The Wreckers: Deployment | Book #1

by Brent Clark Palmer

The Wreckers, Book 1

Chapter 1: The First Wreck

Chapter One

The First Wreck

Vanessa Smart was twenty-nine years old, wore a blood-red dress that looked poured onto her body, and had just decided to ruin a marriage before the appetizers were even served. She stood at the edge of the ballroom, champagne flute in hand, watching the golden couple across the room. Emily and Ryan Whitaker. Twenty-six and twenty-eight. Married three years. Trying for a baby. The kind of couple people pointed at and said, "They're the real thing."

Jordan Harlan slid up beside her, tall and sharp in a black suit, the scent of his cologne wrapping around her like a secret.

"They look edible," he murmured, eyes on Emily's tight little body in that innocent white dress. "Like they still believe in fairy tales."

Vanessa smiled without looking at him. "Then let's give them a nightmare."

Jordan's low laugh vibrated against her shoulder. "You sure you want to start with the babymakers? That's ambitious for our first time." She finally turned to him. Those dark eyes of his always made her stomach flip. "We're not practicing anymore, Jordan. We're professionals now."

Six weeks earlier they had crossed a line they could never uncross.

Both of them freshly divorced. Both of them destroyed by the same woman — a mutual "friend" who had fucked Jordan's wife and Vanessa's husband in the same week. The night they found out, they got blackout drunk in Vanessa's apartment. Somewhere between the third bottle of wine and the fourth, Jordan had looked at her and said, "We should do it back to them. All of them."

Vanessa had climbed into his lap, kissed him like she wanted to swallow his soul, and whispered, "Then let's become the monsters."

They had been monsters ever since.

Now, in this glittering ballroom, they were about to go pro.

Jordan adjusted his cufflinks. "Rules still the same?"

"Same rules," Vanessa 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 moved first.

Vanessa watched him cross the room with that easy, predatory grace. He approached Emily at the bar, said something that made her laugh — the kind of laugh a good wife doesn't usually give strange men. Within four minutes Emily was touching her hair and leaning in. Vanessa gave it another minute, then glided toward Ryan.

He was handsome in a clean, all-American way. The kind of man who held doors and remembered anniversaries.

"Ryan Whitaker, right?" she said, voice warm as honey. "I think I planned your wedding. Vanessa Smart. Congratulations again."

His face lit up. "Oh my God, you were incredible. Emily still talks about how perfect everything was."

Vanessa smiled. "She's lucky to have a husband who notices the details." She let her fingers brush his wrist as she reached for a napkin. "Most men don't."

Ten minutes later Ryan was following her onto the terrace like a puppy.

By the time the clock struck eleven, the four of them were in the Whitakers' hotel suite — the one they'd booked for their anniversary weekend. The one with the king bed and the view of the city lights.

It happened fast after that.

Jordan had Emily against the wall in the living room, her white dress pushed up around her waist, his hand between her thighs while she whimpered, "I've never… I've never done this…"

Vanessa had Ryan on the couch, riding him slow and deep while she whispered filthy things in his ear about how good his wife sounded getting fucked by another man in the next room. When Emily came for the first time in her life with someone who wasn't her husband, she cried.

When Ryan realized what was happening and tried to stop it, Vanessa simply tightened around him and said, "Shhh. Watch her. She's beautiful like this."

They didn't stop until both Whitakers were broken.

Emily on her knees, mascara running, begging Jordan not to stop.

Ryan on the bed, watching his wife get railed, cock still hard because Vanessa wouldn't let him look away.

At 2:17 a.m., Vanessa and Jordan walked out of that suite hand in hand.

They didn't speak in the elevator.

They didn't speak in the cab.

They barely made it through the door of Vanessa's apartment before Jordan slammed her against the wall, shoved her dress up, and buried himself inside her with one brutal thrust. "Fuck—Jordan—"

He fucked her like he was punishing the world. Hard, deep, relentless. Vanessa clawed at his back, legs locked around his waist, moaning his name like a prayer and a curse.

When she came, she bit his shoulder hard enough to draw blood.

When he came, he growled her name against her throat like it was the only word left in the English language.

They collapsed onto the living room floor, breathing like they'd run a marathon. Vanessa rolled onto her side, tracing a finger down the center of Jordan's chest. "We just destroyed two people," she said softly.

Jordan turned his head, eyes glittering in the dark. "And it felt better than anything I've ever done."

A slow, wicked smile spread across Vanessa's face.

"We could do this forever."

Jordan reached over, brushed a strand of red hair off her forehead, and kissed her — slow, deep, possessive.

"Not forever," he said against her lips. "Eternally."

Chapter 2: The Helpful Handyman

Chapter Two

The Helpful Handyman

Jordan Harlan looked exactly like the kind of man every lonely military wife secretly fantasized about, the very picture of helpful masculinity.

He stood on Ava Hale's front porch wearing faded jeans, work boots, and a fitted gray t-shirt that stretched across his broad chest. A tool belt hung low on his hips. His dark hair was slightly messy from the wind, and when he smiled, the corners of his eyes crinkled in a way that made him look both dangerous and trustworthy at the same time.

Ava opened the door in yoga pants and an old Army hoodie, her hair in a messy bun. She was twenty-six, petite, with soft curves and the kind of face that still looked innocent even when she was tired.

"Mrs. Hale?" Jordan said, voice warm and professional. "Jordan Harlan. I'm with the base security upgrade program. Your husband requested the new system before he left, but the paperwork got delayed. Mind if I get started today?"

Ava blinked, clearly caught off guard. "Oh… right. Marcus mentioned something about that a while ago. I didn't think anyone was actually coming."

Jordan gave her an easy, reassuring smile. "We try to take care of our families while the guys are gone. May I come in?"

She hesitated for only a second, then stepped aside. "Of course. Sorry, it's a bit of a mess. I wasn't expecting company."

Jordan stepped inside and immediately took in the space. Clean but lived-in. Framed photos of Ava and Marcus on every surface. A folded American flag in a display case. A half-empty bottle of wine on the kitchen counter even though it was only 2 p.m.

He could already feel the loneliness radiating off her.

"Nice place," he said, setting his toolbox down. "How long has Sergeant Hale been deployed?"

"Four months," Ava said quietly. "He's special forces. We don't really know when he's coming back."

Jordan nodded with perfect sympathy. "That's tough. My brother did two tours. I know how hard it is on the wives."

He didn't have a brother. But the lie landed perfectly.

Over the next two hours, Jordan moved through the house with calm confidence, installing new cameras, upgrading the alarm system, and explaining everything in simple terms. Ava followed him from room to room, asking questions, clearly grateful for the company and the masculine presence.

When he reached the master bedroom, she lingered in the doorway.

"This one too?" she asked.

Jordan glanced at the king-sized bed with its perfectly made military corners. "Especially this one. We put extra sensors on the windows and a camera that only activates if the alarm is triggered. Total privacy otherwise."

Ava nodded, but Jordan noticed the way her eyes lingered on the bed for a second too long. When he finished, she offered him a glass of lemonade on the back porch. They sat in the late afternoon sun and talked for nearly an hour. She told him about how quiet the house felt at night. How she sometimes went days without speaking to another human being. How the video calls with Marcus were getting shorter and more strained.

Jordan listened. Really listened. He asked the right questions. He made her laugh once — a small, surprised sound that seemed to startle her.

When he finally stood to leave, Ava walked him to the door.

"Thank you," she said softly. "For taking the time. Most people just… don't."

Jordan looked down at her. Up close, she smelled like vanilla and something faintly floral. Her lips were slightly chapped from nervous biting.

"Anytime, Mrs. Hale. I mean that. If anything else needs fixing — a leaky faucet, a loose door hinge, whatever — you call me. I've got time."

He handed her his card. On it was only his name and a number.

She took it like it was something fragile.

That night, Ava texted him at 11:47 p.m.

> **Ava:** Thank you again for today. The new system already makes me feel safer.

Jordan was lying in bed next to Vanessa when the message came through. He showed her the screen.

Vanessa smiled like a cat that had just spotted a wounded bird.

"Slow and steady," she whispered, kissing his shoulder. "We have months."

--Over the next three weeks, Jordan became a regular fixture at the Hale house.

He fixed the dripping kitchen faucet.

He replaced the broken garage door opener.

He helped her move a heavy bookshelf she couldn't handle alone.

Every visit lasted a little longer. Every conversation went a little deeper.

Ava started wearing nicer clothes when she knew he was coming. She started putting on makeup. She started laughing more easily.

Vanessa entered the picture in week two.

They "met" at the base commissary. Vanessa played the role of the slightly older, glamorous woman who had been through a military divorce herself (another lie). Within days they were having coffee. Within a week they were texting daily. Vanessa became the friend Ava had been starving for — someone who understood the isolation, the fear, the aching loneliness of loving a man who was halfway across the world.

By week four, Ava was inviting both of them over for dinner.

That night, after two bottles of wine, the conversation turned intimate.

"I miss him so much it hurts," Ava admitted, eyes glassy. "But sometimes… sometimes I feel guilty because part of me is angry he left. And sometimes I feel… other things." Jordan leaned forward, voice low. "What kind of other things?"

Ava's cheeks flushed. She looked down at her wine glass. "I haven't been touched in four months. I feel like I'm going crazy."

Vanessa reached across the table and gently took her hand.

"That's not crazy, Ava. That's human."

The air in the room thickened.

Jordan stood up slowly and walked around the table. He stopped behind Ava's chair and placed his hands on her shoulders, thumbs pressing lightly into the tight muscles at the base of her neck.

"You're carrying so much tension," he murmured.

Ava's eyes fluttered shut. A small, involuntary sound escaped her throat.

Vanessa watched with dark, hungry eyes.

Jordan's hands slid down Ava's arms, then back up again, thumbs brushing the sides of her breasts through her thin sweater. She didn't pull away.

Instead, she leaned back into his touch.

Chapter 3: The First Crack

Chapter Three

The First Crack

Jordan had Ava bent over the kitchen island, her yoga pants around her ankles and his hand fisted in her hair. Her cheek pressed against the cold granite as he thrust into her, hard and unforgiving.

"Say it," he growled.

Ava's voice cracked. "I'm a bad wife…"

The words came out broken, half-sob, half-moan. Jordan didn't slow down. If anything, he drove deeper, the sound of skin slapping skin echoing off the stainless-steel appliances Marcus had installed before he left.

"You are," Jordan said, voice low and calm, like he was discussing the weather. "A very bad wife. Your husband is out there risking his life and you're bent over your own kitchen counter getting fucked by a stranger."

Ava whimpered. Her fingers curled against the granite. She hated how wet she was. Hated how her body kept pushing back to meet every thrust like it had been waiting for this. "I can't—" she started, then gasped when Jordan reached around and rubbed her clit in tight, merciless circles.

"You can," he said. "You already are."

It had been exactly one week since the massage on the back porch. One week since Jordan's thumbs had brushed the sides of her breasts and something inside her had cracked open. She had spent every night since then touching herself to the memory, crying afterward, promising herself it would never happen again.

Then Jordan had shown up that morning with his toolbox, claiming he needed to "finish the security install." The second the door closed behind him, the air had changed. He hadn't even pretended this time. He'd simply walked up behind her while she was making coffee, pressed against her back, and whispered, "Tell me to stop."

She hadn't.

Now here they were.

Jordan pulled out suddenly and spun her around. Before she could catch her breath he lifted her onto the island, spread her thighs, and sank back into her in one smooth stroke. Ava's head fell back. Her legs wrapped around his waist on instinct.

"Look at me," he ordered.

She did. His dark eyes were intense, focused, almost gentle in the way they watched her fall apart.

"You've been thinking about this all week," he said. "Haven't you?"

Ava nodded, tears slipping down her temples.

"Say it."

"I've been thinking about it," she whispered. "Every night. I hate myself for it." Jordan leaned in and kissed her — slow, deep, almost tender. It made everything worse. Made it feel less like cheating and more like something she needed.

He fucked her harder after that. The island creaked beneath them. Ava's cries grew louder, more desperate. She came once with a broken sob, clenching around him so tightly Jordan had to grit his teeth to keep from finishing.

He didn't stop.

He kept going until she came again, this time with her face buried in his neck, tears soaking his shirt.

Only then did he pull out, stroke himself twice, and come across her stomach and the front of her hoodie.

For a long moment the only sound was their ragged breathing.

Ava stared at the ceiling, chest heaving. The shame hit her like a wave. She started to cry in earnest — big, ugly sobs that shook her whole body.

Jordan didn't move away. He simply rested his forehead against hers and let her cry. "I'm sorry," she whispered. "I'm so sorry. Marcus doesn't deserve this. I don't deserve this." "You do," Jordan said quietly. "You deserve to feel good. You've been alone for months. That's not fair."

Ava shook her head, but she didn't push him away when he kissed her again — softer this time.

The front door opened.

Ava's entire body went rigid.

Vanessa stepped into the kitchen like she belonged there, carrying two iced coffees and wearing a knowing little smile.

"Well," she said, eyes moving over the scene — Ava half-naked on the island, Jordan still between her legs, cum drying on her stomach. "I see you two got started without me." Ava's face burned with fresh humiliation. She tried to close her legs, but Jordan's body was still in the way.

"I— I didn't know you were coming," she stammered.

Vanessa set the coffees down and walked over slowly. She reached out and gently wiped a tear from Ava's cheek with her thumb.

"You don't have to be ashamed, sweetheart," she said, voice warm and soothing. "We understand. We've both been where you are."

Ava looked between them, eyes wide and wet. "This is wrong. I can't do this again." Vanessa leaned in and kissed her — soft at first, then deeper when Ava didn't pull away. Her tongue brushed Ava's lower lip, tasting salt from her tears.

"You already did," Vanessa whispered against her mouth. "And it felt good, didn't it?" Ava made a broken sound.

Jordan was still hard. He pushed back inside her slowly while Vanessa kissed her. Ava moaned into Vanessa's mouth, overwhelmed, guilty, and so fucking turned on she could barely think.

Vanessa guided her through it — one hand in Ava's hair, the other sliding down to rub her clit while Jordan fucked her. She whispered filthy, gentle encouragement the whole time. "That's it… let go for us… you're allowed to feel good…"

Ava came again with a shattered cry, this time with Vanessa's tongue in her mouth and Jordan's cock buried deep.

When it was over, she was shaking so hard Jordan had to lift her off the island and carry her to the couch. He wrapped a blanket around her while Vanessa cleaned her up with a warm cloth.

Ava cried the entire time.

"I'm a terrible person," she kept whispering. "I'm a terrible wife."

Vanessa stroked her hair. "You're human. That's all."

Jordan kissed her forehead. "We're not going anywhere. You don't have to do this alone." They stayed with her for another hour, holding her, talking softly, until Ava finally fell into an exhausted sleep on the couch.

When she woke up two hours later, they were gone.

The house felt too quiet.

Ava spent the rest of the day in a fog. She cleaned the kitchen three times. She took a scalding shower. She stared at her wedding photo on the mantel for twenty straight minutes and cried until her eyes were swollen.

She told herself it was over. She blocked Jordan's number. She deleted Vanessa's contact. She wrote a long, tear-stained letter to Marcus that she never sent.

By 10 p.m. she was pacing the living room like a caged animal.

By midnight she was touching herself on the couch, biting her lip to keep from moaning their names.

By 2 a.m. she was standing in front of the bedroom camera Jordan had installed, staring at the little red light, wondering if they were watching.

At 3:17 a.m. her phone lit up.

She hadn't unblocked the number. She hadn't needed to.

The text was from Jordan.

> **Jordan:** You're still awake.

Ava stared at the screen for a long time.

Then she typed with shaking fingers:

> **Ava:** I can't stop thinking about it.

She hit send before she could stop herself.

Three dots appeared immediately.

> **Jordan:** Good. We'll see you tomorrow.

Ava dropped the phone onto the bed and buried her face in her hands.

She was crying again.

But this time, she was also wet.

And she already knew she wouldn't tell them no when they showed up.

Chapter 4: The Confidante

Chapter Four

The Confidante

Ava stared at her reflection in the bathroom mirror and didn't recognize the woman looking back. Her lips were swollen. There were faint bruises on her hips. And between her legs she could still feel the ghost of him.

She had cheated on her husband.

And the worst part was… she wanted to do it again.

The thought made her stomach twist with shame so sharp it stole her breath. She gripped the edge of the sink until her knuckles turned white, willing the tears not to fall. But they came anyway — hot, silent, relentless.

It had been five days since Jordan had bent her over the kitchen island. Five days since Vanessa had walked in and kissed her while Jordan was still inside her. Five days since she had come harder than she ever had in her life while crying the entire time.

She had tried to be good. She had deleted their numbers (again). She had gone to the base chapel and prayed until her knees hurt. She had written Marcus three long emails she never sent.

None of it helped.

Every night she lay in their bed and touched herself to the memory of Jordan's hand in her hair and Vanessa's soft voice telling her she deserved to feel good. Every morning she woke up soaked with guilt and soaked between her thighs.

--By the end of week six, Vanessa had become unavoidable.

It started innocently enough. A text checking in. A coffee invitation. Then longer talks at the little café just off base. Vanessa listened like no one else ever had — really listened. She never judged. She never looked away when Ava's voice cracked.

One night, after too much wine on Ava's couch, the floodgates opened.

"I'm so angry at him," Ava confessed, voice thick. She was curled up in the corner of the sectional, a blanket pulled to her chin. "I know that's horrible. He's out there doing his job, risking everything… but part of me hates him for leaving me here like this. For making me feel so fucking lonely."

Vanessa sat beside her, one hand resting lightly on Ava's knee. She didn't rush to fill the silence. She just let it sit.

"You're allowed to be angry," she said eventually. "Marriage isn't supposed to feel like solitary confinement. You're twenty-six, Ava. You're supposed to be touched. You're supposed to feel wanted. Marcus chose his duty. That doesn't mean you have to choose suffering."

Ava's eyes filled. "He would be devastated if he knew what I've done."

Vanessa's thumb stroked slow circles on her knee. "He might be. But he might also understand. Eventually. Men on deployment… they see things. They do things. They come home changed. You're allowed to change too."

Later that same week, Jordan showed up again.

This time he didn't pretend it was about the security system. He simply walked in when Ava opened the door, backed her against the wall, and kissed her until she forgot how to breathe. They ended up on the living room floor, Ava riding him while he held her hips and told her how beautiful she looked falling apart.

Afterward, as they lay tangled on the rug, Jordan ran his fingers through her hair and said casually, "You know, a lot of guys on deployment don't stay faithful. The stress, the loneliness, the long stretches with no contact… it happens more than people admit." Ava went very still.

Jordan kissed her temple. "I'm not saying Marcus is doing anything. I'm just saying… you don't have to carry all this guilt alone. Whatever you need, we're here."

She didn't answer. But the seed had been planted.

--By week seven, Ava was lying to Marcus for the first time.

Their weekly video call was at 2100 hours, like always. Marcus looked exhausted but happy to see her. Ava sat on the couch in one of his old t-shirts, smiling too brightly. "How are you holding up, baby?" he asked.

"I'm good," she lied. "Keeping busy. The new security system Jordan installed is amazing. I feel a lot safer."

She didn't tell him that Jordan had fucked her on that same couch two nights ago while Vanessa watched and whispered encouragement.

She didn't tell him that she had started sleeping in one of Jordan's hoodies because it still smelled like him.

She didn't tell him that every time Marcus said "I love you," her stomach twisted with shame so thick she could barely breathe.

After the call ended, she sat in the dark for a long time, staring at the blank screen. Then she texted Vanessa.

> **Ava:** Can you come over?

Vanessa arrived twenty minutes later with a bottle of wine and that soft, knowing smile. They didn't talk much at first. They just sat on the couch, drinking, letting the silence stretch. Eventually Ava broke.

"I lied to him tonight," she whispered. "For the first time. I looked him in the eye through the camera and lied."

Vanessa set her glass down and turned to face her fully.

"Come here."

Ava went willingly into her arms. Vanessa held her, stroking her back, pressing soft kisses to her hair.

"You're not a bad person," Vanessa murmured. "You're a woman who's been starving for connection. For touch. For someone to see you. Marcus can't give you that right now. But we can."

Ava pulled back just enough to look at her. Vanessa's eyes were dark, warm, and full of something Ava couldn't name.

"I don't know what I'm doing anymore," Ava admitted.

Vanessa cupped her face. "You don't have to know. You just have to let yourself feel." Then she kissed her.

This time there was no hesitation. Ava kissed her back like she was drowning. Vanessa's hands slid under her shirt, warm and sure, and Ava moaned into her mouth when fingers found her nipples.

They moved to the bedroom.

Vanessa undressed her slowly, reverently, kissing every inch of skin she revealed. When Jordan arrived — let in by Vanessa — he found them already tangled together on the bed, Ava's legs spread and Vanessa's mouth between them.

He didn't speak. He simply stripped and joined them.

This time it was different.

Vanessa guided everything. She kissed Ava while Jordan fucked her. She whispered in her ear the entire time — filthy, loving, devastating things.

"You're so beautiful like this… let him feel how wet you are for us… that's it, baby, come for us…"

Ava came with a broken cry, her body shaking, tears slipping down her temples. But this time she didn't try to hide them. She let Vanessa kiss them away while Jordan kept moving inside her, slow and deep.

When Jordan finally came, Ava was already halfway to another orgasm. Vanessa's fingers finished her off while Jordan held her through it.

Afterward, the three of them lay in a tangle of limbs and sweat. Ava's head rested on Vanessa's chest while Jordan stroked her hair.

For the first time since this all began, the guilt didn't feel quite so heavy.

It was still there. It would always be there.

But for the first time, it was sharing space with something else.

Something that felt dangerously close to relief.

Ava closed her eyes and let herself drift.

In the quiet darkness of her marital bed, she came again — softer this time, slower — while thinking about both of them at once.

And for once, she didn't cry afterward.

Chapter 5: Eyes Everywhere

Chapter Five

Eyes Everywhere

Jordan showed up with a new box of equipment and that easy, reassuring smile.

"Base security wants to upgrade everyone to military-grade systems," he'd explained, already unpacking components on her kitchen table. "Better encryption, longer range, full remote monitoring. I figured I'd get yours done while I was in the neighborhood."

Ava had hesitated. "Is that… necessary?"

Jordan looked at her with those dark, steady eyes. "You're alone out here, Ava. Marcus would want you safe. Let me take care of you."

She let him.

For two days he moved through the house like he owned it — installing new panels, running wires, testing connections. Ava stayed close, asking questions, bringing him coffee, watching the way his forearms flexed when he worked. Every time their eyes met, the air between them thickened.

On the second afternoon, while he was in the bedroom adjusting something on the ceiling, she walked in and found him shirtless, a thin sheen of sweat on his chest.

He looked over his shoulder at her and smiled.

"Almost done."

That night, after he left, Ava touched herself for the first time in days — slow, guilty, thinking about the way he had looked at her.

--The red light on the bedroom camera blinked once, then stayed solid.

Ava stood frozen in the doorway, towel clutched to her chest, staring at the small black device Jordan had installed "for her safety."

She hadn't turned it on.

But someone else had.

Her heart slammed against her ribs. For a long moment she couldn't move. The light seemed to pulse like a heartbeat — steady, patient, watching.

She had just stepped out of the shower. Her skin was still damp. Water dripped from the ends of her hair onto the hardwood floor. Slowly, she turned in a full circle, eyes scanning the room.

There. Another small black lens above the closet door.

And another near the ceiling fan.

They were everywhere.

--Ava picked up her phone with steady hands and called Jordan.

He answered on the second ring.

"Ava."

"The cameras are on," she said. "The ones in my bedroom."

A pause. Not long. Not guilty.

"Me and the boys at the security company check in sometimes," he said. "Just to make sure you're safe. Marcus would want that, wouldn't he?"

Ava looked directly into the lens above the bed.

"How long," she said.

"A few days."

"And what have you seen?"

"Everything." A beat. "I don't sell videos of you showering or anything like that." The silence stretched between them. Ava understood exactly what he was telling her. Exactly what he wasn't saying.

She looked into the camera for a long moment. The shame came fast, as it always did. But underneath it, something else. Something she was getting tired of pretending wasn't there. She set the phone down on the nightstand without ending the call.

She let the towel fall.

She turned slowly for the camera. Then, almost to herself, she added a little wiggle — small, deliberate, something she would never do in any other room in any other life.

On the other side of town, Jordan's hand found Vanessa's in the dark.

Chapter 6: The Call

Chapter Six

The Call

Marcus's face filled the laptop screen, smiling tiredly from some dusty base halfway across the world.

"Hey baby," he said. "You look beautiful tonight."

Ava tried to smile back, but Jordan's cock was buried deep inside her from behind, and Vanessa's tongue was circling her clit.

The three of them were on the wide, low padded platform in the middle of the living room. The laptop sat on a low side table directly in front of Ava so she could see the screen while on her hands and knees. Jordan knelt behind her, one hand gripping her hip, the other braced for balance as he moved inside her in slow, controlled thrusts. Vanessa lay on her back beneath Ava, head between her spread thighs, licking her with deliberate, unhurried strokes. Ava's arms trembled slightly as she tried to keep her face neutral for the camera. "You too," she managed, voice only slightly strained. "You look… tired."

Marcus chuckled, rubbing a hand over his short hair. "Long day. But seeing your face makes it better. How's my girl?"

Jordan thrust deeper. Ava's breath caught. Vanessa's tongue flicked faster, and Ava had to bite the inside of her cheek to keep from moaning.

"I'm… good," she said, forcing the words out. "Just… a little warm tonight."

On the screen, Marcus frowned slightly. "You okay? You look flushed."

Jordan's hand slid up under the t-shirt and pinched her nipple. Ava's eyes fluttered for half a second before she forced them open again.

"I'm fine," she said quickly. "Just… excited to see you."

Vanessa looked up from between Ava's thighs and gave her a wicked little smile before sucking her clit into her mouth. Ava's arms nearly gave out.

Marcus leaned closer to the camera. "Ava? You sure you're alright? You're acting weird." Jordan pulled almost all the way out, then sank back in with a slow, deep stroke that made Ava's mouth fall open. She turned the sound into a cough at the last second.

"I'm fine," she gasped. "I just… I've been missing you. A lot."

Marcus's expression softened, but his eyes stayed sharp. "I miss you too, baby. More than you know."

Vanessa slid two fingers inside Ava while her tongue kept working. Jordan's hand wrapped gently but firmly around Ava's throat from behind — not choking, just holding her in place. Ava was shaking.

On the screen, Marcus tilted his head. "Is someone there with you? I thought I heard something."

Ava's heart slammed against her ribs.

Jordan's voice was low against her ear, barely audible. "Answer him."

"No," Ava lied, voice trembling. "It's just… the TV. I left it on."

Vanessa pulled back just enough to whisper against her, "Such a good little liar." Then she went back to work with renewed focus.

Marcus was still watching her closely. "You've been acting strange the last couple weeks. Distracted. Is everything okay over there?"

Jordan started fucking her harder — short, deep thrusts that made the padded platform creak softly beneath them. Ava's arms were locked straight, fighting to stay upright. Her thighs were trembling around Vanessa's head.

"I'm okay," she whispered. "I promise. I just… I've been missing you so much it hurts." Marcus's face softened again, but the doubt was still there. "I know, baby. I'll be home soon. Just a few more weeks."

Ava almost broke.

Jordan reached around and rubbed her clit in tight circles while he kept thrusting. "Come for us," he growled quietly against her ear. "Right now. While he watches."

Ava came with a choked, desperate sound she turned into a cough. Her arms nearly collapsed. Jordan held her up with one strong arm around her waist while Vanessa licked her through every pulse.

Marcus's brow furrowed deeper. "Ava? What's going on? You're not acting like yourself." Vanessa slid out from beneath Ava and moved to sit in front of her on the platform. She spread her legs and gently pulled Ava's face between her thighs. Ava went willingly, licking Vanessa while Jordan continued fucking her from behind, the laptop screen still open, Marcus still watching.

Marcus's voice came through the speakers, growing more concerned. "Ava! Talk to me! What the hell is going on over there?"

Ava couldn't answer. Her mouth was busy. Her body was shaking with another building orgasm. Tears were streaming down her face even as she moaned against Vanessa's thighs. Jordan reached around and rubbed her clit again. "Come again," he ordered softly. "Come while your husband watches you."

Ava shattered.

She came so hard her vision blurred, sobbing silently into Vanessa's thigh while Jordan fucked her through it and Marcus's voice grew sharper on the call.

"Ava! Say something! You're scaring me!"

Jordan pulled out and came across her lower back. Vanessa gently pulled Ava's face up and kissed her.

Ava reached forward and quietly closed the laptop.

The call ended.

For several long seconds, the only sound in the room was Ava's ragged breathing. Then the dam broke.

Ava collapsed forward, curling into herself as violent sobs tore out of her chest. She was shaking so hard her teeth chattered.

"I can't do this anymore," she cried. "He knows. He knows something's wrong. I'm a monster. I'm a fucking monster."

Vanessa pulled her into her lap while Jordan wrapped his arms around both of them from behind.

"Shhh," Vanessa whispered, stroking Ava's hair. "You're not a monster. You're human. You're allowed to feel good."

Ava shook her head against Vanessa's chest. "He's going to find out. He's going to hate me. I hate myself so much."

Jordan kissed the back of her neck, voice low and steady. "He won't find out. Not unless we want him to."

Ava looked up at them through swollen, tear-filled eyes.

"Please," she whispered, voice cracking. "Make it stop. I can't keep doing this." Her legs parted.

Jordan glanced at Vanessa over Ava's head. The corner of his mouth moved — not quite a smile.

Chapter 7: Whispers on Base

Chapter Seven

Whispers on Base

The sun wasn't even up yet when Ava stepped into the commissary.

Three other wives were already there, clustered near the coffee station. They stopped talking the second they saw her. One of them — the wife of Marcus's team leader — gave her a look that could have frozen hell.

Ava's stomach dropped.

She kept her head down and moved toward the back of the store, pretending to study the cereal boxes while her heart hammered. The silence behind her was loud. When she finally glanced back, the three women were whispering again, eyes flicking in her direction every few seconds.

She grabbed the first thing she saw and hurried to the checkout, avoiding eye contact with the cashier.

Outside, the sky was just starting to turn gray. Ava sat in her car for a long time before driving home, hands shaking on the steering wheel.

The rumors had started.

--It began small.

A text from one of the other wives that went unanswered.

A canceled coffee date with no explanation.

A group chat she was suddenly removed from.

Then it got louder.

At the gym, conversations died when she walked in.

At the base playground, mothers pulled their kids closer when she passed.

At the weekly spouses' meeting, the usual friendly nods were replaced with cold stares and tight smiles.

The whispers followed her everywhere:

"Ava Hale is getting too friendly with that security guy…"

"Jordan Harlan? The one who does the upgrades? I heard they're over at her house all the time."

"Marcus is still deployed and she's already moving on? Disgusting."

Ava knew exactly who had started them.

By the middle of week ten, Ava had become a social pariah on base.

The only people who still wanted her were the two people destroying her.

--Jordan started pushing boundaries harder.

One night, after Vanessa had left, he bent Ava over the hood of Marcus's truck in the dark driveway and fucked her right there under the streetlight. Anyone driving by could have seen them.

"You like this, don't you?" he growled, hand fisted in her hair. "Getting fucked in your husband's truck while the whole base thinks you're a slut."

Ava came so hard she almost collapsed.

Another time he took her behind the old storage building near the perimeter fence in the middle of the day. He made her get on her knees in the dirt and suck him off while he called her names in that low, filthy voice that made her wetter than she'd ever been.

She hated how much it turned her on.

She hated how much she needed it.

Every time the shame got too heavy, she ran to them. Every time the loneliness threatened to swallow her whole, Vanessa was there with wine and soft words and warm hands. Jordan was there with rough hands and rougher words that somehow made her feel alive again. They were the only ones who still touched her like she mattered.

--By week eleven, Ava was barely leaving the house except for necessities.

She had stopped going to the gym. Stopped going to the spouses' events. Stopped answering texts from the few wives who still occasionally reached out.

Her entire world had shrunk to the four walls of her home… and the two people who kept showing up inside it.

One afternoon, desperate for normalcy, she forced herself to go to the commissary again.

It was a mistake.

The moment she walked in, the temperature in the store seemed to drop ten degrees. Conversations stopped. Heads turned. The wife of Marcus's commanding officer actually stepped in front of her cart and looked her up and down like she was something dirty on the bottom of her shoe.

Ava's vision blurred.

She abandoned her cart in the middle of the aisle and ran.

By the time she reached her car she was hyperventilating. Her hands were shaking so badly she couldn't get the key in the ignition. Tears streamed down her face as panic clawed up her throat.

Her fingers moved on their own.

She texted Jordan.

> **Ava:** I need you. Please.

He replied in under thirty seconds.

> **Jordan:** Where are you?

> **Ava:** Commissary parking lot. I can't breathe.

Ten minutes later his truck pulled up beside hers.

Jordan didn't ask questions. He simply got out, opened her door, and pulled her into his arms right there in the parking lot where anyone could see. Ava buried her face in his chest and sobbed while he held her tight.

"I've got you," he murmured against her hair. "You're not alone."

He drove her home.

The second they were inside, Jordan pushed her against the front door and kissed her like he was trying to devour her. Ava kissed him back desperately, fingers clawing at his shirt. He fucked her right there in the entryway — her back against the door, legs wrapped around his waist, both of them still half-dressed. It was fast and rough and exactly what she needed. When she came, she sobbed his name.

Afterward, he carried her to the couch and held her while she cried again — this time softer, quieter.

Vanessa arrived an hour later with takeout and a bottle of wine. She didn't say a word about the rumors. She just curled up on Ava's other side and stroked her hair while the three of them

watched a movie neither of them was really paying attention to.

For the first time all day, Ava felt like she could breathe.

Chapter 8: The Double-Team

Chapter Eight

The Double-Team

"Tell us what you are," Vanessa whispered against Ava's ear.

Ava's voice was barely audible. "I'm… I'm your slut."

Jordan's hand tightened around her throat. "Louder. Your husband can't hear you from here." They were in the middle of Ava and Marcus's king-sized bed, the same bed Ava had shared with her husband for three years. The sheets still smelled faintly of Marcus's cologne. The framed wedding photo on the nightstand watched them silently.

Ava was on her back, completely naked, legs spread wide. Jordan was between her thighs, already buried deep inside her. Vanessa was straddling Ava's chest, facing Jordan, her pussy hovering just above Ava's mouth.

"Say it again," Jordan ordered, thrusting slowly.

Ava's voice cracked. "I'm your slut."

Vanessa lowered herself onto Ava's face. "Now show us."

Ava moaned into Vanessa's pussy as she started licking, her tongue working desperately while Jordan fucked her harder. The contrast was overwhelming — Vanessa's soft, wet heat against her mouth and Jordan's thick cock stretching her open.

Jordan's hand stayed around her throat, not squeezing hard enough to cut off air, just enough to remind her who was in control.

"Tell us how much you love this," he said, voice rough. "Tell us how much you love being used in your husband's bed."

Ava pulled back just enough to speak, voice muffled against Vanessa's thigh. "I love it… I love being used…"

Vanessa ground down against her mouth. "Louder."

"I love being your slut!" Ava cried out before Vanessa pushed back down, smothering the rest of her words.

Jordan picked up the pace, fucking her deep and steady while Vanessa rode her face. Ava's hands gripped Vanessa's thighs, holding on as pleasure and humiliation crashed together inside her.

They didn't let her come yet.

Every time she got close, Jordan slowed down. Every time her moans grew louder, Vanessa lifted off her mouth just enough to deny her. They kept her right on the edge for what felt like forever, teasing, denying, controlling.

When they finally let her come, it was explosive.

Ava screamed into Vanessa's pussy as the orgasm ripped through her, her whole body shaking violently. Jordan kept fucking her through it, drawing it out until she was sobbing with overstimulation.

But they weren't done.

Jordan pulled out and flipped her onto her stomach. He pulled her hips up so she was on her knees, chest pressed to the mattress. Vanessa moved in front of her, lying back with her legs spread.

"Get her ready for me," Jordan told Vanessa.

Vanessa reached between Ava's legs from underneath, coating her fingers in Ava's wetness before pressing one slick finger against Ava's ass. Ava gasped, eyes flying wide. "Shhh," Vanessa soothed, kissing her softly. "You can take it."

Jordan worked her open slowly while Vanessa whispered in her ear. When she was ready, Jordan pressed the head of his cock against her ass while Vanessa slid two fingers into her pussy.

The stretch was intense. Ava's mouth fell open in a silent scream as Jordan pushed inside her ass, inch by inch, until he was fully seated. Vanessa's fingers curled inside her pussy at the same time.

Ava had never felt so full in her life.

Jordan started moving first — slow, careful thrusts that made Ava see stars. Vanessa matched his rhythm with her fingers. The dual sensation was too much. Ava's mind started to slip. Subspace.

For the first time in her life, the world went soft and quiet around the edges. All that existed was sensation — Jordan's cock in her ass, Vanessa's fingers in her pussy, the filthy words being whispered in her ear, and the overwhelming, all-consuming pleasure.

She came again. And again. And again.

Each orgasm blurred into the next until she lost count. Her body shook uncontrollably. Tears streamed down her face, but she wasn't crying from pain — she was crying from the sheer overwhelming release of everything she'd been holding inside.

When they finally let her rest, Ava collapsed onto the bed, trembling and boneless. Jordan and Vanessa moved in on either side of her, sandwiching her

between them. Jordan stroked her hair while Vanessa kissed her forehead, her cheeks, her lips.

"You did so well," Vanessa whispered. "So fucking well."

Ava's voice was hoarse when she finally spoke.

"I think… I think I'm falling in love with you both."

The words hung in the air.

Vanessa and Jordan looked at each other over Ava's head.

Ava was still shaking when she whispered the next words, voice small and broken: "Will you… will you stay the night? Please? I don't want to be alone."

Jordan kissed the top of her head.

Vanessa laced their fingers together.

"We're not going anywhere," Vanessa said softly.

And for the first time since this all began, Ava believed them.

She fell asleep between them — naked and used — in the bed she used to share with her husband.

Chapter 9: The Phone Call

Chapter Nine

The File

Jordan slid the thick manila folder across the kitchen table.

It landed with a soft, heavy sound that seemed far too loud in the quiet house. Ava stared at it like it was a live grenade.

"What is this?" she asked, voice barely above a whisper.

Jordan didn't answer. He simply leaned back in his chair and watched her with those dark, unreadable eyes.

Vanessa sat beside Ava, one hand resting gently on her thigh — comforting and possessive at the same time.

"Open it," she said softly.

Ava's hands trembled as she reached for the folder. She flipped it open.

Inside were bank statements. Dozens of them. Joint account withdrawals she had never noticed — small enough at first, then larger, then larger still. Correspondence with names she didn't recognize. A repayment schedule for a debt she hadn't known existed, signed in Marcus's handwriting. Numbers that, added together, made her stomach turn over.

Ava stared at the statements for a long time without speaking.

"He's been gambling," Jordan said. It wasn't a question.

Ava's voice came out very small. "How long have you had this?"

"Long enough."

She turned a page and found a letter. The language was not friendly. The people Marcus owed were not patient. The amount at the bottom made her set the paper down carefully, the way you set down something you're afraid of dropping.

"He didn't tell me," she said.

"No," Vanessa agreed. "He didn't."

Ava sat with that for a moment. The kitchen felt different than it had five minutes ago. The framed photo of their wedding on the wall looked different. The man in it looked different. "What do you want?" she asked finally.

Jordan didn't answer right away. Instead he picked up his phone, scrolled briefly, and pressed call. He set it on the table between them on speaker.

It rang twice.

"Hello?" Marcus's voice filled the kitchen — tired, warm, immediately recognizable. Ava went absolutely still.

"Marcus." Jordan's voice was easy and friendly. "Sorry to call out of the blue. This is Jordan Harlan, the security contractor from base. Just wanted to say thank you for your service, man. Really. It means a lot to guys like us who stay stateside."

A brief pause on the other end. "Oh — hey. Thanks, I appreciate that."

"I've been keeping an eye on things here. Making sure everything's taken care of." A beat. "Ava's in good hands."

"That's — yeah, thank you. That's good to hear." Marcus's voice relaxed slightly. "Tell her I said hi."

"Will do." Jordan picked up the phone and ended the call.

He set it back down on the table beside the folder.

He didn't say anything else.

He didn't need to.

Ava looked at the phone. Then at the folder. Then at Jordan's face, which told her nothing and everything at the same time.

The kitchen was very quiet.

Outside, a car passed on the street. A dog barked somewhere down the block. Normal sounds from a normal neighborhood that had nothing to do with what was happening at this table. Vanessa's hand was still on Ava's thigh.

Ava didn't move it.

Chapter 10: The Return

Chapter Ten

The Return

Ava sat on the edge of the bathtub at 3:17 a.m., staring at the pregnancy test in her hand. Negative.

Again.

She didn't know whether to feel relieved or devastated.

From the living room she could hear them talking. Their voices low, almost gentle with each other.

She set the test on the edge of the sink and listened.

"The resort on the lake is nice," Vanessa was saying. "We could stay a few days before we start."

"Austin again?"

"Mm. I found someone. A couple." A pause. "They do everything online. Their whole relationship is content. You can watch them fall in love on a schedule."

Jordan was quiet for a moment. "How big?"

"Big enough that it'll matter when it falls."

Another pause. She could picture him in there, not smiling exactly, but close.

"How soon?"

"Whenever we're ready," Vanessa said. "We're always ready."

--Ava stood up.

She washed her hands. She dried them on Marcus's towel — the one with the faded Army logo he'd had since basic training. She looked at herself in the mirror for a long time. Then she went to the bedroom and picked up the bag she had packed the night before. She moved through the house quietly. The kitchen, where the tile was cold under her bare feet. The living room, where the couch still held the shape of three people. The entryway,

where Jordan's toolbox sat against the wall, half-open, the way he always left it. She crouched down and looked through it for a moment.

She took a wrench. Medium sized, worn at the handle where his grip had worn the finish down. She turned it over once in her hand and then put it in her bag.

Not revenge. Not defiance.

Just something to keep.

She straightened up and looked around the house one last time. The wedding photo on the mantel. The flag in its case. The kitchen counter she had scrubbed three times and would never scrub again.

She folded the letter twice and wrote Marcus on the outside in her steadiest handwriting. She set it on the kitchen table where he would see it the moment he walked in.

Then she picked up her bag and walked out the front door into the cool morning air. Behind her, Vanessa and Jordan were still talking.

They didn't hear the door close.

--Marcus's key turned in the lock on a Sunday afternoon, two weeks later than expected. The house was clean. Quiet. Everything exactly where it should have been.

Except for the folded piece of paper on the kitchen table with his name on it in Ava's handwriting.

He set his bag down slowly.

He stood there for a long moment without touching it.

Then he pulled out a chair, sat down, and opened the letter.

Chapter 11: Appendix A: Ava's Confession Letter

Appendix A: Ava's Confession Letter

Written by Ava Hale – Week 15

Dear Marcus,

I don't know how to start this letter. I've written it in my head a hundred times, but none of the versions felt honest enough. So I'm going to tell you the truth. All of it. Even the parts that will destroy you.

I cheated on you.

Not once. Not twice. I gave myself to two people — a man named Jordan Harlan and a woman named Vanessa Smart. They came into our home while you were gone and they broke me. Slowly. Carefully. Completely.

It started with Jordan. He fixed things around the house and made me feel seen. Then Vanessa became my friend. They were kind at first. They listened. They touched me when I was lonely. And I let them. God, Marcus… I let them do everything.

The first time Jordan fucked me was in our kitchen. I cried the whole time, but I didn't stop him. I came so hard I saw stars. That same night, Vanessa walked in and kissed me while he was still inside me. I let her. I wanted it.

After that, I stopped fighting.

I let Jordan fuck me in our bed. In your truck. Behind buildings on base. I let him call me names while I begged for more. I let Vanessa touch me while I was on the phone with you. I came during one of our video calls while you watched, completely unaware.

I let them both have me at the same time — in our bed. I went into some kind of trance. I think that's when I truly broke.

And the worst part?

I don't know if I wanted to be saved.

I still love you, Marcus. That's the part that hurts the most. I love you and I hate myself for it. I love the man you were before you left. I love the life we were supposed to have. But that woman — the one who wore your ring and waited for you — she's gone.

I don't know who I am anymore.

I'm sorry.

I'm so, so sorry.

Ava