I will take that nasty ache away.”

He switched the machine on, and the whirring noise filled the room. The machine began to milk my aching breasts while Rurik pushed the head of his cock inside of me, but I exhaled when I heard his hands hit the metal bar above me.

My breathing became laboured when I felt him ease into me, forging his path inside me. His cock moved back and forth, each time pushing deeper, rubbing against my entrance as he stretched me out. He drove deeper, his body making contact with my aching, whipped ass and his cock hitting the spot he talked about. I grunted as he made contact. It was a sensory overload for me from every direction.

“Right here, my dirty little cow,” he said, nudging against my insides again. “No condoms, just my bare cock inside your wet little cunt, which is prepared for breeding with the bonus of your udders having a continuous supply of that sweet milk. Ripe for the taking.”

Fiendish, devastating master planner.

“Remember to scream,” he said before he pulled back and slammed himself into me until my knees jolted forward and my breasts swung.

I screamed as he hit me where it hurt. A cold sweat built up as he started to jackhammer into me. With each thrust, he speared into me, using the full force of his body to drive himself into me. My mind rebelled, but my body welcomed the pain as

my holes clutched around his cock and the metal plug in my ass.

“Mooo...ugh...Argh,” I cried out as the milking machine continued to hum while he destroyed me.

My body tensed as a rush swamped down between my thighs until wave after wave of twisted pleasure flooded my entire being. I was lost between the pain and pleasure as it engulfed me in its entirety. Rurik began to move faster and faster, nearing his own completion. The power of his thrusts made me jerk forward with each jab. He came with a roar, pumping stream after stream of his hot cum into my bruised and battered pussy. The sound of the machine and our breathing were all around me. His fingertips traced the line down my damp spine until he reached my tail.

“You’re all mine, Mariya, and I will never let you go,” he said in a soft tone, but I knew the darkness that lay behind those words.

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If I ever left him, he would take my children from me. It was a sobering thought while he was still inside of me.

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The man left me sore and exhausted. I slept through the twins bedtime routine, but Orla gave them some breast milk using bottles. After my long nap, I couldn't sleep and felt restless between thinking of the twins and the potential new baby. I loved being pregnant except for the end part, but that was because I had two babies inside of me. This time I would have Rurik, who I suspected was going to be a pain in my ass.

He was a determined fucker, literally.

Chapter 15

Rurik

After getting some work done once the twins were in bed I had my family to deal with. They were frothing at the mouth now that they knew we were in Russia. I was on my way to the basement to spend the night with Mariya when I got a frantic message from my hacker.

Krolik:I messed up, real bad. If you haven't heard from me for a while, I went underground. If I don't get in touch with you after six weeks to confirm my safety, then Adrik Ilyin has me or has killed me. You know what to do. Thank you for being a true friend to me when I needed one the most.

I stared at my phone and rushed back to my office. Adrik Ilyin was brutal and unforgiving. He made the Beast of London look like an angel. He dealt in arms, drugs and human trafficking. The man never left any bodies behind. I logged onto the computer and downloaded Ania's attachment to the email she sent me.

I sat on my seat as my eyes ran over the coding. The message sent to me was legitimate. I slapped my hand on my forehead as if the kid hadn't been through enough in her life. Once the content was downloaded, I deleted her email and found a thumb drive to get it off my laptop before placing it in my safe. I messaged Artyom next.

Me: The Krolik has gone. Find me everything on Adrik Ilyin.

Artyom: Are you sure you want to get involved with the likes of him?

Me: Yes. Double the security around all my family as a precaution.

I tapped my chin and wondered if I should wait the full six weeks. There was always a possibility of Ania getting caught one day, but we always presumed it would be national or international authorities, not a deadly Bratva Pakhan.

She had several hideouts set up in numerous names, and if she got out of Russia, she had a chance of survival. I couldn't do anything because she had so many aliases I wouldn't be able to track her. If I set up a search under her real name, then I could make her situation worse. My hope was that she could give the Bratva boss the slip because if she didn't, she was as good as dead, irrespective of what she had done.

"Fuck," I muttered before getting up for a drink.

She didn't have anyone, and in the hacking world, it was extremely rare to trust anyone. We started our transactional relationship when she was a kid, but over the

years, she grew to trust me. I'd never met her, and she was comfortable with our relationship being online, so I followed her lead but always left a door open for her. Now, receiving her final instructions left a nasty taste in my mouth. I sat and pondered on what else I could do to help the young woman.

By the time I snuggled up to Mariya, it was late. She mumbled in her sleep as I held her, but my worries seemed to slip away with her in my arms. I rubbed her belly before moving to her breasts, but as soon as I began to squeeze out her milk, my dick began to harden. The cream I applied would help her discomfort but she had a heavy schedule of breeding tomorrow. I reluctantly released her breast to lick the milk off my fingers.

My dick would need to wait until the morning.

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The following morning, I woke up with Mariya in my arms. I was glad she was locked up in my basement because it reminded me of when I woke up alone in my hotel room. She would be down here indefinitely if it wasn't for the twins. A full-time HuCow getting milked and filled up with my cream. The thought had my dick stirring.

I transferred all of her pregnancy pictures she took in front of her mirror to my phone. Each time I looked at them, I felt a mixture of joy, pride and gut-wrenching regret for missing it all. Tatiana and Alexei were adorable tiny humans that we created, yet it killed me to know I missed so much. It was always the plan to settle down at some point in my life, but work kept me busy, and now was the perfect time to step back and focus on my growing family.

Mariya was still sleeping peacefully when I tugged the covers down, knowing her breasts would be full this morning. Her nipples had changed and they protruded out

and up, begging to be sucked. She didn't know it but I loved how she continued to breastfeed our children. The sacrifices she made for our children were astounding.

I ran my fingers down her back while moving down the bed to reach her breasts. The outer pink areola was larger but for me, it was the perfect target as I traced my tongue around it before enveloping her nipple into my mouth. I pressed my lips around her, sucking on her until the sweet nectar began to dribble into my mouth. The benefit of milking her was knowing there was a backup supply for the twins. She was perfect and she was mine.

When she stirred, I sucked harder, gripping her ass before releasing the warm handful of flesh to caress her cheek, edging my way toward her pussy. The same word reverberated in my head, it constantly nagged me when I was away from her and when I was with her.

Mine.

This woman and the children she gave birth to were all mine.

“Rurik,” she said sleepily as I realised how hard I was sucking on her nipple.

I eased my hand between her thighs, feeling the delicious heat radiating from her. Her hand hesitantly rested on my head before she ran her fingers through my hair. She wasn't wearing her HuCow outfit, but I had different plans for her this morning; pushing her onto her back, I began to suckle on her other nipple.

When I eased through her folds, teasing her with my finger, she parted her legs enough for me to push my finger into her. She wasn't as wet as she usually was, but I put it down to being half asleep. It took mere seconds as I devoured her breasts and fingered her for her pussy to begin juicing around me. I released her nipple and worked my way between her legs.

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The need to taste all of her took over but also to worship her pretty cunt, rewarding her for taking to her breeding so well. There was no delay, no teasing, as I ran my tongue up and down her pussy until I heard her gasp. My hand rested in her belly, where she kept our children and where her skin was softer. Her hands gripped my hair as she raised her hips, offering herself to me.

My first valiant attempt at breeding her on this fine morning beckoned. She would produce another miracle for me. For us.

Chapter 16

Mariya

When I woke up with Rurik in my bed it startled me for a few seconds until it became apparent he wasn't in his hardcore Hucow breeding mode. His touch was softer, almost gentle and the way his hands lovingly moved over my body surprised me. His tongue traced over my pussy, but as he dragged his tongue back up, he dug deeper, causing me to gasp and raise my hips to his mouth.

Then his hand rested on my belly. It reminded me of when I spoke to the twins while rubbing coconut oil over my stretched skin. I still had loose skin there, and that was where his hand rested. It dragged so many emotions through me as flashes of the various stages of pregnancy hit me until I reached the moment of holding our tiny twins—my perfectly formed son and daughter with all their tiny little fingers and toes.

“Rurik, give me another baby,” I whispered, uncaring of the consequences as all my

reservations vanished at the thought of having another child.

When his head jerked up and my hands fell away from his hair, not realising that I had grabbed onto it. His icy blue eyes were wide with shock and his lips were parted, coated with my arousal. The silence was deafening but his eyes softened as his hand pressed down on my belly.

“Our baby,” he said with pride and joy as a faint smile accompanied the heated emotion in his eyes.

I placed my hand over his and nodded. “Our baby.”

His smile broadened before he pushed my thighs up and face-planted himself on my pussy. There was no soft or gentle touch this time as he licked, sucked, and ravaged me. It became a sweet torture as his fingers burrowed inside me. I automatically clamped down on the initial entry but he curled his fingers upward as he began to dig deep. His mouth covered my clit and he sucked so viciously that it left me clutching the bedsheets, breathlessly writhing on the bed.

He sprung into action, moving so fast that I raised my hands as he came at me but he grabbed my hips to swing us around until I fell onto his chest as he landed on his back.

“Ride my dick, Mariya,” he growled, pulling my legs over his hips before pushing me down until I felt his stiff cock between my ass.

He shoved some pillows behind him and moved up the bed until his back rested on the wall behind him while I held onto him to prevent myself from toppling over. When he captured my nipple with his wicked mouth I reached down to pull his dick out from beneath me. He gripped my hip to help me pull myself up.

My hand grasped his hard length and I placed my feet over his firm thighs to get a good grip as I began to lower myself on him. His muffled moan against my breast made me move faster, gasping as I felt him stretch me out, but there was no pain from yesterday.

“I love feeling your wet cunt swallow my bare dick up,” he said releasing my nipple to nuzzle into my breasts, licking and kissing me before switching sides.

I was too busy trying to impale myself on his giant dick. No wonder he gave me twins the first time around he probably flooded my cervix like a tsunami hitting it.

“I want it all, the crazy hormones, kids running around, the excitement of welcoming a new baby. I don't want to miss a single aspect of becoming a father with you,” he said as he gripped my hips, pushing me down his remaining length. “I want you so fucking fat with my seed that know you're all mine. You always were.”

My pussy clenched around him at his words and I held onto his chest before I gyrated over him, moving my hips to feel him deep inside of me. His face twisted in pleasure before he pulled me up and slid me back down his length, the motion made me gush around him as he filled me up.

His eyes were focused on my breasts as he started to fuck himself into me while he used me like a cock-sleeve. The harder I bounced, the more my breasts shook and swayed until he growled, grabbing a mouthful of my nipple. His teeth grazed over my areola before he started to suck on me, draining my milk and easing the ache.

I continued to move up and down his cock using my grip on him to push back down on him. He pulled away from my breast to stare at them before his hands slid from my hips to my ribs until he cupped my breasts. His grip tightened around them, using them to move me faster.

My gasps filled the silence in the room as I could feel my orgasm simmering in the background, just out of reach.

“Fuck, yeah,” he said, gripping my hips and slamming me up and down his cock. “Come on my cock, Mariya. You want my seed, don't you?”

He began to grunt as he drove his hips upward to meet my downward motion, turning the simmering into a boiling point. The skin-slapping thrusts resounded in my head as he ploughed my insides, hitting me deep in my belly until I flung my headback and screamed when the pleasure exploded within me from my spine stretching out to the rest of my body. His fingers bit into my hips as he fucked me with vicious jabs using all his strength. He began to grunt with every punishing thrust until I felt him grow rigid and jerk as his hot cum spurt inside me.

“Yes, going to knock you up,” he gasped through clenched teeth as his dick continued to shoot cum inside of me while we rocked together.

I collapsed onto him, but he caught me as I fell, lowering me onto his chest as our bodies relaxed. It was the most intimate sex we had, and as our hearts beat together, I hoped this was the moment we conceived. My relaxation didn't last when he twisted us around until I was beneath him.

“We need to make sure all of my cum stays inside you,” he murmured before he kissed my lips.

I closed my eyes as he moved inside of me, trying to shove his cum higher, but the movement made me hunger for more. Luckily, I had three more days of his twisted ‘breeding season’.

Chapter 17

Rurik

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Her eyes were closed as she enjoyed the last waves of our combined pleasure. Her acquiescence was surprising, and I found that I didn't want to question her change of heart but accept it as a gift. I continued to move inside her but peppered her with kisses before reaching her full breasts. No sooner had I latched on to her nipple than her pussy tightened around me. My little Mama deserved a reward today.

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After we showered, I took her upstairs for breakfast with the twins. They sat between us in their highchairs, but I couldn't take my eyes off them. The way the twins were mesmerised by their mother's actions and words. Each of them excitedly babbled to her.

Eventually, Tatiana grew bored of the food and lifted her arms for a cuddle. Mariya was firm but gentle in asking her to finish her breakfast first. It didn't stop her from kissing and hugging both of them while they were strapped in their chairs. Alexei was content in eating his food but kept an eye on Tatiana. If one was out the other would demand the same.

The two weeks I watched over them confirmed she was a fantastic mother, but knowing we were working on a third and she wanted another child—my child was a heady experience. She wanted to carry, nurture and go through labour even though she did it all alone last time. She glanced at me and smiled.

“Why do you have a weird expression on your face?” she asked.

I glanced at the twins and their trays before topping up their strawberries.

“I was thinking the job of planting another one of these isn’t complete yet,” I murmured, nodding toward the twins.

“Da-Da-Da,” Alexei said before his chubby hand gripped a berry, munching on it.

I froze in shock as Alexei offered me his half eaten strawberry. Had I been spending time with twins and profusely using the word Daddy ALL the time? Sure, but to hear Alexei repeat the word back to me just speared my heart.

“Well done, Alexei. That is your Daddy. Can you say Daddy, Tatiana?” Mariya said pointing to me and took over since I was having a heart attack or a meltdown, possibly both.

“Mama,” Tatiana said adamantly since she was her mother’s daughter.

I touched my cheek to realise I had a tear running down it. Abruptly I stood up and kissed both of my children, stroking their silky hair and rubbing my hand down Tatiana’s pigtails. The tightness around my chest began to ease until I could speak again.

“Daddy loves you,” I whispered to them before turning to each side to kiss them again.

Mariya was looking teary eyed but all I could think of was getting her downstairs again.

“Get Orla. You can come back later,” I said to Mariya as I sat back down to hopefully mimic Mariya’s gentleness with Tatiana. I would win my daughter over if it was the last thing I did.

When Orla came into the kitchen, they were discussing the twins new teeth coming

through. There was so much to learn, but this was one subject I loved, and I had several parenting books in English and Russian.

Akim happily took over most of my responsibilities while I took a belated paternity break but having spent so much time away from work it forced me to acknowledge how crucial these moments with my family were.

“Daddy will be back. I’m working on your baby brother or sister,” I whispered to my babies before giving them a final peck on each of their cheeks.

I watched how relaxed Mariya was with Orla, smiling as they chatted. It became clear to me what the next step was in tying Mariya down to me in a way that protected her and my children—to legalise our union which gave them security and my parental rights.

Not only was Mariya a loving, considerate mother, but she made the perfect Hucow. My wicked mind whirled as a new plan emerged by the time they had finished talking. The longer I gazed at her, the more I wanted a tiny blonde-haired version of her. I glanced at the twins again and realised I loved all three of them. One without the other was never an option.

Fuck.

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The intensity of my feelings remained with me and every so often Mariya’s eyes darted toward me before going back toundressing. All of their belongings had been transported from Ireland and most were stored within the house with some duplicates put into storage. I placed Mariya’s belongings in our bedroom, but I wasn't done with her breeding or her training.

“This might not be your choice, Mariya but you will find our milking room is a place for us to find our time together. If you want to travel with the children or live anywhere else this is something I am open to,” I said once she finished changing into a new Hucow outfit. Her dreams were disrupted when she became pregnant yet she chose to keep them.

She raised an eyebrow at me and mooed with attitude.

“Such a pity you can't talk,” I said with a smirk. “Stand up let me see you.”

She carefully stood up on her hoof boots which were mostly white except for the bottom part that resembled black hooves. The skimpy black and white body suit had a built-in tail with a crotchless section for easy access. She wasn't due to be milked yet but I needed to freeze a good amount of milk for the near future.

“Give me a spin.”

She slowly turned around but my eyes fell on her stomach until I homed in on her faded stretch marks and loose skin. The outfit had several black straps around her waist and back.

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“You're so very beautiful, Mariya,” I said closing the gap between us, grazing my fingertips over her stomach. “Especially with these.”

She became flustered and looked away from me but I wouldn't allow it, gripping her chin I tilted her head toward me. Her cheeks were pink but she met my eyes.

“I love them. Each and every mark, knowing Alexei and Tatiana were in there,” I said softly as a wave of heartache hit me.

“Mooooo,” she said, patting my chest with her gloved hand.

Her embarrassment was forgotten and empathy shone in her soft blue eyes. From the moment I met this woman, she had twisted and tested my restraint. It was time to test hers.

Chapter 18

Mariya

He was killing me with his regret, pain and words. This was nothing like the cocky arrogant man I met in a hotel bar. The two weeks in Dublin began hesitantly as he worked his way into the twins lives but here on his turf he was far more relaxed with them. I was stunned when Alexei tried to call him Dad or Daddy. Most of their words were gibberish between the two of them but they were learning more with each passing day.

I liked the idea of having some adult time. Although I had Orla with me and had time

to look after myself after giving birth, those first few months were the most difficult. Yes, it ate into my capital to have a live-in nanny but I never regretted the decision.

I was brought back to the present when Rurik took my arm and led me to the table with the metal frame around one side. I glanced at the milking machine as Rurik lifted me up and placed me on the table. The man made me feel as if I were the sexiest woman on the planet.

“I want another daughter. I need the practice for Tatiana,” he said slipping his fingers between my thighs before slowly pulling them apart. “I want one that looks exactly like her mother.”

“Mooooo,” I said bemused because I couldn't control the outcome of the pregnancy.

His hand tilted my head up before he kissed me. It started off gentle, his lips grazing against mine as his hands moved to my lower back until he groaned and plunged his tongue inside of my mouth before gripping a fist full of my hair. His legs brushed against mine when he pushed his way between them leaving me to brace myself on the table with my hands. My lips felt bruised by the time he released them but his eyes blazed with desire as he looked into my eyes.

“We are getting married,” he said abruptly and my eyes widened.

“Married?!” I splattered out before slapping a hand over my mouth.

“Oh, dear. What a bad little cow,” he said with a lopsided smile.

This was a set-up.

I narrowed my eyes at him but he pushed me back so I lay on the table with the metal frame above me. This didn't look too good for me. I glanced at the crackpot but he

was gone. He was walking away from me and I stared at the ceiling, wondering what he planned to do.

The sudden image of Tatiana dressed as a flower girl and Alexei as a page boy in a church flashed through my head. It made my heart skip a beat. This was not on my plan. When I heard Rurik dump something on the wooden table, I glanced at him, but he was busy untangling some straps.

The consideration of allowing anyone to dominate me had been unacceptable to me due to my history with the men in my life but with Rurik, it felt natural. I bit my lip as my eyes ran down his chest, and bare arms. It might not be so bad being married to him. He wasn't after my wealth, the chemistry was wild between us and we had two children together.

He suddenly bent down to take my ankle in his hand, I felt the grip through the black and white cow patterned boots. The man had countless outfits stashed away in the wardrobe. He pulled my leg up and attached it to the metal pole, wrapping the black strap around several times to hold my foot in place.

“You’d been doing so well, my love,” he said as he walked around the table to get my other leg in the air before he secured my other foot. “Pity.”

What a big fat lying liar.

He was loving this, the glee was all over him. Both my ankles were attached to the metal bar and it left me wide open for him. I kept my eyes on him as he returned to the foot of the table. I made the mistake of looking at his crotch to see the bulge in his jeans.

“This is a breeding table,” he said tracing his fingers down my inner thigh until I held my breath but he pulled his hand away before he reached my pussy. He tapped his

finger over his lips. “What to do with a disobedient HuCow?”

“Moo, moo,” I said, hoping he would get on with it since I could feel the flimsy material of the bodysuit was damp.

“Yes, you seem to have a problem,” he said, tracing his finger along the crotchless material until I held my breath but he barely touched me and he moved his finger away. I lifted my head to glower at him only for him to smile.

“I’ve never come across a cow so keen to be bred,” he murmured as I put my head back down, tempted to touch myself since he left my hands free. “But first we need to address my fiancée’s disobedience.”

I gasped at the word fiancée but quickly closed my mouth and gritted out an agitated moo.

“I think this should do the trick,” he said holding up a large black butt plug while I blinked at the size of it.

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It was wider and longer than the small metal ones on my tails. I thought I had a reprieve today since my outfit had a tail on it. He began to apply lubricant on it while I shook my head.

“Moo, moo, moo,” I said desperately while clenching my ass. The thought of having that monstrosity inside my butt intimidated me especially when he held it in the air while he smeared it with the lube.

“That’s the spirit,” he said with a chuckle and I wondered if all handsome Russian men were as twisted as Rurik.

Maksim and Artyom seemed normal, although they weren't as pretty as Rurik. I’d only caught glimpses of his younger brother when Rurik Facetimed him with the twins. Rurik put the lube on the table and I stared at him from between my legs and resigned myself to the undignified position as well as the incoming anal invasion, closing my eyes.

I wouldn't give him the satisfaction of watching me squirm.

Chapter 19

Rurik

Her position was lewd with her ankles strapped to the bar. The slit in her bodysuit exposed her pussy and the tail dangled off the table. I moved the material of her bodysuit to one side, rubbing the tip of the plug against her asshole. She was beautiful clothed, naked, or dressed as a Hucow. No matter what she wore I felt an inexplicable

pull toward her like an invisible thread.

“You owe me twenty-seven months of mind-blowing sex,” I said to her unreasonably. Her eyes snapped open and she gaped at me before giving me a death stare. “I will admit that I did have sex during our separation but it was unsatisfactory. You ruined sex for me because of that one night.”

Her nostrils flared up, and she pursed her lips until they became a straight, tight line. I smiled at her, deciding I enjoyed pissing her off when all she could do was moo for me like a good little heifer should.

“Hey, you're the one who ran,” I said reprimanding her while I slapped her pussy.

She groaned as a wave of lust washed over me when I saw her flinch with pain only for it to morph into pleasure.

“Bad, bad, little cow,” I said, smacking her pussy with each word while my dick strained to be free. “Now relax this ass before I go and get a larger plug.”

I ignored her gasp but began to rub my fingers over her reddened wet cunt while pushing the plug against her asshole.

“Try harder,” I said when her muscles didn't give way. “Yes, that's my good breeding cow. You'll take whatever I give you.”

The muscles relaxed as the tip of the plug began to spread her tight hole open. I moved my thumb over her clit, rubbing her flesh and the material of her underwear. I gently eased the plug in by applying incremental pressure, pausing as her ass adjusted to the shape of the plug. It would be a tight fit with both her holes stuffed but I was up for the challenge.

“I can't wait to fuck this tight little asshole,” I murmured, mesmerised by the sight of her stretched hole.

Her moo of protest was noted, but it was irrelevant because, after today, she would crave to wear her tail. Her asshole sucked the rest of the plug in, and if I didn't need to be inside her, I would have spent more time toying with her ass.

I picked up the small remote and turned the plug on. Her lips parted and her eyes fluttered as the plug began its faint hum. I placed the remote on the table to strip my clothes off, deciding that the basement would be an excellent private playroom for the future—an escape from the world, just the two of us.

Once I was rid of my clothes I returned to the end of the table, homing in on her wet pussy poking out from her bodysuit. I peeled her wet labia apart to see more of her arousal inside, bending down I licked it all up every last drop until I felt her thighs tremble.

“Trussed up like a turkey with your ass plugged up and you're loving it,” I said gripping my cock to give it a tug while she stared at me with raw hunger in her eyes.

I pressed the button, and the humming increased as she moaned.

“So greedy, Mariya,” I said running the tip of my cock down her pussy while gently rubbing my fingertips over her clit. “Tell me what you want, baby.”

“Ohh. Moo, moo, moo, moo—”

She abruptly stopped when I started to push myself into her. I held her thigh, watching my dick stretch her pussy open. The vibrations made me pause as I felt the plug inside her, but I continued to ease into her slowly, pulling back and forth until she panted like a beast.

“Yeah, take it all, Mariya. You need my seed inside of you,” I murmured rubbing her clit hard until she mooed again. “My good little breeding cow. You'll keep producing milk for all of our babies.”

I reached between her legs to hold her breasts. Her pussy clenched around me, and I felt her pussy gush around me, easing my tight path.

“These are the perfect udders,” I said looking into her eyes while I massaged her breasts.

Her hands reached out and she gripped the bars on either side of her as she tried to squirm on the table. When I squeezed her fat pink nipples milk trickled out of them and my cock jerked inside of her.

She cried out when I tugged on them before pinching them with the milk soaking my fingers. Her eyes begged me while her sweet little breathless moo's began. I released her nipples before cupping her ass cheeks, gripping them tightly before driving into her.

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“Ahhhh—”

She was so damn tight with the anal plug inside of her that I had to pause. I glanced down when I pulled back to see my cockcovered in her arousal. I took a steady breath before I brutally slammed back inside of her, pushing through all the tight tissue.

“Fuck, I wish you could see how beautiful you look,” I groaned before pulling back, ensuring I never fully left her tight pussy.

I was lost in the world of pleasure between the feel of her beautiful cunt and the dull constant vibrations from her asshole. I thrust forward again and again, taking her more savagely as I moved faster. If the table hadn’t been bolted to the floor, it would have been shoved across the room.

“Give it to me, Mariya, cum on my cock,” I said, driving into her hard enough to smack against the butt plug.

It wasn't enough that she had coated me from tip to root with her pussy. I needed her cream all over me. I moved my hands to her thighs pressing down on them as I started to pummel her with deep thrusts. When she shattered her mouth opened but no sound came out.

“Fuck-kkk, yes,” I groaned, thrusting deep and hard inside her, shuddering as her pussy began milking me for my seed.

I held myself inside her as my cum sprayed her insides, each jerk and twitch releasing some more, filling her up. I closed my eyes enjoying the combination of her fluttering

pussy and vibrating ass. She groaned and released the metal bars, her hands falling on the table.

I fucked her slowly in the hope to push my cum deeper and when I eventually pulled out I saw my cum about to leak out of her. I quickly caught it and shoved it back inside of her using two fingers, feeling the plug inside her. Her pussy clenched my fingers and she gave a pitiful weak moo.

Even though I was drained, literally, I reached for the remote to turn the plug off. I took my time fingering her cum filled pussy. By the time we recovered, it would be milking and seeding time.

Chapter 20

Mariya

“Why do we need so much? We aren't far from the beach,” Rurik said with a frown but nodded to Maksim to grab the second bag.

“There are nappies, wipes, water, cotton wool, cream, a changing mat, snacks, change of clothes, towels—” Orla said, rattling off the list.

“Okay, okay,” Maksim said abruptly, cutting her off. “How hard can it be?”

Orla glared at him but I chuckled at the trio who were taking Alexei and Tatiana to the beach. Rurik held Tatiana while Artyom held Alexei, and Maksim left to hold the bags.

“Do you want me to show you how to open the pram again?” Orla said tightly.

“No, we can figure out how to operate a simple stroller,” Maksim snapped at her.

Those two needed to fuck or fight, probably both.

I held Orla's arm in case she went for him. Rurik moved in to kiss my cheek while Tatiana wrapped her arm around my neck. I kissed her before moving to kiss Alexei. They both looked excited to go to the beach.

"Be good for Daddy," I said to them, waving as they headed towards the black SUV.

"They won't last," Orla said through clenched teeth since she was smiling for the sake of the twins as she waved at them.

"They might. There are three grown-ass men, and the beach is five minutes away," I said optimistically.

"Exactly," Orla said with a grin. "I hope Alexei takes a leak on Maksim's face."

"Why don't you two just fuck and get it over with? The tension is killing me," I said, grinning when my words earned me a glare.

"How about you tell me what you two get up to in the basement, and I will think about it?" she said with a sly look.

After 'breeding season' was over, I moved into the master bedroom, but we still went to the basement daily for some fun 'milking' time. After three weeks, we settled into a routine, and today, while the men had the children, we were looking at wedding dresses.

"Will you be my matron of honour?" I asked, hoping to distract her.

Her eyes widened, and she screamed. The remaining men glanced at us, looking for danger, but relaxed when there was none.

“Yes! I would love to...wait, you won't have any bridesmaids,” she said with a frown.

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“I’m not fussed,” I said with a shrug before looking at the ring on my finger.

“Aye, that's some rock he bought you,” she said softly. “I’m happy for you, Mariya.”

“Thanks, Orla. You left everything to come with us,” I said, hugging her. “Thank you.”

“Not much to leave,” she said with a sigh but hugged me tightly. “You are my family.”

“Finally, an older sibling who wants me,” I said with a sigh of my own. It felt like years and years since I left my family, but it made me appreciate my freedom even with Rurik railroading me.

Orla patted my back before pulling away.

“Come on, we have Rurik’s credit card to use. Let’s do some damage,” I said with an evil smile, thinking of everything Rurik had done to me since he kidnapped us all.

I managed to secure most of our accessories, but we decided we would need to visit the two bridal shops for the dresses. Rurik sent so many snaps and videos of them all having fun on the beach. Alexei and Tatiana had a constant smile on their faces.

There was one with Rurik wearing swim shorts and holding both the twins. He stood tall and proud, looking at whoever took the picture. All three of them were smiling, and the twins looked adorable in their matching bathing outfits. My ovaries were exploding, and I glanced at Rurik’s dick, but the dark shorts did little for his usual

bulge.

“Come on, just tell me already. What’s in the basement?” Orla said, looking at the picture over my shoulder.

I rolled my eyes at her.

“I will tell you once you bang Maksim out of your system,” I said with a snicker. At least we have narrowed the dresses down. I hope they can get them done in time for the wedding.”

“What's the rush? Are you pregnant?” Orla said with a chuckle.

When I didn't respond, she gawked at me.

“Noooo! He did it again?” she gasped.

“Well, I don't know for sure yet,” I said with a shrug.

“Mmm, actually, it will be a nice gap between the siblings,” she said with a smile. “God, they were so tiny when they were born.”

“I know I was terrified. I don't think I would have managed them both without you,” I said, squeezing her hand.

“All I did was give you some time to rest,” she said modestly. “He is a brilliant Da, though.”

“Aye, he is,” I said in an Irish accent before perving on the picture again.

Chapter 21

Rurik

Maksim was sweating as he wrestled with the stroller. The twins were getting impatient, and so was I. Artyom was busy trying to keep Alexei amused while Tatiana pointed out the water to me while squirming in my arms.

“Dada, watuh,” she said, slapping my cheek.

“Yes, princess. I know,” I said gently before kissing her tiny hand. She could slap me all she wanted when she called me Dada. I glared at Maksim. “Didn't Orla show you how to set it up?”

“She probably didn't do it right to show me up,” he muttered. “She has it in for me.”

Artyom snorted, and despite my tetchiness, I smirked at him.

“You hold Alexei and let me do it,” Artyom said.

“Knock yourself out, Loshad' mochi,” Maksim said before standing upright to take Alexei.

“Watch your mouth in front of the kids,” Artyom said, scowling at him.

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“How are they going to know I called you a horse’s pee hole?”

“The twins are like sponges,” I said, watching Artyom collapse the stroller down again.

“The witch said it snaps into place,” Maksim said, smiling at Alexei.

“Give me Alexei, and grab the bags,” I said to Maksim. “Just leave the stroller.”

Artyom was still trying to set it up without it collapsing again when a family stopped to help us. The woman did it in two seconds before going about her day.

“No one breathes a word about this to the witch,” Maksim snapped at us.

“What’s it worth to you?” Artyom asked while I sat Tatiana in the stroller.

“I think Alexei needs changing,” Maksim said with a grimace while holding him away from him.

“Yeah, change him and come meet us at the beach,” I said with a grin.

“I’m your driver,” he said, but I was already walking away with my excited princess.

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I sighed when I pulled the covers over me. Mariya shuffled over to me, and I laid my arm out for her to snuggle up with me. Her hand was doodling over my chest, and I

prayed that she wasn't horny tonight because the twins energetic day had taken it out of me. I yawned and stretched my back out before tightening my arm around her.

“You seem tired tonight,” she said, rubbing my cheek.

“What? No,” I lied.

“Oh, good, because that picture you sent really got me in the mood,” she said.

Fuck. I could do this.

I closed my eyes and focused until I heard her laughter.

“You were falling asleep when I was feeding the twins,” she said, slapping my chest.

I was too relieved to be mad at her. Before Orla got here, I thought it was easy to look after the twins, but that had been in the house and under Mariya's strict routine. It went all up in the air when you took them outside.

“They had fun today. Thank you for giving us a break,” she said, kissing me.

Those sweet lips of hers, I couldn't resist them. I held her jaw and kissed her back, gently deepening the kiss until the familiar stir in my loins made my hands begin to wander. She pulled back and kissed my chin.

“Go to sleep. We have the trip into the city tomorrow,” she whispered.

“You're such a tease. I should've kept you in the basement,” I grumbled but pulled her closer to me and closed my eyes, smiling when she mooed at me.

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One week later, I was barred from the bridal shop while the girls tried on their altered dresses for the final fit. I sighed again and tapped my fingers near the window before glancing back at the twins, who were knocked out after their last feed.

“That bastard Artyom is going to see her dress before me,” I muttered to Maksim, who wisely remained quiet.

I paused my tapping when I saw the pharmacy. After checking my phone and calculating how long it had been since Mariya’s ovulation period, I turned to Maksim.

“I’ll be right back,” I said before jumping out of the car. “Keep an eye on the kids.”

“I’m your driver,” Maksim muttered while I closed the door and stuck my middle finger up at him before turning to look into the bridal shop, but there was no sign of Mariya. I knew who would be cleaning up any mess when we began potty training the twins.

Mariya and Orla had a plan set out for them. We were waiting until their communication skills got better. They were beginning to say more words now, and I had started to teach them simple Russian words.

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I walked along the aisles of the pharmacy until I reached the pregnancy tests. There were so many different brands and types. I read the details of a few before picking some out to take to the cash desk. The thought of my future wife walking down the aisle with my baby inside her made my dick stir, and my heart beat faster. This was far more exciting than a dress.

Chapter 22

Mariya

I sat at the edge of my bed to watch Rurik carry both of the pregnancy tests in his hands as he paced the length of the bedroom. I almost began to fondle my breasts at the thought of doing another breeding season in the basement. That milking machine was as pleasurable as it was torturous, but it did a damn good job of draining my udd—breasts. It wouldn't be so bad if I wasn't pregnant.

“Why is it taking so long?” he asked the ceiling.

“Come and sit down. You're making me feel dizzy,” I said, patting the bed.

He glanced at me forlornly before dragging his feet to the bed, and his head snapped up.

“Isn't dizziness a sign of pregnancy?”

“I didn't feel dizzy with the twins,” I said with a smile as he sat down. His dramatics were getting out of hand.

“Every pregnancy is different,” he grunted.

“You need to lay off the books,” I muttered before climbing onto his lap and clinging to him like a spider monkey.

He dropped the tests on the bed to cup my ass. “On the plus side, if the test is positive, I can invade your ass.”

“I would like to keep that orifice of mine intact,” I said with a frown.

“I will go slowly,” he said, trailing his hand down my back. “Get you hooked up to the milking machine, and you will be begging me for it.”

I gasped, but when I pulled back, he was grinning at me. He pulled my vest top off over my head and tossed it in the air somewhere. I didn't get a chance to say or do anything before his lips wrapped around my nipple. I closed my eyes at the instant tightening inside me—the anticipation.

“These beauties will belong to me in a week,” he murmured kissing my breasts. His usual clean-shaven face had a stubble that prickled against my breasts.

“I guess I own that massive dick you haul around with you then,” I said dryly, but it didn't stop me from rubbing myself on said dick.

“It's all yours,” he said, pulling my left hand towards his mouth to kiss it. “Every last drop.”

“Ugh, you are such a dirty bastard,” I groaned.

“I know you love it,” he said with a smile. “You will love our honeymoon even more.”

“It will be a vacation,” I said dreamily. “But I’ll miss the twins.”

“As will I, but we need this little getaway,” he said before capturing my other nipple in his mouth.

He always made sure he was even on both sides when he drank from me. I nudged his shoulder when I caught a glimpse of the white and blue stick on the bed.

“The tests,” I said when he glanced at me.

“Fuck,” he said before he nearly knocked me off his lap, trying to reach the tests.

I glanced down, but I knew what the results would be. The psycho I currently sat on ensured everything was in his favour.

“I’m pregnant,” I said while his eyes were still glued to the plastic sticks, and I heard his gulp.

“I’m going to be a father again,” he said in awe as he continued to look at the tests.

It boggled my mind to consider that seven weeks ago, I was a single mother who’d mapped out her entire life around the twins. He finally looked at me, and my heart melted. His eyes were soft but creased at the sides from his bright smile, reminding me of Alexei. It was pure happiness and—love.

“You’re a wonderful father, Rurik,” I said, pushing him back onto the bed.

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“I hope to make an excellent husband,” he said, stuffing the tests into the pocket of his shorts before he held my ass and started feasting on my breasts.

Only time would tell what kind of a husband he would become.

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I stood outside Rurik’s study because of the manner in which Rurik and Artyom were talking. I didn’t understand a single word of the fast Russian exchange, but the tone was so serious that it made the hair on the back of my neck stand up. When Rurik’s voice tapered off, I was about to knock on the door, but he sighed and said something to Artyom quietly, who replied in the same manner.

Artyom was, in general, the quieter of the trio, but he was stressed about something. The problem was that Artyom was the head of security, and I couldn’t help but worry about whether there was a danger to us or our children. I lifted my hand and knocked on the door when their conversation ended.

When I entered the room, the tension was so thick you could cut through it with a knife. Artyom rapidly fired off a spate of Russian with his hand waving toward me. Rurik instantly snapped back at him angrily, but whatever he said, it was final.

“Da,” Artyom said grimly before giving me a tight smile and strode past me. That word I knew, it was yes.

“Is everything okay?” I asked Rurik, who stood up from behind his desk, to approach me.

“Yes—”

“I’m going to stop you right there,” I said, raising my hand. “We get married in a few days, and I don’t intend to keep any secrets from you. You knew almost everything about me, and I explained my family situation to you. If there is anything that will impact us as a family, I should know.”

He looked weary and rolled his head to loosen his muscles.

“You’d better sit down for this,” he said.

I was not expecting him to tell me that after our honeymoon, he would meet a deadly Bratva boss who kidnapped his hacker friend. He explained the additional security measures for us and that Artyom had been trying to talk him out of it.

I eventually went around to sit on his lap. He was a good man, friend, and father—one I would happily support. He held onto me as we silently sat in his study. It didn’t last very long when he hardened beneath me.

The man just couldn’t help himself.

Chapter 23

Rurik

I stood at the altar, waiting for my children and bride to walk down the aisle. Akim was our translator, but Maksim and Artyom also stood by me. My parents sat at the front pew holding hands. My father spoke a little English, but my mother didn’t. It had been endearing to watch my family with the twins despite the language barrier.

They hadn’t hesitated to rip into me, and I was admonished for not knowing about the

twins sooner. I remained quiet because I wasn't about to explain our situation to them. My parents would stay home with my men, Orla and the twins, while we went on our honeymoon. It all worked out in the end.

“I can't believe how cute the kids are. It makes me kinda broody,” Akim said while Maksim and Artyom snickered.

“Weddings,” Maksim said. “They get everyone emotional.”

“Da, today is the day for you and the nanny,” Artyom said with a smirk.

“Suka,” Maksim hissed at him, making the Bishop clear his throat, and Maksim awkwardly apologised to him. Bitch.

The music began, and my head snapped toward the open doors. The twins stepped into the cathedral but hesitated as they peered into the huge ornate hall and all the people inside it. I waved to them to get their attention, and they smiled before stepping inside.

I tried to blink my tears away as I saw my daughter in her stunning white dress that glittered at the edges and my son, who wore a suit similar to mine. They were running toward me when Tatiana remembered her flower petals and stopped to toss some in the air. Alexei turned back when he noticed Tatiana wasn't by his side. He went back to help her throw the flowers.

Orla and Mariya were next to step inside. I placed a hand over my stomach to ease the nauseous feeling. Akim nudged me, but I was rooted in place as Mariya lifted her head. She had chosen an off-white traditional dress with a long veil draping over her head. The veil was heavily embroidered at the edges and glittered under the light.

It had a square neckline with the same lace edging and design over the long dress. A

glittering belt cinched in her waist while the skirt puffed out, but it was her face that shone with happiness as she watched our children that made my heart race. Orla held her arm and walked her down the aisle which seemed appropriate given she had been with her since our children were born. She was more like family, as were my men.

When she looked away from Alexei and Tatiana to look for me at the altar, her face softened as our eyes met. A sudden flashback to when I first approached her at the bar hit me. It was a rare occurrence for me to hit on a woman, especially at a bar, but to see her working on studying market conditions and some decent stock options had intrigued me.

I never thought a chance one-night stand would lead to babies and marriage. My eyes dropped to her breasts, and I held my breath, imagining our third child who would be with us in eight short months.

Yes, my wife was fucking perfect in every way possible.

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“You've brought me to a farm for our honeymoon?” Mariya asked flatly as I carried her through the doorway.

“Aluxuryfarm in Romiri, which is on an Island,” I said, correcting her.

“We come to Greece, a country steeped with historic landmarks, and I get to moo on a farm,” she grumbled. “It almost makes me wish you were lactose intolerant.”

I laughed so hard that I had to grip her tighter for the fear of dropping her on the stairs. The door opened as the housekeeper smiled at us.

“Welcome. Mr Karalis explained all your requirements. I have done everything as requested and left my number for you in the kitchen should you require anything else during your stay,” she said, moving out of the way as I carried Mariya inside. “Congratulations on your recent nuptials, Mr and Mrs Abrosimov.”

“Thank you,” we both said together as I raced for the stairs.

“Get ready to moo for me,” I said, grinning when she let out a girlish giggle and tightened her arms around my neck.

When we reached the master bedroom, I placed her carefully on the bed, looking at her flat stomach beneath her white sundress. Our child lay there, growing stronger each day. I kissed her belly as she ran her fingers through my hair.

“I hope there was enough milk for the twins,” she said dreamily.

“You saw the freezer. It was packed,” I said, standing up to shrug out of my linen blazer before ripping my T-shirt off. I paused before glancing at Mariya.

“You're not hungry, are you?” I asked with a frown, but she stared at my crotch.

“Starving,” she whispered, making me groan and sigh in relief.

The luggage could stay in the car because I had more important things to do, like worshipping my wife's pregnant body.

Chapter 24

Mariya

Life on a farm as a Hucow wasn't as bad as I expected. I lay naked except for my horns and tail butt plug, sunbathing while Rurik took care of all my needs. I stared at the bright blue sky while stretched out on the cotton-padded mat Rurik had placed beneath the olive tree.

We video-called the twins daily and seeing them entertained by all their family put my mind at ease. Their canines were coming through, but Orla was all over that, and within a few days, they were showing us their teeth. They'd learned more words, and their babbling was more coherent.

Their babushka and dedushka had been teaching them some Russian words. It was a tricky language, but it would be one I would master eventually. His parents were family-orientated and their love for our children was plain to see. I no longer had childish dreams of my family loving me, not when I had my own in the making.

“What’s wrong, little cow?” Rurik said from his lounge chair.

I glanced at his oily, tanned body and got distracted until he chuckled.

“Come on. Into the barn,” he said, taking off his sunglasses. “It must be milking time.”

“Moo, moo,” I said, agreeing with him.

I rolled off the mat and was up on my hands and knees in seconds. The feel of the cool grass on my hands and knees was lovely, but so was the warmth of the sun on my back. I followed Rurik into the barn and stepped onto the milking bench, waiting to be restrained.

“I think we have stretched your ass out enough,” he said, taking my wrist, but I groaned. “And your belly is full with our baby.”

This was not what I had anticipated, but I remained still because I didn't want a spanking. Once I was strapped in, he hooked up the suction cups until I bit my lip when they tugged on my nipples.

“My wife’s first ass fucking. Do you know what I’m going to do once I’ve emptied my balls inside your pretty little asshole?”

“Moo,” I said, shaking my head.

“I will stuff that tail back inside you to ensure my cum stays inside you,” he said as he crawled above me to massage my breasts. “All while your milk is being pumped out of your udders.”

I groaned at the thought but inched my knees out with little care about my orifice

remaining intact.

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“That’s my good little Hucow. You’ll let me fuck you up the ass because you are all mine now,” he whispered in my ear before kissing my shoulder. “Iownyou.”

I closed my eyes at his words. They were so wrong—toxic but also felt so right.

Damn it.

He moved away, and I opened my eyes. The barn was small, but I’d noticed dog bowls and chains on the other side. When I asked Rurik about them, he grinned and told me Stefanos had a pet dog—his wife. After looking up pet play, I opened myself up to a world of BDSM kinks.

It was reassuring to know that I wasn't alone in loving the dynamics of our relationship. Once I was heavily pregnant, we wouldn't be able to horse around as much. I laughed at my own pun but quickly stopped when Rurik began pulling my tail out.

“I hope you scream when I fit every last inch of me inside you,” he said, but the wicked intent in his voice made me hesitate for a moment.

I shook it off because I knew he wouldn't do anything to harm me. When he began to drop a ton of lube on my ass, I began to pray. He wasn't playing around when he started to push his fingers inside me. As soon as I relaxed around them, he pushed another one in. He did this until all four of his fingers were inside of me, stretching me while I panted through the discomfort.

“Fuck, yeah. If only you could see your open gaping ass,” he murmured before he

emptied some more lube into my open ass.

Once he was done, he resumed fucking me with all four fingers until I began to moo. It was only then that he rubbed my wet pussy—I mooed louder.

“Didn't I tell you that you would be begging for this? For my dick in your asshole,” he said arrogantly as he kicked his shorts off, and I watched them land close to the milking machine.

He was lucky I couldn't speak at this point.

When he didn't move or do anything, I glanced behind me and instantly regretted it when I saw him lubing his massive dick up. The thick-veined beast looked larger than usual. On the plus side, it was dripping with lube. He switched the milking machine on, and I gasped as it began the rhythmic suction on my nipples, making my pussy clench. The clear tubes slowly filled up as my milk was being drained.

I tensed up when I felt his heavy cock slide up and down my ass. His fingers spread me open, stretching my ass open again until his fingers bit into my flesh. He shuffled closer until I felt his legs touch mine. I took a deep breath because I knew how deep he could go in this position.

“There is no escape from me, Mariya—ever.”

I had to admit it to myself.

There never was.

Chapter 25

Rurik

Her skin was strained and stretched as I pulled her asshole wide open. It took days to get to this point. I could see the insides of her pink asshole and didn't hesitate to lodge the head of my dick into her, releasing one ass cheek to give it a shove. Her gasp made me smile.

“There, there, little cow,” I said, mocking her with a false platitude. “You know you need my cock in here.”

I eased into her sinking down, sliding into her dark hole, feeling her muscles around me as the tight ring around her ass went from pink to white, straining to take my girth. I waited for her to relax because I was a gentleman before ramping things up.

“This. Tight. Little. Fuck. Hole,” I said, driving into her harder, deeper and faster with each word I uttered, ignoring her little cries until there were only a few inches left.

Sweat began to form on my forehead as I restrained myself from fucking her. I held onto the handles before glancing between us, waiting for her to relax again. Her hands were tight little fists in the manacles. I began to gyrate my hips, wanting her to feel me in every part of her asshole. She began to moo for me.

“My sweet little Hucow. You can take me. Relax that asshole for me. Let me fuck you,” I said, feeling her ass against my pelvis. “You’ve taken all of me now. The hard part is over.”

She scoffed before snorting like a little piglet while I grinned and tightened my grip on the handles. Stefanos’s debt was paid in full after he let me use his wonder chloroform and his farm.

I began to pull back only to screw myself back inside her clutching asshole, nice slow, shallow movements. My heart began to race when she began to relax, but I kept

the steady movement going until she was ready—when she moaned for more.

Her sweet sounds filled the warm barn, and I glanced at her straining asshole, pulling out to see her gaping hole.

“If only you could see how beautiful your ass looks, open and waiting to be fucked,” I murmured before guiding the head back into place.

There was no resistance left in her this time. I slammed myself down until my balls slapped against her cunt, and her scream filled the barn.

“Just like that. Right inside your guts, baby,” I said before I pulled, withdrawing before tunnelling back inside her.

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There was no coming back for me because I was lost in the sight, sounds and feel of her incredible ass around my cock. I started to hammer away at her, pounding in and out of her asshole, slapping against her ass, watching my pelvis hit her each time. I was going in so deep that my pubes were squashed up against her, but it was her delicious screams that made me continue.

“Oh—ugh. Fuckkkkkkkk—That’s so dee—Arghhh—” she stuttered incoherently, so far gone she forgot to moo.

I continued to pound into her, thrusting harder and harder until she shrieked as she came from her ass fucking, but it only egged me on. I pummelled and plunged into her contracting asshole that was loose enough to take me all the way, grunting with effort until my balls tightened.

My muscles locked into place as my legs shook from the onset of my climax. With a roar, I spewed my cum inside her continuing to fuck her asshole like a sick addict—rope after rope of my cum shot into her easing my path. But I never stopped moving, pushing my cum deep inside her, ready to be plugged up. The thought alone made my dick jerk inside her.

“Chert, ya dumayu, ty vladeyesh' mnoy,” I panted, grateful for the handles I held, or I would have collapsed on top of her.

Fuck, I think you own me.

After a few moments, I managed to reach out and switch the machine off.

“Mariya?” I said when she didn't move or speak. Her head lay on her hands, but her eyes were closed.

“Moo,” she whispered, but the sound was barely audible.

“How was your first ass fuck?” I said with a chuckle, reaching for her tail.

She didn't speak, but after I plugged her cum filled ass and removed the suction cups from her, I carried her back outside before bringing her some refreshments. After she had drunk some fluids, she fell asleep under the warmth of the sun. I dragged the padded mat from my lounge and joined her, holding my incredible wife.

She snuggled into me with a smile on her face. It felt like the most natural thing on earth, lying naked under the rays of the sun while holding the woman I loved. I held her hand to look at her wedding and engagement rings before looking at my own golden band.

These were a similar bond to our dominant and submissive relationship, but if anything were to happen to me, I knew my family would not suffer. Our children would be safe. The twins were lucky to have such a resourceful mother, and it would have hurt me to know they had been struggling while I lived my privileged life.

“Go to sleep,” she whispered.

“I love you, Mariya. You and our children,” I said softly, rubbing her belly.

“I love you too, Rurik, even if you obliterated my ass,” she said with a yawn.

I smiled and closed my eyes.

Chapter 26

Mariya

Three Months Later

The twins were almost two years old soon, and their vocabulary expanded enough for potty training to commence. It hadn't taken long once they grasped the concept. The nighttime push-up training pads would be used as a precaution until they got into the habit of going to the toilet before bed and being able to control their bladder.

Our home was a constant bustle of people. Maksim and Artyom became honorary uncles with Orla, a second mother to the twins. Akim continued to travel for their business while most days Rurik worked from home. Sometimes, he went to their head office but always came home the same night. He returned from his meeting with the Bratva man alive, so there was that. He never discussed the details with me, but his friend was alive.

The man was obsessed with my breasts and baby bump. Every day, he would update me on the baby's progression, and I couldn't even get annoyed with him because of the sheer joy, pride and excitement within him. We left the twins in the larger room next to us but began to prepare for the nursery in the room opposite ours.

"You're home early," I said as I watched Tatiana and Alexei run to their Daddy.

"Up, Daddy. Up, up—high," Tatiana said, pointing to the ceiling while Alexei simply raised both arms in the air, expecting to be lifted up too.

Rurik's grim face transformed completely as he dropped his coat on the floor and scooped up the twins.

"How are my babies today?" he asked, kissing them both as they hugged him.

I rubbed my almost five-month-old bump with a smile. The twins had an inkling that a baby was inside me and would be here soon. Alexei was pretty chilled about it, while Tatiana was more excited.

“Your parents are in Russia,” Rurik said bluntly.

“What the fu—” I began to say before I slapped my hand over my mouth.

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I guess it was better than a horse's pee hole, but all profanities were banned in front of the impressionable twins. It didn't matter which language we used around them. We were all careful.

“How?” I asked in a daze but stood up.

“Outside the cathedral, our photos were snapped. I didn't think much of it at the time,” Rurik said, but his eyes were locked on me as I began to pace. “You don't have to see them if you don't want to.”

I hesitated, watching as the twins squirmed to freedom and Orla appeared at the door to usher them out of the living room.

“They are here,” I said flatly, ignoring the nausea building up inside me.

“They are,” Rurik said as he closed the gap between us.

His hand stroked my stomach, and I relaxed.

“Fuck it. Why not? I want that particular door sealed shut and on my terms,” I said, thinking of how unhappy they had made me.

“That's my girl,” Rurik murmured with a smile before he pulled out his mobile phone.

“Now?!” I squeaked out.

“No time like the present,” he said while he tapped away at the phone before slipping it back into his pocket. “Artyom will bring them in.”

“Keep the twins away from them,” I said coldly because I didn't want my parents to lay eyes on them.

“Orla is aware of the situation.”

I smiled wryly at him. “Ever the master planner.”

“It's why we make such an amazing team,” he said, covering my belly with his palm.

I took a few deep breaths until the living room door opened, and Artyom led in Bethany and Alan Harlestone. Rurik's arm slid around my waist as we watched them come in. Artyom closed the door but didn't leave. His face was as hard as stone, but he stared at the windows with his hands clasped in front of him. I swallowed the lump in my throat.

I wasn't alone.

“Sit,” Rurik barked at them, and they immediately sat their arses down on the couch, looking at one another.

I almost smiled, but I did relax.

“Hello, Beth, Alan. What brings you to Russia?” I asked politely while they looked around the living room.

God, I could see the fucking pound signs in their greedy little eyes.

They almost frowned when I called them by their names.

“We were worried about you, darling,” my incubator said, her beady eyes looking me up and down, pausing on my stomach for a few seconds. Oh, congratulations. When are you due?”

Alan’s eyes narrowed on my belly before he forgot he was supposed to be a doting sperm donor.

“A grandchild. The next Harlestone generation,” he said with a tight smile.

“This is my third child, actually. We have twins, but thankfully, they are Abrosimovs, just like me,” I said with a smile as their faces fell.

Artyom covered his grin with his hand, and Rurik’s hand tightened before relaxing against me again.

“Oh,” Beth said before clearing her throat and pasting a fake smile on her lips.

I took a deep breath as I felt fate come around in a full circle.

“Let us drop the farce. You’re only here for my husband’s money. Rurik, do you owe this incubator or sperm donor anything?” I asked as the cold, suppressed rage inside of me seemed to turn my blood into ice.

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“Not a single penny,” he said softly as we watched them bluster.

“Now see here, young lady. We gave you this,” Alan said, looking around the luxuriously decorated room.

“We educated you. Let you go to Univer—”

“Which I paid for with student loans,” I said before turning to Rurik. “Did you take anything from them to build your company or this house?”

“This is the first time I have had the misfortune of meeting them, my love,” he said darkly as he smiled at my parents.

“We are done. I never want to see any of you again, but I would like to thank you for being the worst of parents because it made me the best of mothers. Now kindly fuck off back to your dilapidated house, and don’t come near me or my family again,” I said before glancing at Artyom. “Get thesesobakiout of here, please.”Dogs.

“With great pleasure,” he said, pulling his gun out of his holster.

Oh, damn. That was hardcore.

My anger vanished as he waved them out with the gun. I’d never seen them move so fast or so much fear in them.

“Horses piss holes,” I muttered as I heard them threaten to sue us all.

Rurik began to chuckle.

“You make a fine Russian Hucow,” he said but turned me away from the door to hug me. “Are you okay?”

I sighed heavily, breathing in his aftershave and the warmth of his embrace. “Never felt better.”

Chapter 27

Rurik

Four Months Later

“This doesn’t feel right,” I said for the third time, but my damn dick was saying it felt more than fine.

“Would it help you along if I mooed? Let’s face it, I am as big as a cow right now,” Mariya grumbled.

“That is your eighteenth offence,” I snapped at her before pulling back to fuck her hard.

“Oh, yeah. Can you feel it when you hit against my ass? It’s the size of a house, so you can’t miss it,” she moaned.

I grabbed a fist full of her hair and gave her what she’d been begging me for. I started to pummel her with thrusts, holding her hip with my other hand.

“My poor kid,” I gasped, but it didn’t stop me from fucking my heavily pregnant wife, who knelt on our bed in front of me.

“I knew you had it in you,” she said, placing her head on the bed. “Oh, yeah, right there.”

“Oh, fuck. You dirty little cow, are you rubbing yourself?” I said when she began to gush around me.

I forgot about protecting my child and gave my wife what she needed. My big hard cock driving through her soft insides. I released her hair to grip both her hips as I felt my cock harden.

“You never tire of my dick,” I said, feeling my balls being soaked.

She screamed as she came, but it was cut short as she tugged on our bed covers. Her entire body trembled, and I groaned as her pussy began to milk my cock, sucking the seed out of my balls.

“Yes, take my cum. You greedy little whore,” I moaned as I exploded inside of her, lost in a world of pleasure.

It wasn't until the last of my cum was emptied into her that I rubbed her back.

“Anything?”

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“No,” she groaned. “Why won’t this one come out?”

“It’s only one day overdue, baby,” I crooned, rubbing her shoulders before reaching for our child, feeling her hard belly and caressing it. “Every pregnancy is different.”

“If you say that to me one more time—” she threatened but abruptly stopped.

“What are you going to do?” I said with a chuckle as I pulled out of her.

My amusement vanished as a rush of water gushed out of her. I knew I was good but not this kind of waterfall good. I froze—stood there like a statue. Not wanting to believe what had happened. What this meant.

“I think it worked,” Mariya said lightly.

I stared at my feet. There was a puddle of water surrounding my feet.

“Rurik?”

I could do this.

“Can you help me up?”

I stared at Mariya. Up. She needs to sit up. I needed to get towels. I ran to the bathroom, slipping on the amniotic fluid, but caught myself before I fell. When I reached the bathroom, I realised I needed Maksim to get the car ready and let Orla know what was happening, but I didn't have my phone on me. I turned to leave the

bathroom but remembered I needed towels.

Mariya lay on her side by the time I reached her. I flung the towels on the bed but put a few on the puddle so she didn't slip on the wooden flooring.

“I don't think there are enough towels here,” Mariya said, but I frowned at the mountain of towels on the bed. “I’m joking,” she said as I turned to get more.

“This is not a joking matter. I told you that it didn't feel right,” I said, feeling sick and breaking out into a cold sweat. “You stay right there and don't move a single inch.”

I was at my wit's end with a nervous energy that I'd never felt before, but it was fear—fear of something happening to the only woman I loved and the fear of anything happening to our child.

The phone. I needed my phone.

I grabbed it from the nightstand, keeping an eye on Mariya. I rapidly spewed instructions for Maksim, who would ensure Artyom and Orla were informed of the current emergency. The bags were in the car. All I needed to do was help Mariya.

I could do this.

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It turned out I couldn't do it, so Artyom did it since I fainted in the delivery room. The bastard was always there before me, but I forgave him since he recorded Liliya's first moments in the world while I was being bandaged up. No matter how much I insisted, they wouldn't let me into the delivery room until my cut had been seen too.

As I held my little princess, everything vanished. Mariya lay on the bed with a

content smile on her face, but that could be from all the drugs she demanded. I cringed when I remembered Liliya's head crowning. That was the point when I hit the floor. My legs felt a little shaky, and I sat beside Mariya.

"She is beautiful, Mariya, thank you," I whispered to her, not wanting to wake Liliya up. "It still hurts that I wasn't there for the twins."

"You're here now. Alexei and Tatiana will never know any different with the amount of time and love you've given them."

I leaned over to kiss her as our golden-haired daughter protested between us.

"I love you all," I whispered against her lips.

"We know," she said as tears welled up in her deep blue eyes.

Chapter 28

Mariya

I ignored Maksim and Artyom, shoving one another as Orla took Liliya from me. The twins left my side, climbing over my legs to reach Orla, who held Liliya out for them. Rurik smacked Maksim and Artyom after he placed my hot chocolate on the nightstand. Apparently, it was my only treat sugary treat for the day. It was nice that he still believed he was in charge.

"When are your family arriving?" I asked before reaching for my drink.

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“Late afternoon tomorrow,” he said with a grin.

“What will you tell them about your injury?” Maksim asked with a snigger.

“I will lie through my teeth,” Rurik said.

I shook my head to watch our children. Alexei gently inspected Liliya’s tiny hand while Tatiana stroked her fine, downy hair. Orla glanced up at me with a smile.

“She is beautiful like her mam,” she said softly.

She didn't know it yet, but she would be her godmother. The twins had their uncle Akim, while Liliya would have Maksim and Artyom as her godfathers.

“I’m next,” Maksim said adamantly.

“Be quick because it will be her feed time shortly,” Rurik said, and my smile vanished.

“She doesn't have a routine yet,” I said with a frown.

“No, but you need to rest,” he said, and I relaxed. “You’ve traumatised me enough,” he muttered.

I was tempted to moo at him but held back since our bedroom was full. I lay back to sip my hot cocoa and watch all the people I loved with our children. This pregnancy and birth was completely different from my first one. Rurik kept all of his promises

and treated me like a Hucow queen.

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The room was silent except for the noises Liliya made while she fed. The lights were dimmed, everyone had left, and Rurik lay beside me watching our daughter. Her tiny rosebud mouth suckled on me, and my heart ached, remembering when the twins were this small.

“This is what I needed,” Rurik said quietly. “To see how it all began with our son and daughter.”

“You did kind of have a breakdown when your dick did the job,” I whispered, reaching out for his hand.

“Never again,” he said stiffly.

“What happened to breeding season?” I said with a chuckle.

“Oh, that’s still on, but I won’t let you use my dick the way you did.”

“Sure, you won’t,” I said, rolling my eyes. “I think she is falling asleep.”

Rurik moved to take her from me, placing her on his chest to burp her.

“I can’t believe how tiny she is,” he said, rubbing her back. “She will grow up too quickly.”

I watched his massive hand rub over her white and polka-dot cotton onesie. The size difference was immense. He held her out for me to kiss her before he did the same and placed her in the basket. Once he covered her with the blanket, he gazed at her

for a seemingly long time before placing the canopy cover down.

“Do you need anything?” he asked.

I shook my head. We were both tired, so I patted the bed, and he climbed in, leaving Liliya on his side. He switched the lamp off and held me. My eyes began to droop immediately, and my last thought was that fate wasn't my enemy after all.

Epilogue

Rurik

Three Years Later

Our bedtime stories were always read in our bedroom. It was a ritual we had to bind together before we slept. I held our son Lev while Mariya read to the children. The twins were over having another sibling, but Liliya was fascinated with Lev, much like Tatiana had been with her.

I watched the five-year-olds and three-year-old giggle when Mariya acted out the various voices from the book. I stared at my dark-haired son, who looked to have Mariya's eyes. The peace my family gave me was priceless. All these moments became memories for everyone involved.

The countless travels I once did for my company were now leisure trips with my family. Mariya kept her dreams and travel list of countries she wanted to visit, adding more as time passed. We still made time for our milking room since we had two nannies now. Four children for Orla to care for while we vanished was too much.

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The quiet knock on the door had us all looking up as Orla came to collect the children. They groaned but reluctantly kissed and hugged their mother before I passed Lev to Mariya to do the same.

The room was quiet, but it was our time, and Mariya unclipped her top to feed Lev. I stood over them, watching them. Four children later and my fixation never left me. I kissed Mariya before kissing Lev, climbing into bed beside them to hold them close to me.

I didn't need to say anything because she always knew. She knew that I would do anything for them.

“Moo,” she whispered, making me smile.

“Shush, be a good little milking cow and feed my son.”

“One week left before my check-up,” she said, and I shook my head at her.

“You know it doesn't work like that,” I said with a smirk.

“What is wrong with you? You must be the only man who insists on waiting an extra two weeks,” she grumbled.

“And you know why I do it.”

Her face softened, and she smiled.

“Yes, but at least you didn't faint this time.”

“The first time was a fluke,” I said gruffly, stroking Lev’s baby-soft hair.

“At least we didn't need your pole to burst me open this time.”

I closed my eyes, remembering the horrifying incident.

“You look a tad pale,” she said, but I heard her amusement.

“I can't wait to take it all out on your ass,” I said, opening one eye to see her smirk.

“Moo,” she said with a cheeky grin.

The End.