

## Chasing His Kickass Luna Back Chapter 2

### Chapter 2 – He Is Trash

Abby

“Abby, these are so good,” Leah says, humming slightly as she chews her lemon poppyseed muffin.

They’re a specialty of mine.

Leah, Chloe, and I have a standing afternoon tea date in the capital. Once a week, we get together to

catch up on everything we’ve missed.

“Thank you,” I say, blushing slightly. I have a contract to provide desserts for this restaurant and a few

others.

“Your desserts are getting better and better,” Chloe adds. She’s already finished her blueberry scone

and has several others in a box to take home to her mother.

“All thanks to you guys,” I say. “You’re my first tasters after all.”

Leah wipes some stray sugar off the edge of her lip. “A role I treasure.”

“You’ll never guess who came into the restaurant the other night,” I say, doing my best to sound

nonchalant.

“Who?” Chloe asks, pushing her hair behind her ears.

“A member of Karl’s staff. He wanted to make a reservation.”

Leah looks up, closing the compact mirror with a loud snap. “Tell me you didn’t say yes to him!”

I laugh. "I told him we're reserved three months out. He doesn't stand a chance."

Chloe grins and high fives me. Across the table, Leah gives me an approving look. "Good, I'm proud of

you, girlie."

"I know you guys never really liked him..."

Chloe shakes her head. "I liked him at first, but he dragged you along way longer than he needed to.

He never treated you right."

I sit back in my chair, trying to quell the rise of indignation. Far be it from me to suddenly stand up for

Karl, but I do believe he truly loved me at one point. He couldn't have faked everything without me

picking up on it. There was a time when I meant the world to him.

"You sacrificed too much for him," Leah adds, probably noticing my skeptical look.

"You think?" I ask.

She nods. "Everything changed the minute you married him. You had to dress the way he wanted you

to dress."

I concede that point. Karl never liked me to dress too flashy. He preferred me to dress more

conservatively, so that's what I did. At the time, I didn't really mind. I was willing to do just about

anything if I knew it would make him happy.

"Don't even get me started on the black hair," Chloe jumps in. I push my long, golden curls off my

shoulder. It took me forever to get it back to my natural color.

“He loved the black hair,” I say.

Leah frowns. “He was too controlling.”

“Way too controlling,” Chloe agrees.

I know they’re right, but I hate admitting it, even to them. It’s hard to think about all the things I changed

about myself just for him. I changed so much that when I look back at pictures from that time, I don’t

even recognize myself. That’s why I hide all evidence of my past life at the back of my closet, where I

can pretend it doesn’t exist.

“He also hated when I cooked,” I say in a small voice, kicking myself a little for how feeble I sound.

I’ve always loved to cook, but Karl never understood why I wanted to spend my time in the kitchen

when I could have been reading or studying instead. And, like everything else, I resisted the urge to do

what I really wanted so I could do what he said.

“And you’re so talented at it,” Chloe says, gesturing to the crumbs on her plate.

I was a good housewife, and I did whatever I could to please him, but even that wasn’t good enough.

He still left me, for no reason that I can think of. And without a good education, and my father’s

businesses in jeopardy, I had no way to make a living. Nobody would hire me.

To top it off, no matter how many times I asked, he never told me why he decided to leave me. To this

day, I still don't know. Just thinking about the darkness I plunged into during those months after the

divorce makes something heavy sit on my chest. My wolf took it just as hard, if not harder, and she's

been in a coma ever since.

"He's trash," Leah says, conclusively.

"Total garbage," Chloe agrees. "You gave him way too much of yourself, and he never deserved it."

"But hey, at least you got a good settlement in the divorce." Leah twirls a strand of chocolate brown hair

around her finger. "Now you have this great life you created all for yourself."

"I am happy," I say.

Chloe reaches over and squeezes my hand. "And you deserve to be."

"I wonder what he's up to now," Leah says, pulling out her phone. She quickly searches Karl up and

then shows us a photo of him in the capital. It's of him, looking handsome in a well-cut suit. Apparently,

he's staying in the capital for an upcoming Alpha party.

"I don't even want to know," I say, waving the phone away.

"This interview is something you have to see!" Leah practically screams. "Go d, he's ridiculous!"

The three of us lean forward to look at the screen. It's Karl's business story. The interview is with Karl's

secretary and she's going on and on about how wonderful Karl is and how cool he is. She's practically

beaming with pride as she talks about the pack's growth and how many new investments he's gotten.

It's clear she admires him.

"No one who meets Karl could ever forget him," she says. "I've even seen lots of women cry."

The reporter asks her if she thinks Karl attracts a lot of women, and the secretary nods. "I'm well aware

of his charms." She grins. "Women pester him constantly, and it's my job to help him handle that."

"What about you?" the reporter jokes.

She flashes a confidential smile in response.

Beside me, Chloe rolls her eyes, leaning away from the screen. Leah looks revolted, and I imagine I

have a similar expression on my face. What a narcissist.

"Geez," Leah says, putting her phone away. "We're going to find you someone a thousand times better

than Karl."

I nod. I've been meaning to go on a date, but I just haven't made the time. If I keep this up for too long,

though, my estrogen levels are going to plummet.

"Here," she says, "I'm going to send you some contact information. We're going to find you a hot guy

who isn't a controlling narcissist."

Chloe claps her hands together. "Now, won't this be fun," she says. There's nothing they love more

than trying to set me up with someone. They're determined to find me someone new, so I can officially

leave Karl in the past.

I pull out my phone, and my eyebrows go up. Leah sent me the information of...

17 hot guys ?!

Well, at least I'll have options.

Tags:

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