

Chasing His Kickass Luna Back Chapter 10

Chapter 10 – The Threat

Abby

I'm not sure what I was expecting, but it's definitely not the look that crosses his face. His smile falls,

replaced quickly by a frown. He looks genuinely confused, but I force myself not to read too much into

it. He could just be faking it. I'm sure his time as an Alpha has taught him a thing or two about acting.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he says. He sounds genuine, but I don't trust him enough to

believe he actually is. Not anymore.

He sits on the edge of his desk and his muscles bulge as he adjusts his seat. His suit jacket lies draped

across the chair behind him, and his white dress shirt strains as he sits, contouring to his sculpted arms

and chest. He crosses his long legs out in front of him.

It's hard not to be a little distracted by him. I can feel myself being drawn to him, like two magnets.

Something in me just wants to cross the room and sink into his muscular arms. I want to feel his lips on

mine and his soft hair between my fingers. It was always like that between us, with so much tenderness

and passion. It hurts all over again to know none of that tenderness will ever exist again.

"You don't know what I'm talking about?" I say, desperate to keep the anger alive. Even if he looks

great sitting there like that, I'm not going to let him distract me. "My store got shut down today! You

came into my restaurant the other night, and now I'm out of business for a month. All because I didn't

give you a timely reservation?!"

His frown deepens, and he narrows his eyes at me. "So, I'm a shameless villain in your mind, is that

it?" The way he says it sets my teeth on edge.

He rubs his temples, and I know that means he's got a terrible headache. He's always had bad ones. I

used to sit up at night with his head in my lap, holding a cold cloth to his forehead. I wonder if Tiffany

does that for him now, or if he's all alone with his pain. Neither option really sits well with me.

"Even if I wanted to do something in retaliation," he continues. "I would have been open and honest

about it. I wouldn't have stabbed you in the back." I can tell by the look on his face that he's genuinely

offended.

"Then how do you explain the timing of it?" I say, not budging from my stance. "Or is it just a

coincidence?"

He looks up at me, his eyes slightly bloodshot. "Yes, that's probably how I'd explain it."

"You're just showing off your powers," I continue, ignoring him completely. He will not win any of my

sympathy, not now. "You're trying to dominate me! You're trying to tell me that my restaurant career is

worthless to you!”

The minute I say it, I know that’s the part that hurts the most. As usual, Karl can’t find it in himself to

take my work seriously. To him, it’s probably just a silly little business, but to me, it’s my entire world. It’s

the one thing I’ve built for myself, the one good thing that came out of the divorce, and now he’s trying

to take that from me.

He doesn’t respond for a moment, his eyebrows furrowed. I brace myself. He always gets really silent

before he gets really angry. It’s his tell. But I will not cower. Things have changed, and I’m not afraid of

him anymore.

His expression smooths out a moment later, and he looks away from me. I’m a little shocked he

managed to get his anger under control so quickly. He was never great at that.

“I asked you here to reconcile with you,” he says softly. “Our divorce was a mistake. Why would I do

something that would be detrimental to your interests?”

I’m shocked into silence. For a moment, I think he’s messing with me, but then he looks up to meet my

eyes and I know he’s not lying. It’s written all over his face. And I know him. When he says he’s

straightforward, he means it. He’s never been the type to sneak around behind someone’s back. His

integrity was one of the things I always loved most about him.

“I don’t care why you divorced me,” I finally say, “that’s in the past.” I’m not sure I believe it, but it

seems like the safest thing to say right now. I can’t deal with the rest of it right now, not on top of

everything else. “My restaurant is all that matters.”

I decide it’s best not to respond to the whole reconciling thing. It’s going to take a lot longer than a few

minutes for me to wrap my head around that. He can’t mean that he wants to get back together, can

he? Not after everything?

“Come on, sit down,” he says, standing up from his place against the desk. “We’ll figure this out.”

I don’t budge, and his eyebrows go up.

“Are you going to fight me on everything?” He sits down behind his desk and reaches for his phone.

“Probably,” I say, but I cross the room and sit down with a sigh. I lean back into the plush beige chair

and glance around at his office. It’s bare. No personal effects, no books. Nothing that says anything

about who he is as a person. Frankly, it’s cold.

The walls are white. The hardwood gleams, but there’s no rug to offer some sort of comfort or warmth.

The beige curtains are pulled back from the windows, letting in the harsh sunlight. I decorated his old

office, and it had so much more life. I find it hard to believe that he likes this vacant space more.

“Abby,” he says. I look up at him. He has the phone in his hand, but he hasn’t reached to dial a number

yet.

He calls his subordinates, and I close my eyes, letting the sun's warmth wash over my face. I take a

deep breath. Don't worry, I tell myself. This is all going to figure itself out.

I nod, and even though I don't want to, I feel a little comforted. With Karl helping me, I should be able to

get my restaurant up and running again before the weekend is out. That's one of the perks of being an

Alpha. You have influence with just about every authority figure in the city. If he's serious about helping

me, that is. I'm still not sure what to think.

A part of me is still reluctant to believe that he wants to make things right between us, but if he helps

me get my restaurant back, then maybe that's a good first step. At least it would show that he's not the

one trying to sabotage me. As far as reconciling goes, that's something I don't even have the energy to

deal with right now. I need time to think.

He says, "We'll get to the bottom of this, don't worry."

Tags:

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