

Chasing His Kickass Luna Back Chapter 11

Chapter 11 – Warning

Abby

Karl hands me the report, his expression unreadable. I can feel his gaze on me as I pick up the stack of

papers and scan the first page.

“That’s everything my people could find,” he says.

I look up at him and nod.

It took an hour to get the report, and we spent most of it in tense silence. His staff brought in tea, which

we both drank quietly, his with Kahlua, mine black. Then he had to take a few calls while I sat and

pretended not to listen. The worst, though, was when he ran out of things to do, and we just stared at

each other across the desk for ten minutes.

I could tell, with every passing minute, that he wanted to bring up what he said about reconciling.

Thankfully, he didn’t. He could probably pick up on the fact that I wasn’t in the most receptive mood. I’m

more than happy to put that conversation off for as long as possible. Even with all that quiet time to

think, I still don’t know how I feel about it. About him.

He falls silent as I read, and I can feel him looking at me. I do my best to ignore the weight of his gaze,

but it makes me shift a bit in my seat. Even now, the full intensity of his attention makes me want to

squirm. He's always had that effect on people, but it's been a while since I've been on the receiving

end.

When I'm done reading, I look up at him. "So, it wasn't you."

"It wasn't me."

Even though he probably deserves an apology, I can't seem to bring myself to give him one. Sure, I

might have come storming in here with zero evidence and a bit of a vendetta, but we haven't been on

the best of terms for a while now. He can't really blame me for thinking it was him. Wouldn't he suspect

me too if something like this happened to him?

"I can't believe this," I say, dropping the report back down on the desk when I'm done reading. The

information takes a moment to sink in. "Another restaurant complained about me?"

He nods.

I stand up and walk away from the desk, running my hands through my hair. I can't believe this. Why

would they complain about me? I've never had any issues with them before.

"They were clever about it," he says. He watches me pace back and forth across the room, his

eyebrows slightly raised. "They paid off a bunch of regulators. It wasn't easy to find out the truth about

what happened."

"I guess your people are good at what they do."

“The best,” he says, pride slipping into his voice. I can’t help but think the Moon River pack is lucky.

They have an Alpha that truly cares about them. He takes genuine pride in what his people accomplish.

He was good at his job before, but I can see that he’s really grown into his role.

“What am I going to do?” I stop in front of his desk and wring my hands. “I didn’t think we were even

targeting the same customers.”

He shrugs. “When there’s a conflict of interest, there’s a conflict of interest.”

“I’ll go after them.”

“No need,” he says as he finally stands from his chair. He rounds the desk and stops in front of me. I

have to tilt my head back to look into his eyes. He’s so much taller than me. The top of my head just

barely reaches his chin.

“What?” I say, a little dazed.

“I’m going to take care of this for you.” He places his hand on my shoulder and gives it a reassuring

squeeze. A distant part of me demands that I shake off his arm. After all, it’s not really his place to

comfort me. But, for whatever reason, I just can’t do it. I don’t want to. It feels good to let him handle

this for me, to have someone take care of me for once.

I nod. “Alright.”

“But you have to promise we’ll have a serious conversation. The minute this is all figured out.”

I bite my lip. It's not a conversation I'm keen on having, but if he's helping me with this, I don't really

have the right to refuse. Talking to him is the least I can do if he helps me get my restaurant back.

"What if I say no?" I ask, just to test the waters. "What if I don't need your help? My restaurant has its

own PR person." Not as effective as an Alpha, but still true. Theoretically, I could figure this out without

him.

"I'll get it done in 30 minutes," he says. "You'll be able to open today without losing a single

reservation."

I'm a little dumbfounded. I thought for sure I'd be out of business for at least a few days. He's certainly

made it impossible to refuse his help.

"Okay, you have a deal."

The minute Abby leaves, Karl teleports to a house across town. It's nowhere near as large as his, but

it's clear the owner does well for himself. The neighborhood is nice, lined with towering oaks and well-

kept lawns, and there's a sleek black Jag parked out front of the townhouse when he arrives.

He pounds on the door, and a few minutes later it opens. The man has a bewildered look on his face as

he watches Karl shove his way into the front hall.

"Excuse me?" the man splutters. "You can't just come in here."

Karl walks to the back of the house where it opens into a well-lit seating area. He spins around and

pins the man with a glare.

“You own The Crystal Palace, don’t you?”

“Yes.” “You lodged a complaint against The Chase earlier today.”

“How...”

Karl snarls at him, and the man backs up a few steps, a horrified look on his face. It seems to dawn on

him slowly who the man looming above him is, and that’s Karl’s not the kind of person he wants to

mess with.

“If you ever attack Abby’s restaurant again, I will destroy you. Your entire business, and the officers of

your dirty dealings, will have quite the string of bad luck.” The man opens his mouth to speak, but Karl

growls at him and he wisely clamps his mouth shut.

“That isn’t a threat,” Karl growls. “It’s a promise.”

“You’re the Alpha of the Moon River back,” the man says, somehow finding the courage to speak. Karl

bristles with anger. “Isn’t Abby your ex-wife? How is this your concern?”

Karl raises an eyebrow and stalks forward. The man shrinks back a little, his hands shaking. One

heartbeat could have Karl’s wolf upon him. The man seems to know it, and he holds very still as Karl

quietly considers him.

“Don’t test me.” Karl leans away and straightens the lapels of his suit jacket. “It’s entirely my concern.

She’s my future wife.”

“Alpha—”

Karl grabs the man by the collar, cutting him off. “And I think you owe her an apology.”

He and Abby might not be together at the moment, but no one messes with her and gets away with it.

His wolf snarls in agreement. Wherever they stand, it’s his job to make sure no one ever disrespects

her.

The man tries to pull away, but Karl tightens his hold. “I wonder if she’ll be impressed by you.” He

laughs a little. “Though I wouldn’t count on it.”

Tags:

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Chasing His Kickass Luna Back Chapter 12

Posted by

Chapter 12 – Feel Jealous

Abby

A cool breeze drifts in through the kitchen window, and I cross the room to peer outside. I live on the

top floor of my building, and I’ve got a great view of a nearby park. Standing at the window, I can hear

the whoosh of the wind, and shouts down on the street.

I've been waiting to hear from Karl, but he hasn't called yet. I need to know if my restaurant can open

tonight, so I can get started on everything. The more time that passes, the more tense I become. I

spent the past fifteen minutes staring at the phone, but like a watched pot, staring at it just made it less

likely to ever ring.

My door buzzes, shocking me from my stupor. I cross the bright space and down a narrow hall to the

door.

I press the button and lean in close. "Hello?"

"Abby, it's Karl. Mind if I come up?"

I don't answer for a moment. I didn't exactly tell him where I live, but I guess I didn't have to. With all

those investigators working for him, I'm sure he knows everything about my life here. As much as I

want to refuse, I don't think it will deter him.

"Sure."

Of course, he couldn't just call.

I press the button to let him in and open my front door. There are only five floors, and it doesn't take

long before I hear his footsteps on the stairs. He rounds the corner and smiles when he sees me

standing in the doorway. He's holding a man by the collar, and he shoves him ahead.

"What are you doing here?" I turn to eye the man with him. "Who's your friend?"

“Oh him?” Karl shoves the man to his knees in front of me. He looks up at Karl with wide eyes, then

turns to me with a pleading look.

“Go on,” Karl says.

“I’m very sorry Abby.” He looks up at me, and I have a hard time meeting his gaze. “I own The Crystal

Palace. I’m the one who made a complaint against your restaurant.”

“Oh.”

Karl snarls at him.

“I’m going to make it right, and it won’t ever happen again.”

He gives Karl a terrified look. Karl just looks at me, waiting for my response.

“Alright, I appreciate the apology.” I turn to Karl. “I think you can let him go.”

Karl shrugs, and the man jumps to his feet. “Sorry again,” he says, then he scrambles away, his

shoulders curled in. Karl watches him jog down the stairs, a smug look on his face.

“Was that really necessary?” I ask, folding my arms over my chest.

Karl turns back to me. “He owed you an apology.”

“You don’t think you might have taken it a bit too far?” It’s just like him to blow things out of proportion.

He just shakes his head. “Can I come in?” he asks, looking past me into the apartment. “You promised

me a talk.”

I sigh but step out of the way. He wanders down the hall to the living room and I trail after him.

“Feel free to sit,” I say, gesturing to the green couch and the brown leather armchairs. He perches on

the edge of one of the chairs and I take the couch.

“What did you want to talk to me about?” I ask. “I don’t think it’s really a good idea to contact your ex-

wife after a divorce.”

He looks over at me, his expression unreadable. “I’m here on behalf of the pack for the Alpha party.”

My eyebrows go up. “Is that so?”

He nods. “How have you been the past few years?” The sudden change of subject makes me feel like

I’ve got whiplash. So much for discussing the Alpha party.

He looks around the apartment, taking it in for the first time. It’s not very large, but it’s a nice place. The

walls are white, and a few large windows look out at the street. The living room opens directly into the

kitchen, and last winter I painted the cabinets a soft yellow to make the room cheerier. Cookbooks sit in

neat rows on the marble counter.

I’ve got paintings on the wall and soft Persian carpets on the floor. My kitchen is fully stocked, and an

exposed shelf shows off my best pots and pans. It’s not much, not compared to our old villa, but it’s

mine and I love how cozy it is.

“I’ve been fine,” I say. “Good.”

He nods. “Nice place.”

I can't tell if he really means it, but I don't have the nerve to ask. "Yeah, I like it."

He nods again, turning back to me. "And you've got a restaurant."

"Yeah, I've got a restaurant." I force a smile. "It's doing really well."

Of course, it's never that simple. A lot of things haven't gone well, but that's just the nature of working

in the food business. Opening a new restaurant and being successful at it is incredibly hard, and many

people can't make it work. I've had to put all of myself into it to get the results I've gotten. But there's no

reason for Karl to know all that.

"Good, that's good."

The awkwardness makes the air set heavy around us. I almost wish he'd get straight to the point,

rather than making polite chit-chat with me. We were never ones for small talk even when we were

together, and it feels especially forced now.

"Aren't you curious about how I'm doing?" he asks after a stretch of silence.

I can't help but cringe a little. I've avoided any mention of him since the divorce. If he's on the TV, I

don't watch. If he's attending a social event, I stay away from the media. I've had no interest in

watching him live his perfect life without me.

"It doesn't make sense for me to care about you," I say, deciding that I should just be honest. "I just

need to get on with my life. And come on, you're the Alpha. You can have anything you want."

He frowns. "I wish I could move on like you have, but it's not so easy. Especially when I regret the novelbin

decision I made three years ago."

Seriously, he's going to come in here and talk about regret after everything? Has he forgotten that he's

the one who moved on without a thought? Without even an explanation.

"Regret?" I can't help but roll my eyes. "After you brought your new wife to my restaurant? What exactly

do you regret?"

He stares at me for a moment, then laughs. "Oh, Abby." He leans toward me, his knees mere inches

from mine. "Are you jealous?"

I can't help it. His scent scrambles my mind. The aggression in it makes me a little dizzy, and I force

myself to lean away from him.

"No, not at all," I say, trying to get a handle on myself.

He leans back in the chair and smiles a grim smile. "Tiffany's my cousin, not my wife."

His cousin? Last I heard, she was studying abroad somewhere. We never met when I was married to

Karl. "Oh."

"So, no new wives for me."

I nod, looking away from him. Not for the first time I wish he would just leave me alone. I hate how my

heart speeds up at his words, that a small part of me feels glee at the fact that he isn't married, that the

beautiful, perfect woman he's been going around with is just a member of his family. I need to get him

out of here before I do something I'll regret.

"I'm not really interested in reminiscing," I say, forcing myself to look at him again. His brows pull

together. "I have a restaurant to run, and I'm very busy." I stand up and gesture toward the door. "I need

to leave, and you should, too."

He stands up and adjusts the creases in his suit. "I'm not having a good time," he says, taking a step

toward me. I know it shouldn't, but the low note in his voice tugs on my heartstrings a little. "Is it

possible for us to start over?"

I shake my head, surprised at my sudden desire to cry. Where was this guy three years ago? Doesn't

he understand that it's too late now? He broke my heart.

"No, it's not possible."

I pull my necklace out from around my neck and show it to him. He takes an involuntary step back, and

I can practically see him shutting down his emotions, one by one, as he stares at the diamond ring.

"I'm engaged."

Chasing His Kickass Luna Back Chapter 13

Chapter 13 – Engagement

Abby

He looms over me, his jaw clenched. His anger seems to win out over his attempt to shield his

emotions from me. The sheer power radiating off him makes me want to back down and submit to him.

I shake my head to clear my thoughts and take a step back. He might be an Alpha, but that doesn't

mean I should let him get away with everything. I don't need to submit to him, and I have no intention of

doing so ever again. If he thinks he can intimidate me, he's wrong. I stand up straighter and stare him

in the eye.

"Engaged?" he snarls. "To whom?"

I cross my arms, creating a further barrier between us. I refuse to back down. "His name's Adam

Mitchell, and he's great. He's my partner, and he really cares about me. No matter what, he believes in

me. He thinks I'm competent and loyal."

I only say the last part to get under his skin, but I can't help myself. It's not like he doesn't deserve it

after everything.

Karl growls in answer, and unease pools in my gut. I have a feeling that the growl came from his wolf

more than anything. He turns away and runs his hands through his hair, clearly trying to get a grip on

his anger. I wait quietly for him to sort himself out.

I was just as surprised when Adam proposed to me, but I haven't second guessed my answer. Even

though we haven't been going out for very long, I really like him. I think we could be really good

together, and we have time to get to know each other, anyway. Things move fast in our world, and we

both want the same things. That's what really matters.

"Did you say Adam Mitchell?" he finally says, turning to look at me again. His expression has smoothed

out, but there's a sort of blankness to it. He's trying to keep me out. Though, I can't help but wonder if

it's really hurt that he's trying to mask, not his fury.

"Yes?"

"S hit, I know him." He shakes his head. "He's the latest restaurant investor to make a name for

himself."

"His investment in your pack should make you a fortune as well," I say. "If you're good to me, that is.

You should give me your blessing to start a new life." I'm not really expecting him to do so, but I figure it

doesn't hurt to ask. It would certainly make life easier if he did give me his blessing.

He shakes his head with a dry laugh. "I'm not interested in a business deal, but thanks."

I'm not sure why he thinks he has the right to sound so bitter. Shouldn't I be the bitter one? It's been

three years. Three years. Why is he doing this now, after all this time?

"I don't know what to tell you, Karl. I'm happy with my new life."

He takes a sudden step toward me, a pleading look in his eyes. "Let's just start over," he says, reaching

for my hand. I move my arms behind my back, and he drops his to his side. "I can do better than him."

Maybe this isn't even about me. He just can't stand the thought of another man having something that

'belongs' to him. I can't believe he thought I'd take him back after everything. It's not as simple as just

starting over. I still don't even know why he left me in the first place.

"We can't go back to the past," I say. "I can't focus all of my energy on you like I did back then. If you

didn't believe in me before, then what about now? It's even less likely."

I know he'll never approve of my restaurant business. He hated when I cooked just for fun, let alone as

a career. He must know that I have no intention of giving up the thing I love, especially just to get back

with him. And how am I supposed to trust that he won't just leave me again? With no explanation. With

nothing.

"We can start over."

I shake my head and soften my expression. "No, I don't think we can."

When I get home that night, I'm exhausted. As usual, the restaurant was packed, and I spent the night

running around. I can't wait to get off my feet and watch TV for a while.

Adam is lounging on the couch when I walk in. He looks up at me and smiles, his blue eyes softening.

"Hey babe," he says, opening his arms to me.

“Hey.” I sink into his embrace and rest my head against his chest. Today has been an emotional

rollercoaster, and I can’t wait to get to bed so I can put it all behind me. All night, I couldn’t get the look

on Karl’s face out of my mind. Before the anger, I could have sworn there was a flash of hurt.

“You okay?”

“Yeah,” I sigh. “It’s just been a long day.”

“Did something happen?”

I wrap my arms around his torso and close my eyes. His body is warm, and I have the feeling that if I sit

too long like this, he’ll have to carry me to bed sooner rather than later. It feels like I could sleep for an

eternity.

“Karl, my ex-husband, came by today,” I say tiredly. Adam stiffens slightly but waits for me to finish

talking. “Things are a little tense between us.”

He shrugs. “So, you haven’t seen him in a while. I think a little tension makes sense.”

“Yeah, you’re probably right.”

He squeezes my shoulder. “So, I found this new restaurant I think I’d like to invest in. We should check

it out sometime. I’d really like your opinion.”

He starts to tell me about the restaurant, but I can barely pay attention. There’s a tightness in my chest

that just gets worse and worse the longer I sit with him. I wanted to talk to someone about how tired

and confused I've been, but Adam clearly wasn't the right choice. He's more interested in work.

When he's done telling me about the restaurant, I stand up and wander into the kitchen. I grab my

phone and dial Leah's number, walking into the bedroom so I have a little privacy. In the living room,

Adam turns the TV on.

She picks up after a few rings. "Abby!" she says, her voice cheery. "How's the bride to be?"

I can't help but cringe a little at her words. "Leah, hey. Are you around for a drink? I could really use a

talk."

"Yeah," she says, her voice suddenly serious. "Of course. Meet me at our regular spot in half an hour?"

"Sounds good! See you."

I hang up the phone and wander over to my closet. The thought of getting dressed up and going out

makes me want to sleep for a hundred years, but I force myself to grab a random dress and pull it on.

There's no way I'll be able to sleep tonight if I don't talk to Leah. Somehow, she always knows just the

right thing to say to end my spiral.

Tags:

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Chasing His Kickass Luna Back Chapter 14

Chapter 14 – Confusion

Abby

The bar is packed when I walk in. It takes me a moment to find Leah in the crowd, but I finally see her

standing at the end of the bar with one of the waiters. I make my way over, and she doesn't notice me

until I'm standing right in front of them.

She squeezes his butt. "See you later," she says with a wink.

He smirks and slips past us, looking over his shoulder at Leah. I watch him go with my eyebrows

raised.

"I'm going to have fun with him later," Leah says, wrapping her fingers around my arm. I can't help but

laugh a little. Leah's definitely a character, always has been.

She leads me to a nearby table with a reserved sign on it. We climb into the booth, and the minute

we're seated, she pulls me into an exaggerated hug.

"So," she says, leaning away from. "What's going on? You sounded pretty urgent on the phone."

It takes me a minute to find the words. In the meantime, she flags down a different waiter and orders us

a couple of drinks. I didn't really plan on drinking tonight, but it would be a lie to say I couldn't use one.

Things have been crazy recently.

"I think mine and Adam's wedding is going to be postponed."

"Postponed?"

“I just don’t think I’m ready to set a date. There’s too much going on right now. I’m thinking maybe we

could have a long engagement.”

“Does he think so too?”

“I don’t know. We haven’t actually talked about it in a lot of detail.”

Leah’s eyebrows go up. “Are you really going to get married? It’s not like you’ve been seeing Adam

that long.”

I nod. The waiter appears with my glass of wine, and I take it gratefully. Leah watches me sip from the

glass with an expectant look on her face. Around us, people dance and jostle to the beat. Up on the

stage, the DJ controls the music with an intent look on his face. It’s possible we should have gone

somewhere quieter. Usually, we come here to chat a little, then dance, but I’m too tired to do that

tonight.

“I said yes,” I say, as if that explains everything.

Leah does her shot and grimaces. “Abby, why do I get the feeling that the sex isn’t all that interesting?”

“Hey!” I elbow her in the side. “I didn’t say that.”

I can’t help but think about Karl, and the last time we were together. The memory of writhing under him

surfaces. The feel of him everywhere. His smooth muscles, and his tongue in my mouth, and the

sparks flying up my spine as I came apart beneath him.

I distantly register that Leah is still talking, and I force myself to shove the memory away. “Adam’s too

focused on his own world if you ask me. You went out to a restaurant with him, but when does he ever

attend parties with you? When has he ever really spent time with your friends?”

“You’ve met him.” I knock back the rest of my wine, and Leah gestures for them to bring us another

round.

“Yeah, once.”

“I thought you liked him.”

Leah shrugs. “He’s nice. Handsome. That’s about all I picked up from him.”

She eyes me for a moment, and I squirm under her gaze. I already regret confiding in her about our

sex life. I tell Leah everything, but sometimes she can be a little judgemental. Like now, for instance.

“Sex is important,” she says. “You’ve got to have an exciting sex life if it’s ever going to last. I know a

good sex counselor if you’re interested?”

“Leah, I don’t need a sex counselor.”

She gives me a skeptical look. “Whatever you say. Just think about it.”

I promise her I’ll think about it, even though I really have no intention of doing so. How would I even

bring that up to Adam? As far as he’s concerned, our sex life is great. And honestly, just because it’s

not as exciting as it was with Karl, doesn’t mean it’s bad. It doesn’t need to be fireworks all the time.

“So, I saw Karl today,” I start, a little hesitant. Leah isn’t Karl’s biggest friend. In fact, she uses the word

‘asshole’ with his name almost every time she says it.

She frowns as the next set of drinks are put down in front of her. I reach for one of her shot glasses and

knock it back. The liquor burns in my throat, but I welcome the feeling. Maybe it’ll help this conversation

go down better.

Leah eyes me and does the second shot. “What did that asshole want?”

I tell her what he said, and her frown deepens the longer I talk. By the end, I can tell she’s angry. Her

brows are pulled together, and her face is a little red.

“Wow, he really thinks he can just waltz into your life whenever he feels like it and you’ll just take him

back. What an arrogant prick.”

“Leah—” I start.

“I can’t believe he had the nerve to say that to you?”

I feel the sudden urge to defend Karl, which just makes me more confused. Just a few weeks ago, I

would have said the exact same thing, but I can’t get him out of my mind. I’ve decided that he definitely

seemed sad. Behind all that anger, he’s hurting. And as much as he hurt me too, I don’t want to sit here

and badmouth him.

“He’s not all bad.”

Leah gives me an incredulous look. “Abby, no. I’m not going to let him interfere with your life, and you shouldn’t either.”

She’s right, I know she’s right.

“I know. I won’t.”

Then why doesn’t it feel right? Why is he the one person I want to talk to about all this, even now? Why

do I miss the feeling of his weight on me so much?

But Leah’s right, I can’t let my resolve crumble. I have to remember everything he put me through, the

depression I fell into after the divorce. And my poor wolf. She’s still not awake, even if I do feel her a bit

whenever I’m in Karl’s presence.

I start to change the subject when my phone rings. Adam’s name appears on the screen, and I answer,

putting my hand over my other ear to block out the noise.

“Adam?” I shout, trying to hear him over the music. “Sorry, it’s loud in here.”

“Your ex is here.” “Karl?”

“Yeah, and he’s not happy.”

“I’ll be right there.” I hang up the phone and meet Leah’s questioning gaze.

“I’ve got to go,” I tell her as I

slide out of the booth.

She follows me. “Is everything okay?”

“Yeah, there’s just something I need to take care of.” I can tell by the look on her face that she won’t let

me leave until she knows exactly what's happening.

What does he think he's doing, talking to Adam? Of course, he couldn't leave it alone, and this horrible

day just goes on and on. Just what I need, I think bitterly. More Karl related drama. It's not like I don't

already have enough of that in my life.

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Chasing His Kickass Luna Back Chapter 15

Posted by

Chapter 15 – Fair Play

Abby

“Leah, I really need to go.”

She grins. “Oh my God, they're going to fight over you, aren't they?”

I shake my head. “You're talking nonsense.” The more time I spend speaking to her about this, the

more likely it is that Karl does something stupid and aggressive. “I need to go.”

I already know that Adam and Karl won't get along. Not just because they both want to be with me, but

because they're too different. Karl is aggressive and passionate. He's unpredictable and exciting and

used to getting what he wants. Adam, on the other hand, is safe and reliable. He comes from a

completely different background.

She sighs. "Alright, fill me in later."

I give her a quick hug goodbye, promising that I'll call her, then I push my way through the crowd. The

urgency to get home propels me outside and down the street. I get a cab and sit impatiently in the

back.

I can't believe this is seriously happening. I swear, if he does something to hurt Adam, I'm going to lose

it on him. Why does he have to do this tonight, of all nights?

If he thinks he can win me back by fighting my fiancé, he's very wrong. And he knows, as well as I, that

it wouldn't come close to being a fair fight. I never thought he'd be the type to pick on the little guy, but

here he is, trying to use his position as Alpha to intimidate Adam.

God, I'm going to kill him.

Karl pounds on the apartment door, and a moment later, it swings open. Adam stands in the doorway,

and Karl rises to his full height, forcing Adam to look up at him.

"Excuse me." He pushes his way inside, and Adam closes the door behind him. He stalks further into

the apartment, looking around for Abby. She's nowhere in sight. Good. He needs to talk to her fiancé

alone for a minute.

He turns and surveys Adam. Abby clearly has a type. They've got the same hair, and muscular build,

though Karl is much bigger. Adam doesn't exude the same power and authority, but he wouldn't, would

he? He's not an Alpha.

"Adam Mitchell," he says, finally addressing him. "Corporate investor. Popular foodie. That's you, isn't

it?"

"Sure is."

"You've been making quite a name for yourself recently."

Adam has a smug smile on his face, and he leans against the island in the middle of the kitchen,

crossing his arms. If he's intimidated by Karl, he's doing a better job of hiding it than the last time they

met. Karl almost smiles when he remembers his uneasy expression, hiding behind Abby like he wanted

to turn on his tail and run.

"You're Abby's ex-husband, aren't you? Did you compensate that bar after you shattered their wine

glass? You really know how to make a scene, don't you?"

Karl looks at Adam dangerously. Of course, he compensated the bar, but he doesn't have to explain

himself to him. Who is he to question an Alpha? Sure, that wasn't his greatest moment, but emotions

were running high. He was already a little drunk and seeing Abby going out with multiple different guys

just sent him over the edge.

"I never properly introduced myself," Karl says.

"No need. You made quite the impression."

Karl snorts. So, he thinks he's clever, does he? "I'm afraid I can't say the same."

The two men glare at each other for a moment, sizing each other up. Adam wouldn't stand a chance

against him, but Karl isn't interested in fighting him. He's here to get Abby back and beating up her

fiancé wouldn't do him any favors. The thought of them together might make his insides twist with rage,

but he plans to play this game fair.

It doesn't matter what it takes, he's going to win Abby back. They're meant to be together. They've

always been meant for each other, and he's not going to let this guy stand between them. Abby might

think she wants him, but they hardly know each other. It's not like they've been together that long. Plus,

Karl and Abby have history. Sure, some of it's bad, but a lot of it's good. Really good.

"I just wanted to come here and inform you I have every intention of getting Abby back."

He knows he doesn't owe Adam anything, but he was telling the truth when he told Abby he doesn't

like to go behind people's backs. If he wants something, he's going to be upfront about it. Has no

interest in being sneaky and conniving. It's not really his nature.

Adam shakes his head. "Look, you've already hurt my fiancé once. I'm not going to let you do it again."

Karl can't help but smirk a little. Does he really think he can stop him? Abby's his mate, and he will get

her back. His wolf snarls in agreement. He's already sized Adam up, too, and arrived at the same

conclusion. It doesn't matter if they're engaged. He doesn't stand a chance.

He's too boring for Abby. Too normal. Karl and Abby always had a fiery relationship, and he knows

that's what they both loved most about it. He can't imagine her having much passion with the boy-next-

door type that Adam clearly is. Sure, he's nice, but is nice really enough for her?

Karl looks Adam up and down. "I'm not sure you have the ability to let me do anything."

"I don't care who you are, or what you once were to her. There's no reason for me to wipe your ass for

you. You're not my Alpha."

"Yet I'm the only Alpha here." Karl grins. "I know for a fact that you guys aren't mates. I'm just trying to

be chivalrous and tell you in advance that Abby's fair game. And she's going to choose me. It doesn't

take a psychic to predict that."

"That's all very interesting, but Abby and I are going to get married, and she'll never look back."

He seems extremely confident for someone whose fiancé hasn't even set a date yet. When Abby and

Karl were engaged, Abby was so excited they practically had the wedding all set by the end of the

week. When she wants something, she's all in.

"How do you know she hasn't already?" Karl says. Adam's jaw clenches. Does he suspect what Karl

does? That, even if Abby protests, she isn't as over Karl as she wants to make it seem.

Before Adam can come up with a retort, the door slams open. Abby rushes into the room, her face

slightly red. She pulls to a stop between them, her breaths coming in heavy gasps. Did she run here?

She's wearing narrow heels and a tight green dress. It hugs her curves, and Karl can't stop himself

from admiring her.

She turns her back to Adam, shielding him from Karl. He can't help but grin a little at the sight. Did he

really call her here when Karl buzzed the door? He might act tough, but he clearly needs Abby to stand

up for him.

She turns her sharp gaze on Karl. "What are you doing here?"

Tags:

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