

## Chasing His Kickass Luna Back Chapter 7

### Chapter 7 – Mate Bond

Karl

Tiffany's mouth drops open. She looks at me with some panic, but I don't know what to say. I'm equally,

if not more, shocked than she is.

"Are you kidding me?" she says. "You're the owner of this place?"

Abby exchanges a glance with the man beside her. He shifts uncomfortably, looking for a chance to

escape.

"Occasionally," she replies. "I'm also the chef."

I look at her for a long moment, something heavy sitting on my chest. "Can we talk alone?"

Her gaze finds mine, and she frowns at the look on my face. After a moment, she glances down at her

watch. "I'm sorry, but the restaurant is really busy tonight. I have to get to another customer."

She leans closer to the man beside her, and they talk for a moment in low voices. I clench my jaw,

annoyed at the sight of them standing so close. Are they together or are they just colleagues?

"Thanks, Abby," he says finally. He gives us a weary look as he moves around us and exits the

restaurant.

"Abby—" I start, but the door behind us opens, cutting me off.

A woman walks in, and Abby's face lights up at the sight of her. She's dressed in a flattering black

dress, with one of the biggest diamond necklaces I've ever seen. Her gaze finds Tiffany and me. She

looks us up and down, then dismisses us completely. Beside me, Tiffany bristles.

Abby greets her warmly, giving her a hug. "Hi, how are you?" she says.

I clench my hands into fists. I can almost feel the heat of her body as the memory of holding her in my

arms comes back to me. She gave the best hugs. After a hard day, there was nothing I wanted more

than to hold her in my arms, and it always made me feel better. I haven't realized just how much I've

missed that until now.

"I'm great, honey. How are you?" The lady returns her hug, then takes a step back. "I know I was just

here the other night, but I couldn't resist."

The smile Abby gives her brings back more memories than I'd care to admit. I used to make her smile

like that. Now the way she looks at me makes me feel like I'm slowly suffocating.

"What did you think of our new dish?" Abby asks.

"Excellent, Abby. Truly," the woman replies.

Tiffany and I don't speak as we watch Abby lead the woman to her table, then move over to the bar. I'm

not even sure what we're still doing here, but I can't bring myself to leave.

Abby circles back a few moments later with a drink, placing it down at the women's table. They chat

amiably for a moment, before Abby moves on to the customers beside her. It's clear she's good at her

job, and that her customers like her.

I hate to admit it to myself, but I missed seeing her like this. She was always such a ball of energy—

always busy around the house, making it 'just so,' as she always said. Everything had to be perfect.

She spent her days building our home and making it comfortable, and I never really appreciated it until

I started coming home to a silent, cold house.

Tiffany turns to me, and I brace myself. Tiffany, when she's annoyed, is something no man wants to

deal with, not even an Alpha. She levels me with a glare. "Karl, you're ruining my chance to show off

with my friends. Of course, your ex-wife just had to own this restaurant. Are you kidding me?"

"Shut up, Tiffany," I say, wearily.

I wait a moment, my eyes tracking Abby as she moves through the room, becoming more desperate to

speak with her by the minute. Eventually, I realize she's not going to talk to me. She doesn't return to

the desk, and a woman with olive skin and a sharp black bob takes her place, giving the two of us a

bland smile.

Abby stops at a nearby table, chatting amiably to the men seated there, and my heart clenches. I'm not

sure, but I think I recognize one of the men smiling up at her.

You need to get her back, my wolf growls. If you ignore me again, there will be trouble.

I sigh and run my fingers through my hair. I really need to get out of here. The more time I spend in

Abby's presence, the more I want to fold her into my arms and pretend the last few years never

happened, that the betrayal never happened. But it did.

Da mn, have you seriously forgotten why we separated? I say. I can't stop the pictures of her and the

gardener from running through my mind. There was so much evidence, and my wolf knows it. I don't

get why he's so adamant I get her back.

Our wolves are fated mates, my wolf replies. Our bond isn't completely gone. I can feel it.

I start to protest, but he cuts me off. If you don't listen to me, he growls. I'll kill Tiffany. I don't bother to

wonder if he'll actually do it. I know he will. As much as my cousin annoys me sometimes, I don't want

harm to come to her, especially not at the claws of my own wolf.

Fine, I snarl. A sharp pain pierces my head and I rub my temples. I can already tell this headache is

going to be a bad one. I'm suddenly desperate to get out of here.

As much as I want to protect Tiffany, I also can't help but admit that I miss Abby, too. Otherwise, I

wouldn't have gone so many years without a new Luna. I haven't been able to move on, and after

seeing her again, I don't know if I ever will be able to. It's clear that my wolf won't, so what hope is

there for me?

After the divorce, I deliberately avoided any information about her. It hurt too much to know what she

was up to, so I removed all traces of her from the house and mentioning her became forbidden. I even

moved to a different villa, desperate to get away from any memory of her. Now, I wish I knew what

she'd been doing all these years, and how she ended up here, the owner of her own restaurant.

We'll start an investigation again, I concede to my wolf. But I'm not expecting much.

I can feel my wolf's triumph, despite my skeptical words. It's clear he thinks she didn't do it. That, even

with all the evidence, she's innocent. I can't imagine that being true, but if he's going to force me to look

into it, then so be it.

Tiffany huffs in annoyance and pushes her way out of the restaurant. It's clear she's realized she's not

going to get her way, not even with the restaurant manager that's taken Abby's place. It's clear that the

boss's word is final. I can't help the small rush of pride I feel.

Don't get too hopeful, I tell my wolf.

Whatever you say.

I growl in response, desperate to convey my skepticism, but my hands are trembling.

Tags:

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