

## A Favor 105

### Chapter 105

I let my fingers drift through her hair, twirling it gently. Winona traced slow circles over my chest, lifting her head now and then to kiss wherever she pleased. I stayed close, smiling to myself.

It had been so long since I'd felt like this. I was truly content—maybe even happy. I loved every moment I spent with her.

Winona's POV:

I woke up and needed a moment to remember where I was. Davidson and I had fallen asleep on the rug after spending hours together. We were wrapped up in nothing but each other, a small blanket draped over us.

Davidson had his arms around me, holding me tight against his chest. I looked up at him and saw he was still asleep. His hair was messy in every direction, and there was a faint smile on his lips.

I reached up and brushed my finger along his cheek. He was so handsome. A quiet sigh slipped from me. I couldn't pretend anymore—I'd fallen for him. And yet he still made me nervous. Not afraid, exactly, but the idea of being with him unsettled me. It had been a long time since I'd felt this way, especially when everything between us had happened so fast.

I was scared because the last time I fell for someone, it ended with my heart broken. And there was another reason. I knew part of him still loved Leona, still clung to her in some way, which I understood. They'd spent years together. He used to think she was the one.

How could I ever measure up to that? Was it even possible?

I knew I shouldn't have let my mind wander there, especially after we'd just agreed to give this a real chance tonight.

Slowly, I eased his arms off me, slipped away, and stood. I needed a little fresh air. I grabbed the big, fluffy blanket someone had tossed over the couch and stepped out onto the balcony. I rested my arms on the railing, sinking into the blanket as I stared at the mountains. They looked even more stunning at night.

A silent sigh escaped me. I had to clear those thoughts before I ruined everything—before we even had a real chance.

I still felt uneasy about him being my boss. Maybe it shouldn't have mattered, because in so many ways, we fit. I drifted in my thoughts, staring out into the calm night.

A moment later, arms wrapped around my waist from behind, and soft kisses brushed my neck and shoulder. I sighed and leaned back into him, closing my eyes as I savored the gentle pressure of his lips against my skin.

"Winona, sweetheart, are you okay?" he whispered.

I turned toward him, gave him a small smile, and nodded. He turned me fully to face him, gently brushing my hair away from my eyes.

“No, you’re not. Something’s wrong. Did you change your mind about us?” he asked, that same worried look I’d seen on him more than once lately.

“What? Of course not,” I said.