

His Sweetheart Luna by Elmer Novel Full Episode

Chapter 51

Chapter 51

Lee isn't in the bathroom anymore. I don't know where she is. I look through the crowd, but no luck.

I feel a tap on my shoulder, when I turn around Connor is standing there with a worried expression. He is a freshman and newby wolf.

"Blake, said to come tell you that he took the Luna to your truck." He says.

"Thanks, Connor." I say while pushing past him to find her.

I make my way out of the house and down the block. I see my truck, finally and I walk to the bed. Lee is sitting there with a blank expression and tears running down her face as Blake rubs her back.

Her feelings hit me like I f**king train.

"Lee." I say softly as I walk up to her.

She looks up and me, "Let's take you home." I say. She looks back to down and nods.

I go to pick her up, "Is it ok if I touch you?" I ask quietly. She nods again..

Carefully, I pick her up bridal style and put her into the passenger seat. I walk around the back and see Blake standing there with an angry expression.

"Where is he?" He demands.

"Max and War took him to the cells. You can all have a go, but nob*dy kills him but me. Got it?"

He nods and turns to leave before he turns back around, "Take care of her."

I nod, "I will." He takes out his keys and gets in his truck, I watch him speed down the road before I get in with Lee. I start the car and look over to her, she doesn't look at me.

I drive her home and help her get to her room. When I turn the lights on I/stubble back.

There is a bruise in the shape of a hand print on her n*eck. I surge forward to look at it, that was a mistake.

She jumps back a little and I stop in my tracks.

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“I’m sorry, I just want to look at your n*eck and make sure your not hurt. But only if your comfortable with that.” I kneel down by her bed where she is sitting and she once again nods.

I tilt her head up with my hand and my breathing hitches. There is a purple, green, and blue bruise on her.

“Did he hurt you anywhere else?” I ask.

She stands up and slides her dress off so that she is standing n*ked in front of me. I was a little taken back because I didn’t expect it. I open my mouth to tell her to no, but I stop when I see hand prints on her left thigh and little bruises on her hips.

My heart breaks a little and my eyes tear up, “I’m so sorry.”

-She looks up at me, “Why are you sorry?”

“Because I left. I f**king left and I shouldn’t have.” I say as tear sl*ps down my cheek. The last time I cried was when she left town. It tore me apart... this is worse.

“It wasn’t your fault, you stopped him.” She says walking towards me.

I slowly reach up to grab her face and she comes closer to me, “He will never hurt you again, I promise.” She nods.

Wait, where are her....

“Lee, where are your underwear?” I ask.

She looks down like she is ashamed of herself, “I’m sorry.” She mumbles.

“No, no you don’t have anything to be sorry for.”

“I was t-trying to fight, I promise. He was s-so strong and I was d-drunk. I tried, I tried.” She cries. I pull her into a hug and let her cry, then I pick her up and set her on my lap while she cries. After awhile it stops and we sit in silence.

“What will happen to him?” She whispers.

“He will go away.” I say.

She looks up at me with a confused face, “Go away?”.

“Yes.” Is all I say.

“How?”

“I can’t tell you that, but I can promise he will.”

“Ok.” She mumbles.

I wait a few moments, “Do you want to go to the police?” I ask. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

She shakes her head no.

“He won’t be charged if you don’t. I’m not trying to force you, it is your decision.”

She sighs, “Ok, but in the morning. I can’t do it now.”

“Alright. Come on, lets run you a shower.” I say while standing and carrying her to the bathroom.

I grab a towel and set it on the counter before I set her down, “How do you like your showers?”

—“Hot.” She says.

I put it to where it burns my skin, I figured that meant it would be ok for her. My dad always says women have a different definition for hot. He said my moms showers water reminded him of hell.

“It is ready for you, take your time.” I say while walking to leave.

“Where are you going?” She asks quietly.

I turn around to face her with my brows furrowed, “I figured you didn’t want me in here.”

“Stay... please.”

“Lee, are you sure you want me here? I don’t want you to feel uncomfortable.”

She nods, “I want you here.”

“Ok, if you ever want me to leave just let me know and I’ll go.”

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“I know.” She whispers.

She hops off the counter and starts walking to the shower that is already fogging the glass sliding door. She looks back at me, “Aren’t you coming in?”

“No, I want you to feel safe. As much as I hate to say it, I don’t think you would feel safe showering with me.”

Her brows furrow, “Why wouldn’t I feel safe with you?”

“Because you almost... he almost...” I can’t even say it.

“He did. Not you.”

I still don’t move. She sighs, “Please don’t make me shower alone. I feel his hands on my b*dy still a-and...” She starts to cry. [SEARCH THE FINDNOVEL.NET WEBSITE](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

I walk towards her and gently cradle her face, “Hey, shhhh. Don’t cry. I’ll stay and shower, just please don’t cry.” I beg.

She nods and I let her go. Her hands find my jersey and the black shirt I have on under, she lifts them both up about halfway and I lift it over my head the rest of the way. When it’s fully off, I throw it on the floor. Her hands go to my abs and slowly make their way down my b*dy until they reach my belt. She undoes it and unzips and buttons my pants. I pull them down and step out.

We are both standing there n*ked looking at each other, never breaking eye contact.

She grabs my hands and leads me into the shower, once we’re in I turn around and close the door.

When I turn back, she takes a step closer so that our bodies are touching. My dick presses against -her inner thigh, but neither of us react. Her arms go around my n*eck and mine go around her waist.

She steps back so that we are both in the water and touch our foreheads together.

I watch as the water droplets fall down her face, down the valley of her breasts and touch my chest where our bodies meet.

She leans in and softly k*sses my l*ps. I k*ss her back for second and then I pull away, “No.” I mumble.

Her brows furrow, “Why?”

“Because I don’t want to take advantage of you.” I respond.

“Your not taking advantage of me, I want this... I want you.”

“No, you are too fragile right now.” I say shaking my head as our foreheads/are still pressed together and we look into each other’s eyes.

“No. I would never let him make me fragile.” She says as water rolls down her face.

“He bruised me... I have to see what he did to me whenever I look in the mirror. I—I need to feel you, so that when I see those marks I can remember your touch.”

I pause... and then I k*ss her.

Lee’s POV:

His l*ps are slowly moving against mine. My arms are thrown around his n*eck and my fingers are grabbing his hair, softly tugging making him groan into my mouth. His left arm is around my waist, his right is pulling me closer as his hand rests on the center of my back.

The water is mixing with the taste of his l*ps.

He picks up the speed and k*sses me a little faster. His tongue sl*ps into my mouth and grazes mine, I

moan into him. We stay at this pace for awhile before his mouth goes to my jaw and he starts to k*ss and suck my n*eck.

There is a little spot, where my shoulder and n*eck connect. He gives extra attention to that spot. I let out a loud moan because of how good it feels. For some reason that spot is 10x more sensitive than the rest of me.

Something sharp grazes me, but I don’t say anything because it felt amazing.

My hands are still lightly tugging at his hair and pushing his face so that he k*sses that spot harder. Suddenly he pulls away and k*sses my l*ps. It is hard and rough, just the way I like it.

He walks me back and presses me against the shower wall, its cold on my skin but also feels good because the water is so hot. We k*ss each other like we need it to survive. His right hand travels down my b*dy and goes to my thigh. His hand wraps around the back and lifts my leg so that it wraps around his waist. His dick is pressing right against my p**sy.

He dips his head and starts to k*ss my n*eck again, and then my breasts. My fingers scratch his back and I moan as he takes my left n*pple into his mouth. I will not doubt have hickeys all over me, but I want them there. I want to see his marks instead of Jared's.

He stops k*ssing me, grabs me, and pins my back against his front. He starts leaving sloppy k*sses down the left side of my n*eck as his right arm crosses my boobs and grabs my left side. His left arm is crossing my stomach and grabbing my right side.

He k*sses his way to my left shoulder blade, his right hand lets go of my b*dy and reaches for my b*dy wash. He grabs it and opens it with his hands in front of me. I grab my luffa and hold it as he puts some b*dy wash on it. Then, he puts the soap back and grabs the luffa from my hands. He starts washing my b*dy, beginning with my breasts, going down to my stomach, to my p**sy. He then goes around to my back and ass before coming back up and doing my arms. When he has done my whole upper b*dy he moves around to my front and kneels down. He washes my left leg, getting higher and higher. He stops at my upper thigh and then moves to do the same to my right.

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His hair is dripping in front of his face. It looks messy, but he pulls it off.

He stands up and I take the luffa from him. I rinse it off and add more soap to wash him now. I start with his abs and go up to his chest. His whole self is rock solid muscle, I don't know how I'm not drooling right now.

When I'm done with his b*dy I take his right hand and wash his arm, then I do the other. When I get to the side of his n*eck after going his left arm, I move myself to go behind him. His follow me until they can't anymore. I start washing his back with my left hand and my right goes to his right

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arm, sliding down to hold his hand. When I reach his ass, I move to his front again. My hand finds his dick and he groans. He is hard as f**king rock. I wash him and then kneel down to do his legs. When I'm done I pull his hand so that the water I am kneeling under rinses him off. The soap falls down his b*dy until there is no more left. I am still on my knees looking up at him.

My right hand starts to go up his leg until it reaches his dick. I softly grab him and then look up for permission. He nods a little and I start to pump him. His head falls back and he groans.

Soon my l*ps are around his dick. I hollow my cheeks and bob my head as he moans my name. My left hand comes up and massages his balls. His left hand presses against the glass door and his right against the wall.

“f*k, Lee... don’t stop.”

I do as he asks and I feel him twitch in my mouth. He’s close, so close. A few more moments and he cums in my mouth while throwing his head back and moaning. I keep sucking until he’s done..

I swallow him and stand up.

He lightly pushes me against the wall and cages me in with his arms.

“Lee, can I taste you... please?” He asks while putting his forehead on mine.

I nod.

“Thats not enough, I need you to say yes.” He says.

“Yes.” I say without hesitation.

He quickly kneels down and throws my left leg over his shoulder. His mouth is on me faster than I can process. He sucks my clit and I moan while grabbing his hair. He eats me out like he needs me to survive. I love every second of it.

“Damion.” I gasp as he puts a finger in me.

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He moans as he continues to suck on my clit. It makes that tug in my stomach stronger. I start to push his head away because it is too much, but he doesn’t let up. He sucks and nibbles until I come

cum in his mouth. He licks every last drop before coming up to meet me again. I love how much taller he is than me. I mean, I’ve always been tall so the fact that we have such a height difference is a big turn on.

He gives me one last k*ss and then grabs my shampoo before turning me around a washing my hair. He massages my scalp and I groan. When he’s done he turns me around a rinses the soap out. Then, **he** puts some conditioner in his hands and combs through the end of my hair. He rinses that out before washing it again. Now, its his turn.

“Sorry, I only have my shampoo in here.” I whisper to him while stand on my toes and reaching up to scrub his hair.

“I like your shampoo, it smells like you.” He says while his arms circle my waist.

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I look at him and smile.

I rinse his hair and then use conditioner and wash it again. Now, we are both clean. He turns the water off and steps out. He has a great ass, I mean like, the greatest.

He wraps a towel around his waist and then walks over to me and wraps one around my b*dy. Once he moves from in front of me, he walks over to the mirror and wipes it down because it was so foggy.

My breath hitches.

I walk closer to the mirror and lightly touch my n*eck.

Jared’s ugly hand print is still there, but now Damion’s little marks are all over my n*eck and chest.

I see his face in the mirror. He looks full of regret, but I don’t know why.

“What’s wrong?” I ask him while looking at him in the mirror.

“I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have done that.” He says sadly.

I furrow my brows, “What do you mean?”

“I shouldn’t have marked you like that. I am so sorry.” He mumbles while looking at his marks through the mirror, and then looking down filled with shame.

I turn to face him and walk towards him.

“Hey, look at me.” I say cradling his face.

He looks at me with tears in his eyes.

My poor baby.

“You helped me. Now, when I look in the mirror I can think of you instead of him.”

Chapter 54

Chapter 54

He looks at me like he doesn't believe me, "Really?"

I nod, "Yes. I would have told you if I didn't want them."

He gently grabs my face and k*sses me.

"Come on lets get dressed." He says after we break the k*ss.

I nod and we walk out of the bathroom.

When we are in my room, he sits on the bed and I grab some lotion. It is pomegranate and lemon scented, its not too strong to where it's overwhelming, but not so subtle that you don't smell anything. I drop my towel and start applying some to my leg. I feel him staring at me.

"What?" I ask while looking at him.

He smiles softly, "You're beautiful."

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I shyly look away and mumble thank you.

I see him get up and sl*p some boxers on before going back to my bed and sitting on the edge with his elbows resting on his knees, just looking at me.

After I have put lotion on my whole b*dy I grab some pajamas. I put on some S**ier underwear since Damion is here. They are simple black lace, I figured you couldn't go wrong with that. Then, I grabbed a big grey shirt that I think is Luca's.

I turn around and Damion looks at me with a frown.

"What's wrong?" I ask confused.

He gets up and goes to my pajama drawer. He looks inside until he finds a black shirt that is a little bigger than the one I have on now.

He hands to me, "Wear this one."

I furrow my brow and look down at the shirt I have on, "Whats wrong with this one?"

"Its not mine." He says with a pout.

"Awww is poor Damion upset?" I say in a baby voice while grabbing his face and giving his pout a quick peck.

“Yes, so put the shirt on.” He grumbles.

I sigh with a smile and playfully shake my head before taking the shirt I have on, off. I change into his shirt and he gives me a little smile.

I don’t know how he knew that that black shirt was his, but whatever.

“Better?”

“Better,”

Then, I go into the bathroom and put some hair products in and do my skin care routine. When I walk out Damion is glaring at his phone like it kicked his dog.

“Whats up?” I ask while leaning on the bathroom door frame.

He shuts it off and looks up at me, “Nothing. Come here.” He says.

I do as he asks and stand in between his legs.

“You should probably call Luca, and then get some sleep.” He says softly.

“I don’t think I should tell Luca. The less people that know, the better.” I say fidgeting with his fingers. He furrows his brow, “I don’t want to push you, and it is up to you who you tell, but Luca is

your family.”

I think for a few moments, “Ok, but I am going to wait until he gets back from his work trip. If I call him he will come back right away and I don’t want to be a bother.”

“You are not a bother.” He says angrily.

I look at him and don’t really react. My heart flutters a bit though, Jason used to always tell me to not bother him. I know I shouldn’t compare the two, but it’s so hard when Damion is so much better. With him I feel calm and cared for, and with Jason I was always trying to be perfect so that he would like me. God, I don’t even know what I saw in the asshole.

“Do you want me to sleep on the couch?” He asks.

I shake my head, “No, why?”

He sighs, “Lee, you were almost raped tonight. I am trying my best to make you not feel uncomfortable. It’s ok to not want me here, you can tell me.”

I roll my eyes, “Damion, not this again. For the last time you did not try to rape/me. He did. I feel comfortable and safe with you, you don’t have to keep treating me like I’m fragile and I’ll break if you make one wrong move.”

He sighs again, “I just want you to be ok and I don’t want to mess anything up when I just got you.” “Babe, I’m fine. And you won’t mess it up, you treat me better than any guy ever has.”

I gently grab his face so that he looks at me, “You aren’t going to lose me.” I whisper to him.

“Promise?” He asks.

“Cross my heart.”

He nods.

“Come on, let’s go to bed.” I say while going to my side.

He walks over to his and gets under the covers like I am. I plug in my phone and ask him for his so that I can charge it. He thanks me, and I turn off the lights.

I lay my head down on my pillow, but I am soon pulled off and pressed against Damion.

I laugh, “Damion.”

“What? You were too far.”

“Who knew you were so clingy.” I say as I continue laughing and roll over to face him.

It’s dark but I know he’s pouting. I give his lips another quick peck and mumble, “Don’t worry, I like clingy.”