

Chasing His Kickass Luna Back Chapter 4

Posted by

Chapter 4 – A Stranger ?

Abby

How did Karl even end up here? I look around at the bar and frown. This is the best bar in the capital. I

just didn't count on running into him.

I mean, I knew he was in the capital, but I didn't think we'd ever cross paths. A part of me hoped I'd

never run into him anywhere ever again.

Damn, he's as handsome as ever, though. I don't want to notice it, but I do. His soft brown hair falls

across his forehead, and I have to resist the urge to reach up and push it back. His gaze narrows and

there's some sort of emotion I can't place churning in his deep brown eyes.

Somewhere inside of me, I can feel my wolf perking up a bit and I have to resist the powerful urge to

lean into him. Just being near him again makes my sleeping wolf stir.

"What the hell?" I say, forcing myself to remember how pissed I am. If he wants to play games, then so

can I. "Sir, who are you to talk to me like that? What could ever give you the courage to be so rude to a

complete stranger?"

The line of his jaw hardens. Over his shoulder, I can see Adam looking back and forth between us. "A

stranger, is it? Well, let me formally introduce myself then. I'm Karl, your ex-husband."

"Ex-husband? Well then, you should know we're divorced now, and this has nothing to do with you, so

if you don't mind." I move to step around him, but he shifts with me, blocking my escape.

"We used to be very close," he says. "It's my duty to care for you."

"Well, in the legal sense, we're no more than strangers."

I move to step around him again, and he grabs my arm. I tense immediately. "Have you been dating a

different man every day since the divorce?"

I pull my arm free and take a step back. "What, have you been spying on me? Are you that ridiculously

jealous and prideful?"

"What do I have to spy on you for?" he snarls. "I came here for the Alpha party, not you. It's not my fault

I found myself cornered. I just don't understand why you keep dating different guys. What, Justin wasn't

good enough for you?"

I shake my head. I can't believe what I'm hearing. "Justin, our gardener? I haven't seen him since I left

your house!" Justin was a good man and a talented gardener. We were friendly, and I always thought

he was handsome, but that was it.

He snorts. "Because he's just a gardener, right? Figured you'd need a young talent to provide for you

instead?"

His conspiratorial tone makes my temper flare. Who is he to question me after everything? He's the

one who ended things, not me.

He waits, his shoulders tense. I know he thinks I'm going to tangle with him, but there's no point. I've

moved to the capital and created a life for myself here. A good life. There's no point in letting him drag

me back into the past.

"Now that I've moved to the capital to redevelop, we might as well leave everything in the past. There's

no point in dragging this out, is there? We don't have a relationship now, anyway, so no need to

pretend you care about me."

I shove past him, and this time he doesn't stop me. He turns and his scowl deepens when he sees me

take Adam's hand. Adam, to his credit, stands up straighter, doing his best not to be intimidated by the

Alpha standing before him.

"I like the Ritz, don't you?" I say to Adam, turning my back to Karl. I can't help but antagonize him a

little.

Adam smiles down at me. "I have a \$30,000 mattress at home. Why don't we put it to good use?"

"Sure."

Behind me, I hear a loud crash. I turn, and my mouth falls open. There's a pile of shattered glass

around Karl, and the broken neck of the bottle is still in his hand.

Wine pools across the countertop and drips down onto the floor. He puts the glass down on the shelf

and turns to the waiter.

A hush moves across the room as people turn to look at him. He doesn't seem bothered by the

attention, or at least he's pretending not to be.

"Just put it on my bill," he says to him. "Oh, and I'll have a glass of the strongest wine you can find."

My eyebrows go up. Karl never drinks, at least he never used to. If he does, he gets stomach bleeds. A

part of me wants to go over there and stop him, but I hold myself back. He's not my problem anymore.

He's the one who abandoned me. I will not give him my sympathy, even if it seems like he's trying to

force it out of me.

Slowly, conversation resumes, and people go back to dancing. Karl takes a swig of wine and I force

myself to look away.

"Sorry," I say, turning to Adam. "He's my ex-husband. We haven't seen each other in a long time."

He smiles and squeezes my hand. "He doesn't seem to be in a very good mood."novelbin

"I've decided to move on. Let bygones be bygones." I figure that the more I say it, the more it'll feel

true. "Now, how about that hotel?"

He flashes a smile.

My restaurant manager, Olivia, steps around me, leading the group of men over to their table. I watch

them go and smile to myself.

Adam leads the group, turning to talk to the men behind him. We've been seeing each other for the

past ten days, and it's been going great. He's a true gentleman.

Not only that, but after eating here the other night, he's told me he's interested in investing in the

restaurant. Tonight, he's here with some people from his work. Apparently, he's been raving non-stop

about the food here, and the thought makes something warm pool in my stomach.

Just yesterday, we got drinks at a nearby hotel, and he danced with me, spinning me around in his

arms in the middle of the dance floor.

The door opens and I hear someone approach the table. "Hello."

I look up. A girl stands before me, wearing a modest beige dress and a string of diamonds around her

neck. Her dark brown hair is curled up in a chignon at the back of her head.

My gaze drifts up to the man standing behind her, and I freeze.

Karl steps forward, the shock on his face mirroring mine. He's wearing a three-piece suit and has a 5

o'clock shadow that only makes his chiseled face more handsome. I swallow hard.

"If you don't mind," the girl says. "I'd like to make sure I have a reservation."

Tags:

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