

A Favor 121

Chapter 121

I drove straight to her place, willing her to be there. When I pulled up to her building, I parked and just sat there for nearly half an hour.

I spent that time trying to gather the courage to go up and knock on her door. My mind kept spiraling through everything I needed to say, and the thought of losing her made my chest ache.

Finally, I couldn't sit there anymore.

I got out of the car, went to her apartment, and knocked. Once. Twice. Even a third time.

Nothing.

"Winona, please, open the door," I begged, knocking again, tears burning in my eyes.

I couldn't hear anything inside. No footsteps. No voice.

I had no intention of leaving without seeing her—even if it meant staying there all night. I slid down the door until I was sitting on the floor, my back against it.

“Winona, please. I won’t leave until I see you, no matter how long it takes,” I said.

When there was still no answer, I pulled out my phone and sent her a text, hoping she’d at least read it.

I wrote: “Winona, I’m at your door. I’m not leaving until I see you, even if I have to sleep out here. Please forgive me and let me explain. I was an idiot, but it felt like the only option in that moment. She didn’t just threaten me—she threatened you, and I would do anything to protect you. Talk to me, sweetheart, please. I love you. Please.”

I was completely in love with her. It had happened fast, but it didn’t matter. It felt right. I loved her like crazy. With her, everything finally made sense.

I hated that the first time I told her I loved her was in a text message. That wasn’t how I wanted it to be. But she wouldn’t talk to me, and she needed to know anyway.

I dropped my head between my knees. I covered my face with my hands and broke down right there in the hallway. It felt like I’d already lost her, and I couldn’t bear what I’d done. I would’ve given up everything I owned if it meant she would come back to me—if it meant I could fix what I’d broken.

“Winona, please,” I begged, and I slammed my fist against the door.

Before I could say anything else, the door yanked open.

I toppled backward onto the floor. I looked up and saw her standing there.

Her eyes were red and swollen. Tears tracked down her cheeks. She stared at me, and I couldn't read her at all. Her face gave me nothing—no anger, no tenderness.

Just emptiness.

"You have two minutes," she said through clenched teeth.

She stepped aside.

I scrambled to my feet and followed her inside, praying the two minutes she'd given me would be enough to tell her everything—and that I hadn't come too late.

Winona's POV:

Chapter 122

I'd heard every word Davidson said from the other side of the door. As he knocked and begged, I wanted to ignore him—to pretend none of this mattered—but I couldn't. Part of me needed to hear him. And maybe, if I had the courage, I could tell him about the baby.

I walked to my bedroom, slipped under the covers, and waited.

Davidson came in quietly, his steps heavy with regret. When he reached my room, I looked at him. He looked as broken as I felt. He hesitated before sitting on the edge of my bed. His hands trembled when he spoke.

“Winona, please, I need you to listen to me. I know you said two minutes, but I have to tell you everything, and it might take a little longer. Please?” His voice was barely above a whisper.

Then he continued. “In that moment, it felt like she was my only way out. Leona threatened to take everything from me—my business, my house, everything I’ve worked for. And worse, she threatened you. She said she’d have the people who manipulated our photos post them online. She told me she has manipulated nude photos of you. I don’t know how she did it, but I believed her. She wasn’t lying. I felt trapped, Winona. It was the only option I could see.”

“But the second I saw you walk into my office, I realized I couldn’t go through with it. There had to be another way. That look on your face broke my heart, and now every time I close my eyes, I see you standing there. I swear that’s going to haunt me for the rest of my life,” he added.

What was wrong with that woman?

The truth was written all over his face, and I knew everything he was saying was real.

“I never would’ve done that without a reason. I couldn’t hurt you like that. I don’t love her anymore. I only love you. She stopped meaning anything to me, and you became my entire world these last few weeks. I told her she could have it all—the business, the house, the car, every last cent I had, anything she wanted. I gave it to her,” he said.

Why would he agree to give her everything after what she'd done?

"What? Why would you do that?" I scoffed. "I can take care of myself, Davidson. I didn't need you trying to protect me."

He dragged his hands over his head. He closed his eyes for a moment before looking back at me.

"Because none of it matters to me, Winona, if I don't have you. Didn't you know that? You're everything to me. Nothing else matters if I lose you," he said, his voice unsteady.

"You'd give up everything for me? Why?" I asked.

"Yes, I would. And you want to know why?" His voice dropped. "Because I love you, Winona. That's it. I'm completely in love with you."

Chapter 123

"Winona, please, I don't want to lose you. I'm not ready to give up on us, either. We just started. I know what I did was wrong. There's no excuse, I know that, but please—please, I'm not that kind of man. You know that. I didn't cheat on you or lie to you. I'm not like that. Or at least, I thought I wasn't. I know I almost did it. The idea of hurting the woman I love destroys me. It makes me feel worthless," he said, stopping to take a breath.

“Winona, please, don’t leave me. You’re the one who put me back together, and without you, I thought I’d fall apart again. This time, I wouldn’t have been able to recover. I love you, Winona. I really do. It’s only been a few months, but I can feel it. You’re everything to me. You’re the only woman I love. I hope you feel the same way about me. If you don’t, I’ll understand. Just say the word and I’ll leave your life forever. I’ll let you move on. But you need to know that no matter what happens, I’ll never stop loving you,” he finished, breathing hard.

I broke down, sobbing when he stopped. I tried to speak, but nothing came out. My heart pounded in my chest. Every part of me still wanted him—only him.

I knew there was no excuse for what he’d done. I understood that. But I also knew Davidson. I knew he wouldn’t have done this unless he felt he had no other choice. It wasn’t deliberate.

Maybe I was foolish to say what I said next, but I wasn’t ready to let him go—not him, not what we had. I couldn’t give up what my heart ached for. Still, I needed to know that if he ever hurt me like this again, it would be the end of us.

“Winona, please, say something,” he begged, his voice shaking with a sob.

I hadn’t even realized I’d gotten lost in my thoughts. When I looked at him, the expression on his face—the pain in his eyes, the worry carved into his features—shattered me. I reached out and placed my hand over his, feeling the tremor that ran through him at my touch.

“Davidson... can you promise me you’ll never put me through this again?” I asked. “Do you promise you’ll never do this to me again? Do you promise she doesn’t mean anything to you? Do you promise everything you’ve said is true—and not just words to keep me from leaving?”

He climbed onto the bed and knelt between my legs, cupping my face in his hands.

“Yes. I can promise you all of that.” His voice trembled. “Winona, I love you—truly, with all my heart. The idea of living without you is unbearable. She means nothing to me. You’re everything to me. I promise I’ll never hurt you again. I don’t want to lose you. When I think about the future—even five years from now—I still see you with me. I still see you in my life, as my wife. My future is you, Winona. I swear it.”

Tears slipped down his face as his thumb stroked my cheek.

I leaned in and pressed my lips to his, kissing him softly. He groaned against my mouth, clinging to me as he kissed me back with everything he had. When we pulled apart, he barely moved, keeping his forehead against mine.

Chapter 124

“Please, Winona... will you give me another chance?” he pleaded. “I’ll do anything to fix this.”

“I love you too, Davidson. I really do. I don’t want anything else. I only want you—and every part of your heart.” I forced my voice to stay firm. “But if you ever hurt me like this again, it’s over between us. Do you understand?”

“My whole heart belongs to you, love.” He nodded, steadying himself. “I promise I’ll never hurt you again, and if I ever do, I’ll leave, because I know you deserve someone better than me. I’m all yours. I’m completely in this. I promise.”

“I want that too.” Relief trembled through me. “Okay. Then stay here with me and hold me, all right?”

“Anything you want, Winona,” he said with a gentle smile.

He kicked off his shoes and shrugged out of his coat before sliding under the covers with me. He pulled me close, wrapping his arms around me like he was shielding me from the world.

“I’ll never let you go. The thought of losing you—even for an hour—destroyed me. I don’t want to feel like that again. I don’t want to lose you,” he murmured, kissing the top of my head.

I curled into him, threading my fingers through his and resting my head on his chest.

“I can hear your heart,” I whispered. “It’s beating so hard.”

“It always beats like that when you’re close to me, Winona,” he replied with a small smile.

I fell quiet, knowing I had something else to tell him. I just didn’t know where to begin.

“How did your doctor’s appointment go?” he asked, watching me closely. “I wanted to ask if everything was okay. Did they figure out what’s been going on with you these last few weeks?”

I held his gaze, searching for the courage to say what I needed to say. My silence made him anxious, and I saw panic and worry bloom across his face. I took his hand, slid it under my shirt, and placed it over my stomach.

“Winona... are you okay? You’re scaring me. What’s wrong?” he asked.

“I think it depends,” I said with a quiet sigh.

“Depends on what?” His voice tightened. “Please, Winona, tell me. Are you okay? Are you sick?”

“It depends on how you feel about being a father,” I whispered.

Davidson’s POV:

“It depends on how you feel about being a father,” Winona said.

The second those words left her lips, something shifted inside me. My heart raced, and a rush of emotion swept through me. I never thought I’d hear something like that in my life.

“Wait. Did I hear you right? Did you just say what I think you said?” I could barely get the words out. I needed to hear her say it again.

Winona let out a small laugh, staring right at me.

“You heard me. I’m pregnant,” she said.

Her voice carried hope and nerves, and I could feel her excitement tangled up with uncertainty.

Chapter 125

“Are you serious? You’re not joking, right? Winona, do you really...?” The words spilled out of me, each one packed with disbelief and joy.

“I’m serious. You don’t like the news?” she asked, watching my reaction like she expected it to upset me.

The thought hadn’t even crossed my mind. I’d always wanted a family—someone to come home to, kids running through the house, a wife to love for the rest of my life. The fact that it would be Winona made it even better.

“What do you mean, I don’t like it? Why wouldn’t I?” I said, breathless. “I’m the happiest man in the world right now. This is what I’ve always dreamed of.”

“And you?” I asked.

She smiled through tears as she took my hand.

I nodded, shifting until I was hovering over her. I gently lifted her shirt until her stomach was visible, just beneath her breasts. I leaned down and pressed a soft kiss there. Then I looked up at her, grinning so hard I couldn't hide it.

"Our baby is growing right here," I said, my voice full of awe.

"Yes. I'm only about six weeks, so it's still early. Actually, I have an appointment tomorrow for a checkup. They'll let me listen to the heartbeat, just to make sure everything is okay. Will you come with me?" she asked, a little nervous.

"Of course I'll go with you, sweetheart. I wouldn't miss it for anything. I'll be here for every moment, I promise," I said, the words heavy with emotion.

I kissed her stomach again, and Winona let out a soft sound as she ran her fingers through my hair. I shifted, leaning over her once more.

She looked at me with eyes full of love. Her hand settled on her stomach, tracing slow circles over her skin.

"Our baby," she whispered, a wide smile lighting up her face.

But just as quickly, a shadow of worry crossed her features.

"I just hope everything is okay," she said.

"I'm sure it will be. Deep in my heart, I know our baby is going to be fine," I murmured, brushing her cheek gently.

"Are you really happy about this? I didn't know how you'd feel with everything happening so fast," she said quietly, watching me closely.

"I've never been happier," I told her. "You know what I've always wanted, Winona. A wife. A family. Kids running through the house. I never cared how fast it happened. Time is the last thing I'm worried about. I think the universe always meant for this to happen for us. I've wanted to be a father for as long as I can remember, and knowing you're the one carrying my child... it makes everything feel right."

I smiled as I leaned down and kissed her softly.

After that, I rolled onto my back and pulled her close. Winona curled into my side, and I stared up at the ceiling with a stupid, wide grin on my face.

I was finally going to be a father. I'd wanted it for so long. And now it was really happening. My mind started racing, already building the future—finding a home for us, someplace safe and warm, someplace where we could raise our family. In that moment, everything felt possible, and I let myself get lost in it.

“Davidson... are you okay?” Winona whispered after a while, breaking the silence. “You’ve been lying there so still. You haven’t moved in at least twenty minutes. I’m here with you, you know.”

I turned onto my side to look at her, and she did the same. We lay there face-to-face, holding each other’s gaze. I wrapped an arm around her and pulled her closer, hugging her tight.

“I feel amazing, Winona,” I said. “My head is spinning with everything I need to do—everything I want to do to make sure everything is perfect for us. I want it all to be ready when we bring our baby into the world.”

I paused, searching her face for any sign of worry.

“I know it’s early, but I truly believe everything is going to be okay,” I added with a smile, brushing her hair away from her face.

I knew I was getting ahead of myself—she was only six weeks. It was still so early, but I couldn’t help it. I’d dreamed about this for so long, and all I wanted was for everything to go right. Maybe that was why I kept thinking about every detail, clinging to hope, praying it would all be okay.

“So what have you been thinking about?” she asked, her eyes bright with curiosity.

“I want to find the perfect place for us to live,” I said, smiling. “Somewhere safe and cozy where we can raise our child—and maybe even have one or two siblings later. I want a real home for us. A place that’s ours.”

“So you want us to move in together? And you’re already thinking about more kids?” she asked, smiling wider and wider.

“Of course,” I said. “I need to be here to take care of you and our baby. And no, we can’t stop at one. I’m thinking at least two or three—if you’re willing to have me around that long,” I teased.

Winona laughed, pushed me back into the bed, and climbed on top of me, settling herself right over my hips.

“I think I’d like to have you around for a long time,” she whispered, blushing as she looked down at me. “Maybe forever... if you’ll have me.”

“That sounds perfect, Winona,” I said, stroking her warm cheek gently. “I’m all in.”

I could imagine what people would say if they knew. They’d say we’d only been together a few months, that maybe I was moving too fast. But my answer would’ve been simple: when something feels right—when it’s meant to happen—there’s no such thing as too fast.

I'd never loved anyone the way I loved her. And she loved me. What we had was rare—something most people never find. So why would I let it go? Why would I wait to start a future together when all I wanted was to build it now?

Chapter 127

Honestly, it felt like fate was on my side. It had to be, because it brought us a baby when we least expected it.

"Yeah? Are you sure?" she asked, smiling at me.

"I'm serious, Winona," I whispered. "I'm never letting you go. You're everything I've ever wanted. I only need you and our baby."

My hand slid over her stomach, and she burst into laughter.

Winona leaned closer, her lips brushing my ear as she pressed herself against me.

"Do you want to show me how much you want and need me?" she whispered, her warm breath against my skin as she gave my ear a playful bite.

God, that woman always knew exactly how to undo me.

I eased her onto her back, making sure she was comfortable. I wondered if she realized how protective I was going to be now that she was pregnant. I'd probably drive her a little crazy with how careful I'd be. She'd find out soon enough—but right then, all I could think about was her. About us.

"That's exactly what I want," I promised, smiling as she looked up at me. "Tonight, I'm going to make love to you until you can't take it anymore."

"Please," she murmured, her eyes wide and hungry as they locked on mine.

We didn't waste time. Our clothes disappeared in seconds, and we were skin to skin, our bodies tangled together. I lowered myself and whispered against her ear, "One day, I'll make you my wife."

I breathed the words as I moved inside her, pulling a cry from her lips.

I meant it. She had no idea when or how, but I would make her my wife. And this time, nothing would come between us. This time, I would keep my promise—because I knew I could never lose her, and I could never let her go, no matter what happened.

Winona's POV:

It still felt strange to think I'd already reached four months of pregnancy. Time had passed so fast, and yet somehow I felt every single day of it. The pregnancy was taking its toll, turning me into a sea of emotions. I couldn't deny it—everything hit me harder now. Desire was the strongest of all, and poor Davidson never got much of a break, because I simply couldn't help myself. But he didn't seem to mind in the slightest. The best part was that both the baby and I were healthy and doing well.

Davidson had been incredible through all of it. Sometimes he could be a little too protective, and it made me nervous, but I never told him that. I knew he was only trying to take care of us.

This morning had been rough. I'd spent most of it curled up in bed, feeling awful. Still, I kept reminding myself it would all be worth it the moment we held our little one in our arms.

"Winona, sweetheart, where are you?" I heard him call as he came through the front door. He sounded worried, and I wondered why he was home instead of at work.

"In bed," I called back.

Chapter 128

He came straight into the bedroom and slid under the covers beside me.

"Are you not feeling well today?" he asked softly, concern etched into his face.

"No, I feel terrible. But what are you doing here? Shouldn't you be working?" I let out a weak laugh.

"Yeah, but I decided I'd rather be here with you, taking care of you. Everything at work is going great," he said, giving me that sweet smile of his.

I couldn't help laughing and shaking my head. As always, he'd stepped right into overprotective mode. He leaned in to kiss my lips, then moved lower to kiss my belly, starting a conversation with our baby like he always did.

I watched him, warmth spreading through me as he spoke to my stomach.

"I think it's time you give your mom a break so she can rest and start feeling better, okay, little one?" he said, rubbing my belly in gentle circles.

That was when I felt a strong kick—then another. I froze. For the first time, I truly felt the baby move.

"Oh my God! Did you feel that?" Davidson's eyes went wide, his face lighting up with excitement.

"It's hard to miss," I laughed, smiling at him. "I think our little one loves the sound of your voice," I added.

He took my hand and placed it over my belly, keeping it there as the baby kicked again. The feeling was strange, but incredible. Davidson kept talking, his voice soft and full of awe.

"Well, hello there, sweetheart. How are you?" he said, laughing quietly.

“I’d say our little one is doing great, considering how much I’m getting kicked,” I teased.

Davidson turned to me with wonder in his eyes and a huge smile on his face. I leaned in and ran my fingers through his hair. He closed his eyes and let out a quiet, satisfied sigh.

“I can’t believe we’re feeling our baby kick, Winona,” he said, emotion spilling into his voice.

“This is incredible, sweetheart,” he added, practically glowing.

He spent the next ten minutes talking to my belly as if our baby could truly hear him. Part of me knew our little one probably couldn’t understand, but another part of me believed our baby already recognized his voice. Every now and then I felt another kick, and it only made me smile more.

I lay there listening to him, taking in every moment, knowing he was going to be an amazing father.

After a while, he finished his conversation with our baby and settled beside me, his expression soft and warm.

Carefully, I turned onto my side—something I didn’t think I’d be able to do much longer with how quickly my belly seemed to be growing.

“Do you want me to get you anything, sweetheart?” he asked, brushing my cheek gently.

“No, I don’t need anything,” I said, smiling back at him.

Chapter 129

“Actually, I have good news. Remember that house we’ve both been obsessed with? I scheduled a tour for two days from now,” he said, unable to hide his excitement.

Davidson and I had been looking for a new home for months, but none of the houses felt right. Not for us—until a few days ago, when we finally found one that looked perfect, at least in the photos. We hadn’t been able to see it in person until now.

“Oh my God! Are you serious?” I practically squealed, bursting with excitement.

“I’m serious. I’m going to buy that house for us, no matter what. I know how much you loved it just from the pictures. Honestly, I loved it too,” he admitted.

“It’s exactly what we need,” I said, my heart beating with hope.

He leaned in and kissed me softly. A quiet sound slipped from me as I wrapped my arms around his neck, feeling his smile against my mouth. When we finally pulled apart, he looked at me with that smug grin I knew all too well.

“Even when you feel terrible, you still can’t keep your hands off me,” he teased, winking.

“Don’t get cocky. I don’t want to deal with your ego,” I said, giving him a playful tap on the chest.

He chuckled, slipped his hands around my hips, and carefully lifted me into his lap, letting me settle on him.

“No, sweetheart. I’m not cocky—just proud,” he said, his voice warm and full of love. “I’m proud to be the man you’ve always wanted. Proud to be the one you love. And proud that you’re going to have my child.”

A soft sound escaped me, but it wasn’t from pleasure. Instead, my eyes filled with tears, and before I knew it, I was crying again—something that had been happening more and more since I got pregnant.

“Hey, don’t cry, sweetheart,” he said, trying to hold back a laugh even as his lips trembled.

“Stop laughing at me,” I pouted. “This isn’t funny.”

I knew how unpredictable my emotions had become, how easy it was to cry over something small. I understood he was just trying to lighten the mood, and honestly, if the roles were reversed, I probably would’ve laughed too. It was just another part of the pregnancy madness.

“I’m sorry,” he said, smiling gently. “Let me make it up to you.”

“And how exactly do you plan on doing that?” I asked, a reluctant smile forming as I looked at him.

He eased me back onto the bed, his body settling over mine. That familiar, irresistible smile curved his lips—the one that always promised trouble and left me powerless. He leaned down and kissed me deeply, and in that moment, everything was forgiven. I melted beneath him.

Every part of me ached for his touch. I looked into his eyes and saw nothing but love and longing. His lips moved over my neck, kissing and teasing, and I couldn’t hold back the moan that slipped free. My fingers tangled in his hair, holding him close.

Chapter 130

It wasn’t long before our clothes ended up scattered across the floor. He took his time exploring every inch of me, his lips and hands memorizing my body the way he always did.

Soon, I was lost to everything except him, twisting beneath his touch. He sank into me, pulling a cry from my lips, and moved with a tenderness that reached straight into my soul. He loved me with slow, gentle patience until the very end, when he finally gathered me into his arms and held me tight against him.

“Do you forgive me now?” he asked, teasing as he smiled at me.

“What do you think?” I laughed, already knowing the answer.

“I think you do,” he murmured, kissing me softly.

He laced his fingers with mine and, with his other hand, gently stroked my belly—a quiet promise of everything to come.

“You know I love you,” he murmured, his breath warm against my ear, sending a shiver down my spine before I could respond.

“We both love you, you know,” I joked, snuggling closer and kissing his chest. “The baby and I voted. It was unanimous.”

“The best part is meeting our baby is right around the corner,” he said, his voice full of awe.

“Waiting is the hardest part. I can’t wait either—not even a little,” I admitted.

A calm, peaceful silence settled between us, broken only by the wild, steady thump of our hearts and the occasional flutter of movement inside me. Those little kicks always made it feel more real.

“It’s like this baby is just as impatient to come out and meet us,” I whispered.

“I think you might be onto something,” he said, his laughter rumbling in his chest. “Hey, how would you feel about getting away next weekend? Maybe we could visit your family for a bit. I know you’ve missed them.”

“Could we really do that?” My voice lifted with emotion. “I’d love that. It would mean so much to me.”

“I thought you’d like it,” he said. “Imagine showing up out of nowhere—surprising everyone. No warning, just us walking in the door.”

“Yes! Let’s do it,” I said, smiling. “I just hope I don’t feel terrible when the time comes.”

“We’ll play it by ear, sweetheart. If you need more time, we’ll wait. There’s no rush,” he assured me, kissing my forehead.

Missing my family made my chest ache. It had been two months since I’d last seen them. Davidson and I had gone together to share the news about the baby—I wanted to tell them in person. Their happiness had nearly overwhelmed me. They’d welcomed Davidson like he was already part of the family, all of them glowing with excitement.

Lying there, thinking about my parents and siblings, I couldn’t help but smile—and hope everything would go well next weekend. Visiting would be perfect, especially since it was Mom’s birthday.

Winona’s POV: