

His Kickass 252

Chapter 252

Abby

A curse slips out of my mouth as I lurch across my living room. My fingers are clumsy as I fumble with the door handle, but finally, I yank it open. The porch light filters in, revealing Karl, his figure imposing even in the darkness of the street outside.

“What are you doing here?” I’m more tired than angry, and a little too drunk for my own good, leaving my voice harsher than I really intend.

Karl’s eyes scan over me, taking in my haphazard state, before his gaze floats past me and into the equally haphazard state of my apartment. “Why aren’t you answering your phone?” he asks. “I’ve been trying to call you. I’m worried.”

I lean against the doorway, partially to hide his view of the mess in my living room but also partially to steady myself. “I didn’t feel like talking tonight,” I say, hoping my tense tone conveys exactly what I want it to: that I need space.

Or do I need space,

But Karl doesn’t budge. Instead, he steps forward, brushing past me before I have the chance to stop him. He stands in my entryway, looking around slowly at the half-eaten takeout food, the two wine bottles, and the blooming red stain on the carpet with the discarded towel before he finally turns back to face

“Abby, everyone’s been trying to reach you. Don’t shut down

My eyes narrow ever so slightly. “Well, I haven’t been looking at my phone. I’ve been...

He folds his arms across his chest and frowns, a look of disappointment crossing his face. “Doing what? Watching old movies and spilling wine?” he probes, with a pointed look at the bottle on the

I cross my own arms as though that will somehow protect me. "Maybe," I snap. "And so what? It's my house."

Karl sighs. There it is again: that defensiveness in my tone. I know I shouldn't be taking out my failure on Karl, who only ever tried his best to help me win today. But I can't help it. Right now, I'm angry with the world, and I don't entirely know why.

"Come on, Abby," he says quietly. "This isn't you. You know you can talk to me."

The softness of his voice creates the tiniest crack in my resolve. My shoulders slump ever so slightly as a breath I didn't know I was holding finally escapes from my lips. "I just... I needed to be alone after... after everything today," I admit, the words feeling bitter to my own tongue.

Karl moves closer, the space in the doorway shrinking between us. "You shouldn't be alone. Not now,"

I shake my head, a mixture of frustration and a sinking, reluctant gratitude roiling inside of me. "Karl, I appreciate you coming, but I'm not very good company

"Well, too bad," he says, a look flashing through his eyes that I can't quite read. "You'll just have to be good

I narrow my eyes. "What do you

He doesn't answer immediately. Instead, he holds his phone up, which has been in his hand this