

# His Sweetheart Luna by Elmer Novel Full Episode

## Chapter 41

### Chapter 41

I can see in her eyes it is killing her that she doesn't know though.

I break, "Ok."

I let out a breathe, "Come with me." I turn to go back to the field and she follows.

When we get to the field and sit down on one of the bleachers, she looks at me and waits for me to talk. I stay quiet for a few moments to try and think of where to start.

"Ok... umm I... I see a therapist once a week because I have anxiety, depression, and suicidal thoughts." I say while looking out, so that I don't have to look at her.

She gasps, but doesn't say anything.

"I was only recently diagnosed, but it has been happening for a while. After the car accident, I also suffer from PTSD and have nightmares, so I don't sleep very often. I take sleeping pills, so that I am able to fall asleep, but nothing helps with the nightmares." Tears are streaming down both our faces and I hear Kasey's breathe hitch.

"Sometimes... I have these times where... I f-feel numb. Everything just doesn't matter. When this happens, I kind of spiral."

She stays quiet.

"Thats what happened this time. I forgot to take my antidepressants for a few days, and it caused me to go into one of these... episodes I guess. So, I stayed in my room, alone so that I could make sure I didn't do anything stupid."

"What if... if you had left?" She asks quietly.

I look over to her and see her crying, this makes more tears come down my face. [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"I don't know."

"Sometimes I do something reckless like going 180 on an curved empty road and see what happens. Other times, I see how long I can hold my breathe under water and don't come up till I feel like I'm drowning. It just depends."

“On what?”

“On how bad it gets.”

“And how bad is your worst?” She asks hesitantly.

“My worst was when I... umm... I almost jumped off a bridge. Well, I did jump off the bridge, but someone pulled me back.” I say to her.

She lets out a sob. I hug her. We hold each other and cry for awhile. I feel better now that I told someone, but that doesn't mean it will be any easier.

Then, she lets go, “Lee, why didn't you tell anyone. We could have helped you. What if... what if we had lost you?” She asks.

“I know and I'm sorry. I didn't want anyone to know. I t-thought it would be better being back home, and it is. I stayed home because I had people to lose. I had you and Blake and Luca. I almost did it, I thought maybe you would be better off without me.” I say while crying.

“Lee, we w-would never be better of w-without you.” She cries.

“I'm sorry.”

“What did you almost do?” She asks as tears come out of her eyes.

“I... I almost took some sleeping p-pills.” I say while quietly crying.

She hugs me again, but harder this time. Like she's afraid she will lose me. It makes me feel better. I know now that I needed to tell her because whenever I feel like nob\*dy would care, I can remember this moment. Her pain is because of me and I hate that. I can't imagine what would happen if I actually did it.

She is why I have to keep fighting even when it is easier to give up.

Damion's POV:

She didn't come to school yesterday, or today.

Everything inside of me is telling me to go to her and make sure she's ok, but I think she needs space. I saw it in her eyes when she said she didn't need anyone. She scared to get close to anyone and she's pushing me away. Hopefully, if I give her the space she needs, she will come to me instead of me pushing and going to her. But, her not coming to school as me worried. I haven't been able to concentrate on anything but Lee and its killing me. I am angry every second I'm not with her, and I feel like I am going to explode. I had **to** leave school early yesterday so that I could shift. That never happens when she's around.

I miss her laugh, her smell, even that stupid fake smile she always does. I used to hate that smile because it was the one she plastered on gave to everyone, but now I wish I could see it again. Or better yet, one of her real smiles where her cheeks are all red and chubby, and her eyes squint. She doesn't give a real smile often, but when she does it is one of the most beautiful things I have ever seen. I miss her.

Yesterday, Kasey asked me if I had seen her or talked **to** her and I said no, but what worries me is if Kasey and Blake haven't talked to her, then who is she with? Who is holding her and taking care of her? I felt it that day, when she was yelling at me I felt her pain. She feels broken.

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My thoughts of her are interrupted when the bell rings. We all pack our stuff up and go. I head to anatomy, and shes still not here. When I look over to her empty seat, the pain in my chest gets a little stronger. Its always there when we're apart, but I feel it more than her. Its the mate bond pulling us together. I know she feels it, but because shes afraid of getting hurt she is fighting it. Those few moments that she stopped fighting, were... amazing. I can feel everything she feels and I love every second. If she lets me mark her that will go both ways, but that is a big if.

About thirty minutes go by, and then I smell her. I immediately feel calmer, and the pain starts to go away. Finally, she walks in the door and my heart drops a little. She has that fake smile on again, but she's hurting... no not hurting, numb. When she is around my senses and emotion are all heightened. Now, it's like shes not even here.

My eyes never leave her, and I start to get angry when she doesn't even look at me. I don't understand what's happening.

She goes and sits by Travis and I feel my hands curl into fists. I am getting angry and I can't lose control, not now. So, I keep looking at her. She makes me feel calmer, even though she looks like Lee, she doesn't look like Lee. But still, I feel better.

Class ends and she walks away from the cafeteria, down to the field. I follow her and watch. She lays down on one of the bleachers and listens to music. She stays like this for all of lunch and I just watch her. When she hears the bell ring she sits up and looks around. I duck to the side of the bleachers so she doesn't see me.

After a few minutes I see her walk towards school and like a lost puppy, I follow.

She isn't my Lee, but I will get her back. Whatever it takes.

Lee's POV:

"We didn't get to go shopping yesterday, but I think we can manage with what we have right?" Kasey asks as she digs through my closet,"

I look back at her from my mirror after adding some more makeup. Just a little bit of eye shadow, some darker l\*ps, and some natural false lashes.

"Mmmm, yeah. I think thats fine. We will probably just wear jeans and a SVHS shirt."

"Ok, perfect! Oooo can I wear this one?" She asks. [Search the find novel.net website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

It is a black shirt with a Viking on it. The Viking is wearing gold and white, because our colors are black, gold, and white.

"Sure! Which one should I wear?" I ask while going through all my school shirts.

I may have only just started at SV, but I was always a Viking. Plus, some of them were the ones my mom would wear to Luca's football games. I even have his old jersey, but I think I will wear that to the next game.

"I think this one." Kasey says pointing at a white shirt that says "Once a Viking, Always a Viking" on the back, and on the front has a Viking with SUN VALLEY written on top and HIGH SCHOOL written on the bottom.

"Yeah, I like that one. I think I am going to wear my boyfriend jeans with it, ooo and maybe cut the sides and tie it so that it fits better."

"Yes, that would look so cute!" Kasey says excitedly.

I think my antidepressants are kicking in, or I just needed a dose of Kasey because I am feeling a whole lot better. I am actually staring to feel excited fo the bonfire.

"Ok, what do we wear to the party?" Kasey asks me.

I give her a confused look, "Why can't we just wear what we're wearing to the bonfire and the game?"

She groans, "Ugggh, Lee. No. At the bonfire and game we wear school things, but for the victory party everyone tries to look hot."

"First, how do you know their going to win? Second, why do we have to look hot if the football boys are showing up in their jerseys and some jeans? That doesn't make sense, I thought it was a casual party?" I ask.

She puts her hands on her hips, “First, we always win. Second, I don’t know. We just try to look hot and maybe even pick up a cute boy. Me, I mean... not you. You don’t get with any boys.”

She turns her back to me and then a second later faces me again, “Except, Damion.”

“Why only Damion?” I ask.

“Lee, we talked about this, he is in love with you! You guys are like... meant to be. Like Cinderella and Prince Charming.” She says.

“He is not in love with me! And that example insinuates that I need a man and want to be in a relationship, which I don’t.” I say while take my jeans off and putting the other ones on.

“You are saying that if he asked you to be his girlfriend right now, you would say no?”

“Yes. We had a fight like two days ago, I just got out of a horrible relationship, and I don’t NEED a boyfriend.” I say.

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Her jaw drops, “You don’t feel, drawn to him in anyway?” She asks with a worried look. [SEAR\\*ch the Find\\_Novel.net website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

I look back at her with wide eyes, “Drawn to him? How?”

That is an odd thing to say, especially since that is exactly how I feel. Drawn to him no matter what I do.

She perks up, “OH MY GOD YOU DO!”

“No! I am just curious what you mean.” I say crossing my arms,

“Like when you aren’t with him, you want to be more than anything. And when you are with him, it feels like nothing else matters. It makes you feel good when he’s jealous, because it means he cares. And you get this pain in your chest when you guys have a fight, or he gets hurt.” She says quickly, almost like she knows exactly. What. I’m feeling.

“Kasey, do you feel that way with someone?” I ask lowly.

She nods with a serious expression, “Do you?”

A few moments pass and eventually, I nod too.

I sit on my bed, “I don’t know why though.”

Sighing, I continue, “I mean... I have never felt the way I do with him, a—and I have never done the things I do with him. But for some reason in that moment, I can’t say no. My mind and my b\*dy are fighting for control, and my b\*dy wins every time. I know I am probably just another fling for him, and that’s what hurts the most. I don’t want to get attached, but I think I already am.” I say and whisper the last part.

“Lee... you are not just another fling to him. I promise you that. He has never even shown interest in a girl besides you... EVER. I am pretty sure everyone thought he was gay. She says making me laugh.

My eyes widen, “I assure he is not gay.” I say while shaking my head.

“Oh my god! What have you done? How far have you gone? Tell me everything!” She yells.

I laugh, “Well the second day of school when I went to clean him up after his fight with Jared, I was trying to figure out why he got so weird about him asking me out. When I asked him about it he told me it was a mistake and I knew he was lying, so I asked if it was fine if I went out with Jared. Then, he kind of... pinned me against the wall, k\*ssed my n\*eck, and dry fucked me in coach’s office.” I say sheepishly.

She gasps, “OH MY FUCKING GOD! LEE! TELL ME MORE!”

“Ok... umm, after work one day my car broke down, so he gave me a ride home. I fought him on it and he ended up throwing me over his shoulder and putting me in his truck. I got him a little fired up and he parked the truck and pulled me on top of him.”

I pause.

—“AND THEN?” She asks.

“He sort of... ummm, fingered me while I was on his lap.” I say hesitantly.

She throws herself on my bed, “OH. MY. GOD. Was it good? Could he find the clit? He seems like he could, but you never know?”

I laugh again, “Yes, Kasey. He knew exactly where it was, that’s why I thought he was a player. He was just so good at it. And don’t even get me started on his d\*rty talk. Ughhh.”

“What did he say?!” She asks with her eyes wide.

“No, no, no.” I say smiling.

“Oh come on, tell me. I know you are kinky, and he would do anything to please you, you can’t leave me hanging here!”

I sigh, “Ok, so he may have called me a slut, a whore, made me beg, and didn’t let me cum because, and I quote, “Bad girls don’t get to cum.”

She screams and get up, “Woah! Ok, tea. What else has happened?”

“Later that night, I felt guilty about the truck because I didn’t even do that with Jason, so I tried to sneak out and leave. Blake picked me up, but as I got in his truck Damion came out and hauled my ass back inside.” I say rolling my eyes.

“Over his shoulder!?”

I roll my eyes playfully, “Yes, over his shoulder.”

“And then?!”

“And then... later that night I had a nightmare and he woke me up. After he comforted me, he realized that I had taken the boxers he gave me off. I got hot during the night, but that’s besides the point. Anyways, he umm... how do I put this?”

“Just say it, I’m dying here!” She tells me.

Quickly I say, “He ate me out and I sucked his dick.” I slap my hand over my mouth

She stares at me for a few seconds.

“F\*\*king hell! Was he good, were you good? Did you both like? Give me some details ma’am. I am living through you!”

“Umm, yes he was good, like really good. I think I was ok, he finished and sounded like he liked it. He is big though, I’m talkin-”

“Ewww gross. I don’t want to know about that.” She says grossed out.

I laugh, “Kasey you said you wanted to know!”

“Not that! Gross he’s Damion, I don’t want to know that.”

## Chapter 44

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“Well who is you do want to know about?Is it Max?” I ask.

She looks always from me. SEARCH the find novel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

“Oh my god it is! Have you guys done anything?”

“Well, no. We kind of just stare at each other and he doesn’t like when I hang out with other boys. He almost had a heart attack when I went to Homecoming with Blake. But other than that nothing. I am starting to think maybe he just doesn’t like me.” She says sadly,

“Bullshit.”

“Huh?”

“I said, bullshit. He definitely likes you. Why would he do all those things if he didn’t, and he went with you and Jared that day, when there was absolutely no need to. He might just be too scared to act on it. Maybe you should.” I add shrugging.

“Are you crazy?”

“Well, yes, but that’s not the point. Tonight after the game ask him if he wants to hangout. I mean worst case he says no and you can go out with other boys and he can’t say or do shit because he said no.”

She thinks about it for a moment, “Ok, fine. But I want you to ask Damion out too.”

“Woah woah woah. This is about you and Max, not me and Damion. Actually, there is no me and Damion. I kind of already screwed that up. I told him that I didn’t want his help and he stormed off all angry. He probably hates me again.” I mutter.

“Lee, pull yourself together. He may have been mad, but he has and will never hate you. And you may not be looking for a relationship but maybe one is looking for you.”

“I don’t know. Having a boyfriend is hard. You have to put them first, they tell you what to wear, who to hang out with, and with where I’m at mentally I couldn’t be a good girlfriend. He would just end up angry and dumping me.”

“Who told you that’s what having a boyfriend is like?” She asks.



“That’s just what Jason always did and said. He had to be my number one priority, he always made me change if I showed too much skin, I couldn’t hangout with a group of people if boys were there, and he hated when I tried to talk about my mental stuff.”

I sigh, “I just can’t go through that again, at least not now.”

“That’s not what it is supposed to be like. Does Damion seem like that type to do that?”

“Not really, but Jason didn’t at first either. He was sweet and kind. And then one day a switch fl\*pped.”

“Damion isn’t Jason, so stop comparing them. He already treats you a thousand times better than that manwhore. And he would never ask you to change because, let’s face it... he can fight.”

We both laugh, “Maybe your right. But what about my depression. It will be hard to let him in, god it was hard letting you in. And what if he doesn’t care or want to know?”

“Baby steps, Lee. I guarantee when you need him he will be there. And when you feel comfortable telling him everything, he’ll listen because even though you deny it... he is in love with you.” She says.

Lee’s POV:

The bonfire was awesome. I had only been a few times before when Luca played, but it was way more fun this time.

Our first game is always against the Jaguars, our rivals. It is sort of tradition that we burn a Jaguar because of them. After we set it on fire, we talked, danced, and hung out. I made eye contact with Damion a few times, but neither of us said anything to each other. I mostly talked to Blake and Kasey, along with a few others that I hadn’t gotten a chance to catch up with.

Now, it’s time for the game. I forgot how much small towns love sports. The stands are packed with people on both sides, including the student section.

Right now, we are standing by the concession so that I can get a water, a pickle, and hot Cheetos. That’s my go-to for football games. After I order, I turn around and someone bumps into me. Unfortunately, when I look down my white shirt is now bright red. f\*\*k.

“Oh shit! I am so sorry.” A guy’s voice says. I look up and see that it’s Jared. I am starting to think the universe is making fun of me.

“It’s no big deal, I can just put a jacket on.” I say with a small smile.

Honestly, I am mad. My shirt is red, my b\*dy is sticky, and it is about 90 degrees which is way too hot for a jacket, but I don’t want him to feel bad.

“No, no. Here you can wear my extra jersey.” He says while digging through his duffle bag and pulling out a black jersey with his name and number on it.

Next to me Kasey is weirdly quiet, but also tense.

I hesitate, “Uhhh, I don’t know.” Usually, the girls who wear a specific player’s jersey are either related to the player, or are dating them. It is basically a claim on her. I know for a fact Damion isn’t going to like that, and I am trying to take Kasey’s advice and stop pushing him away. That is, if I haven’t already.

## Chapter 45

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“It’s just a jersey, and I feel really bad, this would make me feel better. Please...” He begs.

I sigh, “Ok, sure. I will give it back to you at the party.”

“Or you could wear it to the party, whatever works.” He says flashing me a smile before turning to go to the locker room. My eyes widen and I am taken back by his statement.

He turns around one last time and says, “Oh and save me a dance ok.” Then winks.

My jaw drops, next to me Kasey says, “Damion is going to be f\*\*king pissed.” With a stunned expression and tone.

“Yes he is. But, it’s either his jersey or a sticky red mess. I don’t really have a choice.” I say shrugging and walking to the bathroom to change and clean up.

I go into a stall and have Kasey hand me wet paper towels so that I can clean my chest and stomach. I hate the sticky feeling. After I was all cleaned up I put the jersey on and it was huge.

“Kasey do you have a hair tie?” I ask walking out of the stall.

“Yup, here.” She says handing me one from her wrist.

“Thanks.” I say while tying the jersey so it is in a little knot on my left hip. After, I check myself in the mirror and nod. I put my dirty shirt in my purse before walking out.

I follow Kasey as we sit in the fifth row of the student section. We actually got really good seats even though it’s packed. Now, we are just waiting for the game to start and saying hi to a few

people. I see Ms. Frizzle, Franky, and later I wave to Coach when he and the team walk on the field for warmups.

We see Blake come out with the rest of the guys and he looks for us in the stands. Finally, he finds us and waves. We both wave back and he blows a k\*ss at us. In response, we both gag and he rolls his eyes.

A few minutes go by and the game is about to start. Everyone is cheering and the guys are putting their helmets on. Jared looks up to me and waves. I awkwardly wave back.

That's when I see him.

Damion is quarterback, so he walks over to the middle and goes to put his helmet on, he stops in mid air. Then, he looks around and his eyes land on me. For a second he looks relieved I am there and I give him a soft smile. That relieved expression didn't last long, his eyes dip down to my shirt and he looks pissed.

"Uh, oh." Kasey mutter from beside me.

As soon as those words leave her mouth, Damion is angrily walking across the field. His coach, Mr. T, starts yelling at him to get back on the field but he ignores him. Everyone starts looking at him as he makes his way to the stands.

"Ah, shit." mutter as my eyes follow him. People start whispering and asking what he's doing around me. Basically, everyone is confused. [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

He never falters in his step, and soon he is walking directly towards me. My eyes widen and I look around to see if anyone is going to stop him, aaaaand the answer is no.

**H**e stops in front of me, "Get up." He demands.

I look to my right and then my left, the whole field is watching us. I mean teachers, players, parents, coaches, everyone. He is causing a total scene.

In hopes of not causing even more of a scene, I do as he asks. Slowly, I rise to my feet. I am not even

fully standing when he ducks down, warps his arms around my legs, and once again I find myself over his shoulder. I let out a little scream because I wasn't expecting it.

He starts walking away from my seat and finally, my mind catches up to my b\*dy, "Damion! Damion, put me down!" I whisper yell. I am trying to be quiet, but it is dead silent in the crowd so most of them probably heard me.

“Damion, people are looking!” I continue to whisper yell. He doesn’t respond, he just keeps walking. We are at the end of the stands for our side and I make eye contact with Mr and Mrs Cruz. They are just as stunned as everyone, and they too don’t make a move to stop their son.

He makes his way down the ramp that leads up to the stand and around the corner to the locker rooms. He still hasn’t said a word.

“Damion! What the hell are you doing!” I fully yell this time.

He brings me all the way into the locker room, and walks to the one that I assume is his.

“Damion, I am not allowed in here.” I say.

After what feels like forever, he sets me down in front of him and gets right in my face. I stumble back, but his hands find my waist and pull me into him.

“Take it off.” He demands in a low voice.

“What?” I ask breathlessly.

“I said, be a good girl and take. It. Off.”

I now realize that he means the jersey. The problem is I literally only have a bra on, “I can’t take it off.” I say looking down.