

A Favor 101

Chapter 101

“No. You don’t have to worry. Everything’s fine. I just want to talk to you,” he said with a reassuring smile.

I wasn’t sure I fully believed him, but I let it go for now. I followed him inside, and together we cleared the table and put everything away.

Afterward, I changed into my favorite pajamas—the ones I always wore when I needed comfort. Davidson disappeared for a moment and came back dressed just as comfortably. He took my hand and led me to the fireplace. He sat down on the rug and patted the spot beside him. I settled next to him. He took my hands in his, holding them gently as he studied my face.

“Davidson, what’s going on?” I asked, almost whispering.

“Winona, I’m going to be honest with you. I really like you. At first, this was supposed to be for show. But that changed for me—even from the first time we kissed. The more time we spent together, the more I started to feel something else. I know we said we wouldn’t make it official, that we’d take our time, but I think we’ve already passed that point.” He let out a nervous laugh and shook his head.

I couldn’t help agreeing. We’d definitely crossed into something more. The way things had unfolded—and the fact that we were here on this little getaway together—proved it. In my mind, you didn’t do all of this with someone you barely knew. This was real, whether we’d admitted it before or not.

“Anyway, what I’m trying to say is... I want to try harder. I want to actually try—God, I don’t even know how to explain it. It’s been a long time since I tried something like this. I want to be with you the right

way. I still don't want labels—not until the divorce is settled—but I want to try being together and see what happens. If you don't want that, I'd understand, especially with everything that's been going on in my life," he murmured, rubbing the back of his neck nervously.

I hated how he always found a way to downplay himself.

I didn't answer right away. Instead, I moved closer, sliding between his knees and kneeling on the rug. He watched me, concern clouding his eyes, written all over his face. I lifted my hands and gently held his face, then leaned in and kissed him softly.

A silent moan escaped him the moment my lips touched his, and he returned the kiss with the same tenderness. I wrapped my arms around his neck as his hands settled on my hips. I stayed like that for a moment, kissing him slowly, before I finally pulled back.

"I like you too," I whispered. "So much."

"I like you enough to want more than what we've been doing," I added, smiling at him.

"You wanted that? Does that mean you'd give us a real chance?" he asked, searching my face.

"Yes. And I'm okay with not putting a label on it until everything is settled," I said with a smile.