

You're his now, little ghost

HAUNTING THE HUNTER

Hanna Harp

HAUNTING THE HUNTER

Book One of the
BOUND DUET

HANNA HARP

*I made him to ruin you, and you begged for more...
So spread those pages, little ghost—he's ready for you.*

THE PLAYLIST

Play with Fire—Sam Tinnesz
Let the World Burn—Chris Grey
Drive You Insane —Daniel Di Angelo
Dangerous Hands —Austin Giorgio
Worship—Ari Abdul
Desert Rose x Renegade x Streets (Gobaith Mashup)
Taste of the Divine—Shaker, with Azee and COBRA
Who Are You—SVRCINA
Fatal Attraction—Reed Wonder and Aurora Olivas
All You Need—Midnight Blu
Chokehold—Sleep Token
The Death of Peace of Mind —Bad Omens
Flatline—Jared Benjamin
Hotel—Montell Fish
If I Had You—Chris Grey
Her Name—Beneld, Cheyanne, and Omido
The Summoning—Sleep Token
Waves—Normani
Blood on Her Lips—Raven Knight
Best Behaviour—Beach Season
Take Me Back to Eden —Sleep Token
Haunted—Chris Grey

THE MENU

“Trigger Warnings”

This is a fourth wall-breaking story, where you, my darling, are the love interest. Turn back now if you don't consent to a book character becoming obsessed with you. This is your warning. Now, onto our menu...

Explicit sexual content

Violence

Blood and gore

Torture

Demons

Inappropriate use of a gardening hose

Mentions of past childhood trauma

Light stalking

Forced proximity

Vines of the provocative variety

Demonic possession—including, but not limited to, a toaster

Manipulation

Murder

BDSM themes

Mental health struggles (for the characters)

Light dubious consent from a poltergeist

Delusions

Possessive demon

Fourth wall break

PROLOGUE

ALABASTER



Well, well, well, what do we have here?

Mmm, my pretty girl... Hair as black as the charred edge of that grimoire she keeps too close. I want to thread my fingers through it and see if it leaves ash on my hands like the pages do. How poetic.

The golden rays of the sun seep through the sheer curtains of the library window, and she looks as if she is glowing. Reminds me of an angel.

Innocent.

Pure.

Powerful.

Makes me want to corrupt her all the more.

There is something about a creature so perfect that makes me want to taint it. Even if it's just for the fun of it. I've watched this one. And haunted her dreams long enough. I'm getting bored, and I want more.

I watch as Callisto picks up a strange pendulum from behind the grimoire—funny, that wasn't there before. Curious. She holds it in her hand, looking it over, and speaks under her breath.

“Where did you come from?” She holds it up in front of herself, smiling. “I suppose you’ll do for what I need.” Moving over to her little makeshift altar, she kneels and speaks, holding the item close to her chest.

“Spirits, hear me.” Her voice is soft but steady. “I call to you across the veil: Find Cade. Bind yourself to him. Watch him. Protect him.”

I chuckle to myself. She’s so cute when she’s desperate. The thought of her desperation pleases me. I picture how pretty she would be pleading like that to *me*.

She continues—rambling on about how her brother doesn’t know what he’s getting into, and how much she wants to help.

As if the universe cares about her little wish. Yet, as she speaks, a ripple in the air prickles against my senses. It’s faint, but it’s there.

How interesting...

A new player in my little game.

I can feel you, human, yes.

You.

The girl is mine to haunt. Mine to possess. Mine to do with as I please...

My thoughts snap back to her as a tear slips down her cheek. Her hands tremble as she pleads—

“Gods I hope that worked.”

An iridescent haze fills the space and she appears to breathe it in, head leaning back ever so slightly. I watch as her long hair falls off her shoulders—unable to pull my eyes away.

I hesitate. That feeling again—something heavy and unfamiliar twists inside me. Curiosity, maybe? No. Something else. Against my better judgment, I step closer, reaching out a hand.

Just a little closer—

Her breath catches, eyes snapping up... directly at *me*.

Impossible.

I freeze. She can’t see me, not if I don’t allow it. And yet, here she is—staring, mouth open in a silent gasp. Pretty rose pink lips parted.

For a moment, neither of us moves. She tries to speak, but the only sound she manages is a small, broken squeak.

The pendulum.

It must be the pendulum. Artifacts like that are unpredictable, and I can feel its pull tugging at the edges of my form. Strange. I let my hand fall and step back, watching her carefully.

She swallows hard. A single bead of sweat drips down her olive skin, and she visibly shakes it off before scrambling to her feet and rushing out of the room. Pity. I would have liked to lick it off her.

I follow—keeping to the shadows. She doesn't need to know I'm here... Not yet.

She glides quickly down the hall, the navy rug muffling her steps as the wood creaks faintly beneath her. Approaching her brother, Cade: the little hunter. He towers over her with his broad shoulders and chiseled features. Overrated, if you ask me. Not to mention he's a total asshole. I'm clearly superior.

He looks down on her as if she's a child. She presses the pendulum into his hand, her voice tight with urgency. "Take this—it'll keep you safe."

I can't help but notice how dainty her hands are, and how pretty they would look wrapped around my—

"Please, Cade."

Please, Cade. My eyes roll into the back of my head. The only person she should be saying please to is *me*.

Something in her voice makes him pause. He sighs, taking the pendulum and shoving it into his pocket; not another word shared between them.

Yes.

Follow him, and stay the fuck out of my way. He doesn't deserve her and neither do you. But you could deserve each other...

So, the skeptic has a magical object now, *that's hilarious*.

CHAPTER 1

CADE



The heavy bass is a dull thump through the walls as I slip through the back entrance and look around the gaudy mansion. The whole place is ringed with hedges and elaborate sculptures. Even had a fucking staff entrance hidden on the side of the property, perfect for me to get in undetected.

A myriad of golden hues splayed from floor to ceiling. Too fucking much. My heavy boots echo against the marble floor in the quiet hallway.

Footsteps reverberate off the walls, and I quickly press myself into the wall near the entryway, silently setting my trap.

Just as the shadow of a man enters, I loop the cord around his neck, yanking tight till I feel the pull cutting off his air. He spasms, clearly shocked from my assault. I'm sure he didn't expect *this* kind of choking at a party like this. The poor bastard. He's clawing at his throat, which will end in—Five. Four. Three. Two. Out.

I grab him by the ankles, dragging his unconscious body further into the room near a closet. Stripping away his clothes takes effort, but I get them off, tossing them aside. I grunt, wrestling his dead weight into the closet.

I grab the clothes and hurry out of the room, farther down the hall, slipping into one of the back rooms and planting the clothes under the chaise lounge—I'm gonna need those for later. Walking over to the full-length mirror, I run my fingers through my hair, messing it up on purpose, and walk out, into the party.

The room reeks of sweat and arousal, a heady mix that turns my stomach. These people disgust me, but I haven't come to judge.

In the writhing masses, bodies are tangled in slick, desperate motion among the silk pillows scattered across the floor, but they're nothing more than background noise among the variations of blues. My focus remains sharp against the dimly lit euphoria.

I scan the room and head toward a bar in the back corner, sitting on one of the empty stools. I raise my finger up, capturing the bartender's attention.

"What can I get you?"

"Whiskey, straight," I reply.

The bartender moves with quick hands, sliding the drink to me. But I'm distracted by a stunning woman in lingerie. She's carrying a tray out to a man fisting a woman's hair as he aggressively fucks her mouth. My eyes shift away and meet the gaze of a short blond-haired man, his features delicate yet confident, as he seats himself next to me.

"You are way too hot to be alone right now," he says in a sultry tone, eyeing me up and down.

"I'm not alone. You're here." I smirk and take a sip of my drink.

"You like what you see?" he says, biting his lip.

I look him over. His small frame is covered in... glitter. Nope.

Redhead, long hair, short hair, big dick, a pussy I can sink into. I'll fuck it all, but no fucking glitter.

In a dim corner, a blond in a silver mask gasps, and shudders. Her body taut beneath the hands of a faceless stranger.

I watch as the man squeezes hard into her love handles, her massive titties bobbing back and forth over a woman motorboating her. Now that's a thing of beauty.

"Sorry, I've got my eye on someone. Unbothered, I saunter over to the trio. Tilt her chin upward teasingly, and her breath hitches.

"Mind if I have a turn?" I ask, smirking as I meet her gaze.

Her eyes drift downward, lingering on my chest before wandering lower. A smile plays on her lips as she rises to her feet, slipping her hand into

mine. I lead her out of the room, feeling the weight of her curiosity in how she studies me.

She hesitates for only a moment.

“Have we met before? You seem familiar,” she murmurs quietly.

“I don’t know. You got a name?” I look down at her.

“We don’t do names here.”

Perfect.

I guide her into the empty back room and press her against the wall, my lips finding the curve of her neck, teasing and tasting as my hands explore her body. A deep moan escapes her throat and echoes through the room, raw and unguarded. I lean in close—

“We may have never been formally introduced,” I whisper, low and deliberate. “But for now... I’m yours.”

She trails her hands up and down my biceps. “Fuck, your tattoos are so hot,” she says, then pulls my face to hers and kisses me. Her tongue rolls over mine as my hands trail down her subtle curves. Gripping her thighs, I lift one of her legs over my forearm, locking it in place. She wastes no time unzipping my pants and dropping them to the floor. Her fingers wrap around my cock, guiding me to her entrance, and the moment I feel her warmth, I thrust in deep, burying myself inside her.

“Fuck, you feel so good,” I growl, my voice rough.

I lift her higher, making her take every inch of me as I carry her to the chaise near the window. Laying her on her back, I pin her down, pounding into her without restraint.

“Oh my God, don’t stop!” she cries out, her back arching as she trembles beneath me. Gripping her hips tighter, I pick up the pace, driving into her ruthlessly. She fucking molds to me as I angle myself lower and find that perfect spot—

“Don’t stop, oh my God—please, I’m—” I feel her pulse around my length as I slow down to savor the feeling. Fuck... I’m gonna come and it hasn’t even been five minutes.

Weak.

Reaching under the pillow, my fingers close around the knife I planted when I got here. I groan, still riding out her pleasure, her moans becoming reckless and unguarded beneath me. I take the knife and cut the front of her bra, freeing her breasts. She shudders at the blade’s cool touch and looks up at me.

She meets my gaze, breath hitching, eyes blown wide, dark with something sinister. Then, in a whisper, she says, “I like to play.” Well, fuck me, that just made my dick twitch. If I’m going to get this done, I might as well get some enjoyment out of it.

Her bright hazel eyes roll into the back of her head as I thrust into her with reckless abandon, the chaise now loudly thumping against the wall. I throw my head back, wiping the sweat that’s trickling down my brow, my abs flexing as my hips move more erratically. Her moans drown out the cries of pleasure just outside the door.

A deep, guttural cry rips from my throat as I let go, filling her, my body pulsing against hers. My breath is ragged, muscles taut as I hover over her, drinking in the sight of her blissed expression.

I exhale, eyes downcast, my charcoal hair tickling her chin, lips curling into something that isn’t quite a smile, my voice just a breath, blunt. “Okay.” And before she can react, the blade sinks into the soft flesh of her neck.

Her eyes go wide with terror and confusion, her swollen lips open, but no sound comes out. I stay there, watching, waiting—until the light in her gaze finally flickers and fades.

Gone. Fucking finally.

I stand, my breath still heavy as I pull away from her lifeless body, the warmth fading fast. I turn my head and look out the window, at the lanterns that line the empty pathway outside it. The night is a quiet contrast to the room outside the door, so... Why do I feel like I’m being watched? Moving with practiced ease, I crouch under the chaise and grab the clothes I stashed earlier—from the poor bastard working the party. He’s probably still out cold.

He’ll wake up... eventually.

Now that I’ve changed, I can blend in as a staff member of the party.

I leave the room, feeling smug, knowing the next step of my plan has been executed. As I cross the threshold, though, an overwhelming feeling of anxiety washes over me. A high contrast array of colors—my eyes squint in an attempt to focus. Was I drugged? No... But I don’t feel like I’m here—an overwhelming sensation of eyes on me, but nobody is looking.

What the fuck?

“I need to get the fuck out of here,” I whisper, my voice strained.

Walking down the hallway I steady myself on the wall, my skin glowing unnaturally in a neon hallucination from the ultraviolet lights. I focus my sights on the end of the hall. My vision tunnels on the door.

I pull open the door to the exit the staff uses, sucking in the fresh air. I straighten my black blazer. This is not the place to lose my cool. I walk past two guys smoking cigarettes, talking about how badly they wish they could participate in the activities inside. I keep my stride confident; it won't be long before someone finds her body. Not that they'll know it was me. She was so covered in cum; there would be no way to tell whose DNA was the one to take her out. Convenient for me.

I hop into the truck I hotwired earlier, my pulse thumping in my ears as I slam the door shut. The engine roars to life, and I shift into gear, feeling the tires grip the pavement beneath me. As I adjust the rearview mirror, I'm suddenly freezing, like the temperature in the truck dropped ten degrees.

What the fuck is going on?

I scan my surroundings: no other cars on the road. It's late. And I'm probably the only motherfucker who leaves an orgy early. No one saw me, no one is following me. And there's no way this piece of shit is being tracked.

Despite my rationalizations, my gut tightens at the thought. That's not possible. I took precautions. I'd gone out of my way to snatch this truck from a small-town hick while he was too busy attempting to pick up two very unwilling women at the bar.

There is no way anyone would have bothered to look twice at it. It's just another beater, blending in with the employees' cars parked nearby.

So, how the hell could it be bugged? It's not. And I know damn well I wasn't drugged. I've gone crazy. There's no other goddamn explanation.

I rub my face, trying to shake off the creeping paranoia.

I tap the brakes, swerving the wheel slightly as the unease builds, and I pull off to the side in a movie theater parking lot. I should change cars just in case. The area has a few in the lot. I grab my duffel bag from the passenger seat and set my sights on a beat-up old wagon two spaces down. I try for the door. It's unlocked. How convenient. The thing looks like a forgotten relic from the eighties. Rusted, unkempt, and totally under the radar.

Perfect.

I toss my bag in and slam the door shut. My fingers tremble as I hotwire it as quickly as I'm able. Tiny wires are not my thing. I fumble a bit with them before the engine sputters to life. I hate this shit. If anyone is following me, they won't think twice about this piece of junk. I shift gears, and the seat rattles beneath me as the wheels hum under the vehicle. Thankfully it holds together long enough to get me close to the airport. I ditch it near an abandoned gas station and walk the remaining way to my hotel. Tomorrow, I'll be back in Washington—safe, secure, and out of sight.

I jump at a sudden vibration in my pocket, fumbling to pull the phone out. It's Jack, right on time. Fuck, I need to get a handle on myself. Attempting to steady my fingers, I swipe the screen to answer.

Jack's voice comes through, loudly chewing something as he speaks. "Yo, is it done?"

I drag my hand down my face. "Yeah, it's done," I answer, trying to push the unease crawling up my spine back where it belongs... What the hell is wrong with me? I grit my teeth, forcing my mind to focus.

"You good, Cade?" Jack asks, his voice dropping slightly, sensing something's off. When I don't respond immediately, he continues, sounding serious, "You'll be happy to know I found our next target, and it took me less time than I expected."

"These assholes aren't exactly hiding, Jack." I smirk to myself despite the rising feeling. The Covenant created me in their own image, a weapon. Their dutiful soldier.

"We're going to get them, Cade."

I tilt my head back, taking in a long breath.

A smirk tugs at my lips despite myself. "Yeah, but the higher-ups in the Covenant won't be so easy."

"Keep an eye on the target." My purpose returns in full force. Fucking *finally*. The thrill of the hunt, of tracking them down, of getting to the ones pulling the strings—it steadies me. "I'll get the full details when I'm back."

"Got it, boss."

I hang up the phone, letting the silence settle in, but the weight of everything lingers.

And it's not just the mission anymore—it's something else I can't quite place

I head into the hotel, each step heavier than the last. My hand trembles, feeling distant—like it's not my own but still familiar. This is fucking

annoying. It's like I'm watching myself from the outside. I struggle with the key card, fingers numb as I slide it into the slot. It clicks, the light turns green, and I step inside.

The room feels too quiet. Too empty.

Stripping off my clothes, I move mechanically toward the bathroom. The shower knob turns quickly under my fingers, the rush of water filling the silence.

Staring into the mirror, my eyes trace the scar on my face that reaches from my cheekbone down to my jaw. The reflection blurs. Like I'm not here but instead watching from the other side of the glass. I focus on my hair... It's been too long since I've had it cut properly. Then I see it, a shiny silver strand caught in the black mass.

"Are grays normal at my age? Must be stress..." I mumble. My voice sounds hollow, like it's not even mine.

I lean closer to the mirror, inspecting the silver intruder. The closer I get, the more disconnected I feel. My face seems... off. The edges of my features seem soft and out of focus, like my reflection doesn't belong to me anymore, my dark eyes unfamiliar.

As the steam fogs up the glass, further distorting my reflection, I squint, leaning in. It almost looks like another face is overlapping mine... like a shadow over my own, or an overlay of someone else's expression.

I wipe away the fog, but the other face vanishes, leaving only my own, strained and blurry. I rub my eyes, trying to shake the feeling off. It was just the steam. A trick of the light.

I step into the shower, hoping the water will ground me, bring me back to something real. The heat pours over me, hitting my scalp, my back, rinsing away the day's grime and tension.

Under the steady rhythm of the water, my body relaxes, lost in the comfort it provides. Time slips away, but in the reprieve, my mind drifts, too quickly, back to the mission.

Flashes of my parents' bodies tangled in their bed.

The cold sting of the ritual room.

Artifacts glinting under dim light.

The memories bear down, heavy and unwanted.

No. No distractions.

Not now.

I was groomed to take over the Order of the Covenant. So, I know how to end them. My next target is within reach, and now that I've gotten rid of his daughter, gaining access to him should be easy. I force my mind back on track. *Concentrate. There's still work to do.*

I step out of the shower, wrapping my towel around my waist as I crawl into the bed. The cool fabric against my skin, a stark contrast to the heat of the night. Sleep drags me under, and my dreams are fragmented, distorted—nothing that makes sense, everything twisting.

Except for one thing.

I see someone. They're holding a book, eyes focused on the pages, but as if they sense me watching, they look up.

They don't have a face.

Just an empty space staring back at me, like there's a black hole in the place where a face should be. But before I can truly process... oh fuck no...

The blackness pulls at me, swallowing me whole, deeper and deeper until it feels like I'm falling—endlessly falling into the void. Eyes surround me.

So many eyes.

Waiting.

Watching.

I can feel them on my skin. They're everywhere, and it's fucking suffocating. Then, I hit bottom, but it's not what I expected. It's soft. A familiar warmth, like the feeling of being caressed, even though I can't see anything.

My body tenses, but the touch is gentle—delicate. Hands glide over my skin, tracing my chest, neck, and arms. Electricity pulses through each touch, and goose bumps rise as my body responds, even though I can't explain why.

I feel myself growing hard, the touch both foreign and strangely familiar. Hands explore my body, moving lower, their fingers grazing my hips and then my thighs. It feels too real, too intense, like something I've always wanted but never let myself acknowledge.

"Fuck..." I mouth in a breathless whisper. "Who are you?"

There's no answer, but they continue to touch, intimate and precise. The sensation overwhelms me. On instinct my hips begin to rock into it, as if I am no longer in control of my body. Then, without warning, my cock is freed from the confines of my pants and I feel it being taken into their

mouth. A blurred aura. Lips moving up and down in rhythmic precision, too perfect to be real.

“Oh my God...” The words escape me, muffled by the pleasure. “So good, too fucking good.”

I reach my hands out to find something, anything, but my searching hands meet only air. Nothing tangible.

“What is this?”

I throw my head back, lost in the sensation, but the moment quickly severs, as if it was never actually there. In the next moment I’m met with a caress, and it almost feels like lips meeting my forehead. Ethereal. It snaps me awake.

My brows furrow, and I jerk upright, sheets tangled around my legs. The room is still as my heart pounds in my chest.

I look over at the clock on the bedside table: 3:33 a.m. I gaze down, my body still betraying me—hard and wanting. My stomach twists in disgust when I noticed the sheet is stained.

“Wet dreams now?” I grumble to myself, exasperated. “I’m fucking losing it.”