

Chasing His Kickass Luna Back Chapter 6

Chapter 6 – Fire Her

Abby

So, this must be Karl's lady friend. She's certainly his type—intelligent looking and refined. She's

wearing neutral clothes, and she seems to look down her nose at just about everyone in the room.

She's the kind of girl Karl always wanted me to be.

My wolf perks up at the sight of Karl, who's hovering behind the girl with a tense look on his face. I can't

really tell what kind of mood I'm in. It's certainly a shock to see him here, and with another girl, but I

can't decide how I feel about it.

Our eyes meet, and I can't help but gaze at him for a moment. I used to love looking into his eyes. I

always thought they were the most beautiful brown color, even more beautiful when he smiled, and

warmth filled them. He's not smiling now though, and I force myself to look away.

On one hand, my kinder side wants Karl to get what he wants, but my wolf protests in my mind. You

can't give him what he wants, my wolf says, and I cringe. You just can't.

I can't help but wonder what Karl's wolf is saying to him... if anything. He has his hands clenched into

fists at his sides, and it doesn't seem like he's paying close attention to Tiffany and me. Maybe they're

having some sort of argument.

I want to talk to Karl's wolf too much, but I haven't recovered enough to establish a mind-link, my wolf

continues.

Shut up, I say to her. He's clearly forgotten how he ended up in this situation.

She growls in response but goes quiet.

As charming and handsome as he is, I can't forget everything he put me through. The period after our

divorce was one of the darkest moments of my life, if not the darkest moment. Not just for me, but for

my wolf, too.

I force a smile. "Hey guys," I say.

His female companion stares down her nose at me, but I manage to keep my smile in place. I've had

plenty of practice dealing with condescending customers. The fact that she's here with Karl makes no

difference. I have absolutely zero intention of caving to their demands.

"We're preparing for the Alpha party, and we heard that your seats are fully booked." I nod along. If

they already know the answer, I'm not too sure what they're doing here. "Are you sure about that?" she

says in what I can only describe as a mildly threatening tone.

I straighten my spine. "I'm sorry. We'd like to accommodate all our customers, but we have a limited

capacity." If she thinks she can bully me into giving her what she wants, then she's in for a big surprise.

She looks me up and down with a snooty expression and takes a step closer, her voice low. "I need to

see your boss. Maybe you don't know who we are." My eyes slide to Karl, but he just stands there with

a neutral expression, watching us. Clearly, he has no intention of jumping in.

"Just ask for me," I say.

She narrows her eyes and grabs the collar of my shirt. She has enough height on me that she has no

problem pulling me forward. "Go get your boss," she says, enunciating every word like I'm an idiot. "I

hope you understand that you are lowering the service level of this restaurant." Her grip on my collar is

tight.

I have to resist the urge to roll my eyes. The restaurant has gotten too quiet, and I know most of our

patrons are probably watching this argument go down, more than happy for a show to go with their

dinners. There are several maneuvers I could do that would get her to let go, but I don't want to add to the

what is already quickly becoming a scene.

Karl steps in between us, shielding me. "Let her go Tiffany."

His companion, Tiffany, obeys, her fingers releasing my collar. I straighten my shirt and Karl turns to

look at me. "Are you alright?"

"Fine."

His gaze rakes over me, and I force my wolf to keep to herself. She's far too intrigued by his sudden

closeness, and the warmth drifting off him doesn't make it any easier.

It doesn't take much to remember a time when I used to sink into his warmth. He'd wrap his strong

arms around me, and I'd bury my face against the broad expanse of his chest. He gave the best hugs. I

remember just how safe and relaxed I felt being held by him.

"You sure?" he says, snapping me out of my thoughts. I lean away from him. I need to get it together.

Things have changed between us, and relaxed is probably the last thing I feel in his presence now.

I nod. "I'm fine, really." From the corner of my eye, I see Tiffany roll her eyes. He's better off with a girl

like her, anyway. That's what he always wanted.

"I know it's been a while, but I didn't realize you're in this business now." He looks around, his voice

softening slightly. "If you'd like to come back, I could offer you a few... jobs." He sighs and looks back

at me. "Either way, you're still my ex-wife. I know we can find something for you."

I raise an eyebrow. Seriously, he's talking about finding me a better job. He's been in here for two

minutes and already he's being his normal condescending self. These two really are suited for each

other.

"What are you trying to say? That you'll get me a more decent job?"

He frowns at my tone.

“Look,” I say, turning so I can address them both. “I know exactly who you are, but there’s still no place

for you here. This is one of the most popular eateries in the capital. We have rich, powerful people

coming here all the time. Even an Alpha such as yourself isn’t guaranteed a reservation.”

“Excuse me?” Tiffany says. She crosses her arms.

I give her a placating smile. “You’re not familiar customers, so we have nothing for you. This is a busy

spot, and, as I said, we’re completely booked.”

Sam, one of our waiters, walks up, a questioning look on his face. His shift ended ten minutes ago, and

it looks like he’s already changed to leave. Tiffany and I both turn to face him at the same time, and I

open my mouth to ask him what he needs, but Tiffany beats me to it.

“Excuse me,” she says. “Your front desk service is terrible. I suggest you fire her.” She gives me a

pointed look and I have to force myself not to smile. “We’re VIPS going to the Alpha party, and we need

to reserve seats.”

I guess the fact that he’s wearing a suit makes it seem like he’s the one in charge. It shouldn’t be as

satisfying as it is to see the look of bewilderment on Sam’s face. He’s only been working here for a few

months.

“What?” he says, his confusion clear in his voice. “You want me to fire my boss?”

Tags:

Last updated on February 9, 2024