

## Chasing His Kickass Luna Back Chapter 8

### Chapter 8 – The Truth

Karl

I put down the stack of papers and lean back in my chair. I've spent the better part of the morning going

over the report from my investigators, and I'm still struggling to wrap my head around everything they

found.

It seems like Abby has had a tough couple of years. Even though her father gave her a generous

severance package, his business has clearly been struggling. He even had to sell their house,

something I know must have been hard for Abby, who spent her childhood there.

Her father was a supplier for the former Alpha, and her family was very wealthy as a result. When we

married, though, she offered to change suppliers to avoid suspicion.

We didn't want people to see me as a selfish Alpha. I don't think either of us realized how much of a

strain that would put on her father's business, even if he was completely understanding of our decision.

After our divorce, Abby started as a backroom apprentice at a restaurant. By doing so, she managed to

save up a sum of money.

Looking at the pictures of her from that time makes something in my heart hurt. She looks haggard,

worked to the bone, and there's a hollowness in her eyes that makes me feel incredibly guilty. I know I

caused that broken look on her face. I never imagined she felt as heartbroken as I did. She cheated on

me, after all.

From there, she moved to the capital to start her own business. Using some contacts left behind by me,

she was able to build her restaurant into a must-go spot. Now she's doing great. She owns one of the

top eateries here, which is a feat in and of itself.

Her acquaintances describe her as incredibly smart, great at maintaining relationships, sweet, and

good at remembering information about her patrons. Everyone my investigators spoke to had only

good things to say about Abby.

It seems like she hasn't had much time to focus on any personal relationships as a result. Despite

seeing her go on multiple dates, and the evidence that she has gone on quite a few since we ended

things, she hasn't been in anything serious.

Instead, she put all of herself into her business, and she's seen results. Her food is widely considered

some of the best food in the capital. I can't reconcile this person with the girl I used to know. She

always loved to cook. I just never took it seriously. I thought it was silly.

Justin's trail, on the other hand, seems to have disappeared completely from the public eye. My

investigators couldn't find anything on him. Wherever he's working now, it hasn't been through any

regular channels. If I want to find him, it won't be quite as easy.

Based on interviews with my staff, Abby was always really friendly. She was close to everyone and

never had any attitude with them. She always loved to cook and would often get them to try her food.

So, it's likely that the intimate photos I saw of Abby and Justin didn't mean anything. She was friendly

with everyone, not just him.

That doesn't explain the other evidence, though. How would her panties have gotten in the weed pile if

she wasn't having an affair with him? I can't think of any explanation, and the information my

investigators got for me doesn't refute any of the physical evidence I found. It's not like I broke things

off with her without concrete evidence.

When I found them there that day, my heart shattered. I really loved her, and knowing she slept with

someone else broke me.

I pick up the phone and call the doctor. I employed him back when I first found the panties. He found

both of their DNA on the fabric, including Justin's semen. It's hard to refute evidence like that. But

apparently new technology has developed that can pinpoint the time. I'm desperate to know what he

found, if only to get my wolf off my back.

“Good morning, Alpha,” he says when he picks up the phone.

“Good morning.” I rub my temples. “Did you do the tests I asked of you?”

“Yes, Sir. I have the results here. Just give me one moment.”

I wait for him to pull up the information with bated breath.

“Alright, here it is.” He’s silent for a moment, and I’m not sure if I’m even breathing. “It seems that the

semen we found on the panties appeared at least 24 hours after the marks made by the owner.”

“What does that mean?”

“It means it’s unlikely that the wearer of the panties had them on that same day that the semen

appeared.”

I’m shocked into silence. If that’s true, then Abby didn’t have an affair after all. It means that Justin

somehow got ahold of her panties and did something with them I’d rather not imagine. In case it

enrages me so much, I decide to track him down immediately and let my wolf claw him to bits.

“Thank you,” I say. I hang up the phone and lean back in my chair. I can’t believe it. If only I had this

information back then, none of this would have happened.

You misunderstood her! My wolf snarled at me. You idiot! You broke your mate’s heart.

His words make me feel a little sick. I put her through so much, and it wasn’t even true. My wolf’s right,

I am an idiot. I’ve felt self-loathing before, but never quite this acute. My own arrogance destroyed my

marriage. I pushed away the woman I love because I was too proud just to ask her about Justin.

I'm an Alpha. I spend so much time away from home, and so much time working. It didn't seem that

much of a stretch that Abby would find physical release with someone else. With me gone all the time,

she had ample opportunity.

I didn't trust her, despite everything she did. I thought of her merely as a housewife—unproductive, silly,

more interested in cooking than reading. She had the audacity to betray me. At least I thought so, and

that enraged me. She was beautiful and popular and maybe, deep down, it didn't seem like such a

shock to me that she would.

So, I believed it all. It almost felt easier to believe it, to think she had turned her back on me, than to be

constantly waiting for it to happen. Now she's gone and if I'm being completely honest with myself, I've

been miserable without her.

My throat is dry. I will win her back, I vow to my wolf. I'm going to make up for everything.

My wolf huffed. Yes, you will. The 'or else' in his statement is more than clear. If I don't get her back,

there will be consequences with my wolf.

The phone rings, shocking me out of my thoughts. I swallow hard and reach for the phone. What if it's

Abby? My heart rate picks up as I bring the phone to my ear. A part of me longs to hear her sweet

voice on the other end of the line.

“Hello?”