

His Sweetheart Luna Novel

Chapter 14

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I hear Kasey ask about a picture of her boyfriend and my curiosity, and rage, spikes. She opens her phone and after a few moments her face drains of all color. Then Kasey speaks up.

"Who the fuck is that whore he's kissing?" I am shocked.

Blake scolds her for being so vocal, but all I can think about is, Lee. She tells them its her ex best friend and then takes off. Blake and Kasey follow her, and the guys and I are not far behind.

Blake is using her scent to figure out where she is, so are we. All of us stop in our tracks when we hear a voice. The most beautiful voice I have ever heard. Slowly, we walk towards the music room door and peek through the small window on the door.

She is playing the guitar and singing. The song is almost as heartbreaking as her voice, you can hear the betrayal and pain as she sings. Tears are streaming down her face, and she looks so... broken. We are all under her spell though. None of us make a sound. Blake, Max, Warren, and I all feel it though. We are connected so we can all feel each other's sadness as we watch their Luna, and my mate cry because of her broken heart.

As she says the last line I can't help but groan in pain and grab my chest because of the sharp pain in my chest. Our bond is getting stronger, her pain is mine. I can feel it and it hurts like

hell. Her heart belongs to him, and he doesn't even want her.

Just before she looks up, Max pushes me and Warren behind the wall and away from the window so she can't see us.

Blake walks in the door and there is silence. I listen and I can hear her heart beating. Then, I hear the most gut wrenching sound I have ever heard. She lets out a load cry and I feel like I would rather die than keep listening. We are all pained when we look through the small window in the door and see Blake holding her up as she cries in his arms.

It hurts. It hurts like hell when I see her face buried in his neck and him comforting her. I can't tell if it's because I want to be the one who holds her and comforts her, or because she is hurting. My guess is, both. I need her, and I think she needs me too.

I hope she needs me too.

Damion's POV:

After school, we all drove home in silence. Seeing our Luna in pain takes a toll on us all. Even Warren was struggling with the feeling of helplessness.

"I want to kill him." Max says all of a sudden as his eyes change to a glowing yellow.

"I agree. We should kill him. He hurt her. I don't like it. He needs to die." Warren agrees almost immediately. His eyes also change, to a dark, glowing green.

I also think he should die, actually I don't think, I know.

"Find me a name and an address. I don't care where he is." I can feel anger rising as I grip the steering wheel so hard my knuckles turn white.

Both of them snap their heads to me. Then, Warren gets out his phone and says he is texting Blake to see if he knows Jason's full name. Gross, I even hate his name.

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At Damion's House

"MOM! YOU HOME?" I yell as we all walk in the house and into the kitchen.

"YES!" She yells back and walks downstairs.

"What are you guys doing home so early, don't you have football practice?"

"Yeah, we do Aunty Luna, but coach is starting a bit later today than usual since its the first day." Warren responds while digging in the fridge for something to eat. My mom comes over as pushes him out of the way. Then she tells him she will make us a snack to eat before we go.

We eat, change, get our bags, and go to practice.

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I just about pass out when I see Lee on the bleachers talking to Kasey.

"Hey, Loverboy. Your girl is here." Warren says a little to loud.

Fuck. I look over and at least she didn't hear.



A few of the guys turn to me with questioning looks. They are probably confused because I have never had a girlfriend, or kissed a girl, or even showed any interest in a girl before. Honestly, they probably figured I was gay, but really its just because if it wasn't Lee, it wasn't anyone. Thats how it always has, and will be. She's it for me.

"Warren, I swear to fucking God if you don't shut up I will break your neck, and make it look like am accident." He looks at me and doesn't react. He doesn't believe me.

"Football is a contact sport. Accidents happen all. The. Time. Watch your mouth." I say while walking over to him and patting his chest. Now, he looks scared. Perfect.

Practice starts and all I can think about his her. Her laugh, as she talks to Kasey. Her scent, that I catch every time the wind blows. Her eyes, that I get so fucking lost in whenever I look at her.

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