

His Sweetheart Luna Novel

Chapter 9

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Before any serious bodily harm was done, I slammed my locker door, grabbed Blake's and Kasey's arm and dragged them into classroom right by the lockers. Fortunately, I knew who's classroom this was and I knew it was my first hour.

We walk in and still Blake's eyes are as wide as saucers, I am slightly breathless, and Kasey looks like she saw a literal ghost. It was good to know I wasn't the only one who was slightly scared of him.

"Blake, Kasey, and- who are you?" I hear a voice ask for behind me. I turn around and see a middle aged man with glasses standing by his desk and the whole class looking at us. His name is Mr. Turner, he was Luca's favorite teacher and football coach. I would usually go to Luca's practices when I was younger and hang out with him because my mom was working. Mr. Turner's face brightens and he gives me a smile. I smile back.

"Well, look who it is. Little Lee, how are you?" He walks towards me and pulls me into a hug. Then, I tell him I'm good and he tells me how glad he is that I and the zoo are back. He doesn't mention my mom which I am over the moon about, especially since the whole class is staring at us.

I recognize most of them, a few I don't. They must have either moved here or transferred from one of the neighboring schools. Hopefully they weren't Jaguars. They are our rivals. Ever since I can remember the Sun Valley Vikings and the

Cobblestone High Jaguars have had a rivalry like no other. I don't know how it started, all I know is the two always clash heads. Teachers, administrators, and students from both schools have no problem trash talking the other. I for one, am excited to finally be a Viking like I always thought I would.

Focus, Lee.

I am taken from my ADD spiral when Mr. T tells us all to take our seats, so I start to move and realize that Kasey and Blake haven't even made a noise or moved a muscle. I turn round and grab one of each of their hands and walk to the third to last row, trying to ignore the questioning stares of the new kids, and pitiful looks of the ones I grew up with.

The table I walk to has three seats, perfect. I guide Blake to one seat and Kasey to the other because they still look petrified. As I sit down, I let out a breathe and start to look at the syllabus that was in front of all of us.

The door opens, I figure it is someone else who is late, so I don't look up. Then the teacher asks Damion, Max, and Warren why they are late and my eyes widen and my head snaps up to see that they are all already looking at me. They don't look mad at me, but they don't look happy with me either. They do however look like they want to kill Blake still. He is still spaced out and looks like he is a second away from passing out. Warren tells the teacher some dumb excuse and they walk back to sit two rows behind us. I can feel their glares from here and I hate it. If they stare any harder I am going to get a whole in my head. That would be extremely unattractive.

That is when I look over and I see Blake's hand on his lap start

to shake. When we were younger it would do that when he got nervous or scared. I would always hold his hand so that he knew it wasn't alone.

I reach out and put my hand on top of his. He snaps out of it and at the same time, I hear quiet growls from behind me. I look at Kasey and Blake with wide eyes and they are both looking at each other. Ummm, did I hear that shit right?

"What the fuck was that?" I whisper to Kasey. She looks at Blakes and then back to me.

"The school is haunted." She quickly tells me and snaps her head forward. She always was a terrible liar. I notice Blake is looking scared again so, I squeeze his hand and continue to hold it. I hear a chair screech behind me, like someone stood up. I, along with the whole class turn around and see a VERY angry Damion being held down in his seat by Max and Warren. I have never been more confused in my entire life than I am right now. Based on the other kids faces, I'd say they feel the same way. Mr. Turner just tells Damion to calm down and sit down like he's used to it or something.

This whole situation is weird because he never used to be so angry. Now cold, distant, and a bit of an ass, definitely. Angry, no. He was always so calm.

He sits down and glares at me. Slowly, we all turn back to the front of the class and I let go of Blake's hand and try to focus on Mr. T.