

Kickass 461

Chapter 461

Abby

Pressed up against the cold stone wall, Karl and I are locked in a passionate kiss, the world around us fading into insignificance.

The rough texture of the wall against my back is a stark contrast to the warmth of Karl's body pressed unwaveringly up against mine. Our breaths mingle in the chilly night air, each kiss only deepening my desire.

I know I shouldn't be doing this. I know that it'll just lead to more confusion, or perhaps we'll even get caught. But right now, I don't care in the slightest. I want Karl. Maybe it's the alcohol, or my wolf, or the taste of the cigarette on my lips.

Or maybe I just need to feel his body to fill the void of loneliness that's been creeping into me.

Suddenly, Karl pulls back slightly, his eyes searching mine. "Abby, what do you want?" he asks, his voice husky and thick.

I don't answer with words, because maybe I don't know what I want. Instead, I just smirk and pull him back in for another kiss, my hands tangling in his hair, drawing him closer.

Truthfully, I really don't know. Right now, I just want to feel him. I want to feel his body pressing against mine, I want to taste his tongue, touch his skin. And I think it's obvious that he wants all of those things, too, which is why he doesn't pull away.

A soft moan lingers in the space between us as my hand trails down his abdomen, down toward the belt of his pants. I know it's not the best place to do this, but the alcohol, my wolf, and my own desires are taking control of me. Right now, I don't care whether we get caught. I just want him.

But then, just as we're about to lose ourselves completely in each other, the back door of the pub swings open with a creak. A sudden gasp slices through the night, taking us both by surprise.

Karl and I quickly pull apart, our cheeks flushed with embarrassment and the remnants of our heated moment. None other than Leah is standing on the steps, her eyes wide and her mouth agape.

“Leah!” I exclaim, my voice a mix of surprise and mortification. “I-It’s not what you—”

“Oh my god,” Leah interrupts, her hands covering her eyes, but her voice betrays her amusement. “I was not expecting to see that!”

Karl and I exchange awkward glances, trying to regain our composure. “We, uh... we were just...” I stammer, struggling to find an excuse even though I know there is none.

It seems as though my earlier bravery was almost instantly snuffed out. As it turns out, I actually don’t want to get caught at all, and now I feel like a major idiot for trying to hook up with Karl in the alleyway.

“It’s the alcohol,” Karl interjects, his voice unconvincing even to our own drunken ears.

Leah lowers her hands, smirking at us. “Sure, blame it on the alcohol,” she teases. “But come on, I knew you two were hooking up all along.” Her eyes sparkle with mischief as she speaks, and Karl and I shoot another glance at one another.

My lipstick is smudged around his mouth, and I gesture to his lips. His face flushes red as he digs a tissue out of his pocket and wipes it away.

“Does Chloe know?” I ask anxiously, the thought of my friend’s reaction sending a wave of worry through me. I know that she’ll just be even more pissed that I lied to her about this aspect of my relationship with Karl, and just when I thought that Chloe and I had worked things out earlier. My heart skips a beat just at the thought of it.

But thankfully, Leah shakes her head. “If she does, she’s keeping it to herself,” she says. “She hasn’t said a word to me about it. Not since the other day, at least.”

I let out a sigh of relief, but it's short-lived. I can't let anyone else find out about this right now, especially Chloe. "Leah, please, don't tell Chloe," I plead, clasping my hands together. "Not yet, at least. If she finds out, she's just going to be angry with me again."

Leah's expression softens, but there's a hint of annoyance in her eyes. "Abby, you know I don't like keeping things from Chloe," she says softly. "We're friends, and we don't keep secrets." She pauses, then adds, "But I'll do it for you. Just... Chloe will have to find out eventually. You know that, right?"

I nod, a mix of gratitude and guilt washing over me. "I know," I say. "And I will tell her, I promise. Just... not tonight."

Leah looks at us both, her expression serious. Karl is still standing beside me, attempting to wipe the lipstick off of his face. "Alright," Leah says. "But this can't stay a secret forever. You both need to figure out what you're going to do about this."

Karl and I exchange a look, the weight of Leah's words settling in. "Don't worry. We will," Karl says, his voice firm. I feel his hand find mine, his fingers brushing against my skin, and I don't pull away. Not yet, at least. "We're just figuring things out right now, that's all."

Leah nods, seemingly satisfied with his answer. "Okay. I'm heading back inside. You two... try to keep it PG out here, okay?" She winks at us before turning to walk back into the pub, leaving us alone in the alley once again.

The door closes behind her, and Karl and I are left standing in the dim amber glow of the streetlamps, the intensity of the moment from before having dissipated. "... should get back inside," Karl says, his voice low. "Before anyone else decides to come out here and catch us in the act."

I nod, feeling an undeniable heat creep into my cheeks as I think back on the moment we shared before Leah appeared. "Yeah," I mutter. "You're right."

We walk back towards the door, our steps slow and hesitant. Karl pauses briefly once more, his gaze turning to me.