

A Favor 102

Chapter 102

“Winona, I’m not saying this will be easy. I’m still a little messed up from what she did to me. Sometimes I might struggle with it, but you need to know it would never be because of you. It would be fear—fear of it happening again. And I know it won’t be easy for you either, not with the divorce drama, with Leona still thinking she can show up in my life whenever she wants. She’s trying to ruin me. I knew she would. Are you sure you want to do this?” he asked.

“Davidson, we all have a difficult past. I know it won’t be easy—especially if she gets involved—but yes. I still want to try,” I admitted, smiling at him.

His face lit up at that. His smile widened as he leaned in and closed the distance between us. This kiss felt different. I couldn’t find the words to describe it. There was still heat, but there was something deeper too—something beyond simple desire.

I smiled against his mouth as he threaded his fingers into my hair and pulled me closer, deepening the kiss until I felt it in my chest. He left my lips and moved lower, his mouth trailing along my neck, his soft lips brushing my skin slowly.

A loud moan slipped out before I could stop it. I closed my eyes, tipping my head back as the sensation washed over me. Every brush of his lips against my throat made my skin shiver. Then I felt his warm breath close to my ear.

“I want to make love to you right here, Winona. I’m going to take my time with you. I’m going to touch and kiss every part of your body,” he whispered, sending a sharp shiver down my spine.

“Please,” I begged.

He eased me down onto the rug in front of the fire, and something inside me knew this time was going to be different from all the others.

Davidson’s POV:

After finally telling Winona how I felt, it was like a huge weight had been lifted off my chest. Part of me had expected her to want things to stay the same. I was a mess. I wasn’t okay. And yet she still wanted to try. That said everything about her heart.

Her willingness to give us a real chance, even after knowing everything I was dealing with, only confirmed what I already knew: Winona had a big heart.

I pulled back just enough to look at her, stretched out beneath the warm glow of the fire. Every inch of her was breathtaking.

I bent down, hooked my fingers into the waistband of her shorts, and slowly slid them down her legs, tossing them aside without a second thought.

Leaning in, I let my lips trail along her legs, kissing my way back up with slow, gentle pressure. When I reached her thighs, I lingered there, pressing my mouth to her soft skin, grazing lightly with my teeth in a way I knew she loved. Winona let out a trembling moan, arching off the rug as she shifted under my touch.

I stayed there, paying attention to the inside of her thighs, remembering how sensitive she was there. She'd told me once it always drove her crazy, and now I could see it for myself. When I finally moved higher, I pressed my mouth to her most sensitive place, letting my lips and tongue do the work until she moaned, gripping the rug tightly.