

Chasing His Kickass Luna Back Chapter 9

Chapter 9 – Shut Down

Abby

I stand with my hands on my hips, watching a group of law enforcement officers pour into my

restaurant.

One of them approaches me, a stern expression on her face. “Mam, you need to shut down this

restaurant immediately and straighten out your practice.”

“Pardon?” I say, looking around with wide eyes. I can’t believe my ears.

“The restaurant needs to be closed for the month.”

I lower my hands. “Please, I can’t do that,” I say. “I have customers with reservations, and regulars that

are expecting to be seated. I can’t just close for a month.”

Just the thought of doing so makes me feel a little sick. The last thing I want is to let my customers

down, and who knows what negative effects it could have on my business long term.

“Please, officer—” I start, but she waves me off. She looks completely unmoved by my pleas.

“You have a food safety problem here.”

“No.” I shake my head. “That can’t be right. We’ve gotten an S+ in sanitation every time.”

The officer rises to her full height, that stern expression unwavering. “If you disobey the order again,

the police department will detain you.”

I stare down at the cease-and-desist notice, desperately trying to wrap my head around what it means,

but even holding it in my hand doesn't make it seem real. How can this be happening? I've never failed

a health inspection. Now my restaurant is closed for a month and there's nothing I can do about it.

“I can't think of anything that would warrant this,” Olivia says. She's the only one I didn't send home

after the police raided the place.

“Can you think of any recent hygiene problems?”

She thinks for a moment, then shakes her head.

“Did we offend any regulators?”

She frowns. “No, I don't think so.”

“Any customer complaints?”

“Not that I can recall.”

I sigh and rub my forehead. “Great, so there's nothing. We haven't done anything, and yet here we are,

out of business for a full month.”

I'm trying hard not to freak out, especially not in front of Olivia, but it does sort of feel like the end of the

world. I worked so hard to build relationships with my customers. Now I'm going to have to call them up

and explain why they can't come in for the reservations some of them made months in advance. And in

the meantime, what if they find somewhere else to go? Somewhere they like better?

“Well...” Olivia starts, a pinched look on her face.

“What?”

“That man and woman who were here the other night didn’t look too pleased when they couldn’t get a

table.”

It takes me a minute to register who she’s talking about, then my hands curl into fists. Karl. I offended

him by not letting him make a reservation, and now he’s taking it out on me.

I should have known. He’s never gone easy on the people who’ve offended him. His pride won’t allow

it. The fact that I turned him away, in full view of the packed restaurant and in front of his lady

companion, likely made him furious. I’ve seen him get his revenge on people before. Shutting down my

restaurant was just the sort of thing he’d do.

And as Alpha, he certainly has the power to make something like this happen.

“You’re probably right,” I say. “Excuse me.”

I walk to my office in the back, my muscles tense. I will not let him get away with this. It’s been three

years. He has no right to come in here and mess with my business. I yank the phone off the cradle and

dial the reservation number his subordinates left.

“Hello?”

“Hi,” I say. “I need you to put me in touch with your Alpha. Tell him Abby’s trying to reach him.”

He was silent for a moment. “He’s on the phone right now. I’ll tell him to give you a call when he’s free.”

He hangs up before I can respond. I cross my arms over my chest and sit down in my office chair. I’m

not leaving here until he calls. I don’t care how long it takes. I don’t care if I have to sit here all day.

He’s going to fix this.

It doesn’t take long for the phone to ring, and I force myself to take a calming breath. I pick it up and

bring it to my ear.

“Abby?” His voice sounds a little rough.

“Karl.”

He clears his throat. “Are you ready to talk?”

“Yes,” I say coldly. “I want to talk to you now.”

He doesn’t speak for a moment. “I didn’t expect you to change your mind so quickly,” he says, finally

breaking the silence. “I thought it would take a while.”

“It’s what you want, isn’t it?”

He gives me an address, and I put the phone down a little harder than necessary. Olivia’s waiting for

me at the front desk when I walk back out, my purse thrown over my shoulder.

“Alright Olivia, you can go home,” I say. “I’m going to take care of this.”

She nods.

“Just lock up when you leave.”

It doesn't take long to find the place he's staying. It's a sprawling estate in one of the richest

neighborhoods the capital has to offer. I shouldn't be surprised, but I am a little awed as I circle the

fountain in the front yard and park my car.

There's a guard standing at the door who nods at me as I approach. “He's in his office,” he says. “I'll

take you.”

He opens the door for me, then leads me across the marble foyer. We walk up a grand staircase and

down a hall.

“In there Ms.,” he nods at a closed door.

I nod, and he strides away. Clearly, he doesn't see me as much of a threat to Karl's safety. Not that he

should. As angry as I am at him, the thought of any harm coming to him makes my wolf rear up and

snarl.

I knock, and his voice calls out, telling me to come in.

He's seated at a large oak desk, stacks of papers piled on the surface in front of him. He stands as I

walk in and circle the desk.

“Abby.” He smiles, and a shiver runs down my spine. I can't help it; his handsome face still makes me

swoon.

I shake my head, forcing myself to snap out of it. It doesn't matter how handsome he is, or how

charming I've always found that smile. I can't even note that there's a warmth in his eyes that's been

missing in the past few years. I won't allow myself to fall for the cold-hearted man ever again.

He gestures for me to sit down in one of the chairs facing his desk, but I cross my arms and widen my

stance.

"I want to apologize to you," he says, taking a step toward me. I hold my ground. "Maybe there was

some misunderstanding between us."

"Apologize for what?" I snap. "You've already shut down my restaurant! There's no reason to play nice

now."