The Wreckers: "The Church Couple" | Book #3

by Brent Clark Palmer

The Wreckers, Book 3

Chapter 1: The Vacation Begins

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Vanessa Smart stood on the balcony of their luxury cabin in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, wearing nothing but one of Jordan's shirts and holding a steaming cup of coffee. The morning air was crisp and clean, carrying the scent of pine and snow from the nearby mountains. It was a far cry from the chaos they had left behind in the city.

She took a slow sip and smiled to herself.

After the madness of the streamer couple, this felt like a real vacation. No schemes. No targets. No late-night planning sessions. Just her, Jordan, and the mountains.

Or so she thought.

Jordan stepped out onto the balcony behind her, shirtless, his dark hair still messy from sleep. He wrapped his arms around her waist and rested his chin on her shoulder.

"You're thinking too loud," he murmured against her neck.

Vanessa laughed softly. "Am I?"

"You always get that look when you're about to suggest something dangerous," he said, pressing a kiss to her shoulder. "What is it this time?"

She turned in his arms to face him, a wicked little smile playing on her lips.

"I was just thinking," she said, "that it would be a shame to waste this beautiful vacation without a little… entertainment."

Jordan raised an eyebrow, clearly intrigued.

"Entertainment?"

Vanessa leaned in and kissed him slowly.

"We just finished that nightmare with the streamers," she said. "It was exhausting. I think we deserve something easy. Something fun. Like an after-dinner mint."

Jordan's eyes darkened with interest.

"You have someone in mind?"

Vanessa turned back toward the view, her gaze drifting down toward the small town nestled in the valley.

"I was thinking we could go to church this Sunday," she said casually.

Jordan let out a low laugh.

“Church? You?”

“Why not?” Vanessa shrugged. “I hear the sermons are lovely. And I have a feeling we might find exactly what we’re looking for.”

Jordan studied her for a moment, then smiled.

“You’re terrible.”

“You love it.”

He kissed her again, deeper this time, his hands sliding under the shirt she was wearing. “Fine,” he murmured against her lips. “We’ll go to church. But if we’re doing this, we’re doing it properly.”

Vanessa smiled against his mouth.

“Front row,” she whispered.

Jordan groaned.

“You’re going to get us struck by lightning.”

--That Sunday, they walked into the small but beautiful church in Jackson Hole and deliberately chose seats in the very front row.

Vanessa wore a modest but elegant cream dress that somehow still managed to look sinful on her. Jordan wore a dark button-down shirt with the sleeves rolled up, looking effortlessly dangerous.

They drew attention immediately.

And then they saw them.

On the stage stood a young man in his late twenties — tall, clean-cut, with kind eyes and an earnest smile. **Elijah Brooks**, the youth pastor. Next to him sat a young woman who couldn’t have been older than twenty-three. She had soft features, long light brown hair, and an air of pure innocence that made Vanessa’s pulse quicken.

Grace Brooks. The head pastor’s daughter. Elijah’s wife.

They were the picture of wholesome perfection.

Vanessa leaned slightly toward Jordan, her voice low enough that only he could hear. “Look at them,” she whispered. “They look like they still believe in fairy tales.”

Jordan’s lips curved into a slow, predatory smile.

“They look edible.”

Vanessa turned her head just enough to meet his eyes.

“Then let’s give them a nightmare.”

Jordan’s low laugh vibrated against her shoulder.

“You sure you want to start with the church kids? That’s ambitious for a vacation.” Vanessa finally looked at him fully, those dark eyes of hers sparkling with mischief. “We’re not on vacation anymore, Jordan. We’re professionals.”

--After the service, Vanessa and Jordan made their move.

They “accidentally” ran into Elijah and Grace outside the church while everyone was mingling. Vanessa played the role of the charming, slightly older woman who was new in town and looking for a good church community. Jordan was the confident, respectful man who asked thoughtful questions about the youth ministry.

Elijah was polite but clearly distracted by Vanessa’s beauty. Grace, on the other hand, could barely look Jordan in the eye without blushing.

It was perfect.

As they were saying goodbye, Vanessa touched Grace’s arm gently.

“It was lovely meeting you both,” she said warmly. “I hope we see you again soon.” Grace smiled shyly.

“I hope so too.”

Vanessa and Jordan walked back to their car in silence. Once they were inside, Vanessa turned to Jordan with a slow, satisfied smile.

“Well?” she asked.

Jordan started the engine and glanced at her.

“They’re perfect,” he said. “Young. Innocent. Repressed as hell.”

Vanessa laughed.

“Exactly what we need after those streamers.”

Jordan reached over and took her hand, bringing it to his lips.

“Rules still the same?” he asked.

Vanessa looked at him, her expression turning serious for a moment.

“Same rules,” she said. “We don’t fall in love with them. We don’t keep them. And when it’s over…” She let her gaze drop to his mouth. “We fuck each other like the world is ending.” Jordan’s eyes darkened.

“God, I love the way you think.”

He leaned across the center console and kissed her — slow, deep, and full of promise. Then he pulled back and grinned.

“Front row was a nice touch.”

Vanessa laughed, low and dangerous.

“We’re just getting started.”

Chapter 2: The Front Row

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The sanctuary was warm and softly lit as the Wednesday evening service began at 7:00 pm. The usual Sunday morning crowd was smaller tonight, but the atmosphere felt more intimate. Soft worship music played as people settled into the pews, the golden glow of the overhead lights casting gentle shadows across the wooden beams.

Vanessa and Jordan sat in the very front row.

They had returned on purpose.

After the Sunday service, they had decided to come back mid-week — using the excuse that they “couldn’t get enough worship in” during their first visit. In reality, they wanted to keep the pressure on. They wanted Elijah and Grace to feel their presence again, and soon. Vanessa wore a modest but elegant cream-colored dress that clung to her curves in a way that felt almost inappropriate for a church. Jordan sat beside her in a dark button-down shirt with the sleeves rolled up, looking effortlessly dangerous in the sacred space.

They were impossible to ignore.

Grace Brooks sat on the stage with the worship team, her light brown hair falling softly around her shoulders. She was trying to focus on the music, but her eyes kept drifting toward the front row. Specifically, toward the tall, dark-haired man sitting next to the striking redhead.

Jordan.

Every time their eyes met — even for a second — Grace felt that strange, unfamiliar flutter in her chest again. She had never reacted to a man like this before. The feeling made her stomach twist with both guilt and something far more dangerous.

On the other side of the sanctuary, Elijah Brooks stood near the pulpit, preparing to lead the mid-week message. He was trying to stay focused, but he kept glancing toward the front row as well.

Toward the woman in the cream dress.

Vanessa.

There was something about the way she sat — perfectly composed, yet radiating a quiet, predatory energy — that made it impossible for him to look away for long.

Vanessa and Jordan were fully aware of the effect they were having.

Vanessa kept her eyes forward, but a small, knowing smile played at the corner of her lips. Jordan allowed himself one slow, deliberate glance toward the stage — just long enough for Grace to catch it. Their eyes met, and Grace quickly looked down at her hands, her cheeks flushing pink.

Jordan's smile deepened.

The service continued, but the energy in the room had shifted. Elijah stumbled slightly over his words during the message. Grace missed a cue during one of the worship songs. The entire front of the church felt charged in a way it never had before.

After the final song ended and the congregation began to filter out into the cool Wyoming night, Vanessa and Jordan took their time leaving. They lingered near the front, making sure they were impossible to miss.

That's when Elijah and Grace approached them.

Elijah was the first to speak, extending his hand with a warm but slightly distracted smile. "Hi again. I'm glad you came back so soon."

Vanessa turned and offered him a radiant smile, shaking his hand.

"We couldn't stay away," she said. "There's something special about this place." Jordan shook Elijah's hand next, his grip firm and confident.

"Pleasure to see you again," he said smoothly.

Grace stood slightly behind her husband, her hands clasped tightly in front of her. She looked nervous but curious, stealing glances at Jordan whenever she thought no one was looking. "It's nice to see you both again," she said softly.

Vanessa turned her full attention to Grace, her smile softening.

"We were actually thinking of grabbing coffee at that little café down the street — The Rustic Cup? Would you two like to join us? It's still early, and we'd love to get to know you better." Grace looked at Elijah, who hesitated for only a moment before nodding.

"Sure," he said. "That sounds nice."

Vanessa smiled.

"Perfect. We'll see you there."

--Twenty minutes later, the four of them sat at a corner table in The Rustic Cup. The café was still lively even at night, with warm lighting and the smell of fresh coffee in the air.

Vanessa and Jordan had positioned themselves strategically — Vanessa across from Grace, Jordan across from Elijah.

The conversation flowed easily at first. They talked about the town, the church, and how beautiful Jackson Hole was. But slowly, Vanessa and Jordan began steering the conversation into more personal territory.

“So how long have you two been married?” Vanessa asked, stirring her latte.

“Three years,” Elijah answered with a proud smile. “We got married right after Grace turned twenty.”

Grace nodded, her cheeks pink again.

“We were high school sweethearts. We’ve known each other since we were kids.”

Jordan leaned back in his chair, studying them both with a thoughtful expression. “That’s rare these days,” he said. “Most people our age have been through a few relationships by now. You two must have something really special.”

Elijah smiled, but Grace looked down at her coffee, her fingers tightening slightly around the mug.

Vanessa noticed.

She reached across the table and touched Grace’s hand lightly.

“Sometimes the purest love can also be the most… complicated,” she said softly. “Especially when you’ve only ever known one person.”

Grace looked up, meeting Vanessa’s eyes. There was something in Vanessa’s gaze that made her feel exposed — but not in a bad way. It was almost… comforting.

Jordan, meanwhile, had turned his attention back to Elijah.

“Being a youth pastor must come with its own challenges,” he said. “All those young people looking up to you, trying to figure out who they are. It’s a lot of pressure.”

Elijah sighed.

“It can be. Especially when some of them are struggling with things I never had to deal with growing up.”

Jordan nodded, his expression sympathetic.

“I can imagine. The world moves so fast now. It must be hard to keep up sometimes.” Elijah looked at Jordan with something close to relief.

“Exactly. It’s nice to talk to someone who understands.”

Vanessa smiled inwardly.

They were already beginning to open up.

The four of them stayed at the café for nearly two hours. By the time they left, phone numbers had been exchanged, and plans had been made to meet again later in the week. As Vanessa and Jordan walked back to their car under the cool Wyoming night sky, Vanessa slipped her hand into Jordan's.

"They're perfect," she said quietly.

Jordan squeezed her hand.

"Completely untouched. Completely repressed. This is going to be fun."

Vanessa glanced back toward the café, where Elijah and Grace were still standing outside talking.

"Let's take our time with this one," she said. "I want to savor it."

Jordan opened the car door for her.

"Agreed. This one feels different. Like we're corrupting something truly pure."

Vanessa slid into the passenger seat and smiled.

"Exactly."

Chapter 3: The First Temptation

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A few days after their first meeting at the café, Vanessa reached out to Grace with a simple text:

> **VanessaVisions:** Hey, I was thinking about our conversation the other day. If you ever want to talk more privately, I'm here. No pressure at all.

Grace stared at the message for a long time before replying.

> **Grace:** I'd actually really like that. Thank you.

They agreed to meet at a quiet little café on the edge of town — just the two of them. When Grace arrived, Vanessa was already there, sitting at a corner table with two lattes waiting. She smiled warmly as Grace approached.

"I'm really glad you came," Vanessa said gently.

Grace sat down, looking nervous but also relieved.

"Thank you for inviting me. I… I don't really have anyone I can talk to like this." Vanessa reached across the table and touched her hand lightly.

"You can talk to me about anything, Grace. I mean that."

Grace looked down at her coffee, clearly struggling with something.

"I've been thinking a lot lately," she admitted quietly. "About my marriage. About who I'm supposed to be."

Vanessa tilted her head, studying Grace with gentle eyes.

"Tell me."

Grace hesitated, then spoke in a voice barely above a whisper.

"Sometimes I have thoughts… thoughts I know I shouldn't have. Thoughts about things that aren't… pure."

Vanessa didn't react with shock or judgment. Instead, she simply squeezed Grace's hand gently.

"Tell me about them," she said softly.

Grace's face flushed deep red.

"I… I can't. It's too embarrassing."

Vanessa leaned in slightly, her voice dropping to an intimate tone.

"Grace, whatever it is, I promise you — I've thought worse. And I'm still sitting here. I'm not going anywhere."

Grace looked at her for a long moment, then finally spoke.

“Sometimes when I’m with Elijah… I think about other things. Other people. Things I know are wrong. And it makes me feel so guilty, but I can’t make the thoughts stop.”

Vanessa’s expression remained calm and kind.

“And how does that make you feel?” she asked.

“Horrible,” Grace whispered. “Like I’m failing as a wife. Like I’m failing God.” Vanessa shook her head gently.

“You’re not failing, Grace. You’re human. And humans have desires. Even the ones we were taught to suppress.”

Grace looked at her with wide, vulnerable eyes.

“Does it ever get easier?”

Vanessa smiled softly.

“It does. But only when you stop fighting yourself so hard.”

She paused, then added quietly:

“Sometimes the things we’re most ashamed of… they’re the things that make us feel the most alive.”

Grace stared at her, something shifting behind her eyes.

--On the other side of town, Jordan and Elijah sat across from each other at a small, quiet café. The afternoon light filtered through the windows as they talked.

“So,” Jordan said casually, stirring his coffee, “what made you want to become a youth pastor?”

Elijah smiled, clearly happy to talk about his calling.

“I went through a pretty rough time when I was younger. Got into some bad stuff — partying, drinking, making choices I’m not proud of. But the church helped pull me out of it. I wanted to give that same guidance to other kids who might be struggling.”

Jordan nodded thoughtfully.

“That’s really admirable. It takes a special kind of strength to want to help others through their darkest moments.”

Elijah looked down at his coffee, a small smile on his face.

“It’s not always easy, though. Some days I feel like I’m barely keeping my head above water.”

Jordan leaned back in his chair, his expression sympathetic.

“I can imagine. Being in a position like yours… everyone looks up to you. They expect you to have all the answers. That’s a lot of pressure.”

Elijah sighed.

“It really is. And sometimes I feel like I have to be perfect for everyone else, even when I’m falling apart inside.”

Jordan took a slow sip of his coffee, then spoke carefully.

“You know, I’ve always wondered about that. The pressure to be perfect. Especially in the church. It must be hard to admit when you’re struggling with… certain things.”

Elijah looked at him, something uncertain flickering in his eyes.

“What do you mean?”

Jordan shrugged lightly.

“Just that we’re all human. We all have thoughts and feelings we’re not proud of. Desires we’re told we shouldn’t have. It’s normal. But in the church, it can feel like you’re not allowed to admit that.”

Elijah was quiet for a moment.

“I… I’ve never really thought about it like that,” he admitted.

Jordan smiled gently.

“Most people don’t. They just keep pushing it down until it becomes too heavy to carry.” Elijah looked down at his coffee again, clearly thinking.

Jordan continued, his voice calm and understanding.

“If you ever need someone to talk to — someone who won’t judge you — I’m here.

Sometimes it helps just to say the things out loud that you’ve been keeping inside.” Elijah nodded slowly.

“Thank you. That… that means more than you know.”

Chapter 4

Chapter 4: The Private Confession

Grace sat in her car outside Vanessa's cabin, gripping the steering wheel so tightly her knuckles had turned white.

She had no idea why she was here.

She had told Elijah she was going to meet a friend for coffee and spiritual advice. That part wasn't a lie — not entirely. But deep down, she knew there was more to it. Ever since their last conversation at the café, she hadn't been able to stop thinking about Vanessa's words. *Sometimes the things we're most ashamed of… they're the things that make us feel the most alive.*

Grace had never felt more alive — or more terrified — than she did right now.

She took a deep breath, whispered a quick prayer under her breath, and stepped out of the car. --Vanessa opened the door before Grace even had a chance to knock. She was wearing a soft, oversized sweater and leggings, looking effortlessly beautiful in the morning light. "Grace," she said warmly. "I'm so glad you came."

Grace smiled nervously.

"Thank you for inviting me. I… I hope I'm not bothering you."

"You could never bother me," Vanessa said, stepping aside. "Come in."

As Grace stepped into the cabin, she froze.

Jordan was standing in the kitchen, shirtless, casually pouring himself a cup of coffee. His body was lean and strong, with defined muscles and a light trail of dark hair disappearing into his sweatpants. He looked up when he heard them and gave Grace a relaxed, easy smile. "Morning," he said casually.

Grace's face immediately flushed bright red. She quickly looked away, her heart pounding. "I— I'm sorry, I didn't realize you were here," she stammered.

Jordan chuckled softly.

"No need to apologize. I was just heading out anyway." He took a sip of his coffee, then grabbed a shirt from the back of a chair and pulled it on. "You two have fun."

He gave Vanessa a quick kiss on the cheek, then nodded politely at Grace before walking out the door.

Grace stood there for a moment, still flustered.

Vanessa smiled gently.

“Sorry about that. He’s usually gone by now, but he slept in this morning.”

“It’s okay,” Grace said quickly, though her cheeks were still burning.

Vanessa led her into the living room, where a fire was crackling softly in the fireplace. Two mugs of tea were already waiting on the coffee table.

“Make yourself comfortable,” Vanessa said, sitting down on the couch and patting the spot beside her.

Grace sat down, her hands folded tightly in her lap.

For a moment, neither of them spoke.

Then Vanessa broke the silence.

“You seemed like you had a lot on your mind the other day,” she said gently. “I thought maybe you could use someone to talk to.”

Grace nodded, staring down at her hands.

“I’ve been… struggling,” she admitted. “With thoughts. With feelings. Things I know I shouldn’t be feeling.”

Vanessa shifted slightly closer, her voice soft and understanding.

“Tell me.”

Grace took a shaky breath.

“Ever since we met… I’ve been having these thoughts. About Jordan. About you. Things that are completely inappropriate. I’ve been praying about it nonstop, but the thoughts won’t go away. And the guilt is eating me alive.”

Vanessa reached over and gently took Grace’s hand.

“Grace, listen to me. You’re not a bad person for having these thoughts. You’re a human being with desires. And desire isn’t evil. It’s natural.”

Grace looked at her with wide, tear-filled eyes.

“But I’m married. I’m a pastor’s wife. I’m supposed to be better than this.”

Vanessa squeezed her hand.

“You’re allowed to feel things, Grace. Even things that scare you. Especially things that scare you.”

Grace was quiet for a long moment. Then she whispered:

“I’ve never… I’ve never felt like this before. Not even with Elijah. I don’t know what’s wrong with me.”

Vanessa’s voice dropped lower, becoming more intimate.

“Nothing is wrong with you. You’re just waking up.”

She gently brushed a strand of hair behind Grace’s ear.

“Would you like me to help you understand these feelings a little better?”

Grace looked at her, confused and nervous.

“What do you mean?”

Vanessa smiled softly.

“I mean… I can show you. Only if you want me to. We can stop at any time.”

Grace’s heart was pounding so hard she could barely think.

“I… I don’t know.”

Vanessa leaned in slowly, giving Grace every chance to pull away.

“Just tell me if you want me to stop,” she whispered.

Then she kissed her.

It was soft at first — gentle, almost hesitant. Grace froze for a second, her mind screaming that this was wrong, that this was a sin, that she should run.

But then something inside her cracked.

She kissed Vanessa back.

The kiss deepened, and Grace felt a rush of heat flood through her entire body. Vanessa’s hands were gentle but confident as they slid around Grace’s waist, pulling her closer. When they finally pulled apart, Grace was breathing hard, her eyes wide.

“I… I’ve never done that before,” she whispered.

Vanessa smiled.

“I know.”

She kissed Grace again, slower this time, and gently guided her back onto the couch. Her hands moved with purpose — sliding under Grace’s sweater, tracing the soft skin of her stomach, moving higher.

Grace gasped when Vanessa’s fingers brushed over her breasts.

“Vanessa…” she breathed.

“Shhh,” Vanessa whispered against her lips. “Just feel.”

She took her time, undressing Grace slowly, kissing every inch of skin she revealed. Grace was trembling, overwhelmed by sensations she had never experienced before.

When Vanessa finally slipped her hand between Grace’s legs, Grace let out a broken moan. “I—I’ve never…” she gasped. “No one’s ever…”

Vanessa kissed her deeply.

“I know, baby. Just relax. Let me take care of you.”

Her fingers moved with expert precision — slow at first, then faster, circling and stroking in ways Grace had never imagined. Grace’s back arched off the couch as waves of pleasure she had never felt before crashed over her.

“Oh my God— Vanessa— I— I can’t—”

“Yes, you can,” Vanessa whispered. “Let go, Grace. I’ve got you.”

Grace came harder than she thought possible, her entire body shaking as she cried out. Tears streamed down her face as she gasped the same words over and over:

“I had no idea. I had no idea. I had no idea that was possible.”

Vanessa held her through it, kissing her softly and whispering gentle words of reassurance until Grace’s breathing finally slowed.

When Grace opened her eyes, she looked at Vanessa with a mixture of awe, confusion, and overwhelming emotion.

“What… what did you do to me?” she whispered.

Vanessa smiled and brushed a tear from Grace’s cheek.

“I showed you what you’ve been missing.”

Grace stared at her for a long moment, then whispered:

“I think I’m in trouble.”

Vanessa kissed her forehead.

“No, sweetheart. You’re finally free.”

Chapter 5: The Youth Pastor's Fall

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Jordan leaned back in the chair across from Elijah’s desk, one ankle resting casually over his knee. It was late afternoon, and while Grace was spending time with Vanessa, Elijah had invited Jordan to stop by his office at the church to continue their conversation from earlier in the week.

The youth pastor’s office was small but warm, filled with books, framed photos of church events, and a large wooden cross hanging on the wall behind Elijah’s chair.

Elijah looked stressed.

He had been in the middle of preparing his lesson for the upcoming youth group meeting when Jordan had shown up. But the conversation had quickly shifted into deeper territory. “I don’t know how you do it,” Jordan said, his voice low and admiring. “Running the youth ministry, being a husband, trying to be this perfect example for everyone. It must be exhausting.”

Elijah rubbed the back of his neck, clearly tired.

“It can be. Some days I feel like I’m barely holding it all together.”

Jordan studied him for a moment, then spoke carefully.

“You know, I’ve always wondered about that. The pressure to be perfect. Especially in the church. Everyone expects you to have all the answers, to never struggle, to never… want things you’re not supposed to want.”

Elijah looked at him, something uncertain flickering in his eyes.

“What do you mean?”

Jordan shrugged lightly, his tone casual but pointed.

“Just that we’re all human. We all have thoughts and desires we’re told we shouldn’t have. It’s normal. But in the church, it can feel like you’re not allowed to admit that. Like you have to pretend you’re above it all.”

Elijah was quiet for a long moment.

“I’ve… I’ve never really thought about it like that,” he admitted.

Jordan leaned forward slightly, his voice dropping.

“Grace seems like an incredible woman. But sometimes I wonder if it’s hard for her too. Being the pastor’s daughter. Being your wife. Having to live up to everyone’s expectations. It must be a lot of pressure.”

Elijah’s jaw tightened slightly.

“She’s perfect. She’s everything I could ever want.”

Jordan smiled, but there was something knowing in his expression.

“I’m sure she is. But even perfect people have thoughts they don’t say out loud. Even perfect wives have moments where they wonder what else might be out there.”

Elijah shifted uncomfortably in his chair.

“I don’t think Grace thinks like that.”

Jordan raised an eyebrow, his voice smooth and casual.

“Are you sure?”

The question hung in the air between them.

Elijah didn’t answer right away. He looked down at his desk, clearly unsettled.

Jordan let the silence stretch for a moment before speaking again.

“I’m not trying to plant doubt, Elijah. I’m just saying… it’s okay to be human. It’s okay to have thoughts. And it’s okay to wonder if your wife has them too.”

Elijah looked up at him, something dark and uncertain clouding his expression.

Jordan smiled.

“Anyway,” he said, standing up. “I should let you get back to your work. But if you ever want to talk — really talk — I’m around.”

He reached out and shook Elijah’s hand, holding it just a second longer than necessary. “Take care of yourself, Elijah.”

As Jordan walked out of the office, he smiled to himself.

The seeds had been planted.

--That night, Elijah lay in bed beside Grace, staring up at the ceiling.

She had come home later than usual, saying she had been meeting with a friend. She seemed different — quieter, more distant. When he tried to kiss her goodnight, she had gently turned

away.

Elijah closed his eyes, but sleep wouldn’t come.

Instead, his mind wandered.

He thought about Jordan’s words.

Are you sure?

He thought about Grace — how beautiful she was, how pure she had always been. But lately… something felt different. She had been distracted. Distant. And the way she had looked at Jordan during church…

Elijah felt a strange, unfamiliar heat rise in his chest.

He told himself it was nothing.

But deep down, for the first time in his life, he wasn't sure.

He rolled over and kissed Grace softly on the forehead.

"I love you," he whispered.

She murmured something in her sleep and turned away.

Elijah closed his eyes again.

And then the dream began.

--In the dream, he was standing in the doorway of their bedroom, watching.

Grace was on the bed — naked, flushed, and moaning. But she wasn't alone.

Vanessa was between her legs, her red hair spilling across Grace's thighs as she licked and sucked with slow, deliberate hunger. Grace's back was arched, her hands tangled in Vanessa's hair, her mouth open in a broken cry of pleasure.

Jordan stood beside the bed, watching with dark, satisfied eyes. He looked at Elijah and smiled.

"She's beautiful like this, isn't she?" Jordan said, his voice low and calm. "She was never meant to be yours alone."

Elijah couldn't move. He couldn't speak. He could only watch as Vanessa brought Grace to orgasm — watching his wife come harder than she ever had with him.

And the worst part?

He was hard.

Painfully, shamefully hard.

Grace turned her head and looked at him, her eyes glassy with pleasure.

"Elijah…" she moaned. "It feels so good… I didn't know it could feel like this…" Jordan stepped closer to Elijah, his voice soft and mocking.

"See? She was always meant for more than just you."

Elijah woke up with a violent start, gasping for air.

His body was covered in sweat. His cock was painfully erect, throbbing against the sheets. He glanced over at Grace, who was still sleeping peacefully beside him.

Shame flooded through him.

He carefully slipped out of bed and went into the bathroom, closing the door behind him. He stared at himself in the mirror, breathing hard, his erection still straining against his boxers. *What the hell is wrong with me?*

He splashed cold water on his face and waited until his body calmed down. Then he quietly returned to bed, careful not to wake Grace.

He lay there for a long time, staring at the ceiling, his heart pounding.

Eventually, he closed his eyes and tried to fall back asleep.

But the image of Grace moaning beneath Vanessa refused to leave his mind.

Chapter 6: The Double Seduction

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The image that would stay with Grace for the rest of her life began in a five-star resort suite in Jackson Hole.

It was late afternoon when they arrived. Vanessa and Jordan had invited them under the guise of a casual afternoon together — “just to relax and talk more.” Elijah and Grace had hesitated at first, but something about the invitation felt impossible to refuse. They had spent the morning at church, listening to a powerful sermon about surrendering to God’s will, and the conversation had naturally continued over lunch. When Vanessa and Jordan suggested they continue the discussion in a more private setting, it had felt like the natural next step. Now, the four of them sat around a beautifully set table in the luxurious suite, sunlight pouring through the floor-to-ceiling windows that overlooked the mountains. Room service had been delivered moments ago — fresh fruit, cheeses, warm bread, and an expensive bottle of wine that Jordan had already poured into crystal glasses.

The conversation started innocently enough.

They talked about the Sunday service. About the sermon.

“I really liked what Pastor Miller said about surrendering to God’s will,” Elijah said, taking a sip of his wine. “Especially the part about how we often fight against what He has planned for us because we think we know better.”

Vanessa nodded thoughtfully, swirling her wine.

“I found that part interesting too. The idea that sometimes what we think is best for us… isn’t actually what’s best. That we have to let go of control.”

Grace looked down at her plate, clearly thinking about the words.

“It’s hard though,” she said quietly. “Letting go. Trusting that everything will work out the way it’s supposed to.”

Jordan leaned forward slightly, his voice calm and smooth.

“I think a lot of people struggle with that. Especially when it comes to… desires. We’re taught that certain feelings are wrong, so we fight against them. But what if those feelings are actually part of God’s plan too?”

Elijah looked at him, clearly caught off guard by the direction of the conversation. “I don’t know if I agree with that,” he said carefully. “Some desires are meant to be resisted. That’s what faith is about.”

Jordan smiled gently, not pushing too hard yet.

“I’m not saying we should act on every impulse. But I do think there’s a difference between healthy desire and harmful desire. Sometimes we label things as ‘sinful’ when they’re actually just… human.”

Grace was quiet, but her cheeks had turned slightly pink.

Vanessa noticed.

She reached across the table and gently touched Grace’s hand.

“What do you think, Grace? Do you believe all desire is bad? Or do you think some of it might actually be… beautiful?”

Grace swallowed hard.

“I… I don’t know. I was always taught that desire outside of marriage is wrong. That even thinking about it is a sin.”

Vanessa smiled softly.

“But you’re married now. So what about desire *inside* marriage? Is that allowed to be wild? Passionate? Even… a little filthy?”

Grace’s face turned bright red. She looked down at her wine glass, clearly flustered. “I… I don’t know if I’ve ever thought about it like that.”

Jordan glanced at Elijah with a knowing smile.

“Most people haven’t. We’re taught to keep everything so clean and proper that we forget desire can actually be a gift. Something beautiful. Something holy, even.”

Elijah shifted in his seat, clearly uncomfortable but also intrigued.

“I’ve never heard anyone talk about it like that before.”

Jordan smiled.

“Maybe it’s time someone did.”

--The conversation continued for another hour, growing gradually more intimate. They talked about faith, about marriage, about the pressure to be perfect. Vanessa and Jordan were patient, never pushing too hard, but always guiding the conversation toward deeper, more dangerous territory.

Eventually, Vanessa stood up and looked at Jordan with a knowing smile. He gave her a small nod.

Without another word, Jordan stood and walked over to Grace. He gently took her hand and pulled her to her feet. Grace’s heart was pounding as she looked up at him.

“Jordan…” she whispered, her voice trembling. “What are we doing?”

Jordan cupped her face with one hand, his thumb brushing across her cheek.

“Something you’ve been wanting for a long time,” he said softly. “Something you’ve been too afraid to admit.”

Grace’s breath hitched. She felt a rush of heat flood through her body. Part of her wanted to pull away. Part of her wanted to run. But a much larger part of her — the part she had been trying to suppress for weeks — wanted this more than anything.

Jordan led her to the large sofa. He sat down first, then gently tugged Grace forward until she was standing between his legs. He looked up at her with dark, hungry eyes.

“Take off your clothes,” he said quietly.

Grace hesitated for only a moment before obeying. Her hands shook as she unbuttoned her blouse and let it fall to the floor. She removed her bra, then her skirt and panties, until she was standing completely naked in front of him.

Jordan stood and quickly removed his own clothes. Grace’s eyes widened as she watched him. When he pushed his pants down, she noticed that Jordan was at least twice the size of Elijah. Maybe three or five times the size.

Jordan sat back down on the sofa and pulled Grace onto his lap so she was straddling him. He looked into her eyes.

“Tell me you want this,” he said.

Grace was trembling, but her voice was steady when she answered.

“I want this,” she whispered. “I want you.”

Jordan positioned himself at her entrance and slowly pushed inside her.

Grace cried out, her head falling back as she took him for the first time. Her eyes rolled back as the sensation overwhelmed her.

“Oh God— Jordan— it’s too much— I can’t—”

“Yes, you can,” Jordan growled, gripping her hips. “You were made for this.”

He started fucking her — hard, deep, and relentless. Grace’s moans filled the room as she clutched at his shoulders, her body shaking with every thrust.

Meanwhile, Vanessa walked over to Elijah, who was still sitting at the table, staring at the scene unfolding on the sofa. His cock was rock hard, visibly straining against his pants. His

face was flushed with a mixture of shock, arousal, and deep shame.

Vanessa placed a hand on his chest and gently pushed him back into his chair.

“Sit,” she said softly. “And watch.”

Elijah sat down, breathing hard. Vanessa knelt beside him and slowly unzipped his pants, freeing his aching cock. She wrapped her hand around it but didn’t stroke — just held him, keeping him on edge.

Jordan, still inside Grace, looked over at Elijah and Vanessa with a satisfied smile. Vanessa, still squatting beside Elijah, began stroking him slowly while whispering in his ear. “You know… some interpretations of the Bible say a man shouldn’t come until his wife has been fully satisfied. Wouldn’t you agree, Elijah?”

Elijah groaned, his hips twitching in her hand.

“I— I don’t— Vanessa, please—”

“Shhh,” Vanessa whispered, tightening her grip just enough to keep him from coming. “Watch her. Watch how beautiful she is when she lets go.”

Grace came for the first time — overwhelming and intense. She sobbed, her entire body shaking as she cried out Jordan’s name.

But Jordan didn’t stop.

He kept fucking her through her orgasm, pushing her toward a second one even more intense than the first. Grace was babbling now, tears streaming down her face.

“I— I can’t— I’ve never— oh God, please— I don’t even know who I am right now…”

Her second orgasm hit her like a lightning strike. She screamed, her body convulsing violently as she came harder than she thought possible.

Still, Jordan didn’t stop.

He gripped her hips and helped her rise up, then lowered her back down so she was riding him. Grace was shaking, barely able to stay upright, but Jordan guided her movements, making her bounce on his cock.

“That’s it,” he growled. “Ride me. Show your husband how much you love this.”

Grace’s third orgasm hit her completely shattering. She screamed, her body convulsing as she sobbed and babbled incoherently.

“I— I’m yours— I’m yours— I don’t care anymore— just don’t stop— please don’t stop—”

Only after her third orgasm did Jordan finally slow down, still buried deep inside her. He looked over at Elijah, who was trembling and desperate in the chair.

Vanessa finally started stroking him — fast and tight.

Elijah came harder than he ever had in his life. His orgasm was violent and cathartic, his entire body shaking as he cried out. Thick ropes of cum spilled over Vanessa’s hand as he gasped for air.

Jordan, still inside Grace, looked at Elijah with a satisfied smile.

“That’s it,” he said softly. “Let it all out. It’s okay to like it this way, Elijah. It’s normal.” Vanessa kissed Elijah’s cheek, still stroking him gently through the aftershocks. “You were so good for us,” she whispered. “It’s perfectly normal to enjoy watching your wife come like that. There’s nothing wrong with you for wanting it.”

Jordan leaned down and kissed Grace’s forehead, still buried deep inside her.

“You’re ours now,” he murmured. “Both of you. And we take care of what’s ours.”

Grace, still trembling, reached out and took Elijah’s hand.

“I love you,” she whispered. “I love you so much.”

Elijah, still breathing hard, squeezed her hand back.

“I love you too,” he said hoarsely. “I… I don’t understand any of this. But I love you.” Vanessa smiled and kissed them both.

“You don’t have to understand it,” she said softly. “You just have to accept it.”
--**End of Chapter 6**

Chapter 7: The First Threesome

Chapter 7: The First Threesome

Grace sat on the porch steps beside Jordan, handing him tools as he worked on the broken railing. The late afternoon sun cast a warm glow over the cabin, and the mountains stood tall in the distance. She had barely left Vanessa and Jordan's side since the night before. While Elijah had gone home, Grace had gone to the cabin — helping Jordan all the next day with his endless fix-it projects. She had spent hours out here with him, passing him screws, holding pieces of wood steady, and talking quietly about everything and nothing. Vanessa stepped out onto the porch carrying two glasses of wine. She handed one to Grace and sat down beside her.

"You've been out here all day," Vanessa said with a soft smile. "I think Jordan's enjoying the help."

Grace blushed but smiled.

"I like being useful. And… I like being here."

Jordan glanced up from his work, wiping sweat from his forehead.

"You've been a big help," he said. "Most people don't stick around when I start talking about porch railings and loose hinges."

Grace laughed softly.

"I don't mind. It's nice. Quiet. Normal."

Vanessa took a sip of her wine and studied Grace for a moment.

"You seem different today. Lighter."

Grace looked down at her glass, her voice quiet.

"I feel different. I don't know how to explain it. I should feel guilty. I should feel like I've ruined everything. But I don't. I feel… free. For the first time in my life."

Vanessa reached over and gently brushed a strand of hair behind Grace's ear.

"That's because you finally stopped fighting yourself."

Grace looked at her, eyes full of emotion.

"I don't want to go back to how things were," she whispered. "I don't want to pretend anymore."

Vanessa leaned in and kissed her softly.

"You don't have to."

--Across town, Elijah sat at his desk in the church office, staring blankly at the open Bible in front of him.

He had tried to work. He really had. But every time he closed his eyes, all he could see was Grace — moaning, crying out, coming harder than she ever had with him. And then there was Jordan… and Vanessa… and the way they had taken control so effortlessly.

He should have felt guilty. He should have felt ashamed.

Instead, he felt strangely relaxed. The massive orgasm he'd had last night had left him calmer than he'd felt in years. His body felt lighter. His mind felt clearer.

And yet… he couldn't stop thinking about it.

--Later that evening, Elijah arrived at the cabin.

He looked tired but strangely calm. When Grace opened the door and saw him, her heart clenched — but not with guilt. With something else. Something warmer.

"Hi," she said softly.

"Hi," Elijah replied, his voice low.

Vanessa appeared behind Grace, smiling warmly.

"Come in," she said. "We've been waiting for you."

Elijah stepped inside, and the moment the door closed behind him, the energy in the room shifted.

Jordan walked over and placed a hand on Elijah's shoulder.

"You look like you've been thinking a lot," he said quietly.

Elijah let out a shaky breath.

"I have."

Jordan smiled.

"Good. Because we have something we want to show you."

They moved into the bedroom.

Vanessa gently pushed Grace down onto the bed and kissed her deeply while Jordan undressed Elijah. The air was thick with tension and anticipation.

Vanessa pulled back and looked at Grace with dark, hungry eyes.

"Tonight," she said, "we're not holding back."

She reached into a drawer and pulled out a strap-on, slowly securing it around her hips. Grace's eyes widened, but she didn't look away.

Jordan positioned Elijah on the bed beside Grace, then climbed on top of him, kissing him deeply as he began to stroke his cock.

Vanessa spread Grace's legs and slowly pushed the strap-on inside her.

Grace gasped, her back arching off the bed.

"Oh God— Vanessa— it's so big—"

"I know, baby," Vanessa whispered, thrusting slowly. "Just relax. Let me take care of you." She fucked Grace with long, deep strokes, hitting spots inside her that made Grace see stars. Grace moaned and clutched at the sheets, her body shaking with every thrust.

Jordan watched with dark, intense eyes. His cock was rock hard, but he didn't touch himself. He just watched — and the more he watched, the more aroused he became.

Vanessa fucked Grace until she came hard, sobbing and shaking beneath her.

Only then did Vanessa pull out and look at Jordan.

"Your turn," she said softly.

Jordan climbed onto the bed and positioned himself between Grace's legs. He was noticeably bigger than the strap-on, and Grace's eyes widened as she saw him.

Jordan rubbed the head of his cock against her soaked entrance.

"Are you ready for me, baby?" he asked.

Grace nodded, breathless.

"Yes… please…"

Jordan pushed inside her slowly, stretching her more than Vanessa had. Grace cried out, her eyes rolling back.

"Oh fuck— Jordan— you're so big— I missed this—"

Jordan groaned, gripping her hips as he sank deeper.

"Fuck, Grace… you feel so good."

He started fucking her — hard, deep, and relentless. Grace moaned loudly, her body trembling with every thrust.

Vanessa moved behind Elijah, who was sitting in a chair watching with wide eyes. She reached around and freed his cock, stroking him slowly while whispering in his ear. "Look at her," Vanessa whispered. "Look how beautiful she is when she's being fucked by a real man. Doesn't she deserve this?"

Elijah groaned, his cock throbbing in Vanessa's hand.

“I— I don’t— Vanessa, please—”

Vanessa smiled and leaned in closer, her voice low and intimate.

“Say it, Elijah. Thank Jordan for taking care of your wife.”

Elijah’s eyes widened. He looked at Grace, who was moaning and shaking beneath Jordan, then back at Vanessa.

Before he could speak, Grace turned her head, her eyes glassy with desperate pleasure. Her voice came out raw, broken, and filled with ten times the desperation as she begged: “Elijah… please… please thank him. Please thank Jordan for taking care of me. I need you to say it. Please, Elijah… I’m begging you… thank him for fucking your wife… please…” Elijah’s face flushed with shock and arousal. His voice came out hoarse and trembling. “Thank you… Jordan… for taking care of my wife…”

Grace sobbed with overwhelming pleasure, her body shaking violently.

“Again,” she cried. “Please, Elijah… say it again… thank him… thank him for making me feel so good… I need you to say it… please…”

Elijah’s voice cracked with emotion.

“Thank you… for taking care of my wife… for making her feel so good…”

Jordan groaned, fucking Grace harder.

“That’s it,” he growled. “Good boy.”

Grace came again — hard and shattering — screaming as her body convulsed beneath Jordan. Jordan followed seconds later, burying himself deep inside her with a low, guttural moan.

Vanessa finally let Elijah come, stroking him fast and tight until he cried out and spilled over her hand.

--Afterward, the four of them collapsed onto the massive king-sized bed, tangled together in a warm, satisfied pile.

Grace was curled against Jordan’s chest, still trembling. Elijah lay on the other side, his head resting on Vanessa’s stomach. Vanessa and Jordan were in the middle, holding both of them close.

Jordan kissed the top of Grace’s head.

“You did so well, baby,” he murmured.

Vanessa stroked Elijah’s hair gently.

“You were perfect,” she whispered. “Both of you.”

Grace let out a soft, exhausted sigh.

“I didn’t know it could be like this,” she whispered. “I didn’t know I could feel this much.” Elijah reached over and took her hand.

“Neither did I.”

Vanessa smiled and pulled them all closer.

“This is just the beginning,” she said softly. “We’re going to take such good care of you.” Jordan kissed Vanessa’s shoulder, his voice low and satisfied.

“Both of you.”

The four of them lay there in the quiet darkness, hearts still racing, bodies still humming with pleasure.

For the first time in their lives, Grace and Elijah felt completely, utterly claimed. And for the first time… they didn’t want to be free.

Chapter 8: Corruption

Chapter 8: Corruption

Grace stared at her reflection in the bathroom mirror and didn’t recognize the woman looking back.

It had only been a few weeks since that first night at the hotel suite, but everything had changed. She barely recognized her own life anymore. She lied to Elijah constantly now — about where she was going, who she was seeing, what she was doing. She lied to her father, the head pastor. She lied to the other women at church. She lied so often that the truth had started to feel like a distant memory.

And the worst part?

She didn’t even feel guilty anymore.

She felt alive.

--The sexual encounters had become more frequent and extreme. What started as stolen moments at the cabin had turned into something far more intense and dangerous.

One night, Vanessa had tied Grace’s wrists to the headboard of their bed with soft silk scarves. Jordan had watched from the corner of the room, slowly stroking himself as Vanessa teased Grace for over an hour — bringing her to the edge again and again but never letting her come. Grace had sobbed and begged, her body shaking with desperation.

When Vanessa finally let her orgasm, Grace had screamed so loudly that Jordan had to cover her mouth with his hand. The look in his eyes as he watched her come undone was pure, dark hunger.

That night, Jordan had fucked Grace harder than ever before, whispering filthy things in her ear about how beautiful she looked when she was completely helpless.

Grace had never come so many times in one night.

--Another time, they had gone hiking in the mountains behind the cabin. Halfway up the trail, Jordan had pulled Grace off the path and bent her over a large rock. Vanessa had kept watch while Jordan fucked her from behind, right there in the open air. The risk of being caught had made Grace’s heart pound so hard she thought it might explode.

When they finally made it back to the cabin, Grace had been so turned on that she dropped to her knees the second they walked through the door and begged Jordan to fuck her again.

He had.

--But not everything had been intense and serious.

One afternoon, Jordan had tried to introduce Grace to light bondage using his work belt. He had looped it around her wrists and tied her to the porch railing while Vanessa watched and laughed.

The problem was, Jordan had tied the knot too tightly.

Grace had ended up stuck for nearly twenty minutes while Jordan frantically tried to undo the belt with a pair of pliers. Vanessa had laughed so hard she cried, and Grace had eventually started laughing too, even though she was half-naked and tied to the porch like a very confused hostage.

When Jordan finally freed her, Grace had tackled him onto the grass and kissed him until they were both breathless.

Even in the middle of their corruption, there were moments of laughter and lightness. --But nothing could have prepared Grace for what happened one quiet Sunday morning. She had woken up feeling strange — nauseous, exhausted, and oddly emotional. At first, she brushed it off as stress. But when the feeling didn’t go away after several days, a quiet, terrifying thought began to form in the back of her mind.

She bought a pregnancy test in secret.

That evening, after Elijah had gone to bed, Grace locked herself in the bathroom and took the test.

She sat on the edge of the bathtub, staring at the little plastic stick in her hands. Two pink lines.

Positive.

Grace’s hands started to shake. Her heart pounded so hard she could hear it in her ears. She stared at the test for what felt like hours, her mind racing.

She was pregnant.

But that wasn’t the part that made her blood run cold.

Because she already knew — deep down — that the baby wasn’t Elijah’s.

It was Jordan’s.

Chapter 9: The Breaking Point

Chapter 9: The Breaking Point

Grace had never seen Elijah this angry.

They were barely in the car before he exploded.

“You’re pregnant with his baby?” he snarled, slamming the door shut. “Jordan’s baby?” Grace’s hands were shaking so badly she could barely hold her purse.

“Elijah, please— let me explain—”

“Explain?” he cut her off, his voice shaking with rage. “Explain what, Grace? That you let him get you pregnant? That you’ve been so wrapped up in them that you didn’t even think to tell me?”

Grace’s eyes filled with tears.

“I didn’t plan this—”

“You didn’t plan this?” Elijah laughed bitterly. “You didn’t plan to get knocked up by the man who’s been fucking both of us? You didn’t plan to destroy our entire life?”

Grace wiped her tears and looked at him, her voice cracking.

“I didn’t know it would happen like this. I didn’t know I would stop caring about everything else.”

Elijah stared at her, his chest heaving.

“You don’t care anymore?” he asked, his voice low and furious. “You don’t care about our marriage? Our church? Our reputations? You don’t care that everyone we know is going to find out you’re pregnant with another man’s baby?”

Grace looked out the window, her voice quiet but steady.

“No,” she said. “I don’t care.”

The silence in the car was heavy.

Elijah started the engine and drove without another word. He didn’t head home. Instead, he pulled into the empty parking lot behind the old warehouse on the edge of town — the same place they had gone after their last fight.

The second the engine turned off, he turned to Grace.

“Get in the back.”

Grace didn’t argue. She climbed into the back seat, and Elijah followed, slamming the door behind him. The second he was inside, he grabbed her and kissed her hard — angry, desperate, and full of everything he couldn’t say.

Grace kissed him back just as fiercely, tearing at his clothes. There was no tenderness. Elijah shoved her dress up and pushed inside her in one rough thrust. Grace cried out, her nails digging into his back.

“Fuck,” Elijah groaned against her neck. “You’re so wet. Even now.”

Grace moaned, wrapping her legs around him.

“Because I need this,” she gasped. “I need you to fuck me like you’re punishing me. I need you to make me feel something real.”

Elijah fucked her hard and fast, the car rocking with every thrust. There was no love in it — only raw, furious need. Grace came first, sobbing his name as her body shook. Elijah followed seconds later, burying his face in her neck with a broken groan.

They stayed like that for a long time, breathing hard, still tangled together.

Finally, Elijah spoke.

“I hate this,” he whispered. “I hate what we’ve become.”

Grace stroked his hair gently.

“I know.”

“I hate that I still want you,” he continued. “I hate that I still love you. I hate that I don’t care anymore either.”

Grace’s eyes filled with fresh tears.

“I know,” she whispered again.

Elijah lifted his head and looked at her.

“We’re ruined,” he said. “Both of us. There’s no going back.”

Grace nodded.

“I know.”

Elijah kissed her — slower this time, almost defeated.

“Then we might as well burn it all down together.”

Grace smiled through her tears.

“Together.”

Chapter 10: The Porch in Jackson Hole

Chapter 10: The Breaking Point

Grace and Elijah sat on the couch in Vanessa and Jordan’s cabin, their hands clasped tightly together. It had been three weeks since the fight in the car. Three weeks since they had both admitted — out loud — that they no longer cared about their marriage, their faith, or their reputations.

They had spent those weeks in a haze of sex, lies, and surrender. They had lied to the church. They had lied to their families. They had lied to themselves. And now, they were ready to stop pretending altogether.

“We’re done,” Elijah said quietly, looking at Vanessa and Jordan. “We’re quitting the church. We’re done with all of it.”

Grace nodded, her voice steady.

“We want to be with you. Both of you. Completely.”

Vanessa and Jordan exchanged a look. Jordan’s expression was unreadable. Vanessa’s was calm, almost gentle.

Vanessa stood up and walked over to the small table by the window. She picked up a thick manila folder and handed it to Grace.

“You should see this first,” she said softly.

Grace took the folder with trembling hands. Elijah leaned in beside her as she opened it. Inside were photographs. Dozens of them. Elijah with another man — kissing, holding hands, disappearing into hotels. The dates went back months. Some even predated Vanessa and Jordan’s arrival in Jackson Hole.

Grace stared at the photos, her face going pale.

“Elijah…” she whispered. “What is this?”

Elijah looked like he’d been punched in the stomach. He couldn’t speak.

Vanessa’s voice was quiet but clear.

“We had you followed. We wanted to know everything about you before we got too involved. Turns out… you had secrets of your own.”

Grace’s hands started to shake. Tears filled her eyes as she looked at her husband. “You’ve been cheating on me?” she asked, her voice breaking. “This whole time?”

Elijah finally found his voice.

“Grace… I can explain—”

“No,” she cut him off, standing up. “You can’t. I want a divorce.”

The room was silent for a long moment.

Then Vanessa let out a soft, almost amused sigh and looked at Jordan.

“Oopsie.”

Jordan didn’t smile. He just looked at Grace, his expression unreadable.

--Later that night, after Elijah had left in a daze and Vanessa had gone to bed, Jordan found Grace sitting alone on the porch steps, staring out at the dark mountains.

He sat down beside her without a word.

For a long time, neither of them spoke.

Finally, Jordan broke the silence.

“Vanessa can’t know about this conversation,” he said quietly. “She can’t know what I’m about to say.”

Grace turned to look at him, her eyes red from crying.

Jordan looked down at his hands.

“I didn’t know this would happen,” he said. “I didn’t know you would get under my skin like this. I didn’t know I would start caring. I’ve done this a hundred times with a hundred different couples. I’ve never felt anything like this before.”

Grace stared at him, too stunned to speak.

Jordan continued, his voice low and steady.

“I can’t stay. Vanessa and I… we don’t stay. That’s not how this works. But I’m not going to leave you with nothing. I’ll send money every month. For the baby. For you. Whatever you need. Vanessa can’t know. She can never know.”

Grace’s voice was barely a whisper.

“Why are you telling me this?”

Jordan looked at her, and for the first time since she’d met him, she saw something real in his eyes. Something raw. Something honest.

“Because you deserve to know the truth,” he said. “You came into this innocent. You were pure. And we corrupted you. We broke you. And I’m sorry for that. But I’m not sorry for how I feel.”

Grace’s eyes filled with tears.

Jordan reached out and gently took her hand.

“In short,” he said softly, “I love you.”

Chapter 11

Epilogue: The Reward

Jordan closed the cabin door behind him and leaned against it, exhaling slowly.

Vanessa was already waiting for him in the bedroom, wearing nothing but one of his shirts. She looked up as he entered, a slow, wicked smile spreading across her face.

“Well?” she asked. “How did it go?”

Jordan walked over to the bed and sat down beside her.

“They’re done,” he said quietly. “Grace wants a divorce. Elijah’s completely shattered. The church is going to find out soon enough.”

Vanessa’s smile widened.

“Oopsie,” she said again, softer this time, almost to herself.

Jordan looked at her for a long moment, then reached out and pulled her over and onto his lap. Vanessa straddled him, her hands sliding up his chest as she looked into his eyes. “We did it,” she whispered, "We broke them.”

Jordan’s hands gripped her hips.

“We did,” he said. “They’re finished.”

Vanessa leaned in and kissed him — slow, deep, and hungry.

“Then we should celebrate properly,” she murmured against his lips.

Jordan didn’t need to be told twice.

He flipped her onto her back and kissed her harder, his hands already pushing the shirt up over her head. Vanessa moaned as he moved down her body, his mouth hot and demanding. They didn’t speak after that. They didn’t need to.

They fucked like the world was ending.

Hard. Deep. Relentless.

Vanessa clawed at his back, biting his shoulder as she came. Jordan growled her name against her throat as he followed, burying himself inside her with a final, brutal thrust. Afterward, they lay tangled together in the dark, breathing hard, their bodies still humming.

Vanessa rolled onto her side and traced a finger down Jordan’s chest.

“We broke another one,” she said softly, almost proudly.

Jordan stared up at the ceiling, his voice low.

“Yeah,” he said. “We did.”

Vanessa smiled and kissed his shoulder.

“Even on vacation.”

Jordan didn’t answer. He just pulled her closer and closed his eyes.

Outside, the mountains stood silent under the stars.

Inside, two monsters lay in the dark, satisfied.

They had won.

Again.

--**End of Book 3**
