

A Favor 106

Chapter 106

“Are you sure?” He watched me closely as I shook my head. “Then what is it? Talk to me, Winona. I need you to be honest with me. Secrets and lies only make things worse,” he murmured, his hand settling softly against my cheek.

“First, I need you to understand something. I still feel the same, and I haven’t changed my mind,” I said quietly.

“Okay,” he replied, though I could still see the worry in his eyes.

Without a word, he laced his fingers with mine and guided me to the large porch chair. Then he sat down and pulled me onto his lap. I turned slowly to face him.

“Tell me what’s going on, Winona,” he whispered.

None of this felt easy, and I had no idea where to begin or how to explain it without hurting him—because that was the last thing I wanted. After a moment, I took a deep breath.

“Listen, Davidson, I’m scared. When I tried this before, it ended in a disaster. Remember when I told you about my last relationship—the man who hit me? He was the last person I was with before you,” I admitted.

“Please, believe me, Winona. I could never hurt you,” he pleaded.

“Still, you can promise that. I can promise you the same, but neither of us truly knows what will happen,” I said.

“You can’t keep thinking like that, Winona,” he murmured, smoothing his fingers through my hair.

“I know it isn’t fair, but I can’t help it. Davidson, I’m afraid that if we start something, you’ll realize you still want Leona. You loved her for a long time, and I understand that. I just don’t want to end up in some silent rivalry with her,” I confessed with a weary sigh.

Davidson didn’t speak right away, and the long pause made me think I’d said too much. Guilt surged through me and I started to pull back, thinking maybe I should give him space. Before I could stand, his arms tightened around me, holding me close.

“Winona, you’ll never have to compete with Leona. There’s nothing to compare. You mean more to me than she does—that’s all that matters. Is that what’s making you anxious? Do you think I’d ever go back to her?” he asked, searching my face.

I held his gaze and nodded silently.

“That’s never going to happen, Winona. Leona shattered me and left me in pieces. I have no interest in going back to her. She’s out of my life for good. Please don’t walk away from what we could have—not before we’ve even begun,” he pleaded, quiet desperation threading through his words.

Without saying anything else, I stayed on his lap, wrapped my arms around his neck, and pulled him close.

“Do you really mean that?” I asked, barely above a whisper.

“I mean it. Winona, I don’t want anyone else. I want you.” He smiled as he twirled a strand of my hair around his finger.

“Good. Because I want you too.” Relief flooded me as I smiled and leaned in, brushing my lips against his.