

His Kickass 254

Chapter 254

Abby

The morning light creeping through the slits of the blinds pulls me from sleep. There's a throbbing ache nestled behind my eyes, a telltale sign of last night's overindulgence in wine.

I prop myself up on one elbow, the room swaying slightly, and my gaze lands on the bedroom door. Beyond it, I know he's still there. Karl, sleeping on my couch.

Last night feels like a haze, but it slowly begins to come back.

"There," Karl said, standing and admiring his handiwork. Several paper towels and two cans of club soda later, the red stain was finally out of my carpet. I stood beside him, nervously picking at my lip, as we stared down at where the stain used to be.

"Thanks... I appreciate it," I said, finally glancing up to meet his gaze.

He shrugged and walked over to the kitchen to toss the paper towels in the trash. "It's nothing. Just be careful next time,

I nodded. "I will. So...

"A little."

We spent the next ten minutes preparing a meager meal of grilled cheeses. Surprisingly, with a bit of company and another bottle of wine, I found my appetite returning. Eventually, we made our way back to the living room, where we shared even more wine on

Maybe it was too much wine. Maybe I should have cut both of us off, but after everything that happened at the cook-off, I think we both

“You know, we were a good team out there despite all of it,” Karl said at one point, his words slurred. “Just like old times.”

I chuckled. My tongue felt thick and heavy in my mouth. “Old times, huh?”

He nodded and ran his hand through his hair. “I mean it. It reminded me so much of when we used to cook together in our old house...”

His voice trailed off, leaving a heavy silence between us. Memories came floating back in my drunken haze: the two of us cooking together, laughing over spilt flour and baking fails. The two of us getting lost in each other, covered in sugar. The feeling of Karl’s hands lifting me up onto the counter, his fingers tracing my thighs.

Before I knew it, I was on him. Our lips were locked, our tongues exploring each other’s mouths. My fingers were tangled in his hair, a soft moan escaping his lips as I tugged him closer, grinding my hips on him.

He pulled back just enough to look me in the eyes. “I miss you, Abby,” he

“Shh.” I closed the distance between us again, my lips pressing against his. I didn’t want to talk right now. Didn’t want

The world tilted for a moment as he flipped me around, pressing me into the couch. I was sandwiched between his body and the cushions, but found myself still able to roll my hips against him. His lips trailed down my neck as his fingers began to work their way into the waistband of my boxer

And then, there it was. His fingers on me, cool and smooth. He began rubbing my clit, slowly and gently at first, but then more firmly as my moans began to float through

I closed my eyes and tilted my head back, and there I was again. Back in our old kitchen, Karl between my legs, his breath hot on my ear. I needed this.