

# Read His Sweetheart Luna by Elmer

## Chapter 33

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I continue to shimmy my way out slowly but surely until I am all the way out. I have to practically throw myself off the bed. When I'm finally off he grabs the pillow I was sleeping on and digs his face into it.

I swear to God he doesn't even have to try to be cute.

I look around the floor until I see his shirt, I grab it and throw it on, grab my clothes and phone and open the door. I look back one last time, my chest hurts. It feels like someone is squeezing my heart. I ignore it and leave.

I quietly tip toe downstairs and text Blake to come get me from Damion's house. He must have been up still because he responds almost immediately asking, and I quote, "Why tf are you at Damions and why tf are you trying to leave?!"

I don't have time to tell him the whole story, so I just tell him I will explain later and to come get me. Thankfully, he says ok and that he will be here in about five minutes.

I am looking around for my bag and finally find it by the door and shove my stuff in it. Then, as quietly as possible I unlock the door and open it. When I am fully out of the house I close the door. and look around for a spare key. After a few minutes of looking, I find one under a flower pot and lock the door.

I turn around and Blake pulls in front of the house. I walk over to him feeling like I am doing the walk of shame in his boxers and shirt.

God damn, my chest feels like an elephants sitting on it.

When I open the door, Blake's jaw drops.

“You slept with him?!” He whisper yells.

“Get back in that house, Lee. He’s gonna be pissed when your not there.” He puts his hand on the seat so I can’t get in

.

“Blake, move. No, I didn’t sleep with him. I will explain everything, just t ake me home.” I whisper

back.

He hesitates, but eventually moves his hand so I can get into his truck.

I get in and the second my ass touches the seat something pulls me out of the truck. And when I say pulls, I mean literally grabs my body and yank s me out.

I scream and then I hit something hard and another something grabs my mouth, so I can’t scream.

“What the hell do you think your doing?” I hear.

I look up and find an EXTREMELY angry Damion. He looks absolutely piss ed.

His jaw is clenched, body is rigid and don’t even get my started on his an gry tone.

F\*\*\*. My. Life.

I let out a breath when I see its him.

He lets go of my face, but still holds me close to his body by my waist. He is clearly not going to let go anytime soon, and worse he wants an answer.

“Well!” He yells and looks between me and Blake. We are both a little too scared to say anything.

“Al Damion, ummm, Lee just texted me and told me to pick her up. She sa id she needed a ride home.” Blake finally says.

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Did he just call Damion, Al?

“Lee why are **you** trying to leave?” Damion demands. Now his gaze is set on me and I really f\*\*\*ing wish it wasn’t. His eyes are glowing again and his voice sounds deeper, almost animalistic.

“I-Umm, I think i-its best if I go.” Is all I manage to say.

“I told you, you are staying here. Blake you can go. Lee get your ass in the house.” He says.

I guess I started feeling bold, or just plain stupid because before I can think I blurt out, “No. Blake it taking me home.” He didn’t like that. Once again I am over his shoulder. I hear him tell Blake to go home and then a door shuts.

“No. Blake!”

“Put me down Damion!”

Damion turns around with me still on his shoulder. Blake just gives me a sad look and he mouths, “You’ll be ok.”

He walks into his house and heads straight for the stairs. It is still pitch black in the house, so I can’t see that well. But Damion acts like he can see perfectly, he never falters in his step.

When we are finally upstairs I whisper yell, “Damion, put me down.” And start hitting his back.

He doesn’t hesitate to smack my ass. Yes, you heard right. He smacked my ass like a drum.

LMAO. Stop.

I smacked his ass back, and I can tell we were both pleased... even if he is still absolutely livid.

Hey, my chest feels better... Must have been heartburn.

He

is still walking, and I have pretty much accepted that I am going to have to stay here. That's when a door opens and I hear Mrs. Cruz ask what we are doing.

"She tried to leave." Is all Damion says.

I was going

to ask her for help, but when I looked up, she is smiling. That put me off a little, but I decided maybe she will help me. I opened my mouth and then a door slammed before I could.