

Chasing His Kickass Luna Back Chapter 21

Chapter 21: Reprimanding the Alpha

Karl

I cross my arms and take a glance around the kitchen. The tiles sparkle like they're brand new, and the

entire place smells like lemon cleaning solution; I've just finished mopping the floor, and although I

would never admit it to anyone, it's... the first time I've ever used a mop.

"Maybe I'm a bit out of my depth here," I think to myself as I look around. "But I want to do a good job.

For Abby."

I might not know a great deal about mopping floors, but I do know a lot about running a business. I just

hope that Abby will let me help more in the future. She said she doesn't need another leader, but that

doesn't mean that I can't give her ideas, right?

"Karl," Abby shouts from across the kitchen, her voice commanding over the din of kitchen noises. "Put

the mop away. We need you over here cleaning dishes."

She points to the growing pile of dishes on the far counter, then the dishwasher beside it. Ethan had

given me a long-winded tutorial on how the machine worked earlier, but I was really hoping to avoid

that particular job. The idea of touching soggy food and getting hot water all over myself isn't the most

appealing of ideas, but I know that it needs to be done.

I nod and return the mop to the place I found it. The current dishwasher meets me at the back sink,

where the dirty plates are overflowing.

“Excess food goes in there,” he says, pointing to a nearby garbage bin. “You scrape that off and I’ll

rinse.” Until now, he’s been doing all three jobs himself. It’s clear he’s struggling to keep up with the

never-ending piles of dirty plates that the busboys keep bringing in.

“Geez,” I think to myself. If Abby was worried about losing business and having to close down, she

needn’t have bothered. Now that the place is up and running again, the dinner rush has been nonstop.

Without a word, the dishwasher hands me one of the plates. There’s a half-eaten steak on top, gravy

everywhere, what looks like mashed potatoes that someone swirled around with their fork before

deciding that they didn’t want them. I can’t help but scrunch up my nose at the mess; who orders a

steak and then only eats half of it? It feels like a waste.

“What’s your name again?” I ask the dishwasher, wanting to fill the silence as we work.

“Never said it. It’s Jack.”

I nod, taking Jack’s name to memory. I’ve always been good with names, and I’ve already got most of

the names in the kitchen down. “Here, Jack,” I say, handing him the plate.

Jack shakes his head at me and points at the garbage again. “What’s wrong with it?” I ask, taking a

look at the plate. I've already scraped it.

With a huff, Jack shoots me an annoyed look. "There's still mashed potatoes on the plate. Are you

trying to gum up my dishwasher or something? Scrape stuff properly."

I'm not thrilled by the dishwasher's attitude, but I decide not to argue. "Erm, sorry," I say, before giving

the plate another good scrape over the trash can. When I'm satisfied, I turn to hand it back to Jack—

but he just makes another face, snatches it out of my hand, and scrapes it himself.

I can't help but let out a small sigh of annoyance at Jack's attitude. But I'm determined to get through

this; I've never lost a bet in my life, and there's too much on the line for me to screw up now. Abby has

to go to that party with me.

"You know, it would be faster if you spent less time rinsing off each plate," I say, noticing the growing

pile of dishes on the counter. If we don't start moving faster, the dirty plates are going to start to tower

over us.

Jack gives me a look that makes me bristle. "You have to rinse them well, or there will be food bits

crusted to the plates."

"I'm just saying. I'm getting the plates ready for you a lot faster than you're able to rinse them. Maybe I

should rinse them."

"That wouldn't make sense."

I scrape off another plate and stack it next to the sink. "It makes a lot of sense."

"Well, I'm in charge here, and I say we do it this way." Jack shoots me an angry look, his cold eyes

filled with annoyance.

I open my mouth again to say more, but before I can, Abby's voice cuts through the kitchen once more.

Jack smirks and turns back to his work, and I brace myself for more orders or a solid scolding.

"What's up?" I say, wiping the sweat from my brow with the back of my hand.

"Stop starting arguments with Jack," she says. "He's busy and you're not helping."

I can't help but frown. "I was just trying to make the process more efficient."

She smirks and points back at the dishwasher. "It's your job to shut up and follow orders. He's worked

as a dishwasher before, and you haven't. Just do what he tells you. Unless you're trying to lose that

bet."

I grit my teeth, but nod. If that's what she wants, then I'll do it.

Even if it's stupid.

...

Abby

I glance at Karl. He's focused on his work, scraping food scraps into the garbage. I watch him work for

a minute, my brows pulling together. He's saying something to Jack that I can't hear, but judging by the

tense look on Jack's face, it's

probably something he has no business having an opinion on. For some reason, he can't accept that

he's not the one in charge here.

I know it's just who he is. He's used to being in charge, and dominance is not something you can just

switch off, but if he keeps this up, it's going to cause problems. The last thing I need is another mutiny

on my hands. And besides, he could use a little bit of humility in his life. Maybe after tonight, he'll learn

that he's not always the top dog everywhere he goes. Restaurant kitchens always teach people hard

lessons like that, which is part of the reason why I love them.

"Abby," Daisy says, drawing my attention back to the plate in front of me.

I slide the plate to her, and she takes it with a smile. Daisy was a bit of an unusual hire, but I haven't

regretted it for a second. During her interview, she was super upfront about her previous job as a sex

worker. She told me she didn't hate it, but that she wanted to try something new.

I know some people would judge her for her previous job, but not me. People do what they have to do

to survive, and everyone has the right to change who they are and what they do. It's really not my place

to judge.

I move on to the next set of plates. Two more steaks. We're not a steakhouse by any means, but it's a

specialty of John's, one of my new chefs. He's abrasive, swears like a sailor, and could use a filter, but

his food is to die for.

Karl glances up as Daisy returns to the kitchen. He hands Jack a plate, then waves her over. She gave

him a curious look and approaches cautiously. I've noticed that a lot of my employees are nervous

around him. Maybe they sense the power that radiates off him.

He says something to her, and she frowns. I consider going over there to see what's going on, but John

hands me another plate, forcing me to turn away.

When we've finally closed for the night, I retreat into my office to check my schedule for tomorrow.

We're getting a shipment of meat early in the morning.

There's a timid knock on the door.

"Come in," I call, turning in my chair.

Daisy slips into the room, closing the door behind her. She stands in front of me, wringing her hands.

There's a tattoo of a daisy along the side of her wrist.

"Hey, what's up?" I ask.

She bites her lip. "Can I talk to you about something?" she says, her voice a little shaky.

"Of course." I gesture to the chair I have against the far wall. She drags it over and sits on the edge. "Is

everything all right?" I ask.

She shakes her head, and a tear slips free.

“Hey, don’t cry,” I say.

“It’s that guy, Karl.” She wipes her tears, sniffing a little.

Tags:

Last updated on February 9, 2024

Chasing His Kickass Luna Back Chapter 22

Chapter 22: The Crude Chef

“Oh, god,” I think to myself when I see the look on Daisy’s face. “What did he do this time?”

“What happened?” I should have gone over there when I saw him talking to her. I knew he was up to

something, sticking his nose in something that he shouldn’t be, but I guess I gave him the benefit of the doubt

when I shouldn’t have.

“He told me to button my shirt up,” she says.

“He told you to... what?” I ask, genuinely confused.

Daisy nods. “He said it was too low. I buttoned it up, but he keeps giving me dirty looks now.”

I didn’t notice it before, but she’s got the collar practically buttoned to her throat. Usually, she wears it

with a few buttons undone, like a lot of my waitresses do. For one, it’s way more comfortable. The

collars are tight, and they’re a little scratchy. I’ve been meaning to replace them for some time now.

And secondly, as silly as it seems, having a little sex appeal is Waitressing 101. It’s a good way to get

tips, and I'd never look down on my servers for doing what they can to make extra money.

"Did he say anything else?" I ask, trying to keep the anger out of my voice. I don't want her to think it's

directed at her.

Daisy pauses. "He... said this is a classy place, and that I shouldn't show so much cleavage," she

says, staring down at her lap as she fiddles with the hem of her skirt. "I'm sorry, Abby. I didn't know."

"Don't apologize," I say.

She snuffles again, and I reach behind me for my box of tissue. I hand it to her, and she gives me a

grateful look.

"I'm sorry for crying," she says before blowing her nose. "I just don't want you to think I don't take my

job seriously. Some of the other waitresses do the same thing. I just have bigger boobs than them."

"Don't worry about it, Daisy," I reassure her. "The way you were wearing your shirt before was fine. You

must be uncomfortable with it buttoned up like that." From what I remember, she didn't even have

cleavage on display. The dress shirt just hugs her boobs more than some of the smaller girls.

"Are you sure?" she murmurs, wiping her nose with the tissue.

I nod. "I'm positive. Don't listen to him; wear your shirt however you want."

With a small smile, Daisy hesitantly unbuttons two buttons and pauses, clearing waiting for my verdict.

I nod. "That's fine, Daisy."

"I know this is a classy place, and I'm not a classy person—"

"You look very classy, Daisy," I say, cutting her off. It's not a lie. She has her blonde hair up in a tight

bun, and her uniform fits her great. She's wearing nice, subtle makeup, and looks clean and proper.

None of my customers have had an issue with her, and I certainly haven't. Other than being a bit

curvier, and the single tattoo on her wrist, she looks like all my other employees.

"Thanks, Abby." She wipes off her face and stands up.

I stand up too and follow her to the door. She strides across the kitchen with her head down, avoiding

Karl, who's wiping off the counter in the corner. He doesn't look at her as she strides by.

"Karl," I say, barely containing my anger this time.

He looks at me, his eyebrows going up. Chloe's standing with Ethan on the other side of the room, and

I can tell by the expression on her face that she's enjoying this. She really has it out for him.

"My office, now."

He puts down his rag and crosses the kitchen. I lead the way into my office, and he follows, closing the

door behind me. I whirl on him. "Did you tell Daisy to button up her shirt?"

He shrugs. "Yeah, so? I could see everything. I'm sure your customers noticed it too. It's not good to

have a waitress wandering around looking like a sl—"

“Enough!” I interrupt him before he can utter the word that I hate the most.
“Don’t you dare speak about

my employees like that, or any woman for that matter. And for the record, if I had an issue with how she

wore her uniform, I would have mentioned it to her myself. It’s not your place to bring concerns like that

directly to my employees.”

He crosses his arms. “This is supposed to be a high-class restaurant.”

“And it is, even if some of my employees have bigger boobs than others.” I know he must have struck a

nerve with Daisy. She told me when I hired her that she was worried the others would treat her

differently if they found out what she used to do. I don’t think any of them know, but Karl saying that to

her probably reignited those worries.

“It’s your restaurant,” he says dismissively, shrugging. “If that’s what you want, then fine.”

“Either way, you have to stop treating my employees like this. You’re not in charge here,” I growl. “And

furthermore, it’s gross that you pay so much attention to what women wear. It’s just like when we were

—”

I stop myself before those words can come out. Like when we were together. But it’s the truth; he

always had some issue with what I wore, taking out his outdated views on modesty on me. I won’t

stand for it anymore, but I can’t bring it up here. Not at work.

“Did you have something else to say, Abby?” he asks, folding his arms. “Or can I get back to work?”

I pinch the bridge of my nose and let out an exasperated sigh. “Just... Keep your opinions to yourself,

Karl. You don’t run this place. I do.”

“Fine,” he says.

“Fine,” I reply, narrowing my eyes.

Karl stares at me for a moment. His eyes are cold, but I can sense that he’s shifting uncomfortably in

his spot ever so slightly. “Is that all?” he asks.

“Yup. Get back to work.”

Karl

I hand Jack another plate, my shoulders tense. Behind us, one of the chefs laughs one of the most

grating laughs I think I might have ever heard. I think his name is John, or Jim maybe. He’s one of the

few people left in the kitchen whose name I haven’t committed to memory. I don’t know, and frankly, I

don’t really care. But what I do care about is how infuriating that man is.

Normally, I could ignore it, but I’m already tense tonight, and John isn’t helping. On one hand, my fight

with Abby keeps ringing in my ears. “It’s gross that you pay so much attention to what women wear,”

she had said. Geez. I was just trying to help her, but of course, I’m the one who got chewed out. On top

of that, I’m still a little hungover after indulging a bit too much last night in a rather expensive bottle of

scotch. But I needed it after the day I had.

Abby's clearly still upset with me, and it puts me on edge. She barely greeted me when I got here today

and only said enough to tell me to work with Jack again. I could tell by the way she said it that she's

losing her patience with me. I just don't see why I should have to take orders from a dishwasher who is

not only half my age but also probably half my intelligence level.

Behind me, John or Jim or whatever his name is roars out another laugh, causing my shoulders tense

even further. I know I need to calm down. The last thing I need right now is to create more reasons for

Abby to be mad at me, but this guy is really getting on my nerves. If he doesn't shut up soon, I might

not be able to stop myself from doing something I shouldn't.

I've never liked people with abrasive personalities, and John has to have one of the worst. "Look at this

bitch," he yells, slapping a piece of meat. "Now that's what I call firm. Just like your mom's—"

If it's possible to commit murder through a glare, then I've certainly mastered it. I glance over at Jack to

see what his thoughts are, but he seems to be avoiding my gaze. Across the room, Abby gives John a

bemused look, but says nothing.

How can he get away with this shit, when I'm the one who got chewed out just for telling someone to

button up their shirt? A shirt that I, and most of the customers, I reckon, can practically see all the way

down. This is supposed to be an upstanding place, isn't it?

The waitress in question, Daisy, has been avoiding me all night. Not that I ever spoke much to her

before, but she won't even look at me now. I know I should apologize. It's not like I set out to hurt her

feelings, but I haven't been able to bring myself to. Not tonight, anyway. I'm so annoyed, and hot, and

sweaty, and hungover, that I feel like I could rip someone's head off.

And if John doesn't shut up soon, it's going to be him.

One of the waiters walks back into the kitchen with a tray of dirty plates. He puts them down at my

station. "Hey Freddy," John yells. The waiter beside me looks up. "How's that sister of yours? I heard

she's back in town." Freddy frowns, but before he can answer, I can't control myself anymore and I

beat him to it. "Why don't you just shut the f uck up?"

John stands up straighter. He's a big, lumbering sort of man. He's built like a bear, but that doesn't

mean he could ever beat me in a fight. There's a reason I'm the Alpha, after all. I'm incredibly hard to

beat in one-on-one combat, and I've been itching to let out some steam.

I walk over to him, and John meets me halfway. He puffs out his chest, and I can't help but grin a little

at the display.

"You got a problem?" John says with a mean glint in his eye.

I scoff. "Clearly."

“Get the f uck out of my face.”

“Promise to shut your f ucking mouth, and I will.”

He throws a punch, and I dodge it. But before I can retaliate, a figure darts in between us. Abby has her

back to me as she crosses her arms and glares up at John.

“Get back to work,” she barks. She shoots me a glare over her shoulder, too, but John doesn’t question

her. Abby whips around and levels me with a hard stare. “Go outside,” she says. “You need to cool off.”

Tags:

Last updated on February 9, 2024

Chasing His Kickass Luna Back Chapter 23

Chapter 23 – Jack

Abby

What an arrogant a ss. He’s just as egotistical as he always was.

I rub my temples as the back door slams shut behind Karl. I stalk back across the room, giving John a

look as I pass. He lifts his hands in supplication. “Sorry, boss. But to be fair, he started it.”

“This is a kitchen, not a boxing ring,” I hiss, shooting John a glare that makes him practically shrink. “If

you have a problem with someone, then take it outside. Better yet, don’t get into a fight at work. There

are literal stoves on, and knives everywhere. This isn’t the place or time.”

The message is directed at John, but I know everyone’s listening.

“Yes, boss,” he mumbles.

I walk back to my station and get back to work. We’re in the middle of a dinner rush, and the last thing I

need is for my employees to start fighting. I get why Karl was pissed. John is being even more abrasive

and vulgar than usual tonight, but that doesn’t mean he should start a fight in the middle of my

restaurant. Imagine if my customers heard them.

Great, now everyone in the kitchen is going to be afraid of him. It’s only a matter of time before they

find out who and what he really is. I can’t afford to have an Alpha here, not if everyone finds out. They’ll

probably start to see him as the person in charge and not me.

I watch Karl return to his station and smile to myself. I’ve already had a couple of complaints about him,

and I’ll have to talk to him about it later. But even if he’s been irritating the hell out of my employees, it’s

a little amusing to watch him try to figure this whole restaurant thing out.

Tonight, just a little while before closing time, I call Karl to my office. When he arrives, he closes the

office door behind him and leans back into it. His face is slightly red from the heat of the

kitchen. “What’s up?” he says.

“Just wanted to talk to you about everything. We had a few complaints about you.”

He pauses. “Me?”

“Apparently, you don’t take orders well. Poor Jack looked like he wanted to kill you.”

He smiles slightly. “My bad. I guess I’m just used to being in charge.”

“Well, in my kitchen, you’re not.”

He nods slowly. “I guess I’ll have to get used to that.” He grins suddenly, and I frown at him. “Looks like

you’re going to a party with me. Since I lasted the day and everything.”

“Fine. A deal’s a deal.”

“Does that mean I can go now?”

I shake my head. “We still need to clean up everything.”

“Okay, then tell me what I need to do. I’ll be happy to follow your orders.” He gives me a winning smile

and I roll my eyes. I honestly don’t know what’s happening. I thought he’d hate having to be

reprimanded by me and stalk out of here. He always used to let his temper get the best of him. But now

he’s willing to do whatever I say? I don’t know what Karl this is, but it’s not the one I remember.

“I’ll do better tomorrow,” he says, turning to leave.

“So, you’re coming back?” I can’t hide the shock from coming through in my voice.

He looks over his shoulder at me. “You still need the help?”

I nod.

“Then yeah, I’ll see you then.”

I watch him return to the kitchen, my eyebrows raised. Looks like it won’t be so easy to get rid of him.

And if he sticks around, people are going to find out he's working here. People like Leah and Chloe.

People like Adam.

I lean back and close my eyes. I didn't plan for this. I didn't plan for him to make it through an hour, let

alone a full day. Now it looks like I'm stuck with him.

And for some reason, I can't help that the thought makes me smile a little.

When I walk into my apartment, dead on my feet from my shift, the scent of cooking meat greets me. I

can hear Adam moving around the kitchen as I wander down the hall.

"Thought I'd make dinner for you," he says, coming around the island to kiss me. I return the quick kiss

and take a sip of the wine. It's incredibly smooth and I look closer at the bottle. It's a \$300 bottle of

wine.

"Wow, what's the occasion?"

"I know work has been stressing you out, and you've been going through a bit of a hard time. So, I

wanted to do something nice for you."

I kiss him on the cheek and sink onto one of the stools. "That's very thoughtful."

He turns back to the oven, and I bite my lip. He has no idea that Karl worked for me today, and that he

might continue to do so if I'm to believe him. I know I have to break the news to him, but I'm a little

nervous. Especially after the obvious pissing contest they had the other night.

I put my napkin on my lap and smile at him as he sinks into the seat across from me. See, he can be

romantic, I think. Leah might not think there's much passion between us, but she's wrong. Why would

he do all this if he doesn't truly care about me?

We eat in comfortable silence. It's not long before Karl pushes his way back into my thoughts. He

looked pretty good when he left tonight, sweaty and a little disheveled. It reminded me of activities that

used to make him look the exact same way. I used to find it pretty sexy, the way he'd look with his hair

all messed up and his chest glistening with sweat.

I take a sip of wine and force the thought from my head. I'm having dinner with my fiancé. Now is not

the time to be thinking about sex with another man.

"Adam, there's something I need to tell you."

He meets my gaze, and the smile falls from his face. If I didn't know better, I'd say he looks a little

anxious. Maybe I made it sound way more serious than I intended to.

"Is everything okay?"

"Oh yeah, it's not a big deal at all." He still looks concerned, but a bit less tense than he did before. Did

he think I was breaking up with him or something?

I say the words as quickly as possible, just wanting to be done with it. "Karl's working at the restaurant."

His eyebrows go up. “Your restaurant?”

I swallow hard. “Yes. Karl’s working at my restaurant.”

Tags:

Last updated on February 9, 2024

Chasing His Kickass Luna Back Chapter 24

Chapter 24 – Busy Night

Abby

He doesn’t respond for a moment, and I hold my breath. Is he angry? Hurt? Annoyed? It’s impossible

to read the expression on his face.

“Oh,” he finally says, leaning back in his seat. “Just helping out?”

I nod. “He insisted on helping, so I put him in the back. Tonight, he was doing dishes.” The memory of it

almost makes me smile, but I stop myself at the last minute. The last thing that will help this situation is

me grinning like an idiot.

Adam’s eyebrows go up. “That must have been a sight.”

I finally let the smile slip free. “Oh, it was.”

“Well, that’s good.” He takes a sip of his wine. “You need whatever help you can get. Though I imagine

he must be a pretty difficult employee.” He has no idea.

“So, it doesn’t bother you?”

He shakes his head. “No, I trust you.”

“Oh, good. Well, you have nothing to worry about, anyway.”

He nods and smiles. "I was thinking of stopping by tomorrow night. I have a meeting late, but I was

going to come straight after."

"Okay."

I keep waiting for the other shoe to drop, some sign of anger or even jealousy, but nothing. I know it

would annoy Karl if it were the reverse. He is my ex-husband, after all, and he's made it pretty clear he

wants me back. Shouldn't it bother Adam? Isn't he even a little worried Karl might steal me away?

Sure, I have no interest in getting back together with Karl, but do I want to be with someone who

doesn't even care enough to be jealous? I could be reading too much into it, but it hardly seems like a

good sign.

I'll have to ask Chloe and Leah what they think. They always know what to do in these kinds of

situations. At least they'll be able to tell me if it should bother me, or if I'm just overthinking everything.

"So, we're good?" I ask, glancing up at Adam one last time.

He stands up, his wine glass in hand, and leans down to kiss me on the cheek. "We're good."

I watch him wander into the living room and collapse on the sofa. Well, I guess that's the end of it. I

didn't have anything to worry about. He doesn't care.

So why do I feel so disappointed?

...

Karl's at the restaurant already when I arrive, holding another tray of coffees for Ethan and me. I take

my coffee without comment and unlock the front door. He trails in after me, wearing a t-shirt and plain

black jeans. At least he's got the memo that he doesn't need to show up in a full suit every day. Even if

he does look pretty sexy in it.

"Back for more torture?" I ask.

"Looks like." He grins and leans on the door of my office. I place my things down and sink into the office

chair. I need to get some orders out today before everyone else gets here. We're booked out again for

dinner, and I know it's going to be another busy one. We're still short staffed.

"I feel the need to remind you that this really isn't necessary," I say, gesturing to the coffee.

Karl shrugs and sips his coffee. "Let's agree to disagree on that, shall we?"

I hear the front door, then Ethan meets us in the back a few minutes later. He takes his coffee from me

with raised brows, looking sideways at Karl.

"Thanks," he says.

"Sure. I'm going to go take the chairs off the tables."

"Okay," I offer. "Good idea."

Ethan and I wait until the kitchen doors swing shut behind him. At least he's taking some initiative.

"So, he's back," Ethan says, looking over his shoulder like he thinks Karl might appear suddenly behind

him. Which isn't out of the realm of possibility, I suppose.

I look up from the list of orders. "I guess I should give him actual hours?"

"I don't know. He seems determined to work. I can get him to help me set up the kitchen when he's

done out there." I smirk. "Sure, sounds good to me."

Ethan nods and leaves me alone to focus on the orders. A part of me feels bad for taking advantage,

but if Karl insists on being here open to close, then who am I to stop him? It's not like I'm paying him. I

offered to compensate him for his time, but he wasn't interested. "I'm just here to help," he said. I guess

he doesn't really need the extra cash.

The rest of my employees trickle in an hour later. I meet them in the kitchen, ready to give some sort of

pep talk before we get going. There are a few things we need to iron out after last night. It mostly went

smoothly, but it always takes time to get in the groove with new kitchen staff. Especially because all of

them are new. Even if they have previous experience, every restaurant is different in how it does

things.

"So, we've got another busy night ahead," I start.

They all stare at me, and I swallow hard. I can hear Olivia's words in my mind, telling me she thought I

was a terrible employer. What if I mess it all up again?

I meet Karl's gaze, and he gives me a reassuring smile. He stands apart from the group, like him and

the others all know he doesn't really belong here. It's clear they don't know what to make of him. I don't

think they know he's an Alpha. At least I haven't heard anyone whispering about it yet. I dread the day

that information gets out. But it's clear to everyone he has no idea what he's doing. I don't think it

makes sense to any of them why I 'hired' him.

"We need to make sure people aren't waiting too long for their meals. I know it's hard with so few of us,

but our customers expect timeliness and quality. This is a high-end spot, and we need to provide

impeccable service."

My waiters nod along. I'm sure they've heard this all before, but there's no harm in repeating myself.

"Tonight's specials are a honey roast duck with spring vegetables, and a cedar plank salmon with

scalloped potatoes and asparagus."

The restaurant doors behind me swing open, and I spin around. Last I checked everyone who should

be here is already. Chloe strides in, her heels clicking on the tile. "Abby!" she exclaims, kissing me on

the cheek. "Chloe." I look at the others. "Finish getting ready. We open in ten minutes."

They nod and disperse. Only Karl remains, looking at me expectantly. I still need to tell him where he's

supposed to go tonight. I turn to tell Chloe to give me a moment, but she's looking at Karl with shock.

"Um," she says. "Why is your ex-husband here?"

Tags:

Last updated on February 9, 2024

Chasing His Kickass Luna Back Chapter 25

Chapter 25 – Chole Argues

Abby

At least she whispers it. I glance around, but none of my employees seem to have heard her. I shush

her, grabbing her arm.

Karl smirks. “Chloe.”

She glowers at him. “Karl.”

“You’ll be working with Jack again,” I say to Karl, squeezing Chloe’s arm a little. The last thing I need is

for them to make a scene. “Listen to what he says this time, okay?”

Karl nods. “Sure boss.”

I watch him walk away, then turn to Chloe. “Come with me,” I hiss.

She follows me to my office. I turn to face her, not bothering to close the door. I don’t have enough time

to get into this right now, anyway.

“What are you doing here?” I ask. “Are you here for dinner?”

She crosses her arms. “Don’t change the subject. Why is he here? Since when are you guys even

talking?”

I cringe. It dawns on me that I haven’t seen her recently, and she has no idea that Karl’s been hanging

around. I guess Leah never spilled the beans either. Based on the look on her face, I have a lot of

explaining to do.

“Look,” I start. I honestly have no idea what to say. The look on Chloe’s face makes me want to cower

a little. “He’s just helping out for the time being. He was there when all my employees quit, and he just

wants to make things a little easier for me.”

She doesn’t look very convinced. “He just wants to help,” she repeats, sounding somewhat disgusted.

“Yeah, that sounds like him.”

“I don’t know what you mean.” I can tell by her tone, though, that she doesn’t mean anything good. I

always thought Leah disliked him more, but I guess I was wrong. She took the news that he’s back a lot

better than Chloe currently is.

The sad thing is, Chloe and Karl always got along when we were married. I’ve known Chloe for a long

time, and she’s one of the few friends who stuck with me when I stopped being a Luna. She was never

fake like some of the others.

I can still remember how shocked she was when I told her we were getting a divorce. “I thought you’d

be together forever,” she had said. At the time, I thought so too. But things change, and I’ve come to

accept that now. I understand that she’s just looking out for me, but she seems to have forgotten how

much she liked Karl at the beginning.

“Seriously, Abby.” She shakes her head. “Come on. What’s the ulterior motive? I know he’s got one.

And you know he’s got one, too, even if he hasn’t admitted it yet.”

I look down, weighing my words. If I come clean, I know I’m only going to paint his motives in a worse

light. But, then again, maybe he doesn’t have the best motives for being here in the first place. There’s

no reason for me to try to make him look better than he really is.

“He maybe, kind of, wants to get back together,” I admit.

The look she gives me almost makes me want to cower. I knew she wouldn’t support my decision to

allow him back into my life, even if it’s just to help me out for a few days, but I didn’t expect her to look

this unnerved. I’ve been putting off telling her because I had a feeling she’d react this way. I can tell by

the look on her face that she thinks I might actually take him back.

“You’re not thinking about it, are you?” she says.

“No.” I cross my arms. “We’re never getting back together. I promise.” Even as I say the words, though,

something sits heavy in my chest.

She stares hard at me. I don’t think she believes me. Not that I really blame her. I’m not even sure if I

believe it myself. There’s a part of me that thinks as I say the words that I’m not just trying to convince

her, but that I’m trying to convince the both of us.

“Just don’t forget all the shit he put you through,” she says, sounding exasperated. “I was there after

the divorce. You were broken, and unless I’m mistaken, your wolf still isn’t awake.”

“I don’t know if I would say broken.”

“You wouldn’t get out of bed,” she argues.

I try not to think too much about the weeks immediately following the divorce, but I know she’s right.

Like my wolf, I spent most of my time asleep. I was shocked and heartbroken. My marriage was ending

for no reason that I could think of, and I had to mourn that relationship. I lost weight, lost time, lost my

mind. But I got over the other side of it, and I’ve made a life for myself since then. Heartbreak sucks,

but it made me a stronger person. In a way, I’m glad that it happened. But it doesn’t mean that I’ll ever

go back to Karl.

“I remember,” I say. “I promise I’m not getting back together with him.”

She gestures around at the restaurant like it’s the ultimate proof. “He can’t just weasel his way back

into your life now,” she says. “Look at how far you’ve come! Look at all you’ve accomplished! If you let

him back in, he’ll just destroy all of it.”

“I haven’t forgotten any of that, but that doesn’t mean I can’t take his help when he offers it now,” I say.

“I could use the help.”

Chloe sighs. "I just worry that one day you're taking his help, and the next you're taking him back," she

answers. "It's not like it was a mutual decision for you two to get a divorce. Unless you keep your guard

up, he'll just start manipulating you, and then you'll be exactly where you were before."

I frown, slightly put off by Chloe's words. Is that who she really thinks I am? A weak little girl who would

go running back to her ex husband when she's got a perfectly good fiancée at home? "That's never

going to happen," I say, unable to hide the hint of annoyance in my voice. "What will it take for you to

believe me?"

She shrugs. "I don't know. I guess only time will tell."

I check the clock in the office, and frown. I've only got a few minutes until my customers start to arrive.

"We're opening soon. I don't have time to get into this right now."

She nods but pins me with a stare. "But we're going to talk about it more later."

"Fine," I say with a resigned sigh. "Now, what was it you were here for? Before you Karl distracted you."

She smiles, finally relaxing a little. "Well, I heard that you're still looking for a good bartender."

I nod. One of the waiters has been working behind the bar, but he's pretty slow. I don't think he's ever

worked behind a bar before.

"I was thinking I could come work here for a while. I'm in between things now, and I used to work as a

bartender a few years back.” I nod. I remember the bar she used to work at. Karl and I would go there

sometimes if he had a free night.

“That would be amazing!”

“Great.”

I start to tell her where she can find an extra uniform, when Karl pokes his head into the room, softly

rapping on the edge of the doorframe with his knuckles.

I jump a little, turning to face him. Chloe turns around and pins him with a glare, her arms crossed.

“Ethan was looking for you,” he says, ignoring Chloe completely. She’s still glaring at him, and I know

he’s more than aware. “He needs you at the front desk, I think.”

“Alright.”

I look back at Chloe. “Go find Andrew. He’s working behind the bar right now. He’ll get you a uniform

and get you started. You can work together tonight while you’re getting used to things, then I’ll have

you back there by yourself.”

Chloe approaches the table with three glasses balanced between her hands. She puts them down and

slides them across to us.

“Thanks,” I say, taking a sip.

“I’m glad we’re doing this.” Chloe gives me a pointed look. “We needed a girl’s night.” Leah’s too busy

looking around the bar to notice Chloe's expression. "Yeah, me too," Leah says.

Unfortunately, I have the sense that Chloe is partly here because she's not satisfied with our

conversation today. She clearly didn't believe me when I said I have no intention of getting back

together with Karl.

Maybe she thinks she can get Leah on her side so they can gang up on me.

Tags:

Last updated on February 9, 2024