

Chasing His Kickass Luna Back Chapter 1

Chapter 1 – Brand New Life

Abby

“If you want to meet with the Alpha, you’ll have to book ahead of time. And he’s booked out for three months.”

The cool words of Karl’s secretary run through my mind for the millionth time. I tried reminding her he’s

also my husband, but it didn’t matter.

He’s been so busy with work that I haven’t spoken to him in a month. But it’s finally Christmas and all

the Alphas are expected to be home celebrating with their families.

I stop in front of the mirror one last time, just to make sure everything’s perfect. I run my fingers through

my silky black hair, marveling at the new color. He loves black hair, so I decided to surprise him. I’m

wearing a red lingerie set I bought especially for tonight and red lipstick to match.

I feel Karl’s presence, and turn to look at him, a wide smile already on my face. I have to resist the urge

to run across the room and jump into his arms.

His expression is unreadable. His brown eyes meet mine, but there’s none of the usual warmth when

he looks at me.

“What’s wrong?” I ask, taking a step forward. His eyes sweep over me, but he doesn’t comment on

what I'm wearing, or my hair.

"Abby." His voice is harsh, and I shrink back a little.

"Let's get a divorce."

Three Years Later

"Hey, Abby."

I smile at my restaurant manager, Olivia. "Hey, how are things going out here?" I walk around the front

desk to stand beside her.

"Another busy night, it seems."

I look around at the packed restaurant. "Sure, is."

A sudden feeling of pride flows through me. When I started here, hardly anyone knew about this place.

Now it's one of the most popular eateries in the capital, all thanks to me and my team.

My best friend Chloe walks in with her friend, Jennine, her smile widening at the sight of me behind the

counter. She walks up and nods hello to Olivia.

"Look at you." Chloe practically beams with excitement, and I can't help but grin. "If he could see you

now." I don't have to ask to know she's talking about Karl.

It's been three years since the divorce. At first, I didn't know what I was going to do. I felt lost without

my role as Luna, but now I own a restaurant and I'm a chef. It might not be what I expected, but I'm

happy.

“He’d go crazy if he saw you like this,” Chloe continues. He certainly would. I don’t think he’d be able to

handle knowing that his ex-wife is doing what I’m doing. But he gave up his right to dictate my life when

he ended our marriage without warning.

The door opens, and Emily enters. The minute she sees me behind the desk, a sympathetic look

crosses her face. I know she enjoys seeing me like this, but I plaster on my best customer-service

smile.

“Hi Emily, how are you?”

Her husband enters behind her, his gaze locked on his phone.

“Good dear,” she says. She lifts her hand to adjust her bangs, a diamond tennis bracelet glinting on her

wrist. Emily is outrageously wealthy. We knew each other back when we were both Luna, and I know

she just comes in here to see me is all my ‘misery.’

“Oh, just the regular for us, dear,” she says. She’s taken to calling me dear now that I’m a restaurant

owner and not a Luna like her. It’s always said with pity, but I don’t let it get to me.

I return with their drinks moments later, placing them carefully on the table. Emily takes a sip and

smiles up at me.

“Who would have thought we’d end up here?” I know she really means me and not ‘we,’ but I just nod

my head. “Abby, the envy of the town, now a waitress.” I don’t bother pointing out that I’m the owner

and chef.

“Who ever thought that after divorcing Karl, you’d end up a staff member?” She’s got that fake

sympathetic smile back on her face. I know what she’s thinking. Poor Abby, abandoned by Karl.

“I certainly am a little envious,” I say, glancing at her husband. A smug look crosses her face.

I know that one reason, if not the main reason, she comes in here is that she enjoys seeing me like

this. I’ve used that to my advantage. My former role as Karl’s wife has allowed me to turn this

restaurant into a place where the elite gather.

“Your waiter will be right with you,” I say with a diplomatic smile. “I’m here if you need anything.” I

retreat to the counter when she waves me off.

This restaurant is the first thing I’ve owned. The first thing that’s truly mine, and a few mean comments

can’t take that away from me. I know she’ll be back, eager to watch my downfall. From Luna to a mere

chef—but I don’t mind.

The room is packed with all the wealthy people I used to run in the same circles with. I know where

they like to sit, their tastes, what they usually order to eat and drink. All the qualities that made me a

good Luna have made me great at my job.

A man in a tailored suit walks in, his dress shoes shining in the restaurant lights. He approaches the

counter and I give him a welcoming smile.

“Hi, how can I help you today?” I ask. I’ve never seen him before, but he certainly looks important.

“I want to book this restaurant,” he says.

I glance at the books and frown. “I’m sorry, Sir, but we’re fully booked for the week. You’ll have to wait

until next week.”

He frowns and takes a somewhat menacing step forward. “Don’t you know who I am?” he seethes. My

eyebrows go up. “My boss is Karl from the Moon River pack, one of the most powerful Alphas. Are you

sure you don’t want to reconsider?”

I step around the counter and smile at him, my hands clasped in front of me. “Tell Karl that I’m the

boss. If he needs anything, he can make an appointment with my restaurant manager.” I nod at Olivia,

who smiles.

The man shakes his head. “Are you sure about this? Do you know his background?”

I know only too well, but I just raise an eyebrow. “If it’s Karl, his appointment will be scheduled in three

months.”

I turn and walk back through the restaurant, leaving Olivia to deal with him. I push into the kitchen and

breathe in the scent of cooking food, a satisfied smile overtaking my face.
Maybe it wasn't the most

mature thing to do, but I couldn't help myself.

It's time Karl gets a taste of his own medicine.

Tags:

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