

Kickass 463

Chapter 463

I nod, trying to focus. “Yeah, just... a bit dizzy,” I mumble.

We walk slowly, the quiet of the night enveloping us. The sounds of the pub fade into the background, replaced by the distant hum of the town. The stars above twinkle in the clear sky, their light guiding our way.

“Man,” I say, my voice a little clearer now that the noise of the pub is far behind us. “I miss seeing the stars at night.”

“Yeah,” Karl says with a chuckle. “The city isn’t exactly the best place to stargaze, is it?”

As we reach the end of the street, we stop at a crosswalk while a few cars whizz past. Karl starts walking once the way is clear, but I hesitate, torn somewhere between a drunken stupor and... not much else, actually.

“Abby,” Karl says, coming back for me. “You good?”

“Huh?” I ask, a giggle escaping my lips.

Karl sighs and rolls his eyes, but there’s hardly any heat in the movement. He just turns around, lowering himself slightly. “Climb on.”

I furrow my brow. “Piggyback?”

“What else does it look like?” Karl asks. “Climb on. I’m cold and I wanna go home.”

Karl doesn’t need to tell me twice. I clamber onto his back, my movements loose and clumsy. Once I’m secured, he stands, looping his arms under my knees. “Hold on,” he says. I feel so light as he carries me across the road and up the street, toward the mansion.

“So,” Karl says as he walks, “what made you drink like that?”

“What do you mean?” I ask. “It’s a bar. I was having fun.”

“I know,” Karl says gently, picking up his pace a bit as he walks. “You just seemed like you wanted to escape, that’s all.”

Despite my drunken state, Karl’s words hit me to my core. He’s not wrong; I did want to escape. I wanted to escape from the alley, the kiss, Leah’s discovery, the secret we’re keeping from Chloe, and so, so much more.

“I... I guess I did,” I admit. “But not from you, if that’s worth anything.”

I imagine Karl is raising his eyebrows, although I can’t see his face. “Is that so?” he asks. “I kinda figured I’d be number one on that list.”

“No,” I say softly, resting my spinning head on his shoulder. “Not right now, at least.”

Karl lets out a laugh, and it’s a sweet sound that makes my wolf stir inside of me. Suddenly, I’m imagining his lips on mine again, and the smell of his cologne fills my senses. Without thinking, I turn my head and begin gently kissing his neck. His skin is soft and warm, a welcome reprieve against the cold.

“Abby, what are you doing?” Karl asks, shuddering beneath the touch of my lips.

“Kissing you.”

“You’re drunk. Too drunk for this, I think.”

I pull away, knitting my eyebrows together. “I’m still lucid, you know,” I say. “And I want you. Besides, it’s not like we’ll get caught now.”

Karl pauses, the only sounds that of his breaths coming out and his boots crunching on the sidewalk, which has been sprinkled with salt to ward against ice. "Abby," he says softly, "I want you too. But... maybe not when you'll probably just wake up in the morning and regret it more than usual."

His words create a pang in my chest. I pull away even further, wiggling a bit. Karl stops, letting me drop back to my feet. When he turns to face me, his eyes are filled with concern and something else that I can't quite read.

"What do you mean, 'more than usual'?" I ask.