

Read His Sweetheart Luna by Elmer

Chapter 32

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I continue to suck his tip for a while, and gradually start adding more of him. This whole time I am looking up at him, and he is looking back with lust filled eyes.

When I have him about half in my mouth I hollow out my cheeks. The muscles in his legs bulge and I can tell he is enjoying this. He sucks in a breath and maintains eye contact.

I move my mouth off of him and lick from the underside from the base to the tip a few times. I open my mouth and carefully go back to the halfway point.

I am trying to keep my jaw and throat relaxed so that I don't gag, but I am a little scared still. I have never done this before.

I take a little more of him until I have about three centimeters of him in my mouth. I bob my head and get used to this amount. He is trying hard to keep quiet.

I take my left hand and lay it over his, I then take his hand and put it on the back of my head. He grabs my hair and slowly pushes my head so that I take all of him. I suck, roll my tongue, and bob my head.

I can tell he is close, we still haven't broken eye contact.

With my left hand I reach up and start massage his balls. That's what does it for him. His entire body tenses up, he lets out another moan, throws his head back, and cums. I feel warm liquid shoot back into my throat. I keep sucking and massaging until after the liquid stops.

I pull him out of my mouth with my cheeks still hollowed and he keeps looking at me.

“Swallow.” He commands.

And I do.

I wipe my mouth, and gently put his d*** back into his boxers. I then get up from off the floor and stand in front of him. He grabs my waist and pulls me closer to him. We are just looking at each other, no words are exchanged. Then, he reaches out and grabs my left hand. He put it on his cheek and melts into it. We stay like this for awhile.

He open his eyes and pulls me so that we are both laying down on the bed. My head is on his chest and his arm is wrapped around my waist. We still are silent.

Then, we sleep.

Lee's POV:

The next morning

Something changed last night.

I can't explain it, but our relationship is different.

It's 3 am and Damion is laying on top of me still sleeping as I run my fingers through his hair. He isn't even awake and I know what we did last night will change everything.

You know how in Twilight when Bella is pregnant with Resume she wants to be close to Jacob. because Resume wants her to? Yeah thats how I feel. I want to be around him, hug him, make him feel good, and I want him to make me feel good. After last night, that feeling is 100x stronger and I don't know why.

That's what's why is ripping me apart. None of what I am doing or feeling makes sense and that scares the hell out of me. I haven't even f***ing kissed the guy and I let him eat me out AND I sucked his d***.

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I could have said no, he asked multiple times and told me to tell him no, and I didn't.

I look down at him sleeping so peacefully, he looks like that same ten year old boy I remember. I find myself smiling. This whole no heart only body thing is going to be hard. He may irritate the hell out of me, but he is also insanely sweet to me sometimes.

No feelings, only S**.

Oh. My. God. I haven't even had full on S** with him yet... great now I am thinking about how good it would feel to have S** with him.

He's probably a manwhore.

Shit. I'm probably his flavor of the week.

You idiot.

If you couldn't tell I'm going into overthinking till I f*** something up mode. It happens more often than I'd like to admit. I jump to conclusions without actually thinking logically and communicating, but I'd rather f*** it up and jump to conclusions than get hurt. I can't handle another heart break, I just can't.

Which brings me back to my overthinking zone, I didn't even think about him being a slut, I mean. look at him there is no way he isn't having S** with a new girl everyday. He has the whole bad boy thing going on.

I need to get out of here. I won't be able to face him tomorrow morning.

I slowly try and shimmy out from beneath him. He groans a little and I stop moving. Then, he pushes his face further into my boobs.

Awww. He's so cute.

Nope. Leave.

I look down to make sure he's still sleeping when I see there is hickeys around each of my nipple and a few small ones on my collarbones. I am basically a Damion's S** toy at this point. God, I hate myself.