

Chasing His Kickass Luna Back Chapter 3

Posted by

Chapter 3 – Unexpected Encounter

Abby

“I know there’s a lot to choose from,” Leah says innocently. “So, just pick the ones you want to sleep

with the most.”

I give her a look, but she just plasters on that innocent smile and waits for me to look at my phone.

Beside me, Chloe leans in slightly, trying to get a look at the screen.

“Fine, this guy,” I say, showing them the one I picked. “There, I have a date,”

“Why not meet someone else too, while you’re at it?” Leah says. “Just to save time.”

I’m a bit resistant to the idea, but I eventually give in to Leah’s pestering. I message another guy to

meet me later in the evening.

“You guys need to help me find something to wear,” I say when everything’s been planned.

They both agree, and we pay our bill. We walk around the shops until we find one that might have the

kind of thing I’m looking for. Chloe and Leah help me pick out a few dresses, and I go in the back to try

them on.

I decide on a form-fitting black dress. It hugs my curves and cuts down in the front to show a bit of

cleavage. It's flattering on my fuller figure, and I can't help but admire myself a bit in the mirror. It's the

kind of dress Karl never would have wanted me to wear.

Leah grins when I walk out to show them. I do a little twirl, and Chloe claps. "Now that's a dress!" she

exclaims.

"You look like a goddess," Leah adds.

I can feel my face warm. "Come on, stop," I say with a laugh.

"Very sexy," Chloe continues, making me blush even harder. I wave them off and go into the back to

change into my regular clothes. I buy the dress and a pair of strappy black heels to match, leaving

Chloe and Leah with the promise that I'll fill them in the minute the dates end.

I meet the first guy, Luke, a few hours later. It's already crowded when I arrive, and it takes me a minute

to spot him at the bar. He's handsome. Even better than his pictures.

Usually, the men Leah sets me up with are total duds, but maybe tonight will be different.

"You look gorgeous," he says, leaning down to kiss me on the cheek.

I smile. "You look pretty good yourself."

We edge slightly away from the crowd, and he leans in to talk to me. He starts telling me about his

career, all the while glancing not so discreetly at my breasts.

I can't help but feel a little bored. I always had so much fun when I went out with Karl. He dragged me

out onto the dance floor and was constantly making jokes. I never knew what to expect with Karl, but it was always exciting.

Luke's like every guy I've been out with recently—more interested in how impressive he is than in what I

might have to say. Partway through the conversation, I have to cut him off. “Excuse me,” I say, stopping

him mid-sentence as he drones on about his recent account at work. “I just need to run to the ladies.”

“Alright, don't take too long,” he says with a wink. I have to resist the urge to cringe as I cross the bar.

I adjust my hair in the bathroom mirror, then slip into one of the open stalls. A minute later, the door

opens, and Luke pushes his way into my stall. He slips his hand around me and slides it down my

back, grabbing my butt.

My instincts kick in and I knee him hard. He goes down with a groan. Too bad for him, the only class I

aced in school was Warrior Training. I leave him like that, crumbled over in the stall with a pained look

on his face.

I've been out with a number of handsome guys in the last three years, and I haven't gone home with

any of them. They're all the same, desperate to get into bed with me rather than get to know me. And

even though I try not to, I always find myself comparing them to Karl, and they always fall short.

I go back to the bar. For a moment, I have the intense feeling that I'm being watched. I look around,

expecting it to be Luke, but I catch sight of him retreating out the front door. The feeling persists, and I

look around at the crowd again. No one stands out to me. Not anyone I can see from this vantage

point, anyway.

The next guy arrives, and he walks over with a wide smile.

"Hey, I'm Adam," he says, his voice deep and gritty in a way that makes me perk up a little. I force

myself to forget the presence I feel.

He's handsome too, and more my type. He has curly brown hair and deep blue eyes. He's not as tall as

the last guy, but still a few inches taller than me. I wait while he buys us both drinks, then we edge over

to a table in the corner to talk.

"So, what are your hobbies?" he asks, inching closer. I can feel the heavy weight of someone's eyes on

me, but I don't turn around.

"Please don't laugh," I say, "but it's actually cooking." I wait for his response, biting my lip. "I like to cook

and share it with my friends," I add. I can't help but think about Karl and how he liked smart women, not

women who can cook.

Maybe Adam's the same. The service industry is the lowest of the low in the eyes of many.

He looks a little surprised and I squirm a bit. “Can I try your cooking sometime?” he asks, catching me

off guard. “I’m an investor in the food business.”

“Sure,” I say. “You should come by my restaurant sometime.” I tell him which one it is, and he makes a

note of it on his phone.

“I can’t wait.”

He orders us both more drinks, and I smile. I can be quick to judge, but I’m trying to be better. It’s not

fair to compare everyone to my ex, and Adam seems different from the other guys. So far, he hasn’t

leered at my breasts, or tried to grope me in the bathroom.

I open my mouth to ask him about his hobbies when I feel Adam’s sudden burst of intimidation.

A broad figure shoves between us, cutting Adam off from me. I look up at him and take a half-step

back.

Karl glares down at me, his jaw tense. Clearly, his was the looming presence I felt. I should have

known. Behind him, Adam edges away with a nervous look on his face. He doesn’t leave, though,

which I’m grateful for.

“Excuse me—” I start.

“I’ve been here for hours,” he says, cutting me off. “You’ve been dating several men in a row.” His gaze

rakes down my body and I grit my teeth. “And wearing such revealing clothes? When exactly did you

become like this?”

“What? ” I exclaim angrily.