

Kickass 255

Chapter 255

And before he could respond, I was scurrying away. My bedroom door closed behind me like an impenetrable fortress, and I was cast in darkness in more ways than one.

Now, the memories of last night feel like a leaden weight in my chest. I run a hand through my tangled hair, wincing at the thought of what could have happened between the two of us last night if I hadn't pushed him away.

Did I want it to go further? I'm not sure.

My head still feels foggy. Maybe, if I have some coffee, I can think more clearly. I climb out of bed and shuffle my way to the kitchen, stopping in the living room. Karl is still asleep on the couch. His jeans and his shirt are in a pile on the floor, and the thought of him in his boxers and nothing else makes me blush.

I barely have time to wrestle with the thought when Karl stirs, his eyes fluttering open to meet mine. "Good morning," he mumbles, his voice gravelly with sleep.

"Morning," I reply, my voice an awkward croak. I clear my throat in an attempt to sound more self-assured. "Do you want breakfast? I could make us something."

He stretches, a grin breaking across his face. It's surprising, given what happened between us last night. "I'd love to be your sous chef one last time before I head out," he says.

Together, we shuffle into the kitchen, moving around each other in a familiar trance. I pull eggs and bread from the fridge while Karl finds a pan in the cupboard. There's a comfortable silence, save for the clinking of utensils and the sizzle of butter in the pan.

As I crack eggs into a bowl, Karl brushes up behind me, ostensibly reaching for the salt. But his fingers brush the small of my back, lingering longer than necessary. The kitchen suddenly feels hotter than it should, and I tense up.

Before I can react, he's leaning down over my shoulder, his breath wandering across my ear. I feel his lips gently caress the side of my neck, and I shudder, half from pleasure and half from shock.

"K-Karl," I start, voice tight, "what are you doing?"

"I thought—" He trails off, and now his hands are on my waist, pulling me gently against him. There's a mischievous look in his eyes as I turn to meet his gaze. "After last night..."

But I'm not the same person I was last night. I'm sober now, and I know this isn't a good idea. I shove him away harder than I intend, my heart pounding in my chest.

"Stop," I say, more forcefully than I mean to.

He looks shocked, his hands still hanging in the air where I once was. "I thought we were... I thought last night meant that we were heading somewhere. That you were just not ready yet," he murmurs.

"No," I reply, shaking my head, trying to dispel the confusion and sudden tightness in my chest. "It shouldn't have happened. It was a mistake. I was drunk, and didn't mean for it to get so far."

Karl's face falls, and any warmth from the moment before evaporates. He picks up his coat from the back of a chair, his movements stiff.