

Chasing His Kickass Luna Back Chapter 26

Chapter 26: Girl's Night

Abby

"Seeing anyone new?" I ask Leah, trying to take a bit of the attention off me. She turns and gives me a

cheeky grin. "Always."

"Anyone of note?"

Her smile grows. "Always."

I don't think Leah's ever been in a serious relationship, and I'm confident she never wants to. I'm more

of a relationship girl myself, but sometimes I envy her. After my divorce, when I finally felt ready to date

again, I tried the casual

thing, but I hated it. I need a connection with someone that lasts longer than a night to feel any type of

attraction to them. I wonder sometimes what it feels like to be as confident and free as she is.

"What about you?" I say, turning to look at Chloe.

She looks unimpressed. "I've been seeing that guy, Jason. He's nice, but it's nothing serious. Not yet

anyway."

I nod. Chloe hates talking about her dates. She's determined to make the point constantly that the men

in her life don't define her. I think that's partly why she hates Karl so much. I think she hated how I

acted when I was with him. She doesn't like that I gave up so much of myself for a man.

"What about you, Abby?" Chloe says. "How's your fiancé?"

It's the perfect segway into what I really want to talk to them about, but I suddenly feel nervous. What if

she thinks that my reservations about Adam are because of Karl? Sure, part of the issue is that I can't

stop comparing Adam to my ex. But I haven't had many serious relationships, and my relationship with

Karl was the most serious of all of them. It makes sense that I would use that as a reference point.

"He's fine," I finally answer. "Good."

Leah gives me a look. "You don't sound very convinced."

I shrug. "I guess I just have some worries. Sometimes I feel like there's not as much... passion as there

should be." "I knew it!" Leah gives Chloe a triumphant look. "Didn't I say they have like zero chemistry?"

"Hey!" I say, but they both ignore me. Clearly, they've been talking about this behind my back.

Chloe frowns. "I think zero chemistry is probably taking it a bit far. I think maybe Abby's just been a bit

distracted lately. Maybe if certain people weren't hovering around her all the time, she'd have more

time and space to dedicate to her relationship."

"Guys, I'm sitting right here," I say. "Karl isn't the issue here. I just worry that Adam and I don't feel as

strongly about each other as I thought we did. He wasn't even a little jealous when he found out Karl's

working for me. He hardly reacted at all. Plus, our sex life isn't the best. It's almost been a week since

we had sex."

"A week!" Leah practically yells, throwing her head back in laughter. "You act like it's been six months!"

A heat creeps up into my cheeks. Nearby, a few people passing by turn their heads to give Leah a

curious look. I sink into my seat, feeling my heart pound.

"We just got engaged," I complain. "Shouldn't we want to tear each other's clothes off?" I say it in a low

voice, hoping Leah takes the hint.

"Um, yeah." She shakes her head. "A week is a little crazy, if you look at it that way. It's not like you're

an old married couple."

"Well, Karl and I never had that problem," I admit.

Chloe shakes her head. "This is exactly what I was worried about, Abby," she says. "I knew the minute I

saw Karl in your restaurant, actually doing something selfless for once, that you'd fall for it. Though,

let's be honest, I'm sure his motives have a lot to do with what he wants from you. I just knew he'd find

a way to wear you down."

"He hasn't worn me down. Karl and I aren't getting back together."

"Why don't I believe you?"

"She has a point," Leah concedes. She reaches out and takes my hand, giving it a squeeze. "We just

want to make sure you end up with someone who deserves you. While I personally think Adam's a

bore, and that a good sex life is a must have, he's still a better option than Karl."

"I don't care about Karl," I say, the words ringing a bit false in my ears. Hopefully, they at least buy it

more than I do. "What I care about is working through things with Adam. I don't know what to do to fix

things."

"Maybe you guys just need to rekindle the romance," Chloe says. I can't help but think it's a little early

to need to 'rekindle' anything, but I don't say so.

"Yeah, take a night out to have some fun," Leah adds with a wink. It doesn't take a genius to get the

message. If I want passion in my relationship, then I'm going to have to make some.

Karl shows up again the next day, much to my surprise. I thought after his display the previous evening,

his pride would finally win out over his desire to help, but I guess I was wrong.

I'm starting to wonder if I'll ever get him out of here. Doesn't he have responsibilities he needs to attend

to? He's got a pack to run, after all. It's not like being an Alpha is a low-stress, low-commitment job.

When we were married, he basically worked 24/7.

"Hey," I say as he walks in, the doors swinging shut behind him. He's wearing black jeans and a fitted

black t-shirt, the sort of thing most of my employees wear if they're working in the kitchen, but

somehow, he makes it look so good. Everything fits him so perfectly, it's unfair.

I realize I'm staring and force myself to look away. Hopefully, he didn't notice my gawking. The last

thing I need is for him to think his ploy to get me back is working.

"Hey." He hands me my coffee and puts the tray down on the counter. I look at the clock, then give him

a pointed look. Yet again, he's arrived before Ethan.

"You know you don't have to get here so early," I say.

He shrugs.

"I'm sure you have other things you need to be doing."

He tilts his head down to look at me and smiles. "Stop worrying about what I need," he says. "I've got

things under control."

"Do you?"

His smile widens. "Always."

I can't help but lean toward him a little. He smells so wonderful. Musky and dominant. I sometimes

forget just how powerful he is, especially since he's been working here. It's too easy to let his true

nature fall to the wayside when he's suddenly being so benevolent.

He's an Alpha. Dominating and possessive, just like my friends said. His ego is so big, it borders on

ridiculous.

But I can't seem to hold on to my thoughts as our eyes meet. My wolf shifts a little, not waking, but

perhaps not sleeping quite as heavily as she was. His presence seems to be the only thing that wakes

her up a little.

“How long are you going to do this?” I say, sounding a little breathless.

He smiles. “As long as you need me.”

“And when I don’t need you anymore?”

The smile falls from his face, and he looks away. I almost think I see fear in his eyes, but I can’t be

sure. “Do you think that’ll happen soon?”

“I don’t know.” I don’t think we’re talking about the restaurant anymore.

“Well, a part of me dreads the day.” He seems to realize what he said, because he makes a point of

looking around the restaurant. “I actually kind of like it here.”

“Do you?” I’m not sure I believe him.

He meets my gaze again. “Sure, it’s a nice place. I have some suggestions, but overall, pretty good.” I

roll my eyes. “I’m not interested in your suggestions.”

He shrugs. “You might be at some point.”

“I doubt it.” He must see the skeptical look on my face because he reaches out and takes my hand. A

jolt of electricity runs through me.

“I’m just trying to help,” he says. His hand is rough and warm. We haven’t held hands like this since we

were married, and I hate how amazing it feels. I know I should tell him I never asked for his ‘help,’ but

I'm too distracted.

I lean even closer, and he looks at me with something like hope on his face. "I'm the leader here. I don't

need someone giving me orders," I say, and I make sure he can tell I really mean it.

"Whatever you say, boss." God, he's insufferable sometimes.

"What are you thinking?" he says softly, running his thumb over my hand. A shudder moves through

me. "I—"

Chasing His Kickass Luna Back Chapter 27

Posted by

Chapter 27: Dancing the Night Away

The kitchen doors swing open, and I pull my hand away from Karl's. It's Ethan.

I don't know why I feel like I've been caught doing something I shouldn't. Ethan doesn't seem to notice

as he crosses the room and picks up the cup.

"Thanks," he says, his voice sounding groggy. "I really needed this."

He heads for the office, and I look back at Karl, deciding that it's best if we just pretend that what just

happened between us never happened at all. "You'll be doing the same as yesterday. Besides, there is

no need for such closeness between employee and boss," I say coldly, restraining my desire to be

close to him.

He nods and walks away, his shoulders slightly tense. I watch him go for a moment before I force

myself to turn away. It's a good thing that Ethan walked in, I think.

I have to get the passion back with Adam as soon as possible, just like Leah said.

The next day, Adam picks me up at my apartment, and we take a taxi to a local hotel. "Would you like

to dance, or would you like a drink first?" Adam asks, leaning down to talk in my ear.

I grin. "Dance. Then drinks. Then more dancing."

He returns my smile and leads me out onto the dance floor. He spins me around and I can't help my

giddy laugh. I've always loved to dance. Even though I'm not particularly good at it, I find it so freeing.

It's one of those things I've always done just for the pure enjoyment of it.

Adam pulls me close, and we sway together. He smells good, like sandalwood and a bit like my

strawberry shampoo, which he must have used when we were getting ready earlier. He's dressed in a

well-cut black suit, with shiny black dress shoes and a crisp white shirt. I'm not the only one who's

noticed how great he looks. Several women have turned to look at him.

So why don't I feel anything when our bodies are pressed so close together?

I should want to drag him home and tear his clothes off. He did all this for me, set all of this up the

second I told him I wanted to go on a date, and he's especially handsome tonight as well. He's a great

kisser and a much better dancer than me. I twirl away from him and then he pulls me back against his

chest, swaying our hips.

He loves food. He works in the restaurant business. He's kind, fun and he genuinely cares about me.

Taking all of that into account, he should be the perfect man for me.

But the one thing lacking is our sex life.

There's just no intense, all-consuming passion between us. Sure, it's fine. He certainly knows what he's

doing, but it's the same every time. Is it wrong to expect fireworks? Is sex like that even necessary for a

loving, fulfilling relationship, or have movies and the media just fed me lies my entire life?

Honestly, though, I'm starting to worry that sex really is important to me, and I don't know how to fix it.

"What are you thinking about?" he says in my ear, his lips dragging down my neck.

I shudder and part my lips. "I was just listening to the music."

He kisses my shoulder and drags his hand down my hip. My back is still pressed to his broad chest,

and we're swaying, slightly off-beat, to the song.

"Hmm," he murmurs into my neck.

I tilt my head to the side, and he kisses me. Already this is better than normal. The heat settles around

me, and I can hear my harsh breaths even with the loud music. A distant part of me wonders if our

display should embarrass me, but a quick glance at the room shows that we're not the only people

dancing like this. Shifters aren't so embarrassed by public displays of affection.

He spins me back around and kisses me. I lean closer and deepen the kiss. He drags his hands up my

sides and smiles against my mouth. Heat gathers in my stomach, moving lower. Maybe this is what I

needed.

I pull away slightly and he spins me around. When he pulls me back toward him, my eyes land on a girl

dancing nearby. Her dark hair falls in waves around her shoulders, and she's wearing a classy shirt and

dress combo, with a strapless top and a flowing skirt. My muscles tense as her eyes lift to meet mine.

She smiles, though there's no light in her eyes, and moves closer. "Abby, I didn't expect to see you

here." I can tell by her tone that she would rather she didn't. And I wish she didn't, too.

"Tiffany. Hi."

Adam turns to her and smiles, holding out his hand. "Hi. I'm Adam." He must think we're friends or

something.

She eyes Adam's hand, then turns back to me. He gives me a look and wraps his arm around my

waist. I guess he's finally picking up on the tension between us. He looks back and forth between

Tiffany and me, his brows pulling together.

“Is Karl here?” I ask, unable to stop myself. I didn’t feel his heavy presence, but it’s possible I was too

distracted by Adam. “No,” she says, crossing her arms.

“Oh.”

“Are you a friend of Karl’s?” Adam asks, his tone carefully neutral.

“I’m his cousin.”

“Oh.”

His gaze slides to mine, but I force myself to focus on Tiffany. She’s looking at Adam like she wants to

tear into him with her claws. I feel a protective urge flow through me, and I move slightly so my back is

to Adam’s chest again. He tightens his hold on me.

“Well, have a good night and everything,” I say.

She frowns. “Careful,” she says, her gaze sliding to Adam. “This one isn’t known for her loyalty.”

“Excuse me?” I exclaim.

Chasing His Kickass Luna Back Chapter 28

Posted by

Chapter 28: Abby’s Disappointment

Abby

She just glares at me, then turns and slips back into the crowd. I watch her go until she reaches the

bar, where her friends are waiting for her.

“She doesn’t like me very much.”

“Yeah, I got that.” He wraps his arms around me when a slower song starts up, and we sway together.

“Don’t worry about her,” he says, when he notices I’m not as into dancing anymore. “Her opinion

doesn’t matter.”

“You’re right,” I say, giving him a quick kiss on the lips.

I can’t seem to get her words out of her mind, though. Not even dancing can distract me. What did she

mean? I was always loyal to Karl. He’s the one who left me, which everyone seems to forget. Why

would she feel the need to warn Adam about me?

It just doesn’t add up. Clearly, there’s something I don’t know.

Adam opens the front door, and we stumble in. Both of us are laughing as we struggle to get the door

closed behind us.

I place my purse down on one of the glass side tables as Adam crosses the room. He pulls me into his

arms, and we sway to the music. I smile up at him.

Other than my brief confrontation with Tiffany, tonight has been the perfect night. I danced until my feet

hurt. I had way too many amazing drinks, and I even think I saw one of my favorite movie stars in the

bathroom. It’s maybe the greatest date I’ve ever been on. So why can’t I get Tiffany’s words out of my

mind?

I hear it over and over, her calling me disloyal. I’m desperate to know what she meant. What did Karl

say about me? Did he somehow make it seem like the divorce was all my fault? The unfairness of it

makes tension gather in my chest.

Adam leans down and kisses me hard, his hand sliding down my back to cup my ass. I push thoughts

of Tiffany and Karl from my mind. Tonight's about Adam and me, and I plan to live in the moment.

I deepen the kiss, and he pulls me close until our chests are tight together. He drags his other hand

along my neck while I curl my fingers into his soft hair. A moan escapes him, and I jump up, wrapping

my legs around his waist.

I wiggle against him, but he isn't hard yet. I move my hand between us and run it over him, but nothing

happens. He pulls away and gives me a bemused look. "I think the alcohol is getting to me."

"Oh?" I let my hand fall to my side and give him a disappointed look.

He rolls off me with a giggle. I look sideways at him. He's grinning up at the ceiling. We're both drunk. I

just didn't realize he was that drunk.

"No worries," I say.

He gives me a sloppy kiss on the cheek and falls back against his pillow.

"Does that happen to you often?" I ask.

He shrugs. "Sometimes if I drink too much."

"Oh."

He rolls out of bed and wanders back through the room, leaving me alone on the bed. I watch him fill

up a glass of water before I stand up and walk over to the bathroom. I close the door behind me and

take my time, disappointment sitting heavy. I know it's not his fault, but it still sucks.

When I return to the room, he's passed out on the bed. He still has his glass of water in his hand, and I

take it from him, placing it carefully on the bedside table. I turn off the music and the lights before

climbing into bed next to him.

The sheets are cool on my hot skin, and I snuggle down next to him.

I try to fall asleep, but it just won't come, even when my eyes feel heavy. Karl slips into my thoughts

and before I know it, I'm thinking about him on top of me. The heat of his gaze, and his writhing

hardness against me.

I frown and turn over in bed. I can't think about having sex with him while my fiancé lies right next to

me, snoring away without a care in the world.

But I can't stop the image from forming in my mind. Flipping him over and running my fingers over his

muscular chest. The feel of him beneath me, and the sound of his low moans. Just the thought of the

sound he made makes heat flow through me again and I press my thighs together.

Karl's fingers trace the edge of my thong as I lean down to kiss him. He smiles against my mouth. Heat

pools in my gut as I feel him harden against me, and I shift so I'm straddling him. I roll my hips, eliciting

a low groan from him.

I move my hips again, and he tilts his head back, a lazy smile on his lips. He watches me rock against

him through half lidded eyes, and the sight of him like that is almost enough to drive me wild. I capture

his mouth again, running my tongue over his lips. Tiny shivers dance across my skin as he drags his

hands up beneath my shirt.

I move faster, heat moving lower as I ride him through his briefs. A low moan escapes me as he thrusts

his hips up.

He wraps his arm around my middle and turns us over, his hair falling across his forehead. I grip the

soft strands between my fingers as his mouth moves over mine. My lips part, and he deepens the kiss.

"Abby," he murmurs, pulling away. His gaze meets mine, and he traces his fingers along my chin. "I

love you." "I know," I say.

He dips his head, a wide grin on his face. I arch my back as he kisses his way down my throat, and I

move to pull my shirt over my head. Well, his shirt. I stole it a while ago. He helps me get it off, then

pulls down my thong, throwing it off the side of the bed. I run my fingers along the waistband of his

briefs, and he shudders.

“I want these off,” I say.

He grins. “Your wish is my command.”

The dream plays over and over in my mind a few hours later as I shower and get ready for work. How

am I supposed to face Karl today? I can’t seem to stop blushing, and he isn’t even here. And why on

earth do I feel kind of sad that he’s not? I’m supposed to be pissed at him.

“Get it together,” I tell myself in the mirror. “It was just a dream. You hate Karl.”

Tags:

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Chasing His Kickass Luna Back Chapter 29

Posted by

Chapter 29: The Secretary

Abby

I get off at my stop and walk over to the restaurant. Just my luck. Karl is already standing outside with

my daily coffee in hand.

I take it from him, unable to meet his gaze. Partly from anger, partly from embarrassment. If he only

knew what I dreamed of last night. Knowing him, he’d probably love it. Then he’d suggest we make it

reality. And honestly, after my failed attempt with Adam last night, I’m not sure if I would refuse.

“I hate him,” I think to myself, indiscernibly shaking my head slightly and avoiding his gaze. “Don’t even

think about it. It was just a wet dream, and nothing else. Those dreams can happen with anybody.”

Almost as though he’s reading my mind, Karl gives me a curious look, and I feel warmth rush to my

cheeks. His hair is the same as it was then, and the wind blows long strands of it down across his

forehead. I can almost see my fingers gripping on to it. The corner of his mouth twitches, but he doesn’t

smile.

“You, okay?” he asks. I force myself to look away.

“Fine,” I snap, letting the door fall shut behind me. He puts out a hand to stop it and follows me further

into the restaurant.

“You sure? You’re acting a little funny.”

“I said I’m fine.”

I stomp across the dining room and shove my way into the kitchen. I can hear him trailing after me, but

he keeps his distance, thank God.

I close my office door and sink into my chair. What has gotten into me? One stupid dream, and now I’m

embarrassed to talk to him. What am I, a twelve-year-old girl? He’s my ex-husband, and he hurt me.

Badly. He’s an asshole. A manipulator. A male chauvinist. He’s... sexy. He knows me. He’s good in

bed.

I have to shake my head again to dispel the thoughts. Now isn’t the time to be giggling like an idiot

because I had one sex dream about him. And besides, I'm probably just misremembering what sex

with him was really like. It couldn't have been that good... right?

Right. He's awful.

I repeat it over and over until I've managed to shove the dream from my mind. I will not let my

subconscious trick me into letting him off the hook. Good in bed or not, he's got some serious groveling

to do, and even that might not be enough. No, it'll never be enough. I'm stronger than that now, and I

won't get back together with my ex. Not now, not ever.

Luckily, the dinner rush is especially frantic, and it helps me shove thoughts of that dream from my

mind. But unfortunately, like most nights, the rush doesn't last forever.

Karl hands me the chicken breast, and I cut it into strips. Part of prepping the kitchen involves cutting

up ingredients for the line cooks, and Karl is helping me with it tonight. I have him cutting vegetables,

and though he's a lot slower than me, he's doing an okay job.

He's already managed to annoy Ethan, who was setting things up in the dining room with him earlier.

Apparently, Karl just can't stop himself from ordering Ethan around, even though Ethan outranks him.

"So help me god, if that little prick tries to boss me around one more time..." Ethan had been livid, his

face redder than I had ever seen it.

“Don’t worry, Ethan,” I said, shooting an angry glance at Karl’s back as he stalked away. “I’ll handle him.”

“You had better.” Ethan’s voice was harsher than I expected, and seemingly harsher than he had

expected, too. He softened a bit, and passed a hand over his weary face. “Sorry, Abby. I didn’t mean to

snap at you. He just pisses me off.”

I sighed, squeezing Ethan’s arm. “Don’t sweat it. I promise Karl won’t be a problem anymore.”

“You’re getting good at that,” I say. Karl is faster with the knife now than he was when we started.

Usually, I have him mopping floors and setting tables, but I figured he might as well help me and give

everyone else a bit of a break. It’s my turn to take Karl off of their hands, like a babysitter tasked with

handling an unruly toddler.

“Thanks,” he says, flashing me a grin. He wipes a stack of carrots off the end of the knife with his

finger. “I do what I can.”

I can’t seem to help my answering grin. Last night’s debacle with Adam, and my inability to stop

thinking about Karl, is one of the many things I’ve been mulling over. I let my mind wander, and guilt

settles in. It’s not fair to Adam that I fell asleep thinking about Karl and not him. Adam did nothing

wrong. He got a bit too drunk. We all do sometimes. Hell, I embarrassed myself in front of Karl not too

long ago.

“Penny for your thoughts?” Karl asks as he grabs another carrot. He really is taking forever. I mostly

just have him here to keep him out of everyone else’s way.

I shake my head. There’s no way I’m sharing any of my worries with him. There’s especially no way I’m

telling him I couldn’t stop thinking about our old sex life. As far as he’s concerned, I never think about

him at all.

“Nothing interesting.”

“I seriously doubt that.”

I give him a look. “Don’t try to flirt with me, Karl. It won’t do you any favors.” novelbin

“Flirting?” he asks, batting his eyelashes slightly. “Why, I would never.”

“Just shut up and chop the carrots. And hurry up; you’re slower than molasses in January.”

“Sure thing, grandma,” Karl purrs.

The corner of his mouth turns up a little. I can tell he wants to smile, but he’s doing what he can to

avoid it.

The expression is pretty adorable on his face. I take for granted how often he smiles around me. I know

most of the world doesn’t get to see that side of him. He has to be the tough, no-nonsense Alpha to so

many. It must get exhausting.

“Now you’re the one who’s staring,” he says. “And you called me the flirt.”

I quickly look away and resume my task. Maybe getting us alone together wasn't the best idea. Ethan

left the kitchen a while ago, and Chloe's out at the bar setting everything up. A few of my waiters are in

the breakroom getting changed.

"I was thinking, and it just looked like I was staring," I say. "I barely noticed you." A total lie. I was

focusing a little too hard on his chiseled jaw and warm brown eyes. I know a lot of people have brown

eyes, but no one has eyes like Karl. If he cares about you, he can make you feel like the most special

person in the world with just one look.

There was a time I thought I'd never see that expression again. Now that it's back, I'm not sure which is

worse. The more time I spend with him, the more confused I feel.

"Sure, whatever you say."

I just roll my eyes in response.

Tiffany's words run through my mind again. I consider confronting Karl about it, but now doesn't seem

like the time. I'm much too busy and exhausted to get into everything right now. It won't be tonight, but

at some point, we're going to have to sit down and talk about what happened between us. If he plans

on being in my life, he needs to give me some sort of explanation for what he did. Leaving me in the

dark doesn't seem fair.

"You're cute when you're annoyed," he says.

I narrow my eyes at him.

“See, cute.”

I look away so he doesn't see me smile.

The doors to the kitchen open, and Ethan appears. He gives Karl a weary look, and I put down the

block of cheese I'm shredding when I see the person who walks in after him. It's Karl's secretary. I

recognize her from that obnoxious video Chloe and Leah showed me.

She pushes her sleek, black hair over her shoulder as she approaches Karl. He gives her an assessing

look and puts down his knife.

“What are you doing here, Gianna?”

“Can we talk for a moment?” she asks. She glances at me, then dismisses me entirely. I know she

knows exactly who I am. “It's work related.”

“You can use my office,” I offer.

“Thanks,” he says, turning to give Gianna a stern look “I can only talk for a minute.”

She nods and trails him into my office, closing the door behind her. Ethan gives me a tight smile and

returns to the dining room.

I wait a moment, then sneak over to the office. My mom always told me eavesdropping was rude, and I

know she's right, but I can't help myself. Is it possible that Karl and Gianna have some sort of

relationship? Or that they once did? I'm surprised by how queasy the thought makes me feel. The

thought of him with another girl just doesn't sit well with me.

"He's not yours anymore," I mutter to myself. God, I really need to get it together.

"You need to come back," I hear Gianna say.

I've practically got my ear pressed to the door.

Tags:

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Chasing His Kickass Luna Back Chapter 30

Posted by

Chapter 30: Fallout

Abby

"I can't. I'm busy here. I've told you a million times that I'm going to help Abby as long as she needs

me."

"Your pack needs you."

I bite my lip and force myself to breathe quietly. I need to be ready to dash away if they make a move

toward the door. Hopefully, I hear them before it's too late. Even with the risk, I can't help but lean a

little closer to hear his response.

"Abby's my priority." My eyebrows fly up. No matter how many times he says it, it still shocks me.

“And I trust Christian. He’s a great Beta, and I know he has everything under control. I’ve been

checking in with him every night. If he really needed me, he’d let me know.”

“Please, I’m desperate for you to come back to work.”

Karl is silent for a moment, and I take a half step back, expecting him to fling open the door any

moment. But he doesn’t. “Look, I’m not going to argue with you about this,” he finally says. “Unless

there’s an emergency, I’m here to stay. Christian is more than capable.”

I move back behind the counter when there’s another long silence. There’s no point in pushing it. I’ve

heard all I needed to hear, anyway. Clearly, Karl wasn’t lying to me when he said he wanted to put me

first for once. His secretary was practically begging for him to come back, and he still refused.

Unfortunately, it clears nothing up for me. Why the sudden dedication to my work? Why stay here when

he’s the top-dog somewhere else? It doesn’t make sense when I compare him to the man I used to

know.

Is it possible he’s actually made a change, and that’s it not all for show?

I know it’s foolish, but I can’t stop the sliver of hope from piercing my heart. What if he’s finally the man

I remember? The man I married, before everything got so twisted up and broken. What if I can have my

best friend back?

Maybe it's too good to be true, but hope is like a leech. Once it's latched on, it's impossible to get off.

Not without a little pain, at least.

Adam picks me up from work and drives us back to my apartment.

The last thing I want to do is hurt his feelings. It's not like there's an easy way to tell someone you don't

think there's enough passion in your relationship. What if he thinks I'm accusing him? Or saying that

he's bad in bed? Which he isn't, he's just not very spontaneous.

"How was work today?" he asks, handing me a glass. I take a sip.

"It was fine."

"And Karl? How's he been doing lately?"

I sigh and pull myself onto one of the kitchen stools.

"I don't even want to get into it," I say, thinking about the intimate moment I almost shared with Karl. I

feel like I can still feel the sensation of his hand on mine, its warmth, the rough calluses on his palm.

He loosens his tie. "That good, huh?"

"Worse." I take another sip of wine. Then another. I'm definitely in need of some liquid courage.

"Somehow I'm not that surprised," he says.

He tops off my glass, then puts the empty bottle with the others. It's crazy how much wine I go through

now that he spends so much time here. He either brings over a bottle, or he's asking to open one of

mine. Not that I mind. He always brings expensive stuff, and it more than makes up for whatever

bottles of mine he drinks.

“Yeah, me neither.”

For a moment there, I thought Karl really had changed. It seemed like things were getting better with

Jack, but maybe he just finally bent Jack to his will. It’s hard to contradict him. He just has a knack for

making people do whatever he wants. It’s incredibly frustrating.

“I’m sure there’s just an adjustment period,” he offers.

“That’s generous of you.”

He shrugs. “I doubt being an Alpha has really prepared him for work as a subordinate.” “Are you

standing up for him?”

He snorts, shaking his head. “Go d, no.”

“You seem very okay with him working for me,” I say.

Maybe this is a good place to start. I still can’t get over the feeling that he should care a lot more than

he does. Karl isn’t one to beat around the bush. I’m sure he’s made his intentions very clear to Adam,

and yet Adam doesn’t seem to care.

He shrugs. “I trust you. He can do whatever he wants. Hell, he can work for you for an eternity. I don’t

think that means you’re suddenly going to forgive him for everything and leave me. And I’m not going to

tell you what to do.”

“No?”

“No. You’re a big girl, and it’s your business. I have no interest in trying to run things for you. If you

need Karl there because you’re short staffed, then let him be there.”

“That’s big of you.”

He shrugs again. “I’m just not an insecure person.”

“You have no reason to be.”

He walks around the counter and kisses me on the cheek. “Come on,” he says, taking my hand. He

leads me over to the couch and pulls me down beside him. I lean my head against his chest as he

turns on the TV. He puts on some music, and jazz floats through the speakers.

“I like this song,” I say.

He squeezes my shoulder. “Me too.” I keep expecting him to lean down and kiss me, but he doesn’t.

We just sit there together.

I let my mind wander, finding myself back to thoughts of Karl. Maybe Adam’s on to something. He’s not

insecure about our relationship, or about himself, so he doesn’t need to be an egotistical ass all the

time. Maybe that’s Karl’s problem. Or maybe he’s just wired that way. It’s hard to tell with him. If he has

any insecurities, he’s not likely to admit them.

Adam’s the opposite of Karl. I know if I have a problem, I can bring it up without him freaking out.

“Adam?” I start, the hesitation clear in my voice.

“Yeah?”

“Do you ever feel like there’s not enough passion in our relationship?”

Tags:

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