

A Favor To My Boss

Chapter 10:

“Hi!” he greeted, his voice full of enthusiasm.

“Well, well...” I smiled back. “I wasn’t expecting to see you. Didn’t you say you’d send someone?”

“I figured it was better not to use a middleman and come get you myself. I didn’t want to seem lazy.” He shrugged casually, a mischievous glint in his eyes.

I laughed softly, shaking my head as I walked to the passenger side. He slid into the driver’s seat, and in the blink of an eye we were on the road, leaving my modest apartment behind as we headed toward his imposing house—or maybe it was a mansion. I wasn’t sure anymore.

“Okay, I’m making chicken with sweet chili sauce. We’ll have it with rice and steamed vegetables. Do you like that?” he asked, breaking the silence.

“Sounds delicious. But please tell me you’re not cooking this because you’ve realized how sad and pathetic my life is,” I replied.

“Not exactly. I thought I’d call and see what you were up to because I was bored and felt like having a little company,” he said with a laugh, glancing at me.

I smiled, not sure if it was true or just something he said to make me feel better. Either way, it worked.

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“Well, I appreciate it. I could use some company.”

We hadn’t even come to a full stop before Davidson was already parking. Without wasting a second, he got out and hurried to my side, opening my door.

I looked at him, eyebrow raised, a little confused. He didn’t seem like the type of man who would bother with that.

“What? In case you didn’t know, I have excellent manners, Miss Winona. You probably didn’t notice before, but that’s because it’s hard to be polite with all the stress and chaos I’ve had to deal with.” He flashed a grin.

“All right, if you say so. Thanks, I guess,” I added, matching his playful tone with a sly smile.

“Get out before I change my mind,” he joked, laughing.

“Yes, sir,” I replied, rolling my eyes dramatically as I stepped out and walked toward his front door. I stopped, waiting for him to open it.

At least he had the energy for that, I thought, smiling to myself.

He went in first, and I followed him into the living room. As I looked around, something caught my attention: the photos of him and Leona I’d seen the night before were gone.

I couldn’t help feeling a mix of relief and sadness. It seemed like a brave step for him, but at the same time it made the house feel emptier—more lonely.

“I figured it was time to get rid of all those pictures.”

I heard him sigh softly behind me.

I glanced over my shoulder and saw the sadness return to his face, the same sadness I’d seen last night. He noticed me looking and quickly tried to hide it, forcing a smile.

Silence settled between us. For a moment, neither of us said anything, but the weight of it lingered. Our eyes met, and something about that stillness made me uneasy. Without thinking, I took a step back, putting a little distance between us.

Davidson cleared his throat, shifting uncomfortably and straightening his posture.

“I’ve also been looking for a new place. I want to move into a small bachelor apartment. There’s no point in staying in a big house when there’s no one to share it with—no wife, no kids,” he said, his voice lower.

“I’m sure you’ll have all of that someday, Davidson.” I smiled gently, trying to lighten the air.

“I hope so. How about after dinner, you look over my housing options and give me your opinion?” His smile flickered—hopeful, but uncertain.

“Of course. I’d love to.”

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