

A Favor 100

Chapter 100

I already knew how most of this trip was going to go, and honestly, I didn't mind at all. All the heat and passion between us felt incredible, but underneath it, there was something more I needed to figure out. I wanted to know what this meant—what was really happening between us.

For now, though, all I could think about was Winona beneath me, naked and smiling, and the feeling that everything else could wait.

Winona's POV:

"Winona, dinner will be ready in five minutes," Davidson called as he stepped out onto the porch.

I sat there with my legs crossed, taking in the mountain view. This place was breathtaking. I'd already fallen in love with it, and we'd only just arrived. Earlier, Davidson had kicked me out of the kitchen, insisting he handle dinner. He always took charge of the food, refusing to let me help. He kept saying he'd teach me someday, but so far that promise hadn't meant much. He barely let me near the cutting board, let alone actually teach me.

"Okay. Do you want to eat out here?" I asked, smiling at him. "It might be a little cold, though," I added.

"I don't mind. Actually, it sounds nice. Can you set the table?" he asked, smiling back.

I nodded, stood, and slipped inside to grab plates, silverware, and a bottle of wine. I set everything up outside on the small table, taking my time to make it feel cozy.

I glanced over and saw him carefully wiping the rims of the plates with a cloth, making sure everything looked perfect. The sight made me laugh.

“Stop laughing at me,” he said, pouting dramatically.

“Sorry. Sometimes you’re just too meticulous,” I teased with a smile.

“Hey, I like making sure everything I serve is perfect. I try to maintain excellence in every aspect of life whenever I can,” he said, winking.

I knew exactly what he meant, and I couldn’t help rolling my eyes at his wicked grin. That man never missed a chance to turn something into a double meaning. Shaking my head, I laughed as I finished setting the table.

A minute later, Davidson joined me with the food. He’d made smoked fish with roasted vegetables, and just looking at it made my stomach growl.

“Time to eat,” he said with a smile as he sat across from me.

“Oh, absolutely. I love your cooking,” I replied, looking at him warmly.

“Thank you,” he said softly.

We fell into a comfortable silence, eating and drinking wine as the night settled in. Every now and then I caught him watching me like he wanted to say something. He’d open his mouth, then stop.

After my last bite, I lifted my gaze and met his eyes.

“Davidson, what is it? You look like you want to say something, but then you stop,” I asked quietly.

He took a long drink of wine and leaned back in his chair, suddenly restless. Something was on his mind, and it made me wonder if I should be worried.

“Let’s do the dishes first, then we can get comfortable and talk. Okay?” he suggested, standing and gathering the plates.

“Davidson, is there a problem?” I asked, watching him closely.