

His Sweetheart Luna Novel

Chapter 10

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The day passes and luckily I haven't had anymore classes with Damion or Max. But, I have had to introduce myself in not one, not two, but three different classes. I literally wanted to kill myself. And to top it off when we switch classes people give me sad looks and keep coming up to me and saying sorry for your loss. Some don't even bother coming up to me, they just whisper behind my back like pussys. I brush it off, but that doesn't mean it doesn't hurt.

Now, I am currently in anatomy with Warren and he insisted on sitting right next to me. And when I say insisted, I mean argued with the teacher and told her that he had to sit next to me, even though we had a seating chart. The entire class, Mrs. Curtis, and myself were all acting like he belonged in a mental hospital, because he did. Who the fuck does that in front of the whole class? To say I was embarrassed would not even begin to cover it. After that I wouldn't look or talk to him.

Thank God Blake wasn't in that class with me. Sadly, Kasey wasn't either. The bell for lunch rang and I packed my stuff up. I knew Warren was following me, he was a little too close for my taste, he was practically breathing down my neck. I was about to ask him what his problem was until someone bumped into me because they were looking at their phone and I wasn't paying attention. I looked up to say sorry, but then the guy was pressed against the lockers by Warren and he demanded he say sorry to me. The guy obviously did because Warren looks

scary as fuck right now. I told him I was sorry as he literally ran away. By now people were staring and quite frankly I didn't care because I was fed up.

"Ok. What the hell was that?" I angrily ask Warren.

He smiles and says, "Just making sure no one messes with you. It's called being friendly." What the hell. Did this bitch just smile when I am clearly pissed off at him?

"This morning you looked like you wanted to kill Blake, and now you just pinned a poor guy up against a locker for bumping into me. That is not friendly, that is kind of stalker-ish." I deadpan.

He all of a sudden looks mad as he says, "Blake just needs to learn his place." His face softens and he smiles, like he regained his clam, "And as for the other guy I was just making sure he was being a gentleman."

I don't feel like arguing with him and I don't think it would help anyways because the guy was clearly crazy, so I just walk away to find Kasey and Blake for lunch. He is still following me, but when I go to my locker he goes to his. Even if it isn't far from mine and he can still see me, I feel a little less on edge.

I put my stuff away and I see Kasey and Blake talking and walking towards me, so I meet them in the middle. They are both a little more at ease, and so am I. After we greet each other and get our lunch, we pick a table.

"So, I believe we were promised a story." Kasey says smiling like my life is the most interesting thing. It will be a complete let down, I made friends who weren't afraid to betray me, I fell

in love with a toxic asshole who liked to control everything I did, and my mother and I were in an accident that gave me a PTSD, nightmares, a sleeping disorder, and a broken heart. But I guess I owe it to them after I didn't tell them I was coming back or talk to them for six years.

I take a deep breathe...

Damion's POV:

I wake up to sunlight coming in through the window. I thought I had closed those last night after my run.

"DAMION! WAKE UP AND COME DOWNSTAIRS!" I hear my mom yell.

I groan and roll over. I completely forgot I had school today. God, I just want to sleep and never have to see anyone ever again. People piss me off too much.

"DAMION!"

Fuck, me.

"OK, I'M COMING!" I yell back as I get up and stretch. Then, I grumpily walk over to the bathroom and hear the front door open. I can tell by their scent its Warren and Max. We always drive to school together because we live so close to each other. Plus, you know, the environment or whatever.

I showered, brushed my teeth, and got dressed. As I walk downstairs I hear people talking and I smell bacon. God, I love bacon, and I am hungry as fuck. I turn the corner into the kitchen and I see Warren, Max, and my mom eating. My dad is the one cooking the bacon.

"Good morning, darling." My mom says with her usual smile.

"Morning." I grumble because I want to go the fuck back to sleep. Everyone just looks at me as I walk over to the table and sit down.

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