The Wreckers: "The Olympians" | Book #4

by Brent Clark Palmer

The Wreckers, Book 4

Chapter 1

Chapter 1: Untouchable Excellence

Vanessa Smart sat on the edge of the hotel bed in Manhattan, her phone glowing softly in the dim room. Outside, New York City pulsed with its usual restless energy, but her attention was locked on the screen in her hand.

On the podcast, the golden couple smiled for the cameras.

She was small and sharp, with the kind of posture that came from a lifetime of being told exactly how to hold herself. Four Olympic gold medals in gymnastics. Now a coach and occasional judge. He was tall and relaxed, with the easy charm of someone who had spent years moving through water without resistance. Seven gold medals and one silver in swimming. Now a commentator and brand ambassador.

They were the image of American excellence — polished, admired, and seemingly untouchable.

Vanessa's lips curved into a slow, dangerous smile.

Jordan Harlan stepped out of the bathroom, a towel slung low around his hips. He glanced at the phone and raised an eyebrow.

"Still watching them?" he asked.

Vanessa didn't look away from the screen.

"They're too clean," she said quietly. "Too perfect. It's almost insulting."

Jordan sat beside her and watched for a moment.

"So we ruin them," he said simply.

Vanessa finally turned to him, her dark eyes gleaming with intent.

"We ruin them," she agreed.

--Six years earlier, Vanessa and Jordan had crossed a line they could never uncross. Both freshly divorced. Both destroyed by the same woman — a mutual friend who had slept with Jordan's wife and Vanessa's husband in the same week. That night, drunk and furious, they made a decision: they would do it back. To every fake, polished, untouchable couple they could find.

They had rules now. Simple. Unbreakable.

They never fell in love with their targets.

They never kept them.

And when the job was finished, they rewarded themselves the only way that felt right — by fucking each other like the world was ending.

They had been doing this for years. Politicians. Influencers. Devout couples. They had destroyed marriages from coast to coast, and they had never been caught.

Because they were very good at what they did.

And because they genuinely enjoyed it.

--Vanessa paused the podcast and looked at Jordan.

“They’re in Los Angeles for the next few weeks,” she said. “She’s coaching. He’s commentating. They’re everywhere — events, interviews, photo ops. The whole country is watching them play the part of the perfect couple.”

Jordan smiled, slow and predatory.

“So we give them something real to worry about.”

Vanessa nodded, already opening her laptop.

“We fly out tomorrow,” she said. “We arrive, settle in, and begin.”

Jordan leaned back against the headboard, watching her with that familiar mix of hunger and admiration.

“You already know who you want first, don’t you?”

Vanessa’s smile sharpened.

“The gymnast,” she said. “She’s wound so tight I can practically hear her cracking from here. I want to see what happens when she finally snaps.”

Jordan chuckled.

“And the swimmer?”

Vanessa shrugged.

“He’ll be easy. He already looks like he’s one mistake away from chaos. We just give him permission.”

Jordan reached over and gently tilted her chin toward him.

“You’re terrifying when you get like this,” he murmured.

Vanessa kissed him — slow, deep, and full of promise.

“Good,” she whispered against his lips. “Because I’m very excited.”

--By the time the sun rose over New York, Vanessa Smart and Jordan Harlan had already chosen their next targets.

A golden couple.

An illusion of perfection.

And two monsters who were very good at shattering illusions.

Chapter 2: City of Angels

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The sun was beginning its slow descent over Los Angeles when Vanessa Smart and Jordan Harlan stepped out of the terminal at LAX. The sky had turned a violent shade of orange and pink, streaked with thin clouds that looked like they'd been painted on by someone with too much money and not enough restraint. The air was warm and heavy, carrying the faint scent of jet fuel, palm trees, and expensive perfume from the woman who had just walked past them.

Vanessa paused for a moment on the curb, tilting her head back slightly as she took in the view. She wore a sleek black blouse tucked into high-waisted cream trousers, the kind of outfit that looked effortless but had clearly been chosen with care. Her dark hair was pulled back into a low, loose bun, a few strands framing her face. Even after a five-hour flight, she looked composed. Dangerous. Like someone who had already decided exactly how the next few weeks were going to unfold.

Jordan stood beside her, rolling their luggage behind him. He wore a fitted charcoal buttondown with the sleeves rolled up to his forearms and dark jeans that hugged his long legs. The top two buttons of his shirt were undone, revealing a hint of the smooth chest Vanessa had spent the last several years getting very familiar with. His dark hair was slightly messy from the flight, and there was a relaxed, predatory energy in the way he carried himself — like a man who knew exactly what he wanted and had no intention of waiting for it.

"God," Vanessa murmured, slipping her sunglasses on as a warm breeze moved through the pickup area. "I always forget how ridiculous this city is."

Jordan chuckled, the sound low and warm.

"Ridiculous in the best way," he said. "Everything here feels like it's trying too hard. The buildings. The people. The weather. It's almost charming."

Vanessa smiled without looking at him.

"Perfect hunting ground."

A black SUV pulled up to the curb. Their driver — a young man in his mid-twenties with sun-bleached hair and a tight black polo shirt — hopped out and began loading their bags into the trunk. Vanessa watched him for a moment, her eyes tracing the line of his arms and the way his shirt stretched across his back. Jordan noticed and smirked.

"Already?" he asked quietly.

Vanessa's smile widened.

“Just looking,” she said. “We just got here.”

The driver finished with their luggage and opened the back door for them.

“Welcome to Los Angeles,” he said with a bright, practiced smile. “First time?”

Vanessa slid into the back seat, crossing her legs as she answered.

“Not for me,” she said. “But it’s been a while.”

Jordan climbed in beside her, his thigh brushing against hers as he settled in. The driver closed the door and walked around to the front.

As the car pulled away from the airport and merged onto the 405, Vanessa rolled down her window slightly, letting the warm evening air rush in. The city stretched out in front of them — endless lanes of traffic, palm trees swaying against the fading sky, billboards advertising everything from luxury cars to teeth whitening. Los Angeles always felt like a beautiful lie to her. A city built on dreams and desperation, where everyone was pretending to be someone slightly better than they actually were.

It was perfect.

Jordan leaned back against the seat, watching the city pass by.

“Feels different this time,” he said after a moment.

Vanessa glanced at him.

“Different how?”

He shrugged, his eyes still on the window.

“After the last job… I don’t know. I feel like we needed something lighter. Something fun. Something that doesn’t make us think too hard.”

Vanessa reached over and rested her hand on his thigh, her fingers tracing slow, absent patterns.

“This one will be fun,” she said. “I can already feel it. The city is practically begging us to play.”

Jordan turned to look at her, his dark eyes warm with amusement and something darker underneath.

“You’re in a dangerous mood.”

Vanessa smiled.

“I’m always in a dangerous mood when we have a new job.”

The driver glanced at them in the rearview mirror but said nothing. He was used to wealthy, beautiful people saying strange things in the back of his car.

They drove in comfortable silence for a while, the city unfolding around them like a movie set. The 405 gave way to the 10, and soon they were cutting through the heart of Los Angeles — past gleaming high-rises, graffiti-covered walls, strip malls that somehow looked glamorous in the golden hour light, and neighborhoods that shifted from wealthy to workingclass in the span of a single block. Vanessa watched it all with quiet fascination.

“I lived here for a while,” she said suddenly. “Years ago. Before everything.”

Jordan turned to her, surprised.

“You never told me that.”

She shrugged.

“It didn’t seem important. I was young. Broke. Trying to figure out who I was supposed to be. This city has a way of making you feel like you’re either going to become someone important… or disappear completely.”

Jordan studied her profile for a moment.

“And which one were you?”

Vanessa smiled faintly.

“Neither. I just learned how to pretend.”

The car turned onto Sunset Boulevard, and the city transformed again. The lights were starting to come on — neon signs, glowing billboards, the soft golden haze of streetlamps. Everything felt alive and slightly unreal, like the whole city was one big performance. Jordan leaned closer to her, his voice low.

“You know what I love about this place?” he asked.

“What?”

“No one here is actually who they say they are,” he said. “Everyone’s playing a part. The actors. The influencers. The athletes. Even the people who aren’t famous yet — they’re all pretending. It makes our job so much easier.”

Vanessa’s smile turned sharp.

“Exactly.”

They pulled up to their hotel — a sleek, modern tower in West Hollywood with floor-toceiling windows and a line of luxury cars parked out front. The driver helped them with their bags, and Vanessa slipped him a generous tip before following Jordan into the lobby.

The inside of the hotel was all marble and glass and carefully curated lighting. Everything smelled expensive. A young woman behind the front desk — early twenties, with long dark hair and a tight black dress — smiled brightly as they

approached.

“Welcome to The Edition,” she said. “Checking in?”

Jordan gave her their names, and Vanessa watched the way the girl’s eyes lingered on him a second too long. She could already see the familiar spark of interest there — the same one she saw in almost every young woman who looked at Jordan.

It was going to be a very good trip.

--Their suite was on the top floor, with a massive king bed, a private balcony overlooking the city, and a bathroom that looked like it belonged in a magazine. Vanessa walked straight to the balcony doors and stepped outside, letting the warm night air wrap around her. Jordan joined her a moment later, wrapping his arms around her waist from behind and resting his chin on her shoulder.

“So,” he murmured. “Where do we start?”

Vanessa leaned back against him, her eyes on the glittering skyline.

“We start slow,” she said. “We get settled. We go out. We let people see us. And then we begin.”

Jordan kissed the side of her neck, his lips warm against her skin.

“And the Olympians?”

Vanessa smiled.

“We’ll run into them soon enough. This city isn’t that big when you know where to look.” Jordan’s hands slid lower, resting on her hips.

“You’re already thinking about her, aren’t you?” he asked. “The gymnast.”

Vanessa turned in his arms, her eyes dark with anticipation.

“I’m thinking about both of them,” she said. “But yes. Her especially. She’s going to be fun to break.”

Jordan leaned down and kissed her — slow and deep, his hands tightening on her waist. “Then let’s make sure we enjoy every second of it.”

Vanessa smiled against his mouth.

“Oh,” she whispered. “We will.”

Chapter 3: The Golden Couple

Chapter 3: Golden Couple

“I still can’t believe how many people are here,” Jordan murmured, his voice low and amused as he leaned in close to Vanessa. “It’s like every beautiful person in Los Angeles decided to show up at the same time.”

Vanessa smiled without looking at him, her eyes scanning the crowded rooftop lounge of the exclusive West Hollywood hotel. The space was glowing with soft golden lighting, the kind that made everyone look expensive. Below them, the city stretched out in a glittering mess of lights and movement. Music pulsed gently from hidden speakers, and the air smelled like expensive cologne, champagne, and warm skin.

She took a slow sip of her martini, the glass cool against her fingers.

“They always come out for events like this,” she said. “Sponsors, athletes, influencers… everyone pretending they’re not here to be seen.”

Jordan’s hand rested lightly on the small of her back, his thumb tracing a slow circle over the silk of her dress.

“And we’re here to see them.”

Vanessa’s smile sharpened.

“Exactly.”

They had only been in Los Angeles for two days, but already the city felt like it was opening up for them. Tonight’s event was a private sponsor party for several Olympic athletes — the kind of gathering where everyone was beautiful, successful, and slightly desperate to stay relevant. It was the perfect hunting ground.

Vanessa wore a deep emerald-green dress that clung to her curves without being obvious about it. Her dark hair was swept to one side, exposing the elegant line of her neck. Jordan stood beside her in a tailored black suit, the top button of his shirt undone, looking effortlessly dangerous in a room full of people trying very hard to look important. They made a striking pair.

And they knew it.

--Across the rooftop, near the bar, stood the targets.

Maya Torres — the gymnast — was even smaller in person than she looked on television. Petite, with sharp features and dark hair pulled back into a sleek ponytail. She wore a simple

black dress that somehow still managed to look expensive, and she carried herself with the kind of rigid posture that suggested she had spent most of her

life being corrected. Even now, standing among some of the most beautiful people in the city, she looked slightly uncomfortable, like she wasn't sure she belonged.

Beside her stood her husband, **Mark Hallum** — the swimmer. He was tall and broadshouldered, with sun-kissed skin and an easy, lazy smile that seemed permanently fixed on his face. His dark hair was slightly messy, and there was a relaxed, almost sleepy energy about him that contrasted sharply with Maya's tension. He held a glass of whiskey in one hand and looked like he would rather be anywhere else.

They were the golden couple. America's sweethearts. The kind of pair that made people believe in fairy tales.

Vanessa watched them from across the room, her eyes sharp.

"They're pretending," she said quietly.

Jordan followed her gaze.

"Everyone here is pretending."

Vanessa shook her head slightly.

"Not like them. Look at her. She's smiling, but her shoulders are so tight I can see the tension from here. And him…" She tilted her head, studying Mark. "He looks like he's already checked out. Like he's just going through the motions."

Jordan took a sip of his drink, his eyes never leaving the couple.

"So we give them something real to feel."

Vanessa's lips curved.

"Exactly."

--They didn't approach immediately.

Instead, they moved through the crowd slowly, letting people see them. Vanessa accepted compliments on her dress from a young woman with striking green eyes and a tight red gown. Jordan exchanged a few words with a tall, athletic man who kept glancing at Vanessa like he was trying to work up the courage to speak to her.

Everywhere they went, eyes followed them.

It was exactly what they wanted.

After nearly an hour, Vanessa decided it was time.

She touched Jordan's arm lightly.

"Ready?"

He smiled.

“Always.”

They made their way toward the bar, where Maya and Mark were standing slightly apart from the main crowd. As they approached, Vanessa made sure her voice carried just enough to be heard.

“Mark Hallum, right?” she said, her tone warm and confident. “I’ve been watching your commentary all week. You make the races actually interesting.”

Mark turned, surprised but clearly pleased. Up close, he was even more handsome than he looked on television — all easy charm and sun-bleached good looks.

“That’s very kind of you,” he said, his voice low and slightly rough. “Most people just want to talk about the medals.”

Vanessa smiled, extending her hand.

“Vanessa Smart. And this is my partner, Jordan Harlan.”

Mark shook her hand, his grip firm but relaxed.

“Nice to meet you both.”

Jordan stepped forward and offered his hand to Maya, who had been watching the exchange with quiet intensity.

“Jordan Harlan,” he said, his voice smooth. “I’ve followed your career for years. Four golds in Tokyo was incredible.”

Maya shook his hand, her grip surprisingly strong for someone so small.

“Thank you,” she said, her voice soft but clear. “It feels like a lifetime ago now.” Jordan didn’t let go of her hand right away. He held it just a second longer than necessary, his thumb brushing lightly over her knuckles before he released it.

“Time moves differently when you’re that good at something,” he said, his dark eyes locked on hers. “Most people never get to feel what it’s like to be the best in the world. You did it four times.”

Maya’s cheeks flushed slightly, and she looked away for a brief moment before meeting his gaze again.

“It’s not as glamorous as it looks,” she said quietly.

Jordan smiled, slow and knowing.

“I bet it isn’t.”

--Vanessa turned her attention back to Mark, tilting her head slightly as she studied him. “So,” she said, her voice light but curious. “What’s it like being

married to someone who’s basically a national treasure?”

Mark laughed, the sound easy and warm.

“It’s… interesting,” he admitted. “She’s the most disciplined person I’ve ever met. Sometimes I think she schedules our arguments in advance.”

Maya shot him a look, but there was no real heat behind it.

“Don’t listen to him,” she said. “He’s the one who forgets what day it is half the time.” Vanessa smiled, her eyes flicking between them.

“Opposites attract, I suppose.”

Mark took a sip of his drink, his gaze lingering on Vanessa a little longer than necessary. “Something like that.”

Jordan had moved slightly closer to Maya, his voice dropping into something more intimate. “You know,” he said, “I’ve always wondered what it must feel like to have that kind of control over your body. All that precision. All that discipline. It’s impressive. And probably exhausting.”

Maya looked up at him, something flickering in her expression.

“It is exhausting,” she admitted, her voice barely above a whisper. “Sometimes I just want to… let go.”

Jordan’s smile was slow and warm.

“Maybe you should.”

Maya’s breath caught slightly, and for a moment, the noise of the party seemed to fade around them.

Across from them, Vanessa had placed her hand lightly on Mark’s arm as she laughed at something he said. The touch was casual, but deliberate. Mark didn’t pull away.

Jordan glanced over and caught Vanessa’s eye for a brief second. She gave him the smallest nod.

The game had begun.

--An hour later, the four of them were still talking, the rest of the party moving around them like background noise. Maya had relaxed slightly, her shoulders no longer quite so rigid. Mark was laughing more freely, his usual lazy charm on full display.

Vanessa leaned in closer to Mark, her voice low enough that only he could hear.

“You know,” she said, “you’re not what I expected.”

Mark raised an eyebrow, his eyes sparkling with amusement.

“And what did you expect?”

Vanessa smiled, her fingers tracing the rim of her glass.

“Someone more… uptight. More like her.” She nodded toward Maya. “But you’re different. You seem like someone who actually knows how to enjoy himself.”

Mark’s gaze dropped to her mouth for a fraction of a second before returning to her eyes. “I try,” he said. “Life’s too short to be serious all the time.”

Vanessa let her hand rest on his forearm, her touch light but deliberate.

“I couldn’t agree more.”

On the other side of their small circle, Jordan had Maya laughing — actually laughing — at something he’d said. Her cheeks were flushed, and she kept tucking the same strand of hair behind her ear, a nervous habit she probably didn’t even realize she had.

“You’re dangerous,” she said, shaking her head.

Jordan grinned.

“Only when I want to be.”

Maya looked up at him, her dark eyes searching his face.

“And do you want to be dangerous right now?”

Jordan’s voice dropped, low and smooth.

“Only if you want me to be.”

Maya’s breath hitched, and for a moment, neither of them looked away.

Eventually, the party began to wind down. People started saying their goodbyes, drifting toward the elevators in small groups. Vanessa and Jordan stayed close to Maya and Mark, keeping the conversation flowing until the rooftop was nearly empty.

As the last of the guests disappeared, Vanessa turned to the couple with a warm, inviting smile.

“We’re heading back to our hotel,” she said. “It’s not far from here. Would you two like to join us for a nightcap? The view from our suite is incredible.”

Mark glanced at Maya, who hesitated for only a second before nodding.

“Sure,” he said. “Why not?”

Jordan smiled, his hand resting lightly on the small of Maya’s back as they walked toward the elevator.

“Why not indeed.”

Chapter 4

Chapter 4: The Nightcap

The elevator ride up to the suite was quiet, but the air between the four of them felt charged. Maya stood close to Jordan, her shoulder occasionally brushing his. Mark walked beside Vanessa, his hands in his pockets, a relaxed smile on his face that didn't quite reach his eyes. When the doors opened, Vanessa led the way down the hallway, her heels clicking softly against the marble floor.

"Make yourselves comfortable," she said as she unlocked the door to the penthouse suite. "The view is even better from up here."

The suite was stunning — floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the glittering Los Angeles skyline, sleek modern furniture, and a massive sectional sofa that looked like it was made for lounging. A bottle of wine and four glasses were already waiting on the coffee table, along with a small charcuterie board.

Mark let out a low whistle as he stepped inside.

"Damn. This is nice."

Jordan smiled, closing the door behind them.

"We like our comforts."

Maya walked straight to the windows, staring out at the city lights with a slightly dazed expression.

"I forgot how beautiful this city looks at night," she said quietly.

Vanessa moved to the bar and began pouring wine into the glasses.

"It's easy to forget when you're always performing," she said. "When you're always being watched."

Maya turned to look at her, something thoughtful in her expression.

"You sound like you know what that's like."

Vanessa handed her a glass of wine, their fingers brushing.

"I do," she said softly. "More than you might think."

Mark took a seat on the sofa and stretched out, looking completely at ease.

"So," he said, swirling the wine in his glass. "What do two people like you do when you're not at sponsor parties?"

Jordan sat down across from him, his long legs stretched out in front of him.

"We travel," he said. "We meet interesting people. We have… experiences."

Maya sat down beside Vanessa on the opposite couch, tucking her legs underneath her. “Experiences?” she repeated, raising an eyebrow.

Vanessa smiled, her voice smooth.

“Life’s too short to be boring, don’t you think?”

Mark chuckled, taking a sip of his wine.

“I like that philosophy.”

The conversation flowed easily after that. They talked about travel, about the pressure of being in the public eye, about the strange loneliness that sometimes came with success. Maya opened up more than Vanessa expected, admitting how exhausting it was to always be “on.” Mark joked about how he sometimes missed the simplicity of just swimming without cameras in his face.

But underneath the easy conversation, something else was happening.

Jordan kept finding reasons to lean closer to Maya when he spoke. His voice dropped lower when he addressed her directly. Maya’s cheeks stayed faintly flushed, and she kept tucking that same strand of hair behind her ear — a nervous habit that was becoming more frequent. Vanessa, meanwhile, had shifted closer to Mark on the couch. Her knee brushed against his every so often, and each time it happened, Mark’s breathing seemed to change just slightly. His eyes lingered on her mouth when she spoke. His fingers tightened around his glass. At one point, Vanessa laughed at something Mark said and placed her hand lightly on his thigh. She didn’t move it away.

Mark glanced down at her hand, then back up at her face. His voice was a little rougher when he spoke again.

“You’re very… direct.”

Vanessa smiled, her thumb tracing a slow, absent circle on his leg.

“Life’s too short to be subtle.”

Maya watched the exchange from across the coffee table, her lips slightly parted. Jordan noticed and leaned in closer to her, his voice barely above a whisper.

“Does it bother you?” he asked. “Watching them?”

Maya swallowed.

“No,” she said, her voice soft. “It… it doesn’t.”

Jordan’s smile was slow and knowing.

“Good.”

The night stretched on. They finished the first bottle of wine and opened another. The conversation grew more personal, more intimate. Laughter came easier.

Touches lingered longer.

At one point, Mark excused himself to use the restroom. The moment he was gone, Vanessa turned to Maya with a warm, open expression.

“You two seem like you’ve been together a long time,” she said.

Maya nodded.

“Since we were nineteen.”

Vanessa tilted her head.

“And it’s still good?”

Maya hesitated, then gave a small, almost sad smile.

“It’s… comfortable.”

Vanessa didn’t push. She just nodded, as if she understood something Maya hadn’t said out loud.

When Mark returned, Jordan stood up and stretched.

“We should probably call it a night,” he said. “It’s getting late.”

There was a brief moment of hesitation — a silent question hanging in the air.

Maya looked at Mark. Mark looked at Maya.

Then Maya stood up, smoothing her dress.

“Thank you for tonight,” she said. “It was… really nice.”

Vanessa walked them to the door. Before they left, she leaned in and kissed Maya lightly on the cheek — close enough to her mouth that it could have been an accident… or not. “Sleep well,” she murmured.

Jordan shook Mark’s hand, holding it just a second longer than necessary.

“See you soon,” he said.

And then the door closed.

--Back in the suite, Vanessa leaned against the door and let out a soft breath.

Jordan walked over to her, his eyes dark.

“They’re close,” he said. “But not as close as they pretend to be.”

Vanessa smiled, slow and satisfied.

“Not yet.”

Jordan stepped in close, his hands sliding around her waist.

“Soon,” he murmured, kissing the side of her neck.

Vanessa tilted her head back, her fingers threading through his hair.

“Very soon.”

Chapter 5: The Tennis Star

Chapter 5: The Tennis Star

Jordan had barely made it through the hotel lobby before he spotted her.

Aaliyah Brooks — a rising star on the professional tennis circuit and now playing at the Olympics — was leaning against the front desk, laughing at something the concierge said. She was tall, athletic, and stunning, with rich brown skin that glowed under the lobby lights, full lips, and long, powerful legs that looked even better in the short black dress she was wearing. Her dark curls were pulled into a high, messy bun, and she carried herself with the confident, playful energy of someone who knew exactly how good she was.

Jordan smiled to himself.

Perfect.

He walked over with that easy, predatory grace he was so good at, sliding up beside her at the desk like he belonged there.

“Rough day on the court?” he asked, his voice low and teasing.

Aaliyah turned, surprised but clearly amused. Up close, she was even more striking — sharp cheekbones, bright eyes, and a smile that could light up a stadium.

“Depends,” she said, tilting her head. “Are you asking because you actually care, or because you’re trying to flirt with me?”

Jordan grinned.

“Both.”

Aaliyah laughed, the sound warm and genuine.

“You’re bold. I like that.”

Jordan leaned in slightly, his voice dropping.

“Good. Because I’m just getting started.”

--Twenty minutes later, they were in the elevator together.

Jordan had her against the wall before the doors even finished closing.

Aaliyah let out a surprised laugh as her back hit the mirrored surface.

“Damn,” she said, grinning. “You really don’t waste time, do you?”

Jordan’s hands gripped her hips, pinning her in place. He leaned in, his mouth brushing against the shell of her ear.

“Not when I see something I want,” he murmured.

Aaliyah’s breath hitched, but her smile stayed wide and teasing.

“And what makes you think I want you back?”

Jordan’s hand slid slowly up her side, his thumb brushing the curve of her breast through the thin fabric of her dress.

“Because your heart is racing,” he said, voice low and amused. “And because you’re still smiling like you want me to keep going.”

Aaliyah laughed again, softer this time.

“You’re cocky as hell.”

Jordan pulled back just enough to look her in the eyes, his gaze dark and commanding. “I can be,” he said. “But only when I know I can back it up.”

The elevator dinged as it reached their floor. Jordan didn’t move. He stayed pressed against her, one hand still resting possessively on her hip.

Aaliyah raised an eyebrow, clearly enjoying the game.

“So what now, Mr. Harlan?”

Jordan’s smile turned wicked.

“Now,” he said, “we see how quiet you can be.”

--He took her hand and led her out of the elevator and down the long, dimly lit hallway. The floor was mostly empty, but the risk of someone stepping out of their room at any moment made everything feel more exciting.

Jordan stopped halfway down the hall, right in front of a large window overlooking the glittering Los Angeles skyline. Without a word, he backed Aaliyah up against the cool glass and kissed her hard.

She kissed him back with equal fire, her hands sliding up his chest. Jordan groaned against her mouth and gripped her thigh, hiking it up around his hip. The short dress rode up dangerously high, exposing smooth brown skin and the edge of black lace underwear.

“Fuck,” Aaliyah whispered, breaking the kiss with a breathless laugh. “You’re really doing this right here?”

Jordan’s hand slid between her legs, pressing against the damp lace. Aaliyah’s head fell back against the glass with a soft thud.

“Scared?” he asked, voice low and teasing.

Aaliyah’s eyes fluttered open, dark and defiant.

“Turned on,” she admitted.

Jordan smiled.

“Good girl.”

He dropped to his knees right there in the hallway. Aaliyah’s eyes widened.

“Jordan—”

“Shhh,” he said, looking up at her with dark, commanding eyes. “Hands on the glass. Don’t move them unless I tell you to.”

Aaliyah’s breathing quickened. She placed both palms flat against the cool window, her chest rising and falling rapidly.

Jordan pushed her dress up around her waist and slowly dragged her panties down her long, toned legs. He tucked them into his pocket with a smirk.

“Souvenir.”

Aaliyah let out a shaky laugh that turned into a soft moan as Jordan leaned in and dragged his tongue slowly up her inner thigh.

“Oh my God…”

He didn’t waste time teasing. Jordan gripped her thighs, spread them wider, and buried his face between her legs. His tongue moved with purpose — slow, deliberate strokes that had Aaliyah’s knees threatening to buckle within seconds.

“Oh fuck— Jordan…” she gasped, her head falling back against the glass. “We’re gonna get caught…”

Jordan pulled back just long enough to look up at her, lips glistening.

“That’s the fun part,” he said, voice rough. “Now be quiet and take it.”

He went back to work, sucking her clit into his mouth while two fingers slid inside her. Aaliyah’s entire body jerked. Her hands pressed harder against the glass as soft, desperate moans escaped her throat no matter how hard she tried to stay quiet.

Jordan could feel her getting close. Her thighs trembled. Her breathing turned ragged. He curled his fingers just right and sucked harder.

Aaliyah came with a broken, muffled cry, her body shaking violently as she tried — and failed — to stay silent. Jordan didn’t stop until she was whimpering and gently pushing his head away, too sensitive to take any more.

He rose to his feet, wiped his mouth, and kissed her deeply. Aaliyah tasted herself on his tongue and moaned into his mouth.

“You’re trouble,” she whispered, still breathing hard.

Jordan grinned against her lips.

“You have no idea.”

Before she could answer, he spun her around so she was facing the window. He pressed her chest against the cool glass and yanked her dress up again. The sound of his zipper made Aaliyah's breath catch.

"Jordan—"

"Hands on the glass," he ordered. "Don't move."

Aaliyah obeyed instantly. Jordan gripped her hips and pushed inside her in one smooth thrust. They both groaned.

"Fuck, you feel good," Jordan growled, resting his forehead against the back of her neck. "Anyone walking by right now could see you getting fucked against this window. You like that, don't you?"

Aaliyah moaned, pushing back against him.

"Yes…"

Jordan started fucking her hard and deep, his grip on her hips bruising. The risk of being caught made everything hotter. Every sound seemed louder. Every thrust felt more dangerous. Aaliyah's moans grew louder despite her best efforts to stay quiet.

Jordan reached around and rubbed her clit in tight circles while he pounded into her. "Come again," he ordered, voice rough. "Come on my cock like a good girl."

Aaliyah's entire body tensed. Her second orgasm hit her even harder than the first. She bit her lip hard to keep from screaming as her walls clenched around him. Jordan followed seconds later, burying himself deep inside her with a low, guttural groan.

They stayed like that for a long moment, breathing hard, bodies still connected.

Finally, Jordan pulled out and gently turned Aaliyah around. He kissed her softly this time, his hands cupping her face.

"You okay?" he asked, voice gentler now.

Aaliyah laughed breathlessly, her legs still shaking.

"I'm way better than okay."

Jordan smiled and kissed her forehead.

"Good."

He helped her fix her dress and smoothed her hair, then pulled her panties out of his pocket with a smirk.

"These are mine now."

Aaliyah rolled her eyes but smiled.

“You’re trouble, Harlan.”

Jordan leaned in and kissed her one last time.

“You have no idea.”

--They walked back to the elevator together, Aaliyah’s hand resting lightly on Jordan’s arm. As the doors opened, she glanced up at him with a playful smile.

“Same time tomorrow?” she asked.

Jordan’s eyes gleamed.

“Count on it.”

Chapter 6: The Brazilian

Chapter 6: The Brazilian

Vanessa stood in front of the full-length mirror in the penthouse suite, smoothing down the front of her dress. It was a deep crimson color that hugged her curves perfectly — elegant enough for the sponsor dinner they'd just attended, but short enough to make men stare when she walked by.

She smiled at her reflection.

Tonight's going to be fun.

Jordan had texted her twenty minutes ago saying he was "occupied" with a very enthusiastic tennis player. Vanessa had simply replied with a single winking emoji and gone about her own plans.

She had her eye on someone special.

--**Lucas Mendes** was exactly what Vanessa had been craving.

He was twenty-four, six-foot-two, and built like a Greek god — all lean muscle, sun-kissed skin, and that effortless Brazilian charm. He played for the Brazilian Olympic soccer team and had already become a fan favorite in Los Angeles. His dark hair was slightly messy, his smile was devastating, and he had the kind of confidence that came from knowing he was young, talented, and extremely good-looking.

Vanessa had spotted him the moment they walked into the sponsor event earlier that evening. The way he carried himself — relaxed, cocky, a little arrogant — told her everything she needed to know.

He was perfect.

--She found him at the hotel bar after the event, nursing a drink and scrolling through his phone. He looked up as she approached, and his eyes immediately darkened with interest. "Vanessa Smart," he said, his accent smooth and warm. "I was hoping I'd run into you again."

Vanessa slid onto the barstool beside him, crossing her legs slowly.

"Were you now?" she asked, tilting her head. "And why is that, Lucas?"

He smiled, confident and playful.

"Because you're the most beautiful woman in this entire city. And because I've been thinking about you since the moment I saw you."

Vanessa let her fingers trail lightly along the rim of his glass.

"Flattery will get you everywhere," she said softly. "But I'm more interested in what else you can do with that mouth."

Lucas’s eyes widened slightly, clearly surprised by her directness. Then he laughed — low and genuine.

“Damn,” he said. “You don’t play around, do you?”

Vanessa leaned in closer, her voice dropping to a silky whisper.

“No, Lucas. I don’t.” She let her hand rest on his thigh, her fingers tracing slow circles. “I take what I want. And right now, I want you.”

Lucas swallowed hard, but his smile stayed cocky.

“Then take me.”

Vanessa smiled, slow and dangerous.

“Good boy.”

--Twenty minutes later, they were in Vanessa’s suite.

The second the door closed behind them, Vanessa pushed Lucas back against it and kissed him hard. He kissed her back with equal hunger, his hands sliding down to grip her ass. Vanessa moaned into his mouth, then pulled back just enough to look him in the eyes. “On your knees,” she ordered.

Lucas hesitated for only a second before dropping to his knees in front of her. Vanessa smiled, pleased.

“Good,” she purred. “Now lift my dress.”

Lucas obeyed, pushing the red fabric up around her hips. Vanessa wasn’t wearing anything underneath.

“Fuck…” he whispered, staring up at her.

Vanessa threaded her fingers through his dark hair and tugged gently, forcing him to look up at her.

“Tonight, you’re going to do exactly what I say,” she told him, her voice calm but commanding. “You’re going to worship me. And if you’re very good, I might let you come.

Understood?”

Lucas nodded, his eyes glazed with lust.

“Yes, ma’am.”

Vanessa smiled.

“Then start.”

Lucas leaned in eagerly, his tongue dragging slowly through her folds. Vanessa let out a soft sigh, her head falling back against the door as he licked and sucked with enthusiasm. He was good — very good — but she wasn’t going to make it

easy for him.

“Slow down,” she ordered, tightening her grip on his hair. “I didn’t tell you to rush. I want to feel every single stroke of that talented tongue.”

Lucas groaned against her, slowing down obediently. Vanessa smiled, pleasure curling through her body as he worshipped her exactly the way she wanted.

“That’s it,” she murmured. “Good boy. You’re learning.”

She kept him there for a long time, letting him bring her close to the edge again and again but never quite letting her come. Every time he got too eager, she tugged on his hair and reminded him who was in charge.

By the time she finally let herself orgasm, Lucas was rock hard and desperate, his hands gripping her thighs like he was afraid she might disappear.

Vanessa pulled him to his feet and kissed him deeply, tasting herself on his tongue. “Bedroom,” she said. “Now.”

--Lucas was on his back in the middle of the massive king bed within seconds. Vanessa climbed on top of him, straddling his hips as she slowly unbuttoned his shirt. She took her time, running her hands over his sculpted chest and abs, admiring the way his muscles tensed under her touch.

“You’re very pretty,” she said, tracing a finger down the center of his stomach. “All those young athletes are. But pretty boys need to learn their place.”

Lucas’s breath hitched as Vanessa wrapped her hand around his cock and stroked him slowly. “And where’s my place?” he asked, voice rough.

Vanessa leaned down, her lips brushing against his ear.

“Underneath me,” she whispered. “Begging.”

She positioned herself above him and sank down slowly, taking him inch by inch. Lucas groaned, his hands flying to her hips.

“Fuck… Vanessa…”

Vanessa placed her hands on his chest and started riding him with slow, deliberate rolls of her hips.

“You don’t get to touch unless I say so,” she said, her voice calm but firm. “Hands above your head.”

Lucas obeyed instantly, gripping the headboard. Vanessa smiled, pleased with his obedience. “Good boy.”

She rode him harder, taking what she wanted, using his body for her own pleasure. Every time he tried to thrust up into her, she would stop and give him a sharp look.

“Did I say you could move?” she asked.

Lucas shook his head, breathing hard.

“No, ma’am.”

Vanessa smiled and started moving again, slower this time, torturing him.

“You’re going to come when I tell you to,” she said. “Not a second before. Understand?” Lucas nodded, his jaw clenched with the effort of holding back.

“Yes, ma’am.”

Vanessa rode him until she came again, her head falling back as pleasure washed over her. Only then did she lean down and whisper in his ear.

“Now.”

Lucas came with a broken groan, his entire body shaking beneath her. Vanessa stayed on top of him, stroking his hair gently as he came down.

When he finally opened his eyes, she was smiling down at him.

“You did well,” she said softly.

Lucas let out a breathless laugh.

“You’re… intense.”

Vanessa leaned down and kissed him.

“You have no idea.”

--Later, after Lucas had left with a dazed smile and a promise to text her, Vanessa stood on the balcony in nothing but a silk robe, staring out at the city lights.

Her phone buzzed.

Jordan: *Had fun?*

Vanessa smiled and typed back.

Vanessa: *Very. You?*

Jordan: *She’s very flexible. Tennis players are fun.*

Vanessa laughed softly to herself.

Vanessa: *We’re going to have a very good time in this city.*

She set her phone down and took a deep breath, letting the warm night air wash over her. This was exactly what they needed after the intensity of the last job.

Fun. Chaos. Beautiful young bodies.

And the slow, delicious destruction of a golden couple in the background.

Vanessa smiled to herself.

Let the games begin.

Chapter 7: Cracks in the Gold

Chapter 7: Cracks in the Gold

Maya stood in the middle of their hotel suite, arms crossed tightly over her chest, staring at her husband like she didn't recognize him.

Mark sat on the edge of the bed, elbows on his knees, rubbing his face with both hands. The tension in the room was thick enough to choke on.

"I'm just saying," Maya said, her voice tight and controlled, "you could've at least *pretended* to be interested tonight. You spent half the night on your phone."

Mark looked up, his expression tired but defensive.

"I was answering sponsor emails, Maya. You know how this works. It's not like I was ignoring you on purpose."

Maya let out a sharp, humorless laugh.

"Really? Because it felt pretty intentional. Especially when you spent twenty minutes talking to that blonde influencer while I was standing right there."

Mark sighed, running a hand through his messy dark hair.

"She was asking about the team. It was work."

"Work," Maya repeated, the word dripping with sarcasm. "Right. Because you always smile like *that* when you're doing 'work.'"

Mark stood up, his jaw tightening.

"You're really doing this right now? After everything that's been going on?"

Maya's eyes narrowed.

"What's *that* supposed to mean?"

Mark stared at her for a long moment, then shook his head and turned away, walking over to the window.

"Nothing," he muttered. "Forget it."

Maya's hands clenched into fists at her sides.

"No. Don't do that. Don't walk away from me. If you have something to say, just say it." Mark turned around, his blue eyes flashing with frustration.

"Fine. You want to do this? Let's do this." He took a step toward her. "You've been different lately. Distant. Ever since we started spending more time with Vanessa and Jordan — the lunches, the dinners, the late nights at their suite — you've been acting different. You come home distracted. You check your phone more. You zone out in the middle of conversations." Maya's breath caught in her throat.

“Excuse me?”

Mark laughed bitterly.

“Don’t play dumb, Maya. I’ve seen the way you look at him. The way you laugh at his jokes. The way you let him touch your arm like it’s nothing. You think I’m blind?”

Maya’s face flushed with a mixture of anger and guilt.

“You’re being ridiculous.”

“Am I?” Mark stepped closer, his voice lower now. “Because I’ve also seen the way *Vanessa* looks at *you*. And the way you look back.”

Maya opened her mouth, then closed it again. She *had* been spending more time with Vanessa and Jordan than she wanted to admit. What had started as casual sponsor events had slowly turned into private dinners, late-night drinks, and long conversations that left her feeling both exhilarated and guilty.

Mark’s shoulders dropped slightly, the anger giving way to something heavier.

“I don’t even know who we are anymore,” he said quietly. “We used to be a team. Now it feels like we’re just… performing. For everyone else. For the cameras. For the sponsors. And now for *them* too.”

Maya’s eyes stung with unshed tears.

“You think I don’t feel that?” she whispered. “You think I *like* feeling like this? Like I’m constantly on edge? Like I can’t even talk to my own husband without it turning into a fight?”

Mark looked at her, really looked at her, and for a moment the anger seemed to fade. “Then what are we doing, Maya?” he asked softly. “Because I’m tired. I’m so fucking tired of pretending everything’s perfect when it’s not.”

Maya wrapped her arms around herself, suddenly feeling very small in the oversized suite. “I don’t know,” she admitted. “I really don’t know anymore.”

The silence stretched between them, heavy and painful.

Mark eventually walked over and sat back down on the bed, his head in his hands.

“I love you,” he said, voice muffled. “I do. But lately… it feels like we’re strangers wearing each other’s rings.”

Maya’s throat tightened. She wanted to say something — anything — to fix this. But the words wouldn’t come.

Instead, she walked over and sat beside him, close but not touching.

“I love you too,” she whispered.

But even as she said it, a part of her wondered if it was still true.

Or if they were both just too scared to admit how far apart they'd drifted.

--Later that night, after an awkward, silent dinner in the suite, Maya stood on the balcony alone, staring out at the city lights. The wind tugged at her hair as she gripped the railing, her knuckles turning white.

She couldn't stop thinking about Jordan.

The way he looked at her. The way he made her feel seen in a way Mark hadn't in months. The way his voice dropped when he spoke only to her.

And Vanessa…

Maya closed her eyes, heat flooding her cheeks as she remembered the way Vanessa had looked at her during their nightcap. The way she had kissed her cheek — soft, deliberate, lingering just a second too long.

What the hell is wrong with me?

She had a husband. A career. A reputation. She wasn't supposed to feel this way about other people. Especially not two people at once.

But she *did*.

And that terrified her more than anything.

Inside the suite, Mark sat on the couch with a beer in his hand, staring blankly at the television. He wasn't watching it. He was thinking about Vanessa — the way she had touched his arm at the last dinner, the way she had looked at him like she already knew exactly what he needed.

He hated how much he wanted her.

He hated how easy it would be to let go.

And he hated that, for the first time in years, he wasn't sure if he still wanted to fight for his marriage.

Chapter 8: The French Diver

Chapter 8: The French Diver

The pool deck was quiet at 1:47 a.m.

Most of the hotel guests had gone to bed hours ago, leaving the rooftop pool area bathed in soft blue underwater lighting and the golden glow of scattered lanterns. The city lights of Los Angeles twinkled in the distance, but up here, it felt like a private world — one where rules felt a little more flexible.

Vanessa stood at the edge of the pool in a sleek black bikini, the water lapping gently at her ankles. She held a glass of champagne in one hand and watched the city with a small, satisfied smile.

She wasn't alone for long.

Étienne Laurent stepped out onto the deck a few minutes later, towel slung over one shoulder, wearing nothing but black swim trunks that sat low on his hips. He was twentythree, lean and powerfully built from years of competitive diving, with sun-kissed skin, messy dark hair, and striking green eyes. There was a playful, slightly cocky energy about him that Vanessa had noticed the moment they met at the sponsor event earlier that evening. He spotted her immediately and grinned.

"Couldn't sleep either?" he asked, his French accent smooth and warm as he walked toward her.

Vanessa turned, her smile slow and inviting.

"Something like that," she said. "Care to join me?"

Étienne didn't hesitate. He dropped his towel on a lounge chair and stepped into the pool, the water rippling around his muscular frame. He swam over to her with effortless grace, stopping just a few feet away.

"You're even more beautiful up close," he said, his eyes openly admiring her.

Vanessa tilted her head, amused.

"You're very forward for someone so young."

Étienne shrugged, a playful glint in his eyes.

"Life is short. And I've learned that beautiful women don't usually wait around for shy men." Vanessa laughed softly, the sound low and genuine.

"I like that attitude."

She took a sip of her champagne, then set the glass on the edge of the pool. Without breaking eye contact, she stepped closer to him, the water rising to her waist.

“Tell me something, Étienne,” she said, her voice dropping slightly. “Do you like taking risks?”

His smile widened.

“Depends on the risk.”

Vanessa reached out and trailed a finger slowly down the center of his chest, feeling the hard muscle beneath her touch. She felt his breath catch.

“What if I told you,” she murmured, stepping even closer, “that I want you right here. Right now. With the whole city watching.”

Étienne’s eyes darkened with heat.

“I’d say you’re trouble.”

Vanessa smiled.

“You have no idea.”

She closed the distance between them and kissed him — slow, deep, and deliberate. Étienne groaned against her mouth and pulled her against him, his hands gripping her waist. Vanessa could feel how hard he already was, pressing against her through his swim trunks. She broke the kiss and looked up at him, her voice low and commanding.

“Take them off.”

Étienne hesitated for only a second before pushing his trunks down and kicking them aside. They floated lazily on the surface of the water. Vanessa wrapped her hand around him, stroking slowly as she watched his face.

“Fuck…” he whispered, his head falling back slightly.

Vanessa smiled, pleased with his reaction.

“Good boy.”

She guided him toward the edge of the pool, where the water was shallower, and turned around so her back was pressed against his chest. She reached behind her and positioned him at her entrance, then slowly sank down onto him.

They both moaned.

Vanessa started moving — slow, rolling movements of her hips as she rode him in the water. The risk of being seen made everything more intense. Anyone could walk out onto the pool deck at any moment. Anyone could look up from a lower balcony and see them.

That was exactly what Vanessa wanted.

Étienne gripped her hips, his breathing ragged.

“Vanessa… someone could see us…”

“I know,” she whispered, turning her head to kiss his jaw. “That’s the fun part.” She moved faster, taking him deeper, her soft moans mixing with the sound of the water. Étienne’s hands slid up to cup her breasts through her bikini top, his thumbs brushing over her nipples. Vanessa let out a soft gasp, her head falling back against his shoulder. “That’s it,” she murmured. “Touch me.”

Étienne obeyed eagerly, his hands roaming over her body as she rode him. The combination of the cool water, the warm night air, and the very real possibility of being caught had Vanessa’s heart racing and her body burning.

She reached down between her legs and rubbed her clit in tight circles as she moved faster, chasing her release. Étienne’s breathing grew heavier behind her, his grip on her hips tightening.

“I’m close,” he groaned.

“Not yet,” Vanessa ordered, slowing down just enough to torture him. “You don’t come until I do.”

Étienne let out a frustrated, desperate sound but obeyed, holding himself back as Vanessa took what she wanted. She rode him harder, her soft moans growing louder as she neared the edge.

When she finally came, it was with a sharp cry, her body clenching around him as pleasure crashed through her. Only then did she give him permission.

“Now.”

Étienne came with a low groan, burying his face in her neck as he spilled inside her. They stayed like that for a long moment, breathing hard, bodies still connected in the water. Finally, Vanessa turned in his arms and kissed him softly.

“You did well,” she murmured.

Étienne laughed breathlessly, still holding her close.

“You’re incredible.”

Vanessa smiled and kissed him again.

“I know.”

--Later, after Étienne had left with a dazed smile and a promise to text her, Vanessa stood alone in the shallow end of the pool, letting the cool water wash over her skin.

She looked up at the night sky and smiled to herself.

This city was going to be very good to her.

Chapter 9: The Sprinter

Chapter 9: The Sprinter

“Well, well,” Zara said, her voice smooth and teasing as she turned toward Jordan at the bar. “If it isn’t Jordan Harlan. I was wondering when you’d finally come say hello.”

Jordan smiled, sliding up beside her with that easy, confident energy he wore so well. “Zara Thompson,” he said, his voice low and warm. “I was hoping you’d notice me.” Zara leaned one elbow on the bar, tilting her head as she looked him up and down. She was stunning — tall, powerfully built, with deep brown skin that glowed under the warm lighting, long athletic legs, and a playful, slightly cocky smile that matched his own.

“Oh, I noticed,” she said, her Jamaican accent rich and smooth. “The second you walked in. You’ve got that look.”

Jordan raised an eyebrow, clearly entertained.

“And what look is that?”

Zara’s gaze dragged slowly down his body before returning to his eyes.

“Like you’re already imagining what I’d look like with my hands tied behind my back and my dress pushed up around my waist.”

Jordan’s smile widened, dark and appreciative.

“Damn. You don’t waste time either.”

Zara laughed, the sound rich and genuine.

“Life’s too short to play shy, baby. Especially when the view is this good.”

Jordan leaned in slightly, his voice dropping.

“So tell me, Zara… are you always this forward, or am I just special?”

She stepped closer, her voice lowering into something more intimate.

“You’re special,” she said. “But I’m always like this when I see something I want.” Jordan’s pulse kicked up. He loved when they gave as good as they got.

“And what exactly do you want?” he asked, his voice low.

Zara’s smile turned wicked.

“I want to see how far you’ll go in a room full of people.”

Jordan’s eyes gleamed with interest.

“Careful,” he murmured. “I might take that as a challenge.”

Zara leaned in even closer, her lips brushing against his ear as she whispered:

“Good. I was hoping you would.”

--Twenty minutes later, they were tucked away in a quiet corner of the large private lounge attached to the party. The main room was still full of people, but this smaller space was mostly empty — just a few scattered couches, dim lighting, and floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the city.

Jordan had Zara pressed against one of the windows, his body flush against hers. One of his hands was wrapped around both of her wrists, pinning them above her head against the cool glass. His other hand rested possessively on her hip.

“You like this?” he asked, his voice low and teasing as he tightened his grip on her wrists. Zara’s breathing was already faster, her dark eyes sparkling with heat and challenge. “Maybe,” she said, her voice slightly breathless. “Depends on what you’re planning to do with me.”

Jordan leaned in, his lips brushing against her ear.

“I’m going to tease you until you’re begging,” he murmured. “Right here, where anyone could walk in and see you like this. Hands above your head. Dress riding up. Completely at my mercy.”

Zara let out a soft, shaky laugh.

“You’re dangerous.”

Jordan smiled against her skin.

“You have no idea.”

He released her wrists but gave her a firm look.

“Keep them there.”

Zara obeyed, her hands staying pressed against the glass above her head. Jordan’s hands slid down her body, slow and deliberate, until he reached the hem of her short gold dress. He pushed it up slowly, exposing smooth brown skin and the edge of black lace underwear.

“Beautiful,” he murmured, running his hands over her thighs. “You have no idea how long I’ve been wanting to do this since I saw you across the room.”

Zara’s breathing quickened as Jordan’s fingers traced the edge of her panties.

“Then stop talking and do it,” she whispered.

Jordan chuckled, low and dark.

“So impatient.”

He slipped his hand inside her panties and stroked her slowly, watching her face as her eyes fluttered closed. She was already wet, and Jordan smiled at the discovery.

“Someone’s eager,” he teased, circling her clit with his thumb. “Is this what you wanted when you flirted with me at the bar? To end up like this? Hands up, legs shaking, trying not to moan too loud because someone might hear?”

Zara bit her lip, her hips twitching against his hand.

“Fuck… Jordan…”

He slipped two fingers inside her and started moving them slowly, curling them just right while his thumb continued its lazy circles. Zara’s breathing turned ragged, her chest rising and falling rapidly.

“That’s it,” Jordan murmured, his voice low and commanding. “Let me hear you. But not too loud. We wouldn’t want anyone walking in, would we?”

Zara moaned softly, her head falling back against the glass. Her hands stayed obediently above her head, but her thighs were trembling.

Jordan increased the pace, fucking her with his fingers while he watched her face. She was beautiful like this — flushed, desperate, and clearly loving every second of it. “You’re close already, aren’t you?” he asked, his voice teasing. “Such a good girl for me.” Zara’s entire body tensed.

“Jordan… I’m gonna—”

“Come,” he ordered, his voice firm. “Come for me right now.”

Zara came with a broken moan, her body shaking as her walls clenched around his fingers. Jordan didn’t stop until she was whimpering and gently pushing his hand away, too sensitive to take any more.

He slowly withdrew his fingers and brought them to his mouth, licking them clean while she watched with wide, dark eyes.

“Fuck,” she whispered.

Jordan grinned.

“You taste even better than I imagined.”

He leaned in and kissed her deeply, letting her taste herself on his tongue. When he pulled back, he rested his forehead against hers.

“You’re fun,” he said, his voice warm and genuine.

Zara laughed breathlessly, her hands finally dropping from above her head to rest on his chest.

“You’re dangerous,” she said again. “But I like it.”

Jordan kissed her again, slower this time.

“Good. Because I’m nowhere near done with you.”

--They eventually made their way back to the main party, but not before Jordan pulled her into a quiet hallway for one last heated kiss. Zara’s lipstick was slightly smudged, and her eyes were bright with satisfaction.

“Text me later?” she asked, her voice playful.

Jordan smiled.

“Count on it.”

As she walked away, Jordan watched her go with a satisfied smirk.

This city really was full of beautiful distractions.

And he planned to enjoy every single one of them.

Chapter 10: The Weight of Gold

Chapter 10: The Weight of Gold

Maya stood alone on the balcony of their hotel suite, staring out at the glittering Los Angeles skyline. The city was alive with light and movement, but inside her chest, everything felt heavy. Hollow.

She had four Olympic gold medals. She was a coach now. She was married to one of the most celebrated swimmers in the world. On paper, her life was perfect. People envied her. Sponsors wanted her. Fans looked up to her.

And yet…

She felt completely lost.

Maya wrapped her arms around herself, the cool night air brushing against her skin. She had spent her entire life chasing perfection — in her body, in her performances, in her marriage. She had controlled every variable, followed every rule, and done everything “right.” But lately, that control felt like it was slipping through her fingers.

And the worst part?

She wasn’t even sure she wanted it back.

Her mind drifted to Jordan. To the way he looked at her like he could see past the polished image she presented to the world. To the way he made her feel seen. Wanted. Dangerous. And Vanessa…

Maya closed her eyes, heat rising in her cheeks as she remembered the way Vanessa had touched her arm at the last dinner. The way she had kissed her cheek that night in their suite — soft, deliberate, lingering just a second too long.

She shouldn’t be thinking about them like this. She had a husband. A career. A reputation to protect.

But she couldn’t stop.

And that terrified her more than anything.

Inside the suite, Mark sat on the couch with a beer in his hand, staring blankly at his phone. He wasn’t really looking at it. He was thinking about Vanessa — the way she had smiled at him, the way she had touched his arm like she already knew exactly what he needed. He hated how much he wanted her.

He hated how easy it would be to let go.

And he hated that, for the first time in years, he wasn’t sure if he still wanted to fight for his marriage.

--Later that evening, Maya and Mark arrived at Vanessa and Jordan’s penthouse suite for drinks. It had become a regular thing over the past week and a half — casual dinners, latenight conversations, and moments that felt increasingly intimate. Vanessa greeted them at the door with a warm smile, looking effortlessly elegant in a deep emerald dress that hugged her curves.

“Welcome,” she said, her voice smooth. “Come in. Jordan’s just finishing up a call.” Mark stepped inside first, his usual relaxed smile in place, but Maya could see the tension in his shoulders. She felt it in her own body too — that strange mix of excitement and guilt that had become all too familiar lately.

Jordan appeared a moment later, looking effortlessly handsome in a black button-down with the sleeves rolled up. His dark eyes immediately found Maya’s, and he smiled.

“Maya,” he said, his voice warm. “You look beautiful tonight.”

Maya felt her cheeks flush. She hated how easily he could fluster her.

“Thank you,” she said softly.

Vanessa poured drinks for everyone and handed Maya a glass of wine. Their fingers brushed, and Maya felt a spark of electricity shoot up her arm.

“So,” Vanessa said, settling onto the couch beside Jordan. “How have you two been? It feels like we’ve barely had a chance to catch up lately.”

Mark took a sip of his drink, his voice casual but slightly strained.

“Busy. You know how it is. Sponsor events, interviews, training schedules…”

Jordan nodded, his eyes flicking between them.

“It must be exhausting,” he said. “Always having to be ‘on.’ Always having to be perfect.” Maya felt something tighten in her chest.

“It is,” she admitted quietly. “Sometimes I feel like I’m suffocating under it all.” Vanessa tilted her head, her voice gentle but probing.

“That sounds lonely.”

Mark glanced at Maya, something unreadable in his expression.

“It can be,” he said. “Especially when you feel like you’re the only one carrying the weight.” Maya looked at him, surprised by the honesty in his voice. For a moment, the room felt heavy with everything they weren’t saying.

Jordan leaned forward slightly, his voice smooth.

“You know,” he said, “it’s okay to not be perfect all the time. It’s okay to want things for yourself. Even if they don’t fit the image everyone expects from you.”

Vanessa nodded, her eyes on Maya.

“Especially when you’ve spent your whole life being told exactly who you’re supposed to be.”

Maya swallowed hard. She felt exposed. Seen. And she wasn’t sure if she liked it. Mark shifted uncomfortably on the couch.

“We’re doing fine,” he said, a little too quickly. “We’re just… adjusting to life after the Olympics.”

Vanessa smiled, but there was something knowing in her eyes.

“Of course,” she said softly. “We all have our masks, don’t we?”

The rest of the evening passed in a strange, charged haze. Jordan and Vanessa were warm, attentive, and subtly probing — asking questions that felt innocent but cut deeper than they should have. Maya found herself opening up more than she intended, admitting how lost she felt despite all her success. Mark, usually so relaxed, seemed increasingly tense, his usual easy charm cracking at the edges.

By the time they left, the air between Maya and Mark was heavy with everything they weren’t saying.

--As the door closed behind the Olympian couple, Vanessa let out a dramatic sigh and flopped back against the couch.

“Ho hum,” she said, stretching her arms above her head. “Why couldn’t they have been more perfect?”

Jordan chuckled, pouring himself a drink.

“That’s okay,” he said, a slow smile spreading across his face. “Did you realize there’s an entire women’s volleyball team one floor below us?”

Vanessa’s eyes lit up with wicked delight.

“Really?”

Jordan nodded, taking a sip of his drink.

“Really. And from what I’ve heard, they’re very… flexible.”

Vanessa laughed, low and dangerous.

“Well then,” she said, standing up and smoothing down her dress. “What are we waiting for?”

Jordan grinned, setting his glass down and pulling her close.

“Exactly what I was thinking.”

Chapter 11: The Swedish Angel

Chapter 11: The Swedish Angel

The elevator doors slid open on the 27th floor with a soft chime.

Vanessa and Jordan stepped inside, still buzzing from the energy of the sponsor party. Jordan pressed the button for the 26th floor — where the entire Swedish women's volleyball team was supposedly staying — and leaned back against the mirrored wall with a smirk. "Volleyball players," he said, glancing at Vanessa. "Flexible. Tall. Competitive. This could be fun."

Vanessa smiled, smoothing down her dress.

"I like the way you think."

The doors were just about to close when a hand shot out, stopping them. A young woman stepped inside, and the air in the elevator immediately shifted.

She was stunning.

Petite but powerfully built, with the kind of sculpted, athletic body that came from years of elite training. Her blonde hair was pulled into a high ponytail, and her bright blue eyes sparkled with mischief. She wore a cropped hoodie and tiny black shorts that showed off her incredibly toned legs and abs.

Linnéa Bergström — Swedish gymnast, Olympic hopeful, and apparently very comfortable in her own skin.

She looked between Vanessa and Jordan, then smiled like she already knew exactly what kind of trouble they were.

"Well, hello," she said, her Swedish accent thick and adorable. "Going down?"

Jordan's smile widened.

"Hopefully."

Linnéa laughed, stepping fully into the elevator as the doors closed. She stood between them, completely unfazed by the sudden closeness.

"I saw you two at the party," she said, looking them both up and down with open appreciation. "You looked like you were having fun."

Vanessa tilted her head, intrigued.

"We usually do."

Linnéa's eyes flicked to Jordan, then back to Vanessa. Her voice dropped slightly, playful and direct.

"You two fuck other people together, yes?"

Jordan let out a surprised laugh.

“Straight to the point. I like that.”

Linnéa shrugged, completely shameless.

“I am Swedish. We are not shy about sex. And you two…” She looked them over again, biting her lip. “You look like you know what you are doing.”

Vanessa stepped closer, her voice low and smooth.

“We do.”

The elevator dinged as it reached the 26th floor, but none of them moved.

Linnéa looked between them, her blue eyes bright with excitement.

“My room is on this floor,” she said. “But… I think I would rather go up with you two.” Jordan pressed the button for the penthouse without hesitation.

“Good choice.”

--They didn’t even make it to the bedroom.

The second the suite door closed behind them, Linnéa turned and kissed Vanessa hard, her hands already sliding under her dress. Jordan stepped up behind her, his mouth on her neck as he unzipped her hoodie and pushed it off her shoulders.

Linnéa’s body was a work of art.

Every inch of her was perfectly sculpted — tight, defined abs, powerful shoulders, long graceful arms, and legs that looked like they could crush a man’s skull (in the best way possible). She moved with an effortless, acrobatic grace that made every shift of her body look like performance art.

Vanessa pulled back just enough to admire her.

“Fuck, you’re beautiful.”

Linnéa grinned, completely unselfconscious.

“I know. Now take your clothes off. Both of you.”

Jordan chuckled, already unbuttoning his shirt.

“Bossy little thing, aren’t you?”

Linnéa’s eyes sparkled.

“I am very flexible. I can be bossy *and* bendy.”

They moved to the massive bed, clothes coming off in a rush of fabric and heated kisses. Linnéa was shameless — touching, licking, and moaning without hesitation. She clearly loved sex and had zero shame about showing it.

Jordan laid her back on the bed and spread her legs, admiring the perfect lines of her body. “Jesus,” he muttered. “You look like you were carved by the gods.”

Linnéa giggled, then moaned as he dragged his tongue through her folds.

“Åh jävlar…” she gasped, her Swedish accent thickening with pleasure. “Your tongue is very talented, ja?”

Vanessa climbed onto the bed beside her, kissing her deeply while Jordan worked between her legs. Linnéa’s hands roamed greedily, one sliding between Vanessa’s thighs while the other gripped Jordan’s hair.

“You taste so good,” Linnéa moaned against Vanessa’s mouth. “I want to lick you while he fucks me. Can we do that? Please?”

Jordan looked up, his lips glistening.

“Fuck yes.”

He flipped Linnéa onto her stomach with impressive ease, then pulled her hips up so she was on her knees. Her back arched beautifully, showcasing every sculpted muscle in her body. Jordan positioned himself behind her and pushed inside in one smooth thrust.

Linnéa cried out, her voice high and breathy.

“Åh fan! You are so big! I love it!”

Vanessa moved in front of her, spreading her legs. Linnéa didn’t hesitate — she dove between Vanessa’s thighs with enthusiasm, her tongue working with the same precision and power she probably used on the balance beam.

Jordan gripped her hips and started fucking her hard, watching the way her perfect ass bounced with every thrust. Her back muscles flexed and rippled with every movement, her body moving with an almost unnatural grace even as she was being pounded from behind. “Fuck, you feel incredible,” Jordan growled, one hand sliding up her spine. “So tight. So fucking perfect.”

Linnéa lifted her head just long enough to moan filthily in her thick accent:

“Harder! Fuck me like you mean it! I can take it — I am Swedish! We are strong!” Vanessa laughed breathlessly, threading her fingers through Linnéa’s hair.

“You’re filthy.”

Linnéa grinned up at her, lips shiny.

“I know. Now sit on my face. I want to taste you while he destroys me.”

Vanessa didn’t need to be told twice. She straddled Linnéa’s face, moaning loudly as the gymnast’s talented tongue went to work. Jordan picked up the pace behind

her, the sound of skin slapping skin filling the room.

Linnéa's flexibility was unreal. Even in this position, she somehow managed to arch her back deeper, taking Jordan even deeper while still managing to eat Vanessa like she was starving. "Åh jävlar, ja!" she moaned against Vanessa's pussy. "Your cock feels so good! I want you to come inside me! Fill me up!"

Jordan groaned, gripping her hips tighter.

"You're gonna make me come if you keep talking like that."

Linnéa lifted her head again, her voice breathless but still playful.

"Good! I want it! I want to feel you pulsing inside me while I make your woman scream!" Vanessa came first, her thighs shaking around Linnéa's head as she cried out. Jordan followed seconds later, burying himself deep inside the gymnast with a low, guttural moan. Linnéa came right after, her entire body convulsing as she moaned loudly into Vanessa's thigh. They collapsed in a sweaty, satisfied tangle on the bed, breathing hard.

Linnéa let out a happy, breathless laugh.

"Wow," she said, her accent thick. "That was… gold medal sex. Ten out of ten. Would recommend."

Jordan chuckled, brushing damp hair from her forehead.

"You're something else."

Linnéa grinned, completely unashamed.

"I know. Now… who wants to go again? I can do the splits while you fuck me. Or handstands. Whatever you want."

Vanessa laughed, pulling the younger woman in for a kiss.

"We're keeping you."

Linnéa beamed.

"Good. Because I am not done with you two yet."

Chapter 12: The Scandal

Chapter 12: The Scandal

The morning light poured through the floor-to-ceiling windows of the penthouse suite, casting a warm golden glow across the tangled sheets and scattered clothes on the floor. Linnéa Bergström was still very much there.

The Swedish gymnast wandered around the suite completely naked, completely unbothered, occasionally stopping to take a sip from Jordan's coffee mug or steal a piece of fruit from Vanessa's plate. Her body was a masterpiece — every muscle perfectly sculpted, her abs tight and defined, her shoulders strong, her legs long and powerful. Even when she was just walking around making coffee, she moved with that same effortless, acrobatic grace. Right now, she was straddling Jordan's thigh while he reclined against the headboard, lazily grinding against him. The laptop sat on a pillow beside them. She glanced at the screen occasionally as she moved.

"You should say she has been secretly taking performance-enhancing drugs," Linnéa said cheerfully, her thick Swedish accent making the suggestion sound almost sweet. "And that her coach has been helping her hide it. People love when the whole system is corrupt." Jordan looked up at her, amused.

"You're disturbingly good at this."

Linnéa grinned, completely shameless as she kept rocking slowly against his thigh, her perfect muscles flexing with every movement.

"I watch a lot of true crime. And also, I am Swedish. We are very good at finding creative ways to destroy people."

Vanessa laughed from the bed, scrolling through her own phone.

"She's not wrong. Add something about Mark having a secret gambling problem. Make it look like he's been betting against her success."

Linnéa perked up, eyes bright.

"Ooh! And say that Maya has been faking injuries to get sympathy sponsorships! That one is very believable. Retired athletes do it all the time when they are desperate for money." Jordan shook his head, laughing as he typed.

"You two are evil."

Linnéa leaned down and kissed his neck, still lazily grinding on his thigh.

"We are efficient," she corrected. "Now hurry up and post it before someone else beats us to it."

Jordan hit send.

The fabricated scandal went live on X and Reddit within seconds — a carefully crafted mix of half-truths, outright lies, and just enough believable detail to make it spread like wildfire. Within minutes, the comments started rolling in. Within an hour, it was trending. Linnéa finally came with a soft, satisfied moan, her powerful thighs squeezing around Jordan's leg as she rode out her orgasm. She stayed there for a moment, catching her breath, then casually stood up like nothing had happened.

A little while later, she wandered over to Vanessa, who was lounging in a large armchair with her arm resting comfortably on the armrest. Without a word, Linnéa straddled Vanessa's arm, balancing all her weight on one powerful leg like the elite gymnast she was. She began grinding slowly against Vanessa's forearm, her perfect muscles flexing with every movement. Vanessa looked up at her with a lazy smile.

"Again?"

Linnéa grinned, completely shameless.

"I have a very high sex drive. And you two are very inspiring."

She kept moving, her breathing growing heavier as she came again, her powerful body trembling. When she finally caught her breath, she stood up, stretched, and casually walked over to the coffee maker like nothing had happened.

"I should go," she said, pouring herself a cup. "I have training practice in an hour. Coach will kill me if I am late."

Vanessa watched her with open appreciation.

"You're really just going to leave after helping us destroy two people?"

Linnéa smiled, completely unapologetic.

"I had fun. And I helped. That is enough for me." She walked over to Jordan and kissed him deeply, then did the same to Vanessa. "Thank you for the orgasms. And the scandal ideas. You two are very good at being bad."

Jordan chuckled.

"Anytime."

Linnéa grabbed her clothes, got dressed with that same effortless grace, and headed for the door. Just before she left, she turned back with a bright smile.

"If you ever need more help ruining someone's life," she said cheerfully, "you know where to find me."

And then she was gone.

Chapter 13: The Italian Stallion & A Sprinter on the Barbie

Chapter 13: The Italian Stallion & A Sprinter on the Barbie

The music was loud, the lights were low, and the energy in the private VIP lounge was electric.

Jordan had **Isla Thompson** — the Australian blonde sprinter — pressed against the back wall of a dimly lit hallway just off the main party. Her long legs were wrapped around his waist, her short gold dress hiked up around her hips, and her breath came in short, desperate gasps as he kissed her hard.

“Fuck, Jordan…” she moaned against his mouth, her Australian accent thick with need. “Someone could walk by any second.”

“That’s the point,” he growled, grinding against her. “You like that, don’t you?” Isla bit her lip and nodded, her blue eyes sparkling with excitement.

“Yeah… I really fucking do.”

Across the lounge, Vanessa had **Luca Rossi** — the Italian swimmer — exactly where she wanted him. He was sitting on a velvet couch with his hands tied behind his back using his own belt, completely at her mercy. She straddled his lap, slowly rolling her hips as she whispered filthy things in his ear.

“You’re being so good for me,” she purred, her voice low and commanding. “But I want more. I want you to beg.”

Luca’s head fell back against the couch, his breathing ragged.

“Please, Mistress… please let me touch you…”

Vanessa smiled, slow and wicked.

“Not yet.”

She glanced across the room and caught Jordan’s eye. He gave her a knowing smirk as he carried Isla toward the private elevator that led up to their suite. Vanessa followed a moment later, Luca trailing obediently behind her with his hands still bound.

The night was just getting started.

--By the time they reached the penthouse, clothes were already coming off.

Vanessa pushed Luca onto the massive bed and climbed on top of him, her voice calm but firm.

“Hands above your head. Don’t move them unless I say so.”

Luca obeyed instantly, gripping the headboard.

“Yes, Mistress.”

Across the room, Jordan had Isla bent over the arm of the couch, her dress pushed up around her waist. He was teasing her mercilessly — slow, shallow thrusts that had her whimpering and pushing back against him.

“Jordan, please…” she moaned. “Stop teasing me…”

“Not yet,” he said, his voice dark with amusement. “I want to hear you beg first.” Isla let out a frustrated, desperate sound.

“You’re evil.”

Jordan grinned.

“You love it.”

Vanessa watched them for a moment, clearly enjoying the show, before turning her full attention back to Luca. She reached down and wrapped her hand around him, stroking slowly. “You’ve been very patient,” she murmured. “But I want you to earn it. Tell me how badly you want to fuck me.”

Luca’s voice was strained, thick with need.

“So badly, Mistress… please… I’ll do anything you want…”

Vanessa smiled.

“Good answer.”

She sank down onto him in one smooth motion, taking him deep. Luca groaned loudly, his hands tightening on the headboard as he fought to stay still.

Across the room, Jordan finally gave Isla what she wanted, thrusting into her hard and deep. She cried out, her fingers digging into the couch as he fucked her with long, powerful strokes.

The suite was filled with the sounds of moans, skin slapping against skin, and breathless dirty talk. Both athletes were completely obedient, doing everything Vanessa and Jordan asked without hesitation.

At one point, Isla looked over at Vanessa with glassy, pleasure-drunk eyes and moaned:

“I’m going to miss this… Olympics don’t come around too often.”

Vanessa smiled, riding Luca harder.

“Then make it count.”

--Hours later, when both athletes had finally left with dazed smiles and shaky legs, Vanessa and Jordan stood by the window together, looking out at the city.

Jordan wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her close.

“This city really is something else,” he said.

Vanessa leaned into him, a slow, wicked smile on her face.

“It really is.”

She glanced up at him.

“So… what’s next?”

Jordan grinned.

“Whatever we want."

Chapter 14

Chapter 14: Total Collapse

“You ruined us!” Maya screamed, her voice raw as she paced the hotel suite like a caged animal. “That scandal… it’s everywhere! They’re saying I’ve been secretly taking performance-enhancing drugs! That my coach helped me hide it! That I’ve been faking injuries for sympathy money! And they’re saying *you’ve* been secretly gambling and betting against my success!”

Mark stood across from her, his face pale with fury, phone still clenched in his hand. “You think *I* did this?” he shouted back. “You think I leaked that shit? Why the hell would I do that to you?”

“Because you’ve been jealous ever since we started hanging out with them!” Maya yelled. “You’ve been acting weird for weeks! And now everyone thinks I’m a liar and a cheater and a drug user! The sponsors are already pulling out! My career is over!”

Mark’s voice cracked with rage.

“I didn’t leak anything! But maybe if you hadn’t been throwing yourself at Jordan every chance you got, we wouldn’t be in this mess!”

Maya stopped pacing, her chest heaving.

“I hate you,” she whispered. “I fucking hate you.”

Mark stared at her, his eyes glassy with pain.

“I hate you too.”

The silence that followed was deafening.

After a long, painful moment, Maya sank down onto the edge of the bed, her hands shaking. “What do we do now?” she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

Mark ran a hand through his hair, looking completely lost.

“I don’t know. But… we need help. Real help.”

Maya looked up at him, her eyes red and swollen.

“Vanessa and Jordan,” she said. “They’re the only ones who understand. They’re the only ones who’ve been real with us through all of this. We should go to them.”

Mark hesitated for a second, then nodded slowly.

“Yeah… you’re right. They’re the only friends we have left.”

--Twenty minutes later, Maya and Mark stood outside the penthouse suite, looking completely shattered.

Maya’s hands were trembling as she knocked. Mark stood beside her, jaw clenched, eyes red from crying. They looked nothing like the golden couple the world once admired. They looked broken.

The door opened.

Vanessa stood there in a silk robe, looking effortlessly beautiful. Her expression softened the moment she saw them.

“Oh my god,” she said gently. “You two look terrible. Come in. Come in right now.” Jordan appeared behind her a moment later, shirtless, concern written all over his face. “What happened?” he asked, stepping aside to let them in. “We saw the scandal online. Are you okay?”

Maya’s voice cracked the second she stepped inside.

“No,” she whispered. “We’re not okay. Nothing is okay. They’re saying I’ve been doping… that my coach helped me hide it… that I’ve been faking injuries for sympathy money. And they’re saying you’ve been secretly gambling and betting against me. It’s all over X and Reddit. Our careers are over.”

Mark sank down onto the couch, burying his face in his hands.

“Someone set us up. Everything in that post… it’s all a lie. But no one cares. They’re destroying us.”

Vanessa sat down beside Maya and gently took her hand.

“I’m so sorry,” she said softly. “This is awful. You don’t deserve this.”

Jordan poured them both drinks and handed them over, his voice calm and steady.

“Whoever did this is a piece of shit. But you’re not alone. You have us.”

Maya looked up at them with desperate, grateful eyes.

“You’re the only people we can trust right now. Everyone else is either avoiding us or attacking us online. You two have been the only real friends we’ve had since we got to L.A.” Vanessa squeezed her hand.

“We’re here for you. Both of you. Whatever you need.”

Jordan sat down across from Mark, his voice low and reassuring.

“Tell us everything. We’ll figure this out together.”

--What happened next was disturbingly easy.

Vanessa kept her voice soft and warm as she leaned in closer to Maya.

“You’ve been carrying so much for so long, haven’t you?” she murmured, gently brushing a strand of hair from Maya’s face. “Always being the perfect one. The disciplined one. The one everyone looks up to. It must be so exhausting.”

Maya nodded, her eyes filling with tears.

“It is. Sometimes I feel like I can’t breathe.”

Vanessa’s voice dropped even lower, almost intimate.

“You don’t have to be perfect with us, sweetheart. You can just… be. You can fall apart if you need to. We won’t judge you.”

Maya let out a shaky breath.

“I don’t even know who I am anymore. Without the medals. Without the image. Without everyone expecting me to be this… this perfect version of myself.”

Vanessa nodded slowly, her thumb gently stroking the back of Maya’s hand.

“That’s okay. Maybe it’s time to find out who you really are. Without all the pressure. Without all the lies.”

Across from them, Jordan looked at Mark with quiet sympathy.

“You’ve always been the easygoing one, haven’t you?” he said, his voice calm and understanding. “The guy everyone likes. The one who never complains. But I bet no one ever asks how *you’re* doing. How heavy that feels.”

Mark let out a shaky breath.

“Yeah… it’s a lot. I’m always smiling. Always performing. Always making sure everyone else is okay. I don’t even remember the last time someone asked me if *I* was okay.” Jordan nodded, his voice gentle.

“You don’t have to keep holding it all together anymore. Not with us. You can let go. You can fall apart. We’ll catch you.”

Mark’s eyes were glassy.

“I’m so tired,” he whispered. “I’m so fucking tired.”

Jordan placed a hand on his shoulder.

“I know. And it’s okay to be tired. It’s okay to not be okay.”

Vanessa turned back to Maya, her voice soft but firm.

“You’ve been so strong for everyone else. Let us be strong for you now. You don’t have to carry this alone anymore.”

Maya looked at her, eyes wide and vulnerable.

“…Okay.”

Mark nodded slowly beside her.

“Okay.”

Vanessa and Jordan exchanged a brief, almost invisible glance.

Then Vanessa smiled.

“Good,” she said softly. “Now… let’s take care of you.”

She turned to Jordan.

“Jordan, why don’t you take Mark into the other room? I think he could use some time to just… breathe. Away from all the noise.”

Jordan nodded.

“Of course.”

He gently helped Mark to his feet and led him into the bedroom, speaking to him in a low, soothing voice the entire way.

Vanessa stayed with Maya on the couch, still holding her hand.

“You’ve been through so much,” she said gently. “The pressure. The expectations. The lies people are telling about you now. It’s enough to break anyone.”

Maya’s voice was small.

“I feel like I’m losing my mind.”

Vanessa nodded, her expression full of understanding.

“That’s okay. Sometimes you have to lose your mind a little before you can find yourself again. Sometimes you have to let everything fall apart so you can rebuild.”

Maya looked at her, tears streaming down her face.

“I don’t know how to do that.”

Vanessa smiled softly.

“I’ll help you.”

She reached up and gently wiped Maya’s tears away.

“You don’t have to be the perfect gymnast anymore. You don’t have to be the perfect wife. You don’t have to be anything but *you*. And if that means falling apart… then fall apart. I’m right here.”

Maya let out a broken sob and leaned forward, resting her head on Vanessa’s shoulder. Vanessa wrapped her arms around her and held her close, stroking her hair.

“That’s it,” she whispered. “Let it out. You’ve been holding it in for so long.” Meanwhile, in the bedroom, Jordan had Mark sitting on the edge of the bed. He handed him another drink and sat down beside him.

“You’ve been carrying the weight of both of you for a long time, haven’t you?” Jordan said quietly. “Always making sure Maya was okay. Always smiling for the cameras. Always pretending everything was fine.”

Mark nodded slowly, his hands shaking around the glass.

“Yeah… I have. I’ve been doing it for years. And now… now it’s all falling apart. And I don’t know how to fix it.”

Jordan placed a hand on his back.

“You don’t have to fix it. Not right now. Right now, you just have to breathe. You just have to let yourself feel whatever you’re feeling. Even if it’s ugly. Even if it’s scary.” Mark’s breathing was getting faster.

“I feel like I’m going crazy,” he whispered. “Like nothing is real anymore. Like everyone is lying. Like the whole world is laughing at us.”

Jordan nodded.

“That’s okay. Sometimes the truth is ugly. Sometimes the world *is* laughing. But you don’t have to face it alone.”

Mark looked at him, his eyes wide and desperate.

“Promise?”

Jordan smiled.

“I promise.”

Back in the living room, Maya was still crying on Vanessa’s shoulder.

“I don’t know what’s real anymore,” she sobbed. “I don’t know who I am. I don’t know what’s true. Everything feels like a lie.”

Vanessa gently stroked her hair.

“That’s okay, sweetheart. You don’t have to know right now. You can just be. Right here. With me.”

Maya pulled back slightly, her eyes red and wild.

“I think I’m losing my mind,” she whispered.

Vanessa smiled.

“Then lose it. I’ll be right here to catch you when you fall.”

In the bedroom, Mark was now pacing back and forth, his breathing shallow and fast. “I can’t… I can’t think straight,” he muttered. “Everything is spinning.

Everything is wrong. They're all watching. They're all laughing. We're finished. We're finished. We're finished." Jordan watched him calmly from the bed.

"It's okay," he said gently. "Let it out. Say whatever you need to say."

Mark stopped pacing and looked at him, his eyes wide and unfocused.

"I think I'm going crazy," he whispered.

Jordan nodded.

"That's okay. Sometimes crazy is the only sane response to an insane world."

Back in the living room, Maya had curled up on the floor, rocking back and forth. "Nothing is real," she muttered. "Nothing is real. Nothing is real. They're all lying. Everyone is lying. The cameras. The sponsors. The fans. They're all lying. Nothing is real." Vanessa sat on the floor beside her, gently stroking her hair.

"That's right," she said softly. "Nothing is real. But that's okay. You don't have to be real right now either. You can just be."

Maya looked up at her, her eyes wide and glassy.

"I'm scared."

Vanessa smiled.

"I know. But I'm here. And I'm not going anywhere."

In the bedroom, Mark had started muttering to himself again, pacing faster.

"They're watching. They're always watching. We're not safe. We're never safe. We're finished. We're finished. We're finished."

Jordan stood up and walked over to him, placing a hand on his shoulder.

"It's okay," he said calmly. "You're safe here. With us. No one can hurt you here." Mark looked at him, his eyes wide and desperate.

"Promise?"

Jordan smiled.

"I promise."

Back in the living room, Maya had completely unraveled.

She was curled up on the floor, rocking back and forth, muttering to herself about cameras and lies and how nothing was real anymore. Her voice was barely a whisper, but the words kept coming, over and over.

"Nothing is real. Nothing is real. Nothing is real."

Vanessa sat beside her, gently stroking her hair, her voice soft and soothing.

"That's right, sweetheart. Nothing is real. But I'm real. And I'm right here."

In the bedroom, Mark had finally stopped pacing. He stood in the middle of the room, breathing hard, his eyes wide and empty.

“I don’t know who I am anymore,” he whispered.

Jordan stepped forward and placed both hands on his shoulders.

“That’s okay,” he said gently. “You don’t have to know right now. You can just be. Right here. With me.”

Mark looked at him, his eyes filling with tears.

“I’m scared.”

Jordan smiled softly.

“I know. But I’m here. And I’m not going anywhere.”

--By 3:17 a.m. — long before dawn — both Maya and Mark had completely lost their minds. Maya was curled up on the floor in the fetal position, rocking back and forth and muttering incoherently about cameras, lies, and how nothing was real. Her eyes were glassy and unfocused. She no longer recognized where she was or who was with her.

Mark was pacing the bedroom in frantic circles, muttering to himself about being watched, about how everyone was laughing at them, about how they were finished. His breathing was shallow and rapid. His hands shook violently.

Vanessa stood in the doorway, watching them with a calm, almost tender expression. Jordan walked up beside her, a glass of whiskey in his hand.

“They’re gone,” he said quietly.

Vanessa nodded.

“Completely.”

She took a slow sip of her drink.

“It was almost too easy.”

Jordan chuckled.

“Like taking candy from a baby.”

Vanessa smiled.

“Like child’s play.”

She glanced at her watch.

“It’s not even 4 a.m. yet. We still have plenty of time before sunrise.”

Jordan raised an eyebrow.

“What are you thinking?”

Vanessa’s smile widened.

“I’m thinking we should call someone. Before they hurt themselves… or each other.” Jordan nodded.

“Good idea.”

Twenty minutes later, two paramedics arrived with a stretcher and restraints.

Maya didn’t resist when they gently lifted her onto the stretcher and strapped her down. She just kept muttering to herself, her eyes staring blankly at the ceiling.

Mark fought at first — thrashing and screaming about cameras and lies — but he was quickly sedated. Within minutes, both of them were secured in straightjackets and being carried out of the suite.

Vanessa and Jordan stood by the window, watching as the ambulance pulled away into the dark Los Angeles night.

Jordan took a sip of his whiskey.

“Well,” he said casually. “That was fun.”

Vanessa smiled.

“Very fun.”

Chapter 15: The Last Night

Chapter 15: The Last Night

The penthouse suite was pulsing with heat, moans, and the wet, rhythmic sounds of skin meeting skin.

It was 2:17 a.m., and the party had long since crossed the line into pure, unapologetic debauchery.

The massive living room had been transformed. The lights were dimmed to a sultry amber glow, music throbbed low and sensual in the background, and bodies were everywhere — tangled, sweating, and lost in pleasure. Young, athletic men and women filled every surface: the couches, the floor, even the kitchen island. Some were fucking. Some were watching. Some were doing both.

And in the center of it all — like gods among mortals — were **Vanessa Smart** and **Jordan Harlan**.

Vanessa was on her back on the large sectional couch, completely naked, her legs spread wide as two young athletes took turns between her thighs. One was a tall, dark-skinned Jamaican sprinter with powerful legs and a wicked smile. The other was a lean, blond Norwegian diver with sharp features and hungry eyes. Both were completely devoted to her pleasure, taking turns licking and fucking her while she moaned and arched beneath them. Across the room, Jordan was standing at the edge of the massive bed, gripping the hips of a petite but powerfully built Chinese gymnast as he fucked her from behind. Her perfect, sculpted body trembled with every thrust, her moans high and breathless. Two other athletes — a Brazilian soccer player and an American volleyball player — were on either side of her, taking turns kissing her and feeding their cocks into her eager mouth.

The entire room was watching them.

Jordan and Vanessa were the main attraction. Everyone else was just background noise. Vanessa’s head fell back against the couch as the Jamaican sprinter thrust deep inside her. Her voice was low and commanding even as she moaned.

“Harder,” she gasped. “Don’t you dare hold back.”

The sprinter groaned and obeyed, fucking her with long, powerful strokes while the Norwegian diver kissed and sucked on her breasts. Vanessa’s hands gripped the back of the couch, her body arching beautifully as pleasure rolled through her in waves.

Across the room, Jordan had flipped the Chinese gymnast onto her back and was now fucking her deep and slow, one hand wrapped around her throat while the other rubbed her

clit. Her legs were spread impossibly wide — a testament to her flexibility — and she was moaning loudly in Mandarin, her eyes rolled back in ecstasy.

“Fuck, you feel good,” Jordan growled, his voice rough with lust. “Such a perfect little slut.” The gymnast whimpered and nodded frantically, completely lost in pleasure.

Jordan glanced across the room and caught Vanessa’s eye. She was watching him with a dark, hungry smile, even as the two athletes between her legs brought her closer and closer to orgasm. Their eyes locked, and for a moment, the entire chaotic room seemed to fade away. This was their kingdom.

These beautiful, eager young bodies were theirs to use, to pleasure, to command. And they were loving every second of it.

Vanessa came first, crying out as her body shook violently between the two athletes. The Jamaican sprinter groaned and followed right after, burying himself deep inside her as he came. The Norwegian diver quickly took his place, sliding into her with a desperate moan. Across the room, Jordan picked up his pace, fucking the Chinese gymnast harder and faster until she came with a loud, broken cry, her perfect body convulsing beneath him. He followed seconds later, groaning as he spilled deep inside her.

But they didn’t stop.

They couldn’t.

Not tonight.

This was their last night in Los Angeles. Their last night of pure, unrestrained hedonism before they moved on to their next target. And they intended to make it count.

Jordan pulled out of the gymnast and immediately turned to the Brazilian soccer player, pulling him into a deep kiss before pushing him down onto the bed and climbing on top of him. The American volleyball player eagerly joined in, straddling the Brazilian’s face while Jordan fucked him hard and deep.

Vanessa, meanwhile, had moved to the center of the room, where a group of young athletes had gathered around her like moths to a flame. She was now on her hands and knees, the Jamaican sprinter fucking her from behind while she took turns sucking off a Swedish hockey player and a French tennis player. Her body moved with sinuous grace, every moan and gasp driving the men around her wild.

The entire suite had become a temple of pleasure.

Bodies writhed on every surface. Moans and cries of ecstasy filled the air. The scent of sex, sweat, and expensive perfume was thick and intoxicating.

And through it all, Jordan and Vanessa remained the center of everything.

They were the stars of the show.

The ones everyone wanted to touch. To please. To be claimed by.

At one point, Vanessa found herself surrounded by four young athletes at once — two men and two women — all of them desperate to worship her. She let them, laughing breathlessly as hands and mouths explored every inch of her body.

Across the room, Jordan had the Chinese gymnast riding him while the Brazilian soccer player fucked her from behind, the three of them moving in perfect, filthy rhythm. It was chaos.

It was beautiful.

It was pure hedonism.

And it was exactly what they needed.

As the night wore on and the sun began to rise, the party showed no signs of slowing down. If anything, it only grew more intense. More desperate. More euphoric.

Because everyone in that room knew the truth.

This was the last night.

The last night of freedom.

The last night of pure, unfiltered pleasure before real life came crashing back in. And Jordan and Vanessa intended to burn every last drop of it.

Chapter 16: The Reward

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Vanessa lay on her back in the massive king-sized bed, staring up at the ceiling of the penthouse suite. The first hints of dawn were beginning to creep through the curtains, but she wasn't tired. Not even close.

Beside her, Jordan was still awake too.

They had just finished what could only be described as one of the most intense, chaotic, and hedonistic nights of their lives. The orgy with the young athletes had gone on for hours — bodies tangled, moans echoing, pleasure pushed to its absolute limit. It had been glorious. It had been filthy. It had been exactly what they needed after the emotional intensity of the last job.

But now, in the quiet aftermath, something heavier had settled over them.

Vanessa turned her head to look at Jordan. He was lying on his side, watching her with those dark, thoughtful eyes she knew so well.

"We did it," she said softly.

Jordan nodded slowly.

"Yeah," he said. "We did."

A long silence stretched between them.

Vanessa let out a quiet breath.

"Maya and Mark," she murmured. "They were different from the others."

Jordan didn't respond right away. He reached out and gently traced his fingers along her collarbone, his touch surprisingly tender.

"They were," he finally agreed. "They weren't just another couple playing at perfection. They actually believed in it. They lived it. And when it all came crashing down…" He shook his head. "It broke them in a way I've never seen before."

Vanessa stared up at the ceiling again, her voice quiet.

"I thought it would feel the same as always. The rush. The power. The satisfaction of watching everything they built crumble. But this time…" She paused. "This time it felt different. Heavier."

Jordan moved closer, propping himself up on one elbow so he could look down at her.

"Because they were real," he said. "Most of the couples we destroy… they're already halfway broken before we even touch them. They're pretending. Faking

it. But Maya and Mark? They actually loved each other. They actually believed in the life they built. And we took that from them."

Vanessa turned to face him fully, her dark eyes serious.

"Do you regret it?"

Jordan was quiet for a long moment.

"No," he said finally. "But I understand it more than I used to."

Vanessa reached up and gently touched his face.

"Tell me."

Jordan took a slow breath.

"I think… I think we taught them something. Something they needed to learn, even if it destroyed them." He looked at her, his voice low and steady. "We taught them that perfection is a lie. That no matter how hard you try, no matter how perfect you pretend to be, the truth always finds a way out. And when it does… it either breaks you or sets you free." Vanessa smiled faintly.

"And in their case, it broke them."

Jordan nodded.

"Yeah. But maybe that's the point. Maybe some people need to be broken before they can ever truly live. Before they can stop performing. Before they can stop lying to themselves." Vanessa was quiet for a moment, letting his words settle.

Then she spoke.

"I think we learned something too."

Jordan raised an eyebrow.

"Oh?"

Vanessa nodded.

"We learned that even monsters can feel the weight of what they do. That even we aren't immune to the consequences of our own games." She looked at him, her voice soft but certain. "And that maybe… just maybe… there's a strange kind of mercy in what we do. We don't just destroy people. We force them to face the truth. And sometimes, the truth is the most brutal gift of all."

Jordan smiled, slow and dark.

"You're getting philosophical on me."

Vanessa laughed softly.

"Maybe. Or maybe I'm just finally understanding what we really are."

She reached up and pulled him down into a deep, slow kiss.

When they finally broke apart, Jordan’s eyes were darker, hungrier.

“I think,” he said, his voice low, “that we’ve earned our reward.”

Vanessa smiled.

“I was hoping you’d say that.”

--What followed was nothing like the wild, chaotic orgy they had just left behind. This was different.

This was *theirs*.

Jordan moved over Vanessa with slow, deliberate intent, his hands mapping every inch of her body like he was memorizing it all over again. Vanessa arched beneath him, her breath catching as he kissed down her neck, her collarbone, the curve of her breasts. Every touch was possessive. Every kiss was a claim.

When he finally pushed inside her, it was deep and slow — not rushed, not frantic, but *intense*. They moved together like they had done this a thousand times before and would do it a thousand times again. Their bodies knew each other. Their rhythms were perfectly in sync.

Vanessa wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling him deeper as she moaned his name like a prayer.

“Jordan…”

He groaned against her neck, his thrusts growing harder, more desperate.

“Fuck, Vanessa… you feel so good. You always feel so fucking good.”

She dug her nails into his back, her voice breathless.

“Don’t stop. Don’t you dare stop.”

They fucked like the world was ending — because in a way, for them, it always was. Every job. Every couple. Every destruction. It was all just another ending. Another beginning.

And this — this raw, desperate, all-consuming connection between them — was the only thing that ever truly felt real.

Vanessa came first, crying out as her body arched violently beneath him, her walls clenching tight around him. Jordan followed seconds later, burying his face in her neck with a low, guttural groan as he spilled deep inside her.

They stayed like that for a long time afterward — tangled together, breathing hard, hearts still racing.

Eventually, Vanessa spoke, her voice soft against his skin.

“Do you think they’ll be okay?”

Jordan was quiet for a moment.

“I don’t know,” he admitted. “But I think… I think they’ll survive. And maybe one day, they’ll even thank us for it.”

Vanessa smiled against his chest.

“You’re getting soft on me.”

Jordan chuckled.

“Only with you.”

He pulled her closer, pressing a kiss to the top of her head.

“We did good work here,” he said quietly. “We broke them. But we also freed them. In a fucked-up, twisted kind of way.”

Vanessa nodded.

“I think that’s the truth we teach,” she said. “That sometimes, the only way to truly live… is to let everything you thought you were burn to the ground.”

Jordan was silent for a long moment.

Then he spoke, his voice low and certain.

“We are the fire.”

Vanessa smiled.

“And the world keeps giving us fuel.”

End of Book 4: The Olympians