



A Risqué Read

Temptation is a mistress.
This Halloween,
I'm returning to Salem
to claim what's mine.

PURSUING

Hartley

ASHLEE ROSE

Pursuing Hartley

Ashlee Rose

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First Edition

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*For those dirty, good girls wanting a new masked man to
fantasise over that isn't ghost face.*

I've got you.

*And to the couple that kept fucking at the spa next to my room,
this is for you.*

*Well... more so her seeing as you seemed to be a 'one pump
chump.'*

Other Books By Ashlee Rose

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Series:

Something New

Something To Lose

Something Everlasting

Duet:

Love Always, Peyton

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Illicit Love Series

[The Resentment](#)

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All available on Amazon Kindle Unlimited
Only suitable for 18+ due to nature of the books.

Foreword

This is a little to no plot book series. If you're wanting character depth and growth, this isn't the book for you.

If you want pussy flutters and a quick, fast paced pure smut read with a masked man who likes to talk dirty and degrade the FMC then this is for you.

*There's a good girl.
You made the right choice.
You enjoy now ;)*

Lauren AKA lauren.readsx_ , this is for you. Enjoy *Ghost*.

Prologue

IT'S BEEN THREE YEARS SINCE I HAVE BEEN BACK TO SALEM.

Three years since I left it all behind.

I have avoided going back because of my sister, Hallow. And as much as I have missed her, I haven't missed my three best friends who pounced on her the minute I was on that fucking plane.

But this weekend, I'm not going back for Hallow.

No.

My eyes cast down to the invitation in my hand and a slow smirk pulls at my lips.

*Hallow's Halloween Party
Salem White Ash High School
Fancy dress is mandatory.
7pm sharp until late.
RSVP
971 - 111 - 6666*

I'm going back for Miss Madden.

Chapter One

Brody

DROPPING MY BAGS ONTO THE CONVEYOR BELT, I FEEL THE eyes of the busty blonde that is sitting behind the check in desk.

“Can I help?” I snap, a little harder than I would have liked but I feel agitated. Her big, blue eyes rake up and down my body and sure, she would normally be my type but I have only had eyes for one woman. Hartley Madden.

Well, *Miss Madden* to me.

I was obsessed with the sultry vixen as soon as my eyes landed on her in my English class. She wore tight little pencil skirts and seamed stockings with a black line running all the way up and my hungry eyes couldn't help but wander. She knew what she was doing. She was a temptress. Tight white shirts with her pert little tits pushed against the buttons, a cleavage to die for.

Fuck.

Just thinking about her made my cock ache. The way she purposely bent over the desk right in front of me, her eyes burning into mine at any chance. The way I used to jack myself off. My dick used to get so sore. Every girl I fucked, I fantasised about her. *Miss Madden*.

The thoughts of slipping my hard cock in-between her tits and letting her wank me off with her perfect, round...

“Sir,” the busty blonde snapped me from my thoughts, and I cough, clearing my throat.

“Yes?” my brows raise high and I am hoping and praying she can't see my bulge through my pants.

“You're good to go,” her cheeks pinch crimson and I give her a curt nod, snatching my passport and boarding pass from her as I storm towards my gate.

Sitting in my seat, I take a mouthful of my vodka tonic and settle down for my flight. I was in first class so had no other fucker near me. Four hours. Four hours of silence. It wasn't too bad. I didn't even know whether Hartley was going to be at Hallow's party, but I heard most of the school were going, including teachers.

My cock stirs again.

Opening my laptop, I try and focus on work but I fail.

I wait for the air hostess to walk past and as soon as she has, I unbutton my pants and slip my hand down the front, wrapping my hand around my thick cock.

My eyes close for a moment as relief and heat swarms through me at the same time. Slow, hard pumps up and down my length and my breath shudders.

I think about sinking myself inside her tight little cunt, fucking her somewhere that is open and public. The thrill of getting caught doing something I shouldn't be. My cock throbs in my hand and my eyes fly open as I assess my surroundings for a moment before I submerge myself back into pleasure.

Her moans fill my ears as I replay one of my fantasies. She's bent over the desk, her skirt pushed up and bunched round her waist and her cunt is fucking dripping. Pulling my cock to the tip, I tease at her opening and watch as her pretty pink pussy stretches round me.

Wrapping a fistful of her hair in my fingers, I snap her head back and drive into her hard and fast and I feel my orgasm building, my cock bobs and pulses and I come. Hard.

My eyes open, my chest is rising fast as I ride out my orgasm.

I fucking came in my pants.

Shit.

Slowly pulling my hand from my pants, I stand quietly and make my way to the plane restroom.

Where I wank myself off again.

Twice.

Chapter Two

EXHALING HEAVILY, I KICK THE DOOR SHUT TO MY PENTHOUSE apartment. Fuck, it's good to be home. My skin tingles at what is coming next and I cannot wait for tomorrow night. First things first, I need a shower. The day has been long and after cleaning myself up in the plane restroom I still feel dirty. But in a good way.

I have an unhealthy obsession with Hartley, I know that but I can't stop myself. Everything about her is addictive. From the moment I first saw her I was high on her. Her glowing skin, her dark brown hair and deep brown eyes. She was ten years older than me but that wasn't going to stop me. I had stayed away like she had asked; until now.

How could I pass up on such an opportunity.

I was no longer a student.

She was still a teacher, but nothing tied us together anymore.

Sure, she was forbidden but not illegal.

Pulling my clothes off my sticky body, I discard them and step under the hot, running shower. Fuck it feels good.

Tension in my muscles soon fades to nothing. Scrubbing my towel over my head, I roughly dry my hair and I hear my phone ping.

Reaching for it, I see Hallow's name.

Hallow

Are you here yet? We're having drinks in Salem Cove, come join us? Lauren and Hex are here too.

I groan, leaving her on read and tossing the phone back on the bed. Do I really want to see Rune, Guy and Regan?

Not really.

But I did want to see Hallow.

I didn't give two fucks about Hex and Lauren. They don't better my life or inconvenience it in any way.

Pulling some jeans on and a red crew neck jumper I ruffle wax through my dark hair, tousling it. My sage green eyes alight at the thought of seeing Hartley again.

I was like a nervous teen all over again.

I never hid my want for her. I made it so fucking obvious, but she shut me down.

But not tomorrow.

I'll take everything from her, and I won't stop until I have it.

Salem Cove is booming. It looks rammed. I can't even believe I agreed to come. Well, I didn't text Hallow back. I decided about ten minutes ago and here I am.

Inhaling deeply, I push through the doors and the smell of pumpkin spice and vanilla fill my senses and my skin prickles in goosebumps.

I stand for a moment, my eyes skimming the room when I see Rune. My temper begins to rise but I have to push it down. Just for a moment because that's when Hallow's eyes land on mine.

“Brody!?” she calls out. I can hear the disbelief in her voice as she stands from their private booth.

“In the flesh,” I wink at her and close the gap between us, wrapping my arms around her and hugging her tightly. My eyes open and I see my three *ex* friend’s eyes burning into mine and the only one that even seems to have any remorse on his face is Regan.

I let go of my baby sister and walk towards the booth, Lauren beams at me, waving, and Hex fucking glares at me as if I am the enemy.

“Take your fucking eyes off me mate, I’m not interested in your sister.” My brows knit and I shake my head from side to side.

“Step,” Lauren corrects me and my lips twitch.

“You bite too easily.”

I can feel their eyes on me, but I’m not giving them the satisfaction of even looking in their direction.

“I’m going to get a drink,” I give a slow nod and roll my lips as I turn and make my way to the bar.

I’m not alone long when Hallow bounds up next to me like a fucking excited puppy dog.

“Are you going to ignore my *boyfriends*?” she asks, batting her lashes at me in an innocent manner. She looks well, her eyes glistening, and I can see the happiness that is radiating from her like an infinite glow.

“They’re not your boyfriends.”

“The sooner you come to accept what *this* is, the better it’ll be for you.”

I shake my head from side to side but when I turn to face her, she is gone.

“What can I get ya?”

“Vodka tonic,” I mumble, slipping notes from my back pocket when I feel a set of eyes on me. And I know whose eyes they are.

The corner of my lip lifts and I have to sink my teeth into my bottom lip to stop my smile from spreading across my face like wildfire.

Hartley.

Taking my drink from the barman, I hand him my dollars and turn slowly, leaning against the bar. And that's when I see her.

Long, thick, brown hair that sits in loose waves. Her dark brown eyes dancing back and forth with mine.

Her fucking curves make me hard instantly.

She is wearing black, leather high waisted jeans and a black lace corset and she looks incredible.

The blush creeps on my cheeks as I let my hungry eyes roam over her. And that's when I see some chump slip his hand round her waist and I feel my jealousy soar. He leans down and whispers something in her ear. I see the fake smile that plays against her lips and the fake laugh that bubbles out of her, but her eyes stay on me the whole time.

I sip my drink slowly, all whilst trying to control the dirty thoughts that are plaguing me.

She steps aside from the prick that is standing next to her, giving him a smile then handing him her drink.

Wrong move Hartley.

My eyes pin to her ass at the same time as the weasel standing next to her does the same thing.

He spins back around and just stares out into the crowded bar and my eyes are on her drink like a hawk. I am assuming that this guy is bad news; he could be her boyfriend but even still.

I knock my drink back, slamming it down onto the bar then I move forward, and intentionally knock into her date, making him drop the drink to the floor and it smashes.

Oops.

“Ah, fuck man. I’m so sorry,” I hold my hands up and fight my smile.

“Watch where you’re going,” he shouts out after me as I leave him in the chaos and head to where Miss Madden disappeared.

Slipping down the dark, narrow hallway I see the restrooms. I pace for a moment and when she doesn’t come out, I push through the door to see the restroom empty. I was just about to leave when I see her stumble out of a cubicle and my heart thumps in my chest.

“Brody,” her eyes widen, and I don’t miss the way her breath stutters.

“Hello *Miss Madden*.”

“You shouldn’t be in here...”

“Why is that?” I run my fingers across my bottom lip feeling the need to keep my fingers busy.

“It’s the ladies.”

“Is that the only reason?” I ask, one of my brows lifting as I take a step towards her and let my eyes sweep over her hot as fucking sin body.

Her cheeks flush.

“Who is the jackass you’re with?” I close the gap between us and pin her against the wall, my fingers tracing over the inside of her wrists.

“Just a date.”

I smirk, running my tongue across my top lip as my eyes fall to her plump, parted lips.

It takes all the strength I have inside of me to step back from her, but not without slowly letting my greedy eyes roam over her again.

“I hope you’re not going to let your *just a date* fuck you tonight Miss Madden.”

“That’s none of your business Brody.”

I scoff a laugh, running my hand round the back of my head.

“We will see,” I wink.

“There is nothing to see, you’re ten years younger than me...”

“And I bet I’ll be the best fuck you ever have. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Will you?” her own brows raise now.

“Yes.”

And with that I turn, walking out the door as my cock rubs against the seam of my jeans.

Chapter Three

I STAND OUTSIDE THE LITTLE PICTURESQUE COTTAGE. I CAN'T stay away from her. Especially now I have seen her in the flesh I need to make sure she is okay; I need to see that she is alone because the thought of that douche from back at the bar being anywhere near her is making me insanely jealous.

I know this is crazy, but even if I wanted to, I couldn't stop myself. Trying the front door, my brows sit high when the door opens with ease.

Tut. Naughty Hartley.

Closing the door softly behind me there is a low light coming from the kitchen. I sneak quietly and see that the room is empty. Pacing towards the stairs, I stand at the bottom and stare up.

She is going to freak. But I need to see her.

Taking the stairs slowly as I climb and step onto the landing. There are three doors and I don't even need to guess. I can hear her soft, sultry moans slipping through the gap in the door. Before I know it, I'm standing at her door, my cock rock-hard as I watch her. She is wearing her black corset from earlier and little black, lacy panties.

"Fuck," I whisper, all my wet dreams coming true right before my eyes.

One of her hands cups her breast, kneading as her other hand is hovering over her clit, her pussy lips spread as her fingers rub soft circles over her clit. Her legs are parted wide and all I want to do is bury my tongue deep inside of her,

tasting her and fucking her with it until she comes all over my tongue.

“Shit,” she whispers, her back arching off the bed and her hand that was on her tit is now making its way into her nightstand and my breath catches when she slips out a white vibrator.

Her eyes slowly open in her pleasure haze and she turns it on, the sound of her rasps are now muffled by her vibrator. Her breath catches, gasping as she slips the vibrator inside her pussy and her fingers move quicker over her clit.

“Brody,” she whispers, her legs beginning to tremble as she slips the vibrator in and out of her pussy with ease.

“I’m right here baby,” I whisper under my breath so only I can hear and I am internally screaming because now I have confirmation that she does in fact want me as much as I want her.

Naughty, sexy, Miss Madden is about to come all over her vibrator at the thought of me.

“Oh,” her back arches again, her hips rotating as she fucks herself harder now and I swear I am about to explode as she cries out, holding the vibrator deep inside of her as she rides her orgasm.

She pulls the vibrator out and drops it beside her, her chest rising and falling and she slowly brings her hand to her mouth as if it has just sunk in at what she has done, her fingers tracing her lips as her eyes flutter open and shut.

I stand just for a moment and ignore the heavy ache between my legs. My cock is throbbing, straining against the fly of my jeans and all I want to do is jerk myself off.

She scoots and stands off the bed as she slips into her interconnected bathroom—which is thankfully in the opposite direction from where I’m standing—taking her vibrator with her and my heart races in my chest. Inhaling heavily, I force my eyes closed as I try and calm my pulse.

I jump when I see her return from the bathroom, dropping her vibrator into her nightstand and she begins to turn as if to

walk towards me. I step back, my eyes moving up the narrow hallway and I slip inside one of the two doors to the left of me, slipping in and closing the door behind me. I press my back to the door and just wait for a moment.

That was close.

Too close.

Chapter Four

I HAVE NO IDEA HOW LONG I HAVE BEEN SITTING IN THE DARK, but I am pretty sure it's safe for me to come out. Opening the door, I see the whole cottage is now in darkness. Slipping back into the hallway, I head for the stairs, but I stop. Turning to look over my shoulder and see her door is wide open now. My feet glide me across the dark stained-wood floors, and I am back at her door. She is sleeping out of the covers, cropped tee and frill hemmed booty shorts that have ridden a little higher and I can see the crease under her peachy ass cheek.

I should turn around.

I know I should turn around.

But I can't.

The pull is too much.

Too strong.

It's wrong.

Fuck, I know it's wrong, but I still can't stop myself.

On a shaky breath, I step over the threshold and into her room.

I keep walking until I am standing at the foot of her bed.

It takes a moment for my eyes to adjust to the darkness, the moonlight streaming through her half-closed drapes.

Seeing her so still and perfect and all I can think about is how much I want to taste her. Feel her tight little cunt round my fingers.

Running my tongue across my bottom lip, I kneel on the bed and crawl towards her. My fingers gently skim over her bare thighs and I feel the shock crash through me at feeling her skin under my touch.

A soft hum passes her lips as I fall back onto my knees and gaze between her legs. Pushing them apart, I tease my finger through the thin material and trace down her pussy. Tugging on my bottom lip with my teeth, I do it again and my cock hardens and the ache is unbearable.

Grazing my fingers across her pubic bone, her breaths are shallow and heavy and I slide her shorts down her legs and reveal her bare, glistening pussy.

“Shit, baby,” I groan, my eyes rolling in the back of my head as I gently rub across her clit. I never thought I would be one for somnophilia but here I am, about to dive between her legs and feast on her soaked little cunt. I tease my fingers over her clit softly once more before I let my fingers graze up the inside of her thighs, digging my fingers into her warm skin as I keep her legs wide and open for me. Lowering myself between them, I look up at her sleeping peacefully through my hooded eyes then swipe my tongue through her pussy, flicking it across her swollen clit as I glide it up and down her folds, slipping it into her tight opening and dragging it back up to her clit.

A soft moan stirs through her, her hands moving from her side and resting on her stomach, her fingers wrapping round the hem of her crop top and I grin, sucking on her clit then paying attention to working her up as my tongue laps over her clit once more.

“Fuck, you taste so fucking good baby,” I moan, moving my head from side to side as I bury my tongue deeper inside of her cunt, my fingers digging into her skin as she writhes beneath me. “Keep still, you’re doing so good,” I praise and finally lift one of my hands from her thighs. I tease a finger at her opening and that’s when her hips grind over my finger, her eyes fluttering open and before she can even say anything, I fill her to my knuckle, pulling back and lining up another two

fingers to fuck her with. Lifting my mouth from her pussy, I smirk down at her.

“Hello there gorgeous,” I croon, her cheeks flame red and her eyes are still full of sleep.

“Brody,” she whispers through a moan as I spend time working her up, curling my fingers and rubbing her g-spot.

“Shhh baby, let me enjoy you,” my voice is low as I lower myself back down and swipe my tongue through her pussy, my fingers slipping in and out with ease, her arousal coating them as it begins to run down my hand. I move my mouth from her and instantly miss her.

“So fucking wet, tell me *Miss Madden*, how long have you thought about me for? How long have you been fucking yourself with a vibrator at the thought of me? I saw you, and I swear I’ll fuck you right. I have been fantasising about this from the moment I laid eyes on you...” I look up at her through my lashes, “but not tonight; right now I am going to eat your fucking cunt and fuck you with my fingers until you’re screaming my name, and then tomorrow at Hallow’s party I am going to fuck you every chance I get.”

She cries out as I push another finger into her, all four of my fingers are now fucking her hard and fast and as her tight cunt stretches around me I can’t help but let my greedy eyes cast down to watch.

“You look so god damn pretty,” my voice blanketing her as her body begins to tremble, her pussy tightening round my fingers. “There’s a good girl, come for me, make a mess all over my fingers,” I hum before dipping between her legs and covering her with my mouth as I eat her deep and fast, my tongue swirling over her clit when she screams my name, wailing as her legs tremble but I keep fucking her until she has no more to give.

Lifting from her, I slip my fingers out slowly and softly then bring them to my mouth as I suck on all four, my eyes rolling in the back of my head at her heavenly taste.

Her eyes stay pinned to me as she watches me, her cheeks flame. Slipping her shorts back onto her feet and up her long, toned legs I cover her up. Crawling over her body, I hover my lips over hers and I hear the inhale of breath that she sucks in.

“I’ll see you tomorrow, Miss,” I smirk down at her, her eyes volleying back and forth between mine.

I don’t wait for her to say anything, just brush my lips gently over hers then kneel back onto my knees before turning and climbing from the bed.

When I get to the door, I look over my shoulder at her and the crumbling mess she still is from her explosive orgasm and give her a slow and sultry smirk.

“Bye Miss Madden.”

Chapter Five

Hartley

WHAT. THE. FUCK.

Are the three words that have repeated in my head since last night when I was woken with Brody's face between my legs.

I should have stopped him but fuck, his mouth on me was like all my fantasies coming true. It's freaky, and strange I know that. I first met Brody when he was seventeen. Far too young but I didn't miss the way his eyes would rake over my body and it done things to me. I never pursued it. He was young and a student ten years younger than me but it still didn't stop the thoughts.

I shake my head from side to side.

I have never told anyone about my fantasies.

And now I am dressed up as a slutty schoolteacher all for him. I wasn't even going to go to the damn party but after his promise of fucking me, how could I not? Brody was grown, and the way his tongue and fingers had me coming until I saw stars made me want to know how good his cock would feel.

Twisting my long, brown hair up and fastening it with a claw clip, I pushed my black rimmed glasses up my nose. My white, fitted blouse was done up until my chest, my full breasts on show. My blouse was tucked into my black mini skirt that sat high on my thighs and had a split nearly as big as the skirt itself. I finish with *Louboutin* black, patent heeled pumps.

Inhaling deeply, I had a surge of panic course through me momentarily.

It's fine.

Spraying my perfume, I turn, grabbing the orange and black invite that is sitting on my nightstand and head out the door.

Nerves drum through me as I step closer towards the school entrance. I have no idea how Hallow pulled this off but she has done an amazing job.

The school has lights up giving it an eerie feel, along with huge smoke machines that have put a certain mist across the green lawn leading up to the entrance.

Skeletons, ghosts and ghouls hang from any part she can get them and excitement laces my nerves and excitement courses through me.

The music is loud and the school is brimming with bodies all dressed up. Some in typical slut fashion, others in pure horror style and then you have the masked men.

“Hartley!” Hallow calls out as I walk down the spooky locker hall and I see her standing there, arms wide, dressed in a black, skin-tight bodysuit and killer black heels that make her long, slim legs look even longer. She has cat ears sitting pretty on the top of her head, and long, brown tumbling curls that fall past her waist.

She is standing next to three masked men.

Ghostface.

Phantom of the Opera.

And Guy Fawkes.

I feel the tension brewing, their stance tall and protective over their girl.

We've all heard it.

We've all heard about Hallow and her boys.

Brody's best friends.

“Hey,” I smile, waving my hand as I stop in front of her.

“Loving the fit... I’m sure Brody will too.” She winks and my insides burn with want and need.

“Thanks,” I smile brightly and push past them ignoring the feel of the boys’ eyes on me.

I keep walking, following the sound of the music and walk into the gymnasium of the school where bodies are dancing, kissing and fucking.

Yes.

I said the latter.

It’s like a full-blown sex party.

I glide through the room unnoticed and hover by the punch bowl.

“Thirsty?” a pretty brunette girl asks, dressed as an angel with the devil cuffed to her wrist whose lips are tracing across her neck.

I nod as she plunges the ladle into the blood-coloured alcohol and pours it into a large plastic cup.

“Brody is looking for you,” she gives me a smirk and I look at her confused for a moment until I recognise her.

“Lauren,” I beam, and suddenly I feel a little out of place being surrounded by old students. Maybe I shouldn’t have come here.

I snatch the drink from Lauren and give her a nod before lifting the cup to my red lips and taking a huge mouthful then wince.

Wow.

That’s strong.

I head to the back of the room and stand in the darkness as I watch the party unfold in front of me and suddenly, I am nervous again. I have no idea what Brody will be wearing but one thing I know for certain.

He will find me.

Chapter Six

Brody

I STAND AT THE SCHOOL ENTRANCE.

I watched her arrive and I watched her enter the school.

And she looked so fucking tempting.

I didn't want to wait but I wanted to play a game.

Kicking my heavy army boot into the ground, a smile pulls at my lips but you would never know because of my mask.

I don a skull with blood stains swiped across it. My green eyes flit around my surroundings and that's the only thing that would give me away.

I have an army helmet on, covering my thick, tousled brown hair. The top half of my body is hidden behind a long-sleeved black top and a padded vest.

I finish my look off with black army style combats and heavy black boots.

She'll know it's me the minute her eyes land on mine, but I am going to put up a good game. I don't want her figuring me out *just* yet.

We have the whole school between us, and I can't wait.

Inhaling deeply, I begin walking into the school and the first people my eyes land on are Hallow and her douchebags.

We all just need to accept that we're not going to be friends. That part of my life is over, and I don't care. They chose Hallow, Hallow chose them. I'll be polite but that's as far as I'll go.

Flicking my invitation towards her, her wide smile slowly slips from her face as she watches the invitation float to her feet.

I keep moving forward, the music blurs around me and all I can hear is my heavy breathing and the sound of my heavy boots hitting the hard floor of the school.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

I slip into the gymnasium, and I watch the chaos around me, it takes me a couple of minutes to actually notice her but when I do, she is all I see.

Standing in the shadows, sipping on her drink a little quicker than normal, my eyes roam over her.

Teacher.

Fuck.

Maybe she is playing me? Maybe I'm the game.

Slowly stalking over to her I am just about to finally close the gap between us when some dickhead dressed in a quarter back outfit with a bloodied hand mark on his white helmet and the number #69 written on the side tries to make a move on what's mine.

Mine.

He steps even closer to her and pushes her against the wall, pinning her there as his head tilts and I watch as his lips edge towards hers.

“Don't... please,” I hear her voice and that just heightens the rage that is currently storming deep inside of me.

Storming forward, I wrap my fingers round the back of his shoulder pads and drag him away with force.

“Keep the fuck away from her,” I growl and his eyes widen as he falls to the floor. I feel her eyes on me before I

allow myself to look at her. I don't want to give myself away just yet.

"Thank you," she breathes and I hate that I am about to walk away from her but I'm not ready.

I walk towards the punch table and eye Lauren and Hex. He is standing behind her, he towers over her and one of his hands curls round her slim waist.

"Nice of you to join us," Lauren says as she fills a cup with alcohol.

"Wish I could say the same," I take the cup from her and shrug my shoulders up. I retract back and into the crowd where I wait.

Just for a little while longer.

I want to build up the tension.

I'm like a hunter watching his prey and waiting for her to make the move.

Because once she does.

I'm going to pounce.

I want to see her squirm, feel her beneath me and watch as she squeezes her pretty thighs together knowing that I am going to sink between them when I am good and ready.

So I just watch.

I have no idea how long I have been watching her, but I feel guilty that I have just left her there waiting for me. She has no idea if I am here or not. She glances down at her watch and she finally steps forward and walks in my direction. For a moment I think she knows I have been standing here the whole time but she walks past me, completely ignoring me. I wait for a moment before I follow her out into the halls.

There are so many rooms I just don't know where she is heading, but I move towards her old class. The class where a

lot of my fantasies played out.

The one place I am dying to fuck her in.

I move fast but cautious, trying my hardest not to draw attention to myself. I move with stealth as I take the stairs two at a time.

My heart drums in my chest the closer I get and then jealousy rips through me at the thought of her being with someone else.

No.

She wouldn't.

I turn the corner and I hear the sound of her heels clicking across the floor and my stomach knots. She looks over her shoulder and sees me following and I'm not sure if it's fear I see flash in her eyes or excitement. Either way it drives me forward, my cock hard at what I am about to do to her.

She slips into her classroom and my own excitement explodes inside of me.

But instead of rushing in there, I fall back and wait.

I want the anticipation to slowly consume her to the point that she can't take any more because it becomes unbearable. I don't want to rush this moment.

I have been waiting for seven years.

Seven years and I am just about to live out my favorite fantasy.

Looking down at my gloved hand, the print of boned hands in front of me and I smirk.

I am going to destroy her.

In the best possible way.

Chapter Seven

Brody

I STAND OUTSIDE THE ROOM, STARING THROUGH THE PANE OF glass that sits in the middle of the door and I see her eyes widen as she sees me.

Panic courses through her and I see her eyes move from me to the lock and my tongue darts out and licks my upper lip.

I am hungry.

Famished.

She moves quickly, but I am quicker. My hand is on the handle, pushing it down before she even has a chance to lock it. I shake my head from side to side slowly as I open the door onto her.

“Please,” she whispers, stepping back and edging her way over towards her desk.

I cock my head to the side, trying to work out if she knows it’s me or not or whether she is actually terrified.

“Please what?” I say softly, trying to disguise my voice as I move closer to her, backing her into a corner.

“Don’t hurt me,” her eyes widen as I look down at her, her chest heaving up and down.

“Who said anything about hurting you?” I scoff, letting my arm lift as I run my curled fingers down the side of her face, her breath hitching and my eyes fall to her full chest, her tits round and busting out of her tight shirt.

“I... just...”

“Just nothing,” the softness in my touch hardens as I wrap my fingers round the base of her throat, squeezing it a little tighter and I see the lust blaze in her eyes. “I am going to eat your cunt and finger fuck you until you can’t take anymore, and then I am going to sink my cock inside of you.” I smirk beneath my mask as I feel her pulse quicken under my fingers and my cock stirs. “And once I am finished with you...” I pause as I edge my face closer to her, my eyes volleying back and forth between hers, “I want you to run.”

Her breath hitches as my spare hand curls round her hip, I spin her and press her flat on the desk, then bite my gloves off, discarding them to the floor.

The hand that was wrapped round her throat is now resting on the back of her head as I hold her in place.

Letting my fingers trail up the back of her bare thighs, her skin pebbles under my touch.

“Are you going to be a good girl for me?” I lean across her back and whisper in her ear as I tease at the crease under her ass cheek.

I hear a whimper as my fingers continue their trail and I feel her bare underneath her little fucking skirt.

“So ready for me,” I tease, leaning up off of her and I tease two fingers at her soaked opening. Pushing her silly bit of fabric that she calls a skirt up around her waist, I expose her completely.

I step back, my legs slightly apart and I watch as I sink two fingers into her hot, wet, cunt.

“Oh,” she moans loudly, echoing around the room as her arms stretch out and she wraps her fingers round the edge of her desk.

“You feel so good,” I groan, my voice thick as I pump my two fingers in and out of her with ease and with each thrust, I get harder and faster.

“More, I need more,” she begs and I grin down at her as her eyes pin to me.

Slipping them out, I line another two up and push them into her hard, filling her to the hilt. “Fuck, I am going to fist fuck you one day. I’m going to stretch you out so good and my fist will just sink into your tight little pussy.” I nibble on my bottom lip as my fingers squelch, her arousal dripping onto my hand. “Oh, you like the thought of that do you?” I ask and I watch her eyes roll in the back of her head as I continue to fuck her with my thick fingers.

“Don’t stop, please, don’t stop.” Her voice stutters as I fuck her with punishing thrusts.

“I don’t plan to, baby,” my voice is gravelly as I try and restrain myself. Snatching my fingers from her, I grip onto the back of her thigh, I push her leg up onto the desk to expose even more of her. I lean over her and push my fingers past her lips without warning and the greedy whore sucks on them, her eyes closing as she moans round my fingers.

Removing them from her warm mouth, I slide down her body, my lips brushing against the bare skin of her ass as I sink my teeth into her cheek and bite. Her body trembles and I smirk against her reddening skin and kiss it. I drop to my fucking knees so I am ready to worship her like she deserves. My hands skim up her side and wrap round her hips as I drag her pussy closer to me. Her cunt is fucking glistening.

Lifting the bottom of my mask just above my lips, I bury my face into her before my tongue sweeps through her folds and I swirl it over her clit, sucking it into my mouth. She cries out at the assault of my tongue but I don’t stop. I hold onto her tightly as I hold her pussy on my face. I don’t care if I suffocate. I need to taste her, all of her. My tongue slips between her folds and I plunge it into her hot cunt, fucking her slowly as I lift her hips up then slip my hand round to rub her clit.

“Fuck,” she cries out, her fingers wrapping tightly round the edge of the desk.

“There’s a good girl, come all over my tongue. Show me how good you taste,” I groan, breaking away for a moment before I bury my tongue back inside of her.

She tightens, her body stiffening as I drag my tongue over her clit and let my hand trail around her ass cheeks and pump two fingers inside of her.

“Oh,” she moans, as she tries to gyrate her hips to get more from me.

I slip another finger in as I gently tease her clit with my tongue but fuck her hard with my fingers.

“Yes,” she breathes, “yes, yes.”

I suck her swollen clit into my mouth and nibble as I fuck her relentlessly and that’s when I feel her. Her whole pussy tightens, my fingers are buried deep inside of her when I feel a gush. Snatching my fingers out, she squirts and my mouth is on her as I drink every fucking drop.

I don’t give her a chance to even catch her breath, I stand and roll her over, her cheeks flushed and her eyes are hazy and wide as she comes down from the almighty high I have put her on.

Pushing my hand forward, I wrap it around her throat and squeeze before my palm skims down between her chest and I wrap my fingers in her blouse and drag her up, perching her on the edge of the desk, I take this moment to cover my mouth with my mask.

“Now, be a naughty little slut and get on your knees,” I groan, watching as she listens and obeys. She tries to pull her skirt down and I shake my head from side to side.

“Leave it,” I snap, snaking my hand round the back of her head and unclipping her hair. Discarding the clip, I drop it to the floor and wrap my fingers in her hair, pushing her down where I want her.

Her fingers quickly rush to unbutton my combat pants and she tugs them down, her eyes widening when she sees my cock spring from them.

“Now suck it,” I command and she does it eagerly. Her plump lips purse at the tip of my cock, teasing me and my eyes roll in the back of my head as she swallows me whole and I feel myself hit the back of her throat. She gags but it doesn’t

stop her. She hollows her cheeks and takes me deeper and I feel my cock pulse against the softness of her tongue. Pulling me out, she runs her tongue up the underside of my cock in a slow and teasing manner before flicking it over the tip.

“Shit,” I groan, bucking my hips forward just as she presses the tip between her lips and I slam into her mouth.

Her fingers wrap around my thickness and I thrust myself harder and faster into her mouth, my hand grabs her hair and I push her up and down my length.

“There’s a good girl, taking my cock so well, fuck...” A guttural moan escapes me, as I crane my neck down to see her. My teacher. On her fucking knees giving me the best fucking head I have ever had.

“I can’t wait to fuck your cunt, I can’t wait to fill you to the hilt and fuck you relentlessly. I want you so fucking sore,” I groan, slamming my hips forward repeatedly, her pretty brown eyes are streaming and that only makes me fuck her mouth harder.

Yanking her head back, I feel my orgasm build. Pulling her head back my cock bobs in front of her face.

“Keep your fucking eyes on me,” I moan out as my hand moves up and down my dick and I cum, my orgasm crashing through me as I empty myself over her pretty fucking face.

“Such a beautiful mess,” I smirk. My hand comes up to her face, cupping her cheek and I rub my thumb through my cum as I smear and rub it into her skin.

I lace my fingers with hers then glide them up to her wrist and pull her to her feet. Her eyes bounce back and forth from mine and I feel my heart thrum in my chest.

“Hartley,” I rasp.

“Yeah?” her sweet voice floats over me and I have to ignore that her bare pussy is still out and ready for me. Grabbing the hem of her skirt, I tug it down but not before cupping over her pussy and slipping one, then two fingers inside her soaked core. Her fingers splay against my chest as

she wraps her fingers round the strap of my vest to steady herself whilst my fingers slowly pump in and out of her.

“Run.” And I pull my fingers from her and step back until I am sitting on one of the small wooden desks.

She doesn't move, just stares at me.

“Run,” I say again but this time my voice is a little harsher, a little louder...

And she does as she asks.

She runs.

Chapter Eight

Hartley

I DO AS HE DEMANDS.

I run.

I'm not scared. I am exhilarated.

I want him to catch me. I want him to find me.

The way he showed me just what heaven looked like, the way the stars danced in my eyes as he shattered me with an almighty orgasm.

I slow as I reach the heavy, double doors and look over my shoulder. My heart rate spikes as I see him slowly walking down the corridor behind me.

Smirking, I push through the doors before reaching down and take my shoes off. I can't run in these shitting heels.

I move forward and see the stairs, I rush down them and head for the gym locker room. I rest my back against the line of lockers and take a deep breath, quickly trying to fill my lungs with air.

Within minutes, my chest slows, my eyes are pinned to the door waiting.

I have no idea if he will even check here but anticipation is drumming through me like a thousand electric shocks.

Tick tock.

Tick tock.

Drip drip.

Drip drip.

The only sounds that fill the room. The locker room clock and the leaky, dripping showers.

I jolt when I hear the door hit the wall and my nerves bundle, a bolt shooting through me.

“Come out come out wherever you are...” I hear his voice echo round the large, empty room and I move slowly further into the locker room. “I can hear you breathing Miss Madden.”

I squeal and my eyes widen.

His deep laugh booms round the room and my skin pebbles and prickles at the sound.

My eyes cast behind me as I sneak to the end of the locker line only to bump into a hard body.

Turning my face, my eyes widen as I feel his eyes burning into mine.

Something about him dressed up and behind a skull mask makes this even hotter.

“Found you.”

“Oopsie,” I giggle but all fun and laughter fades when he wraps his large fingers round the base of my throat and pushes me against the lockers, the noise ricocheting.

A low, primal growl slips out of him and I pant, his fingers tightening their grip.

His fingers are hidden under his skeleton gloves as they trace under my mini skirt, skimming under my ass before plunging two inside of me and I gasp.

“I’m going to fuck you hard and fast.” He threatens and I squirm beneath him, pushing my thighs together and his fingers slip in deeper.

“Are you on birth control?” he asks as my eyes roll in the back of my head, pleasure consuming me and I lazily shake my head from side to side.

“Good, cos I am fucking you raw and I will continue to do so until you’re pregnant with my baby. This is it for you. No more dating, no more fucking around... From this moment on,” he pauses and I moan as he slips a third finger in and I ignore the delicious pull and burn that is coursing through me from being stretched by him. “You’re mine.”

My head starts to fall forward, but he doesn’t allow it. He is lifting my head then pinning me back against the lockers with his fingers wrapped round my throat.

“Fuck, you look so fucking pretty,” he groans as his fingers loosen, grazing the gloved tips between my tits and then ripping through the buttons.

I gasp, the sound of the buttons hitting the floor but his face is buried between my cleavage as he licks and nips against the skin as his teeth graze a little harder now and I want to be marked by him. I want the bruises and love bites from his mouth’s harsh assault.

“Mark me, taint me...” I breathe as he continues pumping in and out of me from behind, “make me yours,” my breath shudders.

He tears my red bra away, exposing my rounded, pert tit and sucks my nipple into his mouth. My hand skims down my stomach and past my skirt as I slip my fingers underneath and sweep them through my soaked folds as I rub my sensitive and swollen clit. He sucks my nipple hard, making it pert and erect before he bites my skin and I cry out. This isn’t a soft bite or nibble, this is a hard, painful bite but it turns me on. My hips rotate my fingers as he moves his hot mouth over to the other side and doing the same thing.

“Fuck me, I need to feel you,” I beg, and never did I think I would be begging a skull faced army man to fuck me.

“No need to beg, *Miss*.” He groans against my skin as he licks across the bloodied marks he has left over my breasts.

His skilful mouth trails up round my neck as he sucks on the thin, sensitive skin between my collarbone and ear.

He unbuttons his pants and pushes them down to his ankles.

My chest is heaving, and I am ready to combust. Shoving my mini skirt around my waist, he falls to his knees for a moment and swipes his tongue through my pussy.

“I just needed to remind myself how good you tasted,” he groans as he stands.

Grabbing my thigh, he wraps it around his hip and looks down between us.

“Your pussy looks so fucking good...” he breathes, “but it’ll look so much better once it is stretched around me and being filled.”

I moan and his gloved hand is wrapped tightly round my throat again, his lips grazing against my jaw as he nips and I feel his swollen head rubbing across my clit.

“Keep your fucking leg where it is,” he orders, and I swallow hard.

He teases at my tight pussy with his thick head, and I roll my hips.

“Patience *Miss*, I promise I am going to fuck you. No need to silently beg,” his voice is gravelly as he continues teasing me.

“I have fantasised about how your tight cunt was going to feel wrapped around me, I am just trying to savour this moment,” he breathes, and his dirty mouth pushes me closer to the edge and he hasn’t even touched me yet.

His fingers tighten and I feel the burn in my chest as he cuts off my breath the same time he slams his cock into me without warning. My mouth drops open, my eyes roll at the feel of being *so* full. His thick, long cock stretches me and burns but I want more. I need more.

He stays still for a moment, his chest is rising and falling fast and his breath is heavy as he pants and my lungs burn even harder now.

Seconds feel like minutes as they pass but then time stands still when he unwraps his fingers just as his cock pulls to the tip and I gasp out a moan because he feels so good. The pressure that is already building within me is too much but I need him to fuck me hard.

He curls both his hands round my exposed hips and I lift myself off the floor and wrap my other leg round his waist as he thrusts his cock into me hard and fast.

“Yes,” I cry out as his fingers dig a little harder into my skin as his beautiful, thick cock slips in and out of my tight pussy with ease.

“Fuck, FUCK!” he roars as he slams his hips in and out of me, but keeping me pinned to the lockers. I let my greedy eyes look down between us and watch as his cock slips out of me to the tip, my pussy stretched around him and as much as I can feel it, I am loving every minute of it. I haven’t told him, but I have dreamt of having his cock in me. Fucking me in a primal way. Claiming me. I don’t care that he is ten years younger than me. You can’t help who you fall for, and in my case, I have fallen for one of my students.

“Look how fucking good your cunt looks,” he moans, his own eyes watching as his arousal coated cock slips in and out of my aching pussy. “I bet you can take more...” he trails off as his tight grip disappears from my hip and my pussy clenches, my hips lifting as I need more.

He pulls his cock out of me and I gasp at how empty I feel without him. He swirls two fingers inside my pussy, coating them before his thick head is pressed back inside of me, but before he fills me, he rests his two fingers on top of his cock and slowly, so fucking slowly, pushes inside of me and I feel like I am about to split.

“Ohhhhh,” I moan, my head hitting the locker as my eyes roll.

“There we go, your pretty pink pussy was needing a little more it seems,” he teases and I feel the loss of his other hand.

“Balance yourself baby, I’m going to give you more,” he whispers, his cock and fingers filling me with slow but hard thrusts.

His two fingers push into my mouth and my eyes steady on him.

“Suck,” he groans as his hips continue to rock back and forth.

I do as he asks and I suck, licking and coating his fingers in my spit. Snatching them from my mouth, he trails them underneath me and presses them against my tight hole. I clench, freezing for a moment as he slips two fingers inside a place that no other man has been before.

“Take them, show me how much of a good girl you are,” he croons into my neck, his breath on my over sensitive skin making me tingle. “There we go, take all of me; you feel so fucking good *Miss Madden*.”

And I do.

I take all he gives me. His tongue flicks over my nipple and that’s all it takes for me to free fall into darkness, my moans echoing round the room as I dig my nails into his shoulders which spurs him on. A primal, deep growl leaves him and he fucks me like he hates me. Everything aches, but in the best fucking way.

He fucks me until he is spilling out inside of me. We stay like this for what feels like hours before he puts my shaky, trembling legs back down. I smile like a mad woman, I feel dishevelled, but fucking amazing.

I look at him but he sinks to his knees and swipes up the cum that is running down the inside of my thighs and pushes it back inside my swollen, hot and aching pussy and suddenly I am horny again, needy for him.

“Don’t want to waste any now do we...” he teases as he kisses the inside of my thigh.

“I want you again,” I pant, my skirt still around my waist, my tits spilling out over my bra.

“Then run from me... and trust me, *Miss Madden*...” he slowly stands, his hand grabbing my cheeks and his fingers digging into my skin. “I won’t be so fucking gentle next time. I am going to do what I want to you. You will be begging me to stop, begging me to go easy on you but I won’t. I am going to ruin you for any other man...” his voice is low and threatening. It shouldn’t turn me on, but it does.

“Now fucking run.”

Chapter Nine

Brody

MY HEART RACES IN MY CHEST AS I WATCH HER RUN.
Smirking, my cock stirs again.

Her cunt.

Fuck.

Her pussy was everything like I have fantasised. And now I get to have her all over again.

I am going to go hard on her. I want her so fucking sore. I want her begging me to go slow and gentle. But I can't.

Not with her.

I am going to fuck her tight little ass too, snatch her virginity away. She will be mine in every fucking way.

And I will fuck her until I have filled her with *my* baby.

Miss fucking Madden is mine.

Mine.

Cleaning myself up and composing myself, I look down at my watch. It has been fifteen minutes and I am gagging for her again.

My heavy boots thump across the tiled locker room and I disappear into the dark halls looking for my dirty little whore.

It doesn't take me long to find her.

She is standing bent over the railings and looking over at the party below her.

She wants to be fucked where she can be seen.

She is fucking naughty.

I make my way up to her, being quiet and I am grateful that the music is playing loudly so she doesn't hear me.

Sneaking behind her, I wrap my fingers in her brown hair and tug her head back bringing her ear close to my lips.

"Be quiet my little slut," I say so she can hear me but I don't give her a chance to respond. I wrap my hand over her mouth, holding tightly as my spare hand pushes her skirt up around her waist again and I spank her bare ass hard, feeling her warm breath against my gloved hand.

I make quick work of pulling my cock out and without warning, I slam straight into her wet cunt.

"Look at you..." I grin, "look at you getting fucked up here whilst all those people are down there... is that what you like? Do you like the thought of getting caught you naughty little whore?" I feel her pussy tightening over my cock. "You like that don't you? Do you like me degrading you and treating you like the easy fucking slut you are? Do you think I didn't know what you were doing to me five years ago? I saw you *Miss Madden*. The outfits, the short skirts and the wanting fucking looks. You wanted me as much as I wanted you and now look, you're getting fucked by me. Your tight little pussy is loving it and so are you, you're getting ruined by your student, a boy ten years younger than you and I bet you have never been fucked like this..." I continue, still covering her mouth as my cock slams in and out of her, she is fucking soaked. My large, thick cock is slipping in and out of her with ease and I know this is how she likes it.

"I am going to fuck your ass once you've come, I am going to destroy your virgin ass seeing as I couldn't fuck your virgin cunt." I grit, my jaw clenched as I watch my cock slipping in and out of her, her wetness is coating the inside of her thighs and all I can think about is tracing my tongue over it and cleaning her up. I tighten my grip on her hip as I slam her back into me. "I hate that it wasn't me, but don't worry... I'll make up for it with your virgin ass."

Her legs widen and I slip in deeper, my own eyes roll in the back of my head and I know she is getting close. I can feel as her pussy clenches tightly over my cock, squeezing me.

“Come for me slut, I want your cum all over my cock so I can slip it into your ass,” I grit, and my hand that is curled round her hip slips between her legs as I pinch her swollen clit before rubbing it and I feel her come, her body trembles in my grips as I plough my cock into her harder as she rides her orgasm out.

I pull out of her harshly and I watch as her body slumps but she doesn't have a moment to catch her breath; to even look at me. I don't give her a chance. Plunging three fingers into her hot, wet, cunt I pump in and out and coat my fingers as I slip them from her and glide them over her ass, pushing three of them into her and I sink my teeth into my bottom lip.

“You can take it, you'll take all my cock and you'll be coming again... I promise you,” I breathe, my own breath shaky as I stroke myself slowly.

I pull out of her and sink my cock back into her pussy so I coat myself in her arousal. I line myself up and my other hand is on her hip once more as I guide her back into me but this time, my cock slips into her ass and I feel the tightness, the resistance, but I don't stop.

“You're doing so well, shh, keep breathing... you're doing so well baby,” I praise as I break past the barrier and bury my cock deep in her ass. I hear her scream and it echoes around the hall just as the music breaks and eyes are on her.

“There we go you little whore, all eyes are on you whilst you're taking my thick cock in your virgin ass,” I groan, slamming myself into her with ease now, her tight hold round my cock feels indescribable.

“Brody,” she moans and it's the first time she calls me by my name and I instinctually know it's because she wants everyone to know who she belongs to.

“That's it Hartley, tell them who it is, tell them all that you're mine,” I grit, two of my fingers slipping between her

legs and rubbing her clit. “My cock looks so good fucking your ass, does it feel good baby? Tell me.” I moan myself now, my head tipping back for a moment.

“So, so good,” she cries and I know without even looking she has tears rolling down her cheeks as I pinch her clit between my fingers.

“I am going to cum in your ass, and when it trickles out of your tight little hole I am going to plunge my fingers in your cunt,” and I’m not sure if it’s the fact that all eyes are on her, my cock buried deep in her ass, my dirty words or a combination of all three but she squirts, coating me in her arousal. I go feral as I fuck her ass hard and fast, pushing even deeper as I roar, clinging to her hip and wrapping my other hand in her hair as I tug her up, pulling her head back as her neck bends and I orgasm hard, spilling cum inside her virgin ass and my whole body shudders as I do as I promise. I pull out of her and she hisses with a wince but I’m on my knees, licking, kissing and pushing my cum inside of her.

“Brody,” she breathes.

“I know baby,” I trail kisses up her thighs then stand slowly, removing my helmet and revealing my soaked, sweat covered hair. She smiles, turning to face me and lifts my mask from my face.

“Kiss me,” she begs and I do, my hands clasp her face and I kiss her, hard. My tongue sweeps along hers as we lose ourselves in each other’s kiss for the first time.

“Take me home,” she whispers.

“You’re never going home without me again baby,” I smile, my arms wrapping round her waist as I lift her and her legs wrap round my waist.

“I love you Hartlety. Always have, always will.”

She beams, her make up ruined but I don’t care. She looks so fucking beautiful.

“I love you too, Brody. Always have, always will.”

The End

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Ever.

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If you enjoyed Pursuing Hartley, please tell your friends and share on your social media platforms, and please, if you can, be sure to leave a review.

Love you all x